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SHELDON'S BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP

IN THIS NUMBER

SHELDON'S EDITORIALS

HOLMAN'S GINGER TALK

DREIER'S BUSINESS GLEANINGS

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS WORK

Prof. George E. Vincent

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TRAVELING MAN

By Newton Fuessle

20 OTHER BUSINESS ARTICLES

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.

To "Salesmanship" Subscribers



MR. SHELDON is known this country over as the founder and president of the Sheldon School and the editor of **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER**. In stating that I have united forces with him I need say nothing about him, because everybody in business knows all about him already. Mr. Sheldon and I have been friends for years. We have been working along somewhat similar lines—at least to this extent, that we have both been trying to promote the cause of good salesmanship. We have assisted each other repeatedly in the increase of our separate subscription lists.

All these things being so, it is natural that at last there should be a union between Mr. Sheldon's **BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER** and my magazine. Former subscribers to my magazine will from this time on receive each month a magazine which is a composite of the two. In addition to matter on the art side of salesmanship, which my subscribers have been accustomed to receive, they will now receive every month a great amount of splendid matter on the general philosophy of business.

Most of you, as I have said, know Mr. Sheldon and his writings already; but the few who do not are now face to face with an opportunity that has meant increased income, a stronger hold on the essentials to success and deeper and fuller lives, to many thousands of the best men in this country. I bespeak for the new magazine the heartiest and most loyal support of my former subscribers. I hope you will read the matter that I shall contribute to the new magazine; I know that you will read and study the contributions of Mr. Sheldon. If you liked either of the old magazines I hope and believe that you will like better the new magazine—which will contain the best features in each.

W. C. HOLMAN.

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Sheldon's Business Philosopher AND Salesmanship

COMBINING: "THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER", "SALESMANSHIP MAGAZINE",
"SALESMANSHIP AND OFFICE METHODS".

A. F. SHELDON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
W. C. HOLMAN, - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR
THOMAS DREIER, - - - - - MANAGING EDITOR

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Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions, and \$2.50 in Canada and foreign countries.

Requests for 'changes of address' MUST reach this office before the 10th of the month in order to insure the *proper* mailing of the current issue of this magazine. In sending in the new address please give your previous location.

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
LIBERTYVILLE ILLINOIS

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Get Off the Blind

Don't travel on the blind-baggage. Only the Weary Willie tourist, grimy, fearful, hungry, perhaps with a furtive look in his eyes, crouches in the shadows waiting to flip himself aboard the Express.

And the blind! Flattened against the front of the car as the train hurls itself forward; the wint'ry wind piercing him through and through; cinders and smoke and grime and dirt pouring over him, cutting his face, filling his lungs, the Weary Willie has but one consolation: *He is going forward.*

But back in the Pullman, sleeping restfully, confident that all is well, sheltered from the cold and the wind and the cinders, is The Man Who Knows Success.

He, also, is going forward.

But how differently!

* * *

In the business world there are thousands of Weary Willies. There are also thousands of Men Who Know Success.

The former can be changed into the latter. All that is needed to bring this about is the knowledge of scientific business building. A knowledge of this kind places one man in a Pullman; the lack of it drives another to the "blind."

In Sheldon's BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP can be found business-building truths. Here is a magazine that is edited for men who are keen, alive, alert, pulsing with a desire to dare and do, strong, strenuous, manly men. It is also edited for men who are riding the "blind." It is written to teach some of these last how to reach a berth in a Pullman at night-time—at rest-time.

This magazine is edited in the field. It is not the work of men who sit supinely in comfortable

offices and gaze through thick windows at the busy, bustling, hustling, strenuous, business-building world outside.

Here is a magazine for men.

It is a magazine for progressive, ambitious women, also.

The truths it contains teach men and women how to make more money—how to secure those material comforts which contribute to Success, which is happiness.

To make more money is not the whole aim of your life. But it must be a part of that aim. You must earn money. Remember, you must *earn* it.

Sheldon's BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP tells how.

And you desire to know how.

* * *

Besides the Man-Building editorials of Mr. Sheldon—those inspirational, ambition-stirring, heart-to-heart talks by the fireplace—this magazine offers the gingery, snappy, business-getting articles of Worthington C. Holman, whose great book "Ginger Talks" is known to thousands of salesmen all over the world. In addition to these features there will be stories about Men Who Have Become Successful—stories of men who have made good.

The varied phases of the Great Business Game will be talked about in "Gleanings From Business Fields"—a department of surprises. Heads of great industrial enterprises, sales-managers, advertising managers, newspaper men, philosophers, poets, office-men, Men on the Road—all these will contribute to the magazine during 1909.

These men will tell you how to get off of the blind.

GET OFF OF THE BLIND.



THIS IS SHELDON

MADE WITH
STAMP
MACHINE



THIS IS HOLMAN

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

THE CONQUEROR

BY FREDERICK BUNNELL KING

When I was twenty-one I said, "The world is now before me,
And whether life be long or short, I'll have no master o'er me.
I'll drink the sparkling wine of life and eat the fruit of pleasure,
Indulge each passing whim without a thought of stint or measure.
I'll leave no pathway unexplored that offers new excitement,
No book unopened, tho' I there may read my own indictment.
No voice or plea or argument shall from my purpose swerve me,
But every circumstance of life shall bow to me and serve me."
Fate must have smiled derisively while in her ledger posting
The faithful record which she keeps of all such idle boasting.

At first it seemed as tho' each day was simply made to order,
No hint that shame and suffering were just across the border.
Whate'er I wanted that I had, the cost I never reckoned;
The only aim I had in life, to go where Pleasure beckoned.
Her sweetest smiles were ever mine, at least it seemed to me so,
And I, deluded mortal, thought that this would always be so.
'Tis thus she leads us blindly on until we're bound and bleeding,
Then coldly taunts us as we writhe, is deaf to all our pleading.

I pray you spare me as I tell the sequel of her wooing,
Nor make me bare before you all the shame of my undoing.
How I, the master, proud and free, became a slave in fetters,
The quip and jest of other slaves who never were my betters.

'Twas then mine eyes were opened and I saw with understanding;
I heard a strange yet kindly voice my inmost soul commanding.
I felt within a new-born strength that knew not fear nor danger,
And faced a path to which my feet had ever been a stranger.
On either hand I knew that there were pitfalls deep and yawning,
The pits that I myself had dug before this new day's dawning.
Both steep and rugged was the path, and far away the summit,
And yet I knew that I possessed the power to overcome it.

I rose unfettered, and went on, yet wondered at my daring,
That I, upon an unknown way, so fearlessly was faring.
As on I pressed my strength increased, and lo, a torch beside me
Its radiance cast athwart my path, to comfort and to guide me.
I marvelled much from whence its light, so clear and penetrating,
Until I saw that from myself the rays were emanating.

Experience my guide became, whose constance never altered;
She urged my footsteps when they lagged, upheld me when I faltered.
She taught me as none other could, life's deep and hidden meaning,
And almost cleft the veil 'twixt Earth and Heaven intervening.
I learned that he who conquers Self more richly is rewarded
Than all the men whose warlike deeds have ever been recorded.
That selfishness is suicide, the very soul destroying;
Self-sacrifice, self-saving, all our highest gifts employing.
The approbation Conscience gives, the only praise worth seeking,
And words of hope and help and cheer, the only words worth speaking.
That we shall never know defeat nor ever fear disaster,
When Self-indulgence hath been slain and Self-control is Master.

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

VOL. V

JANUARY, 1909

No. 1

By the Fireplace Where We Talk Things Over



HERE we are. THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER has arrived at manhood.

Not full grown as yet as to circulation, influence, etc., not by any manner of means.

He may "thicken up" some, "fill out," as it were, by adding more pages later, but I think we can safely say he has reached full stature as to size of page at least.

He fully realizes that the maturing process is not yet complete; that he has much to do and to be ere he takes full rank among the giants of the magazine world; but with this issue he makes his bow in the arena of regular-sized magazines.

Won't you arise, reader, and bless him with a good thought or two?

You will note that he has changed his name a little. His full name is now "Sheldon's Business Philosopher and Salesmanship."

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce with this issue that Mr. Holman of "Salesmanship" fame is now Associate Editor, and that the two magazines, one previously published under the name of "The Business Philosopher" and the other under the name of "Salesmanship and Office Methods," are now united in their efforts and under one cover under the title which I have just mentioned.

Mr. Holman is dynamic, he is vital, he is strong.

May we not safely promise you greater service by our united efforts in your behalf.

And now, reader, let me tell you as plainly as I can the real mission of "Sheldon's Business Philosopher and Salesmanship."

This issue will go to many thousands of the regular subscribers to "Salesmanship and Office Methods."

It will also go to many thousands of the regular subscribers to THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER, many of whom have subscribed within the last few months.

At the risk of possible repetition of a few of the basic thoughts which have been given to the readers of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER during the

It seems to me that beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks.
—George Eliot

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.
—Robert Louis Stevenson

last many issues, I am going to review some of those thoughts a little and endeavor to set clearly before our present audience the ideal for which we are striving.

It is nothing short of hastening the growth of the race:

First, in intelligence to wisdom;

Second, in consciousness to the cosmic or universal sense;

Third, in efficiency to mastership.

Its mission is even greater than that of helping you in present duties or for a year or for a lifetime.

It can and will do all that if you will but do your part. But it can and will do more than that, much more than that, when we all pull and push together.

This magazine can be made to influence for good generations yet to be. Some one has said, and wisely, something like this:

“He who plans no further than the present is mentally blind.

“He who plans for a year ahead is a general.

“He who plans for a lifetime is a genius.

“He whose mental vision extends beyond his life and plans for generations yet to be is a seer, a prophet.”

One of my ambitions is to live to see the time when there are one million readers of this magazine, and I want to see each reader a seer, a prophet, in the sense in which that term has just been used.

I want to see us, each and every one of us, not alone attending well to the duties of the present hour and not only planning for a year, or even for a lifetime.

Let us do that, but let us plan for the good of our children and our children's children and their children.

Yes, and for the good of the children of the children of the other fellow's children too.

Do you say I ask too much?

No, no, Henry, I do not. It's all practical and easily accomplished if we just *pull together*, knowing what we want to do; why we want to do it; how we are going to do it; and, when we are going to do it.

And, by the way, let us diverge a moment from our theme, just long enough to say that the what, the why, the how and the when is a good quartet by which to analyze all the important things of life.

It's a splendid way to pick things to pieces.

Try it. Apply it. Throw the searchlight of that analysis upon the very next thought that bobs up as something you possibly ought to do in the daily duties of the here and now.

We cannot conquer a necessity, but we can yield to it in such a way as to be greater than if we could.
—Hannah More

*He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day.—Milton*

By the time you are through with the whys it may be you will discover that you didn't really want to do the what after all.

Let us now apply the W. W. H. & W. test to the proposed plan, viz., 1st. The hastening of the growth of the race until in intelligence it has reached the plane of wisdom.

2nd. In what we may term consciousness until it has reached the plane of unselfishness, the universal, the cosmic, which in plain language is the *service idea*, the We, Us & Co. plan.

And, third, until in efficiency mastership is attained.

And now let me tell you exactly what I mean by these terms.

If already familiar with them, a review from possibly a new angle of mental vision will at least do no harm.

There are four grades of intelligence: first, ignorance; second, knowledge; third, learning; fourth, wisdom.

There are many, even in the twentieth century still groping in the darkness of ignorance where physical might makes right.

There the robbers and the thieves do dwell, and there upon that plane are those who are not immoral; they are just unmoral.

Just as there are people who are color blind as far as the physical sense of sight is concerned, so are there people in whom the sense of morality, justice and other moral and ethical senses are not born as yet in the realm of the mind.

The next stage in the growth of intelligence is knowledge.

In this stage men know much more than those whose lack of knowledge makes them ignorant.

In this class come many business men who have much knowledge concerning their own one line of business but they are strangers to history, science, even in some cases are they strangers to religion and moral philosophy and also as to other lines of business outside of their own.

The next stage in the growth of intelligence is learning, which is knowledge plus.

As man's knowledge begins to broaden he becomes more and more learned, and it may be safely said that the learned man as a rule is more ethical than the man whose lack of learning makes it necessary to classify him as a man of knowledge.

And ethics, you know, is the science of right conduct toward others.

Finally, the highest form of intelligence is wisdom, which is more the spiritual perception of truth than it is the acquisition of facts or truths arrived at through logical processes.

Not insulation of place, but independence of spirit is essential.
—Emerson

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.
—Dean Swift

Even the extremely learned man, so long as his learning is confined to material things, may not be a man of spiritual wisdom.

Read *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* carefully, not alone this issue but the next several issues, and you will be thoroughly convinced that wisdom, the highest form of intelligence, is the kind that pays best even in business.

I hope you are thoroughly convinced on that point now and that your life reflects that conviction as the lives of so many good business men and true do.

But some there are, yes many, who are not now so convinced, and there may be a few even among the readers of *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER*.

* * *

And now, then, as to consciousness, or possibly the term life would be good to describe just what I mean.

Just as there are four grades of intelligence, so are there four grades of life, or consciousness.

First, there is the non- or no-consciousness of the plant and mineral kingdoms.

There is life in the plant and the mineral but they don't know anything.

Then there is the simple consciousness of the brute creation.

The brutes know but they don't know that they know.

Each is an individual being, but the brutes are not conscious of self.

They cannot analyze self. They cannot know how they can make themselves greater and greater.

Then comes man who is on the plane of self consciousness.

He is conscious of self. He can analyze self. He can cultivate self.

He has indeed a great advantage over the brute.

For a long time man was wholly on the self-conscious plane.

While he is on the plane of ignorance, knowledge and even learning in intelligence he imagines that he must think only of self and the present deal in trade.

As far as any trade relations are concerned, he is thinking of the profits on the one deal in hand.

He imagines that he must do this in order to protect self, his one little self, and possibly the family dependent upon him. And they are the only people he cares for.

While on this plane he is apt to imagine that, in order to protect self and family, he is perfectly justified in forgetting all about the rights of the other fellow with whom he is dealing.

You can do what you earnestly undertake.
—Stonewall Jackson

You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth.
—Johnson

He even tries to justify himself, and does in a measure, in lying in trade, and feels that he is licensed to do anything that he can do to make money as long as he does not violate man-made laws.

He sort of figures that everything goes as long as he can keep out of jail.

But as man comes into the light of wisdom there begins to dawn in his consciousness the light of the universal or cosmic sense.

At a certain stage in the growth of man was born the sense of color. There was a time when no one had any sense of color.

Just so there was a time when there was no one on the earth who had any sense of the universal, no sense of the rights of others, and it was a long, long time before men came to see that there was more money to be made in trade on the universal or rights-of-others plane of consciousness than there is on the purely self plane.

As the light of wisdom and universal consciousness dawns in man he comes to see clearer and yet clearer the fact that *the science of business is the science of service*, and that *he profits most who serves best*.

Remember those two sentences. Write them on the tablet of memory with the pencil of concentration and don't let them get away.

They will help some.

As to mastership—it's like this:

There are four classes of people in every vocation from the viewpoint of efficiency:

First, the indifferent, the I-don't-care fellows who are just in it for the ride.

They are the members of the "What's the use" brigade.

Just above this class we find the students, those who are mentally awake and who are searching after truth.

They may not be book-worms, and then again they may, but anyway they are students of men or institutions or environment or books or things or all of these and other good things.

Some or all of these they study to the end of gaining useful knowledge.

Third, come the adepts, who are the artists, which is to say those who are artistic in the doing of things. We commonly refer to them as experts.

The adept applies the knowledge he has gained as a student.

He becomes artistic in the doing of things.

The artist is always consciously or unconsciously, to a degree at least, a scientist, the applier of knowledge which has been more or less organized.

But the scientist is not always an artist.

It is greater to be a great artist, an expert, than to be a mere scientist.

In the absence of a clear command, stay where you are and do your stint as if it were the finishing touches of the universe.
—Wooley

Use the world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.
—Bible

The artist or adept may be obliged to consciously and studiously apply natural law to life.

He may be obliged to force the application of the law, as it were.

Finally, come the masters.

The life of the master reflects natural law without conscious effort.

Natural law expresses itself through him; and with or without effort, by precept and example, or both, he teaches others.

Often he leads; he aspires; he inspires; he generally perspires, too, because he is a worker.

He is a pathfinder of progress.

With or without the plaudits of the crowd he goes on and on and on and then on some more.

Such men and women we find in every vocation—the world needs more of them, many more.

* * *

And that's the what of the mission of **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP**. Let's repeat it: It is the hastening of the growth of the race in intelligence to wisdom.

In consciousness or life, to the universal or cosmic sense.

In efficiency to mastership.

That's a big enough job, isn't it?

Is it not really great enough to make every one of us take off our coats and throw up our hats and bubble over with enthusiasm?

Bear in mind, please, that we are going about this thing through the channel of business.

I tell you it's a fact that the business world is the greatest world in the world for doing good.

It's there that man meets man.

It's there the point of contact takes place.

It's there more than anywhere else that we do unto the other fellow as we would like to have him do unto us, or else where we do unto the other fellow as we wouldn't like to have him do unto us.

Stop telling me all that's fine in theory but can't be done in trade—that business is business and it's a case of dog eat dog and all that kind of stuff.

That's the echo of the old-time tactics.

It's the hide-bound, narrow view of the man on the self plane, the ignorant man or the man of knowledge, and sometimes we might say the man of even much learning.

It's not the utterance of the wise man on the universal plane of consciousness.

We can finish nothing in this life; but we can make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.
—Smiles

The human heart concerns us more than poring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer.
—Emerson

Some of the Whys.

But why should we desire to hasten racial growth in the ways mentioned?

Well, let's be real practical.

Let's each take his head along with him and let's keep our feet on the ground.

And to that end let us not keep out of sight of the fact that success of the worth-while kind includes at least four things: viz., health, long life, money and honor.

Let us all bear in mind that, as society is organized today and probably will be for a long time to come, the profit item, the dollar idea, is an important element.

No greater mistake can be made than making that the whole mission, the whole standard of success, but the fact remains, sad or otherwise—and it's not necessarily so sad—that it is an element.

Dollars enough to procure, first, comfortable competence in the three primary necessities of existence—food, raiment and shelter;

Second, enough for some of the accoutrements of culture, the means of real living instead of an existence, which is to say the things which help along in physical and mental development;

And, third, enough to lay a little something aside each week or each month for a rainy day.

To get enough to take care of the three above named provisions and to get it honorably, that's a legitimate desire, one to be stimulated rather than stifled.

One of the whys of the what in the case we are discussing is that dollars are more easily and more rapidly made by the wise master on the universal plane of consciousness than by the ignorant man, the man of knowledge or even the learned man who remains wholly on the self-conscious plane.

I know that at first thought you may challenge that statement, but it's true, and the truth of it will become more and more apparent to you as your thought dwells more and more upon this statement:

There is more in business building than in business getting.

And business building is the making of each customer a repeater and also the making of each customer the first link in an endless chain to bring more customers.

Unless you think of the other fellow, and many other fellows, unless your actions are the result of the true brotherhood-of-man idea, you cannot so deal with the public that you, to the best possible extent, make of each customer a repeater in trade.

No life can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
—Owen Meredith

I must love men, I must trust men, I must thank men, I must be obedient to men, before I am able to love God, to trust God, to thank God, and to follow God.
—Heinrich Pestalozzi

Remember at least the “mentally blind,” the “general” and the “genius” idea.

Let’s illustrate this point by a little story of a paper salesman, a veteran in the business; not an order-taker, but a salesman that built up a fine trade on a certain territory for a certain wholesale paper house. His customers were repeaters.

This man realized that confidence is the basis of trade and he studied the needs of the other fellow. He sold his goods at a profit—his house was entitled to that—but consciously or unconsciously he had come to perceive the fact that the science of business is the science of service and that he profits most who serves best.

There came a time when the son of one of the officers of this paper company graduated from college and wanted a place on the road. A place was made for him. He was a man with college learning. He could conjugate Latin verbs and he knew that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides and a whole lot of things like that. But it seems he was still on the self plane of consciousness, was mentally blind even though he had much learning and thought he would be indeed a “big Ingun” in trade. He was given the route of the less learned but wiser man to whom I have referred. But it didn’t last. The wise man was put back on the route after a time and found such cases as this. He found one of his old customers who had not been repeating his orders for these many moons, and when he was asked why, he said: “Well, that smart Alec your house sent out here, the son of one of the officers I believe, sold me a carload of paper of a special make that I found I had no use for whatever. Possibly I had no business to buy it, but he persuaded me against my will and with arguments which didn’t hold good made it seem momentarily the right thing for me to do. Your house probably made a good profit on the deal, but I concluded I didn’t care to place my business with any house that was looking out for its interests alone and was forgetting the rights and interests of its customers.”

The wise man, the veteran, got the matter straightened out and turned the current of this man’s trade to his house again, but it took much effort and an equitable adjustment.

I ask you, which was the more profitable policy?

* * *

Another Example

I visited one of our large cities of the United States not so very long ago and there I had the pleasure of interviewing the vice-president of the

For every bad there might be a worse, and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck.
—Bishop Hall

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."
—Washington Gladden

greatest clothing house in that section. The institution of which he is the leading official is paying large dividends and that one store in that great city is but one of the many branches of the parent institution.

And this man who is the vice-president of this great institution is no longer on the plane of self-consciousness.

He has indeed arrived at the universal plane where he is thinking of the public more than he is thinking of self. And mark you well, his institution is paying larger dividends than most institutions in that line of trade, possibly the largest, I do not know. But that it is very prosperous financially I do know.

Let me give you one practical illustration of what this man is doing.

He advertises that goods may be returned if not satisfactory and the money paid for them refunded to the buyer.

This, you say, is quite a common practice. Yes, but the beauty of it is in this case there is no bluff about it; there is no catch of any kind and no argument when the buyer wishes to return the goods he purchased.

This man means exactly what he says and he wants you to return the goods if they are not satisfactory.

To make certain of this point, he writes to all his customers once or twice a year asking them whether the goods they purchased during the last few months have proven entirely satisfactory and giving them full privilege of returning them if they are not quite satisfied.

Of course there is occasionally a customer who is thoroughly on the plane of self-consciousness and in whom the ethical sense has not been at all developed, who takes advantage of this wise and honest man.

For instance, a customer came in a while ago with a \$50.00 overcoat which he had bought several months before. He said: "This overcoat is not satisfactory." The wise man replied: "Is that so? I am very sorry that you have been put to any such inconvenience, but we will make it right. Just leave it here and pick out another coat."

This statement made without any argument rather took the man's breath away and he stammered: "What price coat shall I pick out? I have worn this one several months." "Pick out a \$50.00 overcoat. That is what you paid for the coat, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the customer.

"Well, go right down and pick out another that you think will suit you, simply leave the old coat and take along with you any \$50.00 coat that suits you."

And the firm of the wise man had the old \$50.00 overcoat and the other fellow got a new one.

There was a man who thought every time he carried a beefsteak home that he was making a present to his wife.
—Daily Paper

The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.
—Unknown

And the wise man told me that there was one fellow in that town who was wearing his third hat this season at the expense of the wise man's firm trying to get one that was satisfactory.

He said: "That fellow thinks he is working me but he is booming my business to beat the band."

And I have been trying to figure out whether that fellow, the ignorant man, was really working the wise man or whether the wise man was working the ignorant man. The way I figured it out is this: The ignorant man thought he was working the wise man and the wise man was not exactly working the ignorant man, but the ignorant man was working *for* the wise man and the wise man was paying the ignorant man in hats instead of cash.

But the wise man was perfectly willing to be "worked" by a few people who are still on the self plane of consciousness in order that he might serve well the many.

And he is paying bigger dividends than the fellows who are down here on the self plane of consciousness, looking at each individual transaction, looking no further ahead than the present, and who sell the other fellow any old hat that they can make the most money on regardless of the interest of the customer.

Another why, and even a bigger one, is that the arrival of a large percentage of the race to the plane which a few are occupying now will make this world a better place to live in.

"Man cannot live unto himself alone"—he is a social being—we must mingle with our fellows, and it is much safer and much more pleasant to mingle with the wise masters of universal sense, those of the "we" idea, than it is to mingle with the "I," "I," "I" self-centered fellows.

Verily brethren, as the preacher man might say, altruism and selfishness in final analysis are one and the same medicine.

There are more whys but these two will do for the present.

* * *

The How of It

But! yes, but! but!—the buttinsky fellow almost always shows up with his "but" and it is good that it is so.

He helps to bring out the whys and the hows—and one of the "buts" of buttinsky in this case is this: "But can it be done?"

And another is: "But isn't it true that the natural laws of growth will take care of all this, if it be a part of God's divine plan—just rest content and the race will arrive in time."

In answer to the first "but," I would say: "Yes, Mr. Buttinsky, it can be done. We will get at the how pretty soon."

Rich rogues always fancy that their children will inherit only the wealth and none of the sin.
—Theo. Winthrop

Use three physicians: First, Dr. Quiet, then Dr. Merryman, and then Dr. Diet.
—Unknown

And in answer to your second "but" my answer is: "Well, possibly, but certain wise men have a maxim which reads something like this:

"Nature unaided fails."

Less sternly stated, and possibly a practical modification of the idea might be made as follows:

Nature's methods can be aided, even improved, by man.

Some way I sort of feel that that's one thing God made man for.

He, man, is the Infinite's highest form of expression and he should pay the debt he owes to his Great Debtor by getting busy helping things along.

We might have had a thornless cactus some time, or rather generations yet to be might have had one, even if Burbank hadn't stepped in and helped to hasten the birth of one. But you and I would not have witnessed the birth of that thornless cactus.

It is more than possible, even probable, that, thanks to Burbank, we shall live to see the arid deserts good pasture land, made so by the efforts of the wise Burbank who is indeed on the cosmic plane of consciousness.

Nature unaided would have failed to make the thornless cactus, but aided by Burbank she produced it all right.

Burbank perceived these two great truths: First, "matter while immutable, which is to say unchangeable in substance, is eternally changeable in form;" and,

Second, "heredity is but the sum of all past environment."

With these two eternal principles as the basis of his work, he aids nature and has given to the world not only a thornless cactus but a pitless plum, a fadeless flower and many other great and useful and therefore valuable things.

He has even made a pear tree get busy and raise two crops of pears in a year instead of one.

Incidentally, it might be good to mention that Burbank is making more money than are men in his line who are wholly on the *self* plane, thinking nothing of the race—sufficiently kindle the fires of practical wisdom and the light of sufficient financial return is a natural consequence.

* * *

That which is true of matter, a low rate of vibration, is certainly true of energy, a high rate of vibration.

Energy, too, while immutable in substance, is eternally changeable in form; and,

Heredity as to energy as well as to matter is but the sum of all past environment.

And man is but a combination of matter and energy.

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his own shadow on the wall.
—Emerson

Do all the good you can, and make as little fuss as possible about it.
—Dickens

His soul is organized energy, and this organized energy, the human soul, manifests itself in states of knowing, states of feeling and states of willing called the mind.

He can bring each of these three states of mind to a higher and yet higher plane, and he can hasten, accelerate, aid, that state.

Don't you see the point, Henry?

Sure you do.

* * *

The How of It

But *how* are we going to do it?

Well, the first thing to do is for each of us to get busy with himself. Let's each of us go home and look within.

The very best kind of teaching is by example—the most powerful kind of preaching is practice.

Aside from this, however, of course it's all right to talk with our fellows, the men and the women and the boys and the girls that we meet from time to time, and in a simple way and as best we can, when the occasion is opportune, explain the what, the why, the how and the when of racial growth in the directions that have been indicated.

Young men's Area Clubs are to be started throughout the world. Possibly you can lead one of them some time and do a lot of good in that way.

Business Science Clubs are to be started throughout the world and the object of them shall be three-fold:

Business Building, Self Building and City Building.

You will note that the first three letters of the words involved in Business Science Club are also the first three letters of Business Building, Self building and City building.

Possibly you are already a member of one of these Business Science Clubs.

If not, possibly you will be some time. In this way you can help some.

But do you ask, "How can I hasten my own growth in the particulars mentioned?"

There is only one true answer: It is through education, true education.

It is through the education, the drawing out, the development of the positive qualities of the individual.

It is through the development of your health, your strength, your judgment, your memory, your faith, your courage, your loyalty, your honesty, your truthfulness, your kindness, your power of correct decision and action.

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.
—Milton

The most important attribute of man as a moral being is the faculty of self-control.
—Herbert Spencer

It is through these and other positives or constructive and success-building qualities that you will arrive on the plane of wisdom, universal consciousness and mastership.

It is in this way that your life is to be made to reflect natural law.

For the positive qualities of the individual are the channels through which natural law expresses itself.

* * *

The When

There is not much to be said about that.

There is only one answer, and that is in the one little word NOW.

Do it now and do it right. Yes do it RIGHT, right now.

Begin now, and with a greater degree of earnestness than you have ever had before, the work of building self and of expressing self positively both in word and deed.

The rest will take care of itself.

* * *

You will note that I have said "we."

Yes, it is we who must do this work; not I.

Have you heard the story about the pipe organist who thought it was "I"—just his own little self—upon whom the success of the performance depended. A great triumph had been achieved and the little fellow who had pumped the organ came up to the organist after the performance and said: "We did 'fine' tonight, didn't we?"

The organist looked down at him disdainfully and said: "I gained a great triumph—understand—I did—don't say 'we' to me again."

"All right," the little fellow said, and walked away.

The next Sunday rolled around and the organist had another large audience on hand to hear him. He rendered one selection with great power. And he started to give his second selection, but there was nothing doing—the organ wouldn't work. He looked around and there sat the little fellow grinning at him. "Pump, pump, pump," he whispered. "What's the matter?"

The little fellow looked up at him, still grinning, and said: "Is it 'we,' professor?"

"Yes," he said, "it's we. Go ahead and pump!"

* * *

Yes, it's we, Henry. It's we. It's you, it's me and it's all the rest of the readers of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER—we must pull together if we

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in meeting it with the eyes open.
—Richter

Clear conception leads naturally to clear and correct expression.
—Boileau

are going to accomplish big things in the way of hastening the race in its journey toward wisdom, universal consciousness and mastership.

We must do like Nancy (that's Mrs. Sheldon) and Frederic (that's our boy) and Mr. and Mrs. Flournoy and myself did one day.

We were sailing on Lake Eara.

Between the island and the shore there is one shallow place.

We tried to sail over that shoal and the boat stuck.

There we were—it was nearly night—weather cold, it was in November.

Each grabbed an oar or a pole. Each did the best he could apparently to get the boat off the shoal.

But she didn't move.

Finally I jumped out, went to the rear of the boat and shoved.

Each was doing what he thought was best to do to get the desired result.

Still there was nothing doing.

By this time it was getting dark and we were getting cold. Something must be done.

We knew what we wanted to do and why we wanted to do it, but how?

It occurred to me all of a sudden that we were violating the law of concentration, and so I called a momentary halt, assumed command, placed each one at the proper point on the boat, braced myself for the best possible combined lift and shove from the rear, had each one place pole or oar properly, told them not to exert a pound of strength until I said the word.

When we were all ready, I said: "Now, all together!"

The boat moved about an inch.

I then gave the command to rest a second that each might get properly placed again.

Again I said the word.

Again we pulled or rather pushed together.

This time she made six or eight inches.

One more push with the right plan and we were in sailing waters.

In less than one minute from the time we united our strength as one composite being we were off—and this after some half hour of fruitless effort when each was doing the best he could independently of the other.

It's the same way all along the line.

United we make progress.

Divided we are stuck on the shoals.

Let's get together and pull together and shove together, and together we can indeed help to send the boat of the human race to that plane of consciousness where each will do unto the other fellow as he would like to have the other fellow do unto him.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
—Sir Philip Sydney

The Ginger Talk of a Salesman to His Former Sales Manager

BY W. C. HOLMAN

YOU have made a good many ginger talks to me. Turn about is fair play. I want to make a little ginger talk to you.

I am no longer in your employ.

You taught me so much while I was in your business that I resigned to go into business for myself.

I appreciate all that you have done for me in the way of training and development. I am making this little ginger talk to you not out of any motive akin to vindictiveness, for I have none—far from it—but simply because I believe it is a duty I owe the other fellows who worked with me in your sales force and who are still your salesmen.

I believe furthermore that it is a duty I owe to you. You gave me in your talks a great many wholesome pointers that increased my earning capacity and helped to make me a bigger man, and I believe that I can give you in this talk a few pointers, from the stand point of the man in the ranks, that will help you in your future dealing with men in the ranks.

As you used to say in your talks to your salesmen, "No man who is a man is afraid of having the truth told him. Our best friends are those who talk to us most plainly. People who criticise us *constructively*—that is, who don't merely rag us for the sake of making us miserable, but who point out flaws in us which if eliminated would make us stronger men and more effective workers, are our truest friends." You will remember how often you said this in your talks to your salesmen when I was one of them.

ON THE FIRING LINE

I hope you will receive my remarks in the same spirit with which I and your other salesmen received your talks.

You were always strong in insisting that your salesmen should be loyal to you and to the house. You said no house could live and progress without the loyalty of its employes.

It is even more true that a salesman cannot do work effectively unless he has the loyal backing of his manager.

A salesman is always on the firing line, fighting desperate battles. Many prospects whom he meets oppose him tooth and nail; barring him out of offices; rubbing it into him that he is a nuisance; reminding him that time is precious—that he is endeavoring to waste the prospect's time; giving him an audience, if at all, with reluctance; listening to his arguments with a cold and fishy eye; endeavoring to quench his enthusiasm, whenever possible, with icy indifference; questioning his sincerity; discounting his statements; putting him off with fake excuses; watching continually for an opportunity to throw him out and get rid of him.

It's the toughest kind of work—this salesman's work—this continual battling with indifferent, obstinate, and pugnacious prospects. The minute one fight is over, another fight begins. A salesman's life is a ceaseless round of such nerve-exhausting, mind-wrenching, courage-sapping combats. A fellow must have more grit than a prize fighter to stand the strain and come up smiling after every round, ready to face an opponent again at the tap of the bell.

Now no prize fighter ever lived who could keep his nerve through a fight if he knew that his seconds in the corner behind him were not with him heart and soul. Jim Jeffries in his best condition could not have licked a string of forty cab drivers in forty days, if his seconds had gone at him between every fight and every round and called him down as a dub and a coward. Jeffries might lick the first twenty men, but the ceaseless criticism and negative suggestion of his seconds would take all the fight out of him and "get his goat" in the end.

THE SLAP ON THE BACK

And if this is true of Jeffries matched against a string of inferior fist fighters, it is far truer of a fighting salesman, who is matched day after day against men that in most instances are bigger guns in the business world than he is.

When a fighter has gone to his corner after getting the worst of a round, there is only one thing that can make him jump up at the

tap of the bell and go at his opponent, with renewed ambition and determination; and that is a hearty slap on the back by each of his seconds and their assurance that they believe he is still in the fight and has a chance to win. And if there is one thing more than another that will make a salesman go back at a prospect after he has been turned down, or go after new prospects with undiminished courage and determination, it is the salesman's consciousness that his manager thinks he has done his best—that his manager believes, despite his former defeats, that he is going to win out in the end.

We salesmen don't mind having our mistakes pointed out to us. Any salesman with ordinary human intelligence is glad not to make the same mistake twice. But he wants above all things in the world to know that his manager believes in him; that the big warm hand of his manager and his company is always pressed against the small of his back, despite discouragement and defeat, supporting him, bracing him up, pushing him on to more and more determined efforts.

I didn't care, when I was in your sales force, how many times I was licked. If I knew that you thought I could win the next fight, I always had the grit and determination to go out and start that fight.

YOU'LL LAND HIM YET

I have gone into your office sometimes to report the loss of a sale, and been received with a kindly silence that dissolved my back bone and nerve for future fights as acid dissolves soft metal. I have come into your office at other times after a prospect had knocked the stuffing out of me, and received a "Never mind, old, man, you'll land him yet" that has sent me back after him with the same fire in my eye that a bull dog has when he goes after a rival that has bitten him.

Oh, you big man in the home office—you man in authority—you commander of the fighting brigade—you have no idea how much your encouragement and support means to us fellows who have to go out on the firing line and meet the enemy. When we and our sample cases are hundreds of miles from home, you don't know what a warm glow at the heart it gives each of us, after we have been man-handled by a bunch of tough prospects to be able to reflect, "Never mind, I had a bad day today, but my manager at

the home office believes I am doing my best and that I am going to make a ten strike before this trip is over. And this being so, by the eternal I shall start to make that ten strike tomorrow morning as soon as the sun is up."

I want to call to your mind an incident that happened five years ago. I was a green man with you then. You had sent me half across the continent to close a big deal. I told you before I left that I would be back in five days. At the end of the ninth day the deal was still unclosed. I was getting nervous about what might be taking place in your mind. I said to myself: "For all our sales manager knows, I am down here loafing around the hotel, running up an expense account and having a good time." I telegraphed you "This deal is taking longer than I expected. Hope you haven't lost faith in me." You telegraphed back: "Have all the confidence in the world in you. Stay as long as your judgment tells you is wise."

TAKING THE FIGHT OUT

That telegram of yours, coming 1500 miles over the wire, filled me so full of gratitude and grit and gumption that I went straight out and tackled that tough prospect again with such resistless force that I swept him clean off his feet. I left town that night for home with his signature on the dotted line. You may have forgotten the incident, but I will remember it to my dying day.

There have been other times in my experience under you when you called me down so fiercely after I had done my best that you took all the fight out of me for a week.

Never forget that a salesman is a man of a tremendously nervous temperament. If he were not, he couldn't be a salesman. He couldn't call up at a minute's notice, the enthusiasm that is necessary to break down indifference — persistence — obstinacy — abuse. The same high-strung nervous system that enables him to call all his resources into play and throw himself body and soul into a fight with a tough prospect, makes him abnormally sensitive to criticism from his home office.

Anybody can drive a plow horse—an animal with bones and muscles but no nervous system to speak of. But it takes a master driver with a delicate hand to handle race horses.

A word of kindly encouragement at the right moment, a pat on the neck—a steady sympathetic pressure of the heels, has enabled many a thoroughbred to win a steeple chase.

A "BEN HUR" RACE

Dull minded jockeys who know nothing more than the use of the whip and spur are the fellows whose mounts pass last under the wire every trip. You can saw on the bits in the mouth of a cab horse, but you have got to be careful how you handle the reins when you are riding a blooded hunter. His mouth is sensitive.

If you have read Lew Wallace's great historical novel "Ben Hur," you know how the Roman Messala lost the chariot race by lashing his four horses with the whip and how the Jew, Ben Hur, took the lead in the stretch by talking to his team of blooded Arabs—how the Jew's masterful shouts of encouragement and praise and inspiration

fairly lifted his team out of the ruck—started their tired hearts to pumping with new born energy, flooded their veins with the fire of resistless determination and sent them thundering across the line lengths in advance of their rivals.

Never forget that the salesman is running a tremendous race, often against the worst kind of odds. Never forget that he is not a wood and iron machine, but a human being—a MAN, with a man's susceptibilities and emotions. You can't run him as you would run an elevator or an automobile. If you try to, it will be only a question of time before he will balk or break down. To keep his motor, which is his heart, in good working order you must make liberal use of warm human sympathy, understanding and consideration.

After all, it's only a matter of treating the salesman as you would like to have him treat you, if under any circumstances you two changed places.

On the Trail of the Traveling Man

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

UPON the hard trail over which the traveling men make their daily trek are thousands who understand not that knowledge of goods to be sold is one of the essentials of success. Thus do I appropriate for their use the thoughts as set forth as follows by the salesmanager of The Comptograph company:

Of salesmen there be two kinds.

One there is who maketh the good start and landeth business for his house in the first weeks of his engagement.

Prosperity seemeth to lie in wait for him and his pocketbook waxeth fat.

He it is that often misreadeth the sings of the times.

Foolishly he saith in his heart:

"I need not to learn thoroughly the nature of my goods. That is the part for other men. I am not he that findeth it necessary to absent himself from the Ball Game and the Amusement Park. Not to me doth the boarding-house keeper complain about the increase in her lighting bills, because of my studying till midnight."

He forgetteth the time to come when the wave of prosperity shall pause and the mill wheels whirl no more for a season.

When newspapers and men shall combine to cause the Nation to say,

"The evil days whereof we were fearful have come upon us, and we have no pleasure in business."

When the cashier holdeth his hand on the money bags and the buyer deferreth his buying, and another president awaiteth election.

He knoweth not that he needeth to be fortified if he would stand in the evil day, nor can he see that the orders he booketh in the boom times could be written by any other "ordertaker."

He hath not learned to hope, because it hath not seemed necessary.

The other kind is he that getteth greatly interested in his work.

He careth not that the gas bill increaseth, so long as his study lighteth his way along the success path.

While he scorneth not the companionship of his fellows, he knoweth nevertheless that his best friendship is his acquaintanceship with his line.

Success seldom forceth itself upon him at the beginning, but when it cometh as a result of the persistence of him that ploddeth, it cometh to stay with him.

His is not an evanescent success, that vanisheth whenever the sun striketh too hot or the rain raineth too hard, or money sticketh too tightly to the purse sides, or a president awaiteth election.

He hath his hopes more firmly fixed.

Unlike the other kind, who are squeezed out at the first grip of what men call "hard times," he realizeth that this glorious country of ours stoppeth not in its progress because of the vagaries of the mercury, or the fluctuation of the political barometer.

He understandeth that his opportunity lieth often in the craven fear which worketh destruction to his "weak kneed" brother who falleth down at the croaker's voice.

He tireth not, but tilleth his territory with greater care.

His face weareth not the look of the mourner, but brightened by the hope that he hopeth continually.

The fruit of his labor he plucketh in due season because he fainteth not.

But the salesman of the first kind—his way endeth with the down-and-out because he lacketh the stamina of the real one.

* * *

SALESMANSHIP AND ADVERTISING

When a traveling salesman gets the idea into the place where he is supposed to do his thinking that his house ought to cut all advertising and divide that appropriation among the salesmen, he is barking up a tree which contains no possum.

Perhaps never before in the history of this country was there more attention paid to advertising than there is today. It is becoming more and more of an exact science—perhaps it is as much of an exact science today as it ever will be.

Manufacturers have realized the value of names. They have awakened to the fact that in trade a rose under some other name, although it may smell as sweet, does not sell as well. They have therefore originated names that have become so prominent that they are even finding their way into our literature. Millions of dollars are spent yearly in calling the attention of millions of prospective buyers to the merits of this and that proposition. This advertising is not spasmodic. It is persistent. The cumulative effect is tremendous.

It is certain that a salesman has a much better chance to sell a line of widely adver-

tised goods than he has to sell a line that is not known to the buying public—for it must be remembered that in this enlightened age the buying and reading public are the same.

Were I a beer salesman it seems to me that I would handle Budweiser or Schlitz or Pabst rather than Skidoodle's, Schlosserkopfen's or Pfeffernickle's.

The reason is obvious.

I would rather sell Ivory soap than Izzer's.

I would rather sell National Cash Registers than Noodle Cash Catchers.

You would prefer to buy Ivory and the National to the others, wouldn't you, even if you had never used either. You would do it because your attention has been attracted to these products by the advertising. You may even have grown interested. It is certain that you would be far easier to sell to than if I had to go through all the preliminaries.

What is the use of a salesman wasting his time doing all this messenger boy service, when it can be done far more easily and more economically by advertising?

And think of the buying public! Think of the increase in orders brought about by the demand upon the retailer by the reading and purchasing public—a demand caused wholly by the advertising.

As I said before, the man who does not want his house to advertise its products is barking up a possumless tree.

* * *

WHY MALONEY STILL LIVES

Maloney intended to commit suicide. He was down and out. At least so he told himself. He had no job, he was hungry, sleepy and unshaved. Once he had made money, but he was let out of his job when hard times struck and he had never got his nerve back after his savings were spent.

So he decided to commit suicide. He had no relatives and he could afford that pastime if he wanted to.

But he remembered that a fellow might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. He had never read anywhere that it was impolite for a man to go into another world with a full stomach. And Maloney had been hungry for more than twenty-four hours.

He first picked out a place where he could drown himself. Then he went to the best hotel in town—where he had stopped

when The House was paying expenses—and registered. He had the barber do nearly everything to him, having it all charged on the bill. He next ate a great evening meal, choosing the best in the house. The bellhop then showed him to his room, where he took a bath and followed that by a sleep that brought peace. The breakfast in the morning gave him more life. The world did look good once more.

So he thought he would take a little walk around the old town before he left it for good.

Everybody seemed happy and cheerful and prosperous. Maloney felt that way himself. Had he not slept and eaten as well as any of them?

He found himself opposite the office of the leading newspaper. He had once been an advertising solicitor. He could do that trick again. Into that office he bounced. In his eye was that look of confidence.

Maloney made fifty dollars that week.

Why, of course he paid his hotel bill.

The house that wants successful salesmen must not be niggardly. Wages must be paid which will enable a man to live as a man in his position ought. He must be able to buy good clothes, keep them cleaned and pressed—summed up, a traveling man must look prosperous.

The customer seeing a salesman with fringed trousers and dirty cuffs and a collar that calls for the Chinees, is not apt to think very highly of the house such a salesman represents. A salesman is the personal representative of the institution that employs him, and when he neglects to do everything in his power to create a pleasing impression, he is proving daily that he is not a business builder and ought to be either reformed or discharged.

Maloney, after he had cleaned up, ate some good meals and slept as a man should sleep, felt so confident and energetic and satisfied with himself and the world that he even gave up the idea of trying to find out for himself some of the mysteries lying beyond life.

The traveling salesman who wants to sell things, and who wants to know something of How To Do It, must not neglect the things that kept Maloney from graduating into the Great Beyond. Clothes may not make the man any more than leaves make a tree, but the tree without leaves in the grow-

ing time is a dead one, just as the salesman without the proper appearance is either a dead one himself, or is working for a dead house.

“I certainly loaded up that fellow for months to come,” said a patent medicine salesman up in a little New York town last winter, coming into the hotel lobby where a crowd of us were talking.

“What did you do?” queried another P. M. S., getting interested.

The first fellow then told gleefully how he stocked up the corner druggist with enough of a certain brand of dope to last him for years. He felt that he had done a smart trick. It seemed a big joke to him.

But the second man didn't laugh. He was a veteran. He knew.

“You have not only loaded up that fellow for years to come,” said he, “but you have fixed it so that you can never enter that store again and sell anything. Not only have you queered yourself, but you have done much to queer the trade of all the rest of us. Now I haven't any right to give you advice, but I am sure that you will understand me when I ask you, for the sake of the great selling game, to go back to that druggist and reduce that order.

“You can do that without hurting your dignity, and, if you are as bright as I think you are, you will be able to give this customer a talk that will win his confidence for life—if you don't smash it to smithereens by another performance like this.”

Of course the first salesman went back and squared things.

Traveling men, who would be real business builders—and you know that Sheldon has said there is more in business building than in mere business getting—will not knowingly overstock a customer. They will try to teach him to sell more of their goods, pointing out to him openings which he may have neglected, showing him how to work up better displays, etc.

But they never do what the patent medicine man did in New York. Confidence, so the platitude runs, is the base of all trade, and Confidence is a plant which cannot grow from overfeeding. Overfeeding results in indigestion later on, and that is just what overstocking does to a business. It's not to your interest to make the business of the other fellow sick.

Life Insurance, the Agent and His Work

BY T. B. PARKINSON

Address delivered by T. B. Parkinson, Superintendent of Agencies of the London Life Insurance Company, at Agency Conventions of the Company, held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 23rd to 25th, and at Sarnia, August 20th to 22nd, 1908.

NO subject in the world today commands more attention, more thought, or arouses more interest than does this subject of Life Insurance.

It is as broad as humanity, as high as the dome of blue above us, and as far reaching in its benefits as time itself. Great writers and noted speakers throughout the world have sounded its praises, and thousands of beneficiaries all over the land are enjoying the fruit of some thoughtful husband, father, son or brother, who during his lifetime made provision for his loved ones.

Life Insurance is a shield for the family against the uncertain future. It is a moral obligation which every man should incur who has someone depending upon him for maintenance. It provides a silver lining to the cloud of sorrow when death takes the breadwinner of the family. It is a stubborn fact, in fact so stubborn that even a stubborn man must see its usefulness and make its usefulness useful to himself.

PROVIDES FOR FUTURE

Life Insurance looks beyond today into tomorrow and considers what will happen to us when we are old, and to our loved ones when we are taken from them. This, in brief, is the nature of our profession, the character of our high calling, and it demands from us a life worthy of it all.

No greater honor was ever conferred upon any man than that of being given the opportunity and privilege of relieving the widow, the orphan and the aged from distress and want.

Through the instrumentality of the Life Insurance Agents, the Life Insurance Companies doing business in Canada paid out in 1907, in death claims \$7,978,362.59; in matured endowments, \$3,162,738.35; in annuities, \$324,709.10; in surrender values, \$1,899,751.35; in dividends to policyholders, \$1,387,971.37; total, \$14,753,532.76.

Who can estimate the good this amount of money will do? It is your opportunity to continue this good work.

Think of the boys you may save from crime.

Think of the girls you may save from distress.

Think of the widows whose hearts you may release from care.

Think of the aged whose last days you may make happy and joyous.

And then ask yourself if there is any other profession, any other calling, any other business in the world that so combines the ideal with the material as does this beneficent institution of Life Insurance.

"THE MAGIC KEY"

Were we to search the whole field of thought, or delve deep into the libraries of the world, it would be impossible to find a better foundation upon which to build the ideal agency than that laid down by Chas. Warren Pickell in his able paper delivered before the convention of the Underwriters' Association in Toronto last year under the title of "The Magic Key."

He said in part:

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow as the water follows the moon, silently with fluid steps anywhere around the globe.

"Just a definition or two that we may be clearly understood. The word key has as many meanings as a good solicitor has prospects. Only one concerns us.

"The fundamental tone of a movement in music to which its modulations are referred, and with which it generally begins and ends,' Just a uniform vibration of the air easily recognized whatever its variations or chromatics. 'Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays and twenty caged nightingales do sing.'

"Conscience—An inward principle that decides the character of one's own actions, purposes or affections. To know—to be conscious of. Conscience is the reason employed about questions of right and wrong, and accompanied by the sentiments of approbation and condemnation.' 'The sweet-

est cordial we receive at last is conscience of our virtuous actions past.'

"As a river rises no higher than its source, so a business can rise in purity, honesty and square dealing no higher than the coterie of men who stand at its head.

"If their conduct is of a high order and worthy the emulation of others, it is because underlying the impulse to do right is the more insistent conscience that will be satisfied with nothing less; if, on the other hand, their actions are mean, dishonest and poisonous, the spring of action has for its foundation either a densely ignorant or a morally debased conscience.

"The great business we represent is of sufficient economic value to have back of it, over it, and under it, an enlightened public conscience—an insistent and persistent function expressed in honesty, purity and a square deal. We have nothing to conceal. Our business, by itself, is above criticism. No one can disprove its mathematics, impugn its great beneficence, or assail its solvency. Now and then, an official or an agent, like some exceptional banker or minister, may go wrong, but this splendid business will, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever, until its ægis of care and consolation shall be spread over every home in the land.

"What *is* the magic key that sounded clear enough, and strong enough, and long enough will get responses of sweetest and completest harmony?

A MASTER'S WORK

"Paganimi, the master of the violin, one day on the Strand stopped to sympathize with a little Italian violinist, the strings of whose instrument were broken save one. With a heart full of pity for the tear-filled eyes, he took the instrument in his own hands, and on a single string touched a magic tone that stopped the passers-by, caused policemen to neglect their duty, and all listening ears to hang with suspense upon the wonderful melody. The little fellow's hat was filled with pennies and shillings. The master had played his way into the hearts and pocketbooks of the crowd. He had struck the magic key.

"John Burroughs thus describes an interesting experience in the Mammoth Cave: 'At a certain point the guide asked me to shout or call in a loud voice. I did so with-

out any unusual effect following. Then he spoke in a very deep bass, and instantly the rocks all about and beneath us became like the strings of an Aeolian harp. They seemed transformed as if by enchantment. Then I tried, but did not strike the right key.

"The rocks were dumb. I tried again, but got no response; flat and dead the sounds came back in mockery. Then I struck a deeper bass, the chord was hit, and the solid walls seemed to become as thin and frail as a drum-head or the frame of a violin. They fairly seemed to dance about us and to recede away from us. Such wild, sweet music I had never before heard rocks discourse.' Ah! the magic of the right key! 'Why leap ye, ye high hills?' Why, but that they had been spoken to in the right key. Is not the *whole secret of life to pitch our voices in the right key?*

"Such a magical, dominant note calculated to secure an approving response from the public conscience, I have pleased to call straightforward promulgation, for want of a better term."

"THIS ONE THING I DO"

"*This one Thing I do*" is a sentiment that, if it enters into the heart of any man in any calling, will make a success of that man. "*This one thing I do*" is what *should* enter into the heart of every man after he has selected that calling which he means to make his life's business.

I take it that the first law of nature is self-preservation, and the first reason "*why*" we do this one thing is to provide for our loved ones that handsome income which we can provide in the Life Insurance business as easily as in any other business of which I know.

Back in the homes which you have left, there are those tonight thinking of you who are dearer to you than your very lives, for whom you count it a pleasure to sacrifice yourself, for whom you count it a pleasure when you come back to them and say: "I had a good day's business." This is the first reason "*why*" we sell life insurance—because we can thus provide for those who are nearer and dearer to us than all else in this world. Second, because we love our fellow-man, his wife and children.

Having selected your company and resolved, "This one thing I do," the next step is to plan your work and work your plan.

Know your Company.

Learn its history, study its progress, and be prepared at all times to tell *why* you represent the London Life.

The very first essential in our profession is loyalty to the company we represent. Unless a man can feel "My company: may she ever be right, but, right or wrong, My company," he cannot carry conviction to the prospective applicant.

The next and not the least important essential is truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

And the best that can be told about the London Life is their record as expressed in the annual report and press comments.

Having convinced your prospect of the financial standing of the Company, let him see you are anxious to sell him the right policy. When he feels you are studying his interests and needs, you have not only commanded his attention, but aroused his interest in what you have. One way of getting him interested is by your getting interested in what he is interested in. This is where the "human nature" touch comes in and where the versatility of the agent is brought into play. Keep him interested by intensifying that interest into desire to obtain, which will be done by your emphasizing the special advantage to him of buying the policy you are offering.

Don't forget that you impress your prospect by your manner of expression, as well as by the substance of what you say. Don't forget the chief thing your prospect wants to know is what you can do for him, what you are going to give him for his money. Don't fail to make this clear. Remember you cannot do this unless you know for yourself all the benefits and privileges of the policy contract. Do you know?

Having commenced to lay the foundation of your agency, let me suggest, place in the first course, the solid rock, "Golden Rule." This should not only apply to your client, but to your associates in the Life Insurance field.

BUILD FOR THE FUTURE

Build for the future not only the agency but yourself, and let me say here, if the agent is built right, the agency and the business will also be built right.

Gage E. Tarbell says: "Many people go through life without knowing what it is to

live at all. Unless you are living for something and know what it is; unless you have a definite aim in view; unless you are making the most of every talent with which nature or a kind providence has endowed you; unless you are developing every day, by judicious exercise, every faculty that you possess; unless you are gradually but never-ceasingly broadening—expanding—growing—achieving better and better and greater and greater results, as the days and weeks and months go by; unless you are doing all these things, you are not living in the right sense of the word. To spend your days in anything short of diligently searching out the forces within you, and without a daily, active, vigorous, aggressive struggle to accomplish the aim of your life and to live up to the best that is in you, is not to live but to exist. To take things passively as they come and get along with them whatever they are, is not even to exist, but to be tolerated. To say you "can't" do things is for the ignorant and superstitious of bygone ages. The living men of today—those who are living as I understand the word—will never admit that there is anything another man can do which they themselves cannot do."

Now, what qualities must we cultivate in order to live in the atmosphere of "This one thing I do?"

Concentration:—This is one of the great secrets of success in agency work. It keeps you from scattering your powder. It is the jewel of the working powers because it qualifies you to throw yourself entirely and exclusively into a single aim at a time.

You will notice I said the jewel of the working powers. Without this work, work, work there is no success in store for the Life Insurance Agent.

Endurance:—You may all start right, as those who run in a race, but it is the one who by careful training has acquired the necessary power to endure to the end that wins the prize. This training cannot be done by proxy—you must make personal application.

Thoroughness:—If there is anything you should know about Life Insurance, find it out. If there is anything you should know about your company, find *it* out. If there is anything you should know about your competitors, find that out too. And when it comes down to selling a policy, be thorough then. Know your business. Don't leave your client with a cloud on his mind; make

your case so clear that he will be able to tell his friends exactly what you have sold him.

Persistence:—"Persistence presupposes a fixed purpose. A fixed purpose moves in a straight line, without thought of turning. Weariness, discouragement, failure, in completeness of method or material, instead of being a bar, should become an added reason for continuance to such a commission.

"Persistence wins battles, achieves success, builds canals, founds universities, establishes great enterprises. Keeping everlastingly at it is genius."

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF SUCCESS"

Phelps says: "Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement; these are the martial virtues that command success."

No bar and padlock stand between you and the place or opportunity of your ambition. Its door is always open, and you can pass in whenever you will—if you can show the passport of competence. Success has its price—and you can pay it if you will.

But ability is the only coin that passes current in its purchase.

I said a moment ago keeping everlastingly at it is genius. With Henry Austin we would say:

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort, of itself implies,
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
'Tis failure and success the point's so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.

Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge:
As the tide goes clear out, it comes clear in;
In business, 'tis at turns the wisest win.

And oh, how true, when the shades of doubt dismay,

'Tis often darkest just before the day.
A little more persistence, courage, vim!
Success will dawn o'er fortunes golden rim.
Then take this honey for the bitterest cup;
There is no failure save in giving up.
No real fall as long as one still tries,
For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

Simplicity should be always in evidence in the agent's work. Abstruse, complex productions have no attraction for the common

people. Every bit of information attractively and simply stated forces its way into the brain cells and remains there. Doubt invariably attaches to high-sounding phrases. Suspicion lurks around labored explanations abounding in polysyllables. It requires more genius to simplify than to compound. A promiscuous jumble of incoherent material will find its unimpeded way into the waste-basket. It is common talk that surrounding our business are many mysteries not destined for the unsophisticated to comprehend. This ought not to be the case.

Study your client, use language that will make him feel at ease. Get over on his side of the fence; look at the policy offered from his view-point, and your case is more than half won.

A WORLD OF PROSPECTS

As we travel over this great country of ours, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its wealth of forest and farms, lakes and rivers, fertile prairies and productive mines, we cannot help being impressed with the golden opportunity for the industrious agent.

Lumbering, fishing, mining, stock-raising, farming and manufacturing are giving employment to thousands of men all over this land, and millions will yet seek a home within our borders.

As we look upon the vast wheat fields of the west and consider that they are fast becoming recognized as the granary of the world, how our hearts swell with national pride!

This year, the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the City of Quebec, has been celebrated on a scale that would take more time to describe than we have at our disposal.

As the great pageant passes in review, our minds are naturally drawn to the men who gave us our heritage. Let us in thought pass down the mighty St. Lawrence now fully Anglicized as to its name, rolling on calmly or tumbling as feverishly headlong in its career at it did many centuries ago, to the old City of Quebec. The initial impression made upon us is the commanding situation of the old Capital, for it is set upon a hill and cannot be hid; the next, the strength of the fortifications. As we pass from bastion to bastion, and look down upon the river, so far below, where the British ships lay at

anchor in the summer of 1759, we cannot but be amazed at the military genius of the man who succeeded in taking such a seemingly impregnable fortress, and that too, in spite of an army as brave as his own and commanded by a General no less gallant than himself. Perchance we give a sigh to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, and when we see the monument (one monument in the Governor's Garden), which is commemorative of both of these men, we think nothing could be more appropriate than the inscription there engraved:

"Valour gave them a common death;
History a Common fame;
Posterity a common monument."

Westward we wend our way, and on Parliament Hill we stand with bared heads before the monuments erected to the memory of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Mother of the Empire, of Sir George E. Cartier, of Sir John A. Macdonald and of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, fathers of Confederation. Upon the monument of the latter we find the key to his illustrious life.

"DUTY WAS HIS LAW AND CONSCIENCE HIS RULER"

Westward still we wend our way to the City of Toronto. Here the illustrious dead from many walks of life have been honored. Again we find a loving tribute to the memory of the greatest Queen in history, Queen Victoria.

The heroic dead are remembered in the monuments erected to the Veterans of 1866 and the soldiers who fell in the Northwest; Great Statesmen in the monuments erected sacred to the memory of Governor Simcoe, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat and the Hon. George Brown; Educational Heroes in monuments erected to Robert Burns and Egerton Ryerson. Across Lake Ontario and up Niagara River to Queenstown is but a few hours' ride, where we can board an electric car that will take us to the famous battleground of Queenstown Heights. Here in the War of 1812-13, the American forces were defeated by General Brock, and here he met his death. The exact spot where he fell is marked by a large stone tablet erected by the Prince of Wales in 1860. Beyond this on the summit is erected the famous Brock Monument, towering up 185 feet and standing on a base of forty square feet.

As we look at these monuments one after another, considering the life and times of each hero and statesman, what an inspiration should spring up in our heart. These have marked their impress upon the world's history for all time.

How true it may be said of them, they builded better than they knew.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

We may not all be statesmen, or heroes, or leaders in the educational world, and we cannot all expect to have our statues placed upon the battlefields and in the public parks of our country after we are gone, but we can build in this life, while we are here, statues that will give us more comfort than bronze statues after we are gone.

THE BEST MONUMENT

We can build monuments in the homes out on the hills, where the roses climb and the flowers bloom, and the trees give out their beautiful shade during the hot summer's day, and where the little children run barefoot in the grass, and where the wife sits on the porch to watch for our home-coming at night.

This is the monument we can all build by *doing this one thing*, and we can build among our friends and our neighbors, and among the business men with whom we transact our business, character that will live forever. Character, the foundation-stone of success, character that will go with eternity after we have passed down through the valley of the shadow. Let us guard with jealous care this jewel of priceless value.

We cannot, as we think of building for the future, emphasize too strongly the importance of character, and the need of lofty ideals. Life Insurance, above all other lines of business, requires in its conduct the highest integrity.

We should regard our profession as the very highest vocation, and therefore, worthy to have laid upon its altar the best ability and to command the most devoted service.

To work along the lines we have indicated, the agent must have *indomitable courage*. He must have faith in the company he represents, faith in the policy contract he is selling, and unlimited faith in himself. "According to your faith, so be it unto you,"

is an old text, but did you ever stop to consider how different it is when considered with another, "Faith without works is dead?"

Then, we in the practice of our profession must show our faith by our works. A. F. Sheldon, of Chicago, President of the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship, says: "Faith, we learn, is a positive quality. It stands for something; it represents power. It is knowledge in full action. It is the power of conviction getting busy and keeping busy, and in order to be able to get busy and keep busy in the matter of his individual mission of his life's work, one needs to have faith in man as an individual; for that begins with faith in one's self. Like faith in one's mission, or faith in anything else, faith in self must begin with a knowledge of self, with a knowledge of man.

KNOW THYSELF

"To attain this, it is good to live for a while with dear old Socrates and obey his venerable injunction, 'Man know thyself,' and again to listen to the philosophic poet, Pope, when he urges that the proper study of mankind is man.

"How often have we heard this sentence, and yet how little the average mortal heeds the thought contained in it. He cannot realize the fact that man was created in the image and likeness of God, until he gets down home and turns the x-ray of truth on self; but if he will only do that, and do it so thoroughly as to get a clear idea of the masterful powers of the normal man, faith must come to him as a natural consequence.

"With a right knowledge of man and his varied powers comes a realization of those powers in self and thence is born a substantial faith, the faith which helps one to make good in building his temple of success."

The agent should always remember that it is a good plan to use arguments that appeal to the heart as well as the brain, study your client, frame your selling talk to suit the individual. Use tact; here is where many otherwise successful men fail, not realizing the value of tact. What is tact? The ability to say the right word and do the right thing in moments of doubt and emergency. We often hear of it, but seldom a clear definition. Be *considerate* is possibly the simplest, and at the same time, the best definition that can be found when used in connection with agency building.

Then let me add to all I have said, be enthusiastic. Sheldon says enthusiasm is the most potent factor in all achievement of value. It enters into every invention, every masterpiece of painting or sculpture, every poem, essay or novel, that holds the world breathless with admiration. *It is the moving spirit of the business world. Generate some.*

Now, to accomplish all we have outlined the agent must do four things—he must look well after his mental, moral, spiritual and physical natures. He must think right, for as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. He must breathe right, he must eat right, and exercise right. The only man that can do his best is the man who is physically capable. He must also place a value on his time, because time is the life agent's capital; he must place a value on his territory, because this is part of the company's capital, and to undervalue either is to deprive the one of part of his income or the other of business that could be secured by a more capable agent.

Gentlemen, let me ask you to honor the profession; make your competitors feel that you are the best all-round agent in the business in your district. How? By being loyal to your Company, your clients and yourself, and the time will soon come when you will be respected and honored as one of the first citizens of your home town. When you have builded in this way, then will have come to pass the time when the world will realize that you have struck the "Magic Key," and that your watchword is straightforward promulgation, and will look at your profession from the view point described in those magical words used by Mr. Pickell when closing his grand contribution to the Underwriters' Convention of last year.

BENEFITS OF LIFE INSURANCE

"Sound the Magic Key, and keep sounding it. From every side, but faintly heard at first, yet gradually swelling in volume will come back the response; your business is above reproach, your companies are all right, the principles under which you operate are correct, your policies are just and liberal, your representatives are honest gentlemen, we believe in your work, we commend your ways, we trust you, we delight to do you honor. You are protecting our wives and children; you are guarding our estates; you are making comfortable our *own* declining

years. Because of you, our poorhouses and other charitable institutions are scarcely occupied, and our people have learned habits of thrift and foresight; you have sweetened life, you have robbed sorrow of its poignancy, you have extracted the sting from death. All glory and honor and power and dominion to a business without a peer, combining in its one self the greatest savings bank, the grandest trust company, the most substantial home-saver, the best equipped orphan asylum and the most splendid preserver of moral character the world has ever seen.

"Sound again the Magic Key, and out of confusion will come rhythm; out of discord and harshness will come melody, the dead rocks of indifference will begin to vibrate, the walls of legislative chambers will give back the strain, dissensions, disputed points, troublous times, wrangling, family jars, high words, will blend in sweet accord, until, from the right hand and the left, from before and behind, from above and below, the grandest business the world has ever seen will become the centre of a rich, full diapason of completest harmony."

The Work of a Business Science Club

BY CARL SCHERFF

President of the Des Moines Business Science Club

THE world is teeming with new thought movements, not really new, but in different combinations, original conceptions of old things. We live in a day of wireless telegraphy. We are not surprised to have a practical demonstration of flying machines. And also we notice the following: The moral regeneration, particularly in the commercial world. Medical triumphs over disease. We are learning to prevent rather than to cure. Modern medical science is making a tropic Cuba and a marsh infested Panama habitable.

Then there are the school movements, health, hygiene, manual training. We endeavor to give a practical education to the farmer. We read and hear of the preservation of natural resources. Our wars are wars of peace. There is a growing friendliness between man and man as nations. We hear a good deal in these days of psychology. New and startling in its audacity is the new religious movement. There are new philosophies without number. Then there is the thought that we give to the problem of the unemployed, the poor, and the betterment of their conditions. We think of problems of cost of living and wages, child labor, factory conditions, children's play grounds, talks and writings on the City Beautiful, social settlements, improvement clubs.

WHY A BUSINESS SCIENCE CLUB

Now all these spell progress. All are a history of the development of the individual.

Perhaps none of these movements is given more thought, or is so far reaching in its results as the educational; books, magazines and papers on all phases of education are countless.

What are we doing in this march of events? Are we going to stand idly by and let the procession pass? Who of us doesn't burn to have a part in this glorious forward and upward reach? What holds us back, merely the *thought* that we are too feeble to make ourselves and our influence felt. In short, a realization of our own insignificance. Is it clear then that our first duty is to build and develop ourselves? Then can we the better take a part in the world problem, and this brings me to my subject, "The Business Science Club." Why?

The object of this Club is two-fold.

First: To help me.

Second: To help others.

To help me, spells self-development; this calls for,

1st, Education.

2nd, Practice.

Most of us are students of the Sheldon Course and, of course, we understand that by the term education we mean not only the filling in of facts, information, etc., but much more—the drawing out of latent qualities and forces. It is a trite saying, "That we do not know it all," and that other one, "That no one knows so much that he could not use, to advantage, more knowledge."

The ways and means for obtaining fill-in information, are many. Among a few, we might mention primarily, observation, the habit of keeping mind, eye and ear open to new truths, new impressions, new methods, not forgetting the old. Travel is another way for learning through observation. I fear, however, that many fail to get the best advantage from travel because they do not appreciate what travelling is for.

WHY COLLEGE TRAINING FAILS

One of the very best methods for development is wide reading, and educational in effect, both by the filling in and drawing out processes, if properly pursued, are school, college and university. I cannot, however, help feel that college and university are very often not of the fullest value to the student. Perhaps for many reasons. However, I think that the immaturity of the student is frequently the cause for his not appreciating to the fullest extent the value that a college education might be to him.

Who of us has not heard the plaint, "If I could only go over my college course again, how differently I would work." You and I, who perhaps have not had the advantages of such a course, often think and say how we would value such an opportunity, and how we would make the most of every minute.

The realization of this lack in college education, in giving the student the course before he is really able to appreciate it to any great extent, no doubt leads to the correspondence school system, which has had such a remarkable growth in recent years, and yet, we find that even this method of education has its drawbacks. How many of your friends have spent money for such a course, but have never completed it? There are exceptions. However, I think the average student—particularly one who has not had the advantage of the mental discipline that systematic study brings—such a student, I say, needs the personal contact and incentive of the teacher.

THE ONE FLAW GONE

The lack of this personal touch is the one flaw in the correspondence school system. Recognizing this, Arthur Frederick Sheldon, the founder and greatest exponent of the most modern and most

complete course of scientific business training, has splendidly met and removed this objection in originating the Business Science Club. To develop, to educate, therefore, is the first and all pervading object of this Club. This we shall endeavor to do in part by practical discussion among members, by the suggestions and talks of more advanced students; by actual demonstrations on the floor, by men best qualified by reason of their success; then, addresses by eminent business men, both local and otherwise, and by lecturers of national repute.

Through all of these will we secure our education. The value of this course lies in the fact that it will not only help us to culture, but will lead us step by step into success, because it is a practical thing and applies to the everyday life.

To get the best out of this course, it is necessary that we be earnest, loyal, enthusiastic, and, above all, practical. The law of sacrifice, an essential to success, must always be recognized. "Would you be successful, pay the price." Cut out comfort, frivolity, laziness; devote thought, time, effort; success demands earnestness. This Club must be a business proposition to you.

I have often noticed that many a six-dollar-per-week clerk of eighteen years, spends his leisure time, the evenings, on the street corner, in sight-seeing, cigarettes and spitting, laughingly seeing who among his fellows can appear the smartest. But look again, farther down the avenue of time. Who is that old man of sixty, working hard all day at twelve dollars per week. Maybe as a freight hustler, shipping clerk, dock laborer, or working with some gang on the railroad grade, sweating and steaming in the afternoon sun. Yes, spitting, too, but in his hands that are calloused from hard work, with never a thought as to how smart he may look.

You pity him.

THE MAN OF SIXTY

But look again. Don't you recognize our friend of eighteen? Yes, if we would be a success at sixty, we must do our work now. By hard work I do not mean manual work. We all began there, but I mean *mental* work. By nature the mind is lazy; you must take it in hand and *will* it to work.

The reason so many men must work with their hands at sixty, is because they did not learn in youth to work with their heads.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't wish to imply that these men did all this from choice. I think a majority of them had no one to point out this fact to them. They merely drifted in a way that was natural. I make the assertion that it is today almost if not altogether impossible, to be a success except as we work with the head. Meanwhile, during all these years between eighteen and sixty, compare the living of these two ways. The man that works with his head really lives. There is absolutely no enjoyment in life like intellectual enjoyment. My remarks are eloquently illustrated by a statement made that 95 per cent of men over sixty years old, depend on daily wage for support.

The second point in helping myself in connection with education, is *practice*. Ordinary educational methods often fail of complete success, because there is not the opportunity provided for practice. In the work we are engaged in, this necessity of practice is not only recognized, but is insisted upon as *the* most important element. We are called upon to study, but much more to *apply* what we learn.

"SPEAKERS OF WORDS"

Occasionally I go to the den of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, where it is customary, after the preliminaries, to have speeches. I have listened to a great many of these so-called speeches in the last few years, but regret to say that most of them could hardly be dignified by that name. Some of them are flat failures, and remember, many of these are made by rising young business men. Yes, and by business men who are already considered a success. Many of them are splendid men to meet, but their inability to talk detracts from the high esteem in which you may have held them. They, themselves, while speaking, feel embarrassed and mortified, not to speak of the distress of their audiences. Please understand it is not my desire to criticize so much as to point the way where lies our opportunity.

The fact that many business men do appear publicly in speech who apparently have nothing to say, or when they have a thought

are unable to put it clearly and concisely, this fact, I say, should be an encouragement to us. Given a man who can think, it is practice only in expressing his thoughts that he needs to develop this faculty. Everything in speech-making, even the ability to evolve the thought, is an acquisition. If others can acquire it, we can, and the thought that there are so many who have not acquired it, gives us our opportunity, there is room for us.

One of the prime objects of this Club will be to provide such practice. By constant practice we shall gradually emerge from the slough of painful embarrassment to the place where we can fairly and squarely face an audience and ring home the truth we may be presenting—a king strike.

TO HELP OTHERS

But please remember this calls for effort. When you go to a concert or a lecture, you are frequently led wild in your admiration and enthusiasm. What is the cause of this? Why do you think so highly of the artist? You will find that it is not so much the way the matter is presented to you, nor even altogether his appearance. Rather is it the fact that this man's work represents a certain amount of discipline that he had to undergo to get to the present point, his personality, his character. As you listen to this artist you cannot escape the thought of what years of toil and ceaseless grind were necessary to bring about the present astonishing result. By that standard will you measure your enthusiasm for him. Yes, grind, effort, work, is the coin of the realm. Would you accomplish the result, you must pay the price, and you too shall find respect for your effort.

But there is another point to which I must briefly call your attention, and that is the second object of the Business Science Club namely, *to help others*.

The ideals of the world have advanced too far for any man to sit back today and say he is only interested in making his own success. There may be some who are altogether selfish, but even they seek to hide their true color, if only behind some cloak of philanthropy. I prefer to believe however, that the great mass of men do care for their fellows. We, none of us, live to ourselves alone. Your environment will not only be your mould, but the mould will be

shaped by you. When you have entered into this course of development, you will be a help to the business man, because you will do your work more intelligently; you will need less supervising; you will see the whys and wherefores.

MEANS MORE MONEY

If you have gotten the full benefit of your practice in speaking at Club meetings, you need not then be fearful of taking a part in some of the many movements that call for your interest, your disinterested interest, your interest in your fellow men. You will have confidence in your ability, well knowing that work, effort, the coin of the realm demands and commands respect.

This will also help you in getting a wider acquaintance, so necessary where a man may see in every other man a possible employer. How many good positions for life have been secured in this way.

And needless to say, you will then also be in a much better position to help your brother, who may need your personal help.

But remember the law of mutual benefit as Sheldon teaches us; have you been helped, then pass it on. Don't be a pig. Give freely. As we give we receive. Emptying ourselves, we make room for more. I have heard this argument: That the Business Science Club is merely an adjunct and advertising scheme for the Sheldon School. This I deny. This Club is what you and I will make it. But supposing I grant your argument, for argument's sake, what then? If I have been benefited by Harvard, should I not join the Alpha Gamma Chi and boost for Harvard? If I have been helped by the Sheldon School, shall I not *join the Business Science Club and boost?*

This then, is what I conceive that this Club stands for. To these ideals I here and now pledge you my best endeavor. I should

like to say that one word, that will convince you, *and you, and you*, that you can fulfill your destiny. Will you take the first step? Stand by. Do you want a part in the onward march of thought and ideals? Then come with us. This Club *must* be a success. It may be your individual success is tied up with it.

ALL CAN BE SUCCESSSES

The conditions for success are few, possible to all. Loyalty, sacrifice, enthusiasm. You must be loyal, stick through thick and thin; never admit a doubt of its success. Then sacrifice, you are not called upon to give money. The dues are very little. It does call on you to give of your time, two hours a month, for the Club meetings, and such time as you may find necessary for your own individual development, measured by your ambition, and lastly enthusiasm. When your heart is in this work, you will be enthusiastic, banish all doubt. When you encounter a knocker, show him the burning white of your enthusiasm, it may light him too. More than that, it will wonderfully encourage you.

In closing let me say just this. We must maintain high ideals and high standards. The *best, always*, must be our motto. The best meetings, the best speeches, the best audiences, the best officers, without fear or favor, the *right, always*, rather than the politic. When making a debate or any discussion, before giving your opinion, please always stop a second for this thought, "Is what I am going to say merely my personal pleasure, or is it really, honestly for the *good*, the *best* of the Club."

I give you then the Business Science Club. May it be to us the beginning of better things; the introduction into a broader life and the advancement of a movement that shall be to many the joy of living.

*They might not need me—Yet they might.
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.*

—Emily Dickinson.

Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

One of the most profitable ways of spending an hour each day is to journey away from yourself far enough to be able to look back upon yourself and compare that individual with the others with whom he is in daily competition. The man who can do this will never commit the offense of taking himself too seriously. He will not place himself on a pedestal and waste any valuable time worshipping and burning sacred incense before himself. He will realize that if he wants to get away from the majority and become a leader, he will have to utilize all his time in preparing himself for his journey forward. And he will see, too, that the best way of preparing is doing each day the tasks that day brings. He will also possess a sense of humor—which is a sense that enables him to value things correctly. It will come to him that he cannot attract any crowd to him by worshipping himself and crying, "Lo, A sacred being am I. Bow ye down before me." He sees that folks bow down only to those who move forward. The crowd is made up of children who are attracted only by moving objects. Those in the great cities have an opportunity of getting this perspective easily. They merely need to walk down a busy street to find out of what little importance they are. If they are made of poor material they will become pessimistic and will exclaim, "What's the use," But if they are real men they will instantly determine to work so that the day will come when that crowd will take off its composite hat when they pass by. And so I say, climb up to a point from which you can look down and beckon your real self to ascend. When you have done that a few times perhaps some few folks will cheer when your name is mentioned. Project your aspiring self ahead of your every-day self and your every-day self will rise, for the two are real affinities.

* * *

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

—Max O'Rell.

* * *

I want to praise the man who honestly and courageously bluffs. He is quite a different man from the four-flusher. I want to champion the cause of the man who tackles seemingly impossible tasks and succeeds. Every man who ever wrung applause from a blasé public was an honest bluffer. He did things because something goaded him on and he refused to be bluffed. He refused to fall below a mark set by those who sneered or laughed or fought. They said he could not do the work he had set himself to do. He retorted that he could and would do, not only what he had originally promised, but more. And he told what more he would do. And because he had promised, he accomplished. He kept faith with himself. The bluffer—the big, honest bluffer—is the man with supreme

faith and supreme courage. When Disraeli was laughed at when he made his first speech in parliament, he arose in anger and told his colleagues that the time would come when they would gladly listen to his voice. In one sense he was bluffing. But he made good. Napoleon was a bluffer. He undertook seemingly impossible tasks. To him there were no Alps. To no wise bluffer do Alps exist. Mountains do not stand in the way of the wise man who wants things. And so I say: Be an honest bluffer and call upon yourself to make good. To unwisely or dishonestly bluff is dangerous. Cromwell bluffed the king and became ruler of England. Had he failed *his* head would have rolled in the dust. But no man could call his bluff and he succeeded. He was right and right makes might. The man who bluffs wisely needs wisdom, and wisdom comes only to those who work for it. Wisdom comes to those who climb, and those only climb who have faith and courage plus. No coward ever scaled the Matterhorn. Those only reached the top who refused to let the mountain's bluffs call their bluff. And those only succeeded in mastering the Matterhorn who first mastered hills, just as those only who master the hills of life first can master its Matterhorns. Bluff yourself into climbing hills daily, and the time will come when the world will bluff you into climbing mountains. Unless you can bluff yourself in overcoming the trivial obstructions in the road you are traveling today, you will not overcome those which will surely come tomorrow. When you cannot master a small business how can you master a greater one? Only those who are capable of bearing them have responsibilities thrown upon them continually. All others fall beneath the burden of the day. It is only the man who shuts down his teeth and says "I can and I will," that does things. It is only the man who, getting \$1,000 a year, tells himself he can get \$2,000 that ever gets it. Of course it's a bluff. But the I-can-and-I-will man never lets Fate call it. He makes good. Don't let Fate bluff you. Bluff Fate and make good. Fate told Teddy Roosevelt to live and die a weakling. Teddy Roosevelt went out on a ranch and throttled Fate. He is still doing it. Teddy is a big, honest, manly man who makes good on big promises to himself and to others. He will continue to make good. In youth he got the habit of climbing hills and in middle age he amuses himself by climbing mountains. Bluff yourself over the hills and in middle age recreate yourself by playing with the toys of the gods.

* * *

Once a young fellow wanted a piece of work done in a certain way. The one to whom the order was given did not remember that biblical injunction to the effect that obedience is better than sacrifices. When the young man discovered this ignorance he waxed exceedingly wroth—I trust I make use of the proper expression—and expressed his anger by slamming the office door most scandalously. After a while he returned. His employer looked at him with a sort of a surprised look. The young man said, "Oh, I know that was asinine. You needn't tell me." And the boss, who had once been superintendent of a military school, said, "I was surprised to see you go off that way. I did not know that a smiling fellow like you ever got mad. I'll have to tell you what I used to tell my boys

in school when they broke away in anger. I used to tell them that *when they allowed any person or thing to make them angry, they merely confessed the superiority of that person or thing.*" That statement the young fellow never forgot for long. He himself does not know how many hours of worry it has saved him, nor does he realize how much this failure to get angry has helped him successward. He confesses that there often come times when he wants to let himself go and express himself in lurid language, but he remembers that he cannot afford to confess the superiority of any other man. He realizes that unless he is absolute master of himself he cannot be a master of others, and he is daily engaged in the business of getting his traveling kit together for a journey of discovery in the Land of Mastery. And it should be said that this kit is made up, just a little each day, as he journeys along. "Getting mad" he found to be excess baggage. He chucked it aside and he now travels faster with a lighter load.

* * *

*A wise merchant takes stock of himself as well as of his goods.
It is always too hot or too cold for the man who wants to quit.
A wise man who made a little improvement each day found at the end of the
year a revolution in his business.
He who follows another is always behind.—Poor Richard Jr.'s Almanack.*

* * *

One of the stock arguments advanced against granting suffrage to women is that women will be governed by sentiment instead of sense. Such an argument is only provocative of laughter. We all know that the **Square Deal for Women** amount of sense displayed by the ordinary voter on election day in no way indicates that he has cornered that commodity. I know of a certain city that was carried for a candidate for Congress by deliberately purchasing the votes of the lordly men with a liberal supply of an amber-colored liquid, one particular kind of which is reported to have made a fairly large city famous. The thought came to me at the time that I would rather be ruled by women who voted by sentiment than by men whose brains were controlled by stomachs filled with beer. And it isn't fair, this one-sided voting proposition. It isn't square. A woman may own a million dollars' worth of property in a city and have absolutely no voice in the making of the laws and the levying of the taxes, while some drunken, ignorant, worthless loafer is, on election day, the equal of the best in voting power. It isn't fair, is it? Women must accept man-made laws without having any direct power of opposition. The fact that women do not demand suffrage is no argument against it. Slaves in the south did not demand freedom. It must be shown to women that it is their duty to assist in making the world better. That women should remain in the home and look after pots and kettles and be mere reproductive animals is the contention of those only who are in intellectual darkness. It is granted that women are spiritually richer than the men. Their intuition is worth more, in perhaps the majority of cases, than man's cold logic. Their entrance into the political world will be productive of good, just as their entrance into the business world has been productive of good. Business men are better today because of

being compelled to associate with women during working hours, and politicians would become better if they knew that their records had to stand the scrutiny of women who stand upon a higher plane than the majority of men, and who therefore demand higher qualifications in the men chosen to represent them.

* * *

Life is just what we make it. It is no mystery save to the aimless; no task save to the faint-hearted; no hardship save to the indolent; no suffering save to the sinful. The weak-knees, sleepy-heads, self-seekers and sense-gratifiers alone shout, "luck!" Wise is he who recognizes as his daystar, a stout heart, a clear mind, an earnest purpose, and substantial habits.—Harry F. Porter.

* * *

Some folks talk about advertising just as they did about salesmanship a few years before the Sheldon era. When a fellow writes an ad. that tells his story in a brand new, catchy, business-bringing style, some expert advertiser will come up and mournfully tell him that he violated Rule Number Ten of the Advertisers' Union. Boiled down and translated into understandable language this means that the writer of the advertisement said to precedent "Get thee behind me Satan," and then sailed in and did his little job in his own individual way. We have been told several million times that no writer ever became a great writer by erecting a shrine for his school grammar and worshipping before its iron clad rules, and, while I am many leagues from advertising mastership, it strikes me that the fellow who aims to be a great advertiser must have enough confidence in his own method and his own individuality to tell well-meaning but prosy confreres to hit the trail for the rear platform of the freight train. We know that advertising is salesmanship by the written method. We know that every successful salesman has a different method. There may be fifty men selling with equal success a certain article. But it is certain that each has a different selling talk delivered in a different way. Each should have a selling talk which is both analytic and synthetic; but Johnson must Johnsonize his talk and Thompson must Thompsonize his. If you had them all write down their selling talks and mixed them up in a hat and ordered the salesmen to draw blindly from this hat, and then ordered them to use the talk thus drawn, it wouldn't be a week before the sales manager would be on the verge of losing his mind because of the drop off in sales. With advertising it is the same. Let the ad. man work his personality into the ads. If he has the confidence-inspiring sort of personality, knows the folks to whom he desires to sell, knows his goods, knows how to analyze them and how to construct a written selling talk to fit the space at his disposal so as to carry the prospects from attention way up to resolve to buy—well, what more do you want? And get this, it requires greater ability to write a business-producing ad. than it does to sell to a single customer, for the ad. man must write his message without knowing his customers by personal contact, and he also must write an ad. so as to make it appeal to the many instead of to one. The wise young man who seeks fame in the advertising field will study the science of salesmanship, and when he has mastered the fundamental principles he may violate the Tenth Rule of the Advertisers' Union and get away with the family plate and the grand piano and the package of the Battle Creek product.

The young man was a discount clerk in the bank. A friend sought to interest him in an educational proposition for business men. And the clerk said, "But I'm not a business man." Think of that, will you? His friend answered, "Possibly not, Harry, but sure you are not proud of that fact, are you?" Undoubtedly there are thousands and thousands of young men of this kind. They are occupying low positions in the business world, yet they do not claim kinship with business men. They look upon the profession of business as disgraceful. They are time-servers. They will always be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Clerical positions will always be theirs. High positions can never be filled by them. They are not aspiring, not ambitious. The fires of enthusiasm over work to be done never burn within them. They become cogs in a great machine—cogs which can be displaced without interfering greatly with the business machine of which they form a part. Their ambitions are made up of desires for more money—for easier places. They do not realize that great rewards are given only for great service. They do not feel the sanctity of serving. They do not understand that, as Sheldon says, the value of an individual equals that individual minus the amount of supervision he requires. A philosopher once said we are all down on the books for ten dollars a day and the only reason so many millions of us do not receive that much is because we give part of it to those who supervise us. This discount clerk, who is in the business world but who refuses to become a valuable part of it, is one of those who does not get his ten dollars a day. Yet all this young man needs is training in scientific business building. With this training there is no height to which he may not aspire. Remember that one of the wisest sayings of modern times is, "When you want to find the fellow responsible for your troubles, look in the looking glass."

* * *

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment.—Emerson.

* * *

The salesman who accepts the first rebuff as final, should not be allowed to draw long on the expense treasury. It is only the man who sticks until he wins that is truly worth while. Unquestionably the most talked of book of his time was "David Harum." David Harum is a character that will live for scores of years. Yet Westcott listened to fifteen publishers as they declined his manuscript. But the sixteenth accepted it. And because he asked the sixteenth, Westcott earned fame and fortune. The mother of Byron referred to him as "that lame brat." Yet with this handicap of lameness, and with the greater handicap of parental neglect during his youth, Byron became one of England's great poets—an idol of hundreds of thousands. He was a man who dared. He did things. He told the truth as he saw it. He loved Freedom as few men loved it. He so loved it that he gave his life for it while fighting the battles of Greece. Robert Louis Stevenson was a confirmed invalid. Yet Stevenson, even when suffering the

greatest agony, coined phrases which make his name unforgettable. Mozart and Milton were blind. Carlyle had to fight for recognition. Macaulay was forced to leave college because his father lost his fortune. Lincoln was no millionaire. Grant was a tanner. John Mitchell, the idol of the Federation of Miners, and one of President Roosevelt's warmest personal friends, was a coal miner. All these men had to fight for success. They did not take "No" for an answer. They may have retreated for a time. But they only retreated to secure reinforcements. The salesman who loses in the battle with a prospective customer today must not return to the fray with the same arguments. He should retreat for reinforcements. There isn't a fort in the world that is impregnable. Every one can be captured. But it is certain that few of them can be captured in the first attack. Port Arthur was captured only after many "canvasses" had been made.

* * *

"The 'divinity that shapes our ends' is in ourselves; it is our very self. Man is manacled only by himself; thought and action are the gaolers of Fate—they imprison, being base; they are also angels of Freedom—they liberate, being noble."—James Allen.

* * *

In the public mind today Wisconsin stands high because she gave to the nation Senator LaFollette—a big man whose whole life is devoted to the cause of securing legislation which will give to all men a square deal.

Wise Men of Wisconsin But they are doing other great things in Wisconsin today, just as they have done great things in the past. Years ago a big-hearted man named Babcock invented a milk tester. Although he could have had his device patented, and could have become rich beyond the dreams of many money-mad men, he gave his invention to the world, saying that in the service it would render he could find his greatest reward. Now we have a young man by the name of Elver—a young man who has overcome many difficulties and in the overcoming has made many mistakes—who stands in the spotlight because he wants one law passed. For several years he has been studying the problem of the unfortunates—the feeble minded, the insane, the blind, the deaf and the epileptics. In the great state of Wisconsin he has found 7,000 insane, 6,000 feeble minded, 5,000 epileptics, and 3,000 blind. And the result of this investigation is 60 per cent of the feeble minded alone is due to heredity. Mr. Elver has proven that it is indeed true that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. He has proven that the state must one day say who shall and who shall not marry. In old Sparta they used to kill at birth children that gave no promise of becoming strong servants of the state. This we cannot do—this we can not countenance. But we can prevent marriages of those who are unfit. The day will come when sinful marriages will be prevented. Women will demand strong, manly men as fathers of their children. Barred from marriage forever will be those who sow wild oats. The good of the state will demand it. And the good of the state is higher than that of the individual desire. It will be recognized that the greatest gift a man and woman can give to the world will not be a book, a statue, a great thought, a sermon, a poem, a song or a painting, but all men will honor that man and that woman who love into being a Great Man or a Great Woman. I have talked with Mr. Elver. He says the people

are not yet educated to a point where they demand his law. But he has faith that the day is not so far distant when all over Wisconsin—yes, and all over the world—will come a demand for a law which will make marriage possible only between men and women who are physically fit. Perhaps in the very distant future the standard will be raised and only men and women who are mentally, spiritually and physically fit will be permitted to know the sacredness of fatherhood and motherhood.

* * *

"Truth lives forever; ideas have no existence outside of mind, and only in the action of mind. . . . Make a library of all the thoughts of the race, and then should the race perish, the library being still in existence, the ideas would have perished."—Lewis Ransome Fiske.

* * *

Perhaps there is no greater business boosting organization in the United States than the one over whose destinies Tom Richardson presides—The Portland Commercial Club. This organization started as a social body. Next came the publicity feature. These men saw that the best way to advertise Portland was to advertise that section of the country in which Portland is located. These men were wisely selfish. They knew that they could not build up Oregon without building up Portland. So they started to build up Oregon. After the Commercial Club was well under way, the Oregon Development League was formed. This league includes eighty-two separate organizations, all using the same letter head, all working toward the same end. Their boosting was not done in a half-hearted way. These men were and are real salesmen. They first aimed to attract attention to their country, next they aroused interest, then followed desire, and after that the easterners who had climbed the salesman's psychological ladder moved their goods and chattels, their lares and penates, to Tom Richardson's neighborhood. Due to this advertising the dairy output of Oregon jumped from \$5,000,000 to \$17,000,000 in five years. The strength of the Portland Club is shown by the fact that it paid \$434,000 for its own building, and has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for other public buildings and for advertising purposes. To the man who says that advertising does not pay, the results of this western experiment stands out in refutation. In an early number I shall have a special article on western community publicity. In Chicago we have another great organization—an organization made up of keen, alive, alert, strenuous, boosting men—The Chicago Association of Commerce. This association is doing more to put Chicago forward as the leading American city than all its other organizations combined. With Walter D. Moody as business manager, and such a big man as William (Billy) Manss as industrial promoter, Chicago is becoming recognized as The Great Central Market. What has been done in Chicago and Portland can be done on a smaller scale in every city in the land. All that is needed is an organization made up of men who are big enough, wide-awake enough, broad enough, alive enough to sink petty selfishness and work shoulder to shoulder for the public good. A city organization that is dead is worse than no organization at all. It is better to have an organization made up of ten live men than to have one hundred dead ones. Back of city building is man building. To build a city there must be an organization

of men with personalities—men of character and health—men strong enough mentally, morally and physically to sink their petty selves in social service and give their greater selves a chance to grow in a greater city. The International League of Business Science Clubs has just been organized. The head offices will be opened here in Libertyville. Clubs belonging to this organization will have three objects: Self-Building, Business-Building and City Building. This association will be in working order by January 1.

* * *

"A work of literature should give us ourselves idealized and in a dream, all we wished to be but could not be, all we hoped for but missed. True literature rounds out our lives, gives us consolation for our failures, rebuke for our vices, suggestions for our ambition, hope, and love, and appreciation."—Sherwin Cody.

* * *

What the United States needs down in Latin America is the display of more salesmanship. It is all very well, and it doubtless has a salutary effect, to have our warships make periodic trips to South America and show those folks what a beautiful flag we have. But that doesn't help the folks up here who are crying because of over-production. Of course the over-production from which we are really suffering is not the kind that can be cured by selling more goods to foreign countries, but I suppose we might as well grin at the folks who are starving at home and persuade them that more happiness will come to them when we have better salesmen to represent us in other lands. I do not care particularly to get into an argument with those who worship present conditions at this particular time, so I shall merely point out to them this one fact: Just twenty-eight per cent of the trade of Latin American is with the United States. The other seventy-two is with Europe. Can it be that the officers of European governments are better sales managers than our American politicians? It looks that way. Anyhow it is certain that the sooner we learn to train men—yes, and women, too—for the profession of governing us, the better it will be for us.

* * *

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it. —Bulwer.

* * *

In Chicago the Association of Commerce does not neglect the women buyers. Hundreds of stores send women to Chicago for the purpose of choosing goods for the women's departments. In the past nothing was done for their entertainment. Now, however, they are received at the offices of the boosting association and given a royal welcome by Miss Stella Neighbors. Miss Neighbors gives these women all the information they may need, and, during the summer, they are given a free ticket which entitles them to an automobile ride to Lincoln Park. The number of women buyers is about five hundred at present. But it is certain that this number will increase from year to year. More and more women are taking an active part in the management of stores.

The Gentleman from Topeka

BY MARTIN McLAIN



ARTHUR CAPPER

“I GREW up in a printing office, and earned my own living from the time I was thirteen years old. I made my way through school, working in a printing office after school hours and during vacations until I graduated from the high school in the town of Garnett, Kansas.

“I was then eighteen years old, and struck out for a larger city. I found employment as a typesetter on *The Topeka Daily Capital*, (which paper I now own), and worked several months in that capacity.

“I was promoted quite rapidly, and from time to time held nearly every position on

the paper in connection with the news, editorial and business departments. The business men knew me pretty well, and when an opportunity came to purchase the paper I was quite fortunate in being able to secure strong backing from men who were able to help me. I have never failed to meet an obligation.

“I do not believe there is much more to say. Whatever success I have had has been the result of hard work and constant effort to do business absolutely on the square.”

In those few sentences we find Arthur Capper of Topeka, which is in Kansas, sum-

ming up a story which is packed with inspiration for several hundred thousand young men with all their wealth in their bodies and their minds.

Mr. Capper is without question Kansas's leading journalist. He owns the *Topeka Daily Capital*, *The Kansas Weekly Breeze*, *The Farmers Mail and Breeze*, *The Missouri Valley Farmer* and *The Household*—the combined circulation of which is more than half a million.

And twenty years ago Arthur Capper worked his way through school by setting type.

Today he is one of the richest men in Kansas; he employs more people than any employer in Topeka, with the exception of the Sante Fe railroad; he is recognized in the advertising world as a master of advertising; in the estimation of those with whom he works he ranks high, and what is of greatest value to the west, he is doing more than perhaps any other man to build up the states of Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

The wealth that Mr. Capper enjoys came from hard work. Speculation aided him not at all. He just worked. He always did more than he was expected to do by those

who paid him his weekly wages, and the result is he is today the man who has the power to sign the checks that brighten the pay envelopes of three hundred men and women—men and women who are working daily to send home-building and state-building messages into thousands of homes.

Capper is big today because yesterday he was ambitious—because he desired with all the intensity of his being to reach the top. He believed in himself always. He believed in his ability and this ability backed up his ambition in the fight for success.

"Whatever success I have had has been the result of hard work and a *constant effort to do business absolutely on the square.*"

I rather think that Capper has much Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action, for he says he is happy in his work, and success, we are told, is but another name for happiness.

And Capper has not stopped. He is still climbing. He is constantly growing stronger by serving the folks of the west. Capper is one of the great servants of the west. His ambition may some day prompt him to take in more territory.

The Cleared Deck

BY W. A. McDERMID

AT the great League Island Navy Yard we visited one of the latest and biggest of the warships, the Mississippi. To take pity on our ignorance came a young seaman, one of the crew of the seven-pounder gun which we were casually examining.

In him the Navy has a splendid salesman. His courtesy, his thorough knowledge of his ship, his obvious pride in his work, impressed us far more than did the marvelous machine over which he was conducting us.

He told of how dextrous must be the navy man in his movements as he serves his gun—but every movement of his own graceful, well-trained body told us with greater eloquence of the discipline and practice through which he had passed.

He was a choice specimen from the Navy's sample case—a living advertisement, and in his words and movements, more than in the

vessels and shops, we read the story of the new Navy and its men.

From a narrow, steel-walled passage we came suddenly upon a cluttered, disorderly portion of gun deck. The navy man felt constrained to apologize for its appearance.

"We're getting ready for active service just now," he said, "and things are somewhat torn up. But you should see us when we're cleared for action."

His pride in his ship and her efficiency showed in every gesture as he told us how they "cleared ship."

It was that picture of the cleared deck—of the fighting machine stripped to its bare structure, that appealed to me most strongly. Everything superfluous removed—cast overboard—no ornaments—no frills—no non-essentials—just defenses, guns, men and engines—here was a picture of the maximum of efficiency.

And somewhere, as I thought it over later, there came into my mind the picture of something far removed, yet closely analogous—the office desk of a busy executive.

It was in a great factory that I saw it. The man who used it was the general manager. The great manufacturing plant, with all its ramifications, the sales department, the advertising department, the general organization, the direction of a great subsidiary selling company with organizations in three cities—all these were under his close supervision.

His desk was one of the roll-top kind. It had an abundance of pigeon holes and small drawers in the upper part. Yet it might have been a flat-topped table, for there was nothing in any pigeon hole or drawer. On the desk was a little pile of papers—the day's mail, inter-department memoranda, special reports. No clutter of papers—no confusion, no mass of details.

At a flat table to the rear sat an assistant—a high grade stenographer, with a marked degree of executive capacity. Through him everything had to pass. Many questions were settled out of hand. On a new problem, previous correspondence was looked up, men interviewed, facts secured, details decided, before the subject was turned over to the Chief. Then it was in its final form—digested and ready for a prompt decision.

In the large drawers of the manager's desk were reports. Not bulky, voluminous documents, but summaries—tested for accuracy of detail by the assistant. Frequently these were in the form of graphic charts, which told a story by a picture—by lines and squares.

THE BLACKBOARD HABIT

¶ On the wall hung a cabinet four feet high and three feet wide, with a blackboard for a door. If you opened this door, you saw that it contained many thin blackboards, all hinged. There were twenty-four of these little blackboards, and each had a heading.

One page, for example, was devoted to advertising. On it were headings which summarized all the current problems and duties of that department. A glance at this board showed the advertising situation at a glance.

Here on this blackboard was where the manager kept his fingers on the pulse of the

business, for every phase of it was entered on one of these leaves. When a problem was settled, it was wiped off—new problems were waiting.

Here—sketched out before him so that it might be seen at a glance—was this man's work. And his desk was cleared for action—the clean-swept deck of the fighting machine.

I heard once of an employer who thought that one of his executives should be dismissed because his desk was usually clear, proving that he didn't have enough to do.

But somehow I am inclined to pin my faith to the executive who goes into the business battle with a cleared deck—with nothing to get in the way when it is time for action.

“WRITE IT OUT”

The most valuable thing a company has is the time of its employes. Time properly expended is so limitless in its possibilities that every effort should be made by competent business men to conserve the time of their helpers in direct proportion to their value.

The business man who takes time to do what another can do more cheaply does not simply waste the amount paid by his employers for this misused time. It costs them also the amount which his efforts, properly expended, would have earned.

This being true, it is obviously most profitable to take every possible means to save the time of every worker. Out of this truth have grown the use of the telephone, the typewriter, the commercial graphophone, shorthand, the addressograph, etc. Office methods should aim at the saving of time, and they fail when they consume more time than their results justify.

There is deep significance for the business man in the statement that “there is lots of gold in sea water, but it costs too much to get it out.”

Assume that you pay a department manager \$5,000 a year, and at a rough estimate an hour of his time is worth over \$2.00 in salary alone. What he could produce in that hour, at the most profitable work of which he is capable, can only be imagined. But if his time is taken up by the unprofitable things which the \$1,200 man can do, he becomes a dead loss to the

concern in proportion as he loses this time.

WHY USE MEMOS

All this is very elementary and obvious, but in their application these obvious things are frequently overlooked. An instance of this is in the use of the inter-department memorandum.

If this hypothetical executive worked under ideal conditions, he would arrange his work in a certain systematic order and handle each problem in the most expeditious manner possible. But usually he is interrupted—unexpected problems interfere, and the orderly march of his daily duties becomes the frantic rush of the disorganized mob.

One of the conveniences of business, designed to give a man the opportunity to handle his work in the most profitable and advantageous manner, is the plan of memoranda. "Write it out" is the slogan of a system that in its ideal workings reduces error and saves time.

Every time the telephone rings it likely interrupts the manager's work. If he can reduce the number of times this happens, so as to leave an opportunity to answer the memos and letters before him, he has accomplished much.

But the man who runs another department, and who wants information in a hurry so that he can do *his* work, is apt to telephone by preference to writing because he wants quick action. And so the problem resolves itself into a chance for real co-operation.

"A" does not want to be interrupted by questions at inconvenient times. "B" wants information promptly. But as a concession he will not insist on the answer being *too* prompt—if it comes reasonably soon. Because he, too, likes to arrange his own time, and knows how annoying interruptions may be. If, however, he cannot get prompt answers to memos, he is going to phone or go and see the man right away.

Half of the systems of office notes fail to work well, yet the solution is simple.

The first part of the problem is frequent and prompt delivery of these office notes. The note that is written at 9:00 a. m., reaches another department in the middle of the afternoon, is answered the following morning and reaches the original writer near the close of the second day's work, is a nuisance, an aggravation and a serious handicap to good work.

The messenger boy of the comic papers, with his chronic tired feeling, has many a modern counterpart in business offices. And he is an expensive institution.

PROMPTNESS

The second part is harder to arrange, but here the element of real co-operation enters in. It is in the enforcement of the general rule: "Answer incoming memos first—now."

It is safe to say that the majority of them can be answered in a very short time. If they are answered soon after they come to the desk, "A" has removed the temptation for "B" to telephone rather than to wait for a long-delayed answer.

It is something of an interruption, it is true, to stop to answer these promptly. But the ultimate mutual benefit to be gained makes the accounts balance in the long run.

The executive who fails to get prompt action from his colleagues and subordinates has only himself to blame if he is not prompt to answer the notes which come to him.

It is to his interest to encourage the use of written memos. He is bothered less with trivialities, less with problems that might have been solved with a little greater effort by the other fellow, less with imperfectly digested or badly phrased propositions. Plans are clearer, questions more direct, problems better stated, information more accurate, and decisions may be better advised if they are written out.

But the secret of encouragement is promptness—promptness of delivery, promptness of reply. Answer the other man's memo first, because it will take just as long later as now—and the other man is waiting for the answer.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you until it seems you cannot hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Young Man and His Work

BY PROF. GEORGE E. VINCENT

Editor's Note: November 19 the Chicago Association of Commerce gave a dinner to the sons of members. "The object of this gathering is to kindle in the hearts of our juniors that love and enthusiasm for Chicago and its interests which is so plainly characteristic of the individual members of this association," said the official invitation. Speakers were President Richard Hall, Rev. William T. McElveen; William S. Kies; John W. Scott; Charles L. Hutchinson; General Fred Dent Grant, and Professor George E. Vincent of the University of Chicago. So sparkling is Professor Vincent's talk that it is reproduced.

Calm, dignified, self-contented young men and irrepressible, exuberant old boys. (Laughter.) The whole nature of this exercise has been radically misunderstood. This is in reality a dinner given by young men who represent the young generation in an effort to bring under control the irrepressible gentlemen who regard themselves as most important at the present time. There is a new conception of education, gentlemen, there is a new conception of life, and these young fellows whom you fondly suppose are under your control are in reality very seriously and very rapidly modifying your conceptions of life and getting you under their management. It behooves you to understand this at the very earliest moment and not fondly to imagine that you are going to mold them, to influence them, and to modify their conceptions of life.

Times have changed and we now kindergarten our children into college and banquet them into business. (Laughter and applause.) The good old days of discipline are over. The days when the father said "Go" and the boy went; and the old days when boys were put into business and began business at the beginning and worked up through five or ten years and not in five or six months, according to the pleasant methods which are now employed in having boys work up from the bottom—work up from the bottom like bubbles in champagne. (Laughter.) And I have watched the intelligent faces of these young gentlemen who have been trying to teach their fathers this

evening to smoke cigarettes. (Laughter and applause), and I have been immensely interested in the expression of superiority, now and then a smile—a patronizing smile—at some of the antequated humoristic survivals which have reappeared this evening for their benefit. (Prolonged laughter and applause.) Showing that there is an entire misconception on the part of the gentlemen who have addressed you this evening as to your real attitude towards life, as to your proficiency, as to your omniscency.

THE SIZE OF DIVIDENDS

You see, I understand you a little better because I am engaged in educational work and I come in contact with the like of you daily and I see into you and see through you and I understand you pretty well, and probably I am not to be deceived, and I propose to say a few straightforward things to you tonight which it will be good for you to hear. In the first place, this is a sort of an initiatory exercise. What is the primary function of initiation? It is to make the individuals who are being taken into an organization realize that they have no souls that they dare call their own; that they are to be subordinated to the group and that they are not to arrogate to themselves power and pride. If you have been told that great things depend upon you, it behooves you to examine yourself to see whether you now could pay dividends on the amount of capitalization which you represent. (Laughter.)

If most of you young fellows could be bonded and put upon a rising market, what do you suppose your underlying securities would fetch? And do you think you could give away preferred stock or common? (Renewed laughter and applause.) Examine yourselves carefully and do not get too good an opinion of yourself, in spite of the way in which you have been jollied here this evening. (Prolonged laughter and applause.) Observe the naive and simplicity of these delightful boyish old seniors of yours who have organized this delightful little commercial Sunday school in order to bring you up in the way in which you should go. (Laughter.) See what they have done in the way of giving you instruction. They

have brought on this delightful clerical gentleman from Evanston, as though that you did not know that the only safe way to bet is on a sure thing. (Renewed laughter and applause.) You don't have to be told that it is a more exhilarating thing to try to tackle a gyroscopic lamp post in town than to employ yourself in agricultural pursuits in the country. (Loud laughter.)

LAUGHING AT GEN. GRANT.

I must say a word with reference to the theories of heredity which have been presented by our distinguished military guest this evening (Gen. F. D. Grant): I wish to say that it is perfectly true that at the time he appeared in the world the laws of heredity as then understood and of course then operative made him an exact duplicate of his father. (Laughter.)

It is no fault of his that his military genius up to this time has been largely potential simply because it has had no adequate opportunity to exercise itself. But new theories of heredity took place and came into vogue before I appeared on the scene and therefore I should be very sorry to have you get the conception that my honored father is in any degree to be held responsible for anything I may say or do. (Laughter.)

I cannot help feeling there is a sort of pathos about the situation to think that your dear old dad should have so early declined, to think that all these little schemes should have come to naught in this fashion, is indeed pathetic, but you must not find fault with them. They are these exuberant people, enthusiastic people and hopeful people who have made Chicago what we are at present. When you get old things will be conducted in a more dignified way; but with these new and quiet and dignified methods which will be introduced by the young men brought up under the present regime. We old people do not understand how to talk to you and I must frankly confess it to you. I have been maintaining this continued articulation simply because I am utterly baffled as I look into your cynical faces and realize how much you know and how much you think you know. (Renewed laughter and applause.) I am quite at a loss. The tables have been turned. When I was a boy people did not understand me.

I remember I was what was called by psychologists of an explosive temperament

and I understood everything with great enthusiasm and a maximum amount of noise. I played out of doors usually, by request, but in rainy weather I would play in the house.

I remember in my early youth that I used to get the greatest amount of satisfaction out of being Dexter doing two-forty on a plank road. Some of you gentlemen of real antiquity will recollect that—and the other was being a locomotive. You may think there is no difficulty at all in such an effort, but there is, because when I was Dexter doing two-forty on a plank road you can pound with your foot, but you cannot make any other noise; whereas when you are a locomotive you have to glide with your feet, but you can blow off steam and ring the bell and blow the whistle. Therefore I vacillated between those two things, but finally I discovered a solution. I decided to be Dexter doing two-forty on a plank road and the locomotive, alternating one with the other at frequent intervals.

PLAYING COW

I can recall one afternoon when I was playing in the house, and to my very great satisfaction, but to the terror of my family, when a crusty old teacher came to call on the family. That old gentleman did not like boys in general, and me in particular, but he did not say so, but there are a good many things you need not tell small boys. When I saw this old gentleman talking to my mother on this particular rainy afternoon, I felt within me what we call the research spirit.

I wanted to know just how much he could endure and so I began to make excursions through the room alternately as Dexter doing two-forty on a plank road, and as a locomotive, and each time that I made an excursion through the room the old gentleman seemed to come more and more upon the point of explosion, and finally as I was leaving the room for the seventh time he called to me and I responded, and coming to him stood before him, conscious of what I had done but at the same time feeling that satisfaction one feels when he has brought an experiment to some sort of conclusion.

"What are you doing?" he asked me.

I replied, "Please, sir, I am Dexter doing two-forty on a plank road."

He said, "Is that so? Why don't you play cow?"

I thought I had done the old man an injustice and that he was going to tell me some new game, and I said to him, "How do you play cow?" And he said, "Lay down and chew your cud."

THE GENTLEMEN OF ATHENS

It is quite futile, then, to understand boys. I make no pretense of addressing you young gentlemen. You are far beyond me. I simply call your attention, in conclusion, to an old gentleman who lived a long time ago. His name was Plato and he lived in a city called Athens. They did not have any commercial association then and did not boom things, and the town is only used now for purposes of oratory, but this old gentleman resided there.

And then there was another old gentleman who lived at about the same time and this old gentleman's name was Aristotle, if you have ever read of them, which, of course, you do not do, having the daily newspapers on hand, to say nothing of the Sunday editions, but if you ever came to a time when you did not have to hustle and you looked into Plato and Aristotle you would be surprised to find how modern they were and how over two thousand years ago they anticipated almost all the problems of contemporary life and have recorded for us profound wisdom and knowledge, which has been the despair of generations since, and in the time of Plato, Athens was coming into rather a bad way.

You see, the old Sunday school system had broken down and the boys did not believe any of the stories told them, they were getting cynical, and the young fellows would get together at the clubs and baths and say, "All this hocus pocus about morality and religion, there is nothing in it. The only thing in life is to get everything out of it you can yourself. Live for the day and do not let anyone bamboozle you into the notion that there is any such thing as morality or justice. All this old wornout tomfoolery of the old days which they are trying to perpetuate ought to be done away with."

MR. PLATO AND MR. DOOLEY

It was a rather interesting time in Athens. Not at all like our own times, but rather interesting then.

Plato was one of those delightful old survivals you find almost everywhere who believe in those old-fashioned things in a new-fashioned way; who believed that there could be such a thing as justice in life. That there were relations between men where this was possible, and so he went on talking about them, or rather he sat about with another old gentleman who might be called the Athenian Mr. Dooley, Socrates, and Socrates was a wise gentleman who went around talking with young gentlemen who thought they knew it all. Socrates was a very gracious old person and he never affirmed anything very definitely, but he asked the young men questions. The safest thing you can do is to ask young men questions. Socrates asked the young men questions, the young men would assent, and Socrates would lead them on by saying, "Well, it follows then that this would be true?" and the young fellows would agree, and Socrates would lead them along in that way right up to the edge of an intellectual precipice, and then plump went the man to the bottom of the precipice, when he came to he wondered what had happened.

They began to talk about justice and society and Socrates went on little by little until he builded up before them what was called the republic, an ideal community, and in this ideal community the rulers were to be young men who were chosen for special qualities; and what do you suppose were the tests applied to the young men? How absurd it was in the hundreds of years ago that Socrates said, "In order that these young men may become rulers, men of influence in my community, they must believe that the highest thing in life is devotion to the common welfare, and unless they can hold to that idea, they cannot be rulers in my ideal republic; that, therefore, to test them to see whether they have the qualities of leadership, we will try three tests, three ways. We will try to see whether we can disabuse these young men, whether we can rob them of the conviction that devotion to the public welfare is the highest good in life; we will try to seduce them by subjecting them to all the temptations of the flesh; we will give them all the joys of the living, and see whether we can lure them away from the conviction that loyalty to the community is the highest good of life."

"If we do not succeed in this, we shall try to frighten them out of it; we shall try

to bring pressure to bear upon them; we shall show that they will defeat their own purposes; we shall show them that their own interests are jeopardized and that they will defeat their own selfish ends unless they give up this idea that loyalty to the welfare of the community is the highest good; but if they stand that test, we will try and juggle them out of it by clever arguing; we will subject them to all sorts of dialectics; we will show them that it is irrational to serve the public, and those who hold unswerving to the idea that devotion to the public is the highest good, those young men we shall put in authority in our ideal republic."

What a dream it was! The dream of a doddering old gentleman who went about talking to young men. Ah, but my friends, it was a dream which has in it the very foundations of reality. It is the test today in Chicago.

Are these young fellows to occupy the positions which we hope for them? Are these young fellows to rise to the responsibilities which you fathers hope they will assume? Yes! They are, if they can hold to the idea that devotion to the common weal, that devotion to the public welfare, that living a life that is not wholly a selfish life but which takes in the larger interests of mankind, and the larger interests of the community, if they can hold to that idea, if they cannot be seduced from it by selfish indulgence or by all the sensual pleasures of life, if they cannot

be drawn out of it by coercion or by clever arguments of those who take a cynical view of life, then they will make good, then they will be true, then they will measure up to your ideals.

It is an inspiring occasion, fathers and sons together, sounding the common note of loyalty to an ideal purpose. We sometimes talk about the commercialism of our age. We are a commercial age, but do you realize, gentlemen, we should not be talking about commercialism all the while if it was not because we felt it led up to the higher ideals. What is the ideal you hold up before these young men tonight? It is the ideal of material expansion. Yes, it is the ideal of building up a great city in all its material aspects. Yes; but it is the ideal of these higher things subordinated to the real things of life which may come true; and tonight you pledge yourselves, young and old, in loyalty to those higher things, finer things, to those things which rise like dreams above the material aspects of a glorious and beautiful city. Tonight you pledge yourselves anew in loyalty to those things which Watson has called the things which are most excellent:

"The grace of friendship, mind and heart,
Linked with their fellow heart and mind;
The gains of science, gifts of art,
The sense of oneness with our mind,
The thirst to know and understand.
A large and liberal discontent,
Those are the gifts in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent."

The Correspondence School

BY H. B. MYER

IF one were to search for a barometer to indicate the interest of the public in things educational, he would only need to note the growth and influence of the correspondence school. Not so very long ago when mention was made of correspondence instruction, an interrogation mark more or less formidable usually appeared before the mind of the reader or listener, which seemed easily to throw such an air of uncertainty around the idea that it was with some misgiving and doubt one sought aid from such a source. Now, this question point, which seems to give off so much hesitancy from its sinuous outline, is fast dis-

appearing. The negative atmosphere which accompanied it is no longer present and all that is left of that symbol of doubt and inactivity is the little dot which serves as a period at the end of positive affirmative statements coming from those who are now deriving benefit from correspondence instruction.

And right here we make a prediction: Some day a psychologist will arise in his might and proceed either by the printed or spoken word to become more or less speculative on the indecision and instability which is suggested by the serpentine figure of the interrogation mark as compared with the

period (the mark of stability and decision) which marks an affirmation. (Writers of advertising will please take note.)

But in this article we do not wish to take any excursion into the realm of the ultra-psychological. What we want to know is what have been the causes that have brought the correspondence school into the favorable recognition which it now enjoys.

We find this principally due to three things.

BRINGING EDUCATION HOME

In the first place, correspondence instruction has brought the desired education to the homes of the people—to the individual at his daily work. Instead of forever confining Euclid to the exclusion of a college curriculum, he has become the property of every farmer's boy, machinist and clerk who chooses to pay the price of a small tuition and to devote part of his time to study. By reason of this one fact alone, the ordinary things of life take on a new meaning. The furrows in every cornfield suggest the parallel lines that never meet; every piece of drygoods that is cut on the bias suggests a geometrical problem. Cosine, tangent, secant and sector are found in the vocabulary of the machinist at the bench; he even talks familiarly of the *pons asinorum*, when a few years previous his linguistic ability consisted principally of the vernacular of the street. The air of mystery which has surrounded all lines of mechanics rapidly is being dissipated by the influence of correspondence instruction.

Also only a few years ago the study of psychology was thought to be about as practical as the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics and it was regarded as being fit only for the contemplation of those who lived a life distinct from that of the busy world. But the correspondence school has again changed the order of things and we find that the attention which is being given to psychology by the builders of business of today suggests the attitude of those other builders of whom it was said that the stone which at first they rejected, "the same is become the head of the corner." Stripped of its dry, metaphysical abstractions, a knowledge of psychology is found to be something that can be realized upon—can be turned into dollars and cents. But this idea did not evolve from the scholastic atmosphere of the college or university;

it was given to the people by the correspondence school.

HOME MADE LAWYERS

And so through all the departments of literature, science and art do we see the efficiency of correspondence instruction. The law is ably handled in this manner and we find correspondence schools of law conferring degrees; in fact, so abundant is the proof of the good work of the correspondence school that it is reckoned as a factor in the evolutionary process of education. It has long since had the approval of the best educators in the country and its popularity is attested by the increased number of those who are taking advantage of it every year.

Second. Not only does the correspondence method furnish the same instruction as does the college, but it does not require as great an outlay of money. This makes it possible for many to familiarize themselves with subjects which in all probability could never be taken up in any other manner. This fact alone brings the correspondence school in close touch with a great majority of the people—it places within their grasp a plan, a possibility by which they can attain a higher degree of knowledge or culture than that in which they find themselves.

Third. The instruction is individual in its nature and this is the point where the correspondence school is equal, if not superior, to the regular college. The student of the correspondence school studies the entire lesson with the idea in mind that he is to recite on the entire lesson and not a small part of it, consequently one part of the lesson is given as much attention as another and this results in thorough study.

Moreover, the relation between the school and student is such that the latter is made to feel that the school exists for him only, while in the college the personal contact with hundreds of other students causes one to feel that the attention given him must necessarily be limited and restricted. Also the instruction being individual, the work calls for more expression from the student and expression always means growth; in fact, the two terms are synonymous and this is why the student has an opportunity to develop rapidly.

Yet notwithstanding the advantages of correspondence instruction it is quite possible for the student to take up the work and not

receive the desired benefit by reason of the fact that he yields to the temptation to refer to the text for answers when preparing the papers on the lessons. While this temptation is great, yet the conscientious student can really use such condition as a means to make himself stronger by not yielding and so master the lesson that is absolutely his.

But the possibility of this objection is leading the correspondence school to adopt a new feature, that is, the use of questions in each of the lessons which, while having a general bearing on the lesson, yet the specific answers to them cannot be found in the text. These questions are particularly valuable in that they promote original thought on the part of the student.

And another thing which may add to the influence of the correspondence school is that it should, insofar as is possible, supplement its work by personal contact, and this may be done in different ways, either by the hold-

ing of meetings in different parts of the country where the representatives of the school are located or by the representative making it a practice to help each student individually either by a pre-arranged meeting or whenever he happens to see him. This will not only serve to make clear in the mind of the student the things which may have been somewhat obscure in reading the lesson over, but the student is also helped by the feeling of enthusiasm which a true representative of the school will always have with him.

Thus it is seen that the correspondence school is coming to be regarded as having a clearly defined position between the world of business and that of education. It is influenced by each and in turn reacts upon them in that it is making business more scientific and education more practical. It is as a stream flowing between two different soils and tinged by both their hues.

Business Answers to Business Men

BY THE EDUCATOR

In answer to question relative to advantages of street car advertising:

There are only certain lines in which street car advertising is more effective than newspaper, magazine or poster advertising. Therefore, we must limit ourselves to just a few lines when we speak of the advantages of street car advertising over other forms.

In cases where advertising can be confined to the display and the name, the picture of the article and a few remarks concerning it, street car advertising undoubtedly is the best. Under this head would come such articles as Sapolio, Heinz's 57 Varieties, O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels, etc. The three companies which have advertised these commodities have undoubtedly gotten good results. You probably realize, however, that articles which demand more lengthy description can best be exploited through newspapers and magazines.

One important point to be considered in street car advertising is the circulation. We believe it is true that more people read street car ads than newspaper or magazine ads. The force of this point may be seen when we consider that the surface and elevated

lines in New York City alone carry over 1,350,000,000 yearly. Most people average two trips a day and it is safe to say that few ads escape their notice. Of course, the above figures apply to New York alone, but the case serves as an example of the circulation argument.

Street car ads set up in attractive style and carrying good colors draw the attention of the passenger in spite of himself. Take the "Hyde Grade" ads for instance: As you probably know, a bolt of goods of striking color was displayed. One could not help noticing the posters and the goods looked so attractive that the desire to buy was immediately created and we believe that in many cases resolve also. The "Hyde Grade" goods could not have been displayed so advantageously in newspapers or magazines.

Mural advertising in street cars is also excellent in supplementing ads placed in periodicals and daily papers. Many authorities consider that street car advertising is simply a supplementary method and that it is of little use without the fuller descriptive matter which it is possible to display in some

printed sheet. When an advertiser, therefore, is conducting a strong campaign in the daily papers or in the magazines, he could bring increased results by using strong street car copy.

* * *

In reply to letter asking for difference between originality and initiative:

We agree with you that initiative is more strongly developed in some men than others; but can hardly agree with you that it is impossible to cultivate this quality. The man who takes a keen interest in his work and carefully observes the methods of competitors in his line of business can scarcely fail to see wherein his own methods might be improved or to originate some methods of his own which he believes will insure better results. This is practically what is meant by initiative in the business world.

The meaning of the word initiative is "to introduce; to set afoot; to start." Originality, which is much like initiative, means "preceding all others; not copied or imitated; primitive." To illustrate, an original method would be one which had never been tried before; but a method which has already been in use for years in Mr. A's business, after being adopted by an employe in Mr. B's establishment, would indicate initiative on the part of the employe. The method would not in the latter case be new in itself, but it would be new for Mr. B's establishment.

While originality and initiative are not synonymous, still they are closely related and both qualities may be cultivated and developed just as one may develop any other positive quality. They depend largely on self-confidence, thoroughness, concentration and observation. The fear of ridicule or lack of self-confidence will interfere seriously with the development of initiative and originality. Such development depends on practice. By putting into effect new ideas, suggestions, etc., the student gradually gains greater confidence in the ideas which come to him in connection with his work and he finds himself acting upon them without fear of hesitation."

* * *

Reply to letter asking for explanation of the inductive and deductive methods of reasoning:

Inductive reasoning is a system of investigation by which one begins with ascertained facts and works his way upwards to

the laws and principles which govern them. Hence we may say that it is reasoning from fact to principle, from effect to cause, or from particular to general. It is sometimes spoken of as reasoning backwards, while deductive reasoning is just the opposite and may be called forward reasoning or from principle to fact, from cause to effect or from general to particular.

Inductive reasoning has been the process which principally has been used in building up our scientific knowledge of today. In fact, the natural sciences such as physics, chemistry, botany, etc., are called inductive sciences. While the inductive process has been the recognized method of reasoning for many years in the acquirement of scientific knowledge, yet it necessarily is limited and uncertain, for the conclusions reached are liable to frequent correction. This is true of chemistry, which perhaps is the most invulnerable of any of the sciences, but owing to the discovery of radium a few years ago, some of the theories were upset and had to be cast aside as useless. This state of affairs is also seen in the science of medicine, which seems to be yet in the experimental stage. Thus by the inductive process it is never known when we have reached the truth on any subject, because such a method of reasoning being confined to observation and experience, there always remains the possibility of the discovery of some fact which may alter conclusions already reached and which were thought to be unquestioned.

The deductive process is just the opposite. This may be illustrated by the discovery of Copernicus as to the relative movements of the earth and sun. Prior to his time man thought that the sun moved around the earth. They reasoned from what they thought they saw to what they believed to be true—the inductive method. But Copernicus took the opposite stand. He assumed a principle and then verified it by particulars. He left the basis of seeming facts and from another viewpoint—a principle—passed downward until he came in contact with the facts once more and swept away a mass of inductive reasoning.

The science of mathematics is also built up by deductive reasoning. It was argued that if two times two made four, it follows that four times four made sixteen and so on until the entire science of numbers was evolved. In mechanics we also have the

deductive process. A few well known principles underlie mechanics. The gear, the screw, the lever, etc., are at the bottom of every great mechanical device. These are used as a starting point and then by a process of forward reasoning, their scope is enlarged.

To reach the best results the two methods of reasoning should be used together. The value of the inductive method is that it promotes mental activity. This is seen from the fact that since the time of Bacon (about 1600 A. D.) the progress in scientific discovery has been most rapid. Used alone, however, the inductive method would not be reliable. It sometimes does aid in the discovery of a principle, but when the principle is once learned, then the deductive method becomes the order of the day.

It will be good practice for you to see how these two methods of reasoning are used in different lines of activity. Take electricity for instance: All the knowledge that we have on that subject has been gained

by the inductive process. It is yet in the experimental stage. All that we know about it is that under certain conditions it will act in certain ways and the electrician adjusts his apparatus accordingly and gets certain results.

The science of music is also deductive in its nature, as by using as a basis the knowledge of the intervals that produce harmony, a superstructure consisting of canon, fugue, overture and chant is erected by the process of forward reasoning.

By observing how the different methods of reasoning are used in the various sciences, one will find that it will not only result in having a better grasp of things, but also will incidentally improve one's own method of reasoning.

Editor's Note: In this department every little while The Educator will answer general questions on the subject of business building. This is part of the service furnished to members of the International League of Business Science Clubs.

Personal Element in Advertising

BY SEYMOUR EATON

Text: Write thou every man's name upon his rod.—Num. 17:2

FAITH is the greatest motive power in the world.

Hope is the greatest stimulant; charity the greatest benediction.

A man succeeds not because he advertises his business, but because he lives it; because he eats it, sleeps it, dreams it, builds air castles about it.

The man who never builds air castles never builds castles of any kind.

The great motive power of any business is the strenuous personal faith of the man back of it.

Take any two enterprises of equal merit and of equal opportunity. Duplicate your man and put him back of each. Call one of these enterprises John Wanamaker and call the other The Philadelphia Department Store. Begin the race neck and neck. Let the one have the motive power of personality, of a great throbbing business heart, of an individuality that stands shoulders high for

honesty and square dealing and generous treatment. Put these same elements, every one of them, into the other, but hide them as a light under a bushel. Your second enterprise is handicapped from the start. Its impression upon the public is the impression of a great machine, and no machine under heaven can compete with a living soul.

PEOPLE WANT INDIVIDUALS

The people know individuals. They prefer to know individuals. They like to feel that they are being served by men; not simply getting their goods out of the hopper of a treadmill. And if people have any kicking to do—and the American people enjoy kicking—they prefer to kick individuals. It is mighty unsatisfactory, for instance, to kick an Express Company or a Railroad or Brown, Smith & Company. One can't hit the bull's eye.

Lipton's teas, and Hearst's newspapers, and Wanamaker's stores, and Douglas's

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shoes are bigger successes than they would have been had the personal element been covered up; but a partnership is not a personal element. Individuality must stand clean-cut and alone.

Some years ago I was looking for an artist to create in illustration the now famous "Teddy Bears;" the brown bear and the white bear of my story. I had conceived the idea that to humanize two Colorado bears and to tour the country with them would be an interesting experiment. It would give TEDDY—B and TEDDY—G a chance to get back at our much vaunted civilization. Two artists submitted drawings of bears; each his own conception. The drawings were excellent but the bears in the one were dead while the bears in the other were alive. One set of pictures was made by a draftsman and the other set by an artist. The artist had breathed into his pictures the breath of life.

DEAD AND LIVE BEARS

The same principle applies to advertisements. They are either dead bears or live bears. It is safe to say that nine out of every ten advertisements which we see are as dead as Egyptian mummies. They are beautifully decorated; twined around with fine linen; draped and boxed for burial. They have eyes and nose and mouth but they neither see nor speak. They don't even smell. Their faces are either made of putty or are chiseled out of beautiful marble. There is no throbbing pulse.

This in a nutshell is what I mean by the personal element in advertising. Advertisements are written to appeal to live people and nothing can get into the heart of humanity so easily as another heart. If faith is the world's greatest motive power sentiment is the world's greatest loadstone. Sentiment is a tremendous advertising magnet and must be reckoned with.

If you have faith in your goods and the public has faith in you the circuit is complete. The advertisement is simply the transmitter through which your faith operates.

Testimonials are of very little use; that is to say, if your own faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. Every endorsement subtracts from your statement just as the endorsements on the back of a note reduce the

value of the name on the face. If your own personality is strong enough your own word is sufficient.

THE PERSONAL LETTER

I won a dinner once by a little experiment. A Boston manufacturer was selling a commonplace household article through a magazine advertisement which asked prospective customers to write for his circular. To each reply he was sending out an imitation type-written letter with name and address filled in; the usual fraud letter with which every advertiser is familiar. (I have known churches and evangelistic and charity organizations to work off the very same kind of fraud letter and think nothing of it.) My friend had a hundred enquiries on his desk. I suggested that he take any ten of these enquiries and sit down comfortably and dictate a personal letter to each; to put himself for the moment in direct personal communication with each of these ten prospective customers. Then to take these ten personal letters and have his stenographer use them as models for the other ninety enquiries making each an original in every outward particular. He did as I suggested. I bet him a dinner that he would get more orders from the ten personally dictated letters than from the other ninety. I won the bet.

You ask why? I don't know. Each letter was an original so far as the machine-work and signature went. My theory is that with ten people there was established a direct personal connection. Ten letters had living souls. The other ninety were simply type and paper. I have no patent on the experiment. Try it yourself.

The successful novelist grips the reader; his characters have human passions; they live, move and have a being. There is a personal power behind each; the author himself. The successful player must for the time being actually live the character he portrays. If he fails to do this his creation is wooden, stilted, unnatural. A make-up of paint and costume never made an actor. These are mere clothing for soul and spirit. The successful advertisement must have these same elements of life and motion; the same genuine ring. The reader is pretty dumb who can't see back of the masquerade no matter how thick the paint or how beautiful the costume.

Advertising isn't grammar; it isn't pictures; it isn't type; it isn't top of page position. It is something far more real than these things. These are merely accessories. Advertising is making the proper telepathic connection between you and the customer. It is the art of making the type speak. It is the drawing of live bears instead of dead ones.

But you tell me that all advertising cannot be personal. Yes it can. If nothing more than the picture of a bear it can be a live bear. You can talk to a hundred thousand people any day of the week through any metropolitan newspaper and make your talk as personal as you wish. You need not employ an interpreter or use a megaphone. Simply talk. That's all. Be sincere about it. Let your words ring

true. The people will listen. They like it.

Your advertising is not a thing apart from your enterprise. It is your enterprise: a contagion which you, yourself, create and which, if sincerely spread, is as enduring as the everlasting hills.

P. S.

The printer suggested that I add something to this Sermon to complete so many pages. There is nothing to add. I have said everything. Advertisers and printers are alike. They want to fill space. The advertiser who pays \$250 for a magazine page feels that the only way to get his money's worth is to cram it chock-full of type and pictures. He forgets that one hundred words read are ten million times more effective than a thousand words looked at.

A Cripple's Gift to the World

BY JAMES E. CLARK

THERE died not long ago in an obscure village of New York, a man whose life, measured in dollars and cents and by the standards of what is called society, was a hopeless failure from the moment of his birth because he was born a cripple. He had neither hands nor feet. One arm extended but a few inches from the shoulder; the other was only twice as long and had at the end only a thumb. His legs were like his arms. Notwithstanding the fearful handicap, the man made a splendid success of his life, accomplishing extraordinary results. He learned to read and write and advanced in skill and knowledge to such a degree that he was able to keep books. His method of writing was to hold the pen between the stump of one of his diminutive arms and his head and to make the required characters by moving his head and shoulders. What a lesson for you men with arms and legs who are feebly floundering around in life! By patience, determination and long practice, this man, so cruelly crippled, had accomplished many other things. He could handle a razor with confidence and regularly shaved himself, and, as if in mockery of an unkind Fate, he learned the exceedingly difficult art of watch repairing and followed it with financial and professional success. Even the most

delicate parts of the watch were adjusted with speed and accuracy by this man to whom nature had given but one thumb and no fingers! Thus he lived and worked until death claimed him just on the borderland of old age. As he lived his skill increased, his mental outlook broadened and his perceptions were sharpened. The achievements of a man who merely piles up money are as nothing compared with such a life. His was a grand success unto himself, and the example and influence of the cripple's works makes his career glorious. His life demonstrates that there are practically no conditions which will make the life of any person a failure if he resolutely, patiently, faithfully tries to reach a plane above him. No one is ever beaten, or whipped or is a failure—no matter what may happen—unless he mentally consents to defeat. The secret of success in this poor fellow's life was that he kept trying at one thing until he accomplished it, and though he died unwept and unsung by the great world, he has given in his example of perseverance and industry a great gift to every struggling person. Posterity will do him justice; the industry, faith and courage of Peter Durie of Salisbury Center, N. Y., will be cited when most of the rich and the social favorites of today shall have passed into oblivion.

Analysis of a Catalogue Contract

BY ZENAS W. CARTER

Catalogue Contract ..	Customer	Character ...	Description of vehicles. Description of construction of vehicles. Analysis of selling argument. Analysis of superiority over competitors' goods.																	
				Construction .	Cover	} Attractive design to secure attention. } Good quality stock to insure permanency.														
							Inside Stock .	} Enamel book to give good display of cuts. } To give character to the book.												
									Illustration ..	} Half-tones from retouched photos. } Vehicles especially posed and photographed by an expert.										
											Printing	} Fully made ready. } Best ink used. } Job slip sheeted to prevent offset. } Type a good readable style.								
													Manufacture .	(Name of Company.) Ten years devoted to specializing on vehicle cuts. Own their entire plant and equipment. Have one of the best writers in the country, at a salary of \$5000 per year, to prepare descriptive matter. Have thirty artists to do the retouching. Have their own engraving plant for making plates. Reputation in this line on vehicle work is unequalled						
															Value	} Will have distinctive order-bringing value. } Can be sent as a representative of firm in lieu of so much personal travelling. } Remains with customer an entire year.				
																	Necessity ...	} Only way of displaying at a distance goods manufactured by firm. } Impossible to be in the office of every agent all the time—catalog will.		
																			Convenience .	} For use of agents in showing goods to prospective purchasers. } Enables manufacturer to present his goods to thousands in a convenient and very creditable way.
Effect on Agents	} Shows manufacturer is prosperous and progressive because better than any catalog ever used before and treated in a more effective manner. Is a help to selling because it influences agents' customers with the progressiveness of the manufacturer.																			
		Securing contract and care of same.	} (1) Getting signature. } (2) Taking rough notes, etc., for preparation of copy. } (3) Securing photos or arranging for photographer and artist to call. } (4) Exacting statement as to time when delivery must be made. } (5) Outline approximate time necessary to complete and explain processes, showing why.																	

As A Man Buildeth

BY C. M. FALCONER

IBSEN'S most beautiful drama, "The Master Builder," tells the life-story of a human soul. We see revealed in startling vividness the conflict of good and evil, the nobler emotions contending for mastery with the baser passions, the heights to which imagination carries the mind, the exquisite delight of creation, the rapturous joy of idealism, and the ruthless selfishness of uncontrolled ambition.

The character, as developed in the play, shows three distinct stages. First we see the young builder starting out upon his life work. To his youthful enthusiasm it seems that there cannot possibly be any task greater or more glorious than to build churches of noble design and architecture, temples of God, monuments whose tall spires shall be great fingers of hope, pointing to the skies. And so he builds.

But ere long he realizes that these vast cathedrals are at best in a measure cold and cheerless. They are empty most of the time, and even when filled with people, they resound with hollow, mocking echoes, and their spires become *accusing* fingers, each one of them calling God and men to witness the pity that they should be needed at all.

HOUSES NOT CHURCHES

Why must men have monuments to remind them of God, and why should so many of them think of Him almost only when inside those houses called by His name? For did not One prophesy that a day would come when God should be worshipped, not on sacred mountains, nor in temples built with hands, but in the hearts of men; not at certain times only, but in every act and word and thought? And oh! the vanity, the waste of labor spent in rearing these clumsy makeshifts, these unsatisfying substitutes.

So the Builder resolves to "build no more churches, but homes, homes for human beings to live in" and be happy in. There is nothing homelike about a church, and in reality it is in the homes of men, where they live and move and enjoy their pleasures and suffer their sorrows, that Character is formed. So He began to

build homes, not houses merely. And they were to be better homes than had ever been built before, so that the human beings who dwelt in them might become better than they had ever been before. And, curiously, they had tall towers, too, like church steeples, stretching high up into the air, as if they were long fingers, reaching for something just out of reach.

But there came a time when even home-building did not satisfy the Builder. And His uneasiness grew and grew, until one day he exclaimed, "I will build no more houses, not even homes for human beings."

"What, then, will you build?" they asked.

"Castles," was the reply.

"And where, pray, will you build them?"

"In the *air*: I will build them higher than man ever attempted to build before, and on the top of each one shall be a high tower, as high as I can build it; and I will stand on the very tip-top of the highest tower of them all, and stretch up my hands as high as I can reach. That will be building worth the doing."

TRAPLIKE BOXES

Yes, I think the Builder was right. Churches are, after all, but apologies for the necessity of their existence, trap-like boxes, in which men try to catch what they can of God and hold it awhile, if possible. Thither they carry their weary souls, that they may be warmed and refreshed and strengthened, until such time as they shall be made fit receptacles for Him, fit shrines for Him to hover over, *homes* for Him to dwell in.

And so with the houses. How necessarily narrow and self-centered must be the life that is lived there, self-preservation its chief law. All nobler aspirations must perforce be subject to the demands of the body. There are the children to be reared and taught. A thousand petty cares and worries keep the man of family shackled to earth, and though happiness be his portion, as a part of the great Principle of Compensation, yet how little can he do for progress, after he has satisfied necessity.

Churches and homes are not enough. The world needs also its airy castles of the imagination; and some must build them for it. Some must foresee, some must experiment, some must construct and hold before their brothers' eyes those Ideals which alone make the houses true and real homes. And they must build them high, as high as they can reach; and, standing on the top of the loftiest pinnacle of all, they must reach up yet higher, while those who have followed them strengthen the structure on which they stand. Bit by bit the Master Builders must pluck their material from the firmament of Thought, and pass it down to those below.

THE PRICE OF MASTERY

But to attain their mastery they must pay the price. They must forsake the homes while they are building their castles, must be willing to live without the warmth of cosy fires, must leave the bright light and grope in the darkness of the unknown and the untried, must depart from their dear ones and work alone and persevere, though their arms ache with reaching up and their eyes throb with peering into the distance, and though at times the darkness closes around them like a pall, and the horror of utter loneliness grips their hearts. Like Franklin, they draw the divine Energy out of the clouds, and their portion is but the spark of contact and the vibration of the current as it passes through them down to the earth below, to make the homes of other men bright and cheerful and warm.

Electricity, even of thought and feeling, is dangerous to those unaccustomed to the

voltage. If not properly transformed, instead of bringing light and heat it brings havoc, disruption, destruction. And many a modern Franklin, unable to adapt his thought, dares not transmit it. And that terrible feeling of mingled helpfulness and helplessness is but another part of the price he pays. The cry of distress rings in his ears, "More light!" yet he cannot give them out of the abundance of his own store, lest he blind their eyes altogether.

Another part of the price is the fact that the very men and women who reap the fruit of these painful efforts in their behalf, these weary and lonely vigils with the silent stars, so often do not appreciate what is being done for them, do not even perceive their benefactors; and so often when they do, it is but to revile them. Once in a while one of these intrepid climbers climbs too high for safety, is suddenly struck by the lightning of a thought too powerful for his structure; and it comes crashing to the ground. Then people say that high towers are a menace and should be forbidden by law.

To each of us there come many times when we must decide whether we will give our friends the thing itself or the impulse that will impel them and enable them to procure it for themselves.

Shall we build mere houses of brick and stone and wood, following old plans; or shall we strive to improve the old, working out the improvements with much toil and labor, until we have built a model for them to copy? Shall we build houses for their bodies only to live in, mere tenements of brick or wood, or castles in the air, for their minds and souls to think and feel in?

"Be Anxious—for Nothing"

BY W. I. GOFFE

THIS is Scripture; and it is also good Gospel.

Anxiety corrodes the Mind and paralyzes the Soul.

It is in every way unuseful. Men heed these words about as much as they do many others found in the Old Book—that is, they do not heed. Why do they not heed?

Being "anxious" defeats the very hopes a man entertains.

Watch the countenance of a man who is advised to branch out a little in the world—to step up and away from the sodden ranks, and to undertake some line of employment with which he is at the moment unfamiliar, and nine times out of ten you will see an "anxious" cloud spread over his face.

You can clearly observe him mentally prospecting over the new field vainly trying to

compare it with the one in which he last toiled—and failed—unheedful, because unwitting of the great Law of Positive and Negative.

Anxiety is synonymous with Fear, and is a Negative of Courage.

Have personal disappointments and setbacks of the individual been primarily the cause of his anxiety? Nay, nay: Not so. We have all been "anxious," that is to say fearful, since our earliest childhood, and to begin with it was wholly uncalled for, from the viewpoint of our own personal experience at that early age, for we had none.

And yet this monster, Anxiety, has dogged our steps right up, we may truthfully say, from our very cradles.

The Mother would hope for her babe, but anxiety pokes its ugly face into her consciousness and she is fearful. The Father sees his sons go away into fields of wider opportunity, where there is every reason to hope for their success, but anxiety whitens his hair and wrinkles his brow before the time for it. The very Child takes on anxiety as the sheep its fleece, but it is not a thing of beauty nor of usefulness. All grades of social life have their "anxious" ones; the graduate for commencement day, the son or daughter for parent sister or brother; the fiancé for the new relations. The financier is "anxious" for his investments; the broker for tomorrow's markets, the merchant for trade, and even the professional man is companion and bedfellow with this "bugaboo"

that usurps in the soul, the place of Hope.

"Why is it so?" I ask.

Go ask the man of salesmanship—the man who is engaged in attempt to sell goods—go ask him, "What is the end of business?" And in a pitifully large majority of instances his reply will be, "Getting the business—getting the sale."

He's "anxious for nothing"—that is "anxious" for the sale, and the sale in such instances is not there, because of his very *anxiety* and he does not understand. If the salesman were not "anxious," but careful to Build a sale,—build *to* a sale—he would find it so much easier to "get."

Why are we inclined to anxiety, did I ask?

Because for so long we have been ignorant of the great Law of the Positive and Negative—that the Positive casts out the Negative.

Teachers of men have been responsible, or to speak with more accuracy, the teacher's ignorance has been responsible, and we are the products.

Who are those who have failed to rightly teach? Well never mind NOW who.

Just let us remember that now, WE are our own monitors; that we *know* the Law of the Positive and Negative, and if we persist in keeping company with this old "thimble-rigger" of fate, Anxiety, or allow him to even come near us, our's be the shame.

Be alert, be watchful, be careful, be intense even, but "be anxious for nothing."

Concentration for 1909

BY C. F. JOHNSON

A FEW more days and 1908 will pass into history. A few hours more and we will have completed our history making for 1908. A few more minutes and this record will stand out in bold relief to condemn, or inspire us on to Greater *Efforts to Achieve* and to *Attain*.

As I write you this message I am continually spurred on by the thought to *advise* you *now* to Concentrate upon your life's efforts and *stick* to it until you get to the central room of the castle—*Success*.

I do not believe there is any power on earth that can successfully combat the con-

centrated power of the human mind. I do not believe any combination of circumstances ever can interfere with the successful culmination of a movement that has for its purpose the upbuilding of man and the development of his dormant faculties.

I do not believe any man of developed mental powers can be defeated in his object if it be honorable and just.

No man of developed mentality can long center his thought upon any one good thing without attracting to his aid the mental stimulus and power of a host of other strong men and women.

This concentration when applied to thoughts, gives them a focus. Its purpose and mission is to gather together and *condense*. It stands at the head of every great enterprise and undertaking, and no scheme or project can be put through without it. It is brought into use when the little child first begins to study the letters of the alphabet, and it follows him through every successful undertaking through all his after life.

It is man's right hand element of power. It is the mental motor which pushes his plan to a successful completion. It has more statues and edifices erected to its memory than any other word in our language. It is the schoolmaster which teaches us how to do things correctly, and obtain the desired result. It is the key which contains the answers to all practical solutions. It teaches us how to do things and to do them well. It is the *Real* power behind the throne which guides the hand and intellect of man.

In its exercise it fills us with wisdom and understanding, and gives us a sense of know-

ing at any and all times, just what we are doing. Without its presence at your command, dear reader, you are like a ship without a rudder, drifting with circumstances. Use it then as a lamp to your feet and a light to your pathway.

If you have been drifting with the tides you know it for yourself by what you have achieved.

If you find yourself growing, accumulating, obtaining—you have been using the power of concentration, whether you are conscious of its use, or otherwise. If to the contrary, you find yourself breaking down in health, growing dull in your thoughts—decreasing in your business—it is a *notice* to you to *act now*—Begin *today* to use this power and *stick* to its use until you *arrive*.

May you never be satisfied with any slipshod, half-hearted way of doing things, but put every task under the very best focus of your thoughts; and endeavor at any and all times to ride the *Crowning Waves of Success*.

Motto:—"I will concentrate upon my work, and stick to it until I arrive."

Believe!

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

"For they can conquer who believe they can."—Virgil.

That's it. *Believe* you can. *Feel* you can. *Think* you can. Then—you CAN!

We have been told that "the reason most men don't accomplish more is because they do not attempt more." And back of the right kind of an attempt to do anything is the belief that it *can* be done.

Why do men not attempt more? Because they don't believe they can *do* more. The minute a man gets it into his head that he has reached the limit of his ability, that minute the limit of his ability comes within hailing distance.

For the ability to do is founded on faith. "He can who thinks he can," Dr. Orison Swett Marden tells us in his latest book, which bears that title. Every man whose stock of hope and faith and courage has run low ought to read that series of inspiring essays on self-confidence.

And just as sure as the sun "do move," *he can't who thinks he can't*. The man who

says to himself: "Oh, I can't do that; I haven't the training or the ability," is never going to accomplish anything so long as he persists in holding that thought. Thought governs our wills, our actions, our bodies—even our environment. *Think* wrong and you'll *be* wrong.

Most of us are framing a mental wish for increased prosperity in the year about to dawn. Let's change that wish to a *belief!* Let's *believe* that the new year holds for us a broader life, better health, greater prosperity. Let's *believe* that we are going to grow—that the things we have wished for, but never worked for, will materialize. They will begin to materialize the moment we begin to dig in and *make* them materialize.

Luck is for the pessimist to growl at. The man-in-earnest hasn't time to stop by the wayside and whine about his "luck." Fortune smiles on the Doer, and laughs at the Wisher. Trusting to luck is trusting to something that is mighty slippery and un-

certain. Better put your faith in your own power to dare and do. You will find that power increasing in proportion to the amount of honest, fearless, do-or-die *belief* you put into it.

Ah, that is the real power generator—that quality of *belief*. All the negatives that

keep men down will flee before the onslaught of a determined, a persistent, a divine belief in self. That man is a success who *thinks* success—who *believes* success is his—and then starts in to *make* it his by developing the positive qualities of his own heart and head and hand.

The Adjustment of Life

BY JAMES E. CLARK

Make a Plan

A REASON why many who feel that they ought to be doing better do not progress is that they have no plan.

They would like to build but somehow they do not get a start in constructing the house of prosperity because they have no plan. Nothing can go up without a plan. Even lumber piled in a yard is laid up after a certain rule. Each who wants to move on to a better place in life must carefully plan out his house and in the very beginning remember the admonition about the house built on the sands. Build on the rock of a clean character free from vices and the petty meannesses of life.

Just as a residence is built of stone and brick and wood, so must the builder of fortune construct the house of his desires. The excavation that is necessary may be a great trial to him. It will mean a lot of unclean and hard work in digging out from his mind and heart the mud of indolence and vice, of slothful habits and evasions of duty, if he has been leading a careless, purposeless life.

After the plan has been made it is absolutely necessary that it be followed, that there be no changing or doubting about the ability to follow it, or doubts about the accuracy of the design. If it passed final scrutiny before being accepted by the one who made it there is nothing impossible about it. There will be many a hard load to lift, many a problem to be solved in working out the details, the storms will beat upon it, and perhaps the winds of adversity will blow parts of it down, but working alone and constantly the house can be finished if the man who would improve his place in life will only follow his plan and keep working during every spare moment. How silly it would be if a man building a cottage should give up after getting

a fair start just because he did not feel able to put a certain timber into place or because he did not know just how to construct any given part. There is a way to surmount every difficulty if he will only keep the given task in mind long enough, even though we dwell in a wilderness or be friendless and penniless.

Equally foolish is the man who makes no plan, or making one gives it up and lives out his days in the miserable old hut of his ambitionless life. The good things of this world were made for each and every one. It is the duty of each to claim his share by hard thinking and hard hammering. Probably very few persons have ever lived up to the possibilities of their mental powers, or put into their lives and the progress of the race, more than a mere fraction of what each was capable of rendering.

Whence Comes Courage?

THEY say that courage is a matter of red blood. Napoleon—he of almost superhuman courage in war—had a face that did not suggest a superabundance of red blood.

Why does one have daring courage, sufficient and to spare for all his enterprises, while his neighbor has scarcely enough to get him his bread and butter? Where does courage come from and how is it obtained?

Man was made to be a man—to do some good work. He is responsible to the full extent of his abilities whatever they may be. They are the talents that are given to him and to bury them in a life of ease, of doubting, of lack of effort to do big things is wrong. In the plan of the universe there is no waste. If man were not expected to use to the limit his abilities he would not possess them.

This thought should resurrect those who have died the death which follows indifference or discouragement, put them on their feet and start them anew. This thought should be kept in mind until it revitalizes and rejuvenates. The thought is the power that does the act which people call courageous—not the flesh.

Mere bulk of flesh, without the thought, is useless. Behold the docile elephant, the captive of man so much his inferior in strength-muscle. The nerves and sinews are of no use without the impelling and sustaining thought back of them. Assume courage and you will have it. Keep the thought of courage ever in the foreground.

One lack of courage—of every kind—comes from the thought that you are inferior. You confess and admit that you are inferior without being challenged and cringe without trying out your powers in a conflict. That is not fair to self or to Creator.

Man made in the image of God should have courage for all his works because any good work is God's work. Man in the image of his Creator should take from that thought alone—the memory of his likeness—full courage for all worthy projects.

The Delusive Ideal

EVERYONE would like a better place but he desires to obtain it under certain ideal conditions which he has fashioned out of his own fancy. If he is a youth in a shop with his life before him he would, perhaps, like to be foreman, superintendent, manager, or enter a profession, "if he could." Those quoted words are the clouds which obscure the sky of his intellect. It is more than probable—it is a certainty—that this young man in the shop could be in the better place that he would like, if he would so adjust his mind that determination would take the place of the foolish doubt which now clouds it. "If I could," he says. Why can he not obtain the better place? Are the good things of the world set aside for some and the lesser things set aside for others?

Yes; but the decision is not rendered by an invisible Fate over which the individual has no control; the decree is rendered by the individual himself. Does "A" in the shop decide lightly; offhand, miserably and submissively that he can never be anything but a mill boy? If he does then that seals his

fate unless perchance he should some day have learned a little more and ruled otherwise. But does "A" in the shop decide today to be all that he can be how different is the horizon. Nothing holds him down. Does he determine to be foreman some day? Then he knows that the path to that place is through improving every minute, keeping his eye on the goal, working on in faith that time and attention to the things that are before him will one day bring him to his own.

Faith, work, patience, persistence in the purpose, whatever it may be, will lead to the desired place. The candidate for higher office should focus all his thoughts on the object of his ambitions, contenting himself to begin in the cellar and working himself up, avoiding no detail however slight, or seemingly unimportant, losing no hour which might be turned into a block in the temple of knowledge which he is building, reaching for all books and papers to add to his information of the subject in hand.

The ideal condition under which progress may be made seldom, if ever comes. Like a pioneer in the forest each must hew down the obstructions with strong strokes and make a clearing in the wilderness of his ignorance. Waiting for the ideal condition is as foolish as it would be for the pioneer to wait until the forest died out and the land which he wanted to plant cleared itself.

Mudholes on the Road to Prosperity

IT is easier to go through life with the faculties under control and the impulses under a sufficient guard than it is to go to the daily battle with the mental forces poorly organized, more or less disturbed, and liable to break in confusion at any time.

The person who can not control himself—his impulses, thoughts and actions—is in the peculiar position of a person whose mental faculties are as liable to be working against him as they are to be working for him. Think of it! What a reproach on him who has so neglected to cultivate his intelligence, that he will never be sure that the faculties of his mind will be working for him all the day; that some trivial thing will not throw him into such disorder and so cloud his intellect that he will be expending his energies in a direction that will be against his interests! Though it may seem incredible, that is what people all around us are doing

day by day and hour by hour. John on the wagon, in the shop, in the office, or on the road, striving for, hoping for and deserving promotion, is perhaps nearing the gate which will open and let him into a better place, when suddenly some little thing comes up which gives him the idea that he is being wronged. His anger arises and he explosively and roughly remonstrates, becomes grouchy and loses his chance. The gate closes against him. Perhaps he *was* being wronged, but had he learned to have his impulses under guard he would, before turning his temper loose, have arrived at the sane conclusion to have buried the wrong in the depths of his soul as one of the necessary sacrifices to his advancement. We are all wronged at times, but a man who has a big heart and a big brain or even a grain of what is called common sense is not going to let little nasty mudholes turn him back when he has started out on the road to prosperity.

Pity him who says that he can not control himself. Though he may have automobiles, yachts, diamonds and valet he is still but little advanced in culture because he has not stopped long enough in his whirl of pleasure to get acquainted with his powers and with the possibilities of his soul.

The Future an Extension of Today

“TAKE ye no heed of the morrow,” is capable of no finer interpretation than as an admonition to bend all energies not only to this day but to this hour, this minute. Working with all sincerity and all force on the thing that is before you, there is no need of concern over the future. The tomorrow of this week and of the far-off future are all determined by what is done in the teeming present. Make no mistake about that. He who spends his time worrying about the future is foolish. If each hour is honestly and intelligently taken care of as it comes the future will take care of itself.

Your future fortune is merely an extension of your works or lack of works of this day and this hour.

Oh! for the power to fire your soul with a realization of the value of time, especially spare moments. If a poor man loses a dollar he will usually feel that he has suffered a vexatious loss but that same man in all probability loses each year thousands of dollars worth of time and never regrets the disaster. It is because he has been losing time all his life that he is poor. Had he ever realized the value of the minutes at his disposal he would have turned them into good cash, golden deeds, jack-screws of knowledge to help him up in life. Young men often rebel at the thought of using their spare moments for the accumulation of knowledge or the training of the mind. They feel that they are entitled to rest and resent the proposition to put themselves on what looks like a treadmill of self-imposed tasks. That is a mistaken idea as he who begins to treasure his moments soon learns. The more uses that a man makes of his minutes, the more he finds himself able to do, and instead of robbing himself of his rest and recreation he will probably soon learn how to get more recreation and more rest than he did when he was a spendthrift of time.

Consider for a space the solemnity of a day! Whither it comes or whence it goes no man knows. “Out of an eternity; into an eternity.” The night which closes on this day will never be lifted again. If the lamp in your home is lighted, this day is done forever and its fine possibilities are forever out of your reach. The whole day is given to each. No part of it skips by. Like a thread that is drawn through the hand each little bit is in possession as it comes. He who stupidly lets it run through his fingers has not yet discovered himself and his place in the world.

So long as one aspires, daily putting ideals into circulation through the avenues of homemaking, housekeeping, business relationships, keeping much in the open air, there is no danger of morbid introspection. Unless we make use of our ideals they are nothing but spiritual anesthetics.—Helen Rhodes.

Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return.—Marcus Aurelius.

The Indispensable Man

BY A. F. SHELDON

There isn't any such thing as an indispensable man.

Of course there are some foolish folks who imagine they are indispensable, but, as Kipling would say, that is another story.

The fellow who imagines he is indispensable has an imagination that has an Hibernian propensity for joking.

Many a young fellow goes away on his vacation every year thinking that something will surely happen to the business while he is away, but when he returns he finds everything moving along merrily and his self-conceit suffers keenly when he asks about things and finds his fellow workers staring at him and asking: "Why, have you been away?"

I once knew of a man who was afflicted with what Stevenson calls "extreme busy-ness." His friends, wiser than he, used to come around on those balmy spring days and ask him to go fishing. But he never would. He used to say that he would dearly love to get away from business for a while and loaf with those friends of his out in the country. But he never did, because, as he said, someone wanted him all the time and he couldn't afford to neglect his business.

One day there came a telegram from California saying that this man's father was not expected to live, and bidding him come on as fast as possible. There was no time to be lost and no excuses to be made. The man left that night without leaving any special instructions. Besides, when he left, he said he would be back in a week.

But he didn't come back.

He found his father's affairs in such a condition that he had to remain longer than he expected. His father's business was too important to let it die, so he remained with it and straightened it out. Back home *his* business went merrily along, just as if he had been there himself. And he was able to dispose of it at a good price without ever coming near it at all.

Yet he never had time to go fishing for a single day.

He thought he was indispensable. But he wasn't.

It is well for a man to sort of stand off from himself and see himself as from a distance. That dispels more than one illusion, and, so I am told by those who have tried it, it effectually prevents a man from soaking his brain with too many of those ideas which, when ripened, develop into that most terrible of all business diseases, Swellheaditis.

The man who sticks to his desk with the mistaken notion floating before him that he is indispensable would show great wisdom by sending the office boy out after a couple of tickets to a matinee, or for a ticket to a quiet spot in the country, out away from the noise of the city where folks have time to get acquainted with themselves.

A place like Sheldonhurst, for instance.

So much for Mr. Employer. His part in this program of the wisdom of estimating one's self at one's true value was covered most excellently in

an article on "System," which appeared in this magazine a few months ago. It was there shown that the man who considered himself so indispensable that he could not get away from the grind was a mighty poor substitute for a progressive business builder, and that the true business man was he who perfected his business machinery to such an extent that he could go to Europe, if he desired to, without interfering with the working of his institution.

An employee who imagines that if he were to die or get discharged or commit suicide or get married, or have anything else *terrible* like that happen to him, the business would go to ruin, lacks a sense of humor. And, goodness me, if there is anything needed in business it is a sense of humor. That is the sense which enables a person to properly appreciate values.

The man with a sense of humor does not delude himself with ideas of his own importance to his employer which resemble many stocks which are offered to the gullible public. He eliminates the water.

The wise employee working for the wise employer knows that that employer knows just exactly what he will do in case the wise employee leaves.

The wise employer knows exactly what to do when one or two or all of his chief helpers leave him. If he doesn't he is committing an error of omission.

Once upon a time I used to ride a bicycle that had one of those chains whose links were changeable. That is when one broke all I had to do was to pick another out of my tool-kit and insert it in the place of the one that failed me. Thus was I able to continue my journey without recourse to pedestrianism.

The well arranged business is like that sort of a chain—when one cog in the machine breaks or gets lost, all that the employer need do is to pick another out of the repair-kit and make repairs.

Mr. Wise Employer has his eyes ever open for repair links. Thus when the head of a department chances to leave there is no interruption to speak of in the conduct of the business, for another employe who has shown his efficiency is advanced to the vacant post, or else someone on the outside—who has been salesman enough to secure the attention of Mr. Wise Employer and who has kept it until Mr. Opportunity provided an opening—is brought in.

Thus you can see that I, when laughing at the man—employer or employee—who considers himself indispensable, am not thinking of the man who thinks enough of himself to appraise himself at his true value, but at the fellow who places a fictitious value upon himself by considering himself so important that his place cannot be supplied should he vacate it.

I want men to think much of themselves. No one knows more than I that the world places that estimate upon a man which he places upon himself—an estimate which he can back up with facts. Continually am I pleading for men to increase their efficiency, for I know, just as other employers know, that the cry of the world today is for men who are efficient above the crowd.

Opportunities are to be found on every hand. Even in those days, when thousands of workmen are hungry and out of jobs, there is a demand for men capable of doing high class work especially well.

There is always room for Masters. Be a Master.

Know yourself. Know your business.

Then when the man above you, whom you may be deluded into thinking indispensable, leaves a nice large opening in the chain of business, all you need to do is to place yourself ahead.

Remember this: No employer ever promotes a man. Every man must promote himself.

And no man can promote himself in an institution owned and managed by Mr. Wise Employer unless the stock he offers is gilt-edged. No wild-cat stock can be sold successfully, so you can see my reason for trying to laugh you out of any ideas you may have which merge into the big idea—to you—that you are indispensable.

I believe there is a sort of a fraternal order, with a philosophy which is far ahead of the language in which it is expressed, which has for one of its commandments, this: "Don't take yourself too seriously"—with something before the seriously.

Don't.

Just endeavor each day to become a little more efficient than you were the day before; try to do just a little more work than that for which you are paid to do; keep the cool breezes of humor laden commonsense playing upon the fevered brow of your ambition, and, if you are an employer, pay heed once in a while to the fellows who come around and tempt you to go a fishin'.

The Millionaire

BY H. W. FORD

I KNOW a millionaire whose money, stock, real estate, bonds, and other property, do not foot up to anywhere near a million dollars.

But he receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, and therefore, he is a real millionaire.

For \$50,000 is the interest at 5 per cent on \$1,000,000. In other words, that man's brains—his character—his personality—his ability—are worth to him one million dollars, because as an investment they pay as well as if he had that great sum in the bank.

He has one million dollars invested in himself, and he collects the interest on the investment.

No "panics" affect his capital—no slump in stock—no fall in real estate values. No embezzler or shaky bank can loot his hoard.

It's his—within himself—and he adding to it all the time and therefore increasing the amount of interest it bears.

How much are you *worth*? How much capital does *your* income represent?

Your income is the interest on your capital of brains and ability. Are you increasing your principal each day? If you are, then your income and your earning capacity are on the increase. If you are not, then your income is at least stationary, and sooner or later it will shrink.

When "times are hard" you have more need for "brain capital" than at any other time—because business is harder to get and jobs are harder to hold.

Isn't it worth while to add to your bank account of efficiency, which is your working capital—your fortune? "Efficiency" simply means "knowing how" to do things. It's knowing how that means success. And to know how you must study. Or, let's put it this way: to study is to learn—to learn is to know—to know means opportunity.

The Philosopher Among His Books

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.

—Jeremy Collier.

Health and Happiness. By Bishop Samuel Fallows. A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

A very successful attempt has been made to unite medicine and religion. Here is a man of the church who believes in a practical christianity. He is preaching a religion of the here and now. Bishop Fallows recognizes that sickness is a sin. He realizes also that this sin can be wiped away by scientific treatment. As the result of his studies he has discovered that all sickness need not necessarily be wiped out with the help of medicine. Medicine, he knows, is often good. It often does produce the right results. But there are times when drugs will not serve. Here comes Bishop Fallows and his helpers who preach the power of the mind. This movement started in Emmanuel church in Boston. The wonderful cures wrought in the east caused a demand to arise for the same treatment in the west. Bishop Fallows responded. Here, then, is a book in which the author tells of the power of prayer—of scientific prayer. We learn that within ourselves lie great powers of which most of us are ignorant. This book, like those of James Allen, aims to acquaint us with ourselves. All of us know our external selves fairly well. But few of us really know our inner selves. Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester and Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb, rectors of Emmanuel Church, Boston, are the men who first moved to unite the physician with his knowledge of scientific medicine, and the clergyman with his knowledge of the mental and spiritual states of his charges, in checking the rising tide of nervous disorders. There was a time when many well meaning religious persons believed that the body was nothing. They did not think it worth while to keep the body clean and sweet and pure. "Mortify the flesh. Mortify the flesh," was the cry. But of late we have grown more sane and we of today realize that the body must be strong and clean and healthy before the mind and soul can be strong and clean and healthy. No man is a complete man who is not mentally, morally, physically and volitionally strong. Thousands of individuals are sending themselves nearer the grave every day because of the thoughts they hold. Bishop Fallows tells of a man who appeared to be in perfect physical health. This man appeared before the bishop

with a most hopeless look. He said he believed he had heart disease and could not live much longer. The bishop found he had nothing of the kind. He merely imagined he had. As the result of this wrong thinking this man was certainly going toward an early death. By changing his thoughts he speedily became optimistic, and it was not long until he was in perfect condition. The bishop says that we can get what we want when we have faith. The man who would be cured of nervous disorders must have faith in the power of the physician to cure him, yet he must not throw the whole responsibility upon the physician. He must use auto-suggestion. He must suggest himself into the condition he desires. The man who is irritable, nervous, quick-tempered, afflicted with insomnia, and other diseases of this kind, needs no drugs. All he needs to know is how to use suggestion. That is the only power used by Bishop Fallows. That is the only power, as Bishop Fallows himself tells in his book, that the Apostles used in the long ago. The power of thinking health is great. How great it is you may learn by reading this book.

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Bound Volumes of "The Business Philosopher."
Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Illinois.

For the best business building ideas, the wise man turns to THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER. The value of twelve numbers of this inspiring magazine bound solidly and attractively is great. Even the busy business man can afford to spend a few minutes each day reading this book. It is alive. It is filled with material which makes for man-building. And, all wise men know, man-building comes before business building. During the year readers have said that one article alone was worth hundreds of dollars to them. And this, as the facts prove, is no extravagant statement. Perhaps there is no better book for that boy of yours—that boy whose place one day will be at the head of the business you have so laboriously built up. The price, while they last, is Three Dollars a volume.

* * *

On the Open Road. By Ralph Waldo Trine.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

"To do our own thinking, listening quietly to the opinions of others, but to be sufficiently men

and women to act always upon our own convictions." This is the thought that is running through this great little book of the author of "In Tune with the Infinite." The book itself is typographically beautiful, but the beauty of the printed page is not to be compared with the beauty of the thoughts which the juggled types express. Trine wants every man and woman to think for themselves. He is like a good Unitarian minister the writer once knew, who said: "My mission here is not to think for the members of this congregation, but to help them to think for themselves." And then we have Robert Louis Stevenson saying: "If you teach a man to keep his eyes upon what others think of him, unthinkingly to lead the life and hold the principles of the majority of his contemporaries, you must discredit in his eyes the authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen; he will never be a man. It is ours, on the other hand, to disregard this babble and chattering of other men better and worse than we are, and to walk straight before us by what light we have. They may be right; but so, before heaven, are we. They may know; but we know also, and by that knowledge we must stand or fall. *There is such a thing as loyalty to a man's own better self*; and from those who have not that, God help me, how am I to look for loyalty to others?" Certainly here is good advice. This book, to my way of thinking, is about the finest little gem that has been offered the book lovers for many days. It is a book of common-sense. You can use what you learn from it immediately. It is Emersonian in this. You can apply its teachings immediately. The author himself says it is a little book containing some "thoughts and a creed of wholesome living."

* * *

The Great Work. By the Author of "The Great Psychological Crime." Indo-American Book Company, Chicago.

"Nature evolves a Man. Man, co-operating with nature, evolves a 'Master.' The Master-Man, co-operating with and controlling the forces, activities, and processes of nature, evolves a——?" And the author leaves us in darkness. He then goes on to classify data. We find upon investigation that the data of the whole universe, so far as we are individually concerned, are divided into four distinct and separate classes: "Things we know. Things we assume to know. Things we believe. Things of which we are wholly ignorant." About the greatest lesson in humility that can be administered to a man is to have him write out a crystallized statement of those things he can truly say he knows. Why not try it some evening just as an amusement. As a cure for the terrible, devastating disease known

as Swellheaditis, there is nothing better. Even in the realm of patent medicines there can be found nothing which can produce more rapid and surer results. With his reader in a most chastened condition of mind, the author goes on to prepare him for the remainder of the book by recapitulating the specific purposes of the first chapter:

1. To fix indelibly in the mind of the reader the four distinct and separate classes into which the data of the universe naturally divide themselves when considered solely in their relation to the individual.

2. To emphasize the paramount importance of "The things we know" over all the other classes of data in the universe, from the standpoint of the individual.

3. To remove from the mind, as far as may be possible, all blind acceptance of mere speculations, opinions, beliefs, and dogmas of mankind who speak without the authority of definite and personal knowledge.

4. To open the way to a fair and unprejudiced consideration of the subject before us, with a view to obtaining the largest measure of truth possible.

5. To stimulate a healthful desire for exact and definite knowledge concerning the subject under consideration, regardless of the source from which it may come.

6. To lead a personal investigation and intelligent study of such facts as may be accessible and pertinent.

* * *

The Clerk's Book. By Frank Farrington. Merchants' Helps Publishing Company, Delhi, New York.

Mr. Farrington has compiled a volume of thoughts which should prove of much use to the aspiring clerk—the fellow who hopes to own a store of his own some day. He advises his readers to study their profession—the profession of salesmanship. He realizes that there is as much in the service rendered as there is in quality of goods, and that the house which does not render the best of service and sell the best goods cannot grow into a Marshal Field establishment.

* * *

The Master of Mind. By Henry Frank. R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.

This book is far above the ordinary New Thought publications. It is written by a man with a wide-world knowledge. It is not too sky-ey. It is down to earth. One can learn much from its beautifully printed pages about the mind, heart, soul, brain, body, nerves, and about the parents, teachers and environment. This book is as wholesome and inspiring as one from the pen of Orison Swett Mar-

den, and one may recommend it to a friend with the certainty that that friend will, if he desires mind-mastery, be satisfied. Those who are studying psychology really ought to wander through these delightful pages. Salesmen who are seeking to develop the personality needed in order to persuade folks to purchase their goods at a profit, should not give Dr. Frank's book absent treatment.

* * *

Talks by the Old Storekeeper. By Frank Farrington. Merchants' Helps Publishing Company, Delhi, New York.

"I have not been at it so very long," says Frank Farrington in his introduction, "but in sixteen or seventeen years a man can make enough mistakes to teach him quite a few things, and if you can profit by experiences without having to go through them, why isn't that a pretty good thing for you? If I haven't put the real shop flavor in this book it isn't because I didn't have the chance. I had to write it in intervals of waiting on customers, and some of the things the book says are pretty nearly hot right from the bat. No man remembers all the lessons he learns, even those of the hard school of experience. As my experiences have not been particularly unique they may cover much of the same ground that your own do. In that case you should find here collected the very lessons that you have forgotten." That in itself is a pretty fair review of this book. All the writer can say in addition is that the talks are given in a conversational manner, thus making the advice come in a coating of sugar. It is intensely practical. Perhaps the merchant in the small towns who orders it will make no great mistake.

* * *

The Cure of Consumption. By Fred G. Kaessmann. Health-Wealth Publishing House, Lawrence, Mass.

"Consumption, as it is commonly known, is both a preventable and a curable disease. Because others of your family have had it is no reason why you should or must. That you may have a predisposition toward the trouble, the writer readily grants, but that you must succumb, therefore, he most emphatically denies. No matter how many of your family may have fallen to its victims, *you need not*. You, by living properly, by following the suggestions herein given, by living in accord with the principles advanced, which represent the very latest and most effective sanatorium and expert private practice, can prevent consumption or can save yourself—if afflicted." That is what Kaessmann himself says. Then he goes on to advise folks to get their minds freed from the idea that because they have consumption they must die. First

of all, the mental attitude must be optimistic. The man or woman who says "What's the use. I will have to die. There is no hope for one with consumption," is certain to succumb. But those who stand out and determine to cure themselves can cure themselves. Sickness is often inherited. Often it is passed on by those afflicted to those who are not strong enough to fight against it. But heredity and environment are weak in comparison with the power which a strong will may bring to bear. As Kaessmann says: "The cure of consumption is a matter of Will and Enthusiasm."

* * *

The Foundations of Mathematics. By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Dr. Carus here gives us a contribution to the philosophy of geometry. He gives us a historical sketch of the most exact of all sciences, and shows us that this science is not as exact as it is commonly supposed to be. Mathematics is based on axioms, and axioms are based on intuition. Pure logic can not get back of intuition, thus proving that there is more in a woman's "Because" than mere men are willing to admit. For those who are interested in mathematics—that is in the philosophy of mathematics—this book will come as a delight. It is written in delightfully clear and understandable manner so that even those who are not mathematicians will read with pleasure.

* * *

American of Today and Tomorrow. By Senator Albert J. Beveridge. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

"Most business men spend too much time at their desks. They lose their sense of proportion, their correct perspective. They become buried in details. I have to leave England in order to see my business in its true perspective." That is what Lord Northcliffe, the owner of fifty publications in England, says. We Americans, living as we do in the United States the year 'round, are apt to get the notion into our heads that this country is perfect. We are so close to it that the majority of us cannot see its faults. We see the mistakes being made in foreign countries. We know what remedies to propose for them. But here at home we sit smugly content and worship before the God of the Things As They Are. Senator Beveridge is a pessimist—which is, if you really insist on knowing, a combination of a pessimist and an optimist. He sees both sides of the shield. He believes—as every politician should believe—that we have the greatest nation in the world. But he does not believe that we have a perfect one. He has traveled, he has studied, he has talked with men and women

in all walks of life. He has listened to stories told him by Americans and foreigners—stories about the United States. Thus it is that his latest book, "Americans of Today and Tomorrow" is a very sane book. It is truly American. He tells us that Germany considers us rich and powerful; but she sees in us the young spendthrift eating our inheritance of forests, mines and other natural resources with incredible extravagance. England bows before

our extraordinary inventiveness and mechanical ingenuity, but she sees our lack of thoroughness, with indifference to the maintainance of the highest standards in our manufactures. But in spite of the criticisms which the book contains, it is decidedly rose-colored, and by no stretch of the most elastic imagination can it be classed with the productions of those genial gentlemen who are known to us as muck-rakers.

From Other Philosophers

PUT IN YOUR HEART.—To teach young people or old people how to observe nature is a good deal like trying to teach them how to eat their dinner. The first thing necessary in the latter case is a good appetite; this given, the rest follows very easily. And in observing nature, unless you have the appetite, the love, the spontaneous desire, you will get little satisfaction. It is the heart that sees more than the mind. To love nature is the first step in observing her. If a boy had to learn fishing as a task, what slow progress he would make; but, as his heart is in it, how soon he becomes an adept.

—*John Burroughs, in "Riverby."*

JOY FROM WITHIN.—The great lesson to be learned is that happiness is within us. No passing amusement, no companionship, no material possession can permanently satisfy. We must hoard up our own strength. We must depend upon our own resources for amusement and pleasure. We must make or mar our own tranquility. To teach them this is the preparation for life which we can give our children.

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FIVE BUSINESS MAXIMS.—To secure promotion, a young man must do something unusual, and especially must this be beyond the strict boundary of his duties.

Aim high. I would not give a fig for a young man who does not already see himself the partner or head of an important firm.

Begin early to save. No matter how little it may be possible to save, save that little.

Look out for the boy who has to plunge into work direct from the common school and who begins by sweeping out the office or store.

Business is a large word and covers the whole range of man's efforts. The same principles of thrift, energy, concentration and brains win success in any branch of business.

—*Andrew Carnegie.*

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.—Misdirected energy is the thief of time, as well as procrastination. We are all busy doing something every moment we are awake. Energy is always working. The question to decide is, whether or not it is working as it should, doing that which is best for us. It is a sure sign of growth when the "still small voice" becomes a loud talker. Encourage the voice of conscience by acting on its good suggestions.

—*J. C. Rahming.*

EDUCATION.—Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers and then to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kindly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all, by example.

—*John Ruskin.*

DUTY.—There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which apparently knows no waking; sleeps in its home of clay, and the windows are shut; the doors hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again and the pulses throb through all the myriad-thronged halls in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with all his old awakening glances, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers!

There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man, in which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—*George D. Prentice.*

MANKIND DRAWING TOGETHER.—I have said elsewhere that the souls of mankind seemed to be drawing nearer to each other, and even if this be not a statement that can be proved, it is none the less based upon deep-rooted, though obscure, convictions. It is indeed difficult to advance facts in its support, for facts are nothing but the laggards, the spies and camp followers of the great forces we cannot see. But surely there are moments when we seem to feel more deeply than did our fathers before us, that we are not in the presence of ourselves alone. Neither those who believe in a God, nor those disbelieve, are found to act in themselves as though they were sure of being alone. We are watched, we are under strictest supervision, and it comes from elsewhere than the indulgent darkness of each man's conscience. Perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days, perhaps more power has come to the waves of the sea within us? I know not; all that we can state with certainty is that we no longer attach the same importance to a certain number of traditional faults, but this is in itself a token of spiritual victory.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

DO THE NEXT THING.—When Mr. Huxley was a young man, he failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future depended. "Never mind," he said to himself, "I will do the next thing." When he had become one of the greatest scientists of the age, he looked back upon his early defeat and wrote, "It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble."

AN INTELLECTUAL COCKLEBUR.—A cocklebur rightly adjusted will give any ordinary horse an ambition to do something, a little dreamed of. It is much the way with a man, only the cocklebur is applied to his intellect through the agency of some of the fellows who have realized that there is something better and higher in life than would appear on the face of it. It is the duty of such men to make other fellows think along higher lines, and in our case, along the lines of Salesmanship.

—*John W. Chaffee. Sales Mgr., Hunt-Helm-Ferris & Co., Harvard, Ill.*

REVIEW YOUR DAYS.—Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—*Pythagoras.*

CONSCIENTIOUS WORK.—Work is no humiliation; on the contrary, it is greatly to a man's credit to maintain himself and others by his own exertions. Unbridled passions and vice alone degrade a man. He who serves his fellow man because he recognizes it to be the will of God, really serves God, and if he does so in the state of grace, merits eternal reward. He who is the servant of another man is more to be respected than one who is the slave of a passion. Work tends to make man healthy, virtuous and cheerful. If a man does not apply himself to doing something good, he will turn to evil. Vice and idleness always go hand in hand. Those, however, who conscientiously accomplish the duties of their calling are always conscientious in all things.

—*Success Magazine.*

BE A BUILDER.—Constructive salesmanship is the highest point in the salesman's art. To be a salesman of this kind is to be a man who sells, not for the temporary advantage of today, but for the business of tomorrow and next year and the years to come. To build up permanency in business demands something more than the superficial arts of the seller of goods. It demands character, knowledge, integrity, perfect reliability and business acumen of a high order.—*Retailers' Journal.*

THE CIVIC PHARISEE.—The man who lives to himself, no matter how healthy and sound that individual unit may be, but whose voice is never raised in any public gathering, who takes part in none of our social or religious or political work, yet complies with the law to the letter as the Pharisee, is little short of an anarchist; and I think I would rather take the man who, once in a while, breaks the law, and trust to good management and good care in bringing him out and making a man out of him.

The point I make is this: No citizen in this city, with or without a family, but especially is this true where a man is raising a family, is doing his duty without holding up the hands of this great civic organization, and the fifty dollars a year, the minimum charge for membership in this association, is not a gift, it is not a contribution, it is a debt, a moral debt that each one owes to the community in which we live.—*E. S. Conway, of the Chicago Association of Commerce.*

YOUR COMPETITORS.—One day the Devil walked into a man's office. He carried a Large Book under his arm. "Look," he said to the man, and opening the volume he showed him many pictures of strong-featured men. Page after page he turned, and on each was a different face. They were men of in-

telligence, men of experience, men of character, men of force. "Who are these?" asked the man; and the Devil answered, "They are Your Competitors, the men you are struggling against, those who are pursuing your customers each hour of the day. Should they catch them you are as good as lost." Then the man shut his eyes, for there were many faces and they made him feel Afraid.

—From "Once Upon a Time"—a booklet from Boston Leather Binding Co.

A SUMMER MEMORY.—O impatient ones! Do the leaves say nothing to you as they murmur to-day? They are not fashioned this spring, but months ago; and the summer just begun will fashion others for another year. At the bottom of every leaf-stem is a cradle, and in it is an infant germ, and the winds will rock it and the birds will sing to it all summer long, and next season it will unfold. So God is working for you and carrying forward to the perfect development all the processes of our lives.—Henry Ward Beecher.

EDUCATION.—To run, to jump, to ride, to swim, to skate, to sit in the shade of trees by flowing water, to watch reapers at their work, to look on orchards blossoming, to dream in the silence that lies amid the hills, to feel the solemn loneliness of deep woods, to follow cattle as they crop the sweet-scented clover, to learn to know, as one knows a mother's face, every change that comes over the heavens from the dewy freshness of early dawn to the restful calm of evening, from the overpowering mystery of starlit sky to the tender human look with which the moon smiles upon the earth—all this is education of a higher and altogether more real kind than it is possible to receive within the

walls of a school; and lacking this, nothing shall have power to develop the faculties of the soul in symmetry and completeness.—J. L. Spalding.

PERSISTENCY.—Persistency is the greatest power in the world. All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. If is by this that the quarry becomes the towering monument, "the drop of water and the grain of sand makes the mighty ocean and the wondrous land;" it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason the power of persisting in their purpose, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

THE MAN BEHIND.—In almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun, the man behind the buzzsaw and the man behind the sun, the man behind the times, and the man behind his rents, the man behind the fence, the man behind the whiskers and the man behind his fists, and everything is entered on the list. But they have skipped another fellow, of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants and the whole commercial clan are indebted for existence to this honest fellow-man. He keeps us all in business, and his town is never dead, so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.

Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight, and if there is a grumbling, groaning, discontented tone or vibration in your voice, get it out as soon as possible. You must know "The eye must be sunny ere it can see the sun;" before you can attract you must first make yourself attractive.—Dorothy Quigley.

Happiness comes not from the power of possession, but from the power of appreciation. Above most other things it is wise to cultivate the powers of appreciation. The greater the number of stops in an organ, the greater its possibilities as an instrument of music.—H. W. Sylvester.



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Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions, and \$2.50 in Canada and foreign countries.

Requests for 'changes of address' MUST reach this office before the 10th of the month in order to insure the *proper* mailing of the current issue of this magazine. In sending in the new address please give your previous location.

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
LIBERTYVILLE ILLINOIS

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What Do You Mean by Quality Circulation?

¶ In the sale of advertising space a great deal is heard about "quality." Let's find out what quality means for you.

¶ It means something different to different advertisers.

¶ Quality in circulation for you mean two things:

¶ 1. That the circulation is made up of people who have enough money to buy your goods.

¶ 2. That these people are capable of being interested in your goods. In these two things does quality consist.

¶ It does not consist merely in a "silk stocking" circulation or in any particular class of circulation, *unless that class is one you are especially anxious to reach.*

¶ It is readily seen, therefore, that quality for one advertiser is not necessarily quality for another. The publication that would have quality for the man who makes agricultural implements would not have quality for the man who makes adding machines, for the simple reason that people who use agricultural implements have no use for adding machines. They probably have the money to buy adding machines, but *they are not capable of being interested in them.*

¶ For the man who has farm implements to sell, the publication with a rural circulation has quality. For the man who makes a face powder, a publication read by women has quality. For the man who sells to business men, a business publication has quality.

¶ Nearly every publication has a quality circulation for some one. The wise advertiser picks out the publications that have quality for him—and then uses them.

¶ We have a quality circulation for you, and that is why we are soliciting your business. We do not solicit the business of any man unless we believe we have quality for him—unless we believe that we can actually sell his goods at a profit to him.

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

¶ Our circulation is composed of men who are engaged in every kind of legitimate business in all parts of the United States and Canada. Men who have succeeded in getting to the front, and making what is known as a business success. They are men who, by ability, energy and thrift have succeeded in getting themselves firmly established in this world. They earn all the way from \$2,000 to \$20,000 and more, a year. They are men who live well, patronize good stores, go to theaters, send their children to school, provide all the comforts and a good many of the luxuries of life for their families. They are a buying class.

¶ A heavy percentage of our subscribers are men who hold executive positions. They are men who are either proprietors, or else hold directing positions of influence. They are live. They believe in new things. They are ready to adopt new ideas. They want the best.

¶ We do not claim that we can sell all sorts of commodities as do the magazines of huge national circulation. We do claim that for a circulation among business men of a high class and prosperous condition there is no publication that is superior to **THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER** and **SALESMANSHIP**. We solicit only such business as we believe we can help—our belief based on what we know of business and of our subscribers. On this ground we solicit your advertising.

¶ We believe that, dollar for dollar, there is *no better value* for you in the advertising market.

¶ We have readers who can use, who ought to have, goods—and they have money to buy them! Do you care to make the sales?

¶ The Business Philosopher and Salesmanship is not a magazine that is looked through hurriedly and then tossed aside to be forgotten. There is no reason why a man should subscribe for it unless he wants to read it. The man who pays two dollars a year for The Business Philosopher and Salesmanship wants it because of the ideas it contains that help him,—that enable him to be a better business man.

¶ He takes it home with him; he reads it carefully. The very nature of the magazine is a guarantee of this assertion. This is the kind of a magazine that has *real value* for you as an advertiser.



THE SALESMAN'S CREED

BY W · C · HOLMAN

TO respect my profession, my company and myself. To be honest and fair with my company, as I expect my company to be honest and fair with me; to think of it with loyalty, speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose word carries weight at my home office; to be a booster, not a knocker; a pusher, not a kicker; a motor, not a clog.

TO base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered; to be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as opportunity, to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

TO remember that success lies within myself, in my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them; to turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

TO believe in my proposition heart and soul; to carry an air of optimism into the presence of possible customers; to dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with strong convictions and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

TO make a study of my business or line; to know my profession in every detail from the ground up; to mix brains with my efforts and use system and method in my work. To find time to do everything needful by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars; to make every hour bring me dividends in commissions, increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

TO keep my future unmortgaged with debt; to save money as well as earn it; to cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them; to steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as my most precious stock in trade.

FINALLY, to take a good grip on the joy of life; to play the game like a gentleman; to fight against nothing so hard as my own weaknesses, and to endeavor to grow as a salesman and as a man with the passage of every day of time. **THIS IS MY CREED.**

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

VOL. V

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 2

By the Fireplace Where We Talk Things Over



ARTHUR BRISBANE, America's greatest editorial writer, says we "will see the real beginning of civilization when the average man shall know as much as is now known to a few, when the earth shall be a great republic of knowledge and every human brain a thinking dynamo contributing its share to the sum total of human power, which is human thought."

Mr. Brisbane then goes on to say that the great task of our day is distribution. The work of production gives us little trouble. Master minds have directed their thought to this phase of business until our system of production is infinitely ahead of our system of distribution.

When our problem of distribution is solved there will disappear many of the economic troubles, which today are blots upon our civilization, and which justify the existence of protestants against the established order.

Here, then, is work for salesmen.

Here is the task for the young men of today: Train yourselves so that you may look down upon this problem of distribution, as from a height, and solve it, just as a jeweler looks into a watch through a glass as he repairs it.

Your glass must be the magnifying glass of true education.

Philosophers and scientists and dreamers have come to this problem of distribution and have turned away baffled. *They* saw the answer. But those whom they needed to assist them did not. And those who saw could not persuade—could not show the others as the others must be shown.

And so I say, here is a task for salesmen. For salesmanship is persuasion. And the task is for those who see to show those who do not see.

Let me quote once more from Mr. Brisbane's editorial: "The greatest task that any man could undertake is the presentation to his fellow men of knowledge, simply, attractively, and put before the millions of readers at frequent intervals, in relatively small installments, always with a beginning and an end satisfying to the mind."

And this, as I said before, requires salesmanship.

The call then goes out for educated men—men with true education.

They alone can do the work required. For others to attempt it would be productive of no great and good results, for it would only be another case of the blind guiding the blind.

Men who are truly educated are, indeed, "speakers of words and doers of deeds."

They have a message and know how and where to deliver it. They are true salesmen.

As I have often said before, the value of a man depends upon his efficiency, that is, the amount of service he can render without supervision. The man who does things without supervision is the man who does the right thing at the right time in the right way.

The efficiency of a man is lowered by two things—two thieves that steal away his value. These thieves I have named Errors of Omission and Errors of Commission.

To eliminate these errors of omission and errors of commission, but one thing is necessary. That is to develop the positives of body, intellect, sensibilities and will.

When these are fully developed the negatives disappear, just as darkness disappears when the light comes, just as cold disappears when heat comes.

The man with his positives developed has True Education.

The truly educated man has, first of all, a strong body. His body is a perfect machine. He controls it absolutely. He is not suffering from the ills and ailments that make so many men readers of medicine advertisements. Such a man has endurance. He can make his body do the work he desires it to do.

He has also a strong mind. He has ability, reliability and action. He is a man who knows and knows that he knows. He is gifted with honesty, love, ambition, earnestness, purity. He carries out his plans. He is a man who does things—a “doer of deeds.”

It requires men of that calibre to solve this problem of distribution. Only men whose bodies, intellects, sensibilities and wills are developed and controlled can accomplish this work successfully.

Any man to do work successfully must have a strong body. And in this work it is no exception.

But a greater mind is needed for this work than any petty private business demands. Here is work for a mind that is trained to grasp great ideas. Who can stand off and look down upon the world? Who is capable of projecting himself to a height and into the future—the man with great constructive imagination. This man must also be altruistic. He must be willing to serve humanity. He must use these great gifts for the benefit of the greatest number. He must observe the law of mutual benefit.

We have in our country today men who possess all the requirements for this work except that great one of reliability. That is, they lack that great, broad love for humanity which they must have before they will sink selfishness out of sight forever. I do not believe I do anyone an injustice when I say that the majority of these capable men are working, not to serve mankind, but to build up monuments to their own prowess in expressing business selfishness.

The time is coming when the leaders of the world will be wisely selfish. They will see that the Law of Mutual Benefit always works, and that he

who does the most for the greatest number of his fellow men will achieve the most happiness.

Before we can solve the problem of the distribution of commodities, we must have men who can distribute knowledge—men who can, as Brisbane says, “present to their fellow men knowledge, simply, attractively, and put before the millions of readers at frequent intervals, in relatively small installments, always with a beginning and end satisfying to the mind.”

That means that we must have teachers of men—men whose lives will be devoted to the education of those who no longer attend the common schools and universities of the land. This work will have to be done by writing and by word of mouth. *THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* is reaching with its inspiring messages a very small number of those that must be reached. I hope the time will come when this magazine will reach millions where it now reaches thousands.

In my lectures I reach thousands—probably half a million in the course of the year, and the newspaper reports of what I say go to countless thousands more.

But that is just a fraction of the work that must be done.

If I lectured every hour of every day of every year for a hundred years I could never reach all those to whom messages of man-building must be delivered.

The world needs thousands of writers and speakers and doers—men who can and do spread the message of true education—practical men who can tell practical truths to the practical men engaged in doing the world’s work.

These men must be salesmen—men of strong personality who have the power of persuasion developed to a high degree—a power that can come only to those who have Character and Health.

Men like these, scattered throughout the world, in the large cities and the inland villages, writing in great national magazines and the daily and weekly press—men like these, I say, will bring about the republic of knowledge. And this republic of knowledge must come before this nation, or any other nation, can be a true democracy—a land in which all men, women and children will be given a square deal.

THE HUMAN SOUL

The human soul is a matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst to blossom together.—*Maeterlinck*.

We must have faith in ourselves, in our work, in the mission and purpose of our lives, if we expect to do our best or reach the highest success. Faith, is the steam power of individual effort, it is the source of our industry and perseverance.—*A. F. Sheldon*.

Man Greater Than His Product



BELIEVE it was Pope who said "The greatest study of mankind is Man." It has also been said that the greatest product of the world is Man. Of course this was said by a man and may be only a prejudiced opinion, but somehow I have never been able to discover any evidence supporting anything else.

For several years it has been my pleasure to serve as an educator—a business educator, if you please. In endeavoring to solve business problems I have been led, naturally, to consider the greater world problems. In striving for a solution by working with effects I soon found I was working in a maze—a maze just as bewildering as any built for the mystification of an amusement seeking populace.

It came to me that all problems confronting us would have to be solved by men. Men would have to find a remedy, for I found that all our troubles are caused by men. Men are the master creations of the universe and as such must pay the penalty of all who wear the crown. But imperfect men cannot bring about perfect conditions. Obviously the first thing to do is to follow Whitman's advice: "Produce great people; the rest follows."

Whitman has the cosmic sight. Let us obey his command and enjoy the blessings which will come from the fulfillment of his prophecy.

Education is the key.

With true education we can produce people the like of which the world has never known.

With true education mere men will become master men—men as far ahead of the majority of those of today as those of today are ahead of those creatures of the Stone Age.

I am talking to all of you when I talk on education. • I am talking to manufacturers, to salesmen, to politicians, to merchants, to lawyers, to preachers, priests, mechanics, clerks, tramps—all men, women and children.

My message is for all.

I plead for the Whole Man. I plead for men and women who are developed mentally, morally and physically. I plead for the Triune Man—the man whose body, mind and soul vibrates in harmony with that Great Power which causes the sun to shine, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, the birds to sing—that great Cause whose identity we know not and perhaps never will know.

The world is waking up to the necessity for education of this kind. A time there was when intellectual training was all the schools attempted to supply. The teachers never awoke until recently, as G. L. Bowman of Menomonie, Wisconsin, so often writes, to the fact that the multiplication is just as valuable to the sinner as it is to the saint, and that it may be used for crime as well as for all that is good and true.

There was a time, too, when, in a narrow, restricted sense, the whole attention was centered on the kind of work produced after graduation. We haven't quite gotten out of that stage yet. This is the plane of self-consciousness. The flower in this plane is the Man Who can Do Things. The question of how does this man do things counts for less than it should today. Our idea of True Success is faulty.

But a change is coming over the spirit of the world's dream. We are slowly seeing that a Man is greater than his product, and that there can be no great product unless first of all there is a great man or group of men.

That there have been Great Men in the ages that have passed is true. They were not the products of the educational systems of their times. In all cases they were non-conformists. They were rebels. They flung their gauntlet in the face of vested authority. They are like those pieces of ware of exquisite color which come from the pottery. The potter cannot explain and cannot duplicate.

Germany orders things much better than we do in many ways. Their leaders, blessed with keen, analytical, and philosophic minds, are leading their nation forward. Germany is developing with astonishing rapidity.

"This great development of Germany has never come because sordid interests gathered together and concluded that Germany ought to export more than she imported, or that Germany ought to be more rich in money than she had been in the past, or that Germany ought to take what we continually hear about—her place among the nations of the earth." I quote this from a speech made by Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, at a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce. He continued:

"The fact is that fundamental to all advance in industrial education, fundamental to all progress with respect to relative position among the nations, fundamental to all improvement of the species called humanity, with regard to food and clothing and with regard to condition, is the idea that the man in the nation is worth more than anything that the man can produce, and that the mind—the personality of the nation—has the right to such full development and to such complete culture that the personality shall attain its best self. That is the fundamental thing about sufficient industrial and technical education.

"Now let us go into this matter as the philosophers of Germany all unconsciously went into it long before the hard-headed business men of Germany saw anything like the completeness of the harvest which has now been realized.

"The education of a man from his ears up is the education simply of, at least, or at most, one-third of the man. The old formula, not as old as it ought to be in our own adoption, but so old as to become a commonplace, the old formula of head, and heart, and hand is a formula to which they have returned in Germany, and a return to that formula has given Germany

the man who is behind the box that you see containing the goods marked 'made in Germany.'

"The simple fact is that one-third of a man can never become the entire American. You can never educate the part of a human being from his ears up so completely, so insistently, so exactly that he will in that way compensate for the loss of the man's hands and the loss of the man's heart. As a matter of fact, there never has been any progress in any single line of productiveness which has not been a progress of heart and hand and head all together.

"You go into England today and you will find men who are anxious to gather together specimens of Josiah Wedgwood's work. If you have not a good lively novel on hand to keep you awake night, I would advise you to read the biography of Josiah Wedgwood. What is the Wedgwood work? It is work where head and hand and heart are joined. Very much of the earthenware that was produced in those days was handcraft without any headcraft. Very much of the work which had been made in England, very much of the work which is made today may be described as headcraft plus handcraft but without heartcraft. There is no feeling, no enthusiasm, and the result is there is no art in it.

"The amazing contribution of Josiah Wedgwood to England from 1766 to about 1790 was a contribution in the form of heart education to draw out heart education and hand education plus head education. A bit of old Wedgwood will bring today, if it be a characteristic piece of work, as many pounds as anybody else's work may bring in shillings.

"I say that this achievement indicates that at the moment in that out-of-the-way eddy in that little activity in a small town, these three forces were together.

"Now 'made in Germany' inscribed upon a box coming into your customs house today means excellence. The simple fact is this, as I have already stated, the greatest business man in Europe, if not the greatest business man on this planet today, is Emperor William. The most far-sighted man with regard to what shall be the best for Germany is the man who has seen that it is impossible to get the German to work right without head and heart and hand, all three at once, interested in the task which the German is set to perform. That influence has come into German activity, into the German task, and if you want to see people whose heads, whose hands and whose hearts are all in it you want to go to Germany, and you want to see how these people are putting heart and head and hand in their work, and in so doing are doing first of all the one thing of finding themselves.

"My subject today, being industrial education, is a fundamental one. You will never get the real American until we have an educational system supported largely by the enthusiasm of such organizations as this in which the head and hands and heart are a unit. Do you know that psychologically it is impossible to get the finest headwork without heart work. This head

grows cold and bloodless, there are no living activities, there is no flash of intelligence if you leave the heart out of the head.

“When a man thinks with his head what he feels with his heart he really feels it. You and I know perfectly well that when you set a boy to work to do something and his heart refuses to furnish that head with rich warm blood of living enthusiasm he cannot do that thing well. This is the fundamental thing in the marvellous revivification of Germany. Somehow the heart has got into the head, rich streams of red blood go through the brain and the German works with his heart.

“Is the heart right? That is the first thing in religion, and that is the first requirement in work. If you do not feel what you think, you do not think it very long, and if you do not feel what you think you do not think it very strongly, and an education that fails to ally these things fails to educate.

“Head education has failed because we have neglected the heart, we have neglected enthusiasm, love, ardour, sympathy and all that is great and glorious. You cannot get good head education without hand education. You try to make a thing you dream and you will see whether the dream is a good dream. Your ideal will go to pieces just as surely as you refuse to make your ideal real, and the realizing of ideals is the fundamental thing in our education and it is the fundamental thing in all civilization.

“As a matter of fact we have been trying to specialize human beings by putting the church at the heart, by putting the school at the head, and by letting the hands do largely what they pleased or by asking the hands to work without the heart and the head. Industrial education in Germany is not the finished product in its works, but in its mission, and you get full-rounded humanity, and you will have a full-rounded product, and we will never get it as long as we persist in denying to our young boys and girls the opportunity to ally in their culture and in their education the use of these three great powers, head and heart and hand.

“See today that your education is founded upon the great idea of the value of the American, and you will have the valuable American product. We never can meet in any sort of competition the sort of man which is turned out by German education until our education gathers the wandering hands of these little fellows, and so allies their hands with their heads and their hearts that every boy will have his brain feel what he thinks and his hands do what he both feels and thinks.”

LIFE IS AN ARROW

Therefore you must know what mark to aim at, how to use the bow,—then draw it to a head—and let it go!—*Henry Van Dyke*.

When you are forming a high ideal, don't forget to make it practical. Aim at genuine results. Covet wisdom, covet truth and covet money enough to be on the sunny side of easy street when past middle life. Never get old. Stay young till you die.—*A. F. Sheldon*.



Wanderings With Men Who Sell Things

BY EDWARD BUCKRUM

LIKE many a great salesman, Brown started in by selling books. He canvassed his home city and followed that by going after the county. The next summer was spent in the west. Here he sold enough to pay his expenses during his first year in college.

He didn't finish his college course because he had an affliction known as the salesman's itch. He wanted to get into the selling game. All he knew about it he had learned while canvassing for book concerns, but he imagined he knew about all that was needed.

He tried hard to secure employment with an established concern, but his inexperience worked against him. Besides, so they told him, all their travelers had to serve an apprenticeship in the factory.

This factory job did not look well to Brown. He did not want to secure a knowledge of his goods in that slow manner.

Of course he had to go to work. Beggars, we have learned, must not be choosers, so Brown bit at an ad of a baking powder manufacturer. This manufacturer was scarcely a philanthropist. He asked five dollars for a canvassing outfit which at wholesale must have cost as much as fifty cents.

Brown was wise enough to realize that the only way to get even with the manufacturer was to sell his goods and make a profit big enough to pay all expenses.

So he started out. Selling baking powder was slow work for a green man. But Brown was persistent. He wanted to get enough to get back that five dollars and enough more to pay for time and expenses. He realized that he had to know his goods before he could be successful so he studied

out a canvass from which the retailer could not escape.

Brown got orders.

But selling to retailers was slow work. Purchases were necessarily small. So our salesman went after bigger game. He started to sell wholesalers.

It took a long time to land the first prospect, but with his name down on the order sheet it was not hard to get that of his rival a hundred miles away.

And these two orders secured in one day brought Brown more profit than an ordinary week's work among retailers.

Brown speedily forged ahead as a leader. So many orders did he secure that his house suggested a salary.

"Nay, nay," said Brown, "this commission business suits me."

Finally his house became so persistent in offers of a salary that he quit. He worked up in several concerns only to quit them because they insisted on giving him a salary instead of allowing him usual commissions. At last, in self-defense, he was forced to enter business for himself. Like all others who branch out for themselves it was several years before he made as much money as he formerly made on the road, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was building up a business for the future.

"Undoubtedly I would still be on the road for that baking powder house," said Brown one day, "if they had only given me a square deal. Although as modest as a traveling man can afford to be, I must say that my employers made a mistake when they insisted on giving me a salary. Since I have been in business I have paid commissions to all my men. Some of them make more in a month than they could possibly make

anywhere else, and it is possible that I could cut down their commissions and still keep them satisfied.

"But it seems to me that there is nothing more asinine than the action of a house that cuts down its commissions to its men simply because those men are selling goods in large quantities. Yet there are houses that do this very thing. Salesmanship is the sale of goods for profit and the man who can sell the most goods for the most profit is the greatest salesman, provided, of course, he sells those goods so that each of his customers becomes a repeater.

"An honest commission should be paid every salesman and this commission should not be shrunk simply because the salesman is selling so much that his profits are double those of the two next best men on the force."

How Dick Did It

"A fact that we often lose sight of," said Bart de Bandit, "is that we do owe some other fellow a vote of thanks for making a need for our services."

Now there's that case of Dick with which I can illustrate this.

Dick's firm went wrong somewhere, and the receiver whose business it was to put the wheels together so that the machine would run, couldn't be persuaded that he needed the sales force at that particular time.

However, this fact did not interfere with the cheerfulness of Richard, for, being a good salesman, and therefore being one who knew how to sell his own services, he knew he could find another job without getting gray-headed while doing it.

Being, as we have said, a good salesman, Dickie did not buy a tourist ticket to Timbucktoo. He never strayed away from the institution for which he had worked until he heard the receiver agree to take him back at the end of a month.

To a strenuous salesman, to one who loves the excitement and joy that one can get only while engaged in the gentle work of selling goods, this wait of a month would be purgatory. Dick realized that he would soon get miserable waiting, so he went after a temporary job.

But he didn't go far. Dick didn't believe in wasting shoe leather hunting for work when that waste could be avoided.

So he went to the receiver and asked for work.

"There's nothing to do——" began the receiver, "——let's see, a persistent chap like you might collect these bills," at the same time shoving out a sheaf of bills the regular collector had been unable to realize on.

Richard was not to be bluffed. He took the job, analyzed his proposition and prepared a primary, secondary and tertiary talk that——

Well, here's his primary: "Mr. Jones, my name is Dick, just plain Dick, and I have called to thank you for your kindness in getting me a good position for me. It's just like this, Mr. Jones, I needed temporary employment and found that you, among others, fortunately for me, had overlooked a small balance due Smith & Company. I feel under great obligations to you, Mr. Jones, and if you will just fix that up right now I'll be still more grateful to you. You see the amount is only blank dollars and——oh, yes, cash or check, either will do. Thank you. Good day."

Your Own Job First

Goffe was selling advertising on a Montreal daily. He was boss of a special crew. He had to direct the work of several young solicitors. As his assistants he had two men who had been employed as reporters. They had come to Montreal for reportorial work, but the staffs were full and they eagerly snapped up the chance to solicit advertising.

"We used to have a meeting every morning before we started our work," says Goffe. "We'd talk over the work done the day before and outline work for the day ahead. We would consider the objections raised and would construct arguments to knock them down.

"Of course the advertising did not come as easily as we would have it. We had to work for it. Besides overcoming the objections of those whom we sought as advertisers, we had to meet the competition of other keen advertising solicitors, most of them equal, and many of them superior to any of us.

"My two reporter fellows used to spend a great deal of their time picking the paper to pieces. They were sure that the editor

didn't know his business. They had all kinds of plans and schemes for improving the paper editorially. They told me it was foolish to try to sell advertising on a paper as badly edited as ours was.

"Right then and there I let loose. I told them that it was none of our confounded business what was done in the editorial rooms. I told them I supposed the owner selected and kept his editors because he was satisfied with their work, and that doubtless when he grew dissatisfied he would get others to take their places.

"'But,' I said, 'it is none of our business whether the editorial work is good or bad. We must sell advertising space in this paper if every blooming page, outside of the advertising, is as bare as a bald man's head.

"'Now I want you fellows to get out and sell advertising and when you are not selling advertising I want you to turn your thinking machine onto the problem of improving your own department. You'll have about all you can attend to if you camp on the job of minding your own business.'

On the road are many salesmen who worry away many hours because their managers do not order things as they would have them. They waste time kicking about the office force, the sales manager, the president, the treasurer, the style of letter head—everything is out of kilter somewhere.

If those men would concentrate upon their own tasks, would improve their own selling talks, would endeavor to get more out of their territory than was ever gotten out of it before, they would keep fairly busy.

Every sensible manager is tickled to receive suggestions, and every salesman is welcomed when he comes with ideas which make for improvement. But the salesman who neglects his own affairs in order to butt into the affairs of his superior is bound, either sooner or later, to be politely placed on the greased chute and shot into Oblivion.

The Science of Spending

When my wife and I started house-keeping I was getting the munificent salary of twelve dollars a week. We managed to get along very well. I know we were happy and contented even if we did have to wear out-of-date clothes and did not have strawberries on our table in the winter-time.

"Today I am getting as much per day as I received in a week then. But it doesn't seem to me that we are much better off, nor is our bank account much larger."

That's what a manager of a successful concern told me not long ago.

I know another man who receives thirty dollars a week. He is continually worried over money matters, yet his family is not one-half as large as the families of many men who are forced to live on a dollar and a half a day.

Another man has an income from his business which enables him to lay aside five thousand dollars every year. He told me that he never drew as much as forty dollars a week. This man lives well. He has a home that is very close to perfection. He never stints himself or family. He has a horse and buggy—well, he enjoys life.

But he spends no more money than the man who is worried over money matters.

I am convinced of this: That the Science of Saving is as great as the Science of Earning.

The Man on the Road is beset with countless temptations to spend money. It is so easy to spend a dollar here and five dollars there. Some salesmen learn to spend money because their house furnishes them with a liberal expense allowance. This they spend freely. The result is they contract a spending habit which later demands of them tribute from their private pocket-book.

I am not pleading for stinginess. But I do want to protest against the throwing of money, a la Barney Barnato, to the birds. I protest against this foolish spending in the name of Scientific Selling. The man who worries over money matters is not as good a salesman, other things being equal, as the man with a bank balance.

To do work well one must be able to concentrate upon it. To sell goods one must center one's mind on selling goods. Of course it is impossible to do this when one has to wonder how one is to get money enough together to pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

Unquestionably the reason so many men are unable to rise from the ranks is because they are foolish spenders. The free man is better than the slave, and the man who has to worry over money matters is a slave to that worry.

Education for Efficiency

BY E. DAVENPORT

Dean of the College of Agriculture and Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Illinois

I BEG to invite your attention to the subject of the hour—Education for Efficiency.

The most significant educational fact today is that men of all classes have come to look upon education as a thing that will better their condition; and they mean by that, first of all, something to make their labor more effective and more profitable; and second, they mean something that will enable them to live fuller lives. They have no very clear idea of the methods for bringing it all about, nor have they any very good means of impressing their views and desires upon us at educational conventions; but to better their condition through education is the abiding faith and purpose of all men everywhere, and they will persist until it is realized in some fashion or other.

The ruling passion of the race today is for education; and colleges and schools of all sorts, both public and private, day classes and night classes, winter and summer, are filled to overflowing. The only educational institution that is being deserted is the old-time district school, and that is failing only where it is unable to satisfy the new demands, and where this occurs its lineal successor is the public high school which is everywhere becoming the favorite agency of modern education in America.

A Public Duty

The training of the young for the duties of life is no longer left to the charity of the church nor to private endowment, however munificent. We do not ask a man to pay the expense of his own education, and we no longer require the parent to pay for the schooling of his child. We have come to recognize that in the last analysis the child belongs to the community and public policy requires that he be educated. So we have the policy of universal education well established among us and the largest item of public as well as of private expense is for schools.

Now this is not sentiment, it is business; it is not charity, it is statesmanship. We propose to maintain all sorts of education for all sorts of people, and to keep them in school

as long as we can—so far have we gone already in this worship of the idol of our day and time; so far has the common man progressed in his determination to be educated.

Yes, truly the ruling passion of the race is for education. Individuals would amass wealth; individuals would exert influence and power; individuals would live lives of luxury and ease, but the common purpose of the masses of men from all the walks of life is a set determination to acquire knowledge. Daughters of washerwomen graduate from the high school, and ditchers' sons go to college—not by ones and twos, but literally by hundreds and thousands, and if the ruling passion fails in individual cases we have a law that will put the child into school, willy-nilly, on the ground that to this extent, at least, he is public property.

Practical Training Needed

Now what is to be the consequence of all this? What will the daughter of the washerwoman do after she has graduated from the high school? Will she take her mother's place at the tub? What think you? If not how will the washing be done? and was her schooling a blessing or a curse to the community?—because the tub must stay; and if she does take her place at the tub, was her schooling a blessing or a curse to her? Will the ditcher's son inherit the father's spade? and if not how will ditches be dug if all men are to be educated? How will the world's work get done if education takes men and women out of useful and needful occupations and makes them over into pseudo ladies and gentlemen of leisure? How, too, will their own bills be paid except they labor as men have always labored? It is idle to say that a portion of the race should be left ignorant that they may perform the undesirable though necessary labor. The "portion" objects, and what are we going to do about it? Now these are disagreeable questions and we would rather not be forced to answer them; but they are fundamental and will soon begin to answer themselves in some fashion under our system of education, which is rapidly becoming universal.

Whether we know it or not we are engaged in the most stupendous educational, social, and economic experiment the world has ever undertaken—the experiment of universal education: and whether in the end universal education shall prove a blessing or a curse to us will depend entirely upon our skill in handling the issues it has raised for our solution. We have entered too far upon this experiment ever to retire from it, even if we desired to do so, which we do not; and if the outcome is to be safety and not anarchy, and if it is all to result in further development of the race and not in retrogression, then a few fundamentals will have to be clearly recognized before long and brought into and made a part of our educational ideals, policies, and methods.

Not a Road to Ease

First of all, if we are to have universal education then it must contain a large element of the vocational, because all the needful activities must be maintained in the educated state as heretofore. The race cannot progress any more in the future than in the past except by the expenditure of large amounts of human energy. This being so, education cannot be looked upon as an avenue to a life of ease, nor as a means of giving one man an advantage over another, whereby he may exist upon the fruit of that other's labor and the sweat of that other's brow. It might do for a few; it cannot do for the mass, whose efficiency must be increased and not decreased by education; because in the last analysis education is a public as well as a personal matter and the interests of the state require that the ratio of individual efficiency in all lines shall be constantly increased.

Second, within the limits of needful activities one occupation is as important as another, and a system of universal education must enrich them all, or the end will be disastrous. We need to change our views concerning what have been regarded as menial employments. In the millennium no woman will make her living over the wash-tub, nor will she sing the song of the shirt day and night forever; but neither will education and elevation free her, or any one else, from a fair share of the drudgery of life, because the needful things must still be done. Nor must we fail to remind ourselves that not all the labor of the world is at the wash-tub, or at

the bottom of the ditch, because success in any calling is the price of unremitting and exhausting toil, against which education is no insurance whatever. It can only promise that faithful labor shall have its adequate and sure reward. And that is enough, for no man has a right to ask that he be freed from labor on this earth; he can only pray to be relieved from the burden of aimless and fruitless drudgery—which is the blessed assurance of education. While education is no relief from labor, or even drudgery, it ought, however, to lessen the totality of drudgery by the further utilization of mechanical energy and the more economic and intelligent bestowal of human effort. Education will never fully justify itself until this shall have been accomplished and the human machine be liberated from the last form of slavery—the drudgery that is born of ignorance.

No man then has a right to be useless. Most men will continue to earn and ought to earn, in one way or another, the funds to pay their bills, and in this natural way will the world's work get done in the future as in the past. The education of all men, therefore, is, or should be, in a broad sense vocational, and the so-called learned professions are but other names for developed industries. In this broad sense very useful activity is included, from farming to music and painting, poetry and sculpture; from engineering to medicine and law, philosophy and theology; as wide and as varied as the activities and capacities of the human animal—so wide and so varied must our education be if it is to be universal and be safe.

A Curse or Blessing?

Measured by this standard farming has the same claims upon education as have language and literature, but no more, for both are useful or may be, though in different ways. Which is more useful we cannot tell any more than we can tell whether food or religion is the more essential to human life; or whether art or industry contributes most to its fullest development. We only know that all things within the range of human capacity are useful and that education may, if it will, enrich them all.

Unless universal education can be so administered as not to greatly disturb the relations of needful activities it will prove in the end a curse instead of a blessing, and it is

the business of educators now to soberly consider the consequences of head-long policies, however promising in direct results, if they do not reckon with the inevitable outcome of a false or inadequate philosophy of education.

Third, in the working out of these plans such policies and methods must be observed as shall prevent social cleavage along vocational lines. Unless we can do this, democracy will in the end fail. We cannot go on with one-half of the people educated and the other half ignorant any more than we could live with one-half free and the other half slave. No more can we live with one-half educated to one set of ideals and the other half to another. If we attempt it we shall have, in the end, not civilization but a tug of war between highly educated but mutually destructive human energies. The only safety for us now is in the education of all classes to common ideals of individual efficiency and public service along needful lines and with common standards of citizenship. To this end the individual must have training both vocational and humanistic, and it is better if he does not know just when or how he is getting either the one or the other.

For Universal Efficiency

Fourth, remembering that what is one man's vocation is another's avocation and that what is technical and professional to one is humanistic to another; remembering that all study is educational and that utility does not lessen its value; remembering, too, that much of our education comes from association and that the best of it comes in no other way—remembering all these and many other considerations well-known to the thinking man, we must agree that *in a system of universal education the best results will always follow when as many subjects as possible and as many vocations as may be are taught together in the same school, under the same management and to the same body of men.* In no other way can efficiency be so closely combined with good citizenship. In no other way can activity and learning be so intimately united. In no other way can morals and good government be so safely entrusted to a free people.

As I see it the greatest hindrance to the natural evolution of a single system of schools adapted to the education of all classes of our people is academic tradition

which needs substantial modification in a number of important particulars.

The truth is, there is no such thing as a "general education," except one that fits for nothing and leaves the possessor stranded without occupation or other field for the exercise of his trained activities. In so far as this type of general education exists among us the quicker we abolish it the better. For example, it has been fashionable to speak of the courses in the arts and sciences as "general," "nontechnical," or "liberal," using the terms synonymously, and as opposed to the technical or professional. Now this is inaccurate and leads to much confusion of mind. The courses in arts and sciences are not general and non-technical except when badly arranged and roughly taught because an examination of the facts will discover that most of the students taking those courses in college are preparing for definite careers, generally teaching; possibly banking, railroad administration, or the business of an analytical or manufacturing chemist, or some other gainful occupation. That is to say the courses in the arts and sciences are taken as professional or vocational courses the same as are those in engineering and agriculture.

All are Professionals

The first fruits of this erroneous use of terms is that those who make most of the distinction between the technical and the non-technical courses; those who talk most about the latter being liberal as distinct from the former; those who outcry loudest against commercializing education—are teachers themselves, who are earning money like farmers. Now by what rule do we adjudge that farming is a calling and teaching a profession? that engineering is industrial and journalism liberal? that courses fitting for farming are technical and narrow, and those fitting for teaching or making chemical determinations are general and liberal? The truth is they are all, alike, vocational; they are all professional; they all open avenues whereby men and women earn money to pay their bills and ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who are good for anything in any and all these courses are taking them for the same purpose; viz., to afford a congenial field of activity whereby the individual may become a worthy and self-sustaining member of society.



Merchandising—Seven Confidence Builders

BY HARRY NEWMAN TOLLES

A PROPRIETOR of a metropolitan department store, was asked one time, "What per cent of your customers do you know personally?" He replied, "A very few, but I endeavor to have them all know me."

If it is true, and I believe it is, that the character of an individual can be read through lines of the face, the voice, the gesture, and in the signature or the handwriting, is it not also true that the character behind the business institution is revealed through the appearance of the store, the selection and conduct of the employees, quite as much as in quality and prices of the goods?

"A man is known by the company he keeps." It is just as true that a merchant is known through those whom he employs, his goods, his advertising and his service.

All trade is built on the law of confidence. Destroy the confidence which any merchant enjoys and he will go out of business in a very short time. It is therefore important that we look to those things which enter into the establishment of the confidence of the customers. There are seven ways in which a merchant comes in contact with his trade.

Personal Contact

First, Through the Salesman: Every Retail store is established for one purpose. "The selling of goods at profits." It is therefore important that the composite personality of the institution should be of the highest type. Especially those who really come in direct contact with the customer. Not only people who can produce quick sales but more. In this age of competition in production the store that has a keenly alive, courteous, painstaking sales force is sure to build business.

Second, Through the Correspondence: It is not surprising that so many firms fail to secure maximum results in business when

they turn out such poorly dictated and type-written or hand executed letters. All business correspondence of an institution should be as carefully prepared as that used in the social world. This means, good paper but not necessarily expensive, clear plain type-writing, well dictated. Many firms pay little attention to the simple matter of folding and the enclosing of the communication. These are but a few of the important questions which enter into the course of the correspondence. It is a study of itself requiring careful study.

Watch Advertisements

Third, Through the Advertising: The good advertising men today are earning some of the best salaries in the business world. This is because they have made a specialty of their work. They know just what to say and what not to say. They draw on the imagination of the customers, to the extent, that the customer is drawn to the store. Better a little space with a few words well displayed, than a full page thrown together "any old way." In most advertising today words costs more than in telegrams. We can readily see the importance, therefore, of weighing every word carefully.

Fourth, Through the Telephone: Have you ever noticed how pleasant and easy it is to 'phone the order to some stores while others make you feel it a burden? Many firms consider the telephone operator a part of the sales force. It is just as possible to suggest in a pleasant manner additional things that the customer might want as it is to abruptly bang the receiver down as soon as the party is through speaking. Study to attract business through the telephone service.

Fifth, Through the Window Display: I recently saw the window of a store which advertised to be "par excellent" in fittings and furnishings, and yet the window was full of

dead flies and looked as though it had not been decorated for weeks. It is quite as important that the window should be well groomed as it is that the merchant should have his face carefully washed and shaven. Here it is that a little well done is better than a large space filled full of one sample of each article in the store. Successful decorating is a high art. Its purpose should be to attract attention and create a desire for the goods displayed.

Educate Employees

Sixth, Through the Delivery Service: There is nothing quite as exasperating to a customer as to find pledges of prompt delivery service unfulfilled. Neatness in packing, regularity in time of service, care and attention as to the horses and wagons all tend to make a favorable impression upon the customer.

Seventh, Through the Bills: A Philadelphia merchant told me recently, that he prided himself especially on the carefulness, the arrangement and accuracy of his bills and monthly statements. Many customers have been thoroughly satisfied with the

store's service until they get their monthly statements. Some dealers practice the starting of a school boy in on this work. Remember that this is one of the seven ways by which it is comparatively easy to make an impression on the customers. It will pay to be more careful with this branch of the business.

We have seen, that from a standpoint of the store service alone, it is important that we should give careful attention to the development of the salesmen, to the neatness of the windows, to the character of the correspondence and advertising, to courtesy in telephoning, to the display in the windows, to the punctual delivery service and to the accuracy of the bills. Since all these things are done through the employees, it is important that careful supervision should be given to the education and development of the employees handling these seven confidence builders. This then all pertains to the composite salesman and should be studied with the idea of reaching as nearly as possible, the point of perfection, or in other words, the making of every man a master in his line.

Main of Iowa

BY THOMAS DREIER

THERE is Main of Iowa City. His mission in life, as he sees it now, is to help himself by helping the merchant secure more business.

Main is no philanthropist. He doesn't pose as a man who is afraid of the disgrace attending the death of one with wealth. He frankly admits that he wants all the money he can get. But he says, just as frankly, that he wants to get this money only through rendering other business men service.

In Iowa City, Iowa, Willard Main is looked upon as about the livest man in the state. He entered the business field there nearly twenty-five years ago. At that time the cheap jewelry business was just in its infancy. Main saw the market for ornaments with which the poorer classes might deck themselves at small cost.

A big jewelry manufacturing concern was moved from the east and established in Iowa City. Mr. Main purchased much land in the vicinity of his factory and platted it.

He never lost any money on account of his real estate deals.

Millions of dollars worth of jewelry were manufactured there. In fact it was not long until Iowa City became recognized as the home of the cheap jewelry business of the United States.

Cheap jewelry, let it be said for the information of those who are fortunate enough to be able to afford and appreciate the Tiffany product—and therefore may not know what cheap jewelry is—is the sort of glittering stuff that is sold by department stores, by country merchants, by second-class jewelers, and by those persuasive gentlemen who follow the county fair circuit.

Satisfying Maggie Murphy

Much of this jewelry wears well—as well as anyone has a right to expect. It is made for a certain purpose. It is intended for those who love finery and who have not the price demanded for quality-finery.

Main endeavored to satisfy the longing in the heart of Maggie Murphy for a ring, just as Tiffany satisfies the longing in the heart of Gladys Montmorency.

Main saw a need and started to supply it.

In the course of time Mr. Main sold out and engaged in other enterprises. He permitted the purchasers of his factory to retain his name. It is understood in Iowa City—although this may be nothing but talk—that Mr. Main retained much stock even after he was nominally out of the business.

Be that as it may be, the evidence gathered shows that Mr. Main had little to do with the management of the factory after his sale.

I say these things because there came a time when Iowa City was painted a deep black because of the work done by salesmen representing the jewelry goods among country druggists and merchants.

This jewelry was sold in display cases, the prices running from a few dollars to three or four hundred dollars. The representatives, not having learned that there is more business building than in mere business getting, and being ignorant, too, of the Law of Mutual Benefit, loaded up every customer to the limit. Contracts were signed and notes given. The contracts were so worded that it was impossible for the merchant to comply with all conditions unless he devoted his entire time to the job of selling jewelry.

Naturally there arose a great howl. A jewelry salesman in some sections of the country was about as popular as an Orange Man at a St. Patrick's Day celebration, or at an Irish wake on Archway Road.

Overcoming Bad Salesmanship

Mr. Main has had a merry time of late overcoming the damage to his reputation caused by these men. He has spent thousands of dollars in advertising, and other thousands in having himself investigated by trade-journal writers. The tide of popularity is now going in his direction.

This Live Wire of Iowa City is now selling pianos. His salesmen are sales stimulators. They go into a town and after picking out a merchant show him how it is possible to round up many elusive dollars by disposing of his old stock and by securing new customers. The plan works like this:

A piano contest is announced. The piano is offered to the most popular young lady, to the school that secures the most votes, to

some lodge—well, the point is that a certain number of votes is given with every dollar's worth of goods purchased. A rivalry is started between contestants and their friends are stirred up to work for them. The keener the rivalry, the more goods are sold.

Handling a contest like this successfully is a great problem in mob psychology.

In this work Mr. Main is a master.

He furnishes all advertising matter, gives all needed advice, and it is reported that every contest, where his instructions have been followed, has been a great success.

Certainly the thousands of letters he has in his files bear out this statement.

Main a Queer Mixture

Main is a queer mixture of positives and negatives. He has the audacity of a Mississippi river steamboat gambler. He backs his judgment to the limit. When he once decides to do a thing he never lets up until he gets what he wants. He has unlimited courage, and his faith in himself is supreme. He never hides his light, yet his personality is pleasing and he makes one feel that W. F. Main is truly alive to opportunities.

Of course he is intensely business-like in this respect. He wants what belongs to him. He acts and talks like a man who believes he is rendering the business world a great service. And his letters prove that others bear him out in this opinion.

They say in Iowa City that he works all night long at times. He fairly revels in work.

Mr. Main knows his business thoroughly. He knows how to handle the crowd in a piano contest in such a way that all who participate will be satisfied. "I aim to give perfect satisfaction always," Mr. Main says. "I know that I must do this in order to build business. I guarantee to produce certain results in a certain way, and I never fail now. My system, while not perfect, is absolutely sure to produce desirable results when applied with judgment and ability."

Anyhow thousands of merchants, the trade papers, and Mr. Main himself say the voting contest is a trade stimulator, and they ought to know.

It is certain that Mr. Main has ability, endurance and action, so that the reverse of that positive condition is not unpleasantly in evidence today.

Main of Iowa City, Iowa, is a Live One.



The Defense of the City

How Dunderblitzen von Shoosh, Captain of the Troop, Became a General, and What the War Council Did to Him—A Modern Business Parable.

BY W. C. HOLMAN



UNDERBLITZEN VON SHOOSH was a tough old mediæval fighting man who once emerged from the bloody fury of an assault on a tough old mediæval city to find himself in supreme command of the attacking army.

The lives of all his superiors in rank had been snuffed out in the fight. It was up to Dunderblitzen to defend the captured burg.

Von Shoosh had swung a sword ten thousand times as captain of a troop, but as the leader of an army—never. He was long on individual scrapping ability, but short on generalship. Nevertheless, he swore by all the seven devils that he could successfully defend that city. He believed he could make good, because he meant to fight hard. To fight hard came easy to him. It had been his specialty for twenty years. He was the champion heavy-weight skull-splitter of his time. He could crack open a warrior's suit of protecting armor with his battle axe more deftly than a modern butcher man forces an entrance into a tin of Mr. Heinz's beans with a can-opener.

Behold Dunderblitzen in supreme command—defender of the city!

The day after its capture, reënforcements, reaching the enemy without, endeavored to retake it.

The city wall was four miles in circumference and over a mile in diameter. The first assault was made upon the main entrance.

Dunderblitzen rallied all his men at arms, blew out through the city gate like a bung out of an over-agitated beer barrel, and swept the less numerous foe far out into the country-side.

Returning in triumph, he was greeted by the news that another detachment of the enemy had attacked the wall on the opposite side of the city.

Through the maze of crooked streets he clattered at the head of an overwhelming force, came down upon the threatened point like a thunderbolt, and repelled the second assault as he had the first.

That night the enemy made a third attack. Von Shoosh rolled off the bench where he had fallen asleep in his armor, sent messengers to wake his sleeping soldiers, and drove the enemy off once more.

And now the besieged city settled down to a continuous round of this sort of amusement. Morning, noon and night, detachments of the enveloping army

assaulted the walls. Morning, noon and night, red-nosed, swearing, hard-fighting Dunderblitzen rushed his men back and forth across the city, repelling attacks at different points. After two or three days and nights of this irregular fighting, his officers and men began to complain. They couldn't stand the old man's pace. The effort of chasing about the crooked streets of the city wore them out as much as the fighting itself.

At length some of Dunderblitzen's officers, dissatisfied with his generalship, got together and hatched out a plan to induce him to change his methods. They appointed a spokesman to wait upon the general and request a council of war.

"Council nothing," roared the tough old warrior. "I have a council of war going on in my head every moment I'm awake. That's council enough for this outfit. I'll do the counselling and you do the jumping when I command. That'll be about all I care to hear from you this morning. Skiddoo!"

Of course I do not reproduce the exact mediæval dialect of Dunderblitzen. But in substance this is what he said.

It took a long continued series of calamities to change the old man's attitude on the council question. But when half his army was incapacitated—when famine gripped the city—when the water supply went short—when mutiny was imminent, when every day the enemy's attacks grew fiercer and the resistance weaker, old Dunderblitzen called a council of war himself.

"Things are going devilish wrong," he admitted from the head of the table. "What can we do to save the city?"

"Are we free to speak, general?" asked a gruff old officer.

The old man pounded on the board. "Free as air!" he shouted. "Speak out! Open up!"

"You'll hear us through?"

"To the last word!"

"Well, then!" said the fearless old graybeard, "Why do you spend your time leading fights in person, instead of in planning the general defense of the city? You delegate no authority to subordinates—unload no responsibility on any one else. You have made no study of the strategic strength or weakness of the city as a whole—no plan to protect at *all* times *all* the places open to attack. You have no map of the city's entire defenses. There are towers and battlements you have never visited—weak places in the wall that you have never inspected. You have called for no reports on any of these matters. The safety of the city lies in having one directing eye that sees everything going on—one supreme mind that plans to guard every part of the city wall, and leaves the actual fighting at various points to troop captains—men like me. As a personal sword-swinger you add the strength of three ordinary men-at-arms to the defense, but as a supreme strategist planning the general conduct of the defense you might triple the effectiveness of the entire thousand men in your army."

Dunderblitzen stood up and glared at the speaker, but the gray old troop-captain stood his ground. "You said you'd hear us out," he cried. Von Shoosh sank back in his chair.

Another troop-captain stood forth. "You are always so taken up with the fight of the moment that you never have time or attention to give to preparing for

the emergencies of the morrow," he said. "What's the use of a glorious victory on Monday if we win under conditions that weaken us so we lose out in a fight on Tuesday? The siege is not for a day—but for a week—may be a month or a year—who knows? The planning must be not for a day at a time but for all the days that the enemy is in the field."

Old Dunderblitzen opened his mouth to protest, but the logic of his critics, penetrating even his thick brain, held his tongue motionless.

"You let the enemy lay out your day's work for you," said a third officer. "All he has to do is to make an assault somewhere, and away you go hell to split to repel it. Meanwhile you neglect a hundred other things that ought to have your attention. With outside diversions he pulls you hither and yon like a puppet on a string—taking up your time and absorbing your efforts as he wills. A good general sits in the center of his city and determines for himself what things shall have his personal attention. He doesn't let the enemy without decide for him. Alone in his citadel, out of the turmoil of the conflict, he works out his plans and divides his time in devising his strategy. He lays out his own day's work, and follows it through uninterruptedly to the end."

By this time old Dunderblitzen had completely lost his power of speech.

"There are many things beside the actual fighting that a general must think of," said another officer. "There is the question of supplies, for instance. Here we are face to face with famine, because you have given no attention to saving and protecting our resources. We have had no foragers to bring in new supplies; no commissary department; no medical department. All these things have been repeatedly suggested to you by individuals, but you have been so busy leading charges and hammering heads, or sleeping off your fatigue between fights, that all that has been said to you has gone in one ear and out the other. Every time a new idea for the defense has been suggested to you, you have yelled 'Fine!' in a voice to shake the city walls—then promptly gone to sleep on a bench and forgotten ever to act upon the suggestion. You can forget more in ten minutes than all of your officers could suggest in a fortnight. You have a memory like a sieve—a brain like a mud turtle—a power of initiative like that of a clay bank."

Old Dunderblitzen bounded out of his chair and hit the floor with a whoop.

"No man can talk to me like that," he yelled.

"Sit down!" shouted the troop captain who had led off in the criticisms. "There is no one man talking to you now—this entire council is talking to you. You asked us what in our opinion should be done to save the city. We are here to give you our honest answer. The first thing to be done is for you to resign the leadership and appoint a general in your place. Then you go back to the head of your troop and mix up in hand-to-hand fights until you reek in gore. As a skull-cracker you are a wonder, but as a general it is the unanimous opinion of this council that you are a large and juicy lemon."

Did Dunderblitzen resign? Does a man sitting on the crater of a volcano move when the volcano begins to spout? When that council adjourned, there was a new leader of the besieged forces, and Dunderblitzen—a sadder and a wiser man—had resumed his old position as troop captain.

Modern business is full of Dunderblitzens—men rattling around in the positions of generals who ought to be doing the hayfoot-strawfoot with the round-headed, small-brained privates in the ranks—managers and department heads with no real capacity for leadership—and who will find it out before the business war is over.

How many managers there are who try to run every last least part of their businesses or departments themselves—who delegate no important work to subordinates, unload no responsibility upon competent lieutenants.

A manager or department head who is staggering under a load of detail, who is constantly engaged in hand-to-hand struggles with routine business matters, cannot find time or opportunity to plan for the good of a business in a broad and general way. Such a man is not a business strategist, but a business pack-horse—not a business eagle, hovering on easy wings, with a keen eye on every happening in the field of operations below—but a business camel, prone on the plain, with its head buried deeply in the sand, and blind to what is taking place about him.

A business man is supposed to have the quality of common sense raised to the Nth power. Yet what species of business man is more numerous than the department head or manager who flies full in the face of common sense in this matter of detail work—who hangs on to the minute supervision of routine matters with grip of iron, and emits howls of rage when it is suggested that he turn anything over to any one else. Such a manager is a dog in the manger, unable to chew up all the work before him himself, and unwilling to permit any one else to take a bite at it. A hundred problems demand his creative ability—and he ignores them all to continue on his treadmill grind of petty routine. He who might be a \$20,000 producer, foolishly ties himself down to the work of a twenty dollar a week clerk.

This type of manager is invariably without foresight or vision of the future. With his whole being concentrated upon the battle of today, he has no time to plan for the inevitable battles of the coming morrows.

Another business Dunderblitzen is the man who lets outsiders lay out his day's work for him; whose activity during the day is decided by the matters taken up by callers or correspondents. Such men are slaves of forces outside themselves. They give up the planning of their own day's work and spend their time on whatever matters their correspondents or callers wish them to take up. They have deliberately relinquished the power of initiative and made themselves passive prisoners in the hands of the enemy—put ropes around their own necks and tied themselves to the enemy's chariot axle.

Then there is the business Dunderblitzen who—but why amplify further? If you have read the parable above, you know all the classes of men it hits—you can amplify the application yourself.

What's that? Did I have you in mind when I wrote the story? Certainly not. Present company is always excepted. But if this story does happen to hit you and me—if we are business Dunderblitzen's—it is certainly strictly up to us to make some kind of move before the council convenes. Otherwise—but you know what will happen to us.



Talking With Type to Millions

BY LOUIS F. BEST

A MANUFACTURER may have a product that is without a flaw, and his delivery service may rank with the leaders. But that manufacturer need not hope for a world-wide business unless he cultivates the business-building habit of talking to millions with type.

He simply must advertise.

The man who fails to advertise is showing short-sightedness—a short-sightedness that will undoubtedly keep him forever below the rank of captain of industry.

Advertising, we have been told repeatedly, is salesmanship by the written method. And no truly wise man in these happy days needs to be told that the manufacturer who is the greatest salesman is sure to be the greatest success.

A man who continually preaches from texts taken from the science of business tells us that the two greatest elements in salesmanship are quality of goods and excellence of service. But no matter how good a product may be, it must be advertised before any manufacturer can have a chance to demonstrate whether his service is excellent or not.

The man who doesn't advertise is like the fellow, told about by The Silver Tongued Orator of The Platte, who sits in the dark and throws kisses at his best girl. He may know what he is about, but no one else does.

The safety razor is admittedly a mighty fine thing. Its invention, manufacture and sale doubtless reduced materially the annual output of profanity. But does anyone think for a minute that the Gillette would be known from one end of the country to the other were it not for the fact that printer's ink was freely and wisely used?

And what about the pianola, the commercial phonograph, the various schools of correspondence, Heinz products, Jones Little Pig Sausage, Ivory soap, the Beer That Made

Milwaukee Famous—but we really cannot afford the space to give a list of Who's Who in Business.

Get this fact: Those who qualify for Who's Who In Business are men who advertise.

Those Who Needn't

DOWN in Ohio is a concern capitalized at \$150,000. It is owned by three men.

The stock pays an annual dividend of forty per cent. Machinery of a certain type is manufactured. One of the owners is the chief salesman, one looks after the office, the third after the factory. It is an ideal combination. Each member obeys the law of economy. Each member is conservative. Forty per cent is a pretty fair return on money invested, you know.

It happens that the annual output of this plant is disposed of through personal solicitation, most of the work being done by the salesman-partner. Did this company advertise it would be necessary to increase the size of the factory. This would entail a large expense, and, as one of the partners told me, they do not feel like gambling when they have a sure thing.

This company has no desire to grow. Therefore it does not need advertising. Only companies with ambitions should advertise.

I know of a little store away back in the mountains of Kentucky. The storekeeper buys once a year. His customers seldom leave their own community, and Uncle Sam does not even bring them mail because they have no one in the outside world to write to them.

This store has a monopoly. Mail order catalogues never enter that region, and there are no other stores for miles. The storekeeper makes enough for his simple wants, he has no desire to secure more trade.

Why should he advertise?

Only merchants who desire more customers advertise.

The Death Knell of Free Publicity

ONE does not have to hold in his hands a diploma from a school of prophecy to feel qualified to foretell the doom of press-agent publicity. The big advertising journals, notably Printer's Ink, are camping on the trail of the free publicity man, and the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of their getting him "ef he don't watch out."

There are scores of institutions in this country which give advertising to papers and magazines conditioned upon the printing of a certain amount of press-agent dope. The magazines are fast awakening to the fact that this is a species of blackmail, and the editors who have even a small amount of commonsense tell such advertisers to get hence—wherever that is.

When an institution has something to sell, and expects to get a profit on its sales, it cheapens itself every time it asks for free publicity. It places itself in a position which no reputable concern should occupy.

There is never any harm in offering press agent material to the newspapers and magazines, for the editor is supposed to know whether the contribution possesses merit enough to deserve publication.

But the man who gives an advertisement and accompanies it with the request that he be given a free writeup deserves condemnation of the most severe kind.

Tailors Awakened

THERE was a time when a man who wore a ready-to-wear suit of clothes was looked down upon by those who patronized tailors. Ready-to-wear clothes were called "hand-me-downs." Only the very poor folks bought them.

But the makers of ready-to-wear clothes must have annexed some of the wisdom contained in Darwin's amusing little work on evolution. They improved their product so that even an expert clothing man could not tell the difference between a made-to-measure suit and one of the modern hand-me-downs.

Not content with keeping to themselves the knowledge that they were making clothes

of the ready-to-wear kind much cheaper—and oftentimes better—than the merchant tailor, these ready-to-wear fellows began talking to millions through the magazines and newspapers.

The natural result was that the advertised goods speedily became so popular that the made-to-measure tailors began to wonder what they would have to do in order to keep the proverbial wolf from raising a rumpus outside their doors.

They first tried to ignore the ready-to-wear advertisements. But this action did not affect the manufacture of ready-to-wear clothes to any alarming extent.

Now they are fighting advertising with advertising.

The Chicago tailors, so we are told, rounded up a neat little fund of ten thousand dollars and engaged Herbert Kaufmann to conduct an advertising campaign in the city dailies. Kaufmann, unquestionably one of the brainiest men in the ad writing game, did such excellent work that the advertisers have already discovered the value of wise publicity.

The result of all this is, in the last analysis, the rendering of better service to the public. Modern advertisements must tell the truth, and when a tailor promises quality goods he must make good.

Thus we have the tailors of both varieties with all the work they can handle, and we have the customers satisfied with better service.

Hoch der Advertising!

Fertilizing

IT is absolutely unfair to judge the value of advertising by the actual number of sales it makes. Advertising should be considered as an advance agent. It prepares for later sales.

Supposing the National Cash Register and the Burroughs Adding Machine companies did not spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in publicity. Wouldn't the salesmen of these institutions have a merry time selling their goods!

Supposing every representative of the N. C. R. had to start in with a lengthy explanation of the invention of the cash register, and then had to tell the complete story down to date, following that by the selling argument?

Do you think the N. C. R. would be the great institution it is today?

Not for a minute.

When an N. C. R. man enters a store and tells who he is, the merchant knows just what he has and how good it is. Few merchants ever doubt the value of a cash register. The only reason they have for objecting to buying is that they cannot afford to own one, or some other argument like that.

The value of the machine is seldom questioned.

And the reason is because the N. C. R. has spent millions in getting not only merchants, but everybody else who reads, acquainted with the value of cash registers.

It is the same with the Burroughs, although in a less degree because the N. C. R. has been *investing* money in publicity for a longer time.

Many an article will sell itself upon its merits. The cash register would have done that. So would the Burroughs. So would Tiffany's products. So would the Gillette razor, the Iver Johnson revolver.

But the business done by those companies today, had they not advertised, would be so small as to be unworthy of special attention.

The institution that advertises an article of merit is following the dictates of a law—the Law of Least Resistance. A fool will

work his way through a thorny thicket because a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, but a wise man will follow the line of least resistance which usually lies along the main-traveled road.

Many a manager worships before the god of personal solicitation. He prostrates himself so abjectly before this god that he cannot see that there are other gods which are well worth worshipping.

In ancient days it was the cheerful custom of the gentle folks who lived and loved and raised a rough-house in Egypt to worship many varieties of gods. In fact it is said that there flows through the veins of Heinz some Egyptian blood because he worships before 57 Varieties.

However this statement is only a side excursion.

The point I want to make is that most folks of today, who recognize the Law of Concentration and the Law of Economy, worship one God. We recognize that from him everything can be obtained. We do not believe in a Rain God, a Storm God, a God of Riches, a God of Sunshine.

We do believe in the relations of all things to one another, and all these to One Power.

In like manner the wise manager recognizes the value of Advertising and Personal Solicitation and worships both as one Business Builder.

JUST DON'T

C. L. Armstrong

Do you feel you'd like to quit? Don't!

Get to feeling you don't fit? Don't!

Do you want to yell "all-in"?

Cause your wind's a little thin

And you think you'll never win?

DON'T

There's a kick you want to make? Don't!

There's a head you want to break? Don't!

Do you feel you want to whine

Like a genuine canine

And send blue streaks down the line?

WELL DON'T

When you see a chance to duck, Don't!

When you want to chuck your luck, Don't!

Keep right on without a stop

And you'll sure show up on top,

If, just when you want to flop,

YOU DON'T.

On Circular Advertising

BY SEYMOUR EATON

Text: A fool's voice is known by multitude of words.—Eccl. 5:3

IT was Josh Billings who made the remark that he didn't care how much a man said so long as he said it in a few words.

To say a lot in a few words, to say it cleverly, and to leave the impression of a lot more, just as good, unsaid, is the whole secret of "copy writing" in advertising; and if it is to be in the form of a circular the next important thing is the printing.

I could write six sermons on printing and make each too "swearly" to publish. The average printer is a blacksmith. Old Caxton could beat him all around the berry patch. The only way to get results is to stand over your printer with a club, smash every tradition of his office, and then reset the stuff yourself. If I were as muscular as I am tall there would be fewer printers and not so many vacant cemetery lots.

But even in printing there is a certain fitness of things which is important. To advertise an auction sale you don't need to make your printing as dainty as a wedding invitation.

Get Good Printing

Be sparing, too, in the use of color; red, for instance. A little touch of red usually adds to the general effect; but leave the selection to your printer and he will make your circular look like a fourth of July picnic wagon. He doesn't know any better.

The very choicest examples of poor advertising copy miserably printed are issued from the advertising departments of daily newspapers and magazines; underscore newspapers; by the very people who are soliciting your business and submitting figures to prove that they have the greatest advertising medium that ever happened. If they escape a railroad wreck enroute these ugly billboard circulars are usually folded up in such a new fangled way as to make it necessary to tear them to pieces to get at their internals.

But after all, the proof of the pudding is the digestion. I have seen circulars which you and I would call "rotten" produce im-

mensely successful results. It is a mistake to work off grand opera upon people who prefer rag time; but rag time is short-lived. When it's dead it's awfully dead.

The best circular in the world unread isn't worth a picayune. It doesn't even produce sympathy for the loss of the money invested.

A new idea is created, planted, shoots up its head above the clay, attracts the world's attention, reaches the full bloom of perfection; then the chilling frost.

Shun perfection as you would bankruptcy.

People don't like perfection; they are more interested in growth towards perfection. Never make your business or your service or your advertising so good that it can't be improved.

A Paying Mistake

I know whereof I speak. I established a business a few years ago which reached perfection almost "over night." The people who make newspapers and magazines and books and the thousand and one other things which appeal to our sense of appreciation must keep right on making better newspapers and better magazines or retire from the field; not on account of competition but on account of the overwhelming insistence of the American people in demanding something better than they had yesterday; and at yesterday's price.

They whom the gods love die young.

Some months ago I had occasion to send a circular letter to a number of carefully selected addresses. The replies were few. The letter was a failure. I used a brief follow-up letter to find out why the first shot didn't hit. By some mistake on the part of the clerks who were sending out this follow-up letter they sent a thousand to people who never got the first letter. This led to a discovery. It was the follow-up letter I should have sent first. Nearly every mother's son of those who got the follow-up letter by accident replied to complain that they never got the first letter and they seemed dead anxious to know what it was all about.

This illustrates an important rule which is everlastingly true: never spring a big advertisement upon anybody unexpectedly.

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In the newspaper advertising which I have done I have made it an invariable rule to lead up by two or three nicely graded steps to the important announcement to be made. People take a certain pleasure out of anticipation. They enjoy their dinner all the more if they have been anxiously waiting to hear the gong. But if you open up your morning newspaper and find blazed forth in big headlines the advertisement of something startlingly new you are stunned rather than interested. If, however, for two or three days you have been looking for this announcement and each day getting a little more curious about it you get yourself keyed up in anticipation and then if the announcement is even better than you had imagined you surrender in a body. I have never failed in this kind of campaign to produce the most satisfactory results.

The principle is the same in the use of circulars. If I wished to make circulars effective I should first take the entire list of names and write a brief personal note asking permission to send the circular or in some way or other make an initial impression which would bring out a request. One thousand actual enquiries are worth a hundred thousand names at which you simply throw your stuff.

A pessimist is a man who has to live with an optimist.

Nine times out of ten the two characters are combined in the advertiser. The optimist plans the campaign, has great faith in the goods, authorizes the appropriation. The pessimist orders the copy and looks after the printing. The optimist approves the blanket expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars. The pessimist cuts down the grade of envelope to be used from \$1.15 to 90 cents; and grumbles because the artist who made a series of six pictures charges a hundred dollars for the lot. But it is all the same man; a double personality. You know him. As a pessimist he is a dum fool.

Don't pay the United States government two cents for carrying a letter or a circular worth less than two cents.

Foolish Economy

THE average advertiser shaves off 15 cents per M. on envelopes, a quarter of a cent a pound on paper and beats down the printer in price so that he is obliged to use a 30-cent ink and by various other

economies get his material ready for \$6 a thousand. He will then pay the government \$20 for carrying his stingy, badly-printed, cheap-looking \$6 worth of stuff and pat himself on the back for being economical.

I can't tell you "how" in the matter of circular advertising. There isn't any universal "how." Each case requires a formula of its own.

The best general rule to follow is to have your stationery and your printing and the literature which goes out from your house in keeping with your goods and in harmony with the class of trade which you hope to secure.

You don't need a coat-of-arms engraved on your letter paper to sell five-cents-a-week life-insurance.

Let me finish with another Irish story: Pat was a sailor. His ship put in for repairs at a little port along the South Carolina coast. During the evening Pat drifted into a little colored church in the town and sat near the door. A revival service was at top heat. It was all more or less of a mystery to Pat who had spent his life at sea. The colored clergyman asked everybody to stand and then requested the sheep to line up on one side and the goats on the other. The sheep were many. The goats were few. Pat remained seated. Finally the clergyman said, "Will de good brothah at de doah please decide as to his heahaftah?" Pat stood up and in a stammering way said, "Begorra, I din' know the game but just to see it played I'll be a goat."

The preacher has done his best in this series of sermons to instruct his congregation intelligently; to point out the narrow way to a more successful "heahaftah;" to draw a clearly defined line between the sheep and the goats; but if he has failed to make his meaning clear to the green-horn at the door his closing word of caution is, "Don't be a goat just to see the advertising game played."

Sortie

ALIE is an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble.

This is a child's definition but it will serve as a text for a few closing paragraphs.

A lie well told is believed almost as readily as a truth. The teller must believe in

himself; that is to say, in his ability to lie successfully. His animation and enthusiasm and self-confidence must be the genuine article. A strong personality can add a heavenly halo to a very ordinary hobo lie.

The average advertiser doesn't mean to lie; that is in a deliberate sense; but he is knowingly reckless in the use of the truth which amounts to about the same thing.

All conventional life is more or less sham; as spotted with hypocrisy as a child with measles. Everyday speech is saturated with exaggeration. The honest advertiser must square himself with conditions. If he tells the plain blunt kind of truth that-mother-used-to-make he fails to draw the trade. His competitor across the street lies so entertainingly that he packs his aisles daily with shoppers.

But it isn't the truth which repels in the one case or the lies which attract in the other. There is a deeper reason. Dignity and honesty are not synonymous. Don't clothe your honesty with so much dignity that you make it look like a hypocrite. Strip truth to the pelt and then watch the crowd.

It was the late Sam Jones who said that the most dignified thing in the world is a corpse. You and I know beautifully dignified and exclusive stores that charge \$10 for what cost them \$4.98 and other plain everyday working-men's shops which charge \$4.98 for what they advertise as actually worth \$10. The self righteous Pharisee cheats by overcharging and the Publican and Sinner lies and gives good value for the money.

But apart entirely from the question of ethics does it pay to lie?

I say no; positively no. Truth can be made far more entertaining than falsehood. But the advertising must be intelligible to the people; written in terms which they can understand. A bargain-counter advertisement is not intended to be analyzed and parsed. It is simply shop language which is intended to convey certain impressions of quality and price; and nine times out of ten these impressions as they are lodged in the lay mind become actual truths. The adjectives and comparisons and prices are nothing more nor less than the necessary nomenclature of the advertising.

The end often justifies the means. The shop which considers the customer first and itself second; the customer's need; the cus-

tomers' limited purse, the customer's ignorance of goods; and then gives "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over;" that shop holds the crowd; that shop knows how to advertise; that shop deserves to win.

Don't be afraid to call a spade a spade. Be four square with all the angles right-angles.

If the goods are shoddy advertise them as shoddy, give good shoddy measure, and charge shoddy prices. There are tens of thousands of people who prefer shoddy; prefer to eat it, to wear it, to be entertained by it.

"With the same measure ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Exclusive Element in Advertising

Text: Among all this people there were chosen seven hundred men left-handed; every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss.—Judges 20:16.

THOSE southpaws were dandies. We have a chosen four hundred; dandies also.

Any advertiser who knows the trick is safe in taking a shy at them with one hand tied behind his back.

To be a chosen people clothed in purple and fine linen; to bask in the sunshine of wealth, or of aristocracy, or of fame; to eat where it eats, to drink what it drinks, to wear what it wears, to buy where it buys, to talk what it talks, to dress your poodle dog with what it dresses its poodle dog; to be somebody exclusive even one or two removed or second-hand; that is greatness.

People pay big money for greatness; even for the varnish or veneer.

Here it is that advertising which requires thought is sure to fail. These exclusive people are incapable of thinking. You don't need to put salt on their tails. They follow a leader like a lot of sheep. Your business as an advertiser is to capture the leader; the bellwether of the set. The rest is easy. The others will pay for the privilege of standing in line.

But this spirit which is so effervescent in the "smart set" class is not confined wholly to that class. It is inherent in all human nature. The club with a limited membership has a waiting list while the institution

which is open to everyone gives bargains and chromos to corral the people. If the churches would make membership limited and exclusive they would multiply largely their prosperity; certainly their membership; perhaps their usefulness. People don't like to have things thrown at them; not even religion.

The Gaming Spirit

There is in humanity a gaming spirit, a relic perhaps of prehistoric days, which takes on various forms: in some the tendency to gamble or speculate; in others the desire to win in sport or in art or in literature or in business; and in all of us, more or less, the insatiable longing to stand in high places where we can look upon the envious or approving upturned faces of the crowd.

The successful advertiser, whether he knows it or not, is an interpreter of human nature. He must know the point of view of the people he desires to hit and then pull his bow and direct his arrow accordingly.

I talked to you in Sermon No. 3 about the personality of the enterprise; the living soul within which compels public attention. My subject is now the personality of the customer; the point of view of those who buy; a study of those elements of human nature which balance the equation; making a successful advertiser on the one hand and an eager customer on the other.

Human nature has not differed for six thousand years; but the point of view is constantly changing.

If the people remained the same; if business conditions remained the same; if education and society and the weather remained the same, then the advertising of last year would apply this year. But it doesn't. The point of view is different. We are in a continuous turmoil of change. The successful advertiser must live right up even with the clock. An advertisement that made a big hit last year may fall flat and dead this year. There is in everything a fulness of time; a season when the fruit is ripe; periods when all conditions seem to lend themselves

to success. The advertiser must have discernment sharp enough and vision clear enough to know the year and the month and the day of the month in which the people are not only living, but in which they are thinking.

The Independent Halo

A few summers ago with a friend I visited Guinness' Brewery, which is one of the show places of Dublin. We had to make application to some official to get cards of admission. Upon these cards it was stated that under no circumstances whatever were gratuities of any kind to be given to the guides. When we entered the gate a good-natured Irish guide was delegated by the lodge-keeper to show us over the place. He was particularly interesting and obliging. When we returned to the gate, we felt like giving Pat a good-sized tip, but, of course, were anxious not to get him into any trouble with his employers. My friend showed Pat the card and asked him if it really meant what it said. "Begorra," said Pat, "that's only to remind ye of it."

This story is a case in point: an illustration of negative advertising. The moment you put up the bars and say "don't" then it is that people want to climb. The sweetest apples in your neighbor's orchard are those on the tree nearest the dog.

Make goods or entertainment or social position hard to obtain or scarce in amount and then it is that people fall over each other in the mad rush to see somebody else get left; mark you, not so much to win out themselves as to attract the envy or approval or admiration of others.

The newspaper or magazine which maintains an absolute unbreakable advertising rate commands the largest patronage. The spirit of independence creates confidence. To coax the customer is to discount the value of your goods.

There are business houses in every city whose name is their most valuable asset. The halo shed by the jewel out of a Tiffany box is in reality the lustre of exclusiveness which is felt by the wearer.

The germ of each positive quality exists in every normal individual and is capable of development to a marked degree.—*A. F. Sheldon.*



Business is (Not) Business

BY RAY G. EDWARDS

BUSINESS is human energy applied to the creation and distribution of materials for human happiness. Ever think of it that way?

It was a mistake of the nineteenth century to immoderately honor the three "learned" professions—ignoring the 473 arts, professions and sciences of business. And while the latter have made mistakes, and may not always be "exact" and scientific, they have made no more farcical errors, nor contributed more to the comedy of life, than have the sciences associated in our minds with colleges, text books, gold mounted canes, low-cut coats and high-cut hats.

These necessities of the "dignified" professions have never been on good speaking terms with the business man—which is nothing against him, however. He has not been opposed to books and education, but has been too busy to consent to quitting work and being a drag on someone else while the refining process was going on.

Instead of being useless in order to learn how to be useful, he got busy in the business world—and who says he did not learn more than his bookish brother, who studied law, theology or medicine?

The New Science

There is something peculiar about the science of business; it is the culmination of the other sciences. In the last twenty-five years we have revised each one in turn—we might call this the age of revised sciences—of mental, spiritual and physical awakening.

Until the spiritual awakening was well under way and the sun shone clear above the horizon, there was sure profit and no danger

of disgrace in duplicity, deception, small bushels, light pounds, narrow yards, wide margins, and colors that remained in the wash tub. The spiritual awakening changed all this by teaching that love of our neighbors and duty to all humanity is about as good a preparation for the future—also for next year's business—as mortal man can devise. Successful men are following this plan.

Until the physical awakening, stale air diseases, stale water diseases, stale food diseases were accepted as natural and unavoidable, while one continuous stream of poisons, patent medicines, and intoxicants were poured down humanity's throat without protest, in an effort to relieve pain or induce happiness.

Until the mental awakening disease, distress, damnation, poverty, more work for the workers, more wealth for the idler, seemed saddled upon civilization for all time—and were accounted for by the old dignified professions on what was considered strong evidence.

A Species of Theft

We are learning that all this was wrong. Analysis of the problems involved resulted in the revised sciences (to fit the facts), and made possible, finally, the attuning of these deductions to the practical work of business, which, as we have said, is the application of human energy to the creation and distribution of materials for human happiness.

Previous to the awakening it was hard for man to see that creation of goods—making or manufacturing—was not primarily for the purpose of having something to sell; of doubtful utility, quality, weight, size, strength

or value. Or that distribution was for any other purpose than to fill money bags in the least possible time, without regard to the right, need, desire, or happiness of purchasers.

These conditions in business were part of the evolution from still darker epochs, when outright theft—unrefined—and war between clans, tribes and nations, were the approved methods for distributing and collecting wealth. In those early hours of civilization's day, and because the sciences were even then tending in a wrong direction, man got on a spur line leading from the straight path of progress. This led him to the illogical belief that, since life demands food, clothing and shelter, there would be greater happiness in the possession of great quantities of these things. Hence the innumerable dark ages of war and theft, divided by short periods when the light glimmered through.

Why Rob Relatives?

As the light became clearer men saw that they were nearly alike; all wore noses, two eyes, a mouth, were bipeds, and differed from all other animals. Perhaps they were related! All one big family! No man robbed his wife or children! Why should he rob his cousins, or second cousins, or anybody? So he tried to restrain (though it was hard) the thieving, warring habits, and did not seek opportunities to collect wealth and happiness by force—at least not by such unrefined methods.

It was only when the recent awakening had more fully illumined men's minds that it was possible to formulate a real science of business, a system of manufacture into which men could put honesty, love, duty, character, expression of self—making the creation of wealth a fine art—and then a system of distribution that considers the buyer's welfare and happiness.

In the first period of wealth distribution the initiative was taken by the party who wanted the goods—and he got them by force of arms. Simply appropriate the wares in a way unbecoming a gentleman. No "by your leave;" not even a passing of the time of day—in fact, night suited him just as well. No sense of injustice, no feeling of love, no reasoning as to duty, arose as an inconvenient barrier between him and that which he sought. All outside the

family and tribe were heathen, without rights. Man was in a stage of development where love and duty to family and tribe were impossible without hatred of all outsiders.

Just for Fun

After playing at this game for some thousands of years a better plan was contrived—and this not very long ago, so that the first plan has not entirely disappeared yet, among barbarians and some others.

The more enlightened, however, began to see that the owners of goods should be consulted as to their pleasure in disposing of wealth, and then the second period of distribution was inaugurated. Initiative now came from the one in possession instead of from he who desired possession. It reduced friction to a considerable extent, but not altogether. For instance, the love and duty were recognized as extending beyond the family, tribe and nation, there were no fine points of ethics to prevent rarefying the milk, weighing the pail with the butter, packing crates and barrels so the best fruit would not get mashed in the center, and—well, a few more games we used to play on each other, just for fun. And it was fun, too—half the time. And when we were not having fun the other party to the transaction was; so what's the difference?

Partnership in India

In Calcutta the high cast Brahmin merchants do not trust even their partners. The first partner to reach the shop or bazaar in the morning unlocks one lock on the door but cannot enter until the other partners arrive. Each one brings his key and applies it to a different lock. Five locks on a door indicate five partners, each distrustful of the others.

We have now reached the third period of wealth creation and distribution. It differs from the preceding periods in exact degree as the old sciences have been improved upon by the revised sciences. In the first period, desire for possession, and a strong right arm, were sufficient to convey ownership. In the second period, desire to dispose of necessities and luxuries for "consideration" was the game—no "consideration" of the rights of the buyer. Over-sell him, sell him what he cannot use, and what is useless, it's all the same. Misrepresent in size, weight,

length, breadth, thickness, quality, value, anything, and everything, for profit.

Now the third period. Business reduced to a science, equal consideration of both buyer and seller. In fact, the old meaning of the words "buyer" and "seller" have lost their meaning or significance. You see,

"business is (not) business"—for the more enlightened. Business is human energy applied to the creation and distribution of materials for human happiness. Of course, you may not be in, or of, this third period—then the joke is on you. Your method is that of the past.

Cheer Up!

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

"In the mud and scum o' things,
Sumthin' always, always sings."
—Mrs. Wiggs.

HOW true! In the mud and scum of things—down in the blackest depths of despair that we can reach—there is always the possibility of something singing—singing a song of Hope, of Cheer, of Encouragement. Some people don't try to make it sing, won't let it sing, in fact. But it is there and will sing if encouraged to do so.

No matter how dark and forbidding the clouds that hang over you; no matter how utterly hopeless your condition and your environment may be, encourage the inner consciousness of the "sun that is shining behind those clouds" and the Hope which lingers about that suggestion will spur you on to efforts to overcome your hopelessness and give you the energy to yearn, to strive, to reach for better things.

Were it not for Hope, most of us would give up life's race now, and settle down to a state of indifference bordering on melancholia. But Success—that elusive something which seems always to be a little beyond our grasp—is the magnet that draws us on, and, backed by Hope and Desire, is the goal we are struggling to attain.

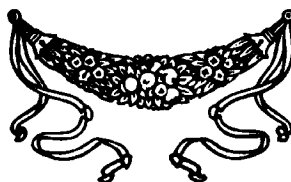
"The blues" are nothing more nor less than a temporary state of dejection and low-spiritedness that can often be routed and put to flight by a little effort and a forced smile. They are often occasioned

by an imaginary wrong or exaggerated evil—our greatest troubles are those that never happen.

Don't be pessimistic, whatever you are. The pessimist is a bore to himself and a disgusting, sour-minded somebody to his associates. Pessimism may be a disease, but it is not necessarily incurable. Be big enough to recognize it as a dis-ease and then cure it by the sunlight of optimistic suggestion.

There is nothing in pessimism. The man who continually refuses to see the sunlight; who always mopes in the shadows; who knows no love, no charity, no good will toward his fellow-men—Oh! what a miserable existence must be his! God gives us sorrows to offset our joys—tears to act as a check upon our mirth—but He doesn't intend the tears to last always nor the sorrows to make us confirmed mourners.

Cheer up! Smile! Be merry! Cast your troubles out of your heart—throw them into the well of forgetfulness and forget to preserve the key. Meet your fellow-man with a kind word and a firm grasp of the hand—pat him on the back and give him the words of advice and encouragement for which his heart is probably longing—be natural—be yourself—don't let the monster Hate enter into your thoughts—and you will find that life is more full of roses than of thorns and that you are nobler, better, happier for the words of cheer on your lips and the sunshine in your soul.





Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

There were two stores in the town. One was a big success. The proprietor lived in a big house on the boulevard, while the owner of the other store lived in a little cottage on a side street. The man who lived on the side

Cheating the Hammer street did not live there from choice. He had to. He really wanted to own a big place and go to business in an automobile.

But his business wouldn't permit it. His business—well, it wasn't much of a business. He just managed to make a living, and the living he made was nothing to brag about. He never was referred to by fond parents as a man whom their children should emulate. But the man who lived on the boulevard was able to make a big splurge in the affairs of the city. He was prosperous and acted the part. His store was no larger than the other, but, for some reason or other not known to the side-street man, more business was done. Anyhow the profits were greater. Finally the side-street man took counsel with himself. Said he: "I started in business the same time Jones did. Our stores have always been much alike. Personally I am liked as well as he. But I can't make profits. There must be something wrong with my methods of conducting this store. If I want to stay in business I will have to discover what the leak is and how it can be stopped." Then he took counsel with a business expert. The expert offered to act as business counsel for a year for \$500. The man would not have objected to paying a lawyer that much as a retainer. But this business expert case made him pause. However, the case was desperate and he felt he might as well sink \$500 that way as in any other, since the business was bound to fail. The business expert came to the store and observed. He didn't say much for a day or so. He just watched. He studied the books and bills and learned all about the old methods. Finally came his report. "Do just what I tell you to do when I tell you to do it," he said to the store keeper, "and you'll come through in fine shape. Mind, now, I want absolute obedience, and I want it without any changes." To sum it all up, the merchant did as he was told. The expert introduced a new system, made some radical changes, let some of the old clerks go, hired new ones, told the merchant when to buy and how much to buy and where to buy, and a lot of other things like that. The result was that *in one year* the business was running successfully, and before five years had gone by Mr.

Side Street lived on the boulevard. There are hundreds of business houses in such condition today that they need the services of a business-building expert in order to cheat the hammer of the auctioneer, yet their owners, afflicted with knowitallitis, or burdened with a foolish pride, continue to live on the side-street of Success Town when they might just as well live on the boulevard.

* * *

Stating the thing broadly, the human individual usually lives far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum.

—William James.

* * *

The octopus has his eyes in the top of his head. At least that is what a fellow who claims to have at least a bowing acquaintance with natural history tells me.

The Octopus Mr. Octopus, when on parade, sends out his tentacles in advance in order to feel the way. He moves slowly and carefully, choosing the right road. He can't see ahead, any more than I can when engaged in the edifying game of blind-man's buff. He just feels his way along. If he rushed forward the chances are he would soon have to go to the Octopi Hospital, or else would get into such condition that his neighbors would look at him and murmur: "How natural he looks." But can you see the lesson in this! The poet, you know, tells us about sermons in stones and something else in running brooks. But it is up to me to tell about this lesson to be gotten from the much maligned octopus. There are business institutions which never feel their way, or else they send out a feeler about one month into the future and on what they discover in that time they construct a plan which is destined to stand until the rock of Gibraltar floats off on the ocean waves, or until the angels play "Bedelia" on the last day—whenever that is. And that is why the newspapers daily offer us tales of failure. If heads of business concerns would only be content with a steady journey toward success, and did not insist on rushing along like a homeless comet, the angel who keeps a record of those who fail would not have to employ a night force of expert accountants. Many business houses are on the road that leads to Success, but they are going in the wrong direction. Americans are criticized because they waste so much energy in dashing hither and thither. They are like the English sparrows that seem to dash about aimlessly, or the swallows that shoot off in one direction, then off in another, then make a circle before getting into their chimney. There aren't enough business men who act like that noble old bird, the eagle, that soars high above the ground, poised perfectly, his eyes open, watching—watching with keen eyes for its prey. And when it sees what it wants it shoots straight for that object and gets it. The eagle seldom fails. And when it does fail it does not scurry about like a cackling hen that thinks it necessary to advertise the laying of an egg. It soars upward once more and stays there poised, ready to pounce at the psychological moment. Now that I have mixed up the animals and the birds in this fashion I'll leave it to you to find the moral.

Our colleges turn out Doctors of Law, Doctors of Divinity, and fifty-seven other varieties. But they have not yet reached a point where they confer the degree of Doctor of Business. Of course the time when they will confer degrees of this kind is just around the corner. Evolution, assisted by a few individuals, will take care of that. Men will soon receive a scientific business training. I believe that—a generation or so hence—no man will be allowed to engage in trade in a professional way until he can show credentials, any more than we allow a man to practice law or medicine without a diploma. When this day comes there will be no records showing that ninety-five per cent of those who engage in merchandizing fail to make a real success. Men then will not fail, because they will work according to business-building laws. The man who obeys the laws of health never takes his vacations in the hospital, and the man who obeys the laws of business never—as the Chinese say—“loses his face.” His reputation as a business man always stands at par. It was not so many years ago that many men—apparently wise men—held that a man’s failure or success in trade was a matter of luck. But it isn’t. There’s always a cause behind an effect. As Post says, “There’s a reason.” The changes that have taken place in the business world of late years are evidenced by the commercial departments which have been added to the big colleges and universities. Of course these departments have not evolved to the highest point of efficiency yet, but they are on the way. They still persist in dealing with things instead of individuals. But, perhaps a year or so from today, they will awaken to the fact that in business building the man-building feature is most important, and they will not neglect the personal element in business training as they are doing today.

* * *

*If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast, its splendor, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.*
 —Browning.

* * *

The value of a man to an institution depends wholly upon the service he renders that institution. No man should be hired, or retained after he has been tested, who does not do efficient work. I have said many times before, and when I said it I only quoted men who have been dead thousands of years, that the greatest man is he who renders the greatest service to the greatest number. The greatest religion in the world is the religion of service. The test of a man is: What service can he render? What can he do? No wise sales manager keeps on his force of hustlers a man who is not a salesman. And a salesman—if you have forgotten—is a man who sells goods for profit. The man who sells goods, sells them at a profit, and sells them so that each customer is a link in an endless chain for the bringing of more customers, is not kept because he is a good fellow, or because he and the boss went in swimming together in Riley’s ol’ swimmin’ hole. He holds his job because he sells goods for a profit. He holds his job because he renders efficient service. He pays his own way. He is no charity child. It seems to me that

the man who takes money and fails to earn it is a parasite. And there are thousands and thousands of parasites in the business world. There are bookkeepers who are retained because they have been with the house a long time, or for a dozen other reasons of like weight. Inefficient stenographers are retained because—let's end it with the woman's reason: Because. I may be wandering around in darkness, or I may be blind, but it appears to me that he who remains in a position which he fills in a way that causes the house to lose money, or render less efficient service to the public, is no better than those slimy, sticky bloodsuckers that annex themselves to us once in a while when we go in swimming. The leech in business is a luxury that few institutions can afford.

* * *

*When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be;
We'll do the little we can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.*

—Whittier.

* * *

I believe that when a man ceases to be of service to a business institution, he should be no longer retained. I do not believe in pensioners being kept in positions merely because of their faithfulness in the past. It isn't fair. It isn't square to the institution. And the institution must come first. I do believe in pensions, but I most strenuously object to pensioners clogging up the machinery of an institution which they have served. If they have rendered efficient service in the past, if they have given the best years of their life to the business and have been unable, for any reason whatsoever, except absolute dissipation, to save money for the proverbial rainy day, they should be given enough money to afford them the necessities of life. A fund should be created for this purpose and the money required for this fund should be appropriated each year and charged to expenses, just as money for running the office, insurance, light, etc., is appropriated. Into the places of those who fail to render the most efficient service should go men who are capable of producing more. These new men will produce enough more than their salaries to enable the stockholders to have a profit, even after paying money to pensioners. And there should be no disgrace attached to the pensioner. He is a man who has served faithfully and long. He has done his best—at least he has done so well that the institution in justice cannot turn him away. But his days of productiveness—profitable productiveness—are over, and justice to the many demands that he yield up his place to another. I know of an institution whose manager is paying a relative a comfortable salary each week, although a better man for the place could be hired for much less money. In the same institution another young man holds a position because he tried to make good elsewhere and failed, and the manager took him back to please a family friend, whereas the young man should have been given a backbone stiffening talk and sent out to earn his bread by honest work. This manager thinks he is magnanimous. But he isn't. He is cheating the stockholders of his company, and his institution is rendering the public poorer service than it would if managed in a business-like

manner. After thinking about several other institutions whose managers work under this system I understand why Justice is pictured with a bandage over her eyes.

* * *

*It was only a glad "Good morning!"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.*

—Carlotta Perry.

* * *

"How did you ever learn to become a business systematizer?" I asked a lawyer man one day. "You never ran any business for yourself, except your law office. Yet here you are posing as a business expert. Tell **The Lawyer in Business** me about it." "It won't take long to do that," he answered. "For fifteen years I have been attorney for various business enterprises. I have had all kinds. Some of them have failed; others have become great successes. When the business of one of my clients failed, I was called in to straighten things out. I had to go through the books and other records. In studying these things I learned to read the story of the failure. I saw the places where the profits had leaked away. I discovered where the management had been bad. I found the wastes. This work I did many times. I also sat at meetings of the boards of directors of successful institutions. I heard discussions about business that taught me much. When a given policy was abandoned I learned why it was abandoned. When a change was made I learned why that change was made. When a new thing was proposed I heard the talk pro and con, and I then watched the testing of that new thing. Well, you can see that a fellow would have to be the densest kind of a fool to escape learning a few things about business in the course of fifteen years of experience of that nature."

* * *

If you create something, you must be something.

—Goethe

* * *

Many American firms carry on a big business with Latin-American countries, even though we are told that England and Germany have the bulk of the trade. **Learning Foreign Languages** But one of the significant facts brought out by our consuls in their investigations of trade conditions is that the majority of the salesmen for American houses are foreigners. And the reason is: American salesmen have never learned Spanish, or at least an insufficient number has. We are told by one of our national representatives in Mexico that "the young man turning toward Mexico for employment will be disappointed unless he possesses qualifications entitling him to consideration. The young man coming here from other countries is usually either well prepared or applies himself studiously to mastering the language and work in hand. I know personally of American firms whose help is drawn entirely from Europe . . . The country wants prepared men who can do a definite task, and who have the linguistic preparation to deal with the people in their own tongue." In

addition to the regular languages which are recognized commercially today, it is very possible that the new language of Esperanto will be added. Its advocates desire this to be the universal tongue. Whether they will succeed or not is problematical, but it is certain that those who speak it are constantly growing in number and in strength. The greatest value the language possesses, say those who know, is its simplicity. It is certain that the man with his eye on a job in a foreign country had best learn that country's language. He can well afford to give Latin and Greek and Hebrew absent treatment in order to learn a language which he can use in earning his daily bread.

* * *

I wish you ever wel, and ever prospering to a greater and greater height.

—Dickens

* * *

There came to this country a month or so ago a party of Welsh singers. They were not professional vocalists. In their own country they were miners—men who spent the greater part of their lives below the ground, away from the sunshine and the beauties of the world. Yet these men, **Singing Together** as they sang in the great churches of the northwest, sang songs which thrilled the hearts of their hearers like great organ chords. They sang from the heart. Their souls were in their work. They sang, not for pay, but for the love of singing. "There was not one solo singer among the entire Welsh party who rose far above mediocrity in the quality or power of his voice. Equally good singers, individually, might be selected from any ordinary church choir, while the usual quartet, which inflicts its dismal and discordant selections upon a patient audience in America, could probably sing better individually," says William C. Edgar in *The Bellman*. "The difference comes in the beautiful harmony of the whole, which blends into the unison of one great vocal instrument, rising and falling, swelling and diminishing in response to the slightest gesture of the director's finger. He does not even find it necessary to flourish a baton to get the results he desires."

* * *

It seems to me that the workers in a business institution should be like the Welsh singers. They should work for the love of the work, and when the institution receives the applause of the many, no individual should take it as individual tribute. **Business Singers** It seems to me, too, that the leader should have men working for him who are able to work so in harmony that he "does not even find it necessary to flourish a baton in order to get the results he desires." Of course the leader, in justice to himself, and in justice to his employee, must place each employee in a position for which he is fitted. The Welsh choir leader would not expect to get results from a tenor whom he had ordered to sing bass, nor would the bass singer add much to the harmony if ordered to sing tenor. It strikes me that many business institutions would be far more successful if each individual connected with them aimed to work according to the law of harmony, and if every executive studied his employees and placed each of them in positions where they could produce the greatest results, always encouraging them to train themselves so as to become more efficient.

All of us recognize that the only sin from which the world is suffering is Ignorance. And none of us doubt but that Wisdom is what we need in order to drive Ignorance away. But few of us are willing to pay the price.

Paying Teachers Without question, next to workers in sweatshops, and the child employees of southern cotton mills, there are no workers who receive lower wages for service rendered than do the teachers in the public schools of the land. In one of his recent reports, Superintendent Cooley of Chicago says, "Blacksmiths, foundry men and machinists have frequently been appointed at salaries ranging from \$1,200 to \$1,400, while teacher after teacher of academic subjects has refused to come to Chicago, after he has passed our examinations, because we are unable to offer him more than \$1,200." And in another report he says this: "The dearth of men teachers, not alone in the special departments, but in English, science, mathematics, and the other subjects of the regular high school course, is one of the most alarming consequences of our present insufficient salary schedules." The same cry comes from every other city in the country, while the country school teachers are no better off. The real brainy man cannot afford, looking at the matter from the standpoint of finances, to become a teacher. Rewards are greater in other lines. I personally know many young men who are teaching manual training because they love the work, but who could make double their present salaries if they went into manufacturing institutions with their knowledge. It is pure love for the work that keeps many brainy men in the teaching force of the nation. But, since the servant is worthy of his hire, the gospel of the square deal demands that the wages of efficient teachers be raised. This will have the effect of attracting better teachers, and when better teachers enter the field the inefficient teachers, whom the school boards are inflicting upon the pupils in many schools, will have to go.

* * *

Up to the point of efficiency, when one is learning a trade or profession, there is comparatively little joyousness in his labor, but with the consciousness of mastery, of thorough knowledge and aptness, comes a feeling of strength, of self-satisfaction, of superiority, which takes away all sense of drudgery, and makes the pursuit of one's occupation a source of constant delight.

—William Mathews.

* * *

"He came into my office like a gust of prairie wind," said a California business man to me one day, in talking about a man he once knew. "He told me he had just happened in from Portland where he had been sales manager for Blank & Company for six months. He didn't want anything of me, so he said, having just dropped in to pay a friendly visit. In the course of our talk he told me of the work he had been doing. He was enthusiastic, alert, alive, gingery. It was a pleasure to hear him talk about doing things. At times he would rise up from his chair and pound the table to emphasize his points. One listening to him would think he was trying to convert me to some faith without which it was certain I could never be saved. He told me one of the plans he had formulated for Blank & Company. It certainly was great. 'Fine, fine,' I said, 'that certainly is a hummer. How many thou-

sands of dollars did the house make on that?' He smiled and said, 'Listen to this.' And then he told me another better than the first. And then came a third. 'In heaven's name, man, tell me how many millions you made out of the last,' and I sat out on the edge of my chair, thinking that firm must have made enough to pay the national debt and still have enough to dig the Panama canal. He confessed to me that he had tried the first for a while. Had followed that with the second, and had ended up with the third—all within six months. Then I understood why he wasn't sales manager for Blank & Company. He had a great head for formulating plans. His constructive imagination was something to admire. But when it came to working even one plan he fell down seven flights of stairs into the basement. He couldn't push a plan. And the result of being weak in that spot kept him moving about without a permanent business home. He had energy, brains, enthusiasm, courage, endurance, and a whole lot of other good qualities, *but he wasn't a stickler*. He couldn't carry out a plan to its logical limit. He was meteoric. He flashed like powder, but as a permanent light he was no good."

* * *

*Thy Soul was like a star and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful Godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.*

—From Wordsworth's Sonnet on Milton

* * *

At a big meeting of merchants held for the purpose of learning about the latest success wrinkles in business, two representatives of firms manufacturing machines for simplifying office work appeared. Jones was scheduled to speak and show his machine first. He made a masterly talk. He showed just what his machine would do. He analyzed it thoroughly and then built up a selling talk that was a wonder. Brown, representing the rival machine, was expected to tell about his the next morning. He had been present at the talk given by Jones and he realized that he was up against it. He knew that he could not make a selling talk that even approached that of Jones. But he was persistent. At the home office he was recognized as the most brilliant man on the sales force. He seldom failed to make a sale. He was one of those keen, alert men of the win-whether-right-or-wrong type. When he went to his hotel that night he carried with him a small sledge hammer. What he used it for was made apparent the next day when, after making an introduction, he prepared to demonstrate what his machine would do. He punched down a lever and turned a crank. And nothing happened except a rattling that should come from no good machine. Brown tried another lever with the same result. He said nothing but deliberately took out a bunch of keys, opened his machine, looked at it a moment, and then, turning dramatically to his audience he pointed to his machine and said: "That, gentlemen, shows the kind of competition we run up against." The American is a natural sportsman and of course those merchants turned against Jones immediately. Brown won at the time. But, as murder will out, so the story of how the machine was wrecked also

worked out, for Brown had to tell his secret to other men of his house; and no one has been discovered with wisdom enough to compute even approximately the number of sales that one crooked act lost for Brown's house.

* * *

In the moral world there is nothing impossible if we bring a thorough will to do it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.

—Humboldt.

* * *

Advertising is getting cleaner and better. Advertisers have learned that they cannot afford to lie in print any more than they can afford to personally lie by word of mouth. Many manufacturers, whose advertising promised more than the manufacturers had been giving, have improved **Immoral Advertising** their product in order to hold the trade that advertising brought.

The house built on sand is safety personified compared with the firm whose advertisements are lies. Advertising men—perhaps the wisest specialists in the world—are not so bloodthirsty that they want to kill the goose that lays golden eggs, so they insist that all advertising must be true advertising. At a recent dinner given by The Sphinx Club, an organization of New York advertising men, Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, chief of the chemical bureau of the department of agriculture, said that all advertising which was not scrupulously honest is immoral. Dr. Wiley said: "The court of appeals of the District of Columbia has handed down a decision which is pregnant of the future. It deals with a trade mark, the advertising of which was false and misleading. The court said it would not protect any trade-mark about which false statements had been made. If a man puts the proper label on his article and then advertises falsely, the court will not protect that man in his trade-mark. I read the advertisements in the elevated and subway cars and on the platforms. Everywhere there are false, extravagant, misleading statements. Now, gentlemen, that's not advertising: *it's immorality*. American products do not need this misrepresentation. They have virtues enough to brag about and to test your skill at composition and still keep within the truth."

* * *

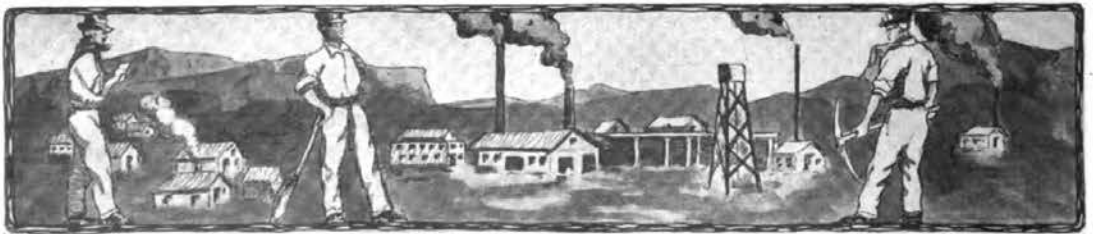
A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high created thoughts seated in the mind of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

* * *

Tom Johnson will have to die before he can receive full credit for the work he has done in Cleveland. Fame is much like insurance money in this. Tom Johnson, be it known, has lost his fortune of four million dollars. **Tom**: He lost this because he served his city better than he served **Johnson**: himself—selfishly considered. He was once money mad. All he cared for at that time was to earn money and enjoy life as a money-king. His wealth came to him as the result of special privileges backing up his own business ability. This he says himself, and surely he

ought to know. But a newsboy on the train placed one of Henry George's books in his hands. Having nothing else to do, Johnson read it. That book changed the current of his energies. Instead of fighting the battle for self alone, he began to study how he might help others. His work as mayor of Cleveland testifies to his change of heart. Johnson looks upon a city as a large family. He argues this way. Here is a family that owns its home. This house has the regular equipment of furniture and rooms. Supposing it was decided that one member of the family should have absolute control of the kitchen, another the sleeping apartments; another the dining-room; another the living-room, another the cellar. Supposing, too, that the one who owned the kitchen conducted it in such a way as to make an enormous personal profit. Supposing the others aimed to do the same. It is certain that in a war of this kind the strongest would win. Justice and common sense would have no chance. If all were of equal strength none would be better off than when the home was conducted in the ideal family manner—where all shared common things together, and where the personal rights of none were interfered with. Johnson saw the Cleveland street railway company making enormous profits. "Here is a public utility," says he. He studied the problem and found out just what charge should be made. The street car company refused to sacrifice its great profits. Then Johnson began his fight. He has won advantage after advantage, but while devoting all his time to the city his own private interests were allowed to suffer. It is said, even by those who do not always agree with Johnson, that "The Interests 'got' him." But that is not the point I desire to make. Is Johnson a member of the Down and Out Club? Not for a minute. Even with four million dollars swept away, and forced to move from his life-long home to a cottage, Tom Johnson is still on the firing line. "They tell me my enemies are planning to bring financial trouble upon me," he says. "I've been expecting it. There's one mistake I haven't made—that of failing to foresee the efforts of those who would like to destroy me if opportunity presented. My enemies are capable of doing that. One may expect nothing else from special privilege. However, I realize that any other set of men in the same circumstances would act the same. Let them do what they may. Let them make any attack upon me they choose, with whatever success, *and they will find me with a thousand fights left in me. I'll never give up. I'm well and strong and confident, and they'll always find me at the front.*"





Salesmen and Price Slashing

IT is seldom that an *experienced* salesman treats prices in a reckless manner. The most successful houses post their salesmen on the exact cost of their goods, and with this cost in hand, good salesmen will not abuse the privilege and confidence placed in them.

I am aware that some salesmen cannot be trusted with cost prices, particularly salesmen who sell both the jobbing and the retail trade.

Some salesmen are perfectly safe to trust with cost prices, while others abuse the privilege.

The average successful firm knows to a fraction the cost of its goods, and after having carefully calculated cost of selling, profit is added, and samples are placed in hands of the salesmen.

Naturally profits vary; groceries for instance, do not pay the same percentage of profit as jewelry. The profits on staple articles are made on the volume of sales.

Some houses experiment with "Leaders" meaning certain items priced close to cost, for the purpose of influencing trade on other goods. The sensible salesmen realizes at once that, his entire business must not consist of "Leaders," if so, his firm loses money. The thoughtless salesman will push "Leaders" to the exclusion of everything else, the result is, while showing a larger proportion of sales, his profit column leaves very little for the house.

Educated Salesmen

We hear considerable about "salesmen born" and "salesmen made." My personal experience is, while there may be salesmen apparently born to the work, the most successful ones have to be *educated*.

Many brilliant salesmen, seemingly born to the work, are a flash in the pan, here today and somewhere else tomorrow, while the so-called "made" salesman (who is oftentimes more or less of a plodder) is on deck, holding down his job at an increasing salary, from year to year.

The salesman whom the house has educated to its own particular line of goods, makes it his business to thoroughly understand the line which he is expected to sell. Every line has some peculiar points of merit which the salesman should thoroughly understand. These points the salesman naturally dwells upon and uses as argument when making sales. It is well too, to understand, even if only in a superficial way, the manner of manufacture from the crude material to the finished product.

He also maps out his territory, so as to enable him to work it in the cheapest and quickest way and posts himself thoroughly as to freight rates. He then selects the towns he expects to visit, also makes a list, in advance, of the best merchants, meaning those who are considered the best payers, and right here, it is in order to remark that there are salesmen, capable of selling the better class of trade, while others, make it their business to sell only the small stores, usually on the edge of the town.

Fail to Get the Cream

Seemingly they have not the courage to approach the best merchants. Being content with small orders, they fail to get the cream of the business which they might do if they also visited the better class of merchants.

An old hand at the business, it will be noticed, usually goes right from the train to

the big stores located around the station or postoffice. The other kind, lacking the necessary courage or having a saffron streak in their make up, begin at either end of the town and work toward the center, by which time they find that the busy merchant has placed his largest and best orders with the salesmen who "saw" him first; also he will *not* be found in as sweet a temper, later in the day, that he was in early in the morning. The lack-courage salesman therefore is not greeted with the same smile, but is curtly told, "nothing doing"—"full up," just "bought"—"next time," etc., etc.

Cutting of prices in 90 per cent of cases is unnecessary. The dealer does not expect it and is invariably suspicious of the price cutter. He (the dealer) feels that a cut in price means a cut in quality. He expects every firm that sells him to make a legitimate profit. Tell the dealer you are selling him at cost and he would not believe you.

We know salesmen who cannot get the same price twice. Each time they sell a customer, they feel they have to slice off something—this they do for several reasons; mainly,

They haven't the nerve to maintain prices, or else,

They wish to ingratiate themselves with the customer, even though they do so at the expense of the house's profit.

That sort of salesman knows nothing and cares less about the expense of doing business, and imagines all to be profit.

The Price Slasher

The salesman who calculates to a nicety, the profit which his house makes on each sale and thereupon proceeds to cut prices for fear his house will earn too much, can no more be called a salesman than a bird can be called a rabbit, and the sooner he is dispensed with, the better it is for the house. He is better suited to be chambermaid in a livery stable than as salesman. A territory covered by that kind of man is ruined, since no profit can ever be made out of it.

Competition keeps prices and profits down to a low figure and the house which would overcharge may do so for a while, but competition soon gets "next" to the fact, and uses that as an argument to sell their own goods, with the result, they either whip the high price house into line, or, drive it out of business altogether.

Dealers therefore are protected. Only the wild-cat house can afford to overcharge. That class sell a dealer only once, at a good stiff profit, (since they know they can never sell him again) while the legitimate house, handling a legitimate line of goods, knows well that it is easier to lose a customer than to gain one, hence their anxiety to handle customers properly and make prices, in line with competition.

Salesmen should realize that every firm has certain "fixed" expenses which they (the salesmen) are not in position to know much about.

Invariably, firms which go to the wall are the ones who got their business by underselling competitors. They seldom exist for long, unless they have some method for manufacturing cheaper than their competitors, which however, is seldom the case. Most manufacturers being up to date in their methods.

Fine Price Cutters

Many failures of recent years have been houses who did an immense business; a business gained by selling cheaper than others in the same line. The reason is plain; too many price cutting salesmen, whose excuse was "fierce competition, necessitating making lower prices."

Firms who allow that sort of men to control their sales department, will soon be subject to the bankruptcy courts.

Get "next" to the price cutters, take the cost of goods, include all fixed charges and expenses, then deduct same from the selling price. If the result shows a legitimate living profit, well and good, if not, the sooner you dispense with the services of such men and the quicker you change your methods, the better you will be off; if you don't, you will either be working for bare interest on your investment or else, stare ruin in the face.

You can't begin a business by price cutting with the hope of changing later on. Once you get the reputation of a "Cheap John" house, it is very difficult to get back into line again. Customers are wise. They will buy your "Leaders" and such goods as you sell cheaper than your competitors, but all things being equal, the dealer will give your competitors the preference because he has more confidence in them.

The question of profit lies not so much in the manufacturing department as it does in

the sales department. Watch the salesmen, we mean the price cutting salesmen, and we think you have discovered the real sore spot. The profits lie in the selling end of your business, which therefore has to be more closely watched than any other department—if the profits are not there, you can't exist. Size of plant, cheapness of manufacture, all go for naught, unless your goods are sold profitably.

The House to Blame

Salesmen are not always to blame—sometimes the house, eager for business, encourages salesmen to cut prices—"Get the business—get it anyway or anyhow" are the instructions issued. This means if it means anything, that the salesman is given a free hand. The habit once so started is not so easily broken.

Train your salesmen properly before you start them out—let them understand they are out for one thing only, viz., "profits," and discourage the cutting of prices. Better

keep your factory idle for a while, rather than sacrifice your principal and your profits. Once you spoil your salesmen, you will have the devil's own job to get them back into the straight path again.

Incidentally, it may not be amiss to mention to the "ambitious" salesmen, that the *profit maker* is the one who is promoted, who is oftentimes given an interest in the firm, or a good inside job whenever a proper opening occurs—usually the starter is "Sales Manager." A man who is a successful salesman himself as a rule knows how to educate others.

The price cutter and non-profit maker, is never considered for the place. They could not trust him with a position of responsibility. I wonder sometimes that the average salesman gives so little thought to this. Certainly each one has the desire to quit the road some day, and, having that in view, should endeavor to make his work such, so as to bring him under the notice of his employer.

A Century of Smoke

BY JAMES E. CLARK

ONE hundred nineteen years ago when Scotchman, explored the mighty river Alexander Mackenzie, a sturdy young in the Northwest of the American continent and gave to the stream his name, he saw along the banks for many miles great deposits of coal which were burning. These fires have never been extinguished. They are still burning, way off there in the undeveloped north, a region so great in extent that it is practically a new world.

How these fires were started is a query which opens the door to a world of conjecture, study and speculation and affords a fine field for fancy. Instinctively one thinks of the tremendous loss and waste caused by this fire which has burned for an unknown period. How many homes in the United States this would have warmed; what wheels it would have turned; what miles of streets it would have lighted when converted into electricity! What stranger phenomenon is there in the world than this great open fireplace up almost under the arctic circle! All over the world there are men and women

who suffer from the cold when the thermometer goes down while away there in the wilderness, separated from civilization and means of transportation by many miles, acres of coal are being destroyed with no hand to snatch a profit from the waste or to stem the tide of destruction. The wealth of a nation is turning to ashes while clouds of smoke hang over like mourning veils from the skies!

Waste of Mental Energy

It is indeed a great pity and a great loss, but here in the United States there is going to waste more energy than that of the coal fires along the Mackenzie river. On every farm, in every hamlet, village and city, there is going to waste, burning away to nothing, the mental energy of men and women which if combined and turned into one direction would make this great coal fire of the big river look like a bonfire beside a conflagration. East, west, north and south there is a waste of energy which ought to be put to some good use—to make the race happier

and the world better. Take for instance the average boy working at a trade, say plumbing. He is probably going along in the same old way that has been followed by unprogressive predecessors in that calling. He learns fairly well (by the ordinary standard) under the tutelage of the journeyman, does a lot of muscle work and a little of head work and may one day become a master workman and go on and perhaps get into business for himself. But at present he is wasting a lot of energy; or letting a lot of energy go to waste. The full powers of his mind are never upon his work. He watches the journeyman with poor attention and thinks of the pleasure of last night or the entertainment that he is going to attend tonight. The helper is learning a little by a very poorly developed sense of observation, and he is wasting a lot of mental energy by letting his attention go flip-flopping around from one point to another like a weather vane being spun about by the breezes. If we will take the trouble to watch a plumber's helper for a week we will perceive that (making due allowance for needful rest and recreation) he is letting a lot of energy go to waste. The evenings which might be spent in study, the odd times which might be spent in turning over in the mind the various problems of his calling from wiping a joint to estimating the cost of a job, all represent energy wasted. These odd times and his opportunities, and his undeveloped mental powers, constitute the young man's pile of coal and a lot of it is going up into smoke!

Next consider the men and women throughout this great continent who are in like manner (or in worse manner) letting their energy burn away, and the conclusion is unavoidable that the big fire up north does not need our tears as much as the destruction of energy and loss of opportunity that is going on at home! As far as we know this waste along the Mackenzie will never bring anyone to want, but the fires of youth that are all around us burning to waste will just as sure as the coming of old age bring bitter want to many. A thing can not be thrown away and also possessed.

A century of smoke and nothing accomplished! Perhaps several centuries but over one full century, a pillar of smoke, nothing more! There is today many a youth just

budding into manhood who if he lives to be a hundred and nineteen years will have after all as poor a record—a barren record—because the energy of all the years will have been turned to no account! It is not sufficient that we should live to get enough to eat, to drink and to provide ourselves with shelter. Mere animals do that! A man's coal pile—the energy of his body, the energy of his mind and the wonderful and unlimited possibilities of the intellect—were not given to him for nothing. There was a purpose in so endowing man and it is up to everyone to work out that problem by developing his mind to the utmost. To want to live long is instinct; to determine to live a life of great usefulness is *inspiration*, and raises man above the animal plane. Of what account is a life of a hundred years if the obituary can confer no greater distinction than numbering the days and telling where the old man spent them? One might as well measure the ashes along the Mackenzie. Each should so live that energy will be turned to good account; that his years will not be as smoke, gas and ashes. To learn how to make lives count we must first learn the value of time—not the future time, the next hour, the tomorrow, but *the now*. We know that the miles of coal fires along the Mackenzie are useless and we also know that a little bit of steady flame under a boiler will drive an engine and supply power for many purposes. The little coal or oil flame under the boiler, burning away constantly, is a fair example and illustration of what may be accomplished by using *this minute—the present*—getting energy out of each little bit of time as it is put into our hands—*putting energy into each little bit of time as it comes*. Each one has a tremendous lot of fuel (energy) and should burn it under the boiler of some *one* useful, honest desire. The change from one thing to another, or to work only now and then is childish and will do but little good because it is putting the fuel under first one boiler and then another; or is starting up the fire only to let it die out again.

The energy of the mind is developed by hard work with the mind in one direction. The more that is mastered of one subject the broader the view of life in all directions.

Don't let your life turn to smoke and ashes!

Graded Copy

FREDERICK W. PETTIT

IT is told of two men who met by the way-side that after some trivial conversation a dispute arose over the color of a barn in the distance. One declared that it was black while the other asserted with vehemence that it was blue; a wordy wrangle ensued and threatened to end in a conflict had not another wayfarer put in appearance. The dispute was referred to him, who declared that the color of the barn was light brown; neither being satisfied with this decision, it was resolved to see the barn at close range and the three sallied forth with that object in view, only to find on arrival that neither of them had been able to see the right color of the building, as it was painted—gray.

Even so does Truth become blurred on its way down into the minds of men and verily we see things through a glass darkly. It has been well said that things do not appear as they really are but are impressed in a variety of ways upon minds according to their general make-up. To one, there is a real joy in a masterpiece of painting, sculpture or classical music; to another they appear but daubs or noise. One sees beauty in early summer in Lincoln Park or in the rising sun across Lake Michigan, while another gathers in but a sweep of verdure or a red sphere in the sky.

Mind—mind—all is mind—even as a sage observed in passing the Straits of Messina that separate the island of Sicily from the Italian mainland. The view as one approaches the city of Messina is said to be one of the finest in the world, and the sage observed, "How Messina must thank my mind for having made her appear so beautiful." It is not what is but how it appears to us—a pithy point to be pondered over whether considering religious interpretation or advertising problems of the day.

Which raises the question whether advertising copy does not appeal in a vastly different manner to the multitude of minds that see it through the medium of the physical eye? And to go a step further, whether the graded copy will not be a factor in the advertising of the near-by future—a copy that will be written to ap-

peal to the various audiences before whom this great game of publicity is being played.

And why not? Is it not a natural outcome of the variety of phases in the human gamut of taste running downward from the highest art in literary production and illustration to the coarsest portrayal of mirth, as seen in the comic sections of the yellow Sunday editions or the pages of publications that pander to a Bowery populace?

A glance at copy room production reveals some fine work—but who will pretend to say that in working out these ideas of publicity for this or that commodity, the mind of the copy writer had in view a given audience? True, a few great firms in their publicity appeal exclusively to a certain class, as in the case of Tiffany; on the other hand there is an immense amount of copy which shows up exactly the same whether it is written to appear in a magazine circulating exclusively among the wealthy, the medium well-to-do, or the vast army of wage earners whose weekly envelope is practically bespoken before it is received and yet who may be collectively the greater users of a given article

Over the waves to the East there are publications put out for a certain set of readers. Such periodicals as the *Field*, the *Gentlewoman*, the *Army and Navy*, etc., are rarely seen below a certain level, while others like the *Royal*, *London*, and the vast number of penny publications, go to the masses. Between these there will be found a large number of publications that appeal strongly with the great army of middle-class people; these three distinct grades make three distinct and definite audiences. And while these conditions are the outcome of years of growth, in these days we move quicker apace and their western reflections are already shaping themselves in this land or ours.

Graded copy will be the outcome of infinitely greater study in the copy room than is given even today. It will not be sufficient for a copy writer to know what he is to write about—he will require to know what kind of an audience he is addressing, and on his knowledge of human nature and familiarity with whatever class he may be

writing for, will depend his success in attracting that ultimate desideratum—business.

The graded copy question opened great possibilities from the fact that the best copy man is he who studies humanity. It is not a case of being pleased with one's self over an effort, but rather how will it look to the other fellow? Herein much that looks brilliant in the copy room fails because it

does not appeal to the right audience. The graded copy will tend to focus the writer's mind on his audience, and knowing to whom he is playing to will do better work and thus raise advertising to a plane where it will be even more than the handmaid of commerce, in that it will be based upon a scientific knowledge so inseparably entwined that the life blood of each will become a common bond.

Our Objective Point

H. B. MYER

THERE is something magnificent and inspiring in the departure and voyage of a big ocean liner. The giving of signals, the ringing of bells, and a thousand and one other things which are necessary to be done on board the ship preparatory to its leaving, all work towards one end. There is a bustle and hurry, but above it all can be seen the influence of a guiding mind, and as the vessel swings out on the ocean wave, there is yet seen this directive power. There is no drifting here, no "painted ship upon a painted ocean," just the steady, regular pound of the mighty cylinders until the vessel is safely anchored in port. What is it about this apparently prosaic event that commands our attention? Just the fact that the thing is done, that from start to finish there is but one single purpose, one object in view, one port to be gained.

For the same reason do we instinctively admire the individual who fixes his attention upon the attainment of an ideal or the accomplishment of a single purpose. We frequently see such men, but not too frequently. Too often they are not recognized until after they pass this way, but when they are recognized the world steps aside for them. And even if they fall short of their expectations, the world is sufficiently charitable and wise not to consider their life a failure, for

"No life

Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Drifters

Again we see men who are naturally well equipped, but their life is without result simply because they have no purpose in

view, no objective point. They are like Joseph II of Austria, who was a disappointed, heartbroken king. Upon his tomb in the Royal Cemetery at Vienna is chiseled this epitaph, "Here lies a monarch who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan."

And this inscription too often describes the mental attitude of the young man of today. He is drifting upon the sea of life without an objective port. He is fully equipped mentally and physically, but the blight of inertia seems to be upon him and he is not conscious of his own strength—is not aware of the fact that the holding of a purpose, of an objective point, in view would serve not only to make life more worth the living, but would give him that joy that only comes from strong endeavor.

Now, to which class do we belong, to the men with a purpose, or to the men without a purpose? Have we an objective point, and if so, what does it demand of us? We are not here as so many automatons with no more ability than to respond to some mechanical law which governs all our movements. Nature has evolved the physical man and it is our work not only to take care of the body, but to cultivate the mental and spiritual natures as well. Is such an all-round development demanded by our ideal?

Get Action

This does not mean, however, that there is some one line of work which we must follow. To fully realize the possibilities of any legitimate or practical work calls for the exercise of our best qualities, qualities that go to make up ability, endurance, reliability

and action. Therefore, the attainment and preservation of such ideal should be our objective point. To the earnest student this will serve as a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day to lead him out of the wilderness of inactivity and a purposeless existence.

Moreover, the holding of an objective point in our mind will give a stability that otherwise would not be obtainable. In fact, this characteristic is always found in the men who do things. Among them we find a Webster spending thirty-six years on a dictionary; also a Field crossing the ocean fifty times to lay a cable; a Grant who proposes to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" also a Columbus with three small ships sailing into unknown waters and discovering a new world. We all know the troubles which confronted him—leaky ships, superstition of his men, mysterious variations of the compass, mutinous crews, but Columbus,

unappalled, kept ever onward. He had an objective point and history records that at the close of each day he made this entry in his journal: "This day we sailed westward, which was our course." Surrounded by doubt and mutiny he made this entry day after day and therein we see the inflexible determination of the man.

And reader, figuratively speaking, if your objective point be to the westward, why not conduct your affairs so that at the close of each day you can, like Columbus, say, "This day I sailed westward, which was my course." Let nothing cause you to waver in the doing of the thing you set out to do; and although your voyage may be through rain and sleet, through sunshine and storm, through hurricane and tempest, and though you may have a leaky ship and a mutinous crew, some night, as did Columbus, you will catch a gleam of light coming from the land towards which you have been sailing.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

By H. L. FOGLEMAN

SCIENTISTS may tell us where we came from; theologians may tell us where we are going to; but, the fact still remains, that we are here. This suggests the question, "Is Life Worth Living?"

Solomon, of Old Testament fame, said, "No;" but, this was his answer, while his life was a moral and a spiritual failure. After he changed his mode of living he changed his answer to "Yes," and did so with much joy and rejoicing. Jeremiah, who was always true and honest, said, "Yes."

But let us come down to the present day and ask this question. The young man without responsibility and care, the young man dependent rather than independent, the young man just starting out in life, will answer the question by saying "yes," and he says it so loud you can hear him at a distance of two city blocks. If he is successful and prosperous he will continue to shout "Yes;" but, if he is unfortunate and unsuccessful he will change his answer to "No!"

Ask this question of the nations of the world and the answer comes in clear tones "Yes" and "No."

But, there can be only one answer to this question at any stage of the history of a nation and an individual. And the answer to the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" is, "it all depends on the kind of a life you live."

In the journey from cradle to grave, which begins and completes a life in time and space, it is well to ask this question frequently. The answer as above given will then confront us with the question, "What kind of a life am I living?" If you are living a life of mere money getting, selfishness, greed and grab, lying, stealing, intemperance, doubt, disloyalty, untruthfulness, dishonesty, idleness, etc., etc., the answer will become very evident in failure, misery and remorse. If you are living a life of service, self-sacrifice, temperance and honesty, exercising faith, speaking pure, true words, doing kind deeds, putting all sweetness into the world, practising love, doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, the answer will likewise become very evident, enroute from cradle to grave in success, health, long life, money, honor and happiness.

Man is divided into four great parts: *Body*, the material, visible part of man; *Intellect*, that part which thinks, remembers, imagines, judges and reasons; *Feelings or Emotions or Soul* part, the seat of the emotions and feeling; *Will*, that king within man, who chooses, decides and acts. These four great parts divide themselves into thirteen faculties, and these faculties, if properly developed, give rise to fifty-two qualities that are constructive and lead to success; or, if not properly developed, give play to fifty-two qualities that are destructive and lead to failure. True education, through the filling in process and the drawing out process, develops these faculties harmoniously and result in ability, reliability, endurance, and action.

Not Experience Alone

Now if there is one word more conspicuous and pivotal in making life worth living, it is the word *service*. He who serves most shall be greatest. And he who enjoys the greatest A+R+E+A is in a position to serve most.

But some people would have us think that experience alone develops a man's Area. Look about you on all sides and you see many men in all walks of life who have had ten, twenty and thirty years' experience, and are not successful and serve but little. No, not experience alone, but experience mixed with brain stuff and soul stuff develops man. And brain stuff and soul stuff are produced principally through hard, systematic reading and study. As the body develops through exercise and the eating of bread, so the intellect, feelings and will grow and flourish only in the degree that we exercise them, and feed them with systematic study. Such development is the very least we owe to ourselves, our fellowman and our God; but, this we do owe. The world owes no

man a living, but all men owe the world the very best that is in them. This then prepares us for a life of service; and a life of service, a life for others, a useful life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of that poor lad, Peter Cooper, was worth living. He made glue and after he had accumulated a fortune he established a fund for the poor and needy.

Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susan Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring in his anthems all through the ages.

Test Your Life

Nor would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living in establishing a school for the scientific nursing of the sick.

Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the life-boat. We need not wonder that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of a prominent theater offered her \$100 a night just to sit in a life-boat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted. But some one says, "Yes, I know that these lives are worth living. I don't think my life amounts to much." Let me tell you, my friend, whether you live a life in riches or in poverty, it is worth living, if you make it a life of service, and live it aright. And you are to be rewarded not according to the greatness and bigness of your work, but according to the service with which you employ the faculties and qualities you really possess. And the life you live now, if it is lived aright, is all the more worth living because it determines the kind of success and the degree of happiness in time and in eternity.

Jimmy, the Boy Without a Boyhood

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

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THE next time you call Jimmy into the office to give him a dressing down, stop for a minute and take in how he's dressed up. Get a good look at him. Notice the cracks in his cheap shoes and the perilously thin spots in his near-

wool suit and—don't say it. Of course he gets on your nerves—so does your own youngster. Jimmy's just a boy and you're expecting more out of him than opportunity or years have had a chance to put into him.

He's a pretty fair sort of boy when you come to think it over. The very fact that he's at work so early in the springtime of life shows that there's good stuff in him. Back home something is wrong or gone. Perhaps he's trying to fill a father's shoes, and men's shoes wobble on boys' feet—so do men's responsibilities.

He hasn't lived long enough to realize how beautiful it is to be dutiful. He's doing his little best without even the reward of self-complacency. Jimmy's mother has cried all of the joy and hope out of her life. They both have such long days that when he gets home she's too fagged to shape his soul or mold his morals. So now and then Jimmy does do something wrong. What's more he loafs and he loiters. He forgets—he trifles—he's often so tired that he gets lazy. But you're paying Jimmy as much as five dollars for working six days of eight hours each, (except when you give him the opportunity of having a cold supper by sending him out to your house with a bundle, after his paid-for duties are over)—so you have a master's right to roar at him and say things to him that would turn you into a pugilist if you heard some other six footer yell them at your boy. Do you ever stop to think what an amount of respect you arouse and what an example of self control you set when you lose your temper to a carrot top in knee pants? But go on, break him, he hasn't enough at home to dull his spirit—finish the job, kick all the buoyancy out of his nature and let him fulfill the promise of his childhood by reaching manhood cowed and careless.

He's impertinent once in a while. He doesn't know any better half the time. And when it isn't through ignorance it's through weariness. Boys weren't meant to be fretted with responsibility.

Oh, give Jimmy a better show! He's worth it. Win him over to you. Call him in once in a while and tell him where he fits in the machine. Show him that it's just as important to get a letter into the mails in time as it is to write the letter. Explain why it is just as necessary to deliver a message promptly as it was to send the message. He'll do wonders with a little encouragement. He'll grin all over every time you notice him and put twice as much vim into stunts if he knows that you're watching him; not only to find out if he is doing badly but also to see if he's doing well. It won't hurt your dignity in the least to drop your importance as boss and show yourself a friendly human occasionally. It's only very little men with very big heads and very small souls who want to be pompous around a kid.

It's a queer kind of human nature but they who need the most help usually raise the least yelp. What if Jimmy's wages don't piece out and a half dollar would mean meat once a day instead of once a week?

You simply don't think—that's all. Your boyhood is so far behind you and your ambitions are so great before you and your children are so lucky that there's nothing in your life to turn your thoughts toward Jimmy's problems.

It isn't really meanness when you forget he hasn't had a raise in a year. It isn't really brutality when you say things to him you wouldn't dare tell your truck driver. It isn't conscious injustice when you measure him with your own ability and brains—you just don't think. Somehow or other dollar making is thickening you in the tender places. Prosperity has softened the callouses of your own yesterdays. You only forget that a man who "comes through" ought to give a little more than he gets from a boy who has no boyhood.

Excuses

I WAS talking to the head of one of the large mercantile houses a day or so ago, and while I sat there waiting to see him, I noticed an intelligent young fellow leaving his private office whose face showed signs of distress; something seemed to be worrying him. He really aroused my curiosity, and I intended asking my friend

the cause of his trouble, had he not anticipated the question.

He said, "Owings, did you notice that fellow leaving my office just before you came in?"

"Yes," said I, "a very intelligent face, but he seemed troubled."

"Yes, he is an unusually intelligent young man, and could be very valuable to me,

were it not that he is so unreliable, never a week passes without his being late to work or off a day through sickness or death, or some other of a thousand and one excuses. It is excuses week after week, until I am sick of hearing them. I have just discharged him and given his position to a less experienced but more reliable employee."

Think of it gentlemen, a capable young man wasting his energy, going rapidly to want from indisposition, laziness, through excuses, as I thought I could see him a few years hence a vagrant upon the street corner, shivering from cold from the want of proper clothing, still giving excuses. Always excusing himself and attributing his failure to the cruel hand of fate.

Have you not met just such an individual on the street corner, begging for a quarter for a meal or a night's lodging? Yes, of course, you have. They are in every town, and I venture to say too, you have often wondered how it happened such intelligent men could sink so low. It didn't happen in a day or a year, it was a gradual downward movement, so gradual that they were down and out before they realized it. It is the result of false living. Excuses piled upon excuses for every step from the pinnacle of success to the bottomless pit of failure.

That demon *Excuse*. Excuse for not working today, excuse for being late, excuse

for making this or that error, excuse for forgetting, and so we might go down the list indefinitely covering everything conceivable to the imagination.

The successful man doesn't make excuses, he doesn't need to. Why should he? Excuses are for failure, not success. I only wish you could realize this. I could mention the three most successful men, and they would be the ones who have the least complaining to do. And yet I stretch my head oftentimes at the outlandish excuses I receive from deliverers for not working; such as rain, counting stock, races, circuses, etc.

Is it possible the wheels of business must cease to move on such occasions? Do the merchants in your towns close their shops at such times? Can it be this great American Republic is more debauched and so dissipating in the follies of life, that business is thrown to the four winds, and communities go into hysterics over a horse race, a fair, or a puny little circus? Is it possible that such conditions possibly exist, and people marvel at the rapid progress of American ingenuity?

No, my dear fellow, it is all imagination. These petty carnivals have no decided effect upon business communities.

Those of you who have given such excuses for losing time, should be ashamed of yourselves.

The Kingliness of Wisdom

By FRED G. KAESSMANN

IF I had it within my power to present to all men this coming Christmas, a gift, my choice would lie unhesitatingly with kingly wisdom—for "the multitude of the wise is the welfare of the world"—and the welfare of the world ye editor most assuredly had in mind when he asked his question.

Given wisdom, men would labor hand in hand as brothers. No longer would they seek each other's blood, no longer would greed dominate their every act. Envy, spoiler of happiness, would pass from hearts, and perpetual peace, for individual man, as well as for the nation, would forever be assured. As man to man, as brother to brother, I ask you, could man give you

a better gift than this which would forever assure your happiness?

Wisdom transcends everything; it comprises all. To every man it grants the reward due his effort. To every man it assures his legitimate due. With wisdom on the throne, love would not be "too well"—it would be wise; good government would be ours—municipal, state, national; knowledge would be disseminated—and *used*, the world would live in health instead of in disease; and every man would be worthy to be hired and worthy of his hire—and none would accept a larger wage than was his due. Yea, with wisdom on the throne, men would surely witness a physical, mental and moral perfection ever spelling perpetual joy.

Take then, oh friend, your share of this kingly wisdom!

Solomon, wise man, said, "Happy is the man that *findeth* wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandising of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof of fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Yes, could I but give you all a goodly share of wisdom, all would be well for all. No longer would you tread the rosy path to destruction—after seeing the other's end. Never again would the glittering ways of waywardness appeal to you. You would know the laws of love—and would *live*

them. You would know the laws of health—and would *live those*. As an open book would be to you the laws of mind, and, having understanding, you would *live* as was that understanding." Ever would you keep clean your heart of gold, for, knowing "That as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and that so is his reward upon earth, you would wisely *live* in accord with the heavenly dictum. No longer would it be necessary to say unto you, "You can be what you will to be," for, having wisdom you would live wisely, and it were a waste, of words.

In my heart lies no desire to impeach the ways of God. He is *all wise*. If it be His will that we acquire wisdom slowly, so be it. "Whatsoever takes long, is usually good." Howsoever, all around about us *goodness* lies—and He has certainly placed it there for a purpose. Can you guess what that purpose is?

Use the Hoist

By C. E. ZIMMERMAN

THE other day in walking through a building in the course of construction I came to some workmen who were putting some heavy steel girders in place. When it was necessary to lift one of these pieces of steel into position the foreman started to swing the hoist over to pick up the beam, but a big raw-boned Irishman, with a laugh, closed up his fists in pure exhilaration of spirits, picked up the end of the girder himself and with a great effort triumphantly placed it into position. He walked the length of the beam, picked up the other end and also placed it where it belonged.

This workman felt quite proud of this exhibition of his strength—a strength which undoubtedly is a glorious thing for any man to possess.

He didn't need to use the hoist. He was a strong man. Hoisting might be all right for an unpracticed foreman who did not know how to lift and who only weighed 135 pounds and who didn't know what real strength was, but not for him. No, sir, begorra.

I could not help thinking of some of the men I know in business who are a great deal

like this Irishman. The foreman who stood behind him without the wonderful advantage of training and physical strength was drawing and *earning* three times the salary; possibly was earning in comparison even more than that.

Science is a Hoist

And how often it is in this game of business that men fail to use the hoist. Some people feel that they are above being diplomatic or courteous. They don't need these qualities. Their ability is so great that they can accomplish their ends without it. They are above it.

There are others whose idea is to succeed in spite of their dress, their personal appearance, who are above wearing a good suit of clothes—of creating a good impression by their appearance. They would rather lift up the girder by hand than use the hoist.

Other men there are who do not need to know anything of the science of business. They have had practical experience ten, fifteen, twenty maybe twenty-five years of it and this is worth more than all the science in the world—according to their way of thinking. Maybe this man will succeed in

getting the girder in place but how much quicker and easier he could have done it, if he had used the hoist.

Here is a salesman who has a wonderful personality. He doesn't care much whether the men he gets know much of the science of salesmanship or not. He knows how to *train* them. They can come in like a bunch of whipped dogs. He doesn't train them a great deal before they go out because when they come back whipped he likes to fill them full of enthusiasm and start them

off again on the road to success. Of course some of them never get there—some come back whipped and start out again, but this sales manager glories in his strength in putting life and enthusiasm into them and sending them out. Perhaps the statement that any sales manager would do this sounds foolish to you but still many do it and if you will look into the looking glass real closely possibly you will see a trait of your own which is just as foolish. *We* all fail to use the hoist sometimes.

Misplaced Enthusiasm

LEON C. HUNT

THE scene was a popular bowling establishment. Four bright looking young men were indulging in a match game and the enthusiasm displayed by them was certainly contagious. Strikes and spares were made amid cheering, and the excitement was intense. The young men fired the spectators with their enthusiasm until every one was thrilled with excitement.

I watched these young men with wonder. I knew them well. They knew the record of every base-ball player—foot-ball player—were cue experts—knew all the ins and outs of bowling, golf, tennis—and would get very enthusiastic and excited when you mentioned this play and that in the World's Base Ball Series—or a certain play in the Chicago-Cornell foot-ball game—or a particularly hard shot in billiards or bowling—but talk to them about the *business* they are engaged in, at their desks or out of the office; ask them about their stock, orders, or anything connected with work and you will find no enthusiasm—the *fires are out*. In the office they are just opposite what they are when at "play," unless you bring up the subject of "sports."

If one-half of the young men engaged in business would put the enthusiasm into their daily work that they expend on sports—would make a study of their business, and have as much data in their heads for system, better ways to turn out the work, etc., as they have for sport records, etc., there would not be so many of them constantly looking for "jobs," and working for a mere pittance.

Young men—*wake up*—stir yourselves—what is your future? Give your employer a little of your enthusiasm—put it in your work, not only in your play—and you will notice the improvement in your work—and what is more, your employer will notice it.

Ever step in an office where every worker was enthusiastic about his particular "job?" Talk to five or six of the boys and each one will impress upon you the fact that *his* job is the most important one in the office. That is the way to look at it. And you will usually find that that house is not crying about "Hard Times."

As a contrast, go into an office where there is no enthusiasm—look in the faces of the workers—then look at them at work and it will remind you of stories you have read of the Roman galley slaves—who had to be whipped to do their share of the work. Too many men makes slaves of themselves in that they need constant watching—some one to look over them to see that they are actually working and not stealing the firm's time.

A man that needs watching is a slave in every sense of the word and he has brought it upon himself by a lack of enthusiasm in the work from which he draws the money that makes him active in sports on which he wastes not only his time but also his enthusiasm.

Boys, put a safety valve on your boiler of enthusiasm and let us hear the "pop-off" in our business establishments as well as on the foot ball gridiron.

The Power of Organization

By A. D. LEWIS

SOME months ago the writer saw at a New York theatre, a character actor who was the only performer in the sketch calling for a cast of eleven people.

To do this it was necessary for him to change his costume and make-up from that of a clergyman to that of a butler and various other characters, including an old maid, a deceived wife, a policeman, cabman and other characters, eleven in all, no one of whom in any way resembled another in either costume or make-up.

At the conclusion of the skit he repeated a part of the performance with transparent scenery, for the purpose of showing the audience how he made his lightning-like changes. Passing out of one door he was immediately grappled by three people, each one of whom did his part in changing the actor's costume and make-up. In one instance his outer clothing was stripped from him, and the change made from a man's character to that of a woman, with the stays, wig, hat, décolleté gown, fancy hosiery, slippers and enough other feminine apparel to make him appear a very presentable woman, while stepping quickly from one door to another, ten feet distant, where he again appeared on the stage.

A gentleman sitting near me turned to his companion and remarked, "That shows the power of organization."

What had appeared before as miraculous was explained—it was no longer a thing to be marveled at, but it impressed such of the audience as saw more than with the eye with the value of organization even in a vaudeville stunt.

What if we in our business each did our part as well, as intelligently and as promptly

as the assistants to this vaudeville performer did theirs?

Think of it, there would be no miscarrying of good ideas or well laid plans—everything would work out. The good ideas would all be fruitful of good results, for each person would study and know his part. The most minor employee can undo your most intelligent effort by failure in doing his part.

Organization, all from the top or all from the bottom, is not a powerful organization for results. It may sound good or look good, but it is not good unless it brings good results, and the organization that brings good results is that sort of an organization which links itself together from top to bottom and from bottom to top without a weak link in the endless chain.

The careless inefficiency of one clerk, one cashier, one bundle wrapper, one delivery man or boy, a porter or elevator pilot may easily affect the intelligent effort of his superiors in getting and retaining the confidence and patronage of a desirable customer.

Many people occupying the minor positions in business do not realize that there is any responsibility reposed in them and thereby cut off the possibility of personal advancement as well as hampering the organization of which they are a part.

Put yourself in harmony with the efforts of those about you, put your shoulder to the wheel next to the rest of us and we will all push together.

The result—who can tell?

A perfect organization never existed—good ones have and do and the results are in proportion to their goodness.

Perfect and they could move the universe.



A Girl's Prayer

LOUISE LOEB

Dear God, who is within me and without,
 Keep me from growing small,
 My soul from shriv'ling to the daily flippancies,
 The emptiness of pleasure, as life's end,
 The shameful trifling of my woman's life.
 Make big my vision, one with sea and sky,
 One with brave deeds and high imaginings,
 One with the farthest leap of freest soul.
 Keep me from being crushed by mine own littleness,
 Free, keep me free, O God, from the little me
 Who's tempted out by thousand daily lures;
 By clothes, my body's beauty to maintain,
 The household's ordering and the social call,
 The wish my heart has to be kind to all,
 Responding to unwise, unjust demands—
 And then the tyranny of love,
 Which binds me to the life they plan for me,
 Those best beloved who gave me birth,
 And set me in the niche
 Whereto life daily brings sweet, grateful flowers
 Yet Compromise and Compromise and Compromise again
 With truth, with deepest laws of self.
 O God, adjusting, have I gone too far?
 I pray thee, give me back myself again.
 I would be swept out on the tide
 Of big thoughts, big desires,
 My soul in motion like the flood's expanse,
 Pure as a mighty wind, God-swept and free,
 And thus grow sure of heart and mind,
 For the call of some great cause,
 Worthy of some strong man's great need of me,
 Kindling his soul through primal passion's glorious fire;
 Glad and confident to bear him children,
 To make a home of love and faith,
 Whence goodness, strength and inspiration
 Swing out to girdle all who need;
 To bring a sympathy as deep as sorrow,
 To be a friend, and never gauge
 Great lives by measure of their meanest fault,
 To find the God in every man,
 And then, at last, to look upon Thy Face,
 Divine Peace and Understanding.



Business Answers Department

By THE EDUCATOR

In reply to letter making inquiry as to use of premiums as an incentive to salesmen:

The offering of special premiums and bonuses is an excellent spur to salesmen to do better work. For instance, the offer of a prize for the most work done within a specified time is often resorted to. This prize need not necessarily be money; for as long as the salesman works for the love of gain alone he will never become sufficiently enthusiastic in his work to make a first-class record. He must take pride in the work itself and love it for its own sake. This is the first essential, and if the two men to whom you refer in your letter have lost interest in the line of business in which they are now engaged, it is time for them to step out of that line and find something into which they can put their best efforts.

Secondly, the salesman must have a definite goal. He must have an end in view and constantly strive toward it. This goal will naturally be set by the salesman himself, if he is really in earnest and in love with his work; but if he is not sufficiently enthusiastic to do this, the sales manager should set the goal for him. This is not an easy task. To do so the sales manager must take into account the nature of the territory in which the salesman is working, the salesman's personality, and all other facts which should have a bearing on the question. The goal should be a possibility and at the same time require effort on the part of the salesman to attain it. If it is not within reasonable bounds, the salesman will become discouraged and indifferent, thinking the sales manager is endeavoring to work him to the limit; but if it is possible to attain the goal, and possibly go a little beyond it, the salesman will naturally become enthusiastic in his work. The daily or weekly reports will show exactly how much

work is being done, and with this data in hand, as well as the records of previous years before him, the sales manager should be able to reach a pretty accurate estimate of the possibilities of each of his men. In connection with this point, we would say that the prizes or bonuses offered must be awarded on a fair basis. A first-class man and a timid beginner cannot be put on the same plane. A handicap must be allowed where conditions or personality demand it, and in this way all will feel that they have a fair chance. Otherwise, neither should put their best efforts into the work.

Remember this: The enthusiasm of the employees must be generated by the enthusiasm of those for whom they work. One magnetized piece of steel will magnetize all those that come in contact with it, and enthusiasm acts in the same manner. The personality and character of the sales manager are vital factors in the enthusiasm of the working force.

As we said before, the prize may be in the shape of a medal or some other tribute of approval which will be prized alone for the honor it confers on the winner. On the other hand, the offer of a substantial monetary reward might aid materially in bringing your salesmen into line, for they will then feel that the firm is willing to share profits with them. This is a matter which you must decide for yourself.

In reply to letter asking for criticism of advertisement:

The importance of an advertisement depends upon the news it contains, just as the morning paper is valuable for the same reason. The man who reads this morning's paper eagerly will not glance at that of yesterday, and for the simple reason that the latter contains no news. An advertisement is judged by the same standard, and the

busy man will select from the stack of advertisements sent him constantly, only those which show at a glance that they contain something new, and something worth while reading. When you consider this feature, you will realize why your headline and opening paragraph must be interesting, must bring the news of your advertisement directly to the reader's attention. This the name of your magazine on the enclosed ad. does not do, because the reader is not particularly interested in the name when first reading the ad. A description of the magazine, its circulation and prestige, etc., is all more or less an old story in advertising. These features have been advertised in many magazines and are consequently not new and have no particular weight at the beginning of an ad. The real news in your ad. is the \$125.00 worth of advertising for \$50.00, and this is what should be brought to the reader's attention without any preliminary statements. Bring that fact home in the first headline and the first sentence of your ad., and then after you have given it sufficient emphasis you can bring in such descriptive matter regarding the magazine as that referring to its prestige and the class of patrons.

The sentence, "something more lasting and substantial than immediate returns," is ill-advised. Every advertiser is looking for immediate returns, and you must be able to truthfully promise him these, plus the "something more lasting." Influence and prestige are truly important, but it is the returns that count.

The paragraph, "You see we have increased," etc., is too personal for a circular of this sort and might be transposed as suggested.

It must be remembered, however, that typographical appearance is necessary to the reading matter, or news, of the ad., and we would again call your attention to the necessity of bringing out clearly any feature which you are advertising.

Reply to question asking for explanation of psychology of the mob:

It must be remembered that full individual development and unhampered mental operation demand room and separation from others. This principle is seen in all kinds of life. Compare the cramped tree in the crowded forest with the tree that grows in

the open plain. The latter is the more complete tree, its branches spread wide. The animal that excites our admiration is the lion which considers the whole country as his own and not the sheep which depends upon his kind for protection. The man, who, like the deer, grows up in the herd, also thinks with the herd, acts with the herd and is lacking in individuality. Now the thing which gives a man this sense of individuality is the freedom he has over his own movements. In such a state he acts freely and is not subject to suggestions from others, but when this condition becomes restricted his suggestibility increases.

Nowhere are the voluntary movements of man so limited as they are in the crowd, and the larger the crowd the greater is the limitation and the lower sinks the individual self. Consequently the individual is more open to suggestion and in the exact proportion that each man of the crowd loses his individuality, just in the same degree does he become a part of a larger individuality—the crowd itself. Under such conditions a man loses his sense of responsibility and propriety and often does things, sometimes foolish and sometimes criminal in their nature, at which he is horrified when once he regains his senses. His individual self disappears, is swallowed up in the mob with a self and individuality all its own, having one body and animated with one idea. This is seen in the actions of a lynching party, in the reception of a hero anywhere, or in the fanaticism which forms a crusade to capture the Holy Sepulchre.

From this it is seen why it is necessary that a mob have a leader, that is, some one to give the direct suggestion. In the case of a speaker before an audience, say an audience of five hundred, each individual receives not only a direct suggestion from the speaker, but also an indirect suggestion from each of the four hundred and ninety-nine other people present. This cumulative effect is the principal factor which has to do with the formation of a crowd or mob into one body.

The following is part of letter written giving suggestions on form letter submitted:

There is an old saying that 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' The fact that the letter which you have written has gained a response from at least one firm

shows that the communication has some pulling power. Of course we do not know how many responses you got altogether. We can only judge from the one notation on the letter.

Candidly, without knowing the real facts of the case, we should judge that such a letter as you submit would not bring very many inquiries. It is probably true that many of the five thousand old customers to whom you are appealing have not placed orders for some time and possibly have forgotten the distinctive merits of your particular line.

Human nature is so constituted that it needs forever to be reminded. Now, even though these five thousand customers have handled your goods, the very fact that they have dropped your line indicates that they need to be stirred up again regarding the good qualities of the goods.

All this leads us to the point that the form letter should contain a short paragraph putting before the reader in strong, positive sentences the striking features of the product of your company. This would lengthen your letter a little bit but we believe that the one you submitted can stand a little lengthening.

Further, it is a question whether your statement that 'It is not convenient for our agent just now to make a special trip to see you' makes a good impression on the mind of the reader. Always remember that the Law of Suggestion plays an important part in a communication of any kind. Some men might not take the statement we have just quoted in the right light. Their reasoning might be something like this: 'Well, if that company doesn't take enough interest in my order to send someone around here, if my order is not worth coming after, I'll place it with some one else.' You can see how one can get such an impression. Would it not be better to avoid any possible negative suggestion along this line?

The plan we would suggest, then, is as follows: After the introductory paragraph which you have given we should insert one giving a few strong selling points of your line. We should follow this with a paragraph indicating your desire to renew business connections with the firm you are addressing and assuring them that your goods are of the same high standard or possibly are better than they were at the time that the firm addressed placed orders with you."

The Adjustment of Life

BY JAMES E. CLARK

ONE of the qualities which it is necessary for the advancing man to arm himself with is obedience.

Self reliance, hope, faith, courage, patience are weapons whose efficiency is increased when associated with obedience. Where, as it sometimes happens, the mere word arouses rebellion, there will be found a deep ignorance which must be eradicated by the man who would progress. Obedience is not submission to oppression even though the command may not be nicely intoned. He who obeys, making his work, however menial it may be, the performance of a duty as high as the highest, is carrying out the supreme function of man, and in doing the work well should derive from the thought and the task a satisfaction that is all his own. That feeling will come from a realization of the fact that the work does not begin on the

one hand with the superintendent, nor end with the pay envelope. He who faces duty, whether it be in kitchen or cabinet, in the stable or on the firing line, with the feeling that he, in doing his set task, is advancing God's work, has triumphed over danger and drudgery. To speak of the kitchen and stable tasks as advancing the work of the Omnipotent is not sacrilegious or wild; Christ was born in a manger. Every little act that is for the upbuilding of the race—is getting some worthy thing done—is God's work. Nothing is so small that its effect is lost. In the construction of the universe detail is pursued so that the magnifying glass shows new worlds. And so in man's work, no matter how isolated, or mean, or remote the task may seem to be, it is all part of some great pattern which cannot be taken in by a glance.

The small tasks, no matter how far down in the line, should arouse no resentment. Those who are assigned to them should go to them in the lofty spirit of one who feels big enough and wise enough to be obedient. To be obedient is to be in power with the power back of the universe, and to get strength from it. In Obedience with some great law the planets in the heavens majestically revolve in their orbits, the earth in its course. In obedience to the laws of gravitation the rivers gather and move down the continents to mingle with the salt tides; in obedience to law the smallest seeds at their appointed times break forth and grasses spring up. Each follows its particular law.

In the machines which men have made it is the same. Look at a locomotive, a marvel of energy. There is obedience everywhere, and when obedience ceases there is disaster. In the hands of the pilot the biggest steamship afloat, hulk, machinery, crew and all is instantly obedient to the smallest gesture.

He who learns obedience is forever on the crest of a wave that will carry him onward, while he who is stubborn and rebellious is marooned on a barren rock.

A Gleam of Light

SOMETIMES our sleep is broken. We become dimly conscious that body, even to the smallest muscle, is held in a death-like grip. We are unable to move eyelid or lip and save for one dimly glowing spark of consciousness we are dead. With this spark we struggle—how long we know not—until the mystic and fearful bonds are broken and we emerge to life again. The sleeper is perhaps in a perspiration and exhausted by the struggle but that soon passes and is followed by natural repose.

In like manner the bonds of stupidity, ignorance, lack of appreciation are broken and the mists of indolence and carelessness which obscure from our sight visions of opportunities are driven away. Often a dim, half-perceived idea is the beginning. Comes to you here and now a gleam? a little suggestion that it is your duty to make more of yourself than you are making, to lead a bigger, broader, better life? to learn more, to help yourself and thus to directly and indirectly help others? Seize the thought

with the eager grip that the drowning man lays hold of the life line thrown to him. Let not go of it for an instant. Think of it, develop it and it will awake you to new life. Let it die out and you may never awake to the possibility of being more than you are now.

Learn to use your mind. If you will carefully watch the little suggestions which come to you from within, developing them with deep and serious meditation and not dismissing them lightly there will come into your life a great change for the better.

The great thoughts which have aroused men to action and which in turn have been felt through the world have not come crashing into the mind like a boulder through a roof, but have first appeared as suggestive thoughts which might have been lightly dismissed from attention and consideration.

The Real Deserters

THE man who always depends on others to help and advise him in all things is not a growing character. He is shrinking and shriveling away, numbing the powers of his mentality, enervating his ambition, drying up his courage.

If a man had in his possession a fine set of tools for carpentering, had abundant time and opportunity to use them, and yet, notwithstanding his equipment should, though he could illy afford it, go seek a carpenter every time he had a trivial piece of work to do—he would be rated as weak. The folly of his practice, his lack of industry, of self reliance, of determination to be independent would be so apparent that men and women would smile as they saw him pass by and would comment on his simplicity.

There are men and women on every side who are letting the rust of inactivity spoil the wonderful faculties of the soul—the tools of the mind—God-given instruments which are provided to break down every barrier which is in the way of legitimate progress. There are clamps of resolution; hammers of determination; planes of smoothness, diplomacy; rip saws of courage to cut away with. The use of a set of carpenter tools is limited but the uses of the mind are unlimited.

The man in the shop, the storehouse, the office, or on the road who is always looking to someone else to make his decisions for him will find ere long that he will be totally incapable of rendering judgment for him-

self. The more he leans and depends the more that he must. The man who in this way depends upon others may for all he knows have undeveloped within him qualities which would make him far more competent to decide for himself than are those upon whom he leans. God has equipped us all with wonderful powers and it is part of our mission here to develop those powers to the utmost. Self-respect, personal pride, the desire to be a man among men, should stimulate self reliance, but above such considerations is the knowledge that mental capabilities were given for a purpose. The man who does not use his faculties is evading a duty.

He is the real deserter in the face of battle.

The First Step

THAT is it that is holding back the man who feels that he is fitted for a better place in life than he is now occupying?

Each must answer for himself. Most men will declare that it is in some set of circumstances over which they have no control. That is a delusion because each may cut the Gordian knot almost at one stroke, if he will. To progress a man must grow in knowledge of himself and of the world and must correct those habits of mind which are holding him back.

The first step then is to get acquainted with self—to think long and deeply; to humbly compare self with others; to learn what his address is; to find what sort of countenance is carried; to find if in the work which is before him he is making some progress each day; to see that he is doing something each minute to unfold the powers of mind and to broaden life; to see that he is looking out upon life in the right attitude, that of optimism and not pessimism; to see that in his desire to progress he is standing alone, ready to move on boldly and not expecting someone to lead him forward, like a little child clasping the hand of the parent.

If his place in life is not the place which his heart tells him he should have then it is not only his privilege but his duty to win that better place by casting out the habits and the indulgences which are hemming him in—by devoting his time to working with all his might at his appointed tasks, and in the leisure that is his improving himself in knowledge.

Persistent effort—day by day—with a cheerful, calm faith, that the prize will sooner or later be landed, will work wonders in the condition of any person.

Secret of Progress

THERE is no progress apart from unfoldment within."

Therein lies the secret of the power to advance to any desired place. He who would progress must look within and instead of idly waiting for "something to turn up" like Micawber of old devote his spare minutes to developing to the utmost all the powers of his soul. They are almost illimitable, these powers within man. It is the duty of every person to develop to the utmost all of the forces of his soul. That is the grand mission of life and battling with the evil impulses within and the world without is a part which each must play or go down. There is no possible way of escaping that fate. He who studies and thinks wins fine rewards and no blanks. The average man who goes through life aimlessly, leading a bread-and-butter, hand-to-mouth existence, does by contact with fellow man unfold his mind a little from day to day. Perhaps some day by accident or chance a light will break in on his soul and he will discover within him some great power which he did not suspect that he possessed and his future life will be immeasurably enhanced and broadened. Yet he is still an accident.

But he who believes that there are within him wonderful powers for the advancement of himself and his fellow man; who early determines to develop them by deep study of some useful art or science; who by watching his thoughts and acts so that he may throttle the weak, evil impulses and let their places be filled by strong and useful impulses, is traveling the high road of progress. Let him stick to it with an unwavering faith. Let him believe with all his might in the mental powers within him that he knows not of but which God intended should be put into use in the world, and, thus studying, working and believing the day will in a few months dawn when he will see things in a new and clearer light. Then he will stand alone—a man among men—and will be able to carve out his own future.

There may be advancement from without. It sometimes happens that wealthy

friends or influential relatives take one by the hand and lead him up to a soft seat but such advancement is often of little account, being dangerous, perhaps impermanent and not likely to lead to victories. He who advances himself through the power of study, thought and faith is the strong man; the other the dependent.

Initiative

A MAN without initiative is a sailing ship that is forever becalmed. When the wind dies down on the deep sea and the sails hang limply from the yards there it lies in the golden sunlight without hope of moving until aid comes from outside. The days glide by, there is no progress and the crew and passengers look afar and hope for something to turn up.

But the man who has initiative has the power to move. He does not depend upon the coming of a favorable breeze nor does he fear an unfavorable breeze. Like the steamship he does not have to tact here and there to take advantage of the set of the wind but in defiance of the elements he moves on directly to his destination.

The man who hopes to move on to better things in life must cultivate, develop and use initiative. He must learn to strike out in unbeaten paths, to act on his own wisdom, to defy traditions and sometimes rules and do things boldly. He must learn to see with the wisdom which generally accompanies boldness that he will safely reach the other side. There is no doubt that fortune favors the bold, and that is but another way of putting the truth that barriers give way before the man with initiative.

The man without this quality is able to make but a very limited use of his talents no matter what they are or how great their number. His sphere of usefulness is necessarily small. The man with only one talent and with initiative is never in a rut. He is always passing the fellows who lack it. There is in fact no more comparison between the man with initiative and the man without it than there is between a stone wall and a bird on the wing.

Study the men who have done things. The men in your own circle of personal acquaintances, the characters of the region in which you live, or the great figures of the nation. Learn how in each (no matter what the accomplishment) how initiative

burst asunder the chains which would have bound the conservative ones.

Living on the Surface

EACH should have a care that life is not lived only on the surface, because in that event great possibilities are undeveloped, and the years instead of unrolling a magnificence beyond the imagination that words may suggest, merely shrivel up those who live on the surface.

How is one to know that he lives only on the surface?

He who lives only on the surface is without a master object toward which he works. His table, his roof and his thermometer are matters which take too much of his attention. Little things annoy him, and oppositely, little things satisfy him and lull him into repose. He can not raise his eyes to the world movements, to the state movements, to the heart beats of his townsmen. The glitter and glare of wealth either dazzles him or makes him envious, and he can easily forget the signs of suffering which he sees about him.

He who lives deeply is full of the joy of life itself, and greets the day with a deep consciousness of his privilege to do something not only for the advancement of himself and those whom he loves as kinsmen but for the general good of the race. He has some big work cut out for himself that is not hampered in by the prison walls of selfishness. He has faith in that work because he knows that it is in line with the obvious desire of the Creator to uplift and develop the race. He is quick to see the good that there is in each individual and slow to see the evil; slow to take offense but always ready to forgive. He is not afraid to oppose evil because in doing so he may in the near future lose a little mercenary profit. And finally he keeps his trouble to himself and distributes on either hand, kindness, helps, good will.

The man who lives deeply is like the tree that is deeply rooted. The storms of summer and winter may sway its branches but they can not prostrate it.

"If You Were An Old Man Today"

IF you were an old man today you might look back regretfully and say with some bitterness, "If I had my life to live over again, it would be a different life." You would say that you would make it a

big, broad, strong, useful life and a beautiful life too.

Well, you will be an old man if you are spared and you will look back and the bitterness or the regrets that will be yours will be in exact measure to your determination today to be somebody or your lack of appreciation of the splendid opportunities that are yours now. Are you getting out of life all that there is in it? Doing the very best that you can with every minute that is at your command, grasping every rung in the ladder and pulling yourself up steadily, surely, courageously with face uplifted, making room for those below you?

If you are not taking full advantage of all the opportunities to grow, to do kindnesses, to progress, to add your share in making this world better than it is, it is because you are either not awake to the plain duty of every member of the human race

or, mastered by a self-centered impulse, you do not see how you are going to improve yourself or if you do see the way you doubt and hesitate. The trouble then is lack of faith. Get acquainted with that quality in as many senses as is possible. Pick out an object in life which you desire to attain, believe that you will attain it, let no doubt creep in, stick to it through thick and thin, work, strike, lose no chance to advance yourself even the fraction of an inch toward that object. Down the doubts and the fears, and you will win. Faith gathers the wandering thoughts together and each may practice it day by day and in that practice weld into one the scattered and scattering forces of the mind. Nothing good in this world, in science, politics, art or religion was ever accomplished without faith, and he who would move forward and be a man must possess his soul with an abiding faith.

Self-Reliance

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From time to time there will appear extracts from that great inspirational essay on Self-Reliance—probably the greatest Emerson ever wrote. To salesmen and others who have a wishbone where their backbone ought to be, this essay is recommended.

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. Always the soul hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they, thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from

within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has

tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without pre-established harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust Thyself

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its

own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic? Good Heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

Mastery of Boyhood

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as is lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, a the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society!—independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with eclat, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence. Who can thus lose all pledge, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unafrighted innocence, must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force would be felt. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company in which the members agree for the better securing of his bread

to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whim

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such, but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, and the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the

counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by-and-by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Living an Apology

Virtues are in the popular estimate rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually

am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you, is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers—under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side; the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Mean-

time nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean, "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved by a low usurping willfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face and make the most disagreeable sensation, a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

Whom the World Whips

For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows, and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it god-like as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you

should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity; yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

“To be Great——”

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack-thread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they

communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly, will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before, as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand and shed an united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adam's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it today, because it is not of today. We love it and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

Man the Center

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologize never more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I

do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else. It takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent—put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought;—and posterity seems to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after, we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius, that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called “the height of Rome;” and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Stand Erect

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, “Who are you, sir?” Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will

come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke’s house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke’s bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane,—owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day’s work; but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderbeg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act today, as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with vast views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

Men Afraid

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh, he should communicate not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it,—one thing as much as another. All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. This is and must be. If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than

the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye maketh, but the soul is light; where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury, if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say, "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower, there is no more; in the leafless root, there is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies nature, in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround them, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

Thinking and Feeling

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see,—painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke;

afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them, and are willing to let the words go; for, at any time, they can use words as good, when occasion comes. So was it with us, so will it be, if we proceed. If we live truly, we shall see truly, It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburthen the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably, cannot be said; for all that we say is the far off remembering of the intuition. That thought, by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself,—it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name;—the way, the thought, the good shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. We are then in vision. There is nothing that can be called gratitude nor properly joy. The soul is raised over passion. It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are. Hence it becomes a Tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature; the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; vast intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel, underlay that former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and will always all circumstance, and what is called life, and what is called death.





The Philosopher Among His Books

The Lost Word Found. By J. D. Buck. Indo-American Book Company, Chicago.

Only men who belong to the Free Mason fraternity will be especially interested in this little book, although the author has dedicated it "to all lovers of truth and helpers of mankind." The author is a writer on psychology and has won from the public a reputation of no mean worth. His praise of the Masons is written in such a way as to lead one to believe that he knows and knows that he knows.

* * *

Current Literature. Edited by Edward J. Wheeler.

When we of the PHILOSOPHER editorial staff connect with a magazine that is filled with that sort of good stuff which every wide-awake man and woman should read, we always pass the word along. *Current Literature*, edited by Edward J. Wheeler, is a magazine filled with a wealth of thought. It is a magazine of literature, as its advertisements say, but really it is a magazine of life. It deals with politics, business, religion, books, music, the drama. Its editor is a man who is blessed with a sense of humor, and the way he deals with dry subjects affords his readers much pleasure. For the busy man who feels his time of too great value to spend much of it in reading daily papers, this magazine is worth much.

* * *

Who Answers Prayer. By Florence Huntly. Indo-American Book Company, Chicago.

If folks only realized what a practical, down-on-earth thing prayer is, there would be fewer Doubting Thomases. A prayer to be practical must be used by those who have common-sense. The Great Power does not always deal directly with those who pray. When a child is ill the wise mother will express her prayer in a call for a competent physician. Here is a modern worker of miracles. The physician is a servant, and God

manifests himself through all those who serve. The business man who supplies a city with food and clothing, or who sells coal and wood, or manages a lighting plant, is a servant who answers prayer. The farmer who tills the soil and prepares crops for the market does so in answer to a prayer. The demand for a commodity eventually results in the bringing forth of some man or something to supply it. The law of supply and demand works. The man who sees a need is the one to supply it. He it is who answers a prayer directly, yet back of him is a Great Power who answers the prayer indirectly. This little book contains much common-sense about the answering of prayers.

* * *

Why Worry? By George L. Walton, M. D. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

In other words, What's the use? There really isn't anything of such importance in this world that a wise man can afford to spend any time worrying about. Never was anything accomplished by worry. Only those who have nothing to do can afford this kind of a luxury. The man or woman who accomplishes things has no time to engage in dissipation. Drunkenness, late suppers, and all the other things catalogued as destroyers of success, are amateurs at the business of destruction when compared with worry. Worry is the sharpest tool in the devil's workshop. Worry has driven men to the penitentiary and to the madhouse, and no one has ever invented a machine rapid enough to count up those who have used worry as an excuse for experimenting with suicide. I believe it is in the Good Book that we find something like this: "Lo! that which I feared is come upon me." The woman who worries because she feels sure she will be sick in a month, is mighty certain to be in a position where a physician and a trained nurse can perform upon her. The business man who invests much time in worrying

over business, is skating on thin ice and need not be surprised if he finds himself gasping in the ice-cold waters of Failure. The wise man spends the time the fool uses in worrying in perfecting plans which will yield satisfaction. Many a man qualifies for a position of living skeleton in a dime museum worrying over his failure to find a place to borrow money, whereas, had he been bitten by the microbe of wisdom, he would have spent the time formulating plans for *earning* money. This book of Walton's is one that every man should read, whether he is in the habit of worrying or not makes no difference. It goes without saying that women should not give it absent treatment.

* * *

The Landward League Plan. Published by The Landward League, Elliot, Maine.

"It is the purpose of the Landward League to organize a great co-operative body of men and women, working as wealth producers on their own land under governmental instruction; to encourage individual study and practice in gardening and horticulture; to investigate conditions in the overcrowded districts of our cities, with a view of arousing a desire to own a home on the land, out in the open sunlight and fresh air; to encourage the location of workshops away from the over crowded centers of population; and to bring about better conditions of living by the dissemination of knowledge pertaining to the development of a higher and richer humanity." Such is the plan of the League as it is given in the foreword to a little pamphlet which sells for ten cents. And surely it could have no better object. As I ride in the elevated trains and look down into the dirty, filthy, crowded, ill-ventilated, noisy places where the poorer classes live in the city, I cannot help but wonder why men and women will keep away from the fresh air, the sunshine, the quiet and peace and freedom of the country. Hundreds of thousands of human beings are crowded into hovels and tenements in our large cities. Children born and raised here cannot grow into men and women of strength of body and soul. And those who live in these hovels are, many of them, little above the beasts. They express themselves like animals. And they do not know any better. That is the pity of it. They do not know, and their children will not know. These men and women, many of them slaving in sweatshops and factories, are not efficient workers. They cannot be. Their intellects, their souls, and their bodies are stunted. President Roosevelt says: "We of the United States must develop a system under which each individual citizen shall be trained so as to be effective individually as an economic unit, and fit to be *organized* with his

fellows so that he and they can work in efficient fashion together." And we have that great modern seer and prophet, Walt Whitman, uttering this:

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons:
It is to grow in the open air and eat and sleep with the earth."

We are told that in fifteen cities in the United States fifteen million persons dwell, an average of seventeen thousand to the square mile. In Hoboken there are fifty thousand to the square mile, and in Manhattan one hundred thousand. The ideal city should have no more than three thousand per square mile. As cities increase in size and the number of inhabitants goes upward from ten thousand to twenty thousand per square mile, the increase in crime is appallingly rapid. Men who are engaged in city building will wisely devote much time to the solution of this problem of congestion. I believe that the time is fast approaching—if it be not already here—when big men will give of their wealth and their energies to city building. One of our cities already advertises this way: "In Detroit life is worth living." The reason is, Detroit is spread over a great area, affording plenty of sunshine and fresh air, and in the summer time the proximity of summer pleasures places makes living there ideal. The International League of Business Science Clubs will pay special attention to city building, its organizers believing that environment plays too important a part in man-building to be ignored, and knowing that man-building comes before business-building, all wise business men will help to make their towns places where life is, indeed, worth living.

* * *

The Four Chinese Classics. Translated by James Legge, D. D. Published by Suzanbo, Tokyo.

Too many of us seek ornamental accomplishments. We are not satisfied with that which is substantial. When we sit down to our meals our mental eye is fixed on the dessert. The great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, goes down to fundamentals. He makes the ornamental seem so petty and mean that we sort of feel ashamed of ourselves as we read this book. We realize that those old fellows knew one or two things which we all ought to know, and we realize, too, that we cannot afford to waste much time patting ourselves on the back because of the progress we have made. The more we read and the more we think, the more we realize that there were one or two wise men on earth before we blessed it with our presence. One of these men was Confucius. He gave us the Golden Rule in negative form. Where he got

it is something for someone to discover. Perhaps Eve whispered it to Adam before the Snake set up his apple stand on the corner of Paradise Avenue and Flaming Sword Street.

* * *

Back in The Harness. By Frank Farrington. The Merchants' Helps Publishing Company, Delhi, New York.

Tobias Jenkins made a great success of his little country. He made so much money that he could retire. But Jenkins was not dead by a great deal and he had to keep busy in order to keep happy. In this he resembled all men with much wisdom. He became a real estate man and his work here connected him with a salesman who was selling manufacturing stock. Jenkins investigated and found the stock to be good—so good, in fact, that he invested much of his own money and recommended the stock to his neighbors. For two years the stock paid dividends, but the third year the company struck a snag and went to the bottom. Jenkins, being an honest old fellow, decided to earn enough money to pay back every cent his neighbors had invested on his recommendation. So he started a department store in a city of ten thousand inhabitants. This new book tells about

the mistakes he made and the way he made his successes. It is brim full of good advice to the retail merchant—perhaps one of the best books of its kind published. Mr. Farrington was very successful in his own business, having been a merchant who made money. Many of these ideas were born after the author had wedded Experience.

* * *

O'Shaughnessey's Rapid Calculator. By Thomas O'Shaughnessey.

"It is quality, not quantity, that makes value. One doctor's prescription may be worth \$100, another's not worth as much as the paper it is written on. This book is designed for thinkers of all classes who have already acquired the rudiments of arithmetic. Its object is to teach all the practical short methods in arithmetic not at present taught in institutions of learning nor found in school manuals. It is designed especially as a self instructor, and a time and labor saver for all who use figures in their daily work." That is what the author says about his book. For the man to whom arithmetic is a nightmare, or for the boy who is wondering how he can ever learn enough about figures to get past the barrier of an examination, a book of this kind should prove a great help.

THE REAL DIFFERENCE

IT is not so much a difference in personal capacities and energies as it is a difference in the degree in which those energies become packed upon one another and reduced to solidity. Even on a cold day one can pick up a sunbeam and burn a hole through white oak with it, if the lens with which the beam is focused is in good order. Concentrate.—*Parkhurst.*



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While Your Grit Lasts, You Will

By Herbert Kaufman

He didn't *know* that he could do it—he wasn't *sure* that he'd win—he heard the *sneers* and he saw the *smiles* of incredulity, but *they* didn't stop him—he believed in *himself*, and went *ahead*. Occasionally he *fell down*, but every *bruise* was an *investment*—it was a *record* of one of the *wrong* ways—every *scar* was an *asset* which showed him that he could *survive*, even if he *was* knocked over occasionally.

He's the man who wasn't *content* with *candle* light and went snooping around until he managed to perfect a *lamp*, and after he *had* the lamp, he yearned for *more* light—he *kept* yearning for it until he discovered *gas*. But even *gas* wasn't pervasive enough, and so he harnessed up *electricity*.

He wasn't praised at the *start*—the man who *tries* never *is*. One of the penalties of being *greater* is to run up against the grating *envy* and lashing *skepticism* of the "little folk." But it takes a lot *more* than an *insult* or a cold shoulder to chill the *real* winning impulse.

If *you* expect to be *coddled and cheered*—if *you're* looking for approbation and *encouragement*—if *you* haven't *stamina* enough to stand *alone* with your ambitions and to *fight* for them till you *attain* them—you're *wasting* dreams. It's *one* thing to believe in a *theory* and another to believe in *yourself*. Being brilliant is only *half* of the game—being *brave* is the other half. The road to the laurel grove runs up the side of a *cliff*. There are spots where you'll have to hold by your *finger tips*, but if you're not willing to take the *risk* you don't *deserve* what's *up top*. The cowards are *all* down at

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the *foot*. So *many* of them that they have to fight *harder* and suffer *more* for the right to *exist* than a *plucky* man pays for the great *big* rewards.

There *was* a time when *strengt*'s decided greatness—when the strongest *arm* and the longest *wind* made chieftains, but the tourney is no longer the *tilt-yard*. For untold centuries the *greatest brutes* were the greatest *men*—the thinker and the dreamer were *weaklings*.

The same instinct that then sent their clubs swinging at the *physically weak* still *survives*. They don't understand—they never *did* understand—you can't *expect* them to share in your *visions*. They must *touch* things, *feel* them, *see* them, *measure* them—all their senses are *physical*, and so until they see you higher than *themselves* they won't place you where you *belong*.

You'll have to pay for *wanting* more, or *being* more, or *having* more. They'll *tear* at you—they'll *wear* on you—they'll *block* your way—and hold you *down* until you gather *force* enough to squirm away from the *under-crowd*.

You'll never suffer *so much* as when you're getting the *least*—you'll never need your *confidence* half so *badly* as when you doubt *yourself most*.

You'll *have* to be brave in the *dark*—dogged and purposeful. You don't need *wealth* or *position*. The *want* of things creates the impulse to *attain* them. Farm houses have bred *more* giants than *middle-class competency*. The man who comes up from *bedrock* has a *heritage* that is *priceless*. He knows that going *back* to bedrock will *still* give him a chance to start *anew*—that *poverty* cannot ruin, but merely *check*, and so he *risks* more and has less *fear* than those who have been *set* upon the *middle rungs* of the ladder at the outset—whose *imagination* pictures the loss of *money* as the loss of *everything*.

Come on and *keep* on—take your *time* and take your *lickings*—take *everything* that *belongs* to you—don't *sell out* to *cowardice*. When your *grit* has gone—you're *done* with. While it *lasts*, you will.



Propiedad de Mottett Studio, Chicago, 1908

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
The man who will "clear off the desk"

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

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No. 3

By the Fireplace *Where We Talk Things Over*



THAT'S right. Draw your chair a little nearer to the fireplace for the log is burning low, and as the embers turn to ashes let us draw a little closer to The Three Musketeers. As with mountains, so with men. Some loom larger than others, and there are three men on our national horizon who loom especially large. It will be helpful to us as students of business as well as citizens to inquire a little into the Why and the How of the Area of Roosevelt, Root and Taft.

Of course you remember those three characters created by Dumas, the three musketeers, who worked together and fought together as one man. It mattered to them not at all what the odds were. They believed in one another and in the almost invincible strength of the trio. In every just cause they were ready and willing to do their share and a little more. They were loyal, brave, reliable, true to what they believed right, ready to use their swords if weapons were needed but wise enough to use diplomacy if diplomacy would serve best. One alone was not strong enough for the tasks they undertook. One alone did not possess the necessary qualifications. But the three together were masters in almost every crisis.

And it seems to me that a great business should be conducted by men of this kind—men strong themselves but infinitely stronger when working with other men. No one man possesses all the qualifications necessary to build up and maintain a business. No matter how wise a man may be it is certain that he does not know it all. No executive, no matter how big he may be intellectually, how big he may be financially, is able unassisted to build up a great modern business institution. The wise executive is he who surrounds himself with men who can supply the qualities he himself may lack, or who are capable of almost becoming the executive's second self—men able to do the work the executive would do were he able to multiply himself.

But I must not get away from my Three Musketeers: Roosevelt, Root and Taft. I want to say a few words this month about the men at the head of the greatest business institution in the world: the United States government.

These men are where they are, and are what they are, because they were the ones who sensed the needs of their employers—the citizens of this nation—and fitted themselves to render the best service.

The three are products of the times. They are not accidents. They did not just happen. Unlike Minerva of mythological fame they did not spring full grown from Nature's brain. They evolved.

¶ Some there were four years ago who thought that Justice was asleep when Roosevelt was returned to the White House. More did not. However many may be the mistakes made by the majority, few will disagree with me when I say that in that instance the majority was right.

Not only the United States, but the whole world, republics, monarchies, principalities, owes more to Theodore Roosevelt than most of us today are able to realize.

He stands out as the embodied essence of the Awakened Civic Conscience of a great nation. He stands out as the champion of the Square Deal—the arbiter between the House of Have and the House of Want. He is a great leader, the popular idol, the forceful, energetic, explosive fighter—a personality great enough to cause to sway in sympathy with him half a hundred million souls.

Mistakes he has made. He is no god. He represents awakened humanity, and even awakened humanity is not perfect. But the mistakes he has made are but as fly-specks on a masterpiece—a masterpiece in the everlasting Hall of Time.

And back of Roosevelt stands Root. "Clean, supple, slim, eager, silent, strong, quick, darting, accurate," are the adjectives Alfred Henry Lewis applies to him. And Walter Wellman calls him "the greatest intellectual force in the public life of America," while Roosevelt says, "Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our governmental service. I will go further: He is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, on either side of the ocean, in my day and generation."

To Root it is that William Howard Taft owes perhaps his greatest debt. In the language of the street, Root "saw him first." President McKinley had selected the little known Elihu Root of New York to reorganize the war department—a department whose affairs were chaotic. Root did this as perhaps no other man could have done it. He brought to the task his cold, calculating, analytical mind. He found out what the matter was and followed that with the application of the proper remedy. He followed that by solving the Cuban problem of reorganization, and then came the Philippines.

A commission was sent out to investigate, to act as reporters, to make recommendations. When those recommendations were made the governing world saw in them the brainwork of a genius. Root was the genius.

Then came the work of carrying out the instructions contained in that great report. McKinley chose Taft—Taft the untried, the zealous, hard-working man of commonsense. Root was his guide. To Root he looked for advice. How good this advice was and how well it was carried out is a matter of history.

Taft is not meteoric. He does not dazzle. He is not a leader who could lead a regiment into a hell of fire and death as Roosevelt can. He

stands out as the man of commonsense—the possessor of a quality which is most uncommon. To him has been entrusted diplomatic work of such delicate nature, yet of such import to the growth of the nation, that only a big commonsense man, with trained perceptions and wealth of knowledge of administration work, could accomplish it.

He is the man whom the citizens have selected to clean off the desk—the desk loaded with unfinished business.

And there you have the three—the three executives of the greatest business in all the world.

LET us analyze these three men according to the Area yardstick. Let us see if they are great servants because they possess Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action.

That Roosevelt possesses ability—that he can think, remember and imagine—is but a statement of fact which even his enemies will allow to pass unchallenged. No man could have accomplished the work he has accomplished without being strong intellectually. I would not say that he is the greatest of the trio intellectually, but I would call him the best all around man.

There are but few who will question his Reliability. The fact that he is president of the United States is proof of that. Even the strong political machinery of the republican party could never have placed him there had not the great mass of the people believed in him, trusted him. Roosevelt is a heart man. He does not appeal to the crowd because of his intellectual gifts. Great popular leaders never do. He appeals to all of us because we feel he understands us, understands what we need, and will work to the limit in order to see that we get a square deal. He understands what to do and what to say in order to reach the hearts of the crowd.

There was a time when Roosevelt was a weakling. His chances for growing into a strong man were poor. Most men would have wandered around looking for sympathy, or would have worn a What-is-the-use air. They might have railed against nature for not giving them as good a start as the rest of the fellows.

But Roosevelt wasn't that kind. He refused to let poor health and a weak body keep him from doing things. He went west and lived on a ranch, taking the hard bumps and the rough fare with the rest of the men. Long hours spent in the saddle in the open air, plain food, plenty of sunshine, strenuous exercise—all these combined with the use of common sense gave the weakling a physique that is capable of almost any task.

Roosevelt is our strenuous president, but he could not be strenuous had he not possessed endurance. Only a man like this can hold down the job of a master sales manager.

When, for instance, he ordered his men in the army division to do certain work in the saddle, and they said it was impossible, he did not agree with them meekly. He knew it could be done.

He went out and did it. He showed them how.

He stayed in the saddle for eighteen hours, riding ninety-seven miles. Only a man of endurance could do that. Only a man who had the power to stay in the game would attempt a task like that. Yet there was nothing foolish in it. It was not a grandstand play, for in time of war the chances are such rides will be required. And the army is organized to do work in warfare, not to serve merely as an ornament in time of peace.

Roosevelt keeps his body in trim by playing tennis, horseback riding, boxing, tramping and playing. Roosevelt is a great worker because he is a great player. "Work hard; play hard," he says. When you work put your whole being into it. Do it. Get it out of the way. And when the day is over forget the work. Then play; relax; unlimber; loaf.

I need not say much about Roosevelt's action. The fact that he is called Sternuous Teddy is evidence enough of the fact that he is a doer. And it is simply because he has done things that he is a master Sales Manager. Only the doer who does things right at the time they are wanted is the man to put in charge of men.

Roosevelt is one of the greatest sales managers in the world.

THEN comes Secretary Root. Intellectually he is the giant. He began his law practice in New York when he was twenty-two and has been so successful in climbing the ladder of success that his income has been in the neighborhood of \$300,000 a year for many years.

Mr. Root's reliability consists largely in loyalty. When he undertakes a task for a client it is certain that he will do his best. He is stronger than Roosevelt when dealing with circumstances; weaker when dealing with men. He is a bad judge of persons; a great judge of things. In spite of much evidence to the contrary Mr. Root knows that he succeeds best who obeys the square deal doctrine. In physical strength Mr. Root is not the equal of the president, yet he is no weakling. He spends much time in the saddle and plays golf, but plays all his games with a coolness and quietness that contrasts sharply with the methods employed by his more strenuous chief. Mr. Root in action is the opposite of Mr. Roosevelt, not that he lacks that quality, but he does things differently. "If you have seen a compressed-air drill working its way slowly, noiselessly, surely through the adamantine rock, you may realize how the mind of Mr. Root operates upon the problems which confront it," says Walter Wellman. "The harder the rock, the greater the working pressure, the sharper the drill."

The judicial quality is most apparent in Mr. Taft. Where Roosevelt after comparing concepts would leap to a judgment Mr. Taft forms a judgment logically and scientifically. Roosevelt forms judgments intuitively; Taft handles concepts like colored cubes in the hands of a worker in mosaic. Roosevelt says, "This must be done because ——" and leaves it there; Taft says, "This must be done because ——" and then goes on to tell the gentleman from Missouri just exactly why. Taft is brainy but not brilliant. He has that which is greater than flashy brilliance; he has com-

mon sense. Taft cannot be stampeded. Before he moves that great bulk of his he wants to know why. He is a master of the What, Why and How.

When Taft is ordered to do a thing, he does it. He is absolutely reliable. Not only does he do as he is told the first time, but he does what ought to be done without being told. Taft has initiative. He does what ought to be done when it ought to be done as it ought to be done. And through it all he smiles and laughs. The human side of Taft is as big as his body. He is a man who has never quite lost the qualities of boyhood. He has never grown up to those cold, arid regions of false dignity. Hence he is popular.

When the first Philippine assembly met Mr. Taft was at a baseball game when he was notified. He sent back word that the game wasn't finished and he couldn't leave. And when the game was over he asked if there was anything else doing. He was told there was to be a foot race, so he climbed down and held the tape. Then he opened the assembly. When on shipboard bound for the islands he studied the steps in a native dance, so that he actually danced himself into the hearts of the natives after his arrival, attending native balls whenever possible.

Although Taft is an aristocrat by birth, he is a most democratic aristocrat. His whole life has been spent working among people of all classes. He has seen all sides of life. He knows the problems of the poor just as he knows the problems of the rich, and he knows that no one president can solve all their problems and give satisfaction to all. The best one man can do is to work every day to give the majority a square deal. The people evidenced at the last election that they believe Mr. Taft will do this work.

Physically our new president is a big man, yet Arthur Brisbane says he is not fat. He is big muscled. Even the strenuous Teddy has never been able to set a pace which Taft was unable to follow.

Once some friends bribed a Canadian guide to get Taft lost in the woods. That evening Taft came swinging in calling for a square meal in a hurry. Behind him tottered the guide. When the other men got the guide out back of the house to ask him what happened, he was in a rage. "What fool you mek wis me? Hey git lose, shure Mike, hey git lose; but holly mack-arelle, she walks me 'roun dey dam Canada." Taft was the champion wrestler of Yale, President Hadley saying, "The manner in which Bill Taft got into the heavyweight wrestling and the way he stroked the freshman crew satisfied me that he was the man for about anything, even for running the country."

That the people believe Taft has action is certain. They would not have chosen him otherwise. There is enough unfinished business in the executive branch of the business to keep him busy for his entire term and much more. That Taft is the man for the job is believed by William Allen White, one of the keenest analysts of public men, "Taft is a hewer of wood, who has no ambition to link his name with new measures, but who, with a steady hand, and a heart always kind and a mind always generously just, *can clean off the desk.*"

AS I said before I like to look upon the government as a great business. I believe it to be the biggest business in the world. I know it to be the biggest business of the United States. Before it the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil Company are but pigmies.

I believe the time is coming when the men chosen to administer the affairs of this nation will not be politicians—politicians as the term is commonly understood. Business men will be selected. Men will be chosen who have shown by their conduct of private or corporation affairs that they are big enough for the task. The time when the wily manipulator of political puppets can hold the destinies of this country in the hollow of his grimy hand has passed away. In control are coming men whose only passport to high positions is Service. Only men who can, if I may once more use a slang phrase, are capable, “of delivering the goods,” who “can make good,” will be chosen.

Three such men are Roosevelt, Root and Taft.

Roosevelt is the great sales manager of the government. To him does the force look for ginger, for inspiration, for hustle, energy—for all the service that a master sales manager must render.

Root has charge of the factory. He is the intellectual power. He is told to produce a certain product which Sales Manager Roosevelt knows the country needs and will purchase. His keen, analytical, constructive mind produces the goods. Oftentimes his knowledge of manufacturing conditions, his knowledge of construction, prompts him to suggest changes. He is no mannikin. He is no machine, doing only that which he is told, or if he is a machine he is a Thinking Machine greater even than the one imagined by Jacques Futrelle.

In Taft I see an executive who is calm, unruffled, blessed with much common sense, capable of doing what is necessary to keep the machinery—the inner machinery—of the business running smoothly and easily. He is quick to obey the demands of advisers, yet he is no straw that turns whichever way the wind blows. His is a judicial mind. I would not call him a great creator. Roosevelt is that. But Taft is a man who will see that the goods sold by Sales Manager Roosevelt are delivered.

As I said once before, Roosevelt is the conscience of the Awakened Nation. To him more than to any man who ever served as chief executive of this country do we owe the awakening of the people to the gospel of the Square Deal, which is, as you know, only a modern name for the Golden Rule.

He it is who has done most to teach the nation Reliability. His war against predatory wealth, injustice inflicted upon the House of Want by the House of Have, corruption in office, both public and private, and his constructive suggestions—all this has given him a place in the estimation of those whom he has served that even time cannot take from him.

Yet through it all he has been intensely human. “I may not be the greatest president the United States has ever had, but I know that no president has had as much fun as I have.” That’s what he says himself. He has

enjoyed it. So has the majority. Only those who have offended against the Square Deal have suffered, And they had it coming.

Before Roosevelt became sales manager the people were asleep, and while they slept they were robbed right and left. They were given adulterated goods. The quality of the service the government rendered was not up to standard. The service was bad—how bad it was no one knew until the new sales manager got into the head office and nosed around.

Then things happened.

Things have been happening ever since.

Had Taft been McKinley's successor, and had he found the crookedness, the inefficiency, the rottenness of the service and the goods, it is likely that he would have started in to remedy conditions. But he would have done it in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. He would not have used spectacular sales methods. He would have substituted good for the bad, but the change would have been brought about so slowly and silently that the chances are the people would have never discovered the difference.

But Roosevelt was different.

"Here you contented, indifferent, unthinking majority, wake up. Look at the stuff this government has been giving you. Why in the name of the god of war and the seven hills of Rome don't you rear up and kick. Wake up and let's change things. This government has a monopoly on all the government business in the country and you have to take what this factory gives you. You can't get government anywhere else. But since you stockholders have chosen me to act as your executive and sales manager, and since I have a right to say a few things to this board of directors called Congress, I'm going to bring about a change.

"But I can't bring about this change alone. I need your help. If you don't hustle around and stir up a demand for my brand of goods this board of directors will lay my proposition on the table on the ground that whatever is right, and, anyhow, if you folks wanted better goods you'd ask for them. Then they'd tell me to let well enough alone and not butt into an old established business with a lot of new, untried ideas."

Then Roosevelt got his advertising department working. He called in the newspaper fellows, the magazine men and the rest, and he told them what to write in order to create a demand for the new kinds of goods. He did a lot of spectacular stunts that brought him plenty of free press notices even in the opposition papers.

Under that campaign of publicity the people simply had to wake up.

And they have never been able to go to sleep. There's been so much going on that they haven't dared go to sleep for fear of missing something especially good.

Sales Manager Roosevelt was and is a prolific idea producer. When he leaves office on March 4, his desk will be covered with plans that have been started, plans that have been proposed, plans that have never seen the light.

The people have chosen William Taft as the ideal man to clear that desk.

WE are told that Roosevelt has never had clearly in mind a remedy which would serve as a universal panacea for the ills of the nation. It is doubtful if there exists anywhere a man who can supply a remedy which will do all that.

But Roosevelt has served a great purpose. He has awakened us. We can now see what we want ourselves. Perhaps a few years hence we will have awakened enough to insist on getting what we need and what we must have before the United States will become truly democratic.

In the meantime we have at the helm a man who has been tested in many departments and has not been found wanting. Taft has always delivered the goods. He has always filled the positions to which he has been appointed. The confidence of the majority of the Americans is backing him in the new work to be taken up March 4.

It is certain that he will not stir up the nation as his predecessor has done. Perhaps he is the forerunner of the constructive presidents. Perhaps his task will be to clear off the Roosevelt desk, carry out the good plans that are at present under way, incorporate into some of them new ideas, change a little here and there, combine two or three weak plans in order to produce one great plan—here, certainly, is work enough for one big man.

Even after all this shaking up the business of the nation is better than it ever was before. Everything is in a more healthful condition. There is still much to be remedied, more than the majority realize, but this is constructive work for the doing of which the times will provide men.

Although no longer an officer of the company, Roosevelt will not be inactive. He is still a stockholder, and even though he is out of office he holds in his hands proxies of many hundreds of thousands of other stockholders. Thus he will still be one of the powers behind the throne.

Secretary Root is going to the senate—possibly for life. Only a political upheaval can prevent him from representing New York in the upper house for as long as he cares for the place. Thus he will serve actively in carrying out the policies formulated by the combined judgments of the Three Musketeers.

But to tell what these men have done is not the sole object of this little talk with you.

I am looking into the future. I see the time when the young men of today will have to take their places as leaders in the management of this great business of the United States. I want them to realize the greatness of the task. I want them to understand the greatness of the requirements of those who are to be executives.

Reliability is the great quality the men who are to govern us in the future must have. Our executives in the past have not always been men of reliability. They have not served us fairly and squarely and honestly. To some

they have given much. To others they have given only such crusts as fell from the table of Dives.

The man who doesn't get a square deal is the man most deserving of sympathy. Roosevelt has found many such. He has helped much, but infinitely more must be done. Roosevelt may see it. "Roosevelt sees it all right," says an old miner in *Collier's*. "You can't fool him with no argument about how prosperous workingmen are. It ain't what a man gets, but what ought to come to him that counts with me and him."

The governors of the future must be men who see the greatness of this nation, yet who see it made up of eighty odd millions of persons every one of whom must be given a square deal.

What a task for a superman—for a man with greater Area than is possessed by any one man today. Yes, what a task for many men of greater Area, for we all know that no one man can do a great work alone. All great work is the product of many minds and many hearts working and beating together.

Service to Humanity

Marshall Field



MAN should interest himself in public affairs. There is no happiness in mere dollars. After they are acquired, one can use but a moderate amount. It is given a man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he cannot use. When money has supplied these, its mission, so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look further and higher. It is only in wide public affairs, where money is a moving force toward the general welfare, that the possessor of it can possibly find pleasure, and that only in constantly doing more. The greatest good a man can do is to cultivate himself, develop his powers, in order that he may be of greater service to humanity.



How to Hire, Train and Supervise Men

BY HUGH CHALMERS

President, the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. An address delivered before the Chicago Division of the National Sales Managers' Association, February 4, 1909

DUTIES OF CHALMERS-DETROIT OFFICERS

1. *To employ good men to assist us.*
2. *To organize our factory and agencies.*
3. *To hold meetings often.*
4. *To anticipate the demands in our line.*
5. *To co-operate with each other in all things.*
6. *To do unto others as we want they shall do unto us.*
7. *Tell the TRUTH.*

Five Things to Increase

1. SALES
2. CASH ON HAND
3. PROFITS
4. EFFICIENCY OF FORCE
5. QUALITY OF OUR CARS

Five Things to Decrease

1. DEBT
2. UNNECESSARY EXPENSE
3. NUMBER OF COMPLAINTS MADE
4. AMOUNT OF TIME WASTED
5. COST OF PRODUCTION

THE subject of this evening is naturally a very broad one. You have given me all the latitude any man could ask for, but it is more than we can cover successfully in one evening—the question of salesmanship. While salesmanship is only one word, it has so many ramifications, so many avenues leading from it, that it is very difficult for us to realize fully all that it is and means. There is more demand for it today than for anything else on the market. When you sum it all up, if I were asked to define salesmanship in one sentence, I should say this: *It is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell.*

That is about all there is to it. There are different ways of getting to that and many ways of leading up to it, but that is what it means. To sell anything is merely to convince the other man, or, rather, to change his mind so that it agrees with your mind.

The whole question of selling goods can be treated under the three heads of Employment, Training and Supervision.

The question of employment of men is one that has troubled sales managers for all time past, and will trouble us for all time in the future, because we have our ideas and our ideals smashed so often and our

judgment goes wrong so often on men that we employ. It has been my experience that the older I get the less I think I know about sizing up a man. However, we shouldn't allow these failures to blind us entirely to the fact that there are certain rules for the employment of men. There are certain things to go by and you can to some extent pass judgment on the man without taking too much of a chance. I am not going into a long detailed discussion as to how these men should be employed.

In the first place, there are a good many ways of getting men. To advertise is one way—advertising in newspapers for men. My experience has been that in that kind of advertising care must be exercised in sizing up men because of the different classes of men who answer. It has also been my experience that some of the best men I ever saw in my life were secured through advertising. A great deal depends upon how you advertise. All I hope to do in the short time I am going to speak is to give you a few definite points from my own experience.

I do not believe in advertising under a fictitious name under any circumstances. I believe that if you want men for your business, whether or not you get the right men to apply depends wholly on the way you write the advertisement. If you ad-

vertise for twenty-five salesmen, asking them to apply to A. B. C., care Herald Office, and all that sort of thing, you won't get good men to answer that class of advertising. If you need fifteen or twenty men, I should advise you to advertise for two; good men don't seek employment where men are wanted in droves. I should say, also, that an advertisement should state somewhat specifically the duties of the position and should give some idea of the compensation. In inserting advertisements I always aim to select a space not in the "want" column. Try to get your ad into the reading column. It will cost a little more money, but you will attract a class of people you want to attract, something out of the ordinary.

In employing men I am not in favor of an application blank that wants the history of a man from the day of his birth to the hour of his application, as some do. That would scare off any good man before he got half started. We want reasonable information about men, but it is not necessary to have all the information that is asked for on some application blanks.

In regard to sizing men up, an employer who can select say seventy-five per cent, or even fifty per cent, and I might go lower—any man who can select that percentage of successful salesmen is the most valuable man to any house or corporation and his value cannot be judged in dollars and cents. I never saw a man who could select that percentage and do it successfully, and do it continuously, because it is impossible to look at a man and find out whether or not he can sell your goods.

I never employed a man in my life on the first interview. I believe in asking a man to come back for a second or third interview, because as a general rule he has to call on the trade two or three times and, in a specialty line, a great many hundreds of times. If he does not make the right impression on you the first time, the chances are he wouldn't on the trade. The same is true of the second and third calls.

For that reason I do not believe in the

hasty selection of men. Where we used to employ hundreds of salesmen we did it through a series of three men. Three men always went through a town and the applicant or applicants were sized up by the three men. Each made notes. If we saw right off that the man wouldn't do at all, he was given an application blank and that was the end of it.

Another pretty good rule to follow, although not always absolutely right, is never to employ an unsuccessful man. If a man has not been successful in some other business, unless there is some other good reason for his failure, he isn't likely to succeed in yours. I never broke an egg at one end and found it bad and at the other end found it good (laughter). I think that applies to some extent to men. I do not know what businesses you are engaged in—they are varied—but what I am going to say applies to one business as well as another. I have had experience in training specialty salesmen and I am speaking from that standpoint, but I have found that human nature is pretty much alike the world over. Salesmanship, or selling goods, is pretty much the same because you are dealing with men's minds.

There is one thing to bear in mind—I want to impress it upon you: when you sell a man a bill of goods, whether it be automobiles, typewriters or dry goods, that sale does not take place in your order book. That sale does not take place in the check book or the cash drawer. That sale, first of all, takes place in the man's mind. That is where it takes place. You have to convince the buyer's mind. You have to change his mind.

When you go in to sell a man a bill of goods, if he thinks he does not want it, he tells you that he doesn't want it and tells you in a pretty loud voice. As you get down closer and closer to that order his voice becomes softer.

After all, bear in mind, whether big or small, the whole subject is dealing with the man's mind. Human nature is alike, whether it be in Germany, France, England or America. The general methods

Ten Qualities of a Successful Salesman

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. <i>Health</i> | 6. <i>Tact</i> |
| 2. <i>Honesty</i> | 7. <i>Sincerity</i> |
| 3. <i>Ability</i> | 8. <i>Industry</i> |
| 4. <i>Initiative</i> | 9. <i>Open-Mindedness</i> |
| 5. <i>Knowledge of Business</i> | 10. <i>Enthusiasm</i> |

—Hugh Chalmers.

of procedure that will sell goods in New York will sell goods in Chicago. You may have to change the tactics somewhat for different places, but the same general method will do it. What will convince a man's mind in New York will convince it in Chicago.

Another way to secure men is to get them through men you already have, to have those men recommend to you men of their acquaintance who are successful and would make good men for you. Of course, that also requires some careful investigation, because the element of friendship may enter into it more largely than you care to have it enter.

There is another way we used once or twice to get men. Perhaps I shouldn't tell this, but it is absolutely fair. If you want to interview only men who are employed and don't care to have unemployed men call, suppose you advertise for a safe or a typewriter or something else. You will have only those salesmen call on you who are employed and you can size them up and see what impression they make on you. Perhaps you can get one or two good men that way. (Laughter and applause.) Of course, that is not a method you can use every week, but it is true that you can get good men that way. There you have a man, perfectly natural, trying to sell you something, appearing to you exactly as he is and not as he would have you think he is.

The Natural-Born Salesman

There is an old maxim or adage that says, "Salesmen are born, not made." I should change that in this day and generation to say, "Salesmen are made as well as born," because salesmanship is nothing but good common sense. That is all it is. If you show me a man with good common sense, coupled with a great many other things that he must have with that sense, although that is the basis of all of it (the chances are if he has that he has the others), he is likely to succeed if you train him properly. Of course, it depends largely upon the question of whether the man is used to meeting people and all that sort of thing. Men who will do in one line of business will not do in another. In passing from the question of how to get men I should say, there are many ways, but the main thing

is to try to have as many good applicants appearing before you as you can, as the process of elimination is easier if that is true.

Now, we pass for a minute to the question of compensation. Compensation is, after all, based upon results. Whether it be a salary and commission or a straight commission basis, it must of necessity be based upon results. I believe that in some businesses it is all right to employ men on salary and commission, but my experience as specialty sales manager has been that, all things considered, the commission basis is the most satisfactory. If a man is on a salary basis, he is not to be paid that salary unless he earns it, and if it was a salary and commission basis, the same would be true. It isn't possible, perhaps, for all of you to put your men on commission, but after all it is the commission basis that gives the salesman his just proportion of the profits he is making and puts him, so to speak, in business for himself. It is entirely up to him as to whether he earns a thousand a year, or two thousand, or three thousand, or perhaps more money.

Salary or Commission

With a beginner, who hasn't the confidence that he should have, it might be best for him to accept a salary basis, or a salary and commission basis; and perhaps a man who has passed the meridian of life may feel safer with a guaranteed income coming in; but the young man of brains, of initiative, the man who wants to make all the dollars he can, who has only as capital his ability and his knowledge of the business, the man who wants to capitalize himself and get all out of himself that is in him, that man wants a commission basis, because after all none of us who are in business for ourselves would care to build up that business to a certain point and then have the government take the whole thing, give you a stipulated amount per year on your business, but take all profits over that amount.

It is this same thing that I am in favor of—individual effort—that has pushed America to the front in all walks of life. It is the creative instinct in the men of this country that has made your country what it is today. That is why I am personally against government ownership of anything that individuals can manage (applause).

I sold goods on the road and I had this little scheme. Of course, this is personal, it may not apply to you, but I will tell you how I made myself work. I was working on a commission basis. I had slips printed showing the days of the month from 1st to 31st. I figured my expenses for the month and I made up my mind that I had to make expenses by the twelfth of the month, and every dollar to the twelfth of the month went for *expenses*. After the twelfth it kept me going to *make money* and when I got down to the thirty-first day of the month I held on to that fellow like grim death, because I knew if I made the sale on or before the thirty-first I could write it on the "profit" column and, if I let it go to the next day, it had to go to the expenses of next month. (Laughter and applause.)

That system will keep you "going some," because you want to close your business by months, not by years. The next day's sale did not cut any figure, only so much money thrown into the hopper for general expenses.

Success Qualities

As to the qualities of a successful salesman: I believe the qualities of a successful salesman are ten, principally, and they are:

Health,
Honesty,
Ability,
Initiative,
Knowledge of the business,
Tact,
Sincerity,
Industry,
Open mindedness,
Enthusiasm.

A man may not have all ten of these qualities, but in proportion as he has them he will succeed.

Now, when I say that he should have health, I do not mean that you want to go to the extreme of interfering with a man's private life and tell him what he should eat or drink or anything of that kind, but I believe that in the selection of men the question of health should enter largely, because in my own experience a healthy mind is better nourished in a healthy body than otherwise. The man who has health of body is surer to have a healthy mind than the one who hasn't bodily health. On the question of the health of a salesman

enter those things he shouldn't do. There is hardly a salesman in the country today but isn't doing one or two things that are injuring him. The greatest thing that bothers us all is our habits. I refer particularly to the subject of drinking and smoking too much.

A salesman's mind must be on the *qui vive* all the time. Just like a race-horse, he should be ready to go when the bell sounds. Now, a man will drink or smoke too much. I speak particularly of drinking in the daytime. You see, and so do I, very much less of that than there was ten years ago, and thank God for it, because as business men we have no right to do that thing in the middle of the busiest day which will in any way interfere with our business ability for the last half of the day's work. And a salesman who will refrain from drinking until after six o'clock is bound to have more dollars in the bank at the end of the year. I speak from experience, like the man who says, "It pays to be honest, because I know both ways." (Laughter.) Nothing makes a man quite so lazy, quite so unfit for business, as a drink or two along about two or three o'clock. Merely as a general caution to men on the question of health I think it is a good idea for you as sales managers to pay some attention to that.

The Commonsense of Honesty

On the question of honesty—I do not speak of honesty in a base sense—I think a man is nothing short of a fool in this time of our existence who is anything else but an honest man. A man who is not honest nowadays from the strict standpoint of honesty as generally accepted has no chance at all. I do not mean the kind of honesty that you learn from Spencerian copy writing-books either. I mean the kind of honesty that goes right down to the depths of a man and makes him honest by nature, not by compulsion. But there is more to this honesty question. The question of honesty enters into a man's work. He can give you an honest day's work or not. It is up to you largely, by reports, etc., to see that you get it.

Let me give you this one thought on the subject of honesty, it may never have occurred to you. After all there is nobody in the whole world that knows a man is honest but himself. Your wife thinks you are

honest. Mine thinks I am. It is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, too; (laughter) but they couldn't prove it to save their souls. The only response to that question is for the man to look at himself in the mirror and say, "Am I an honest man?" Because honesty goes down to what a man *thinks*, as well as to what he says and does. I put a great deal of stress on honesty, because I tell you I think the good Lord knew what he was doing when he made some men dishonest: if they were honest, coupled with their natural ability, you and I wouldn't have much of a chance. (Laughter and applause.)

By ability I refer to the mental equipment of a man. When you stop to think of it, men don't differ very much in their general make-up. Every man, as a rule, has two legs, two arms, two ears, a nose, a pair of eyes and a mouth, and, considering their height, they weigh about the same. What is the difference? Nothing but the difference in their brains. That is all there is of difference between men, their brains.

Ability can be developed, and is developed largely by what a man reads, by the company he keeps, and by his willingness to learn. Every man's compensation should be made up of two parts until he gets to fifty years of age. He should say to himself when he accepts employment anywhere, first, what can I earn? That is his daily bread. And, for the second question, he should put a letter "l" in front of "earn" and say, "what can I l-earn?" A great deal can be done to develop ability, but it represents the difference in men. How often, too, you see men who have ability—it is a pity, but I have seen hundreds of them—but not the other things. One of these things alone is like a man crippled. You sales managers, as I have said, can do a great deal to develop your men.

Initiative

Initiative is that quality that makes a man do something before he is told to do it. My experience shows me that there are three kinds of men in the world: the man who does something when you tell him once; the man who does something when you tell him four or five times; and the man you don't have to tell to do it. Initiative is represented by the man you don't have to tell. Initiative in a salesman is skill in

a surgeon. After a surgeon has you on the table cut open, he can't say, "I must go and see this book and see if I am proceeding right on this fellow." No, after he cuts in he has to finish, whether it is your finish or his finish (laughter and applause). That is initiative. I could say a great deal on that, for it is one of my hobbies. I would rather see a man with initiative, even if he did lack some of these other qualities, for, if he has initiative, he is going to do something. Dewey cut that cable over in Manila—that was initiative; he knew what he wanted to do and he did it. And you ought to give a salesman enough latitude to use his good common sense in an emergency case, even if he does do something wrong once in a while.

Now, on the question of knowledge of the business: I have always noticed, and you have, that the lawyer who reads the most law books and keeps up to date on law, is, as a rule, the best lawyer. I know the statement that "Salesmanship is a profession" is worn threadbare, but it is true, nevertheless. A man ought to have all the knowledge of his business that he can possess, keeping in mind the old saying that "knowledge is power." In talking life insurance I am always impressed by the man who says, "How old are you?" and when I say so many years old he says, "What you want is so and so," without stopping to look it up in a book. You are always impressed by a man who knows his business. And it is up to you sales managers to see that your men get the information about the business that they ought to have.

Tact is something it is pretty hard to give a man. He has to get that himself. Tact is ability to deal with different temperaments, different dispositions, and get through it all. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." A man who can "jolly" you into something isn't always tactful; he is merely expedient. He has done the most expedient thing at the time perhaps, but he probably hasn't been honest with you. So don't mistake the thing. Tact is that rare thing that tells a man how to deal with his fellow-man who isn't jumping before he sees a pillow to light on down below. It is pretty hard to describe it any further than that.

The next thing is sincerity. As for sincerity, a man is consciously or unconsciously

affected by everything you say, and don't think he isn't. Sincerity is one of the greatest attributes man or woman can have. It makes friends and holds them. Sincerity is that quality in a man by which you can tell from the way he says something to you that that thought did not come from the mouth outward, but from down deeper. A man to whom you wish to sell goods must necessarily be impressed by the way in which you speak, because the way in which you say a thing is about as important as the thing you say.

Now, selling a man goods, as I told you a while ago, is appealing to his mind, absolutely appealing to his mind. You can't sell him until you change his mind. He may say, "I don't want that," and you reply, "Yes, you do," and you can't sell that order until his mind is changed.

You are throwing thoughts at a man; that is what you are doing. You are throwing thoughts from your mind into his mind, and just in proportion as he catches them will they appeal to him or not.

Thoughts are tangible. They are intangible in a way, but still tangible. What I mean is that you can't throw insincerity at a man and have him catch sincerity. If I throw this cup—I am not going to—at Mr. Saxe, he is likely to catch a cup, if he catches anything. At least, he won't catch a glass. He will catch just what I throw at him.

It is the same way with sincerity and insincerity. Salesmen may fool themselves, but it is that one quality in a man that makes an impression that he cannot help and of which he isn't conscious.

Now, to illustrate that: down at the New York Automobile Show last week a man wandered into our booth, Mr. John B. Herreshoff. Mr. Herreshoff is the designer of the yachts that have successfully defended the America cup. He is blind. A salesman took him to Mr. Page, our New York dealer. He is a genius, an engineer, and he *felt* all around the automobile. Finally, I was introduced to him and talked with him. He said, "Mr. Chalmers, you know I can't see; consequently, my sense of hearing is enhanced that much. I have to judge men by their voices. Now, I am going to buy that car because Mr. Page has an honest voice. I know that he is honest."

I admire a sincere man, and so do you. I hate the jollier. It is your friend who criticises you and your enemy who flatters you. Your friend is sincere, wants you to improve, and tells you when you are wrong, and the man who tells you that you are the best fellow on earth when you are doing wrong isn't your friend, because he is encouraging you to continue to do things that aren't right. Therefore, accept criticism that way, because it is your friend.

As regards industry, I think the man who coined that sentence, "always on the job," did a good day's work, because industry is a great thing. Keep busy! Keep doing your work right!

Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions. The man who knows it all is standing on a banana peel placed there by a fool-killer who is waiting just around the corner (laughter and applause). Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions, to be able to improve. The day is not long past when salesmen used to resent suggestions. Most salesmen accept them nowadays. When employing a man I would be pretty anxious to find out whether he was willing to accept suggestions.

Now, about asking a man questions: if you want to test a man, get him to argue a little bit. I used to say, "What makes you think you can sell these goods? I don't think you can. Your experience in the past hasn't been such as to make me think you can. Now, tell me why. I tell you what you do. Go away today" (of course, you must do this nicely) "and I would like to have you come back tomorrow and give me three reasons why you think you can sell these goods." And when the man comes back size up his reasons and see if they are good ones.

As to enthusiasm: a man might have honesty, health, ability, initiative, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry and openmindedness; yet, without enthusiasm he would not be a success. Enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all these qualities into one effective mass.

A little illustration: take a piece of blue glass and a sapphire. You might polish that glass until it is as smooth and hard as the sapphire, but when you look down into them you see thousands of little lights shining up at you out of the sapphire that you

can't get out of that piece of blue glass. Those fires just seem to speak out at you as you look at that sapphire. What those little lights are in that sapphire, enthusiasm is in the man. Some men are almost irresistible—you know that; it is because enthusiasm radiates from their expression, beams from their eyes and is evident in their actions.

A man might be made to order with proper proportions of all these other nine things I have mentioned, and yet, if he lack enthusiasm, he is only a statue.

Greatness of Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, for his family, or for anything he has an interest in, for anything his heart is in. So I say, enthusiasm is one of the greatest things a man can have.

Don't misunderstand me to mean froth or gush, because I dislike that as much as you do; I mean intensity of feeling and action, the thing that makes you like that man, and the thing that makes you call him a "live one," because you can very readily see the thousand lights all through him.

I have named ten things here. If I were a sales manager, I would take those ten things and I would size up a man. I would say, I know he is honest, he has good health, he is industrious, and I would see where he came short. Did you notice—perhaps you didn't—that nine out of ten of the things I mentioned deal with the man himself and only one-tenth with his business, which proves conclusively—and I have proved it to my mind hundreds of times—that salesmanship is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory, or nine-tenths man and one-tenth business, or whatever you wish to call it. I have put some men in territories where other men have fallen down and have had them get business. Where men can understand what you say, if you speak the same language that they do, and have all these things that I am talking about—you know your business, are sincere in it, love it, and are in it not only for money but for pleasure too, the prospect will not get away from you. He may postpone his order, but eventually he won't get away. So that I say it is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory or business.

On the question of training of men, I think the day is already gone—I do not say it is about gone, for I believe it is gone—when any firm will hire a man in the morning, give him his samples in the afternoon and have him leave town that night, because the one thing most needed, and which is coming more and more into effective use today in this country, is training of salesmen. Some of you may be connected with retail establishments. The greatest need of retail establishments today is a training school. I do not refer to an elaborate affair; anything is a school where ten, twenty, perhaps fifty, are gathered together to learn something. I wouldn't operate any store without such a school. I have it in my own business. I wouldn't have any business where I didn't hold a school regularly for the different people for the purpose of teaching them and having them teach me and teach each other the best ways of doing business.

Must Train Men

This question of training is a very important one. You might have all the ability in the world hired, but if you didn't train your men you wouldn't get the best results. The training you should give a salesman in your line ought to put him about six months ahead of what he could pick up on the road if he had not received your training.

I have found this out, that it costs you as much for the traveling expenses of a poor man as it does for a good man. The hotels charge as much per day for a man of mediocre ability, railroads as much railroad fare, Uncle Sam as much to carry his mail; so, after all, since the expenses are the same, what are a few extra dollars in compensation or in training to make the difference between a good man and a bad one, when a good man will do twice or three times the business a poor one will.

I would never send a man out until he had sold two people. One thing is that he has to sell me. But that isn't the most important: he has got to sell himself before I will put him on. He has to be sold on the proposition he is going out to sell to other people before I would give him a dollar of expense money.

On the question of expense money I have a suggestion for you men who hire men on

commission and advance them money. After I hire a man on commission I say, "How much money do you want to borrow?" He will probably say, "I don't want to borrow any money," and I reply, "O, yes you do. You are going into business for yourself. You want me to advance you money. And I am charging this to your account. How much do you want to borrow?" He is borrowing and it is a good way to put this thing up to him. It makes him think.

The Green Spot

Another good motto for all salesmen to have is this, "Never leave business to look for business." Most of you, no doubt, have been in the woods. You want to sit down and you find a nice spot. Then you look over yonder, and there is a greener looking spot. You start over there to sit down, but when you get there you find it is no different from the place you left. So, don't leave business to look for business. Business where you are is as good as business where you are going. That is a good motto for your salesmen to have.

The question of supervision is the third big thing a sales manager has before him. The best man in the world will not do effective work without supervision. Sometimes we get angry and lose patience with a man who goes wrong, but often we are just as much to blame for the man going wrong as he was, for human nature is such that you can't condemn a man without weighing pretty well the conditions under which he fell. I believe that if a man is honest, keep him honest. Check him up. That is where supervision comes in. Make him report properly, whether daily or weekly; make him tell you the towns he went to and how much he spent—not the last nickel or dime, but in a general way; and you will have a better man.

The real ability in a sales manager is shown by his handling of men. That is something I could talk about till midnight and not tell you perhaps any more than that. It is ability to handle each one personally. Make it a point to get acquainted with what each man is doing. When you meet him remember what he has done and mention it. He will be greatly pleased. Make it a point to speak kindly to your men at all times, only criticising

when necessary, and always bear this in mind: don't write sharp letters. I have always found that warm words dictated became cold type when received. The man wasn't there to hear the enunciation or the inflection of your voice, and he doesn't know what you mean when he gets the cold type. Many a man has been knocked out for several days and useless to you because you have been hasty and written the wrong kind of a letter. A letter should criticise, should point out the mistake, but should not take away enthusiasm. You should not so dampen a man that he damns you for the balance of the week. You may think it a little far-fetched for me to mention this, but I have known some smart men who wrote too sharp letters.

Write Encouraging Letters

Now, in connection with the question of checking up is that of writing encouraging letters. Most of you have carried sample trunks. You know there are days when you come into a hotel when you could lift it from its foundations, and there are other days when you don't care if it falls on you. (Laughter.) So you should bear in mind that your men are human. Bear in mind that you owe something to your men, as men, in addition to your duty to your corporation, and by doing this you will get better work.

As regards close covering of territory: I believe that a man, as a rule—at least those I hired—can only cover so much territory because of physical impossibility to do more. A man has only two legs and can only get over so much ground and see so many people, and it is an injustice to ask a man to cover more territory than he can cover. The amount he can cover varies with the different kinds of business, but I wouldn't allow a man to cover too much territory with typewriters, scales, adding machines, and that sort of thing, because I think it is not good for the man and you do yourself harm.

It has also been my experience, whether it is in selling dry goods or specialties, that sometimes men will work for honor when they won't work so hard for money, and I have found that prizes held up to men for best records for a month, two months, three months, a year, bring good results. I would encourage that. Another thing I

would encourage is the printing of comparative records of sales of your men to stimulate them, to keep them going. I would have district managers on salary and commission, or commission, for the same reason as salesmen, for they have the same interest in producing more business.

Somebody asked me, "Do you go much on testimonials when hiring men?" My experience has been that the man who has the most testimonials needs the most. (Laughter and applause.) The man who goes around to everybody he ever worked for, from hauling in the coal to taking care of the horse, and obtains recommendations and carries them with him, never had much weight with me. The investigation I made into his past was by getting acquainted with the people who know him. One of the best things you can do is to write the local bank where the man lives and ask the banker what kind of a fellow he is. You will probably get a good answer.

Another point: don't try to drive tacks with a sledge hammer. I am talking to sales managers, and your worthy president said to me that one of the hardest things he has to do is to keep from doing a lot of detail work. That is what I call driving tacks with a sledge hammer. Don't drive tacks with a sledge hammer when you can get somebody else to do it with a tack hammer.

I have a rule—it is no secret—which keeps me on the ten most important things I have to do. I have a pad on my desk, a folder with a black cover to it. On one page I have before me the ten most important things I have to do. I put them down as they occur to me and as I do them I mark them off. Every morning the stenographer puts a fresh sheet on my desk. If ten are not enough, I have more. Some of you perhaps would have a hundred. Other important things I put on another page, but I keep before me the ten most important and try to keep myself on the most important work.

The Ten Big Things

The hardest thing a manager or sales manager, or a general manager, has to do—and that is the difference between a good manager and a bad one—is to have ability to differentiate between a little thing and a big thing. Don't attend to a little thing

when by so doing a big thing suffers. I have introduced this into all departments of our business. I make every department head keep on his desk a memorandum of what he has to do. If I want to check him up, I look at his clip and see what he has to do. Suppose I ask each one of you to tell me now the ten most important things you have to do. You would scratch your heads. Now, if you don't know, how can you be sure you are always working on the most important things?

I can illustrate that with a homely story. Suppose a farmer had a man working for him and had eighty acres of cornfield, and he would say, "John, go drive the pigs out of that cornfield." The man might be driving for a week. But if he said, "There are ten pigs in the cornfield; drive them out." When John got the ten out he wouldn't any longer be chasing pigs that did not exist. (Laughter and applause.)

The same thing applies to a man's work. We think we are sales managers, but some of us haven't organized ourselves yet. The hardest thing to do is to organize yourself, to make yourself do systematically that which you are trying to get others to do. Teach yourself. It isn't as easy to do as it is for me to say it to you.

By the way, one way to get rid of details is to drop some of them. Details are like a couple of heavy weights. If you get somebody to cut the band, they will drop. If there isn't a man under you who can catch them, they will fall on him, because he had his hands down instead of up to catch them. Of course, you won't get relief until you get men under you who are capable of relieving you. But I say to you, "Cut those bands," and may be some fellow underneath will catch the weights. If he doesn't, he will be jarred a little.

Mental Arithmetic

I was over in Scotland one time and I said to a Scotchman in Edinboro, "I notice that young Scotchmen are getting the best jobs in the banks in England and on the continent. They are in places of responsibility. Do you know why that is?" "Oh, he said, "young man, that is easy. That is mental arithmetic." I said "What do you mean by that?" And he said, "Mental arithmetic in a boy becomes judgment in a man." It is the ability to weigh in your

mind two opposing factions or things and be able to come to an intelligent conclusion as to which you had better do. Mental arithmetic in a boy is judgment in a man. To be successful you must be able to weigh in your mind the things that come before you and make your decision on the side that goes down. Here are five reasons why you ought to do this thing. See how many reasons there are on the other side why you ought not to do it. You will be more likely to come to an intelligent conclusion.

Another thing, learn to make decisions quickly. Some of us wouldn't be able to get very far if we didn't have to make decisions quickly. Learn to size up things and make decisions as quickly as you can. There are times when judgment is better tomorrow, but if you are in touch with the business you can make your decision as well now as later. If you find you are on the wrong road, change your mind. There are only two classes that don't change their minds, only two—fools and dead men. None of us wants to belong to either class. Don't be afraid to change your mind when you are wrong, but do try to make your decisions quickly.

Putting Off Hard Things

Again, we are prone to put off the hard things that are on our desks. "Here is a letter I ought to answer. I will put that off for a while. I have three or four other things I can do." You put it off. Tomorrow you will say, "That darned thing is there yet." (Laughter and applause.) And that is the way it goes. Now, I will tell you what to do. I am not preaching anything I don't practice. You can ask anybody working for me. I have made myself do this. I handle these hard things first. I know I can handle that easy stuff any time, so I handle the hard things first. It may take longer, but they will be handled. Whenever mail can be answered the same day it is received, if I am there it is answered that day, not the next day. I believe men get into the habit of putting these things off. It is said that if you let a letter go long enough unanswered, it answers itself (laughter and applause), but you are not able to decide what the answer will be. Therefore, it is a good idea for you to answer the letter.

Another thing, I believe in teaching through the eye as well as the ear. If I

am talking to you as I am now, some of you get some of the things I say one way and others another, but, if I had a blackboard and put these things down, all eyes are focused on what I have written and you are all getting the same impression. I have in my office a blackboard which I use regularly when we have meetings there. There is a great deal in teaching through the eye. Men get what you mean much quicker through the eye than through the ear. So I say that to write a thing down is better.

I have listed on this blackboard the following duties:

First, to employ good men to assist us. That is the whole thing. We could stand up here till tomorrow and talk about organization and salesmanship, and, after all, it comes to the question of men. Get good men to assist us.

Second, to organize our factory and agencies, to hold meetings often, to anticipate the demands in our line, to cooperate with each other in all things, to do unto others as we wish to be done by ourselves.

Tell the Truth

The next thing is, tell the truth. We keep that before us. Most of us are prone to exaggerate and it is a good thing to keep this before your people—tell the truth. I recently started a little publication myself for the benefit of our own agents, and the heading of it is "Tell The Truth." What I mean by that is, if you are in a decent line—and we all are—truth ought to be able to sell our goods, because if there isn't truth back of your line of goods you in all probability won't stay in business very long anyhow.

I also have on that blackboard and keep always before me, five things to increase: First, sales. Second, increase cash on hand. You might increase your sales and have a lot of notes on hand, but you want to do business profitably and want some cash. Third, increase profits. Fourth, increase the efficiency of our force. Fifth, increase the quality of our product. And five things to decrease: Debt, because where you do business only on nine per cent, you are liable to have some debts (laughter). Decrease unnecessary expense. Decrease the number of complaints made.

Decrease the amount of time wasted. And decrease the cost of production.

I am here to tell you some things that have been of practical use to me. I have found that these things are. You will find that if you can keep on increasing those five things and decreasing five, the chances are you will succeed and make some money.

I believe that often we sales managers allow our tempers to get the best of us. We allow ourselves to get unduly worried and allow things to affect our judgment when we are in that condition. In the last few years I have been trying to keep an even disposition. Don't fly off the handle. Train yourself. Try to do things calmly. Try to make yourself see the other side of the situation. Now, when I see a man come in to me who looks like he had been drinking the night before—perhaps he is a foreman or department head, and I see he is sore about something. I don't talk to him that morning. I say, "Come in this afternoon. I am busy now. I don't want to talk with you. You are not doing the talking. It is those two extra drinks of whisky you had last night that are talking. Come back later."

I only mention that to illustrate the point that we sometimes allow our feelings against such persons to interfere with our business. There is only one way to overcome it—be conscious of the fact that you are doing it all the time and try to eradicate it. Try to cultivate the faculty of viewing things calmly. I think you will get as much relief as I have. Most of our concerns pay us for having good livers, but some of us have bad ones. I haven't succeeded thoroughly in controlling my temper. Once in a while I fly off. I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't once in a while, but at the same time I believe that when handling other men we should bear that in mind.

Another rule I try to follow is, always try to look at things from the man's standpoint. And when you have to discharge a man, telling the truth is the hardest thing

in the world. Most of us say, "We have to lay you off," or "We have to do this and that," when it isn't the truth. Tell the man the truth when you have to discharge him. Tell him he hasn't done his work right. Those few moments of pain or displeasure for you will make for you of that man, as a rule, a lifelong friend, because you have been honest and suffered yourself to tell the truth. It may not always be the best thing, but I think it comes pretty near. Try to treat him as you want to be treated. I don't want to get mushy at all. I don't mean to be soft-headed nor hard-hearted. I think a combination between the two makes a pretty good man.

Mind tells you what you could do. Heart tells you what you ought to do. We can't get away from the heart influence. It is human nature. Without this heart influence in this country I wouldn't want to stay here, and neither would you. Try to do things as you would like to have them done if your were in the man's place. I say to a man, "What would you do if you were in my place?" You will find that a pretty good position to put him in. "What would you do under these same circumstances?" I think you will find if you do that you won't have as much trouble in getting things done the way you want them or in getting a man out that you don't want.

In conclusion, I want to say that I believe there is great room in this country for an organization such as you have started in Chicago. My hope and wish is that this movement may spread until it becomes a truly national sales managers movement. I have signed a blank for membership in your association, if you will take me, because I would like to identify myself with it. I hope it will grow. It is good to exchange ideas to the end that we may all handle the human mind in the best possible manner and get the best possible results for ourselves, our companies and the salesmen we employ. That is the highest aim we should seek to accomplish.



"Intensive Salesmanship"

BY ROBERT R. HIESTAND

WHEN Harding became sales manager, the company had been making a comfortable profit for five years. But no increase had been made. The salesmen were content with their commissions. They had been in the habit of getting just so much trade, and since this was as regular as clockwork, they did not care to make any experiments which might bring in more money by doing a little more work.

But Harding was one of those aggressive fellows who was never satisfied with a record. He had heard, and he believed, that records are made only to be broken. So when he relieved Rogers of the sales work he determined to bring about a change for the better or give up the job.

Of course there was opposition to Harding even before he appeared at his desk. Rogers had been an easy old fossil who did not know any more about an aggressive sales campaign than a Hottentot knows about the size of a tip to give a Pullman porter.

For the first month, Harding apparently did nothing, although the factory hands and the office helpers announced that he was busy poking his nose into everything. He was learning the business from the inside. He wanted to know all about the books, how the accounts were kept, what territory was yielding the best results, how customers were taken care of, what objections had been raised, and a hundred and one things that every live sales manager must know. In the factory he learned all about the goods sold.

It was not until then that he called his men in for a meeting. When he appeared before them he was greeted with unwelcoming looks and the choicest collection of frowns in captivity at that time.

Then he announced that he did not believe that the different territories were yielding what they should, and that, in order to secure a bigger yield, he wanted them to help him do a little intensive salesmanship work.

"I know you men are desirous of helping the house increase its sales, and of course you are interested in adding to your own commissions. You are, I feel confident, so much interested in those two things that

you will be glad to co-operate with me in my work of bringing about those results.

"After studying conditions for a month I find that we are not getting the business we should out of each territory. The reason is, each of you has more territory than you can cover. I purpose, then, to divide the territory." Here the men looked up angrily, but Harding went on as though everything was serene, "I know you will help me in this experiment, for I know you are men who want to do what is best for the house, and since the house has seen fit to make me your leader, I know you will work with me.

"I want you to concentrate. That is one of the greatest success powers in existence. The farmer who practises intensive agriculture has infinitely more to show at the end of the season than he who farms in the old slipshod manner. I know of intensive farmers who make as much as \$2,000 an acre, whereas the ordinary farmer is satisfied if he can get as much as \$100 an acre.

"You're with me, aren't you, boys?"

All but the oldest fellow in the bunch, who was afflicted with the disease from which so many old salesmen suffer, know-it-allitis, agreed to do everything in their power to help the plan along. Harding agreed that if the commissions were less than under the old way, the house would make up the loss. Three months was the time set. The big territories were divided, the old men given the best parts, and new men placed in the others.

Of course at the end of the period every man practising the intensive method had made more money than he had ever made before, and the sales of the house, naturally, had jumped forward like a thoroughbred under an unexpected lash.

Mr. Knowitallitis refused to take kindly to the new plan. He wasn't on the list after that.

Intensive salesmanship is worth money. It is putting into application the stick to the bush theory. A man with a big territory is apt to be a traveling man, while the man with a smaller one has better chances for being a real salesman. *And there's a difference between traveling men and salesmen.*

Burroughs: Master Enthusiast

BY THOMAS DREIER

THE world during all the ages that have slipped into the sea of silence has paid tribute and burned incense and erected temples to men who have formulated creeds and philosophies, written



W. S. BURROUGHS

books that stir men's souls, or spoke with words that thrilled men's hearts like organ chords. Lawgivers, warriors, rulers, heroes that achieved spectacular deeds on sea and shore—before such has the world bowed down and worshipped.

The pages of history are dotted with names of men who have been emancipators—men who have fought and preached and written to make their fellow men free.

But the men whose self-appointed task it is to record the events which make up our history pay scant attention to those men of genius whose mechanical inventions have brought about revolutions which have changed the political countenance of the continents.

When all the evidence is in, and when credit is given to those master mechanics, it will be found that they have won places on a par with the philosophers, preachers and prophets.

To Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton and Cartwright, the inventors and improvers of 1770-1785 is due the great industrial revolution brought about by the introduction of the power loom into the spinning and weaving industry of England. Misery followed in the trail of these inventions, just as misery has often stalked in the train of men who formulated philosophies and creeds.

Emancipators

They brought about a period of re-adjustment. A child could do the work of a dozen men, and to the lust for dollars untold thousands of children have been sacrificed. But upon the heads of the inventors

this burden of guilt does not rest, any more than upon the memory of Christ rests the countless infamies that have been perpetrated in His name.

But to them belongs the credit of giving to the world machines which can take the place of men, allowing men to work like men instead of like slaves—or which would give them this privilege could some great spirit arise capable of adjusting the differences of Capital and Labor.

These men were emancipators.

Watt, who invented the steam engine; Franklin, who brought down the lightning which Edison has harnessed—but why enumerate those who have given to men machines which to men have meant more freedom. The list is long. And of them all there is but one whose achievements I would here relate.

I want to pay tribute to William Seward Burroughs.

There never yet was born a Great Idea unless some strong man mated with Enthusiasm. No great task was ever completed except by a man who lost himself wholly in his work. Such a man was Burroughs, and it is to his unfaltering faith in his ability to produce a machine that would relieve thousands of clerks of drudgery, and which would do the work of handling figures infinitely better than any clerk could possibly handle them, that we have the Burroughs' Adding and Listing Machine.

Genius is Democratic

Genius is truly democratic. It is as likely to break into a hovel as into a mansion. When it went after William Seward Burroughs it found him in a humble home in Rochester, N. Y., where he was born January 28, 1857. His parents were poor and there was nothing to do but work. His father, who had watched bankers and had noticed that most of them were well fed and well groomed, and that most banks looked prosperous, decided that William should be a banker. Parents have always exercised the right to choose a career for unsuspecting children, but it isn't often

that a father unwittingly plays such an important part in laying the foundation for a son's career as did the elder Burroughs.

William became a bank clerk in Auburn, N. Y. Here he learned that nine-tenths of the work done indoors by men who can afford to wear high collars has to do with figures. He also annexed the important fact that about nine-tenths of this work with figures is addition. Later on he found out for himself that in his daily work of handling figures one-half his time was spent guarding against error, and half of the other half was spent in the temper-testing occupation of hunting for errors that he, somehow, had been unable to prevent. It did not take any great knowledge of mathematics to prove to him that but one-quarter of his time was spent profitably.

Then was born the idea of a mechanical adding machine.

Burroughs Goes to St. Louis

To hasten the growth of the idea, nature claimed payment for the violation of some of her laws of health. Either the inside work, or the worry over his unruly army of figures, broke Burroughs' health, and it was necessary for him to engage in some wholly different occupation.

He determined to develop his idea. He knew the work his machine would have to perform. Had he not slaved at that work for many weary months? And did he not know of thousands of other young fellows who toiled long hours in order to make two big stacks of figures balance?

From Auburn, Burroughs went directly to St. Louis. There he found work in a machine shop where he learned many sides of shop work—the practical, tested methods of doing things.

But Burroughs was not content with his day's work in the shop. Instead of sensing the imitation joys of a semi-southern city, he went to his room and worked at the delightful task of roughly putting on paper the parts of the adding machine which he saw imperfectly in his mind. Here he studied far into the night. He denied himself sleep. It was only when his head dropped forward on his breast and his eyes no longer remained open so that he might read that he went to his bed.

Burroughs no longer possessed an Idea, the Idea possessed him. From that time

on he was its slave. He did its bidding even as the genii did the bidding of Aladdin in the tale of old. There came times when he would willingly have stopped. But this was but for a moment. Always he heard that voice which said, "Get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." There were times when he worked for forty-eight hours without sleep or food. He would come out of his room after such an ordeal looking more like a ghost than a man, but always there was that in his eyes which told to those who cared to look that his dream was approaching close to materialization.

Great Service Brings Suffering

All men who have rendered the world a great service have had to toil and suffer. No one can understand the weary days, the heart aches, the bitter disappointments of those who attempt to change the minds of the millions except those who have tried. A man renders the world a great service; the world applauds. The man smiles wearily. He knows the cost of that applause. He knows how many years of his life were spent in arriving. But the crowd sees only the smile—the weariness is for the man and for those who serve with him behind the scenes, back where the applause does not serve to buoy up.

This inventor cared little for personal gain. Money to him was as so much chaff, except as it enabled him to perfect his machine. All the money he could earn and all he could secure by the sale of stock in the company which he formed, went into the perfection of his models. Over \$200,000 was spent before the first machines were put out on trial.

And those machines did not work.

Burroughs did not want to put them out, but the stockholders insisted. He knew the machines were not ready for the tests which those who would operate them would give them. The machines were perfect in the sense that a piano is perfect. A true artist can secure perfect results, while every one knows what effects are produced by Molly Flaherty who is just learning. Burroughs himself could secure perfect results with his machine. He knew just what kind of a stroke to give the lever—not too fast nor too slow—a steady, even pull.

They first tried to educate clerks how to manipulate the lever, but no good results

could be obtained. Men in mercantile establishments had no time to learn to operate an adding machine as one would learn to operate a piano. The machine had to be perfected.

Associates Lose Faith

For weeks Burroughs lived in disappointment. For a time it seemed to him that the work of his life would be swept away because of failing to overcome one obstacle. He saw his hopes shattered. His life seemed wasted.

To add to his troubles, his associates were loudest in complaint. Those who had invested their money wanted dividends. The sensitive spirit of the inventor shrank from criticism. The doubt of his backers wounded him. But he could not in justice blame them. They had given him over \$200,000 simply because he made them believe in the success of his idea.

But Burroughs was not a man to let the work of a life time—even though a short life time—be swept away without a struggle. He did not know what it meant to give up. Like Napoleon he refused to recognize the Alps. His indomitable will was made to conquer. His enthusiasm was only deadened for a time. Under the goading of stockholders and the doubting public it sprang to life once more.

For years he had been fighting back disease. There had been days when it seemed to him that he could accomplish no more. He wanted to give up. His body was weak and was constantly growing weaker. He kept up only because of his enthusiasm—his belief in his ultimate success—his faith in the greatness of the service his invention would render the commercial world. His invention to him was his religion. His whole life was wrapped up in it. He thought of it all day and most of the night. It was woven into the very fibers of his being.

To overcome the last obstacle he labored alone in his shop for three days and nights—worked with scarcely a pause for food and rest. No one dared disturb him. Every one somehow sensed that here was the last great fight—a fight upon whose outcome depended the success or failure of a man's life.

And Burroughs won success.

When he emerged from his shop and locked the door behind him "he had worked out

a practical mechanism to absolutely control every stroke which the operator applied to the lever, governing each function of the machine and the manner of its operation—regardless of the inexperience, carelessness or violence of the operator. He could see the completed machine before his eyes as plainly as though it actually existed in brass and steel."

The device which accomplished and which still accomplishes this feat is called The Burroughs Automatic Control.

It was not until this had been perfected that the inventor would consent to create machines for the market. But when it was perfected he threw himself into the work of making machines by hand with an enthusiasm and force which inspired all his helpers with new confidence. The workmen began to dream of a big factory—a factory which would turn out scores of machines a month.

But the money for manufacturing the machines on a large scale was not forthcoming. Burroughs went from place to place giving demonstrations upon a hand-made model in the hope of interesting capital, but without success. In the year 1890 the company was in a bad way financially. All its resources had been exhausted in experimental work. No money was left to carry out plans for manufacturing and marketing. Once more it looked as though the Idea would go down when just on the very borderline of success.

Finally, when it was apparent that unless something was done immediately toward the raising of more funds all that had been advanced would be lost, the stockholders managed to raise some additional cash. With this in the treasury every one took heart once more, and Joseph Boyer, in whose shop the work had been done, was commissioned to build a hundred machines.

Manufacturing Begins

Burroughs entered into the work of manufacture with irresistible enthusiasm. His energy and force was wonderful. Workmen seemed able to accomplish infinitely more when he was in the shop than when he was absent. His very presence seemed to vitalize the place. There was something electric about him. But with all his desire for seeing his machines on the market, he never sacrificed accuracy and quality. Only

the best would do. To him one of the cardinal sins was bad workmanship, just as bad workmanship is always the cardinal sin of those who accomplish much.

Accuracy was worshipped by him. "Accuracy is truth filed to a sharp point," said one who knows well his work, "and this was the tool with which Burroughs worked. It was the foundation of his machine, as it was the leading impulse of Burroughs himself. No ordinary materials were good enough for his creation. His drawings were made on metal plates that could not stretch or shrink by the fraction of a hair. He worked with hardened tools ground to a point, and when he struck a center or drew a line, he did it under a microscope. His drawings are today a marvel of accuracy, and remain a monument to Burroughs' love of truth with the 'nubs' knocked off."

The first approved machines came from the shops in the summer of 1891. But success did not come immediately. The machine was regarded by those who paid any attention to it at all, as something wonderful mechanically. That it was a time saver, a labor saver, a money saver, and many other things, was not understood.

Public Needed Education

Before the public would purchase an educational campaign had to be waged.

But of this I shall speak in another article.

Like Edison, Burroughs lived to enjoy some of the fruits resulting from the materialization of his dreams. He saw his business grow slowly but steadily for a time, then, as it gathered momentum, it swept forward. But the inventor did not enjoy his prosperity long. At twenty-five he had left the bank almost a physical wreck. During the years of toil and privation and disappointment he had not improved. The energy he used up in a year was equal to that which would have served three ordinary men—men not afflicted with an almost fanatical enthusiasm. He died in September, 1898, at Citronelle, Alabama, whither he had gone to fight against tuberculosis. He is buried in St. Louis—the city of his struggles and his triumph.

In 1904 his successors, on account of the phenomenal growth of the business, were forced to build a new plant, so men, machinery and equipment were moved to Detroit, Michigan. This great plant today stands as a monument to one of the master mechanical minds of all ages—a man divinely enthusiastic, whose love for quality, whose desire to give to the world the best service still dominates those who are carrying on his work.

The Burroughs factory is a temple erected to enthusiasm.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Theodore Roosevelt



I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life—the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."



With Grips and Sample Cases

BY EDWARD BUCKRUM

EXPLAINING a joke to an Englishman is a midsummer seaside resort job compared with the task of convincing a customer to buy unless the salesman is a fellow who knows that it is "points, points, points and not talk, talk, talk" that counts.

A bunch of salesmen get together in the smoker and Barton tells a funny story. Everybody sits forward and listens intently and when the big point comes everybody laughs. It's a great story. In the language of the vaudeville manager, "it's a scream."

But a little later Brown gets off the train and is soon in the hotel with a couple of other salesmen sitting near him. He retails the story Barton told. But it doesn't get the laugh. It's the same story, but something is wrong.

Brown doesn't lead up to the big point where the laugh is supposed to come in a logical manner.

Logic is the salesman's greatest weapon. A customer simply cannot get away from a logical selling talk if it is told as one would tell a funny story—that is, in a way to get attention and carry the mind up the steps to where the laugh should come. And a laugh will come if the story is told logically.

But there never was a man who could build up a logical selling talk who did not first study his goods. Do you suppose for a minute that a typewriter salesman would be sent out by his house before he knew its particular brand of machine from one end to the other? Do you suppose he could convince Smith the lawyer that his office should be equipped with machines of that kind unless he knew his machine so well

that his selling points would come out in a logical manner?

The scientific salesman is a fellow who is a logician—a fellow who knows how to take that venerable, gray haired science and make it work for its board and keep by getting orders.

Men may be cured of many diseases by "absent treatment," but no salesman ever fattened an order book by neglecting to have logic right on the spot.

Napoleon, Sales Manager

WHEN Napoleon was sales manager of a somewhat aggressive force of specialty agents, mention of which has been made in different books from time to time, he followed in the footsteps of other sales managers who had handled his special brand, by exacting obedience from his men.

When he told the Old Guard to get busy on one of his plans, they never thought of saying: "Yes, Napoleon, old man, that's a pretty good plan you have there. You really must permit us to congratulate you upon having worked it out so well alone. But we do not think it will work. Now we have a few ideas on that subject which we know you never thought of, in fact you could not think of them because you are only a sales manager while we are right on the firing line. Conditions are different now, you know, than when you were in this game as a salesman."

They tell us that when he commanded his shoulders went forward as though they were launched from his outstretched hand. And that's why he won. His men obeyed. They followed the plans he formulated.

They took his commands. He was responsible to the nation; their work was but to obey.

And away back in somewhat more ancient times a general was sent forth to conquer a land and was commanded to kill off the live stock so that the Beef Trust could not get it. He did the conquering stunt all right, but he brought back some of the choicest cattle, probably intending to retire to the country and run a fancy stock farm. When he was asked why he did not kill as he was ordered, he said he brought back the animals for sacrifices. Then he was told that "obedience is better than sacrifices."

Of course every salesman knows that he possesses infinitely more knowledge than the sales manager, but no wise salesman ever does anything but carry out the plans as outlined. The biggest and best salesmen are those who do as they are told. A house will win with a poor sales plan if its men work that plan, while no house can succeed with the best plan ever formulated if the salesmen act like the Union soldiers at the Battle of Bull Run.

Making an Approach

WHEN the Indians, in that playful way for which they used to be so famous, desired to get orders in the shape of scalps, they never sent a Little German Band ahead of them to prepare the palefaces for their coming. They never even sent a wire, nor did they indulge in the extravagance of patronizing the wireless.

They made their approach in a silent, unobtrusive, almost humble manner.

But they got their orders. And the only reason they didn't build up a great scalping business that could successfully compete with Swift and Armour is because their customers did not like their goods and boycotted them. This was before the days when the boycott went out of style, put out by judicial decisions.

As Holman would say, "The point I want to make is just this:" No salesman should take a patent clothespin and go forth into the highways and the byways yelling in a loud voice: "I am Bill Smith, representing the well known manufacturing concern of Kidder and Josh, and I am here to call to your attention one of their most popular sellers, an article that every

housewife needs, a patent, everlasting, non-rusting clothespin."

When Bill got about that far in his oration every prospective customer would be hidden away in the cyclone cellar with a load of gravel on the door for ballast.

But supposing Bill went into a store quietly and confidently, acting like a man who was there on business. Suppose he went to the proprietor and with just a word of greeting, placed his sample in the merchant's hand. Supposing Bill did not say a single word for half a minute. Supposing he then said: "You can sell twelve gross of these a week and make a profit of seventy per cent. I'll tell you how to do it."

Do you think that Mr. Merchant would signal to the office boy to let loose the bull dog? No, sir! He would extend a welcome-to-our-beautiful-city smile to Bill, for Bill is there to show Mr. Merchant how to make a profit of seventy per cent.

Bill knows that no merchant cares very much about Bill and Bill's history, or the history of Bill's employer. Neither does he care much about the history of Bill's article. Not then. But he is vitally interested in the subject of profits to himself.

Salesmen must forget self and sell goods looking at those goods from the standpoint of the purchaser. When Bill's clothespin proves out and does make a profit of seventy per cent, and makes this in lumps, Bill can make all the noise he wants when he visits that store. But all this will be due to the success of that first approach.

What Does the House Make

AFTER Sheasby had been with the house for a year, and after he had made a record of which he was proud, and of which the sales manager was proud, he thought he would ask for a raise. He felt he had it coming. He knew that he had done fine work, and that the house had made profit on *his* work. He had not been an old stager in the sense that he pushed only the staples. He obeyed the orders of the sales manager and pushed the goods in which there was big profit for the house. With all this in mind he asked for a raise.

And didn't get it.

The sales manager told Sheasby that while he had done phenomenal work as a

new man, and from one standpoint was entitled to the raise for which he had asked, his request could not be granted *because the house had not made money.*

It was then driven home to Sheasby that the work of every salesman on the road was a matter of vital concern to every other salesman, and that a poor salesman in California works an injury to the star salesman in Maine. It was brought forcibly to Sheasby's attention that the institution for which he worked was a composite salesman, and that its success was nothing more or less than the sum of the successes of not only the salesmen on the road, but the employees on the inside.

It came to him that when he learned a new argument which produced big business for him, it was his duty to his house and to himself to pass that argument on to his sales manager so that it might in turn be passed on to the other men.

There are some salesmen who are in the habit of writing personal letters to other representatives of their house. They exchange ideas and buoy one another up. Sheasby learned a lesson that helped his house, and of course no house can be helped without in some way affecting for the better all who are employed by it.

Learning to Solicit

A POOR solicitor can do more harm in a week than a dozen star men can overcome in a month. Few high class specialty houses send green men into good territory at the start. Most sales managers, after hiring men, give them a printed selling talk, and a printed book of instructions, with orders to memorize the talk word for word.

Of course this is not the easiest work in the world. Many new salesmen object to it. But the wise sales manager will pay no attention to these objections other than to give a little curtain lecture emphasizing the necessity of obeying the order to memorize.

After the new man is letter perfect, and can rattle off the talk glibly, he is sent out to "try it on the dog." Certain territory is set apart for this sort of training. Such territory is, of course, of little value—it is

where good sales cannot be spoiled. Here the new man has a chance to get polish. He here learns to make his selling talk, which was a lifeless, colorless, uninteresting thing, a part of himself. After he has been up against the objections, has been turned down, snubbed, experienced the cold shoulder and marble heart, the young salesman begins to see why a selling talk is necessary.

He finds that it is a track upon which he can run.

When he has his talk learned perfectly no objections can throw him off the track. He may be stopped for an instant, but usually his book of instructions, the contents of which he was forced to memorize much against his will, contains every answer to every objection that can be offered to that particular article. Even when he must make an original argument he does not get thrown off from the original track, that is the solid. business getting selling talk which the house had tested out perhaps thousands of times.

There comes a time when the stereotyped selling talk undergoes a change. It becomes the servant of the salesman. He dresses it and colors it to suit the occasion. He either adds to or subtracts from it. Different prospects have to be handled in different ways. Here is where the study of human nature comes in. But this knowledge can only come through experience. And the science of character reading which underlies the art is something which every wise salesman will master.

I know of salesmen for a certain house who have set themselves up as wiser than their employers and have persistently refused to learn a selling talk. The result is they are away down toward the foot of the list in getting business. They think the fault lies in their customers, or in the article they are selling, and they cannot see that the fault lies almost wholly in themselves.

A selling talk, stereotyped though it may be at first, is something that no leading house would have if it were not a good thing, and the specialty salesman who tries to get out of learning it, is most certainly slated for a ride on the chute which leads to Failure.



Mr. I. C. Crusoe and the Shipwrecked Party. A Modern Business Parable

BY W. C. HOLMAN



SHIP struck on a rock off an island in the Pacific Ocean, and went to pieces in the storm.

A handful of half-clad passengers and sailors who had managed to clutch pieces of wreckage were washed ashore.

The coast was rocky and barren; the air was cold; there was no food or shelter in sight.

The shipwrecked party assembled in the lee of a big rock and shivered in silence—all but two, a passenger named I. C. Crusoe and another named U. C. Orthodox.

Mr. Orthodox lifted up his voice and bewailed the hard fortune that had overtaken the ship.

Mr. Crusoe, as soon as he had recovered from the battering the sea had given him in his trip ashore, set out on an exploring expedition.

"There is no hope for us," said Mr. Orthodox. "Here we are on a desert island—no fire, no food, no shelter, no chance of getting away. There isn't anything we can do except write our farewells. We can't even do that, because we haven't any writing material. We never should have started on this voyage any way. We took perilous chances when we ventured into these waters. We might have known at the outset that we never would make port."

For an hour or more Mr. Ultra Conservative Orthodox discoursed in this fashion. The other passengers were too exhausted to make reply.

Meanwhile Mr. Ingenious Constructive Crusoe returned from his explorations inland. Mr. Orthodox thereupon addressed his wailings to him. But Mr. Crusoe made no response. Seating himself on the ground, he rubbed one stick of wood rapidly against another for what seemed an interminable space of time.

"It's no use," said Mr. Orthodox. "You can't start a fire that way. The wood is wet."

But just at that moment one of the sticks glowed with a spark of fire. Mr. Crusoe nursed the spark into a flame, and in a few minutes more a fire was merrily crackling under the shadow of the rock.

"Well, you've got a fire," said Mr. Orthodox. "But what good is it. We might as well die from cold as from hunger. This heat will only prolong our misery a little. There isn't anything to eat on this blooming island."

Mr. Crusoe hadn't heard these remarks. He was already headed for the beach, whence he returned a little later with a handful of clams.

At this the passengers bestired themselves with hope. Under Mr. Crusoe's direction they hastened down to the beach and in an hour's time had dug a bushel or more of clams.

Mr. Orthodox meanwhile sat beneath the shade of the rock close to the fire and bewailed the hard fate of the party.

Mr. Crusoe built an enormous fire and heaped the clams upon it, covering them with more wood.

"That's no way to bake clams," said Mr. Orthodox to his next neighbor. "I don't remember just how they used to do it when I was down on Cape Cod, but I know it wasn't that way. This fellow is no cook."

But Mr. Orthodox ate his share of the clams when they were raked out of the fire.

Then Mr. Ingenious Constructive Crusoe organized the members of the party into a hunting expedition, arming them with rocks and clubs, and led them off into the interior. Mr. Orthodox, who had cut his foot on a clam shell while walking on the beach, remained behind.

"They won't find anything," said he. "They will only waste their strength. Think of the idiocy of starting a hunting expedition without a gun in the party!"

It was late in the day when the hunters returned. Despite Mr. Orthodox's predictions, they had been able with their rude weapons to stalk and kill a number of wild goats in the interior of the island.

"Take some of these sharp pointed calm shells," directed Mr. Crusoe, "and remove these hides. They will give us protection from the cold, even if they don't make particular nobby garments."

"You can't skin a goat with a clam shell," said Mr. Orthodox.

"Against all the established rules, isn't it?" said Mr. Crusoe, cheerfully. He was already busily at work on the animal that he had brought in.

It is true that when the skins were removed they were in pretty bad condition. When they had been dried out in the sun and wind for a day or two, they were stiff and crackling. But it was noticeable that Mr. Orthodox wrapped one of them round him as soon as it was dry, although he could not forbear muttering to a neighbor something about Mr. Crusoe's being no tailor.

In the months that followed, the shipwrecked party underwent a great number of hardships. Mr. Ingenious Constructive Crusoe set everybody to work gathering wood and constructed a rude shelter or hut. Mr. Orthodox condemned it as not built according to proper principles. In his opinion,

Mr. Crusoe was no architect. But when the hut was finished, Mr. Orthodox slept in it along with the rest of the party.

Meanwhile the ship on the reef off shore had been entirely broken up by storms and the beach was strewn with wreckage. Mr. Crusoe organized a force and built a raft, on which the entire party put out to sea—Mr. Orthodox making vigorous protests, but unwilling to remain behind alone.

A few days later, a passing craft removed the passengers from the raft and carried them safe to port.

Mr. Crusoe went on his way to turn his ingenious constructive faculty into other lines of effort. Mr. Orthodox wrote an account of the adventure for private circulation among the survivors of the party, in which he showed conclusively that all of the activities of the shipwrecked party had been conducted wrongly under Mr. Crusoe's direction, and proved successively that Mr. Crusoe was no cook, no tailor, no architect, no naval constructor and no sailor.

You don't have to search through ancient archives for narratives of shipwrecks to find types of men like Ingenious Constructive Crusoe and Ultra Conservative Orthodox. The business world is crowded with them.

Out of the 125,000 successful manufacturing concerns rated in Dun's and Bradstreet's, it is safe to say that 115,000 were started under adverse conditions, pushed through a series of early difficulties under a storm of criticism and prophecies of failure—carried on to success by some man or group of men with the same determination, the same rash courage and hopefulness, the same ingenious resourcefulness of the man who conducted the shipwrecked party safely through its troubles back to safety.

And for every constructive genius who ever built a business out of his own resourcefulness, energy and persistence, tackling a thousand difficulties, inventing ingenious expedients for overcoming them all, there has always been some Mr. Ultra Conservative Orthodox who delighted to stand by with his hands in his pockets and comment, "That fellow is no business man. He is not proceeding according to the regular rules. He is attempting the impossible. There are bats in his belfry. He hasn't sufficient capital. Other good men have failed to do what he is trying to do. He isn't old enough to go into business for himself. These are perilous days anyway. He should have waited twenty years before ever starting on this venture. He is breaking all the established rules."

That is what the Austrian generals said when they were confronted by the constructive military genius of Napoleon. "That fellow Buonaparte is no general," they said. "He attempts the impossible. He does not fight according to the established principles of military tactics. He is forever devising some kind of tactics or strategy of his own. He does things that no general ever did before."

Napoleon defeated those Austrian generals in nearly a score of successive battles. Yet strangely enough they never ceased their cry that he was no general.

"There is Frank A. Munsey," said the tribe of Mr. Ultra Conservative Orthodox in Munsey's early days. "He is attempting to publish a magazine

without big capital behind him. This is against all the rules of the publishing business. Munsey has no adequate staff to assist him, no proper organization. He thinks he can get these things as he goes along. He is attempting too much. He is staggering under a load of detail work. There is no hope for him. He is bound to fail in the end."

Well, Munsey hasn't failed yet. Last year he made a million and a quarter dollars clean profit.

Munsey's critics forgot that he had in himself something more valuable than heavy capital—something more valuable than "safe and sane" conservative inertia—an ability greater than any other ability in business—constructive genius—the ability to keep inventing new expedients, new methods. No matter what difficulty confronted Munsey, he could always think of some way to get round it or over it or through it. Munsey had constructive ideas. No bank would give him credit. He wasn't "safe and sane" enough—he wasn't sufficiently filled with caution, hesitation. And since Munsey couldn't get money from banks, he went out and got it from customers. He couldn't borrow money; therefore he went out and made sales.

The greatest factor in business success is not capital. It is men. And the most valuable man in business is the constructive man—the man that does things—the man with a flood of ideas, expedients, methods, plans, and energy to put those expedients into use and those plans into execution.

Ideas have ever changed the face of the world. Tie up to the man of ideas and action—the man of purpose, courage and persistence—the man of ingenuity and mental resource, for he is the man who will corner the capital in the end.

Hugh Chalmers, with his constructive producing ability, earned a salary of \$72,000 a year. It would have taken \$1,440,000 of capital at 5 per cent to earn that much money. Chalmers' constructive ability paid him dividends that a millionaire's capital would not have brought him. The life story of Hugh Chalmers is one long tale of attempts to do the impossible—and successful attempts at that. At every stage of his upward progress he tackled difficulties that would have drawn wails of disastrous prophecy from Mr. Ultra Conservative Orthodox.

Don't be afraid to tackle the big task. Don't be forever looking for some little easy commonplace thing to do—some thing that has been done a million times before by the average fifth rate man. Throw your hat into the ring among the champions and vault over the ropes after it with courage and determination. Other men have gone up against odds in the face of prophecies of disaster and won out. Why shouldn't you? Don't be discouraged if you meet with a set-back. A set-back or failure is a fatal thing if you think it is; it is a mere incident if you look upon it as a mere incident. Many a man has won a fortune after passing through a business failure. Field failed to lay the Atlantic cable fifty-one times before he finally put his stunt over. But he won out in the end.

Don't be discouraged by ultra conservatives who tell you not to tackle anything hard because it can be proven mathematically that the chances are against you.

If you are thinking of starting a business, don't give up your idea merely because you happen to hear somebody repeat that old chestnut that 95 per cent of all men who start in business fail. If everybody heeded this cowardly caution, there would be an end to American enterprise, and several hundred thousand successful American businesses would not be in existence today. Nobody would have dared to start them.

Don't lose your nerve if you are cast ashore on a business desert island. There is a way to build a fire, secure food, erect a shelter, procure clothing, build a raft and set sail for prosperity if you have the nerve and persistence to attempt all of these things, instead of sitting down on the shore and wailing over your hard fortune. A man is alive as long as his courage is alive. When that is gone he is as dead as he ever will be, even though his body continues to walk the streets. So long as he hangs on to his grit and keeps starting something, he has a chance for success—all the croakers in the world to the contrary notwithstanding.

Old Cyrus Simons

BY A. F. SHELDON

THERE may have been a Cyrus Simons. I don't know. But Herbert Kaufmann in one of his great inspirational editorials uses him to drive home several lessons, and I really cannot see why I should not do the same.

It is said that Cyrus never paid a man his first week's wages without putting into his pay envelope a little card upon which appeared these rules:

Rule One—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

Rule Two—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short and a day's short work makes my face long.

Rule Three—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can't afford to increase your pay if you don't increase my profits.

Rule Four—You owe so much to yourself that you can't honestly owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule Five—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule Six—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business to mind.

Rule Seven—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employe who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule Eight—It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you expect.

Rule Nine—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity but I need one for my dollars.

Rule Ten—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.



Getting It Down

BY W. A. McDERMID

JUST before you read farther into this little article, Mr. Business Man, won't you please note down on a handy piece of paper the three most important things that you have to do within the limits of your next working day.

Unless you're the exception, you can't name right now, off-hand, what your three most important specific tasks are. At eleven o'clock tomorrow you won't be able to tell—nor at three o'clock—and it's pretty nearly a safe bet that tomorrow night will find one of your "most important" tasks unfinished chiefly because "you forgot"—assuming that the other fellow didn't call you up to remind you of it.

Let me illustrate.

One of the leading manufacturers of the country, a young executive whose business methods are the admiration and envy of a host, walked through his factory one day to the desk of the shop superintendent.

The shop was exceedingly busy. The superintendent was in full career on his daily work.

"Pretty busy?" asked the president.

"Awfully busy just now," answered the superintendent.

"What are the three most important things you have to do?" suddenly said the president.

"Well, the tests on the new gears are pretty important," was the hesitating answer.

"What else?"

After a moment's thought, "The repairs on the big drill ought to be finished today."

"What else?"

The superintendent didn't have the answer.

"How about the new motor that we promised Smith next Monday?" was the next question.

"By Jove," said the superintendent, "that's the most important thing in the whole shop."

"Write them down each morning," said the president as he went away to instruct his assistant to work out the plan by which each executive could have before him "the three most important things."

And it is worthy of note in this connection that the president *knew* himself what his subordinates had to do.

One company solved this problem by the department blackboard, on the front leaf of which were painted the duties of the department, and the heading "Ten Most Important Things to Do Today."

The method had its disadvantages, but that company got things done. And woe be to the employe into whose department the president might wander and ask questions, who could not on the instant name his duties and his most important tasks for the day.

If you can name at any time your three most important things to do, it's safe to say that you will do them—at least they will not be undone simply because forgotten. Get it down each morning. If you do, it will mean that you have reviewed all your work, and that you are developing a sense of the relative values of things—most of all, of your own time.

The Note-Book Habit

IF there were any way to govern the times at which ideas would come to one, or if all details or plans or duties connected with business—the day's work—were to confine their appearance to office hours, the note-book habit would be superfluous.

Since neither of these is true, the note-book, properly used, is worth consideration.

Too much dependence on artificial aids to memory is no doubt psychologically unsound. But if the mind can be freed from the clattering lumber of the daily workshop, it will be free to make the plans of the broad design, and the gain will offset the disadvantage. And the elusive idea that hits you in conversation at dinner, on the train going home, at the theatre, or as you read at night, will not be lost—will not have vanished almost in an instant—if you have imprisoned it in a penciled note.

But if you make this note on the back of a card—or an envelope—or a scrap of paper then note and all may be lost before you can use it. Hence the note-book.

The same company that developed the department blackboard gave each of their men a little pocket note-book with flexible covers containing detachable pads, of which the leaves were perforated.

That company estimates that these note-books, costing about fifty cents each, made thousands of dollars for the concern the first year they were in use. Hard to estimate? Well, what is the value of just *one* idea?

Most firms—many at least—would consider this an extravagance, and so would they consider many another expenditure of this concern.

But this same firm, with a device to market which was intrinsically no better than those of their competitors, developed through their "extravagances" countless plans that left their competitors years in the rear, built the world's model factory, and sold as high as \$1,500,000 worth of goods in a single month.

Extravagant? Surely, if you want your returns from your expenditures to come back within four or five weeks or months—and, perhaps, end there. If you are willing to *back your belief in your proposition by spending for the future*, there are some things which are neither "expenses," nor "extravagance." Advertising, for example.

The Free Lance

ALARGE wholesale shoe house has in its employ a young man whose status is best described by a word borrowed from journalistic parlance—a "free-lance."

This is appropriate, since he was once a newspaper man. The same qualities which

made him a good newspaper man, the same methods, will one day make him a great sales manager.

He started in to edit a house organ and learn about the business. In learning, he came in contact with every angle of the selling problem of his firm. Without a definite position, and without very definite duties or powers, he was turned loose to help in its solution.

He became the "eyes of the boss"—and also the eye that never sleeps. Not as a spy nor as a house detective, but as a scout on the look-out for business ideas.

He brought to bear on his task four great qualities—tireless energy, initiative, imagination and horse-sense. And the greatest of these is the latter, because with it lack of previous experience is no serious handicap—without it all previous experience is profitless.

He went after new "wrinkles" as an aggressive fox-terrier seeks a buried bone. Sand flew—but he got the ideas.

A friend had some selling literature from a great manufacturing concern; he borrowed this, and out of it developed a plan that shot the sales quota skyward.

An obscure item in a trade paper caught his attention, and he elaborated from the suggestion a scheme which swung three hundred scattered dealers into line and welded them into a chorus of boosters.

The details that are too small for his superiors to worry about are his special delights. At one time he worked out a plan for handling shipments to dealers, and complaints dropped off forty per cent. A day later he was improving an order blank.

"A Nose for News"

It is not that he knows more than his superiors, not that he knows anywhere near so much. It is simply that he brings to bear on his work novelty of viewpoint—a "nose for news" that makes him seek the ultimate reason for any plan—an analytical mind—a young and vigorous imagination—energy—conviction—enthusiasm. Frequently his plans are impracticable—there are factors of which he knows nothing; this is to be expected.

But he is a good reporter. When he goes after a "story," he gets it all. He picks the flaws with the logic of a criminal lawyer. He never "falls down" on an assignment.

He has learned the gospel of the city editor that says "We want the facts, not excuses."

His sense of news value has made for him a place in the advertising department—because the best advertising has news value in common with the good newspaper story.

Out of the kaleidoscopic whirl of his varied duties he is working plan after plan that will bear fruit—if he is let alone—testing and retesting them for flaws, adapting them with notable versatility to his company's needs.

This motley combination of salesman, advertising man, systematizer, writer and executive—this "free lance"—has no definite job or title, but he doesn't need one. For though he is older than his years, he is young, and all things are possible to him.

He will sell many shoes—he is helping to sell many now—but no matter what he sells in the future, there is likelihood that he will become one of the conspicuous business successes of the new generation.

Why? Let's see what we said about his qualifications. Energy, initiative, imagination, horse-sense. Can you beat it?

Some Printers and Others

P R I N T I N G plants in a certain class tend to look much alike to the average buyer of printing. A prominent engraver recently said that between the five biggest engraving concerns in Chicago there was a difference only of "talking points"—that there was no appreciable difference in quality of product or price, and said that this probably applied to printers.

He omitted from this cynical comment the one factor which *should* make a difference—that of service. And it is this factor that distinguishes one printing plant from another more than do the technical differences of equipment or even the differences of product.

For be it confessed—the average buyer of printing really knows very little about quality in printing—because, perhaps, he knows so little of the technical side of the work which goes to make quality.

He sees a piece of printing that he likes, and frequently decides that "this is exactly what *we* want"—not knowing how the effect is produced, nor whether it is really adaptable to his needs.

In his comparative ignorance of methods, costs, and results, it is of little importance to him to know that Smith and Robinson have so many linotypes, and so many color presses, or that Jones and Company are noted for their engraving department.

The chances are that he could not distinguish between the halftone which Jones and Company make, and that from the Smith and Robinson concern.

Service

Nor is it only the uniformed buyer who is thus at sea. Comparatively few of the many who buy printing have had sufficient training to appreciate, or indeed demand, the fine technique which gratifies the printer and the expert. And it is the *average* buyer, not the exceptionally well-informed nor the unduly ignorant one, whose business keeps the wheels running.

There is this human factor, greater than merely equipment or organization, which makes a house great—in a word—Service.

Price is a minor consideration where this factor enters in—and yet the fact that when a firm gives Service (the capital is used to distinguish it from the garden variety) the price is usually right—fair to buyer and to seller.

There are plants whose chief claim to distinction is not their technical achievements—be they ever so good—but the service which they render.

Theoretically, all good firms have at heart the best interests of their customers. Practically—but let's not muck-rake at this point.

At all events, it is not usual for a firm to employ a staff of men who are paid to look after the customer's interests—to serve as his representative.

The "operating department"—so-called—is a way one firm, at least, works this out. As a study in co-operation which reacts on the business, it is significant. The plan is used by R. R. Donnelley and Sons—possibly by others.

When your job goes to the Donnelley plant it is turned over to the operating department. A young man who knows his business is assigned to it. He is your representative rather than the printer's, and he deals with the various departments as if it were his own job that he was supervising.

He watches for the little technical details of which the buyer knows nothing or over-

looks—he makes suggestions for improving the job, and often for cutting expense, and carries them out to the letter if they are approved.

Real Co-Operation

When the buyer doesn't know how to get a desired effect, the operator's technical training comes to the rescue, and he submits various plans until the buyer is satisfied. And, this is a significant instance of the better service—if the buyer wants something which violates the best usages of printing art, he frankly and courageously says so and shows why.

This is a service which, in its perfection, money cannot buy. There are only a few firms in any line that have a conception of what this kind of service means—or might mean in the way of business building.

The Donnelley Company does not, I think, make a feature of this in either their advertising or in their personal salesmanship. They sell printing and engraving on the basis of its quality and price, because they no doubt find that the operating department pays purely on administrative grounds;

and therefore they do not consider its other aspect worthy of special comment.

So far as the firm is concerned, of course, it expedites the march of production. It furnishes a "through-routing" system that eliminates the chance for needless delay or forgetfulness. It centers responsibility for a job both within the organization and in dealing with the buyer.

These and other reasons probably make it seem to the firm that to emphasize this feature is like pointing out that the building contains elevators and an interior telephone so that business can be handled well.

And yet this seems to me to be a point worthy of attention from every printer and every buyer of printing—a real "talking point" which, if really backed up by this kind of service, would be unusually attractive to the man who wants results.

The preparation of printed matter is a difficult task at the best, when hundreds of details come up on an important job to harrass a man buried in more important duties. To take off some of this burden is real co-operation—which is mutually profitable.

Is There Success Without Health?

BY WHEATON SMITH

THERE are hundreds of men who are called successful who have no right to be called so. It is true these men have built up great business institutions, their names attached to checks are good for millions of dollars, they have fine homes, automobiles, country places, yachts, and are able to give their wives and families every luxury.

But that isn't success.

No matter how much money any man may have and no matter how honorably he may have acquired it, he falls woefully short of being a success if his body be not in perfect condition.

Marshall Field died many years before he should, simply because his body was not given the care and attention it required. Senator LaFollette, one of the keenest minds and one of the most aggressive fighters against the wrongs of the many, is a dyspeptic, and oftentimes in the midst of his

most important work is forced to drop everything and coddle his stomach.

The man who breaks a natural law is a sinner and he gets his punishment right here on earth. The man who eats strange food and drinks still stranger drinks, and gives exercise and fresh air absent treatment, is a sinner whose punishment will come in weakness, disease and finally death.

I wish I could make every business man, every man who desires true success and power and all the rest of the desirable things of life, realize that bodily bankruptcy is infinitely more to be dreaded than financial bankruptcy, and that the man whose body fails to perform the functions for which it is intended is far worse off than is he whose bank balance is in such condition that the reception committee scowls when his checks are presented at the bank.

The man without money and with good health can easily make money, but the

man without health seldom makes money, or, if he does possess it, is not able to work with it to as good advantage. I take it that our chief object in this world is to be happy, and for the life of me I cannot see how happiness can come to a man whose bodily boiler is full of clinkers, and who is unable to get up enough steam to turn out a good laugh.

But there aren't enough business men who realize this. Neither do they understand what a simple thing it is to take care of this health of which I am writing. I want to bring home to a few of them the fact that the healing power is in the blood, and that no man can keep a body in condition who hopes to do so by merely paying a physician a retainer, any more than a murderer and a thief can keep out of jail by engaging a lawyer by the year.

And I claim that a man who does not take care of his body is a murderer and a thief.

He murders himself. He steals from the world the service he might have rendered—and to which the world is entitled—had he been in perfect health and kept his bodily machine running successfully for a decade or so more than the biblical three-score-and-ten.

Avaunt! Patent Medicines

The body is its own physician. There is in every man, woman and child a divine energy which is the healer as well as the creator of the body. All a physician can do is to show a patient how to co-operate with that power. No physician can give a man health. He must earn health for himself. Nature conducts business on a strictly cash basis, just as men will conduct their business on a cash basis when they evolve a bit more. Nature demands obedience to certain unchangeable laws and for this obedience pays us health.

Buying and taking all the patent medicines inflicted on the world will not give a man back his health. Nor has there ever been discovered a patent nostrum which will allow a man to speed through life violating all the laws of health.

It is significant of the common sense of our times that the thinkers of today recognize that the physician of the future will be the preventive physician rather than the curing physician. Big business men today employ a legal adviser whose business it is

to tell them what they can and cannot do with respect to the law. A few years hence big business men, whose affairs are so great as to prevent them from being specialists in health, will pay a retainer to a preventive physician whose business it will be to understand the laws of health. And this physician will be obeyed just as absolutely as the lawyer of today is obeyed. What would the world think of a business man who constantly refused to take the advice of his attorney in matters of law?

It is much easier to keep a child out of a mud puddle than it is to clean the youngster off after allowing it to wallow around in the muck.

It is easier to keep a body in repair than to repair it after it has once broken down.

Over in China they have us beaten by several laps in some things. There, it is said, a man wisely pays a retainer to a physician only so long as the physician keeps him well. Just as soon as a patient becomes ill his physician is disgraced. And a system such as that in this country would not be a bad thing. The trouble would arise from the failure of the patients to do as ordered.

A Department of Health

While I am in this prophecy business I may as well state my belief in the establishment of a national department of health—a department which will rank with the department of state, the department of agriculture and the rest. We have specialists whose business it is to attend to our relations with foreign nations, to our financial affairs, to our legal affairs, to the improvement of our live stock, and, to a wide-awake, patriotic citizen, it seems as though it is time for the establishment of a department whose business it is to look after the health and bodily needs of some ninety millions.

But I must not wade into generalities. I want to talk to business men. I want to drive home to them the necessity of having a body which is blessed with endurance. To have endurance means to have more than health. One can have health and still be unable to take one's place in the world of work. The man of endurance possesses staying power. He can stand the strain of hard work. He does not weaken or break when difficulties arise. He has

strength in reserve. The man who works to the limit of his physical powers is as foolish as the speculator who buys to the limit of his resources and has nothing left for protection, or the manufacturer who immediately invests in his business all his profits, neglecting to have a reserve fund for unexpected demands.

And one of the easiest ways of getting strength is in relaxing. Business men do not know the value of relaxation. The man who works like a very demon at his business all day and then carries his business home with him at night to share his bed with him, is most certainly bound to be scrapped by the Roadmaster of Life.

It pays to play; to loaf; to laugh; to recreate.

It pays to row and fish and play ball and go to theaters and musicales. It pays big to go away from your office and leave your business bound and gagged so that it cannot follow you home and interfere with the enjoyment of life with wife and children and friends.

Today the Best Time

Tomorrow is not the time to reform physically. Today is always the accepted time. Tomorrow never comes. But today is always here. Today, then, is the time to start.

Of course there are habits which you must give up. You are doing things that are hurtful. Of course they give you comfort. They give you imitation happiness. But how will the investment turn out?

Would you continue to sink good money into fake mining stock because you knew the treasurer of the mining company chortled with glee every time he saw your check? Will you continue to feed some gross habit because, perhaps, your palate enjoys the sensation of receiving that particular food, or your nerves are lulled to rest by a subtle poison disguised?

And health—endurance—is just plain business. Folks who like this earth and want to stay here a while think it the most important business in the world.

So analyze yourself. Tear yourself all to pieces and when you put yourself together again use only such material as you need. Eliminate the non-essentials. You wouldn't clutter up your office with twenty-three fluffy haired stenographers when one would do all your work. Why should you stuff your defenseless stomach with twenty-three kinds of antagonistic foods when two or three simple things would serve to nourish the body?

This is all practical—intensely practical. Look upon your body as a business. Ask yourself the value of it. What is it capitalized for? Is it paying interest on the investment? Is it conducted systematically? Are you employing habits that steal and cheat, that take up your time—the time that should be spent in production? Do you own your business, or does your business play Legree to your Uncle Tom?

Get answers to these and you will have a good start. By that time you will enjoy solving this health problem yourself.



MADE it a point that all goods should be exactly what they were represented to be. It was a rule of the house that an exact scrutiny of the quality of all the goods purchased should be maintained, and that nothing was to induce the house to place upon the market any line of goods at a shade of variation from their real value. Every article sold must be regarded as warranted, and every purchaser must be enabled to feel secure.

—Marshall Field



Some Sales Suggestions

Address by J. M. Brock before the Progress Club of New York

I LIKE to talk to clubs like this. I enjoy meeting the fellows who make the sales, the solicitors and the salesmen on the floor. I appreciate that the term fellow, is a familiar one, but when we speak of a man as a fellow, in our mind's eye, the man we see appears as a good fellow—the kind you would care to meet, and all good salesmen are good fellows, especially gas salesmen.

The trouble is they are not fully appreciated by those in our trade who only have to do with the making of our product and not with the disposal of it. It's the salesman who empties the gas holder, and unless the holder is emptied, and emptied frequently, the man who has to do with the filling of it would have nothing to do. The salesman is the fellow who is responsible for keeping the works busy. No matter how much gas is made, that gas cannot earn dividends for the stockholders until it is sold. And who sells it? Not the man at the works but the man in the office, the man on the street—the salesman.

The term "Salesman" is a broad one; it covers much. I am proud of the fact that I am considered a salesman. No one need ever feel ashamed to be called a salesman. The only thing that ever shames us is that many call themselves salesmen who have no more right to call themselves salesmen than a thief has to call himself an honest man.

The Salesman of Quality

The true salesman is a gentleman; he is polite; considerate, self-controlled, affable, alert to the interests of others; he greets his customer with a pleasant Good Morning; he puts Sir or Madam on to his speech, thereby exhibiting his culture and good breeding. He takes refusals and rebukes kindly and invites a call again. He is patient with shoppers, yet saves himself labor

by trying to find exactly what they want and to sell them what is best suited to their requirements. He secures attention by pleasant manners. In short he makes a friend of every customer. We should all of us try to do this, for it's much easier to make a sale to a friend than it is to a stranger. So, again I say, try and make a friend out of every customer. Do this by showing a hearty interest in their affairs. Always feel that you are not doing your full duty by simply showing the customer the article he asks for. Be interested in the customer's welfare. Help him out by your superior knowledge of gas appliances. If a customer asks for an article and you know of another article which would be better for the purpose, take pains to explain the difference. Let it be one of your first considerations to look out for your customers. Let your customer gain by your knowledge. When exercising this knowledge, though, be tactful; never lead the customer to believe that you know it all and that he knows nothing.

Frequently, when reading the lives of great men who have passed and gone, I come across instances where some of these men were shabby in their dress—careless of their appearance. Those men, even though they were great, did not live in this period and they were not salesmen. Besides, they are dead. A man may be dressed in old clothes, yes, even soiled clothes, and be a man for all that, but he cannot dress that way and be a good salesman. Nowadays, it is not entirely what you are, but what you appear to be, that counts. Just look about you, see our big department and other successful stores; observe the amount of care taken and the money expended to keep up the appearance of these stores. The owners appreciate that a good front draws trade, and just so with a salesman. A good front and a tidy appearance creates

respect and once you have the respect of your customer, orders come much more easily.

The Value of Dress

Now, kindly understand, I do not say that clothes make the gentleman, or that fine dress will make a salesman, but a man who is a gentleman will earn quicker appreciation by wearing good clothes and a salesman will be able to utilize his talent to a greater degree if he is garbed as becomes a man of his ability.

One can go too far with dress. Have you ever noticed how some of the comic artists depict the salesman? They generally have him pictured with a red tie, checked trousers, flashy vest, sporty shoes and a big stud in his shirt front. The old time salesman used to dress that way, but you don't want to be an old time salesman. You're a modern, up-to-date salesman. Always keep this in mind when selecting your attire. Be neat, clean, tidy, but not flashy. The flashy, dashing sport of the old time has been displaced by the neat, stylish gentleman. The up-to-date salesman of the present is brisk, quick, well-informed, quiet and dignified.

I meet a great many salesmen; some impress me, some do not. I have frequently tried to discover why this is. I have gone to some trouble, tabulating my various objections, and I have come to this conclusion. The salesmen who failed to impress me were those who entered my office with a cigar in their mouth; those who would forget to remove their hat; those who were boisterous and familiar. No one likes a cigar better than I do, but I always remember that every one is not a smoker and the smell of tobacco to a non-smoker is very distasteful. My affairs bring me into the offices of large concerns. Even though I find it is the general rule that smoking is permitted during business hours, I never enter an office with a cigar in my mouth. I have on rare occasions carried a lighted cigar into an office, but never would I smoke it there without the permission of my customer.

The Bonebreaking Handshake

When entering the office of a stranger, I make it a rule never to offer my hand unless the customer shows some inclination to accept it willingly. When this inclination

is shown, I try to shake the hand offered heartily, but never go beyond that point. Some salesmen seem to think that when they have an opportunity to shake a customer's hand, it is their duty to show their appreciation by trying to break every bone in the hand. When a man shakes hands with me, I like to have him do it heartily, but I don't care to have him, at the same time, give an exhibition of his strength and have a bruised hand remind me of his visit two or three hours afterwards.

While I believe that every one present would not think of entering a home or a man's office without removing his hat, still I think it well to bring up this point. Always remove your hat before entering a home or an office, and make it your business to keep your head uncovered as long as you stay there.

Don't grow too familiar with your customer. Undue familiarity will lose respect for you. It will lessen your dignity in the eyes of your customers. Don't begin your conversation with a customer by asking, how is business, or by talking about the weather. Get right down to your proposition. Never become loud or boisterous. If your customer happens to be busy when you call and cannot give you his whole attention, tell him you will call again. I have found that it never pays to force a customer to listen to you. Of course, if, after you have called on a customer two or three times, and you *always find him busy*, then a little force becomes necessary.

Some men enjoy a slap on the back. Some men like to have you call them by their first name, but only *some* men, and a very few at that. The majority of men resent a slap on the back, and but a very few like to be addressed by their first name. It's a mighty hard thing to tell who does and who does not like that kind of an approach. I have found that in order to be sure of my ground at all times, to cut out the slap on the back entirely and to always use the term, Mr. or Mrs., reserving first names for our personal friends only. So much for generalities.

Now for something personal; something man to man. Let me start by asking you a few questions.

Do you ever tell yourself hard luck stories—get thinking how much hard luck you are having and how much good luck

some one else is having? Sort of running a little handicap race all yourself? Do you ever find yourself saying, "If I could only get out of this territory and get into Jones' territory, I'd make a showing?" Funny, isn't it, how the other fellow's territory always seems better, and how our own territory or district always seems to be the worst of the lot? When you get feeling this way, just take a walk out in the country, that is, if it happens to be in the summer time. When you get away out where you can have an unobstructed view of three or four miles look at the grass immediately in front of you, then observe the grass away off in the distance. The grass in the distance always looks greenest, but walk on to this distant grass, and when you come to it, you will find it no greener and no better than the grass you saw first, and so with the other district or the other territory. When you view it from the distance it may appear to be better than your own territory, but it's not. It isn't the territory or the district that is at fault, it's the *man* in that district or territory.

When something seems wrong in your district, when the other fellow is having

more success than you, don't blame your district, look a little further and you will find the trouble. It's *you*. If any of you here tonight are having trouble, if things aren't coming right, let me advise that the first thing you do tomorrow morning is to give yourself a severe cross-examination, and right within your own self you will find the cause of all the trouble. The great trouble with so many of us salesmen is that we believe we are good. There is no surer way of a salesman earning a membership to the "Down and Out Club" than to get that idea into his head. When a salesman begins to think his hat is a bit small, when he has an idea that his own hat covers about all there is worth knowing, just about then, he discovers that the other fellow, who in his estimation don't know half as much as he does himself, is doing a whole lot of business, while he—*Mr. Know-It-All*—is drawing a whole lot of blanks. The salesman who knows it all, never lived and never will. The training of the salesman is never complete. We are all students, and the most successful among us are those who are doing the best we know how, but trying hard to learn a lot more.

A Miracle of Genius

Sidney Smith



YES, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow.



Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

One of the most amusing gods in the world is Self. There are more worshippers and more followers of this god than even Gold. And that, **The King Can** you must admit, is using strong language. As I said once before, **Do No Wrong** we chortle in great glee when we think of poor George Number Three (or was it twenty-three?) who was afflicted with the notion that "the king can do no wrong." I hope no one will arise in wrath and tell me that there are men who have never made mistakes. There never were any men of that kind and it isn't likely that there will be any this year or the year after. As Hubbard says, "The man who is great in every direction has never been born. In fact, if a man is very great in certain lines it is quite likely he is very weak in others. The mind of a man is a tangled forest, and if he has cleared a small corner of his mental acreage he has done well. At the most we are only justified in using the name of a great man as an expert witness along the line in which he has achieved his greatness." And this brings me to this bit of advice—advice which, of course, I offer most humbly. Develop a judicial quality of mind. This will enable you to judge men without prejudice. You will not idealize them. Neither will you condemn them to the bottomless pit. You will find that no man is wholly white, nor is it at all likely that you will ever come in contact with a man who is wholly black. Most men are just drab—most of them, perhaps, having a bit more white than black in their composition. And so far there has never been born a man who was fit to throw stones. But every man is permitted to read the verdict which every man writes with his words and his actions. I am only trying to bolster up my own position as a pessimop. And a pessimop is a fellow who sees both the good and the bad. The pessimop does not want any imitation happiness. He wants the real thing. He does not imitate the ostrich and stick his head into a dark hole in the ground and delude himself with the belief that everything is lovely, simply because he cannot see the African with a Rooseveltian big-stick waiting to swat him in the rear. The pessimop does not worship before any man or any institution. He knows that every man and every institution, which, as Emerson says, is but the lengthened shadow of a man, is capable of improvement. He does not violate the fourth commandment of the Owls and take himself too seriously. He welcomes suggestions for improvement with an open mind, and when mistaken gentlemen of the anvil-chorus get real industrious and work over time, he tries

mighty hard to keep smiling by saying "forgive them, for they know not what they do." Life to him is a game—the Great Game of Happiness. He knows he is alive now, but has no direct evidence that he will ever pass this way again. So he tries to get as much pleasure out of the passing moment as he possibly can, and he finds, if he has climbed a wee bit toward wisdom, that the greatest pleasure comes from work—from service. He never attempts to make the sun stand still, or bring about a revolution which will change the social complexion of the world, for he realizes, no matter how great he may be, that he can do but little alone, and that in the last analysis, when Time has balanced the books, he will have climbed high if his name be among those who are called Master Servants.

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The thing that makes the trouble is not so much what actually happens, but what we fear may happen, and it is fear and imagination that cause panics.

—Charles Austin Bates

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If history may be believed, and I have been told that history may be trusted to tell the truth once in a while, General Grant was something of a fighter. When he was sent into that new territory by Sales Manager Lincoln, he camped on his job until he drove his competitors from the field. **Grant and the Enemy** by his superior salesmanship. Grant was called a fearless fighter. But he wasn't. He used to be afraid. *But he believed that the enemy was just as much afraid of him as he was of the enemy.* And to this he owed much of his success. The salesman who is afflicted with weak knees and weak backbone should annex this bit of common sense. In the first place there isn't any reason why a salesman should be afraid. If he has an idea that he knows more about his proposition than his prospect, knows that his article is better than any other on the market, or at least is as good, and feels in addition that the prospect should purchase, what reason has he for acting like a negro prisoner who is starring with a southern mob on lynching bent. The man who wanders around with a please-excuse-me-for-living air will never be the fellow whose name will head the sales force. And get this: The man who does not desire to lead the sales force, and who does not work with that object in mind, isn't the sort of a salesman that ought to be retained on the job. In the meantime remember with Grant, that the prospect is probably as much afraid of you as you are of him.

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See that your children be taught, not only the labors of the earth, but the loveliness of it.—John Ruskin.

* * *

They may tell you that Ceasar was killed because he was ambitious. But it isn't so. Ceasar was stabbed by his friends. He was stabbed by those whom he had planned to reward. He was killed by men whom he had helped and whom he desired to help still more. **Ambition** who has an organization made up of ambitious men should rejoice. With them he can conquer the world. Do you suppose for a minute that Frank Chance would have developed the greatest baseball team in the world if he had failed to encourage every man to become a star? A star team is a team made up of stars. Don't forget that. Star teams are not made up of

dubs. The great organizer, the great executive, the great leader is the man who encourages and aids every one of his men to play stellar rôles. It is indeed true, as a country philosopher once said, that "God Almighty never intended that any one man should know all about everything." And we have Emerson telling us "Every man I meet is my master in at least one thing and in that I hope to learn of him." It appears to me that the great executive is the man who realizes the joy of man-hunting. He realizes that there is no joy quite equal to the finding of a man. When one of his employes develops strength along certain lines, the wise executive helps him to add to that strength. I am sure that if I were driving a coach I would want horses that were pulling on the bits, rather than have animals that called for the whip continually. If I couldn't hold them alone I'd get help. But I would never shoot a horse for desiring to show speed. If you have men in your employ who are ambitious, show them that they can best serve that ambition by doing things for the institution for which they are working. Show them that they can get to the top infinitely faster, and get there in better condition, by obeying the rein, rather than by taking the bit in their teeth and running away. Ambition is a quality that is so scarce that it deserves protection infinitely more than "our infant industries" ever did.

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There is nothing more important for the attainment of holiness than abstinence. Abstinence should be made an early habit. If it is an early habit it will bring many other virtues. To him who has acquired many virtues there is nothing that can not be surmounted.—Lao-Tse.

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It was not until 1893 that any attention was paid to Philadelphia girls who desired to secure special training in subjects which would fit them for a business career. In that year a commercial high school was established. **Training Girls for Business** Three hundred pupils enrolled. Since 1900 the admissions number 4089. Instead of having a hard time to get enough girls to take this course, the school board has been puzzled to know what to do because of lack of room. I quote from the school catalogue in order to give an idea of what the object of the school is: "The school is intended to give a high school education specialized in the direction of practical business requirements; it is not intended to be what is sometimes called 'a clerk factory.' It has sought so to develop the resources of its pupils as to enable them to adapt their equipment to their particular needs, rather than to secure a superficial mechanical dexterity." It is rather interesting to recall that Philadelphia was the first city in the country to give us the public school—an innovation for which the thanks of millions should be extended to the labor unions—just as it is the first to give us a successful commercial high school for girls. Women are taking a far more active part in the affairs of the world of business than ever before in the history of the world, and it is mighty certain that they will continue to grow in strength and influence. Women are said to be impractical. This is probably true in many cases. But it isn't likely that there is anyone so brave as to arise and state that there are no impractical men. And, again, it is sure that if men had been regarded as an inferior race for as many centuries as women have been looked down upon, they, today, would not be the self-proclaimed kings of the universe.

Once upon a time I was so rash as to suggest to a sales manager that he give his men a certain order that would save the house many thousands of dollars in facilitating the work in the office and in giving customers better satisfaction. He admitted that my suggestion was a good one, "but supposing the men refuse to do as they are told? There are Jones and Smith and Brown, our biggest producers, what shall I do if they refuse to do as I tell them?" I told him that I didn't know what he would do, but there wasn't any doubt in my mind what I would do in his place. I suggested to him that I would either be boss or quit, and if a salesman, or any other employee, didn't do what I told him, I would fire him so quick that he wouldn't have time to even buy a shoe shine and charge it to the house. When a salesman refuses to obey orders sent out by the house, the sooner he gets off the proposition the better for everybody concerned. Few salesmen have as much as an inkling of the problems which the man inside must face every day. When the sales manager asks for reports or calls for special information, the salesman should get busy immediately and give what is asked for. Unless the salesmen work in harmony with the men inside, the institution for which they are working cannot be successful. The man inside is every bit as important as the man on the road. Were it not for the man inside the man on the road wouldn't have a job. And if the man on the road doesn't do his work in a scientific manner, it is equally certain that the man inside will lose his bread and butter and dessert. The sales manager is the official head of a certain mighty important department. He is held responsible by the stockholders, or at least by the officials higher up, for results. He must produce results or else have his head cut off. In order to produce results he must have the support of the men on the selling force. When he loses this support he had better get rid of them, *or the house had better get rid of him*. Common justice and common decency and common sense demand this. The sales manager who permits a few of his big salesmen to run him is too weak for the job. It seems to me that if I were driving a six-horse coaching team, and the leaders persisted in taking the bit between their teeth and running away, I would either get a new span of leaders, or else give up the reins. I hate like sixty to be responsible for the dumping of my party over the brink of a mountain precipice.

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Our life is what our thoughts make it.—Marcus Aurelius.

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So you are not satisfied with your job. You think you are abused. You feel sure that Jones has a better employer, that his work is pleasanter, or that his chances for promotion are infinitely greater. May be you are right. But are you sure? Have you sort of stood off from yourself and your own job, and then from that distance compared your position with that of Jones. Until you have done this you have no right to judge. But you tell me you have a better offer from your employer's rival. Perhaps it is. But are you sure? You mustn't forget that your employer knows more about you than the man for whom you have never worked. That is, the chances are he does. If he doesn't give you what you think you deserve,

**Want to
Leave Your
Job**

it is your duty to yourself and to him to point that fact out to him. Perhaps he can show you that you are mistaken. Perhaps you can show him that he has not been giving you a square deal. In any event the sooner you and your employer get together and have a frank talk the better for both of you. Those secret dissatisfactions are too costly to those who indulge in them.

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A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

—Fra Elbertus.

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There are quite a few of us in the world who either think we are great men, or else are pretty certain that we have within us the yeast of greatness, and that the day will come, either before we die or after we are dead, when the world will order monuments erected to our memory. I do **The Gem of the Ocean** a great many things by proxy, which is, I find, a mighty inexpensive and economical way of doing things. In this way I have been a great man. Although this is giving away a trade secret I do not mind telling you confidentially that all you need in the way of apparatus is an imagination which works perfectly. Mix in a little concentration and the trick is done. You can be Socrates listening to a special matinee tongue-lashing performance by Xantippe; Columbus discovering America; King John conferring with the labor unions and signing the Magna Charta; Shakespeare writing Hamlet; Napoleon acting as guide to his army of fighting tourists in the Alps—why, bless your heart, there is no limit to the variations one can play in this game. And it comes to me, after studying the lives of these men, that few of them did their work with the idea of being great littering up their minds. All they did was to express themselves in a big way. At the time they may not have thought they were doing anything out of the ordinary. What they did was in their schedule for that particular time, and, like good business men, they went into their work and stuck to it until they cleared their desks. And anyhow there isn't anything in being great, if the stories told by the lives of these men count for anything. No man can be a great man to everybody, something which is illustrated by the saying that no man is a hero to his valet. Although as to this I am not in position to give expert testimony. And then there is that story about Columbus. I speak of the man who in fourteen hundred and ninety-two discovered a land which is now known to a certain number of persons as America. Teacher told the class all about Christopher and his yachting trip. In order to find out how well the pupils remembered her story, she asked: "Who was Columbus?" One little hand went up. "Well, Johnnie, who was he?" asked the teacher. "Columbus was the gem of the ocean," said Johnnie, triumphantly. With no desire to hurt your feelings, and without casting any reflections, I would most humbly and abjectly suggest to my readers who have aspirations to greatness, that there will always be several million Johnnies in the world, so no great man should take any time from his daily work in order to felicitate himself on cornering the greatness market.

Every day I am becoming more and more of a quality crank. I have made up my mind that there is no wisdom in being cheap or in dealing with cheap men or cheap things. The gospel of quality is a mighty good gospel and so long as I am in the work of producing business building articles I am going to talk quality. This time I want to make a few oblique remarks against those managers who are obsessed with the idea that it pays to hire cheap salesmen. There are many offenders. Of course no truly great business institution is burdened long with salesmen of the cheap variety, but there are hundreds of smaller houses that are small because they have not yet seen the wisdom of introducing the quality element into the personnel of their business organization. I was told not long ago of a Chicago pickle merchant who had sold immense quantities of pickles before he awakened to the fact that his collections were away below par. He was wiser than most men, so he took his troubles to his legal adviser. This adviser was a man with a keen business mind. He sensed the trouble immediately. However he wanted to drive home the lesson, so he told Mr. Pickle man to get his horse and buggy and take him around to his customers. As the result of this little tour it was found that the customers who owed money, and who had promised to pay, but had not done so, were little storekeepers—men and women who were conducting business in a hand-to-mouth manner in the poorer neighborhoods. Their intentions to pay rated at par so far as intentions went. But they didn't make enough money to change their promises into cash. The lawyer told Mr. Pickle Man this: "You have a lot of cheap salesmen. You can see from our little trip that they have avoided the big merchants and have gone to the insignificant places. Your men are too small. They fear to tackle big prospects. The result of all this is that you are getting a cheap class of trade, and, as you know yourself, this cheap trade is losing you money. I judge that you are in business in order to make a profit on the sales of your goods. If I am right I would suggest that you order your men to cut out this cheap business from now on. Tell them that you will accept no orders from merchants who haven't the money to pay bills when they are due." Mr. Pickle Man took his advice. The result was that his selling force was cut in two in a few weeks. His cheap men fell out. They couldn't stand the pace. But the good men under the new regime sold more goods than ever before, and it was not long before new *quality salesmen* took the places of those who had been forced out. That Mr. Pickle Man's profits were infinitely greater goes without saying.

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The land of the slant-eyed yellow folks cannot be ignored any longer. When we boasted that "the star of the empire westward takes it way," we had an idea that the United States was farthest west. But it appears that the star of empire has packed its baggage and is headed for China. Professor Frederick Starr, who probably knows more about China than any other American, says that he decided twenty years ago that China was the great nation of coming days. "I think," says Professor Starr, "that China has the greatest part to play in the next two or three hundred years. I do not at all mean that we must wait two or three hundred years before she begins

to play that part. People who wish to develop a commerce with China or with any country of the east must have two things. They must have, first, a knowledge of the people with whom they are to deal, and, second, a knowledge of the trade conditions which exist, of those which are possible, and those which are to be hoped for." Of course the great financiers and the biggest manufacturers have had their eyes upon China for a long time. Many of them have already invested their thousands of dollars there. But it is true that the bulk of the manufacturers today are not preparing to do business with the ancestor worshippers. American journalists are now invading the country and we are getting from them clear, comprehensive, judicial reports on business conditions. The salesmen will follow next.

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I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Abraham Lincoln.

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At the first hearing one would think Bailey foolish for not accepting that \$100,000 for the elephant. Most of us would. But Bailey was one of those fellows who got pretty well toward the top because he refused to do what "most of us" would do. This is the story: **Buying the Elephant** Bailey had \$30,000 when he was thirty years old. And that's not a bad average for a youth—to save \$1,000 a year from the start. Few of us do that, especially during the first few years. But Bailey had this \$30,000 and also had his eyes fastened on The Great London Circus for which the owners asked \$150,000. Bailey bought it, paying down his \$30,000, and giving his note for \$120,000. Just about this time was born "Babe"—the first elephant born in captivity. Bailey was filled with Rooseveltian dee-light. He was even more dee-lighted when there came a cable from Barnum offering \$100,000 for the youngster. Barnum knew how much Bailey owed and he was sure that the offer of \$100,000 would be snapped up so fast that even a kodak couldn't get a picture of it. But Barnum was dealing with Bailey, and Bailey, as I said above, wasn't an ordinary man. Perhaps that's why he had \$30,000 at thirty—thirty thousand that he was willing to invest it in a circus and in addition saddle himself with a debt of \$120,000. When Barnum's offer came, Bailey figured that if an elephant was worth that much to Barnum it certainly ought to be worth more to Bailey. The fact that the greatest showman in the world considered "babe" worth \$100,000 was evidence that the elephant was worth much as an attraction. So Bailey merely had great posters made containing Barnum's offer in fac simile, which he was inconsiderate enough to plaster up right alongside the bills of the great fooler of the American public. Not only did he do this but he re-arranged his schedule so that his shows would appear in the same towns as Barnum's and on the on the same dates. Posters advertising "The elephant for which Barnum offered \$100,000" were plastered everywhere. What was poor Barnum to do but to make Bailey his partner the next season. And that's the story of the linked names: Barnum & Bailey.

Not more than a million miles from here lives a very successful commercial traveler who used to hold the record in his section of the country for the amount of intoxicating liquor he could punish at one sitting, and who possessed a wondrous knowledge of those words which make up the body of that language which we call Profanity. To most of us there exist strange sins. To this man there were no strange sins; he knew them all. Whenever he went home he was accompanied by sights of pink mice and rose colored snakes which used to astonish him by their acrobatic feats in the air before him. He carried home a bottle of that fiery fluid which steals away men's brains. Usually, every morning, his mouth felt as if it were full of steel filings. His hands shook, his eyes were watery, and as a salesman he could be counted on to grade low. And then came a change. He braced up. His wife, who used to sit up until the wee sma' hours waiting for him, went to sleep with a smile. The color came back into her cheeks. The house in which they lived was changed into a home. And today this man is a leader all week as a salesman, and Sunday night he is a leader at a meeting of the Gideons. The Gideons were responsible for the change. In this country there are 600,000 traveling men and only three thousands of these belong to that order which is striving to raise the standard of manhood among the men of the road. The members ask no help from churches. They pay their own way. Now they are trying to raise enough money to place a bible in every hotel in the country. There is no question but that the Gideons are doing a good work. That the membership is constantly growing is good news.

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*No action whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A Record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.*

—Longfellow.

* * *

A traveling man while in a confidential mood told of a conductor he used to know on a run between Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The fare was then \$3.25, but two dollars passed to the conductor would always do the trick.

Beating One day there was an excursion and the traveling man bought a
Railroads round trip ticket for a dollar and a half. "When I handed this ticket to the conductor, as he tore off the return coupon, he looked at me and in a voice betraying how deeply he was hurt, he remarked: 'My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?'" So relates Mr. Traveling man. Of course it is impossible to estimate the amount of money the railroads lose every year through the dishonesty of their conductors coupled with the equally culpable dishonesty of those who travel. I know of a conductor in a certain western city who has built a mansion from the money taken from the company which employs him. And in conversation with a conductor on one of our suburban trains not long ago I learned that it is a common thing for women to purchase tickets which entitle them to ride a few miles.

If they are lucky the conductor will let them ride into Chicago. One woman was a persistent offender, and when the conductor spoke to her about it one day she broke down and cried. She has not taken that train since. The railroads undoubtedly have done several million things for which they deserve censure, but the man has not yet been born who can even begin to estimate the sins of the public from which the railroads suffer. Railroads are perhaps as honest as those that patronize them. When the majority of the people become more intelligent and slough off a bit more of ignorance, the corporations, which are supposed to have no souls, will probably be in the lead.

* * *

*The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.*
—*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*

* * *

The weak specialty salesman who goes forth with an article and falls down seventeen flights of stairs into the coal cellar, is very apt to place the whole blame on the article instead of shouldering it himself. I know of an automobile salesman in a city of 25,000 who sold over a hundred machines in one season, while in the same town another salesman sold but eighteen. One does not have to be gifted with clairvoyant powers in order to see that one salesman was a hundred pointer while the other was an alsoran. Doubtless the latter could have found buyers for his cars had he been able to give a house and lot, a ticket in the Louisiana lottery, a stack of blue chips, a pianola, and an air ship. I know of salesmen who come into the house and overwhelm the sales manager with enough suggestions to sink the Spanish armada. They have tried to sell and failed. They ran up against the usual objections and could not stand up against them. Of course the natural thing to do is to demand a few extra inducements to offer with the specialty. Such men feel sure that they will have no trouble in selling a five dollar specialty if the house will only agree to accept a payment of ten cents down and will take back the article after a year's trial. I am throwing this on a little thick just to bring out the fact that has been stated so often before by a modern business philosopher: "If you are in trouble and want to find the fellow responsible for your trouble, look in the looking glass." Or if you want to go farther back for an authority, let me quote from Shakespeare:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The house that listens to the wailings of salesmen of this variety and follows the lead of a popular mail-order soap house which offers with ten dollars worth of soap an equal value in furniture or jewelry, cheapens itself hurtfully. The remedy is to be found in changing the sales force. When a salesman is too weak to handle a certain article in the manner in which the hundred point salesmen handle it, that salesman should be invited to find a job elsewhere. Every salesman must expect a rapid fire of objections. Were it not for objections no salesman would need to fortify himself with the armor of scientific salesmanship. A deaf and dumb man can commonly qualify as an order taker.

It really isn't such a heart-breaking job to get salesmen of the highest quality *if you are willing to pay the price*. If I were to start tomorrow to manufacture and market a high grade specialty, and didn't have capital enough to hire a big sales force, I would hire one man to represent me in the field. But that one man would be the best. I would get one man with a strong personality—one in whom prospective customers would have confidence. I know enough about scientific salesmanship to realize that my house would be judged by the kind of representatives I sent into the field, and, if I cared to rank high in the estimation of the purchasing public, I would see to it that I was represented by men who graded one hundred percent, if men of that calibre existed and I could possibly annex them. I would rather have one *real scientific salesman* than one hundred of that variety which has been classically classified as "dubs." If my specialty possessed merit, if it was something which possessed quality, and was something that men would buy when properly presented to their attention, my single scientific salesman would make enough profit in a short time to enable me to hire another high grade, scientific salesman. I would be content to let my business grow as the oaks grow—if I may be permitted that somewhat antiquated expression. I can't forget that the greatest proposition ever sold was and is Christianity. With all reverence I call Christ the greatest sales manager that ever lived. He had but twelve salesmen. These he trained himself—filled them with an intense belief in the value of the article they were sent out to sell. Their belief in their Sales Manager, themselves, their fellow-men, and their goods, was so strong and so powerful that no force has yet been offered in opposition successfully. A successful sales force should be made up of concentrated scientific persuaders. We have too many of the diluted variety today.

* * *

What if you fail in business? You still have life and strength. Don't sit down and cry about mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting. And above all, keep a merry heart. And you'll be up in the world.—Franklin.

* * *

You say your gross sales last year were \$50,000 more than ever before. That sounds fine. But, tell me, *what profit did you make?* That is the important item—that item of profit. The stockholders want profits. They really do not care whether the gross business done amounts to \$50,000 or \$500,000 more than ever before. Figures do not startle them. Figures cannot make them happy. They want profits. Don't forget that. When a department head comes to you, Mr. President, and tells you that his department took in more money the past year than it ever did before, don't lose your head and get so excited as to raise his salary and give him a two months' vacation with full pay. Ask for the amount of the profits. When you see a report of some department and find that the gross business done by Jones is less than that done under the management of Brown, don't allow your temper to become ruffled and please do not talk of discharging anyone, until you learn how the profits earned by the two men compare. Salesmanship, as you

have been told once or twice before, is the sale of goods for profit. For *profit*, understand. There are several thousand business institutions whose officers are elated at the volume of business done, whereas they should be sitting up nights with an auditor getting their affairs straightened out. You *think* your business is on a solid foundation. But do you *know* it is? In business it is better to have an ounce of solid *know* than a pound of vaporous *beliej*.

* * *

Wisdom is only knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue is doing it. Virtue and enjoyment have never been far apart from each other. To know and to do is the basis of the highest service.—David Starr Jordan.

* * *

In the first issue of *LaFollette's Weekly* there appeared an article by that prince of reporters, Lincoln Steffens, on "The Mind of the State." Mr. Steffens says that Oregon and Wisconsin are the leading communities of **The Mind of a State** in the progress they have made in becoming democratic, in building up governments which serve the majority rather than the favored few. "They are leaders," says Mr. Steffens. "What they do that is right and successful, the rest of us will do some day; and when they err, we shall all halt. I mean that, being leaders, their mistakes will check or turn aside the progress of man. And every time I see the people of Wisconsin or of Oregon, acting in haste or in anger, with indifference or from provincial or local passions or motives, I wish that these people could be brought somehow to realize that they are thinking and working, not only for themselves but for all of us." And I wish all readers of this magazine would see their own actions in this big way. I wish that all business men would see that the way they conduct their business is an affair in which their neighbors have a right to be interested. I wish they would see that the way they manage their cities is something in which the people of their state have a vital interest, and with Steffens I wish they would see that the way their state is conducted is a matter of the most vital concern to the millions who live in other states, and who are seeking continually for the best. Away down in their hearts the majority want the best. I do not believe that this government with all its evils is desired by the majority, even though the majority is responsible. But I do believe that this government with its evils exists because the majority are too ignorant to know just what to do in order to bring about better conditions. But we have La Follette and Folk and Johnson and Roosevelt and Bryan and Heney and Hughes and Steffens and William Allen White and a score of other leaders and writers who are going ahead and showing the millions the right way. They are guides in the great political world, just as there are in every community at least one or two business men who are leaders in their small world of commerce, and just as Marshall Field was, and John Wanamaker is, a leader in retail merchandizing. And we want more leaders. I am beginning to see each day what it is possible for one man to do, and I wish I could make every young man in the world understand that there is no power on earth that can keep him down if he wills to become a master. All masters are leaders and teachers. They show the way to more wisdom, and wisdom is common sense.

Every true workman, every artist, if you please, does everything in his power to place his profession on a high plane. The physician does everything he can to discredit the quacks, and able lawyers frown upon the shyster

Business fraternity. Don't you think it time for the business man to regard his profession as being of so much importance as to warrant

Quacks him in doing everything in his power to raise the business standard?

I firmly believe that we young fellows will live to see the disappearance of the slovenly, cheap, ill conducted, vilely managed shops, and that in their stead will appear great stores conducted by men trained in the science of business building. There was a time when cotton had to be cleaned by hand. Along came Whitney and invented the cotton-gin, and thereafter one machine did the work of scores of negroes *and did it better*. Once we had to set all our type by hand. Now we have the linotype and the monotype machines which have taken the places of thousands of hand compositors. All our cloth was once woven by hand. The power loom came into being and today we have more clothes and better clothes for less money. The great mail order houses, with all their sins, are rendering better service today than the ordinary country store ever rendered or ever can render. Marshall Field built up his great institution because he was a business scientist, and recognized that the public demanded two things and these things were and are: quality of goods and excellence of service. Everything is moving toward the center. We are fast beginning to understand that we are all parts of a whole, and that in the great business world one bad business man affects adversely the business of every other business man. We are learning, too, that it not only is the duty of every business man of the scientific kind to conduct his own business scientifically, but it is his duty to demand that other men conduct their businesses in the same manner. In many schools it is the custom for all the pupils to govern themselves, and whenever the rules are broken the pupils must deliver up the culprit or shoulder his punishment. The good pupils are strong enough to maintain order. They realize that when they fail to conduct themselves so as to keep their teacher's belief in them at par, they lose. Now, why is it that business men do not look at their affairs in that way? Why is it that they will permit a few ignorant, unscientific, oftentimes worthless individuals to conduct business institutions in such a way as to bring discredit upon the whole business fraternity? What are you going to do with business quacks?





“Come-Over-and-See-Us”

BY J. A. MURPHY

THERE is a certain brand of advertising that costs absolutely nothing, but in trade-getting value it is worth countless thousands to the business house who knows how to use it. To get this free-to-all advertising, establish friendly come-again relations with all with whom you have any kind of business dealings. With ordinary advertising, that has to be paid for, it takes a lot of money to get even one person enthusiastically interested in your goods. Out of a hundred people who express an interest in your advertisement, possibly only a dozen or so are really in earnest. Thus an advertising campaign that wins two or three thousand true friends for your product every month is doing very well indeed. But even so, you know it pays, and pays big, to advertise. You figure that it is worth several dollars to get one steady, good customer. Every prospective buyer of your goods is a source of potential profit, and you can afford to spend a reasonable amount of money in reaching that prospect. Every reader of the magazine in which you advertise is a possible buyer of your goods. You consider the privilege of appealing to the readers of that magazine worth several hundred dollars. And it is.

Make Friends Personally

But while trying to reach the readers of certain magazines with your message, you seemingly ignore, or forget about, prospective purchasers right at your own door. Every person who comes into your office, every individual with whom you come in contact, is a consumer, or a possible consumer, of your product. Then should you not try to give that person a good impression of your institution and of yourself? While making

friends of all who come into your office you are, at the same time, winning customers for your goods. Everyone who goes out of your office feeling kindly toward you and your concern is likely to buy your goods, or if he cannot use them himself, he will recommend them whenever the proper occasion presents itself.

Suppose you're putting up pickles—good pickles. Smith, the typewriter salesman, uses pickles and so do his friends. If Smith receives a courteous interview in your office, if you send him away happy—with or without an order makes no difference—why is it not likely that Smith will buy your pickles in the future, and isn't it also likely he will tell his friends what a fine fellow you are. Probably fifteen or twenty salesmen call on you every day. You can make most of them your friends. Treat them decently, send them away feeling good and their wagging tongues will wag for you and your goods forever more.

Entertainment Committees

There are many manufacturers, jobbing and wholesale houses who have a regular entertainment committee in their offices. The visiting salesman, after the buyer is through with him, is turned over to the entertainment committee. Usually, the “committee” is a neatly dressed, polished young man of an affable and genial manner, whose duty it is to see that every visitor to the office is treated courteously and pleasantly. In many cases the visitor is conducted through the plant; is told the story of the product and perhaps is given a souvenir. You can be sure that when the visitor leaves this place of business, where he was so royally entertained, he will advertise it wherever he goes.

Let us suppose that two thousand people call at your office every month. That gives you twenty-four thousand excellent opportunities every year, right under your own roof, to persuade people to purchase your product. You don't have to come out point blank and solicit the patronage of these people. Business building is greater than business getting. Making every person you meet your friend is business building. Winning friends is the quickest and cheapest way to win business. Those twenty-four thousand persons who pass through the portals of your office every year can be made your customers. Give them a warm hand-clasp, a captivating smile, a respectful hearing, a bid to "Come again, sir," and presto: you have increased the number of your friends, and in time those new friends will either bring you business or else send it to you.

The Telephone Queen

However, your reputation, as being an agreeable firm to do business with, is not fully established just yet. The entertainment committee may do gilt-edged work, but how about that young lady who answers the phone? Has she a come-over-to-see-us voice, or does she just whine "Hello" over the wire? She should be a diplomat. Her main positives should be tact, cheerfulness, politeness and promptness. If she hasn't these qualities and somehow you cannot help her develop them, discharge her and get some one who has. Now-a-days a skilled telephone operator is as important an employee as a good stenographer.

There is still another business building idea along this same line, which you can use to increase the number of your customers by thousands. If every visitor to your place of business must be interviewed, so every letter you receive should be answered. However, merely answering it is not enough. "Sow a Personality; reap an Influence." Plant a

kindly, soul-filled Personality in your letters and you'll reap an influence when the letter reaches its destination. Letters that are just answered don't influence, they don't persuade. To win, to make people do things, the letter must be written by a man of character plus health. Negatives in the person writing the letter are sure to creep into the letter itself. *A negative person can't write a positive letter.* If your body is right, your soul right and your mind right, the letter you write will be right and the influence exerted on the person at the other end of the letter will be all right.

Letters That Build

Every letter that comes into your office does not come "just to be answered." Its receipt gives you an opportunity to build more business, to increase your prestige and to make yourself solid with the party who wrote it. Regard your letters as your ambassadors. As such they should truly represent you and your institution. When dictating a letter, have in mind your ideal of the perfect salesman. Then try to make your letter that salesman. As a business builder, the well written, kindly, persuasive and tactful letter should be used more than it is.

Giving every visitor to the business office a pleasant reception, answering each phone call agreeably, and replying to every letter in a friendship winning way, are three good customs that are coming to us as a result of the present movement toward better things in the business world.

That geniality, courtesy, affability and civility are business assets of priceless value, is a truth many seekers of success in the field of commerce and industry are beginning to realize. The day when every business man will appreciate and practice this truth, is already within hailing distance. Let us go down the road a ways to meet it.

Courtesy: A Powerful Business Builder

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

HE was dusting the furniture that morning when I got down to the office. An affable old dorky he was—polite, honest, industrious.

"Morning, George," I said cheerily.

"Morning, sir," was the response. "Mighty fine morning, sir."

"Yes, George; the kind of a morning that makes a man feel he's glad he's alive."

"Seems to me, sir, you is always glad you

's alive, kase you 's always smilin'. I ain't never seen you yit but what you wuz asmilin' at other folks."

Please understand at the start, dear reader, that the above bit of actual dialogue is no attempt to throw bouquets at myself. I cite the instance merely as an introductory to other instances of the heart-warming, friend-making power of a little bit of Courtesy, practised in the ordinary daily contact with our fellow-mortals

I had won the heart of that old negro, as I afterwards learned, through the influence of a smile and a passing word of greeting, oft repeated. That smile didn't cost me anything. The word of greeting each morning as I entered upon the duties of the day didn't lower my standing or dignity in the eyes of that servant of the firm that employed us both. Wouldn't it have been just as well to have ignored the existence of the faithful George and passed on to my desk in austere frigidity, with head high in air? Ah, yes; possibly so. But I don't believe in that method or I wouldn't be writing this. I believe in the value of Courtesy, and practice what I am preaching here.

The remark of that old darky didn't mean anything to him. But it started a song in my heart that morning that kept up all the day. For the greatest reward a kind act can bring is the knowledge that it is appreciated. It is what people expect of us that makes us strive to live up to what the world looks to us to do. The man who sows Courtesy reaps the reward of a happy conscience and a host of friends. And, say—isn't that a pretty big reward?

Behind the counter of a certain cigar store I used to patronize there is the most disagreeable man I ever knew. This fellow's sour face and chronic crustiness make the very atmosphere of his store frigid. I don't think he was ever known to smile, or even to say "good morning" to a customer. Money is accepted in exchange for purchased articles and change slapped down on the counter in a way that makes the patron of the store sorry he intruded. I wanted to deal there, and I know other folks who did, but the proprietor's attitude toward his fellowmen is one that not even the advantage of a good stock and convenient location can overcome. So those who have felt the discouraging influence of contact with this man

now buy elsewhere. If that man could but know the dollars-and-cents value, to say nothing of the inspiring, uplifting, soul-stirring value of Courtesy, he would start a sunshine factory.

In the jewelry section of a large department store in a Southern metropolis there used to be a young saleswoman who, each day, had so many customers waiting for *her* to wait on them that the manager started a quiet investigation to learn the reason for this particular employee's popularity. He found Courtesy the cause—a sincere, heart-to-heart, friendly quality of Courtesy that is a very important part of the worth-while salesperson's make-up—and, unfortunately, a part very often lacking. This young woman had an attractive smile that seemed never to get out of working order. Customers were sure of proper attention to their wishes at all times, and were always made to feel that the store wanted their patronage and paid its sales force to be courteous and considerate. The young woman's salary received an impetus every little while, and I don't think she ever really knew why. However, Cupid saw his opportunity in that smile, and the young woman in question is now the wife of a very prosperous young man who was first powerfully attracted to her by her unfailing kindness and tact and—Courtesy.

I know an employer who rules those under him with the iron rod of Fear. There is no charity in his make-up—no kindness, no love, no consideration for the rights and feelings of his subordinates. He has an army of clock-watchers at his elbow—disgruntled men and women who work against time and the Saturday pay envelope.

I know another employer who has captured the hearts and fired the enthusiasm of those on his pay-roll by the very force of his own personality—a personality that radiates cheerfulness, consideration and a square deal for all. He does not drive his clerks. He does not treat them harshly. He *does* treat them courteously. That quality of Courtesy is reflected in every human cog in that employer's vast machinery. His business is growing because the men and women who guide it form a satisfied, optimistic, trade-winning organization.

Tell me: Who are the better business builders—employees ruled by Fear or those trained to service through Courtesy?

In these stenuous days, the value of Courtesy as a business asset is frequently overlooked or ignored. But I have noticed that the man who has the most friends in business, as well as he who shines best socially, is the man who is courteous. The man who practices Courtesy has one of the secrets of success in his grasp. The man with the welfare of his fellow-man in his mind and the love of God in his heart is always courteous. He knows the value of a smile; he has been thrilled by the optimism of kindness; he appreciates the power of

true politeness. And being courteous is such a little, easy thing that to me it seems a pity that more of us do not know and practice the sentiment expressed in Hannah More's beautiful lines:

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offense,
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

The Gospel of Good Times

According to St. Elmo

BEING CHAPTER XXIII OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE DEAD ONES

AND, therefore, it came to pass, when the seven fat years had been fulfilled, that there arose those among the people who cried with one voice: "Behold, the years of famine and darkness are upon us."

¶ 2 And straightway they did crawl into dark caves, and pulled the caves in after them, and did shut out the sunlight.

¶ 3 And they lamented with many lamentations, saying: "The years of darkness are come, and the sun hides his face from the children of men."

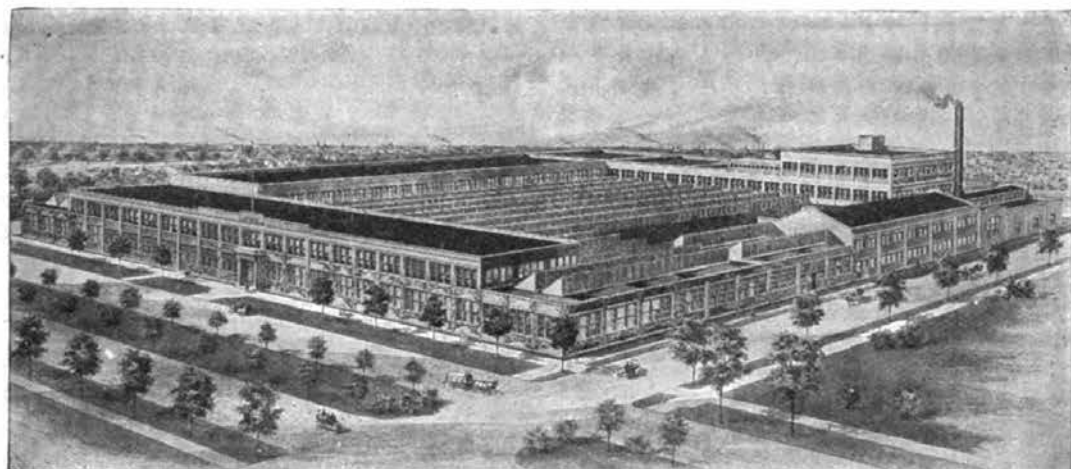
¶ 4 Then came others who were wise in that generation, and did beat upon the stones that were rolled before the caves wherein the calamity-howlers howled, and cried unto them to come forth, saying: "Behold, the sun still shines, and the face of Nature is fair to see, and thy crops ripen fast unto the harvest, and shall another reap in thy fields where thou hath sown?"

¶ 5 But the dwellers in darkness cried to get them hence, saying: "Know ye not that darkness is upon the land, and we cannot see; nay, verily, even the hands before our eyes?"

¶ 6 "Here now will we bide, for we have a little provision, but enough only to suffice for our own needs during the dark days, and when we behold the sun again, then shall we come forth and till the fields, but not yet, nor soon."

¶ 7 And those who were without held council together, saying. "None are so blind as those who will not see, and wherefore shall we not gather to ourselves the ripe grain of these our sightless brethren which lies ready to our sickles? Then shall we have all our own and twofold more, and when these howlers of the caves are an hungered, lo, we will jar loose from them many shekels for that which was their own and they would not take. And it shall come to pass that we shall wax fat and our sons shall wax strong upon the land."

¶ 8 And it was even so.



Educating the Public to Purchase

BY THOMAS DREIER

Of course they will tell you, just as they told me, that their business is to manufacture adding machines and sell them to the wise business men of the world. They will take you through a great factory where hundreds of employes are busy day after day and year after year, where wheels whirl around, where every man is so busy that he has to attend to his own business and where even the women are forced to do the same. They will show you adding machines in all stages of manufacture, from the rough material to the polished thing of glass and metal that stands in the show room. But all the time their actions will give the lie to their words.

I don't care what the Burroughs Adding Machine folks tell me about their factory being the largest factory of its kind in the world. That may be true. But I know that the commodity manufactured there is Enthusiasm and that adding machines are but the by-product.

Elsewhere I told you of the experiences of Burroughs while inventing and perfecting the first machines, and I told you that even after the first models proved out on trial the public refused to regard the adding machine as a commercial betterment.

It was then that the educational campaign started. It still continues.

High Grade Men Required

One would think that any glib talking salesman would qualify to represent the

Burroughs in the field, but E. St. Elmo Lewis, master of publicity (that sounds better than Advertising Manager) says that it requires a man of special qualifications to handle the adding machine successfully.

One would think an ordinary or garden variety of typewriter salesman would be just the sort of a fellow to learn a Burroughs' selling talk and then go forth to conquer. But it isn't so. At least that is what the Saint said, and he ought to know.

Here is one thing to remember: The Burroughs' folks do not try to sell adding machines. What their men really do is to show a prospective customer how to do a better day's work, and this better day's work can be done only by adding a Burroughs to the office equipment.

The salesman, therefore, must be a big, brainy man—a man capable of going into a strange business institution and sensing just where a machine will serve greatly. He must be able to overcome the prejudices of those who are content to remain in the rut because their predecessors remained in the rut and were contented. He must be able to hold his own in business discussions with the most successful men in every community, for the Burroughs is a high class specialty, and little business men and keepers of peanut stands and popcorn booths are not on the prospect list.

The salesman is a teacher. He is a man who changes the state of mind of a large percent of those whom he canvasses. In this

he is assisted by the advertising department which sends out hundreds of thousands of pieces of printed matter every year, and which fills advertising space in the largest journals of the country with copy that is made up of points—points that show the way to every business man who wants to make more money by saving it.

Heart-Breaking Work

It was heart-breaking work in the old days. At times it seemed as though the public would never rise to a plane where the Burroughs and its value could be seen. But by persistently advertising, by sending out trained men to batter down the walls of Ignorance, the company grew steadily and surely until today even those employed right in the institution have to stay awake nights in order to keep from getting left behind.

As I said before, the factory manufactures Enthusiasm. I was there on a day when the Detroit brokers and big business men were entertained. In the front hall were young men, clean, well dressed, alert, enthusiastic, polite. I loafed with them and watched their eyes sparkle as they talked of the institution of which they are a part. And when we went through the factory I found other men just as enthusiastic, just as interested in their work as men must be who do good work.

"We can't help being enthusiastic," said one young man to me, his eyes shining. "I came here from St. Louis and I tell you I cannot realize how great has been the growth.

It is wonderful. Come out here with me and look at the new wing. Great, isn't it? And look at that vacant ground just beyond. The next time you come here the chances are that a building will be found on it."

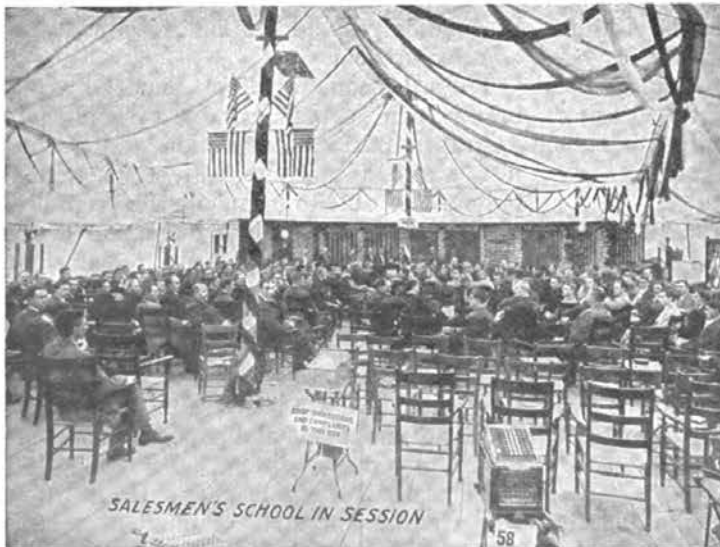
And then I talked with Lewis, Master of Publicity. Lewis is one of the sights of the factory. He isn't Gibsonesque by a long shot, but, wow! the strength, the enthusiasm, the knowledge he possesses!

An Educational Institution

"This is an educational institution," said Lewis. "Our salesmen are teachers. And they're good teachers, too. We have them come here for conventions and you ought to watch them. They do not even go down town. We have tents put up and they eat and sleep right here on the grounds. Men who have done exceptionally good work get up and tell how they did it, and men who have not done big work get up and tell how they didn't do it. Those who failed to make big records are not ashamed to tell their experiences because they know that it is only by confessing that they can be told how to do better.

"You see our men have to believe in our machine." And then the Saint went on to tell why they do, but since this is not an advertisement I'll have to pass that part up. Then he went on to tell me of the greatness of the factory, its wonderful labor saving machinery, the fact that an adding machine must be built even more carefully than a watch, because the slipping of a figure might make a difference of thousands of dollars in

some big job and that would end things. I was flooded with figures. I learned that a million and a quarter pounds of steel are used annually; that the value of the stock in the purchasing department is over \$100,000; that \$2,000,000 worth of machines are out on trial; that about 2,500 shipments are made from the shipping department each month; that electric power is used throughout; that nothing is wasted, even the oil being redistilled and used over and over again; that the payroll is nearly \$25,000 a week for the factory and offices alone;



that 1,500 persons are employed at headquarters alone; that 103 machines have been made in a day—but what's the use.

Systems Department

And then there's the Business System Department. As I said before the Burroughs salesman does not sell a machine, but a system. This was a department organized three years ago. The chief object of this department is to work out the different uses of the machine as worked out by the accountants and systematizers in the different concerns of the country.

But the great work of the department is to instruct the sales force of two hundred and fifty men. At the factory they are instructed by lectures, in which stereopticon slides are used, showing the latest systems and developments of the machines.

"When the men come into the factory," says Lewis, "they make a study of the various systems devised by this department and are, therefore, well qualified to demonstrate to prospective buyers the utility of the machines. We even have one man whose sole duty it is to work on systems to use in railroad offices, while other specialists attend to the wants and needs of other businesses. Over twenty-five per cent of those who write to this department are sold machines."

The thing that impresses one who visits the Burroughs factory is the interest every one seems to take in his or her work. And that is why the salesmen, coming in from the road, are sent out after a visit with the belief that there is no higher mission in life than to sell a Burroughs system. "That is why those men are the most successful, high



A SALES CONVENTION

class specialty salesmen in the country," says Lewis.

Letters are sent out daily to these men—letters filled with gingery bits of information that show just what the entire force is accomplishing. If a man in California makes a big sale by using a certain argument he does not dig a hole in the ground and hide that argument there but speedily passes it on to his sales manager. From him it is sent out to all the men on the road. The Burroughs men are fellows who work together.





That Job Ahead

BY C. M. FALCONER

AS students of the Science of Salesmanship, better termed, perhaps, the Science of Persuasion or Influence, we might well ask ourselves what is the greatest and most successful selling campaign on record, and, having found it, study it carefully, that we may draw from it, if possible, points and suggestions of value to us in our own work. Selling is selling the world over; and the same laws and principles apply now that applied when the first man induced his neighbor to do something for him. And we do not handle goods. True, we do pick them up here and set them down there, but the goods themselves remain unchanged. We deal with *people*. We meet with refusals right and left at the start, and we are not successful unless we make the other fellow "change his mind". And he is greatest, who can make the most people change their minds.

Who, then, was the greatest Sales Manager that ever lived? Whose men, out on the firing line, have altered the opinions of the greatest number of people? Many hundred years ago this campaign was launched. It began in a small way, as most successful ventures do; and only picked men were allowed to present the proposition at first—for it was the hardest proposition ever tackled. Yet today that selling force, now a mighty army, is pushing its goods into the remotest corners of the earth, carrying everything before it, breaking down all barriers that impede its way. Some, indeed, assert that the goods are not selling as well as they did at first, but that is a mere matter of opinion. Even admitting that some of the salesmen have cut prices, and that others have carried side lines, the fact remains that the Sales Manager himself knew what he was about.

For one thing, his goods had the merit of being what everybody needed. So he could

present them with absolute conviction, and could put the genuine ring of truth into his selling talks. He acted in harmony with the Law of Mutual Benefit, too: in fact, he was the first to state that law in a positive form. And he knew the Law of Non-Resistance, and acted in accordance with it also. He had the positives of body, intellect, sensibilities and will in a most marked degree, he knew his business most thoroughly, was an unerring judge of human nature, and his expression was above criticism. Yet he sometimes failed, for he had the same difficulties to contend with that we have, the same old stock objections were offered then as now—human nature has always been pretty much the same, you know. And it is one of these objections in particular that we are going to consider now, if you will.

On one occasion, He received a visit from a prospect who had gotten past the stage of Interest and well into Desire. He wanted to know more about the goods. And, just as our customers do, he started talking about himself. "I have everything a man could wish for, Master," said he, "and yet I am not truly happy. What must I do?" But when the Master told him, he answered, "I guess I'm not ready to take it up just yet. I'll think over it awhile." And the historian says "he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." But the price was great; he was to give all to those who needed such things, and go to work.

You, young fellow, who "haven't time to improve yourself," are in just that same fix. What do you do with that "great possession" of yours—your time—anyway? I suppose you spend it for a lot of those "just as good" substitutes for happiness. You think you can buy true happiness that way, do you? Don't you know, you can't *buy* happiness; you have to *earn* it. You have to get success first, and happiness is only the dividend

you draw from your "stock" of success. I don't believe you know what success is—you've already shown me you don't know happiness.

Sheldon says, "Success is the attainment and preservation of a practical and legitimate Ideal."

Have You An Ideal?

I'll just bet you haven't any ideal at all, let alone a practical and legitimate one. I have met a good many of you, and I ask you all what your ambition is; and I always get the same answer, though sometimes I have to tell you what it is myself, and make you admit the fact. All you are looking forward to is a "raise." And you want to get it, if you can, without doing any more work. What an ambition! No wonder I have to tell you; you *ought* to be ashamed to put it into words yourself. Wearing out your eyesight looking at the small figures on your pay envelope, growing cross-eyed trying to keep one eye on the clock and the other on the boss—no wonder you can't see very far ahead.

I want to tell you, my friend, that you're a pretty sick man. And it's beginning to affect your mind. You're in a bad way, and you don't even know it. Let me tell you something. You won't get any more money while you stay on the same job. It isn't worth any more: you're overdrawing it now. The job ahead is the only job that will pay you any more; and you've got to be able to fill it, or it will go to the fellow who can. And that's not the worst of it, either. There's a fellow right behind you,

who's got some of the sense you ought to have; and it won't be long before he'll want your job. He'll fill it better than you do, and if you can't move on you'll be caught between bases. You know what the nigger said to the jackrabbit, when the farmer was after him with a shotgun: "Git out de way an' let somebody run what *kin* run."

But for all these unkind remarks of mine, young fellow, I like you. And I'll surprise you again when I say, I believe in you. Yes, I believe you have in you the making of a successful life, and I believe you can do it, if—and pay attention to that "if"—if you *really want to*. Then go and tell the Boss what it is you really want. And you'll find another surprise waiting for you. You'll find that he wants the very same thing, *for you*. And when you and the Boss both want a certain thing, it's mighty apt to happen. I'll never forget the first time I went to my boss in this way, several years ago. I told him I found I got my work done before the end of the day, and wasn't there something else I could do? Told him I couldn't slow up any, for that was more tiresome than working fast. He said I could pitch in anywhere and learn what I could about the work the other fellows were doing. Said if I did that, maybe —.

Well, I took the hint. And it wasn't long before something happened. Things began to come my way. In ten months time I had jumped over the heads of fifty men and was earning nearly four times as much as I got the year before. Does it pay? Why don't *you* try it and see?

Our View-Point

BY H. B. MYER

IT was my pleasure recently to listen to an analysis of the subject of taxation which was both interesting and entertaining, and the fact forcefully was brought to the mind of all present that with the recognition of the underlying principle of taxation the whole matter is quite simple. This is also true of any other subject and no matter what we may have under investigation or how it may be involved with multiplicity of detail, if we discover and keep

in mind the basic principle we find ourselves standing on solid ground unshaken and unafraid of perplexing questions or unfriendly assaults of the opposition.

But the great majority of people seem to be so constituted either by nature or influence of environment that when they attempt a solution of any problem relating to governmental affairs or to business, they have a proclivity for wandering around in the apparently confused and unorganized mass

of facts, characteristics and particulars with which every question is accompanied.

Or to put it in modernized Anglo Saxon—they have not the right view-point.

Now, steady there—no attempt is going to be made to enter on an explanation of the thinking process from a purely psychological standpoint. What we are after here is to see if there is not room for improvement in our ordinary work-a-day method—to see if our view-point is such that we have the proper perspective of the things and affairs with which we come in daily contact.

Analyze Your Institution

If you are an employee of a large corporation have you ever tried to hold in mind the different departments of your company and see the relation that each has to the other and to the company as a whole. And has it ever occurred to you that the executives of your company must do this. You are now interested in one department, they must necessarily be interested in all. In business matters as in our view of a landscape, the higher we go the more extended becomes our range of vision. Now the view-point of an executive necessarily must be more inclusive than that of a minor employee. But if they both work according to the same principle, and surely this would be the case where each is putting forth his best effort, their view-point will be the same so far as the attainment of a certain object is concerned. Primarily speaking that object is to secure profit. That reason alone explains the firm's existence. In the absence of the element of profit the firm would soon cease to exist. Kindly note, Mr. Salesman or Mr. Clerk, that the firm does not exist for the purpose only of giving you a job. That happens merely as an incident, but so long as your service helps the firm secure the element of profit just that long are you entitled to your position.

But the understanding of one step further is necessary. and that is that the profit is determined by the quality of salesmanship exercised by the employee. And that means the quality of effort put forth in the making out of a bill or an invoice, or in the writing of a letter just the same as the selling of a bill of goods. A full recognition of such a principle on the part of every employee connected with any company would cause a change of view-point, the accumulative effect of which would be to bring about a new epoch in the history of such company.

The "Ivory" Experts

But generally speaking people are not disposed to change their view-point—that may mean a re-adjustment of some of their theories, and that hurts. Neither are they inclined to search for the basic fact or principle underlying their work—that means more than ordinary effort. Such people are found everywhere, we meet them every day. Instead of searching for a fundamental fact, they would rather contemplate a perspective made up of variegated spheroids upon a rectangular background of green cloth. Their executive ability is mostly exercised in directing the myriad maneuvers of kings and queens with their highly colored retinues behind tower, citadel and barricade made of ivory chips.

We started out with something about taxation. The taxpayer grumbles at the tax, forgetting the protection and educational advantages which he and his family receive. The employee who has not the right conception of what goes to make his progress is likewise a grumbler. Neither one has the right view-point. When they both do just a little straight consecutive thinking, the one becomes a satisfied and agreeable citizen—the other a likely candidate for the next promotion.

Busy!

BY GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

BUSY! Did it ever occur to you what this little word sums up in real waste to and of human activity?

Busy! Did you ever stop and ask yourself why so many people are busy?

Busy! Did you ever think about the remedy for this ever present malady?

Busy! Yes, most people who do things are busy; really truly, industriously busy, but their work seems never done.

The remedy for any disease can only be applied after it is recognized and after diagnosis is complete, so it seems proper to seek the causes that lie behind this ever-consuming fever.

When we sit down and figure out what so many people are busy about we begin to see a glimmer of light.

The physicians are busy trying to patch up damaged humanity because of the failure of individuals and communities to recognize that certain causes produce certain results, from headaches to epidemics. After a while part of the people draw inferences from repeated experience with the result that laws and principles are evolved. Physicians are less busy patching and some of the more constructive talent begin to prevent. They are not so busy, but they are worth more.

The surgeons are busy making repairs on disarranged and broken humanity, but by and by the public conscience is aroused, factory inspection laws are enforced, mounted police are trained, car fenders are put on and a smaller percentage of the people are needlessly smashed.

The lawyers are busy listening to tales of woe and adjusting difficulties between people who should be friends, but after a while part of the people who do business realize that it is better to arrange it all before hand and have the contract right, so that then lawyers begin to earn bigger fees than ever, by doing constructive work that keep clients on the pleasant side of the street. Then they are not so busy but have more time to think and do things worth while.

The "Old Man" in the front office and all his department heads are busy much of the time straightening out tangles that have no excuse for being. One careless order clerk, in a quarter of a minute, can make a bull that will use up hours of the time of high priced salesmen, executives, correspondents and bookkeepers. It is the same in factory, mill, or store; on the railroad and through all avenues of endeavor up to our courts and legislative halls.

Figure it out, and it is startling to find that in the last analysis as an average, perhaps one-half of the people are busy at least one-half the time straightening out, or forestalling, the mistakes of the other half of the people. Sometimes it seems as if nearly eighty per cent of their time is so used. But if it is only half, then the net power after lost motion is cut out, is about twenty-five per cent of what it should be.

The cause of this tremendous economic waste is not hard to locate. Concentration, perseverance, industry or loyalty in any individual may be at very low ebb. The lack of any one of the qualities, as of many others, may be the great difficulty which keeps the otherwise well balanced man in a place where he trails along lost in the mob, when his other talents, rightly reinforced, would make him a leader.

The remedy? Study the personality of the leaders, develop the qualities that have placed them in their places of leadership. Remember that the cost of supervision must be paid by the person supervised. Resolve that you will reduce this cost in your case to nothing. Then "make good."

Four "Quality" Stories

BY W. I. GOFFE

The Quality of Courage

WHEN the late panic came on the scene, one of the great cereal companies called their advertising manager onto the carpet and instructed him to cut the advertising expenditure to the bone. The salesman got wind of the movement, and he went after the executive so hard and kicked so tremendously, showing that a reduction of the company's advertising would be noticed first by his travel-

lers, and would result in an immediate fright from their viewpoint, that his force would surely go to pieces, and the loss of trade impending from such a policy would be incalculable, etc., etc.—that the policy contemplated was entirely reversed, and the appropriation for advertising was increased very largely, instead of being reduced. Result: A greater volume of trade during the ensuing 12 months, than during the preceding year.

The Quality of Initiative

WHEN the late lamented "hard times" were ushered in a twelve month ago or more, one of the greatest electric companies in the country called its representatives in from all sections of the continent for a conference, and the head of the institution said, "Now, gentlemen: I hope you do not think that we have called you in to the house for the purpose of saying to you that you must reduce expenses. We could have done that by letter. No, we have something more to say. Stress times, are just ahead, and indeed are already upon us. The great purchasers of electric supplies, such as railroads, and power development companies, are going to withhold their purchases, for some months. Now we want every man of you to go into this matter here with us and see that what we tell you is true; and we want you to leave the large consumer alone for a time, not omitting to get the available business from such, and give your whole strenuousness to connecting with the small dealer, who in the past we have neglected, and whom we have made to wait our convenience. Now *go after him* and in the multiplicity of enlarged lists of small dealers we will make up for what we will inevitably lose if we keep going after "big game." Result: A bigger business in the total than in the year before.

The Quality of Imagination

ABOUT the same time as the two institutions above got busy trying to obviate or as it were dodge the coming storm in trade and commerce, a great shoe manufacturer, called his men in and after a dinner and a smoke talk, he said to them: "Now, gentlemen, I have

noticed that in past panics, when the head of the institution got blue, everything else got blue. But this time, the head of this house will not get blue, nor funk. I know that there will be many times less pairs of our regular \$4 and \$6 shoes purchased by the public, because there will be less money to buy with for a few months, but that isn't going to bother me. I've got a scheme, and it is this: I know that the regular slipper manufacturers are not likely to put out any new samples of slipper, while the threatened depression is on, so I have decided that although we have never made slippers, we will do so now, and we will put up a dandy, and I want every man to sail right in and sell slippers to the trade, and in this way clean up the dust of "hard times." Result: A large enough business brand new and at a good profit to make the annual figures level up all right.

The Quality of Judgment

AT the time when the wage scale was being reduced about 80 percent in a little old Massachusetts town, an old cobbler who lived in the section of town where the factory workers did most congregate, saw that the people who were out of work, could not get new shoes, covered his whole front with a sign like this:

You Can't Afford to Buy New Ones

*Bring Them Along to Me and I Will
Repair Them in a Few Minutes.*

Bring Them Along.

Result: In no time he had several helpers, who had never had a helper in all his career.



The Adjustment of Life

BY JAMES E. CLARK

THERE is much misunderstanding, confusion and deception over what is termed Opportunity.

Men long for "opportunities" to break away from present conditions, to be stronger, wiser, richer, more useful members of society. They would do thus and so to brighten the future of those who love them if they only had the "opportunity," and they often go down life's pathway to the end vainly looking to the right and left for the chance which is sought, yet never catching a glimpse of it.

Opportunity is a door leading up to another plane of life. But that door is not plainly marked like the exits at a theatre. "Enter here" is not written over the portal. Nevertheless it is fairly easy to find the door to any chosen place for all around all of us are plenty of opportunities. Look not afar for the opening. Look close at hand for it, whatever direction your ambition may take. Look intently, think long and deeply about your virtues and vices and circumstances. Perhaps in the very work which is in your hands is the knob which swings open the door of the opportunity for which you long. If you can not find the opportunity then you are unworthy of the better place to which that opportunity would lead.

Water seeks its level. In the long run every man is where he belongs because even if he is fitted for a better place than that which he is now filling, the very fact that he has not at last broken out of his shell and won that better place shows that there is a little something—maybe very little but something—lacking in his equipment for the larger sphere. Perhaps you are in a shop when you feel that you should be an executive officer of a concern. You might perhaps do even better than those now over you, but the very fact that you have not developed sufficiently in wisdom to perceive the door of opportunity and move out and on shows that there is something lacking within you. Is it lack of initiative, courage, confidence, resourcefulness—moral character which inspires confidence in others? Without these you

might fail as an executive. Supply these and the opportunity will become visible.

A man advances as the powers of his mind unfold and men and conditions are generally powerless to hold him down.

Your Attitude Toward the World

EVERY individual is a strange combination of good and evil with the good predominating.

The face of each person suggests something of all the good and all the evil of the personality. At the instant that man meets another for the first time all of the faculties are devoted to reading, estimating, weighing, mentally entering up the character of the other. Voluntarily or involuntarily every person invariably does that. All of the thoughts, good, bad and indifferent, which have ever coursed through the mind have left their relative and visible marks. It follows therefore that in an estimate of character the average person probably does not often make very grave errors.

But it is true that a man generally finds that which he is looking for and it is also true that like attracts like. Some persons are always looking for the good that there is in the individual and in the world and others have a prudish eye out for the defects in character. And right here is found a peculiar psychological phenomenon. He who is most concerned over defects of character is sure to find them. The discovery repels. The person whom he is thus studying is at once affected by his distrust and repulsion, however slight and silent. A friendship is not likely to result from the meeting. It follows therefore that he who is in the habit of secretly searching for the defects in the characters of others and having found them keeps them in mind to the exclusion of the many good qualities with which they are associated must not expect to go through life unspotted and unscathed. He gets just what he gives though his distrust of others may be ever so secret. But he who has the mental habit of seeing the good and positive and who looks out with a frank good will on the world and all its beings will find that his feelings are ever

reciprocated. The attitude in which the individual faces the world is the attitude of the world toward the individual.

Sincerity—An Inspiring Force

TO be sincere in all things is to be sure of health, wealth and happiness. An absolute sincerity in all things brings great rewards. To be sincere in congratulations, or in condolences or in respect given to those to whom respect is due is not sufficient. Sincerity in all things is demanded for the man or woman who would build character. To the chemist there is no waste, and so from the nature of things there can be no waste of sincerity whether it is exercised by a man whose duty it is to care for a stable or to manage an estate. The secret of making all sincerity effective is to apply sincerity to every detail. Put sincerity into every stroke of the pencil, the brush, the hoe. Let it inspire and vitalize every word, every gesture and, most important of all, let sincerity—a real determined sincerity—guide the silent, hidden thought in every hour of the day. This done and there is at work a ponderous force for the upbuilding of character and the advancement of the person who is guided by sincerity. "Profound sincerity is the basis of all talent as of character." Look into any talent that is familiar. Examine the visible factors in the force and everywhere there is seen sincerity and nothing but sincerity. What is it but sincerity that gives the artist his power? A half effort or a quarter effort would never have made the artist, and when the man becomes the master it is only then that he has learned to be sincere to the last detail of investigation, of observation, of execution. Having learned it all, the cunning of his hand would fail if there was not full sincerity in every movement of the pencil or the brush. The character portrayal in the book or the play which the individual likes best is nothing but an expression of sincerity. It was not produced with a magic sweep such as a magician gives in producing money from the skies. It is the cumulation of perhaps years of sincere effort, here, there, every where. To learn to apply the quality of sincerity to all things is to at once work a wondrous change in self. Very many persons will no doubt be surprised to learn,

after persistent self-examination, what very insincere persons they are, and perhaps in their insincerity they will be able to discern a stumbling block which has given many a hard fall.

Increasing the Sources of Power

TO eliminate one's weaknesses is to add to the source of power not only for a day or an hour but throughout life. A business-like, systematic, persistent self-examination of character and habit will reveal to each one his very many weak points under the various headings to which they belong, such as

Impatience—Waste of energy in condemning persons or things when the fault is perhaps with self.

Profligacy—Letting slip through the fingers priceless hours, useful little coins which might be saved for a rainy day, opportunities to do acts of kindness or helpfulness which would give needed aid to others less fortunate and which would broaden self in the doing.

Procrastination—Lack of decision: putting off until some other time the performance of those things which might with a little effort be done now.

Cowardice—Avoiding the attacking of those tasks or duties which each sees or admits to be part of his mission in life: keeping out of politics, churches, charitable works.

Drifting Along—Going through life without any great plan or object. Living from hand to mouth, and learning only what is easy, convenient, or absolutely necessary.

These are only suggestions. Books, companions, personal and mental habits are other headings. But each individual may make his own list and as he proceeds in the self-examination he will at last come to know himself. Having thus learned self from within he will be able to detect in his conversation, address and general deportment his various exterior evidences of weaknesses and may in time eliminate all and substitute in their places non-counterfeitable qualities of mind and heart which will mark him to be a man.

Each weakness that is eliminated from within means a growing, strengthening and broadening of character. It is an uncovering of a new source of power.



The Philosopher Among His Books

You who are lovers of books and lovers of Nature, did you ever think as you sat before the glowing embers and read your favorite author, that one day you will wander through the woodland, along the lake, beside the stream, and read that same page from the trees, the music of the waves, and the song of birds?

At the hearth, you had read the translation, and you had felt to some degree its beauty and its message,—here in God's great out-of-doors, you find the original in all its strength and power, and you feel every throb of the wonder of it all; you are seeing, and feeling, and living, what that great soul who wrote did see, and feel, and live; the master-piece is becoming your own even as it was his, and you are beginning to understand. Now it is that you shall feel things which even that keen observer—

who felt so deeply, and expressed so well—could never make you feel—for it is not in the power of man to reveal to man in words, those secrets which God has whispered into the ear of Nature, and which God and Nature alone can put into the hearts of their worthy ones.

Take heart,—be of good cheer,—God gave to us all the same heritage. All that is good in life and Nature is truly ours if we but search diligently. Do not forget the hearth, the words of the writer, and the reflections which they left in your keeping,—but take them with you and go out with Nature where you can be taught as he who wrote was taught—where you can live with real things, not mere reflections, where you can forget the words, if you will, because you will have found the soul.

—Jen. E. Vernon.

Peace, Power and Plenty. Orison Swett Marden. Crowell & Company, New York.

Orison Swett Marden is an inspiring writer. And, say those who love solid things, the inspiring writer is of greater service than he who is brilliant alone. Marden presses home an old truth by practical, concrete examples. When he talks of things which seem above the ken of the average mind, he lifts the average mind up by citing some example which illustrates his thought, just as children's books are illustrated. Critics say this last book is the best Marden has produced. But it is hard to judge today. All we can say is that all Marden books are books that should be read by those who seek to get the most out of life. Men who want more power, who want to be real, true, lasting successes, will be helped by the sentences which Dr. Marden sends out to millions. The writer merely seeks to show the power of the mind. He drives home this fact that the body of a man is not the man, but that inside, somewhere, it matters not where, there lives a spirit which is the real "I."

Men call this the soul, but it may be called the spirit, or by any other name. Marden shows that it is indeed true that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." He does not merely make this statement and let the reader supply his own proof. He proves his statement. He tells of the lives of men who have climbed high the ladder of success. Every page is a page of inspiration. It is optimistic, cheerful, filled with hope and faith and courage. The man who reads and puts the book down without having undergone a subtle change for the better, is a man who is mentally and spiritually blind. I do not believe that many such exist. Many men walk cringingly alone, slaves to their environment. Marden proves that men need not be slaves to their environment. He shows that the real "I" is a master—that the spirit can work wonders of which the mob never dreams. The possibilities which exist in the world for the aspiring man are infinite. There is no power that can keep down a man who enthusiastically desires to serve greatly. I wish I could make every reader

of this magazine realize this. It would result in the raising of business standards and infinitely better work would be done everywhere. It would bring into the world more sunshine and optimism and faith and hope. And we do need faith so much. And we need more hope, and more cheerfulness, more kindness. But men can only be hopeful and full of faith and kindness who know the power of their own minds and understand how to control and do control that power. I would have all readers of this magazine read the Marden books, not for their brilliance, but for those homely truths that are driven home so clearly and so interestingly.

* * *

Confessions of a Neurasthenic. By William Taylor Marra. F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia.

Willie needs a great deal of letting alone. Willie, you must know right at the outset, is the baby. Any old baby will do for an example. In fact, it is mighty safe to say that every baby qualifies without a handicap. What the author of this book with the nerve-racking name is trying to get at, is that mothers and aunties and grandmamas, and all the rest of the family tree from Genesis to Revelations and back again, seem to think that a baby is a thing to coddle and stuff with strange foods and still stranger drinks, and that a baby who is not permitted to get acclimated in its own way runs chances of never being president of the United States, or the wife of a New York society swell. Most folks disagree with Burbank, who thinks that children should be raised naturally. Therefore it is quite the thing to treat Mr. Baby, just because he is not yet in the heavyweight class, with a familiarity which is decidedly trying to one who is most certainly a stranger in a strange land. Mr. Baby is not quite up to date on current events. He cannot sing, retail scandal, preach a sermon or do a Weber & Fields monologue. But he wants to breathe, to fill his lungs. To him, being unversed in the wisdom of the physiculturists (nice word that), the most natural way to do this trick is to cry. Instead of understanding the motive of Mr. Baby in thus puncturing the atmosphere with his special brand of baby talk, the "wimmin folks" immediately proceed to lift him up and shake him back and forth until the poor little stranger loses his sense of location and doesn't know enough to ask the policeman. If this method of "soothing" does not produce the results the "wimmin folks" desire, the next step is in the direction of a bottle of Mrs. Mulligatawney's Pain Pulverizer, one spoonful of which is guaranteed to put even the strongest lunged baby to sleep in one round. All this treatment gets on the nerves

of Mr. Baby, and, coming into this world with a limited equipment of these articles, he soon shows his irritation by getting fidgety. Later on he is supplied with toys and drums and bugles and an infinite array of other instruments of torture—well, is it any wonder that so many folks are afflicted with neurosis. And neurosis, if you must have your question answered, is a nervous symptom of some sort—and if you get a sufficient quantity of them together, consolidate them, as it were, you immediately qualify as a neurasthenic. All this and more is faithfully told by the author in "Confessions of a Neurasthenic." I confess that I looked with horror upon the task of reading this book for review purposes when I saw its title, and I really held it over the wastebasket for a moment, when my sense of giving everything a square deal came to the rescue and I read the preface, then, wanting humor and a few smiles and much horse sense, I read the whole book. You'll do the same if you once start. But don't start if it hurts your face to smile.

* * *

In the Open. By William O. Stoddard. Harper & Brothers, New York.

There are perhaps thousands of young philosophers who have not been able to sense all the joys of the open air. In the cities live many boys and girls who know of the trees and the flowers and the birds only through what they have learned of these things in the parks and pleasure grounds. But of the free, untrammelled, pulsing life in the country, on the shores of lakes, in the forests, out where the air is pure and the sunshine is pure gold, they know but little. Here, then, is a book which is "full of jolly tales of exploits and youthful pranks in the tree life out of doors. The stories tell of Indians, fishing, camping, hunting, roaming the broad country under the open sky. They are not desperately adventurous tales, but breezy, exciting, and decidedly enjoyable. Also, many useful pointers may be gained as to how things should be done out of doors."

* * *

The Confession of Seymour Vane. By Ellen Snow. R. F. Fenno & Company. New York.

A high spiritual note is struck in this book which contains the letters of a married man to a girl who fascinated him, but who, through her letters, awakened the soul in him. The girl herself grows mentally and spiritually, for, though she does love Vane, she loves the truth more. Miss Snow has written some letters which are filled with beauty and color. Wives would certainly be glad to have their husbands read "The Confession of Seymour Vane."



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APRIL, 1909

A. F. SHELDON, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
THOMAS DREIER, - - - - - MANAGING EDITOR

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Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions, and \$2.50 in Canada and foreign countries.

Requests for 'changes of address' MUST reach this office before the 10th of the month in order to insure the *proper* mailing of the current issue of this magazine. In sending in the new address please give your previous location.

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
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A SPECIAL SUMMER VACATION

MESSAGE FROM SHELDON

This is an invitation.

Although it is appearing in the pages of this magazine I want you to regard it as a personal invitation to you. The fact that I do not know you personally, or that you do not know me personally, is a matter of no consequence. The fact of the matter is, and I hope you will agree with me, it is high time we did get acquainted.

You are one of 38,000 or more students of the Sheldon School, or you are a reader of *The Business Philosopher*. Whichever you are, you are interested in man-building and business-building. Perhaps you have been helped through the study of my writings. Perhaps you are one of the thousands who have wished for the opportunity of receiving personal instruction from me in the Sciences of Man Building and Business Building.

At any rate so many have asked for personal instruction that I have decided to grant their requests. Not only have I agreed to give personal instruction, but I have made arrangements to give this instruction under almost ideal conditions.

Sheldohurst Farm, on Lake Eara, consists of over six hundred acres, mostly wooded. Here, right on the beautiful shores of the lake, during the first two weeks of July, will be held the Sheldon Summer School.

Now, I know as well as anyone else that the old saying about "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is absolutely true. For that reason this school will be a school for recreation—a school where folks can re-create themselves and get into shape, mentally, physically and spiritually, for another year's work.

We shall live the simple life. Our homes will be tents and our beds will be cots. We shall so live that our lungs will be filled daily and nightly with pure fresh air. And the cooking—honestly, now, do you know what real camp cooking is? And if you know what real camp cooking is, you know something about a real camp appetite. We'll furnish the cooking and you'll have to furnish the appetite.

But after you have galloped over the hills on some of Koons' horses, played baseball, basket ball, tennis, tossed the medicine ball, tramped around the country, sailed the boats, blistered your hands rowing the boat—well, that appetite will take care of itself.

At the summer school we are not going to be formal. We aren't going to put on any airs. We are going to live during those two weeks just as we shall live all summer. We figure that what is good enough for us all summer will be good enough for the good folks who only stay with us two weeks.

Of course the big feature will be the instruction in man-building and business-building. Every day—in the big tent in rainy weather and in the open when the sky is blue—I shall lecture. Perhaps some days I shall lecture more than once. I shall give to all of you during those two weeks the epitome of the knowledge I have gleaned during all the years of my study. I shall make my teachings so simple and interesting that even the children will understand and be glad to hear.

Special attention will be given to teaching the science of salesmanship. Lectures, both on the science and art, will be given both by me and by others.

We do not feel that we can safely promise to accommodate more than 500 persons this summer. It will therefore have to be a case of first come, first served this time. You see, we want to give every one perfect satisfaction and we shall not make the mistake of enrolling too many. I want to meet and talk with every student personally. I want them to ask questions of me and everyone can be sure that I shall not fail to ask questions of them.

The tuition will be \$45 for the two weeks. This includes, also, board and lodging. When a man is accompanied by his wife an extra charge of \$10.50 a week will be made. Children accompanied by parents will be welcome for \$1 a day.

A number of students have already enrolled. One man is coming with his wife from far-off British Columbia, while others from the east and south have already made reservations.

You need not send in any money now. In order to complete arrangements, however, it is necessary for us to know exactly how many intend to be present. Just fill out the accompanying blank and send it in today.

RESERVATION COUPON

A. F. SHELDON,

Libertyville, Illinois.

Be sure and save a cot and a place at the camp table during the first two weeks of July, 1909. This carries with it the promise to pay Forty-Five Dollars (\$45) for your instruction in man-building and business-building and for board and cot in the tent city. Should I notify you of my inability to be present at least one month before the opening of the school; you promise to release me from this obligation.

Name _____

City _____

Street _____

State _____

Date _____



TOMORROW

Jerome P. Fleishman

Today may be dark and forbidding; our hearts
may be full of despair;
But Tomorrow the hope that was waning will
prompt us to do and to dare.
Today we may feel that life's sorrows outweigh
all the joys that we crave,
But tomorrow will teach us the lesson that life
is worth while to the brave.

Faint heart is forerunner of sadness—despond-
ency robs us of health:
The man who is chock full of gladness is the
man who makes most of life's wealth.
Today may be all that is mournful—our paths
cannot always be bright;
But Tomorrow we'll somehow take courage, and
trustingly enter the fight.

Tomorrow the sun will be brighter; Tomorrow
the skies will be fair;
Tomorrow our hearts will be lighter; we'll cast
aside sorrow and care.
Remember when heartsick and weary: the sun-
shine comes after the rain;
Tomorrow is time to be cheery—Tomorrow we
take hope again.

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

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No. 4

By the Fireplace *Where We Talk Things Over*



PERHAPS this little story illustrates better than hundreds of words of pure description the character of George R. Lawrence, a man who is acknowledged as the master photographer of the world:

Into Lake Tahoe, on the line between California and Nevada, flows the Tweeke River, well stocked with trout, but the stream has been fished so many times that the desirable finny folks have grown wary.

Lawrence happened into that region one day and it so happened that he made quite a stay at the resort. He found nearly everybody afflicted with the desire to fish, but he heard no tales of big catches. He determined to "try his luck." He borrowed a rod and line and joined the hopeful throng.

Like the rest he was unsuccessful.

The next day he walked along the stream and saw the trout swimming saucily about and making motions at him with their tails, just as though they knew he was no fisherman. He wanted amusement so he caught some grasshoppers and tossed them into the water. The fish would allow the insects to float down the stream a little ways and would then shoot straight for them. The way they snapped up grasshoppers was a revelation to Lawrence so he went to the boathouse and borrowed some tackle.

But the trout refused to be deceived when he baited with the most tempting grasshoppers.

Unused to defeat in his own line of work, Lawrence did not much like the idea of fish beating him in a game of skill. He tried smaller hooks. No results. Thinking the fish had satisfied their hunger he tried them by throwing in some insects unattached to a line. The fish snapped them up.

Lawrence next tried a long, fine silk leader of the same color as the water. He thought the fish could not see that. But no better results were obtained. Then Lawrence determined to find the reason why.

Lawrence is a fellow who always wants to know *Why*.

He sat down on the edge of the stream to analyze his problem.

He tossed in a grasshopper and watched it float down stream. After going a few feet a trout would grab it.

“Why will a fish snap up a grasshopper that is unattached and refuse my grasshopper attached to an almost invisible leader,” asked Lawrence. “As my breakfast food man says, ‘There’s a reason.’”

He determined to find that reason. He threw in insect after insect and watched and thought. Suddenly it flashed upon him that *the unattached insects floated higher than those weighted down with a hook and line.*

The next problem was to overcome that handicap. As suddenly the fact came to him that grease floats. Then he “sed” to himself “sed” he, “if I grease the grasshoppers they could be made to float, even with the weight of a hook and line, as high as the unattached insect.”

So he greased his grasshopper.

Swish! Tug! And he caught his first fish.

NOW that is a simple little story, isn’t it? Yet it illustrates the characteristics of this man Lawrence. Most men, when the fish refused to bite, would have said, “This is a bad day for fishing. It is too cloudy or too sunny, or something. Besides I do not believe I am in the fishing mood.” And they would have left the stream without fish. That’s what the other guests of the hotel did—that is all except those in whom there existed a fisherman’s foolish hope.

But Lawrence was a salesman. He possessed determination and patience. He wanted to secure some orders represented by fish. In order to prove his salesmanship he had to catch a certain number of trout. An ordinary order-taking fisherman could have caught fish in other streams. But these fish have been canvassed so many times that they were wary. To get their confidence was the task Lawrence had to accomplish.

Now he did not go off to his room in the hotel in order to find out why it was he couldn’t sell those fish a grasshopper attached to a line. He stayed right where the fish were. He camped right where he could study his prospects where they lived and conducted their business.

When a new selling argument came into his mind he was right where it could be tried. Had he been in his room the best selling arguments would not have helped him *because there were no fish up there to try those arguments on.* He remembered the advice of the old negro, “When youse wants to ketch fish, honey, stay whah de fishes is.”

After he had tried out the ordinary selling talk, the kind used by the other salesmen, and found that they would not get orders, he went out and got a new argument which he believed would land the fish. That was the silk, water colored leader. It failed. But that did not make Lawrence lose heart, for, didn’t I tell you, he had determination and patience, two excellent qualities in a salesman.

Here was a case, he saw, when the ordinary devices would not do. Something special was required. He might have written home to a fisherman he knew. But to write a letter, send it a few hundred miles, wait for a reply,

and perhaps not get the advice needed to cover local conditions requires time and involves waste. Those orders had to be secured soon.

Lawrence could not turn to a book and find the answer. He had an arithmetic that didn't have any answers in the back. And he knew that no one can get good results by guessing. He had to find a reason for every move.

Think of the keenness of the eyesight of the man who noticed that unattached insects floated slightly higher than those attached to the lightest hook and line? And then the initiative which enabled him to meet the condition. Yet it was upon that very apparently insignificant trifle that the success of the sale depended, just as in the business world a deal may be made a success or a failure by the neglect of what seems a trifle.

After Lawrence went back to the hotel and showed his string of fish the banks of the streams in that region were lined with fishermen. Most of them went right where Lawrence said he had caught his fish. Surely, they thought, what one man has done in this place another can do.

But, as in other lines of effort, they didn't think that success depended upon the kind of a man.

Lawrence could go anywhere around there and return with a string of fish. Soon he was pointed out to guests as the man in whom was re-incarnated the soul of Isaak Walton. Had a live press agent been on the spot both Lawrence and the hotel might have been made famous.

But Lawrence has far more serious work to do.

IN order that you may know who Lawrence is, and my reasons for calling him one of the master photographers of the age, I must tell you something about his life story. Like most other men who have accomplished much, he was born on a farm. He came up from the soil. He had no burden of precedent to overcome. He had his own reputation and fortune to make and he had to figure out for himself how both were to be obtained.

Lawrence always knew how to work. He always possessed initiative. He did things without being told, usually not saying anything about his plans until they were proven successful.

He was born on a farm near Ottawa, Illinois, February 24, 1867, but when still an infant his parents moved to Kankakee county where George received his education in the district school. I am now going to allow Arthur W. Newcomb, a writer who watched him do some of his greatest work, tell part of this story of Mr. Lawrence's life:

"On January 2, 1888, a few weeks before he was twenty-one years of age, Mr. Lawrence came to Chicago to begin his career. He had \$2.60 in his pocket and no prospects except his own ability and efforts. It was a cold Monday morning and a holiday so that the shops were all closed. Nevertheless, he pushed on and finally succeeded in finding the superintendent of a carriage factory in his office. His application for employment was made.

He was quickly accepted and on the next morning he went to work at \$2 a day in the shops of the Abbott Buggy Company at Auburn, Illinois.

"After eight days' work Mr. Lawrence made a contract by the year to do a certain part of the work. So efficient did he prove himself that he more than doubled his wages.

"After three or four weeks' work he became dissatisfied with the machinery he was running. It did its work clumsily and slowly and very inaccurately. He made plans for alterations which would cost several hundred dollars. The superintendent looked over the plans and gave orders for the alterations. So beneficial did they prove, that the young inventor saved much more than his wages for the company and did his work in less than half the time. This gave him his afternoons to himself.

"He took an interest in crayon portraiture at this time, and soon became proficient in the art. The first portrait he made was of the young woman who is now Mrs. Lawrence. For a year he spent this afternoons at this business.

"By that time it had become more lucrative than his work in the carriage factory. Accordingly, he began to devote his entire time to the art. He was very successful until he took a partner. Soon after he failed in business. He made no assignment, but paid one hundred cents on the dollar as rapidly as possible. Immediately after he had rearranged his affairs, he opened a photograph gallery, which was a success from the start.

"One day a Y. M. C. A. group came to make arrangements for a photograph. The group was too large for the operating room, so he determined to make the picture in the reception room. As this had no skylight, he was obliged to use a flashlight apparatus. This he borrowed from a local photographic supply house.

"It was bulky, heavy, unwieldy and unsatisfactory. He told the proprietor of the supply house that he "could make one which he could carry under his arm which would do the work better."

"Why don't you, then?" asked the merchant.

"I will," was the reply; and within two weeks the apparatus which was the basis of his fame was crudely in shape. He sold his United States patent to the supply house, but soon after bought it back again and now controls patents on it in five countries."

Then came the idea that there was a future for the man who could successfully photograph large groups and assemblies, both within doors and without.

"New difficulties beset him at every step," continues Mr. Newcomb in his good article. "The first was the flash powder then in use. A sufficient amount of that to light properly a building, if ignited, would blow the structure to pieces. Patiently and persistently the young photographer studied the chemical composition of such powders and sought a way out.

"While in the midst of one of his experiments, he was nearly killed by a terrific explosion. The displacement of the air was so great that both

Mr. Lawrence's ear-drums were ruptured. Fortunately the hearing was restored and Mr. Lawrence hears almost perfectly today.

"This explosion brought him into prominence, and persecution began. Newspapers devoted column upon column of space to a most marvelously concocted series of stories concerning 'the crazy photographer, Lawrence.'

"They stated that in his insanity he was trying to murder his own wife in an explosion. They mockingly said that his insane imagination had conceived the absurd idea that he could photograph the Board of Trade while it was in session.

"The first picture Mr. Lawrence made when he had perfected his invention, was a flashlight photograph of the Board of Trade in session.

IN spite of persecution, however, the inventor pushed on and finally made a powder which can be ignited in large quantities without danger. He has also learned to measure accurately the amount of light which he will derive from a certain quantity of powder.

"When the powder was perfected, it was found that no lens made was adapted to this work. Though suffering privation, this determined pioneer in an unexplored country of art borrowed money and began a study of optics and lenses. He spent a year and a half working on one lens.

"Envious and narrow competitors said that the whole scheme was impracticable. But the capacity for taking pains finally succeeded and a lens was made which would do the work.

"The powder and lens difficulties, both 'insurmountable' in the minds of the sages of the profession, having been overcome, Mr. Lawrence was confronted with a new difficulty: The plates then in use were too slow for his purpose. Undaunted, he attacked the problem with characteristic vigor, and, after another period of experimenting, through dry plate manufacturers, the last great difficulty vanished.

"The man who had been called insane was hailed as a victor."

In the face of the advice of men who had spent their lives in the profession, and who thought they knew all that was to be known, this youth threw defiance and won out. It cost him six years of toil and labor and many thousands of dollars. But he won. That is the great thing.

After the great Board of Trade photograph was made, commissions came from others. Some of his greatest work was done for John Alexander Dowie, then in the enjoyment of his fullest powers. The largest photograph ever taken indoors was of the great crowd in Zion Tabernacle in 1897.

Of course the attitude of the press and public immediately changed. This man had dared to attempt something no one had ever attempted before. The world lashed him with criticism until he succeeded. Then it sang his praises. Orders to photograph conventions, legislatures in session, banquets and other great gatherings began to come in rapidly.

Lawrence was a success.

THIS farmer boy grown into a city man probably knows more about flash-light photography than any other man in the world. His fame is international. He has photographed presidents and their cabinets, governors and their staffs, has demonstrated to the government that the camera can be used in warfare and has shown it how. He holds the record for making the largest photograph in existence, that of a Chicago & Alton passenger train. This was made on a plate eight feet long. The size of the camera can be imagined.

When Lawrence takes a photograph it is done only after much study and planning. When he has difficult work to do he has sat up all night. His mind works with such intensity that he cannot stop it for sleep.

He experiments continually. He knows that his apparatus is not perfect. He is always looking for suggestions which will result in improvements. There was a time when his company was incorporated that the board of directors voted that no money should be spent in experimenting, and that the company should let well enough alone and make money.

Lawrence agreed.

At this time the company was doing much aerial photographic work. At first Lawrence had been going up in balloons, but he was forbidden to do this any more because of the value of his life to the company. Finally a method of sending up the camera alone was perfected. This had been done previous to the meeting of the board at which it was decided to do no more experimenting.

Lawrence and his men had been trying for days to get an aerial photograph of the Zion City grounds, but without success. They returned to the city each night somewhat discouraged. After repeated failures, due to the winds that swept in from the lake, Lawrence decided that the old method would have to give way to a better one, just as he decided that the old method of catching trout near Lake Tahoe would not get fish.

He perfected in his own mind the plan of using a series of kites. He outlined his plan to his men one night. Then he went to work. The first attempt was a success.

Lawrence then rented this device to the company for many thousands of dollars worth of stock and retained ownership.

At the next meeting the board decided that Mr. Lawrence be allowed a specified generous amount for experimental purposes.

Since then he has invented many things that have improved his product, and it is certain that no man in the world has powder that approaches the Lawrence product in light producing qualities. A fraction of an ounce will do the work of many pounds of the old style of flash-powder.

MR. Lawrence now intends to branch out as an educator. He has but recently returned from a trip through the west where he took many aerial photographs of progressive western cities. These photographs are now

used by the commercial clubs of those cities to show prospective citizens in the east just what their city looks like. Nothing gives such a clear idea of a city or country as an aerial photograph. Taken from a height of a couple of thousand feet it enables a person to see what a bird is supposed to see.

Thousands of these photographs have been distributed and there is more to follow. Mr. Lawrence intends to visit every city of importance in the country and prove to commercial bodies that there is nothing that will give more profitable publicity than one of his aerial photographs accompanied by the right sort of a selling talk.

Mr. Lawrence intends to play a most important part in city building.

But his mental vision has penetrated even further. He dreams of a time when in every well-to-do home in the land will be a cabinet in which, with the aid of stereoscopic lenses, one may take a trip around the world and see the world as from an airship.

He knows that when the airships are perfected the air will become the habitat of chronic photographic amateurs, but he intends to be ready to do professional work when the others are just beginning.

He figures that geography can be taught better with the aid of pictures than in any other way, and it is his intention to produce systematized photographic courses. One who knows the man does not doubt but that he will accomplish much of what he has set out to do. It is certain that he will at least point the way so that others can carry on his work after he is gone.

LAWRENCE is a man of ability, for a man without the power to think, remember and imagine could not have accomplished what he has accomplished. He has almost a superhuman amount of initiative, and that he has a mind that analyzes every proposition that comes before him has been proven thousands of times. That he is reliable goes without question. Had he not been a man of fine feeling he could not have climbed so high. He has faith and hope and courage, and he has an artistic honesty that compels him to give to the world nothing but the best.

No man could have worked night and day, through all sorts of privations and under persecution and scoffs, had he not been blessed with a sound body. His endurance, in spite of his comparatively small size, is superb, while this body is controlled by a will that is a hard but a just master.

I want to pay a tribute to Lawrence for the great work he has done, and, too, I want to express my belief that he will accomplish infinitely more before he goes away, as the children would say, "for keeps." He is a man of ability, reliability, endurance and action, and in the sign of "Area" any man can conquer.

BY the way, have you observed that Lawrence so did his work that his bait

First, attracted the attention of the fish;

second, aroused their interest;
 third, created their desire to eat that bait;
 and, fourth, brought about the decision and action of the fish to possess the bait.

That's exactly what he did. Rather remarkable, isn't it, how thoroughly the mental law of sale applies to all the relations of life just as to the acquirement or possession of things?

And the law, as you are doubtless aware is this:

Attention properly sustained changes to interest.

Interest properly augmented changes to desire.

And desire made strong enough changes to decision and action.

Likewise, please take note of the fact that before George got any fish he had to get their confidence established in his bait.

The ungreased grasshoppers doubtless attracted the attention of the fish, aroused some interest and created some desire for the grasshopper free lunch, but the grasshopper that wouldn't float right didn't look good to the fish. It failed to establish the confidence of the fish and the fish therefore suppressed desire to acquire before that desire had melted the will to decision and action.

In business building remember there is one more thing necessary, and that is satisfaction on the part of the one acquiring possession.

For the mere making of sales attention, interest, desire and resolve to buy are all that is necessary, confidence of course being the very basis of all, but in fishing for business don't forget satisfaction.

I don't suppose that Lawrence's fish were very well satisfied with their deal, but that's different.

George expected to deal with them only once and kill them off at the first interview.

If that's what you want to do with your customers, then grease your statements with the oil of deception and put the hook of dishonest dealing into them.

If Lawrence had wanted to get the fish to come again, and then come again, and tell the other fishes about it, he would have continued to feed them on grasshoppers with no hook in them.

That's what all engaged in trade must do if they want to make human fishes swim to their door.

Grease your grasshoppers, yes, grease them plenty, but let the grease be quality of goods and excellence of service, with the truth told about both.

About John Jones

JOHN JONES was a shoe merchant. He kept good goods. He was a stickler for quality of goods. He sold nothing shoddy.

But several other merchants in his part of the city felt the same way about it.

John couldn't get ahead of them in that way try as he would.

His business was just fair to medium. He didn't seem to make the people come in bunches to buy his quality goods. Many of them seemed to insist on stopping at the other fellows' stores before they got to his.

One day he was telling his troubles to a commercial traveler who was a real ambassador of commerce, not just a traveling man or an ordertaker.

The commercial traveler was a business builder. He was educated. He realized that the interests of his customers and the interests of his wholesale house were mutual. He listened to John and then he said: "Why don't you specialize on quality of service in your store, make a study of that and get your employes to do so? Get some better sales people if those you have won't sit up and take notice on this service idea. Advertise that you furnish the highest quality of goods, but you do more than that—tell them that you give good service, plus too."

The merchant took the hint. He perfected his service and he advertised his perfected service. He did all sorts of good things to perfect his people and to serve his customers. And it is said upon good authority that his trade grew to be exceedingly great and John waxed rich indeed.

Rich in money, and more than that—he became very happy as all master servants are and all master merchants are master servants. They are masterful in serving the public.

Verily, he profits most who serves best.

Dignity

W. A. McDermid



HE salesmanager has occasion to advertise for men once in a while. One received in reply to a classified advertisement a letter from which the following is an extract:

"I am very dignified. People do not take me for a salesman. I look like a business man."

Oh, mercy!



Does It Pay?

BY E. ST. ELMO LEWIS

AFTER a man has spent some hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising, after he has spent the best years of his life in the pursuit of an end which never seems closer, he asks himself at times, Does it pay?

This question has come to all of you who pay money for advertising. It has come to the people who read advertising.

Does it pay to be honest?

Well, does it?

Let us see.

Of recent days we have heard from the White House and Albany and other places a good deal about the "square deal," political and business ethics and such other synonyms of honesty and good morals—and latterly we have seen the ancient saw that "honesty is the best policy" often quoted in the public prints. We have shortened it into "Honesty pays," and we have come to understand that we cannot afford to wink the other eye as we say it. We cannot make any Oriental reservations as to the degree of honesty or the kinds of payment—for it means exactly what it says.

It is difficult to make ethics a real, living, vital thing to the hard headed, close reasoning, liberal man of the day. Most business men associate it with religion, and we have a day for religion. When we consider ethics to mean the science which deals with conduct, in so far as this is considered right or wrong, we get at our subject from a new angle.

I shall attempt no high ethical grounds, however, but keep the whole subject on the lower strata of compensation in mental and money satisfaction—and ask you—

Does it pay the individual to be honest?

Does it pay the merchant as a class to be honest?

Does it pay society?

Let us see.

Ethical laws sprang from social usage. When men came together into classes they made rules for themselves to follow. They expressed these in a code of unwritten laws. If any broke these laws, he was made to feel the common displeasure.

Ask the old thief if his warfare against society has paid him, and he will tell you it hasn't.

Crime Does Not Pay

Ask the old criminal of any kind if his profession has paid him and he will confess it hasn't.

Why? Because he has broken the law—not only the statutory law, but the ethical law of society—and he has been made to feel the weight of the ostracism of honest men. He may never have been jailed or fined—but he has been pilloried in a more excruciating torture. The very scoffing and bitterness with which he refers to honest men shows how deep the self-knowledge of his crookedness eats at his vital content and happiness.

Let us particularize: The man who seduces trade by lying advertising in New York creates suspicion of advertising in Cincinnati, Detroit, San Francisco—there is no escape from the universal law of compensation.

Man drags man down, or Man lifts man up.

It is Man who pays the debt of men.

We invented the unwritten laws of convention to reach the evils for which no statutes could supply an adequate remedy.

Notwithstanding that law simply reflects the moral decisions of a people, there are moral crimes which society can reach only by public opinion which makes the offender a pariah. We have seen this operating in the insurance investigations, and their trail of deaths and suicides, in the anti-saloon

legislation, in the anti-gambling laws of New York, in the decisions to oust the graft in politics and elsewhere.

It is a long, interesting, but not an altogether edifying story that tells of the rise of advertising from the position of hand-maiden and familiar of thieves and tricksters, commercial outpurses and highway-men of Ben Johnson's time, to the present, when not a little of her knavery seems to have clung to her skirts.

Changes in Advertising

We have witnessed a revolution in the personel of advertising in the past twenty years. As late as 1890 the reputable commercial houses considered it a distinct lowering of their dignity to advertise. It has only been within the past five years that financial institutions of any character in any number have used our publications.

The presence of the fakir and the grafter had been the greatest obstacle to a high grade representation among advertisers.

Because publishers are realizing that ethics pay, the fakir, grafter and dishonest advertiser is giving place to more respectable business concerns, who too often make use of the fakir's methods—and they have no excuse for it.

Just as in any currency system cheap or dishonest money always drives out honest money, the presence of the dishonest keeps out the honest advertiser. This being an expression of the universal law of compensation.

How can it pay advertising to be dishonest?

It doesn't, for advertising is educative.

It is educative, for by it the public is taught to want the things that will better satisfy its necessities or its taste for luxuries. With this merely practical side there is another which is not less important—successful advertising is educative because it must teach faith in the advertiser and the advertiser's goods and methods in particular, and in our commercial system in general.

If we fail in this we fail in the very essential for which we work and strive—the confidence of our public.

It is not very difficult to figure out where the process affects advertisers in general.

If we can create faith in all advertising it is obvious that all honest advertising will

be helped in proportion to the strength of that faith.

In the old days goods were sold on a basis of what they had cost in actual labor and material—today we create a demand for the goods we make at a price which we wish to obtain, irrespective of the actual cost of materials and labor. If the demand cannot be created, we sell out on a basis of materials and labor, or less.

This statement is more important than at first may appear.

If we can make our goods so attractive to those whom we have educated that they will want them, that they will believe in us and our product, we are sure of a stable demand.

Again, transportation and communication are so easy that we have through printer's ink the world for our field.

But competition is getting keener and keener all the time. The just-as-good argument is one indication.

"The Same—Only Cheaper"

Wherever trade flourishes there we have the parasites of success, with their "just-as-good," their "the-same-only-cheaper" arguments. The almost universal distrust of all advertising claims makes it possible for these claims to live and flourish alongside of legitimate goods and advertising.

Here, too, we find our success checked by dishonest practice.

The amount of effort put forth to gain the market must very frequently be out of all proportion to the size of the result, for we must overcome the prejudice of people against the very means we must use to gain their trade, and this accounts for the great mortality among advertisers.

Advertising as an economic force has established itself. In this day it must be used by many who would prefer not to use it. But in its use the honest advertiser who makes claims for his goods that can be absolutely relied on, has been anticipated by the charlatan, the fakir and the plain home-spun variety of liar—who has "queered the game," to use a slang expression.

The consequence is that the honest man must be content with a long drawn battle against the natural scepticism of the man who has been stung, or compromise on some of the dishonest methods of his clever competitors or predecessors.

This process is expensive, because, as Marshall Field once said, "Exaggeration," a euphemism for lying, "leads to greater exaggeration in increasing progression," until the result is beyond the comprehension of the Decalogue.

It does not require a very acute logic to see where such a condition leads us. It requires less observation to realize where we are.

In some lines of business lying has become a fixed principle, and business men do it with as little thought as swearing off taxes. Some advertisers resent the suggestion that they are untruthful. They are individually honest and eminently respectable men, but their morals are a trifle cross-eyed, simply because they do business on morally cross-eyed principles.

I could multiply instances, but I ask you to consider one proof which we hear scores of times in our business lives—"Oh, that is only an advertisement," which is another way of saying that the observer thinks the advertiser's claims and statements are to be taken with a grain of salt.

You say it yourselves and you feel its truth; or, you would not strain every nerve to get your advertising into the reading columns of the publications in which you advertise, with the hope that you can convey your business items to the public without the stigma of advertising—but under the moral endorsement of the publisher, whom you think has a better standing with the public than you.

Gentlemen, this condition is a disgraceful stigma on American business ethics, and one of which we should blush to own the truth.

Yet, can we escape the result of the analysis?

The Handwriting on the Wall

If we will not change this condition—let us look at the handwriting on the wall.

Recently in England a law was passed making the giving, soliciting or taking of bribes, "presents," a felony. It was intended to apply more particularly to public officials, but a wise court sent a few servants who had grafted from grocers and supply houses, as well as some thirty or forty aldermen of London borough to jail. At present the English advertising man doesn't get a ton of bad cigars at Christmas, or

expect a Morris chair from his printer on his birthday—all of which works to the betterment of English advertising and the enhancement of its standing.

Bribing servants is a felony in New York state.

Isn't banking a little better for the Morse, Heinze and Thomas episodes?

Aren't politics a little better because we eliminated some of the morally cross-eyed gentlemen in Washington?

Isn't the legitimate patent medicine field better for the crusade against grafters and fakirs, led by a national weekly?

Isn't food manufacturing a better business and haven't the people benefited, because of the Pure Food Law? That law has helped legitimate advertising more than any one enactment of a decade.

Honest Adventurers Suffer

It means that the public is endeavoring to purge business of its criminal class.

It means that honest men who want to do good and make money do not have to do it in competition with the dishonest advertiser, who, having all to gain and nothing to lose, can do business more cheaply, therefore with a greater profit, incurring no obligation to the public to maintain any standard of excellence.

It means that you and I who buy things can now be more safely guided by what is said in advertising of food products and drugs, albeit we may not be entirely lacking in suspicion. Has that fact done nothing for advertising? is a question I put to your common sense and not your prejudice.

But there are other fields in which untruthfulness is not so obviously injurious—where it is classed with those "white lies" required by diplomacy to smooth the path of those who travel through society.

Let us look over the average daily newspaper of this or any other commercial center, big or little. Let us look at the advertising page of our monthly magazines.

Have we escaped entirely from our untruthful competitor?—have we a company of which we should feel proud?

Hardly.

On the one hand we compete with the untruths engendered by enthusiasm—almost forgivable—claiming superlative excellence for commonplace or indifferently good products.

Here are the untruths of ignorance—especially in medical and technical advertising, where claims are made that cannot possibly be true.

Or again it is the untruth of indifference—where a claim or description has been so loosely worded that it means more than conscience will sanction.

Lastly we come to the untruths springing from wilful deception.

Is it not a lie when advertisements read, "Selling below cost," where they are making a profit on the sale?

And others: Representing a set of books to be relatively as large as an unabridged dictionary, when they are less than one-fourth the size.

"Bankrupt sales" that bankrupt the buyer's confidence in advertising as an honest commercial expression of honest business.

"Guaranteed all silk," that is not silk but mercerized cotton, or other subterfuge, and the plea of "trade terms" can't remove the stigma.

"Parisian diamonds" made of cut glass in Attleboro, Mass.

God help the man who sells a "sure cure" for consumption.

The "latest style hat" left over from last year is impossible in a store where self-respect conducts the business.

How about the "30 per cent guaranteed stock" grafter who can use your daily paper because bankers and you won't make an issue with the publication publishing the copy?

The "Money Back" Faker

The man who promises "money back," then blackguards you as if you were a pick-pocket if you ask it.

Then the man who lends his name to a mining scheme of which he wants to know nothing—for a share of the profits.

Is the grocer honest who sells you Ceylon tea for "Orange Pekoe?"

We might analyze all the countless other gentlemanly and pleasant subterfuges by which something poor and mean, nasty and contemptible, is made to appear attractive and desirable, without a single compliment to our commercial honor.

I ask you advertisers, and advertising managers, is it not so? Is the picture too black?

I ask you, does it pay—does it pay you to be seen in the company of such advertisers?

I ask you, too, to compute how much it costs you to overcome their "subterfuges," to do business in face of such competition.

I appeal particularly to the advertising managers when I ask them, if there is any compensation that can justify their writing dishonest advertising?

A manager once said to me: "I confess to a feeling of moral nausea when I have been compelled by dire necessity to write some of the stuff I have."

I am sure that is the feeling of many, for we have seen the sly substitutes by which dishonest advertisers feint with conscience or the law.

Lo! The Poor Ad Man!

We have heard with cold contempt some pinheaded hypocrite answer criticism with—"My advertising man said that: I don't know anything about it." We have gained some comfort from the fact that the small lies grew so soon to larger ones that the overburdened fabric soon went crashing to commercial hell.

Why? because orders are to write stronger ads than the man across the street—to get results *today*—no matter how. That policy fails—it always has and always will fail.

I am glad to say here, tonight, that with advertisers and advertising managers, and the help of a few publishers, we are going to make the path of the fakir and grafter a thorny progress from start to limbo.

How are we going to do it?

We are going to start inside of the business.

We are going to start with the advertiser who believes that the truth is stranger and stronger than fiction and will attract more trade than untruth. With him we want the publisher who sees no profit in dirty money, and the agency proprietor who wants clean accounts because he knows they mean better business, and last the advertising manager, who is convinced that he loses most who serves ignoble ends.

This company of men is today larger than you may think.

There is only one type of man common to all the interests mentioned above, who will object to the program—that is the man who says, "All you say is true, but you

cannot help it—you will always have the fakir and the grafter. The public likes to be humbugged, anyhow."

I want to devote a few minutes to this gentleman. He is the man who has a certain tolerance for the man who "pulls off a good stunt," which means he has pulled the wool over somebody's eyes and sold that somebody something he didn't want for a price out of all proportion to its value to anyone.

He excuses any crime that has been done so often that the public has become used to it, with the remark that "It is the practice."

He winks at grafting in any form, with "How are you going to stop it?" Just because it doesn't take away from *him* the dollars he has in pocket, he doesn't think it has cost *him* anything.

But it does cost him and every business man something—which at some stage can be counted in real money.

It costs in loss of efficiency—which is money.

The Advertising Axiom

If all advertising were truthful all advertising would be more profitable—I'll lay that down as an axiom.

If all advertising were more profitable there would be more advertising.

If there were more advertising—there would be better business for the advertisers, the publishers, the agency proprietors and a better chance for the advertising managers.

There is the circle completed, with a public benefited by a higher moral tone in all branches of trade.

There would be a lot of present day advertisers who could never get into publications, who couldn't belong to the best advertising organizations, but there would be a lot more respectable concerns in the publications and active in the clubs.

Wouldn't that pay?

One day I asked a New York retailer what were the essentials of a department store ad. His answer was:

"Big space—big type—big reductions—big adjectives—big promises."

"How about the truth?" I asked.

"Don't let that worry you," he answered.

His philosophy was that the people his store appealed to had to be talked to that way.

"They discount by 50 per cent everything you say, anyhow, so you must allow for that," he finally replied when his reason gave up the problem of making truth square with practice—hence he paid 50 per cent more than was necessary in order to get the truth to his people.

Could there be any greater realization of the force of what we have been contending—that untruthful advertising doesn't pay, not even the man who uses it?

Who taught the people to discount the claims of advertising?

Not the honest advertiser, surely.

Much of this practical scepticism embodied in the advertising policies of the American business house is due to the epigram of that cynical old showman Barnum: "The American people love to be humbugged."

It is safe to say, that remark has cost American advertisers millions in money, and uncountable millions in the lack of confidence of the people.

Worst of all, it is clever, but it isn't true.

Barnum knew it wasn't true, because he was, with all his fakes, always careful to give an honestly good show. But even that doesn't make it a good practice for a business house. A man will go to see a clever fake that entertains him, who will not love the fakir who sells him a paper for a leather-soled shoe; or who sells him a block of stock in a fake mine.

Ask your wife if she likes to trade with a fake sale advertiser.

Ask your cook if she does.

Then ask yourself.

No one will say that the woman who has to make five dollars do the work of ten, likes to be given fourteen ounces of meat for a pound—or sold an "all-wool" cotton suit for her boy.

Doesn't the resultant cynicism that comes of this humbugging of the people hurt *your* advertising and mine?

Bring the Boss Up

I would be content to let the wise reader discount the New York retailer's advertisement by half, but he does the same with mine and yours, and you and I can't make provision for such reductions.

I say to you that you should not be compelled to lie down to that retailer's level,

but that he should be compelled to come up to yours.

Recently my company, Burroughs Adding Machine Company, entered the foreign field in Europe, South Africa and Australasia. I had the problem of advertising in those countries to consider. An English friend of mine happened to be visiting here and I asked him what was the best way to advertise to Englishmen.

"Well," he said, "American advertising generally excites suspicion by its extreme claims, and its general air of smart insincerity. If yours is like the average American advertising, you'll have to let out the gas."

That condition of the English mind, as you can see, greatly complicates the problem for us, and is only one example of the effect of a course of untruthful advertising can have on a whole nation.

Is it any wonder, then, that shrewd economists say to advertisers, "Thou shalt not lie," not because it is immoral, but because it is unprofitable.

In Germany they have a law prohibiting "fire sales" unless there is a fire; against "sales below cost"—and misrepresentation of various kinds, and Germany while the most progressive country in Europe, has something to learn.

It is no new thought that the world grows better by evolution and not so much by revolution.

I tell you that the people are thinking on these things as they have never thought before; that the new ethical order calls for some plain speaking or there will be plain acting, at once severe, unfortunate and uncomfortable.

Reform from Within

Shall we await regulation from without or shall we regulate from within?

Kansas has just passed a bill making it a misdemeanor for a publisher to claim or swear to a false statement of circulation.

Ask the distillers and brewers of Georgia and Alabama and the dry districts of other states. They have received but little sympathy because they deserve little. The man who persists in flying in the face of ethical Public Sentiment deserves what he always gets. If the saloon interests had been satisfied to merely observe the law as first provided there could have been, prob-

ably would have been, but little trouble. Surely the advocates of total prohibition can hope for nothing so helpful of their cause as a continuance of the policy of "whole hog" adopted by their opponents.

The same possibilities lie in this discussion.

On the one hand we have a mighty engine through which the voice of the people is supposed to make itself heard. This force enjoys a subsidy at the hands of the people in the special pound rate, of which you and I pay our shares.

The columns of this press are open to all who make and sell goods for the crying of their wares—and this opportunity costs you and I money in the price I pay for the goods. Hence as a buyer I have an interest. The government says that you shall not cheat me through use of the mails. When you do, it falls on you, issues a fraud order, denies you the use of the mails. It says you cannot sell lottery chances—that you cannot offer chances even of a lottery nature, through any newspaper which it carries.

Can We Regulate Advertising?

It is an easy and acceptable progression to say that no man may wilfully misrepresent goods or things in an advertisement for the purpose of causing another to hand him money or other valuable consideration. There is no greater economic fallacy than to apply the doctrine of *caveat emptore*, "at your peril" to advertising conditions—what a commentary on a civilized society!

Can we regulate advertising?

We pass restrictive legislation on the sale of lottery tickets, on the sale of intoxicants, on vice, on poisons—on gambling—why? Because they may hurt your Sam or my Henry? No, because their unrestricted sale is against public policy and the public good.

So it is with the matter of untruthful advertising.

An instance: A working woman buys paper soled shoes advertised as "leather"—cold and wet weather, sickness, poverty, despair, public charge—you and I pay the bills.

An "absolutely harmless" poison for headache—congestion, more headaches, sickness, loss of position, breaking down of physical resistance to disease, more want

and possibly crime—you and I pay the bills.

“Guaranteed income stocks,” savings all invested, loss, a lessening of efficiency—a gain in crime because of embezzlement—who pays the bills? Not the fake mining promoter or the bucket shop.

If you say this is overdrawn you must have bad eye-sight or an easy conscience.

Your life must have been passed in the lotus land of Easy Money where there are no poor.

Those who sit at the heart of organized charity will disagree with you.

Does such a condition produce confidence in advertising in general, yours or mine in particular?

Does it hurt us?

Does it pay us?

Advertisers do not have to stretch the truth one jot to meet competition or “business conditions.”

Banish the Slick Salesman

Time was when we thought we had to have slick salesmen—good jolliers who could make a man buy twice as much as he ought to. But when competition became keen among retailers, with a panic or two for good measure—we bounced the slick salesman, or revised him.

He didn't pay.

We now think we have to have the glad hand artist who entertains the country customer when he comes to town. But our country cousin has begun to understand that *he* pays for the wine suppers and the trips through the Tenderloin. The day is not far distant when he, too, will stop getting his pleasures and his prices tangled. We have commenced to see that the salesman who has to buy trade with anything but service is dangerous to us whether we are his customer or his employer.

The public is going to take a hand.

Witness: Ten thousand New Yorkers have banded together for the purification of the yellow newspapers that publish garbled and untruthful “news” and obscene advertisements because the “people demand it.”

Now, when a paper gets too “yellow,” a committee calls on the proprietor—“Clean up your pages, or our members will drop your paper.”

Is it effective? Ask the circulation manager.

Watch the results—and see that 10,000 grow to 50,000.

This is just an example of the threat to regulate from without unless we regulate from within.

Are advertisers going to wait until a committee waits on a legislature and gets some legislation that shall place on advertising undue restrictions?

People are commencing to figure out the connection between men of business and the business and the public.

We know and the public is beginning to understand that *a business is no better than the man who runs it*. It knows that the personality of the business is the person who is that business. It knows that this applies to corporations as well as to private affairs.

As this matter of untruthful advertising is just a plain matter of honesty—of morality—so people are commencing to ask why all advertising should not be honest.

While it is hard to make the average business man believe that morality has any real place in business—that moral problems are real problems. But the vast body of the people believe that a man's morals have a great deal to do with his value as a servant or as a business man to the community; and the community is beginning to see the necessity of its useless and unproductive members. This has been amply demonstrated by the insurance investigations; in the President's messages, and in the more recent political happenings in several states.

The community regulates these things.

It does not always do so with wisdom even from the standpoint of its own good, but the constant indifference to its ethical laws on the part of a few, or a class, sooner or later puts the community in a temper where it will cheerfully “cut off its nose to spite its face.”

Study Luther—Cromwell—the French Revolution—the Rebellion.

The Ethical Urge

Emerson, in his beautiful essay on “Compensation,” clearly sets forth the law of personal private repayment for wrongs done against the social order, the class, ethics. No one who reads Emerson or some of Carlyle, or the testimony of the great ethical leaders of the world, or watches the tendencies of man towards a conscious self-mastery, towards a greater faith in society and not

in men, can escape the conviction that man or men must pay the bill. Before this tendency Napoleon, Burr, and even a Roosevelt must bow, for their ascendancy ceases whenever society shall have had enough. The strongest man sooner or later finds that he has been the instrument, the means, to an end of which he may have been unconscious.

I wish you to gain the thought here that there is a natural law which takes toll for acts and thoughts at every turn of a man's life.

He struggles and strives for Money?—good, let us hope for him.

For Place?—where, in what, at whose hands?

For Recognition?—for what, by whom? When he gains—money—millions?—to what purpose?

Place—among other men of millions, at the hands of his kind—can it make him contented?

Recognition—for “cleverness,” probably “luck.” In it all is there no gain in character or the fellowship of men?

If not, such success turns to the ashes of Dead Sea fruit on the lips.

Yet, millions are worth, what?

Everything, for by them we may gain the unrestricted company of great minds, great hearts and great souls. We may insure the same privilege to beloved ones—and passing beyond insure it to them and to friends and brothers—for as another has said, “The Gods sell all things at a fair price,” but compensation—the price—call it what you will—is exacted, and must be paid.

Public Wants Honesty

You cannot escape it for it has been fixed in the High Equity of God.

It is the law.

Awhile ago I spoke of a tendency in public sentiment. Several days ago I sat in a meeting representing the federation of thirty Detroit churches, where I heard a justice of Michigan's Supreme Court indict in scathing terms the plea of police officers who said “public sentiment would not support a movement to correct the flaunting social evil.”

I heard the same thing said on behalf of the grafters in Philadelphia: I heard the same thing said for the grafters in Pittsburg:

I heard the same thing said on behalf of the lottery in 1892—and we always hear it when there is a demand made for a higher requirement of public and private honesty.

Public sentiment says the truth is strong enough for the business which is giving the service which deserves to succeed. If an advertiser believes in his business—and expresses that in an active faith in his work and his mission, he can make a success of his advertising. He can retain a clean heart, and with a calm eye and level brow look any man in the face, taking the credit home to himself for having given himself, his conscience, his customer, his competitor, and the world at large, a square deal.

It is because we would bring honesty back as an active power in advertising that we would make it more personal.

Men who will encourage their advertising managers to lie seven ways about the page, will examine their own signed promises for a wee bit of an exaggeration.

The more hardened will lay the fault for all the misrepresentation on the “& Co.”—until they are cornered and made to sign a claim in his own person.

Then it is different!

When he has to sign it, and say: “I know these shoes cost me \$3.00 and I am selling them for \$2.98 because I have to make room for the spring stock of importations from—no, not Paris, but Brockton, Mass.,” then he tells the truth.

The public will exact this of the corporation.

Who Are the Officers?

The public is prying into public service corporations to find the man who rules them. The public wants to know who it is that promises so quickly and performs so slowly.

The public will admit some corporations seem to have no soul but it knows men have pocketbooks and feelings and some pride and even the worst, some kind of honor. They realize that the corporation is a legal name for men.

Man wants to deal with men—flesh and blood realities.

Within late years the people have commenced to realize that honest government was only a product of honest men—that honest business was just a matter of honest men. That there was nothing inherently

dishonest in corporations or business, but simply that dishonest men had obtained control of some corporations—had gone into business.

The public is seeking out the men and demanding laws that will punish men, not things.

The wise advertiser is recognizing this. He is now measuring his advertisements by a simple standard, "Am I willing to sign that with my own name?"

If then he will subscribe to a lie, which he knows to be a lie—there is no hope for him, and his future lies with a long suffering public which shows signs of having had enough.

The corporation idea has brought out collective responsibility, which is impersonal in theory, but in practice, is personal in that nothing which is done by one man can be excused if done by ten, and the insurance investigations and the demand for banking reforms have set that down as a final expression of our ethical code for corporations.

The time will inevitably come when the people will see no difference between the man who steals a man's money by force and the man who wheedles it out of his pocket by fine words.

The Public Is Right

The people are generally right in their way. They are not intelligent—the obscured, undeveloped mass of people. They must be schooled. In what?—in the idea that commerce is a game with loaded dice?—that the written word of a merchant must be discounted 50 per cent in order to get the proper value?

Take care!

You are laying up trouble for the future. Such a code is planting dry-rot in all business confidence and making trouble for advertisers as a class.

Why is socialism a growing menace—or a growing blessing—as you may view it? You must view it as a menace to such institutions as yours. Because when it comes you must go—wiped off the earth and uprooted out of the social and commercial fabrics.

Smile if you care to—as did the cocksure Southern slaveholder when he was told the New England abolitionists would take his slaves away from him.

Socialism is an ethical force, no matter how chimerical its ultimate ends, and it is fostered by injustice.

The public is interested even if the results affect only the individual.

We must estimate the value of an act—not only to the individuals concerned but to the social body of which they are a part. We cannot escape the duty nor the imperative command to do so, because standards are the safeguard of a moral order and society says that any man who wishes to enjoy the benefits must meet the conditions.

I believe that by far the larger proportion of advertisers want to tell the truth, that most of them do tell the truth—but the relatively few who do not—are the drop of chochineal that colors the barrel of water.

Some of us believe this so much that we think the time is ripe to take some real action in the matter. Put the truth teller on the right footing—and the other on his. Do not let the two get mixed up in the public mind. It is sufficient when all men have the same relative amount and equality of knowledge, to leave the estimate of an act to public knowledge, but in any commercial matter where the vast majority are ignorant, the moral sentiment alone must govern.

Let us embody our ethical standards of advertising into the fundamental principles on which our commercial bodies are organized.

Oust Fakers and Grafters

Just as the Bar Associations have done much to keep the shyster and dishonest lawyer out of practice, and will probably do more, our Advertising Clubs should refuse to give place to the fakir and the grafter, the manager or his employer, and we would then not have to blush to own that those who have been honored with some of our highest national offices have been caught allied with questionable schemes for the filching of the people's savings.

All of this involves some action—we must either hinder the untruthful man by some drastic enforcement of a statute or a moral principle, or we must place a high merit on the man who tells the truth, in order that the world may understand and follow the obvious distinction.

As Emerson said: "Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better." We will remedy a thing when it has become

so bad that we can no longer escape it. So will you this question of untruthful advertising, and so another of the great boons of the times will be brought about by the evil becoming too boisterous and provocative.

We need men of character to do this work.

Character is not only moral courage—but it is moral courage plus action. It is like that physical courage which, though the man knows to the full the danger he runs, keeps his face to the foe, fighting all the time. That is the kind of courage, which, when applied to morals, means character.

I do not contend for one fraction of a minute that morals will make up for any lack of brains in business, but I do say that in no place on God's footstool will brains alone take the place of morals.

Some will probably say, "You never heard of such a thing—regulate advertising by laws." That you never heard of such a thing is no good reason.

Charles Lost His Head

Charles II "never heard of such a thing" as a king without a head.

George IV "never heard of such a thing" as colonists declaring themselves free and independent states.

Spain "never heard of such a thing" as freeing a suffering colony and then not taking it yourself.

The insurance companies "never heard of such a thing" as the public telling them what they could do.

At the last session of Congress a bill to regulate advertising was introduced by a representative from Missouri. The bill was framed to make it a federal misdemeanor to publish an untruth in an advertisement.

It did not become a law.

Whatever may be our opinion of the peculiar merits of that bill, either as a piece of legislation or as a contribution to the subject of advertising ethics, the mere fact that its passage was urged by a large number of the advertisers and advertising men of a very considerable section of the country, points its own moral.

Finally, gentlemen, in summing up, I would say:

We need in our advertising Honesty of Statement coupled with Honesty of Spirit. We need to bring personal responsibility more strongly into our advertising in order to insure this.

We can cut out the dishonest advertiser, just as much as we cut out the debtor who cheats his creditors—the latter are few, and affect but a few, while our whole public is always affected by the dishonest advertiser.

We should refuse to use newspapers who persist in taking the business of dishonest advertisers.

We should refuse to use billboards, street-cars, etc., on the same principle.

Our advertising clubs should refuse dishonest advertisers, or their managers, membership in their bodies.

Because it is right—because it will pay us to do so.

Duty

Robert Browning.

*The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.*

*Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.*

Quality Men Who Do Quality Work

BY THOMAS DREIER

Brown, of the Central

The power to analyze every proposition to the very bone and of disposing of matters brought to him for decision is what helped so materially in making W. C. Brown president of the New York Central lines. He started as a section hand. His chances were no better than the chances of thousands of others. He had, however, this one advantage: He had the Study Habit. He had not been section foreman long before he grew tired of that work. But he did not seek a job lower down. He realized that the biggest rewards are for those at the top and he knew that no one can reach the top except by laboriously climbing. So he studied telegraphy. In nine months after he entered railway work he was an operator. In two years he was a train dispatcher. He was then nineteen. He climbed slowly for several years. But he kept on studying. He never let up on trying to do just a little more than his employers expected of him. That is why, at fifty-five, he is president of one of the most important railroad systems in the world. He is a ruler over 150,000 employes. His road expends one hundred and fifty millions annually. What is a principality to him? He has all the power that is good for one man to have. But he did not get that power until he had earned it. I do not believe that we get anything in this just old world of ours that we do not earn. We talk of injustice to ourselves and others. But it seems to me at times that we are most unjust to ourselves. We do not give ourselves a square deal. We do not let our best selves rise to the top. What we need in the line of habits is the Study Habit. And the book we need to study most of all is the book of our own nature. We must know ourselves, as the old Greek philosopher said. We must have our eyes on a goal and work toward it. The football hero is the fellow who carries the ball over the line between the goal-posts. But he could not plant it there if he did not keep that objective point ever in mind. It is to get to the goal *with the ball* that fills him with inspiration and desire. No matter what may be your position, play it for all

you are worth. Put as much of yourself into your work as you can. Of course you may say that you are not appreciated. But the fact that your employers do not give you appreciation is no reason why you should follow their example and work so that you cannot secure your own appreciation. And your own honest appreciation is worth more than the pats on the back given by employers who may not know the whole truth. Work always as though you were working for yourself. It is only by working that way that you can ever work for yourself. It is only by working that way that W. C. Brown rose from a section job to the presidency of a railroad.

Gustav Stickley is a maker of quality goods. Even as a young man it came to him that America possessed no distinctive furniture. Our furniture was made from models supplied by other nations. Our houses were filled with furniture that offended grievously against all art. We did not realize then the value of quality goods. We wanted imitations since we could not afford something original. Stickley determined to make furniture that was honest. To do this he had to go against convention and precedent. He had to fight against the factories where machines made chairs and tables and other pieces of furniture by the carload. He had to go against the dishonest makers whose furniture was fastened together with glue, and where machine-made, meaningless ornamentation took the place of hand work. Stickley determined to make something that was needed and that was lastingly good. He made up his mind that in America could be found people who wanted honest goods and would pay the price for them. He believed that there were men and women who would not ask, "What does this cost?" but "How good is this?" It was slow work at first. But the quality won. Stickley makes furniture that is founded upon the proposition that all furniture should adequately meet everything required of it in the way of strength, durability and comfort. In writing we are told that our style should

possess clearness, force and elegance. Stickley's furniture is stylish. It is simple—beautifully simple. It possesses character. A man without a commanding personality will attract attention by wearing ornamental clothes. And so will characterless women. So it is with furniture that is structurally weak. Its weakness is hidden under a mass of machine-made ornamentation. In Stickley's furniture the structural lines are honestly apparent. It resembles its maker in being made to render service in the best way. Craftsman furniture will last for generations. The wise man furnishing a house will buy the best at the beginning even though the original cost is greater, for with his purchase will come the satisfaction which accompanies Quality Goods always. Gustav Stickley is doing much good work in raising the quality standard in the homes of this country and his work will live long after he has passed away.

Finley

Let's talk about this man Finley of Cleveland for a little while. He is a restaurant man. You ask, "How

does that give him a strangle hold on Fame? There are many men who own restaurants." Yes, so there are. But there aren't any men who—well, Finley is Finley. In Cleveland that statement means even more than I shall make it mean to you with this paragraph. Finley drifted into Cleveland seven or eight years ago with twelve dollars that he had borrowed from a trusting friend. He went to work as a waiter, was manager of the restaurant in two months, became a sharer in the profits when a shift was made in ownership, and, after working and studying and saving for a while longer, he started a restaurant of his own. Only thirty persons could be seated at one time. But the food and service they received! The quality of his goods and the excellence of his service draw customers to that tiny restaurant—called by Finley "The Phalansterie"—as a magnet draws steel. Today Richard G. Finley owns five restaurants, does a business of \$350,000 a year, is known all over the country as a leader in restaurant service, and his work promises even greater things for him in the future. Always has this man aimed to be original. He has done things differently. But this would be no praise could we not also say that he has done things

better. He has advertised. And his advertising, coupled with his food and his service, has made his business grow like grain in the irrigation country. He is an artist. He knows that all people love beauty. His restaurants are more like art galleries than places where food is sold. Costly paintings, weathered oak panels, leaded glass lights, flowers, ferns, smiling waiters—all these things contribute to Finley's success. And Finley has not been content to tell Cleveland folks about himself. He has reached out for business all over the continent. He has a follow-up system that has produced results. When Finley hears of a convention to be held in Cleveland he gets the list of delegates and gladdens all of them with an invitation to eat at his place. His eyes are always open for a flirtation with Miss Opportunity—and, if one may judge from results, Finley leads the rest in getting sunny smiles. There is a personality that stands out and draws folks to Finley restaurants. This personality is reflected from his advertising. His little magazine is a magazine truly worth while, and if you haven't seen a copy you ought to. It tells something about the value of quality goods. Finley is aggressive, original, unique, daring, humorous. He wins because he is a salesman with a personality who knows his customers and his goods and knows how to tell his story so as to make sales.

Cobden-Sanderson

I once interviewed T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. He is a man who believes in "the divinity of great thoughts and in the sacredness of all books where they abide." He is known as one of the companions of that master-craftsman, William Morris, a man who has done more for placing beauty on a pedestal than any man of his age. Cobden-Sanderson binds books. He is a master-binder. In his shop, the Doves Bindery near London, books which approach perfection are made. When I talked with him he placed in my hands a small volume most exquisitely bound. In my ignorance of art I was forced to ask him the commercial question: "How much is this worth." And he told me that that book had been sold for \$700. And then he went on to tell how the work on those great books was done. He says he works out the design piece by piece,

just as he imagines a Great Power worked out the design of the universe. He said he had a feeling when he was doing his work that he was sharing in the great life not only of this tiny world of ours but of all worlds. Don't you see that a man who does his work in that way, who does not assume undue importance, but who does his daily work as well as he can, is bound to become a master? We are all parts of a whole. None of us can do great work without assistance of others. High and low, great and small, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, cultured and uncultured, good and bad—all of us belong to the mass. I believe that the race is evolving to greater heights. But the growth upward is slow, just like the building of a coral reef. One generation mounts upon what the passing generation produced. And, in the great scheme of creation, are we

of more importance than the coral? I for one believe that there is a divinity in the grass and trees and flowers and birds similar to the divinity in me. And I know that the Power which makes me move my hands is the same as the Power which makes the flowers bloom and the birds sing. This pantheistic belief is most satisfying. It teaches us that we are all but parts of a whole. It makes us see ourselves with the cosmic sight. It drives away fear for we know that we shall be taken care of by Nature. We cannot be lost. We shall always serve no matter where we may be or in what form we may appear. As human beings we may choose to serve much or little. Perhaps there is nothing more true than this: Man's greatness consists in his power to choose to serve much or little and in the proper exercise of that power.

Jolts

GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

MOST of the movement in the world is in grooves or currents. Mankind is so universally lazy, physically and mentally, that habit is the one dominating factor in human life. Habit applies to family, community, and national life as it does to individual being. Most people dignify habit by labeling it conservatism.

True conservatism is something different; the admirable kind of conservatism is the sort that is based upon thought. Unfortunately, too many of our habits are established during the absence of thought and therefore much that is labeled "conservatism" would not pass muster under the pure food law—the label is "bunk."

Orthodoxy has many good points, but, as it is only another word for conservatism, it suffers from the same handicap and in many minds means nothing more than dry rot.

This old world spins along smoothly on its axis, land and water stay hung up in space about right, cities are built and garden spots are established. Things inside keep cooling off, something cracks—earthquake shocks, tidal waves and volcanic eruptions are recorded by wonderful instruments—A few thousand lives are snuffed out.

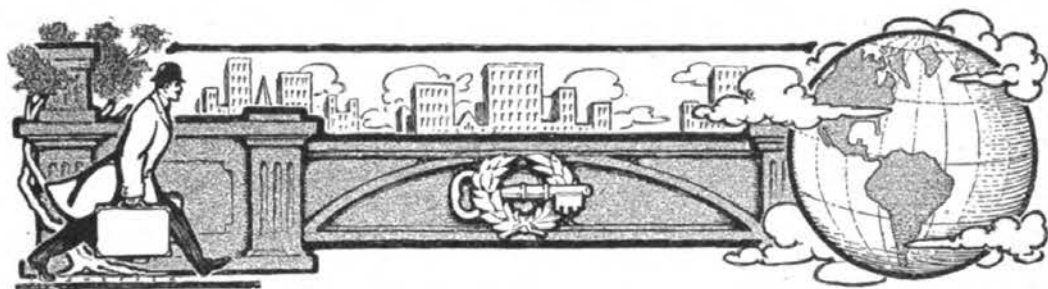
Figuring from the data shown by the afore-said instruments a lot of our scientists begin to figure out how it all happened. But it was a simple jolt—that was all—something out of the ordinary, perfectly natural but not the frequent thing.

It is just the same with people. They spin along in their accustomed grooves, guided by the infallible natural laws of habit, restricted by those laws of habit, reaping the results of those laws of habit and suddenly there is a jolt.

The wise ones, lacking instruments for figuring out the "reasons why" but knowing that the Almighty does not abandon humanity to the chaos of chance, rise above the wreckage and begin the work of reconstruction with a little calm analysis.

Analysis is the instrument always ready at hand for the man who knows how to use it. With it he can direct his "think-tank" and by exercise of will, develop a new set of habits that will place him in a different latitude where the jolts will be less frequent and not so bad.

My boy, the beauty of all this is, that we do not have to wait for our jolt, but if we do not forestall it "We will get ours."



How a Salesman Got Started Toward Success

BY GEORGE H. EBERHARD

DURING the bicycle craze when a factory was starting every day, when everyone who could, rode regularly, or at least owned a wheel, a large bicycle tire firm found it necessary to add more salesmen. Experienced men of character were hard to obtain and it was necessary to put out some good promising, inexperienced men. Among them was a young man who, owing to a similarity of names, was employed by mail at a distant city in place of his father. It was an error that should not have occurred, but in the rush and stress of a large business such things happen.

Samples, instructions and prices were duly received and the young man who had a little previous business experience, hurried to get on the road, for he had a fear of losing the position before he had a chance to make good and for two good reasons—one, he realized the mistake from the general tone of the letters of instruction on the part of the firm in identifying him as his father who was known to them, and the other, *he could not ride a wheel*. It was necessary that he start at once and get committed so that he would not back out of his own volition or owing to the firm learning the facts mentioned.

Possibly one who has never taken a position that he has no reason to feel he could fill, other than that broad conviction that he could do what any other average man could do, can appreciate his feelings.

While he surmised that it took no great amount of technical education to sell tires, relying on his common sense, an open mind, energy and perseverance, nevertheless until he was on the train to his first town he was

very nervous and he had to use every ounce of his courage to keep to his determination to make good as a tire salesman.

The doubts about the position he would be in if it were found he couldn't even ride a wheel; the questions that would be asked that he could not answer even after learning the catalogue and instructions by heart, added to the thoughts of the possible advantages his competitors had which he must overcome, kept him awake the entire night.

When he reached the first town on his schedule, he could hardly prevail upon himself to get off the train. His signature on the hotel register was so shaky that the clerk remarked, "Too much big city, my boy?" implying plainly that as he came from the commercial center that he had been "hitting it up," and no doubt he, without sleep, looked the part.

In no mood for breakfast he walked the main street from end to end, looked over the outside of the cycleries and stores handling bicycles as a side line, and his instructions in mind, made a careful note of the names of the dealers, the make of wheel they handled, the tire advertisements they displayed.

Then the love of the work entering gradually in his mind, he stopped at a bright appearing cigar store and asked questions regarding the dealers, the wheel they sold, the boys who rode, what they liked, and, among other things, found there was to be a "bicycle run" to a park nearby in the afternoon.

This upset him again, as instinctively he knew he would be invited. His instructions made it necessary to attend events of this nature whenever he had time, and his

expense account provided for the emergencies, and the dealers would guess that.

Back to the hotel he went and, being young, his appetite drove him to a late breakfast.

That over, he realized that he could leave town, as no one knew him or his business and undoubtedly the next town would not have a wheelman's celebration. But the detailed report due the manufacturers from each town, even if no orders resulted, the route sheet with the town at the top of the list, his letter to the office of yesterday, saying he was leaving, couldn't be denied.

There being no alternative, he took his catalogue and samples, bought some cigars, for somehow, they always filled in a pause, and started to see the dealer nearest the hotel.

On reaching that dealer's store he decided suddenly to go to the furthest one. Reaching there and seeing a crowd of wheelmen lounging around the place, he again decided to change his plan and start on the largest dealer, who was back about two squares.

Quick decisions are necessary to a new salesman when he is looking for a favorable place to start and he realizes instinctively there is no such thing.

On reaching the largest dealer's store he went in really before he realized the step, and, lucky for his courage, no one was in front. The sound of voices, however, indicated the presence of the dealer in the shop directly to the rear.

The moment's respite saved him, for he caught sight of a pair of a leading competitor's tires recently removed, showing worn out treads but good looking sides and rim surface, indicating trouble and possible complaint.

Quickly his mind formulated a plan, and on the dealer's approaching, he casually remarked, "You seem to have trouble with the V—s down here." The dealer answered quickly and gave a decided opinion. The discussion of relative merit led to his brand. The dealer said he had heard it was good and that he had thought of getting some—no doubt thinking he was interested as a purchaser—maybe not. Anyway, the opening had been made, the introduction followed, after further talk an agent secured an order and—the almost forgotten invitation to the "run."

To gain time, cigars were passed and he was introduced to the usual crowd that instinctively find a traveling salesman in a local shop. The dealer was prevailed on to excuse him while he reported on the rest of the trade. He only sold one, as an agent, but had to tell about the rest in case of change or future plan.

While doing this he thought hard and fast. He couldn't ride and to go on a bicycle run, no matter how short, meant ride, or —worse than loss of order, or a good agent, poor report—the loss of caste as one of the fraternity of salesmen in the bicycle and accessory business, as the story would travel and in a manner that would make impossible his success.

Then the idea of getting out on the noon train took possession of him, but it looked weak, an awful transparent excuse. Still he decided it might be all in the way it was done.

So back he went to the dealer's store—the thought it was his customer gave him courage.

To his surprise the excuse of necessity of making time, having left the city late on schedule, etc., stuck, and promising the dealer a good time when next they met to square the play to himself, he got the 11:40 and landed in the next town at 2 p. m.—a time of all times when a lull seems to pervade most stores during the summer months.

He did not realize just what this meant to him in this instance, so he hurried to size up the town, the cycleries, made independent inquiry and went in a rush to the best prospect, broached the subject rather crudely, but fortunately for him the dealer and his partner were leisurely doing some odd repairs and did not fight back.

A small sale was made, agency forms signed and everything finished at 4:30 p. m.

The heat of the day being over, one of the proprietors asked his opinion on roads, cycle path projects, racing, all of which he got around after a fashion under a severe nervous tension.

It was with a feeling of relief that he heard the dealer propose that he select a wheel and take a ride out the river road, but only for a moment.

Then came the test of courage, he had to learn to ride sometime. He had heard it said that by a beginner keeping his head

and pedaling hard he could get along fine. He had some months before tried a few times to ride a friend's wheel and gone about 20 feet without falling, which proved the principle. It was a case of try with the alternative of admitting he could not ride.

He was desperate by now and the strain was almost too great to last, he decided it was better to have it over with somehow. With the dealer's help he selected a wheel, trying to be matter-of-fact and talking at random, his plan, hurriedly devised, being to get to the door, make an excuse of going next door for—

Well, it depended on the neighboring store—he didn't care—just leading the wheel a short distance, then getting it after his customer had gone back into the store and sneaking around the edge of town as it were and learning to ride at any cost.

Nothing easy like that! Once outside it dawned on him that this was not the main street; in fact, was part of the river road which turned off about a hundred yards away. All in sight were homes, a blacksmith shop and a big farm implement store.

Before he could think of some other excuse he observed the walk in front of the cyclery was about two feet from the street level. It came to him like a flash—you can set the wheel on the street, mount easy without criticism off the sidewalk, get set, pedal hard, make the turn safely and then— — ?

His courage returned, he was leading a forlorn hope, but—there was hope around the turn.

He made the remark that he wished the wheel had his tires—it sounded good to him, but his voice must have been weak, for he got no answer from his customer. Balancing himself as he thought right, mapping a course for a wide turn, he asked his customer the time, and as the customer turned to look at the store clock, he started.

He may have wobbled, he may have shut his eyes, but when he hit the ground and, coming up out of the dust, looked around, he was well past the turn at the side of the river road.

At eight o'clock that evening he brought back the wheel and he had worked hard. A complete change of clothes at the hotel, the story of an accident when coasting and the knowledge that he could ride and get on or off a wheel with a full knowledge and feeling of what he was doing and that he could practice from then on with the same excuse that he could muster for occasion until he improved gave him courage to keep on with the work—and two orders the first day showed he could sell.

I suppose it is needless to add he held the job, got several raises, did some racing, ran a racing team, all until the factory sold out and he took up other lines, successfully—and with some adventures as comes to all "Knights of the Grip."

Contrasts

Richard Burton

*Strange, that we creatures of the petty ways,
 Poor prisoners behind these fleshy bars,
 Can sometimes think us thoughts with God ablaze
 Touching the fringes of the outer stars.
 And stranger still that, having flown so high,
 And stood unshamed in shining presences,
 We can resume our smallness, nor imply
 In mien or gesture what that memory is.*

The Choosing of Employers

BY JOHN A. MURPHY

AT one time James Russell Lowell gave to the world these words:

"The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep."

I don't know whether or not Lowell appreciated the full significance of his thought, but anyway, in that one sentence, he exposed the secret of many failures. Sometimes I think that after all, man is not the architect of his own fortune. Rather is he but mere clay in the hands of his associates. They shape him and mould his future as they please.

In the long run, we are no better nor no worse than those with whom we associate.

Man, himself, alone and unaided, cannot develop to wisdom or to mastery. We grow only when associated with people who are growing. The tendency of man is to adapt himself to his environment. We gradually take on the characteristics of those whom we are with most. Therefore, as pursuers of that grand ideal, Health, Long Life, Money, Honor, we should give some heed to picking out the right kind of associates, both in business and in society.

Deserves More Than Wages

The laborer is worthy of more than his hire. Even when the employer gives his employees good wages, reasonable hours and a healthful and wholesome workroom, he has not done enough. He still owes them kindness, just appreciation, an opportunity to rise in the scale of efficiency, but most of all, he owes them good example and the kindly, helpful and inspiring influence of a positive personality. A river cannot rise higher than its source, and neither can an employee rise higher than his employer. The example of the man at the head of an institution has a powerful influence on those working for him.

The negatives in the boss will sooner or later appear in those under him, but the employer with many positives will develop capable and loyal assistants.

Sheldon says that everyone is a bundle of possibilities. Of course he's right. Those

working for you, in whatever capacity, have possibilities that you never dreamed of. Within them, perhaps, genius is sleeping. It is your duty as an employer to bring out that genius, to develop those possibilities.

You know that the value of a worker increases as his need for supervision decreases. To do away with the necessity for supervision, the positives of body, mind and soul must be developed. But the employee is not likely to develop unless his employer is developing. Remember that the influence of those at the head is all-powerful. Your ways, your manners and your faults are being mimicked by those under you. If you have a right to do the bossing, those bossed are watching you pretty closely. Every move you make is observed. Certainly, you cannot expect your associates to grow when you are not growing.

Visit the Mirror

Glance in the mirror, Mr. Employer, and there you'll see why your employees have so many faults.

What you see in the looking-glass is a powerful influence, good or bad, depending on whether you are a positive man or a negative man. The man who has much AREA, who has brains plus and heart plus and then some, is the kind of a man who creates a big institution, and this kind of an institution makes other big men.

The New York Sun is one of the world's greatest newspapers. It has turned out thousands of brilliant newspaper men. To work for the *Sun* is to become as the *Sun*—broad, versatile and thorough.

The greatest product of John Patterson's genius is not the National Cash Register. His greatest achievement is the development of brilliant, well-rounded, efficient men—many thousand of them. The National Cash Register Company is a school for the training of men. Its graduates are more skilled than those of Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

Marshall Field founded a wonderful business. Great was Field as a captain of industry, but still greater was he as a trainer of men. The magic touch of Mr. Field's in-

fluence brought forth the latent capabilities of all with whom he was associated.

Carnegie was always on the look-out for men of ability. He knew how to encourage men and how to get the most out of them. Carnegie made many millions, but he made more men than millions. The United States Steel Company is the outcome, not of Carnegie, but of Carnegie plus Carnegie's men.

Make Men First

Every great institution in this country is a result of the policy of treating employees fairly and squarely and of giving them encouragement and help. Employers who give their first consideration to making money, usually fail. Those employers who give all their attention to making men and to serving their customers well, suddenly find themselves rich, honored and happy.

Let us picture two young men of the same age and of equal ability. Both have good health and are well equipped to wrest for success in the field of business. One works for a critical, carping, unappreciative employer. The other is employed by a kind, strong, well developed man. The first young man is soon beaten in the race. In ten years he has made very little progress. He is still a petty clerk for a small, unknown firm whereas his friend is now general manager of his employer's large and well advertised establishment. The first young man really cannot, in common justice, be blamed for his failure.

His ambition was thwarted and his soul deadened by his fault-finding, narrow employer.

His faculties atrophied from want of development. No man can grow in a negative atmosphere, and on the other hand, one must expand mentally, morally and physically when surrounded by positive forces, forceful men and ideal conditions.

A few years ago a boy by the name of Dobbs left the farm. He got a job in a drug store run by Asa G. Candler. Candler was on the way up. He was growing and the boy grew with him. Today Candler is president of the Coca Cola Company of Atlanta. That boy, Samuel C. Dobbs, is now the general manager of the same company.

Give Mr. Dobbs full credit for his grand success, still the fact stands that he devel-

oped because his employer, Candler, developed.

Training Most Important

Was it not fortunate for Mr. Dobbs that he worked for the right drug store? If he had happened to be employed by another druggist, by a mean, unprogressive, negative man, would not that influence have hurt the young, sensitive and ambitious boy? Perhaps not, but I think it would.

When starting out in the business world, the young man should be careful to associate with the right type of men. He should pick out the right sort of men and then go to work under their wholesome influence, regardless of what the salary is. *In early life your training is more important than your salary.* It would be better to work a year for Alexander Revell, the great Chicago merchant, without any salary at all than to work for the same length of time for some arbitrary tyrant at a handsome salary. During that time the strength gained from close association with Mr. Revell would make you capable of earning a good salary all the rest of your life. But if you worked for the tyrant, his negative influence may handicap you for many years.

In society, as well as in business, our associates should be the kind that lift us up. Aim to be intimate with those who are a little above you in every way. In time your associates will pull you up to their level, but don't ever associate with those who are so far below you that you are unable to reach down and help them up to your height.

Work will always be the best educator, but it has a worthy rival in association. It has been truly said that we grow most when seeking recreation in the companionship of good friends. Yes, that's it. Friends help us upward, provided they are headed in that direction. Life would indeed be a sad place if it were not for those kind friends, ever ready to give us a lift. *We can't get along in life unless there are a few who believe in us.* We must have someone who has supreme faith in our ability to make good. On this very point let me quote the following from Elbert Hubbard:

"We need someone to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend."

The Defects of Modern Education

BY FREDERICK W. PETTIT

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not—is simple,
Teach him.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not—is a fool,
Shun him.
He who knows and knows not that he knows—is asleep,
Wake him.
He who knows and knows that he knows—is wise,

THE old Persian proverb was never more aptly illustrated than in those magnificent schools of learning of ancient Greece, Rome, Egypt and other lands when at the zenith of their purity and greatness. The splendid wealth that clustered around the educational centres of these countries will ever remain associated with the finest systems of imparting knowledge the world has known. The teachers of those far-off days knew—and with that knowledge were able to inspire in their students a confidence which carried their followers with them to heights of intellectual, moral and spiritual attainment reached in these days by the very few.

No one who has given attention to the question of education as carried on today, can have failed to notice that, in spite of all the achievements of the great centres of learning of the land, there remains a feeling in the public mind that it has defects—shortcomings—which it has not as yet been able to definitely formulate into a tangible accusation.

The splendid monuments erected in the cause of education are filled with minds crammed with facts and detail. The present day propensity for cramming raises the question whether this storing of brains with mere facts when not balanced with the poise that comes from the broadest viewpoint of life, is not calculated to turn men and women into mere intellectual machines, valuable in proportion as their mental capacity is enlarged and retentive. The man of the world with short time and no great inclination to investigate the subject, is asking whether all this curriculum is not a mass of mental effort of problematical value in life through having in most cases been badly assimilated.

Must Mentally Fletcherize

How many of those who have received a good education can remember and prac-

tically apply a fraction of what they were taught at school or college? Very few—for the reason that a very small proportion of it was properly assimilated, and improperly assimilated mental food is of about the same value as physical food swallowed without mastication. All this is bad when applied to adults, but with the plastic minds of children, weakened as they often are by wrong dietetic ideas, now rampant in the land, it becomes almost criminal.

The zeal of teachers oft outruns reason; more particularly is this the case in private schools where pupils who show aptitude for acquiring facts and detail, are seized upon and made to do advertising duty for the institution; they are taken in hand and crammed in a manner akin to the wretched geese in France for the making of that epicurean delicacy—*pate de foie gras*, and emerge therefrom mere intellectual automatons. All this cramming may be likened to bad mortar that dries and crumbles away; the marvellous solidity of Roman walls, Egyptian ruins and Inca masonry, even at this remote date, stand as fitting symbols of the nature of the material used in far-off days.

A defect in modern education is that there are too many subjects attempted in the ordinary curriculum of the day. It would be better far to have a few—well considered—well studied and inwardly digested. Much that is crammed into children could be safely left till later on in life when the assimilative power of the mind is greater. Quality, in the shape of thorough understanding, is what is wanted more than a mere smattering of a long string of subjects. The student who was sent long ago to meditate for a week on the inner meaning of the verb “to love” probably emerged therefrom with far greater all round mental strength than one in these days who has come through a twentieth century “exam” with flying colors! The old Hermetic maxim that “All things come from within” might very profitably be set up in convincing type in every class room of the land.

But a still greater defect of our modern system is the brutal competitive spirit which

education fosters, reducing it to a struggle where the survival of the fittest operates—where the strong struggle over the weak—the aggressive over the timid—bringing it down to the level of the wildness of Rugby football. The result of this struggle overshadows completely all spirit of brotherhood of which we hear so much in temple and lodge room and see so little outside. There grows around the child a spirit of isolation—of selfishness in its wider conception stifling the warmer feelings of heart that should of all others be fostered and prized.

It has been well said that “no man lives to himself,” yet the present system forces a child into a viewpoint of life from the plane of diversity—to regard all others as alien to him or her. It has become a system of fierce competition that smothers the better feelings and applauds he or she who by favorable endowment is able, by the mere passing of “exams,” to rise to that coveted eminence where the shouts of the populace ring pleasantly on the ear and diplomas stand for knowledge and understanding!

But the greatest of all defects is beyond question the abandonment of those religious activities which have been found of inestimable value in the past as a handmaid of education. This abandonment has come about by the false stand taken that religion is something apart from ordinary daily activities. It has further been brought about by the amazing number of phases of the One Christian Truth in the shape of sects there are in the land, governments finding it impossible to carry out any one set of religious exercises to satisfy all. The bitterness which this question has aroused has been conspicuous of recent years.

“God Geometrizes”

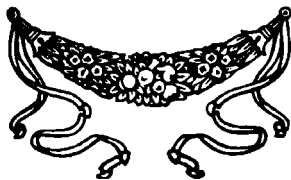
In the older days—among the sages of classical times—it was not thought singular

to enjoin religious exercises along with education. “A constant memory of God” was the injunction given to students of old Greece and Rome, and we find as a result that spiritual things were associated with the daily curriculum. Well they knew, for instance, that geometry while having a value as a basis of logic, had a spiritual aspect in the words, “God geometrizes.” Religious rites, with their sublime mysteries, were very far from being subterranean “peep shows” (as some Masonic writers have imagined), but sacred plays wherein the candidates were made to actually experience various trials and ordeals, hints of which remain to this day in the masonic ceremonies.

No system of education will endure which does not keep in view the fact that learning is not so much to “hammer in” as to “draw out.” Philosophy teaches that the human mind is latent with power, that it has all the potentialities of wisdom and understanding seeking only favorable environment to call them forth.

To accomplish this the broadest viewpoint should be aimed at, for it is easier to descend from the plane of the general to the particular than to rise inversely. The consideration of all problems from the standpoint of Cause and Effect is a method that will eventually find its way into occidental teaching. When it does, education will receive an impetus that will make all present systems seem laborious. For the ultimate object of it all is to bring knowledge and understanding to the growing children of the nation that they may become more than walking encyclopedias—rather, broad minded citizens able to grasp the problems of life from their most exalted view point, so that throughout life they will echo that sublime outburst of Solomon:

“Happy is the man that findeth Wisdom and the man that getteth Understanding.
For the merchandise of it is finer than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold.”



The Relation of Employer and Employees

BY C. C. JENKS

Secretary of Foote & Jenks, Jackson, Mich.

THIS subject in a far reaching sense must be considered first from the view point of the inter-dependence of mankind.

"Where is thy brother?" has come ringing down the ages to convince *man* that truly he is his brother's keeper, and whether master or servant, employer or employee, there rests upon every man a responsibility and rule of conduct in his relations with his fellow creatures, which he cannot violate or ignore without seriously abridging the blessings of life vouchsafed by an all wise Providence, as well as by the constitution of our country.

The eternal law of compensation, expressed by the Carpenter of Nazareth, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" must be taken into account in every transaction of life, if we would make the *most of life*.

The mere getting of money, position or power at the expense of character, or the dwarfing of the love of home, country or friends, is a poor bargain, as many have found to their sorrow.

Most men have an ambition to achieve success in business, to get "on easy street." How to do this *best* should be the problem.

How to do it quickest, seems to be the "disease."

An employer is, or should be, a person with sufficient mind and initiative (as well as capital) to plan for the employment of the hands and minds of others, and to pay a just wage.

Better Employes Today

The employee has passed through all the various stages of servitude, from a chattel, or bond slave, up to the common wage earner, and so on up to the skilled laborer, confidential clerk or private secretary, and the free handed manager of large affairs for single, or more commonly, associated owners.

The twentieth century has ushered in a higher and better standard of business ethics, and the "time server" and "clock watcher" among employees and the Boss Crank, Cranky Boss, Browbeating Superintendent, and Domineering Manager are passing

away, because higher ideals of trustworthiness, integrity, consideration, kindness and sympathy are taught, studied and exemplified in the daily lives of all.

Instances of employees, as well as employers, are now frequent, where loyalty to a high purpose to do one's very best has closed the breach formerly existing between manager and subordinates.

An instance in point I read of recently, where a young lady stenographer in an office where there was a critical and overbearing manager, who had in general the enmity of a score of other office employees who were systematically soldiering on their jobs, resolved to do her best, and in the face of taunts from her fellows, and rebuffs from the boss, finally succeeded by patient and faithful effort of winning the respect of all and transforming the entire spirit of operations in her department.

This case was stated as fact and not a dream.

Be Sociable

The mottoes, such as "Be Cheerful," "Smile," "Do it now," "Welcome," etc., are taking the places of the old "This is my busy day," "Be brief," "Cut it short," and the like gloomy signs that adorned office walls a few years since, and employer and employee can (if they have not already) "Let the blessed sunshine in" to the factory, store and office, as well as into the Sunday School, and to just as much purpose.

In some of our mechanical shops, schools of instruction are in operation, to develop the genius of apprentices, and special assistance is given to those really aspiring to a higher degree of proficiency.

In other factories where female labor is largely employed, restaurant and rest rooms are provided, suited to economy and convenience of employees.

The spirit of fraternity, sociability and mutual aid is also encouraged. Dinners, banquets, picnics and other recreations of the sort, given by proprietors, are common in many of our manufacturing and merchandizing plants, as an annual or semi-annual function.

It is a regular practice now with most sales managers, to assemble their salesmen in conference, weekly, monthly or yearly, according to the nature of the business, and thereby, in full and free discussion, get and give the advice, counsel and inspiration that engender confidence and enthusiasm; for without *confidence* and *enthusiasm* there is no hope of real success on the road or elsewhere.

In addition to this, some houses send out inspirational circulars, books and magazines, or subscribe for the same for the use of salesmen and house employees, as well as provide circulating libraries on business and technical subjects, and thus form a sort of free correspondence school for the benefit of those concerned.

Co-operation Pays

In Foote & Jenks' plant, we have been operating on the co-operative plan since 1893, between 15 per cent and 20 per cent of our capital stock being held by House employees or Salesmen who have grown up with our business.

We believe that "the development of the

individual is the development of business," and we cultivate our people with the view of their becoming more intelligent, truthful, painstaking and efficient with each succeeding year.

We believe that it is possible to fix upon a fair standard wage scale for a definite amount of work done, by the average employee and that, with such a pay standard established, and not lowered as the efficiency of employees rises but dividing equitably the value of increased earning power between the employer and employed, the output may be largely increased, and the pay of all competent employees equally increased, while the labor cost for each item of such manufacture is correspondingly reduced, making a healthy increase in net earnings.

I have touched upon the relations of employers and employees, with regard to financial, intellectual and social conditions, but in closing, the importance of the moral or spiritual must not be under-estimated, not only the "Square Deal," but the "Clean Life" is a vital factor in building a city or a business, as well as a man.

The Humility of Greatness

BY FREDERICK W. PETTIT

HUMILITY—one of the virtues—will appear at first sight to the average business man as somewhat out of place in a business magazine. Such a virtue is usually more associated with the temple and cloister than with the business arena of the day.

We are in an age of tremendous self assertion; people are straining every nerve for recognition, and the less light they give out to the world, the greater is the intensity of their activities toward public recognition.

With many this has become an all absorbing object. In place of fitting themselves *within* that they may take their rightful place among men, their energies are thrown *outward* in the mad chase to be considered great, when at best they are but imitating the frog of fable lore in its attempt to blow itself to the size of an ox.

They have no humility because they are not great!

Yet humility is here—around us. There are great minds working on problems of humanitarian usefulness and to whom immense rewards are showered, whose names are a by word on street and in office; men whose very attitude towards all is one of fine humility.

They have humility because they are great!

The Wise Are Humble

The wise have been humble in all ages. The greatest minds have carried this virtue to a point that lesser lights have ever failed to understand—and, as a consequence, have ridiculed.

"Thus do I know" babbles the mind of lilliputian stature when some scrap of knowledge finds lodgment with him.

"Thus have I heard" modestly exclaims the greater one when speaking of something of value that has come to him after days of intense concentration and aspiration.

The greater lights hesitate to noisily declare what may have come to them; knowing that it is but a fraction of that which is unknown. They may be likened to the polar traveler gazing over the vast untrodden paleocrystic ice field in the far north—that sea of ice which has defied all human effort to reach the Northern Goal.

We do well to ask the “giftie” to “gee” us that gift—precious among many—to “see ourselves as others see us,” for it is only by a true perception of our shortcomings that we can work for betterment intelligently, whether in the business or social life.

The material advancement of this country during the past decade has been marvellous—never perhaps paralleled in the world’s history. With this general advance in human activities, the people have advanced from mere generals to minute scientific particulars in all things.

The Realm of Conceit

With a progress as rapid as this it is not unnatural for some to be carried away in the realm of conceit and to miss thereby the possibility of expansion, in that such minds being self satisfied possess no view point of further possibilities of attainment. Hence does humility become helpful to us whether applied to the activities of religion, the home or the counting house.

There is a humility that accompanies knowledge and understanding—glorious in its lowliness. They tell of a Sage—one who had attained to a high state of consciousness through lofty meditation. They speak of him as having apologized to his Lord for having dared in meditation to “portray a form for Thee—Thou who art beyond the highest form that lives.” And again for having sung hymns to Him thus making “dim Thy speech defying power”. Or still again by bidding pilgrims “visit holy shrines to have made less Thy all pervading might.”

This is truly the highest possible concept of a majestic humility.

Such illumination from minds set firm on the greatest of all problems of Life—the

Science of Life—brings home to us in the great commercial arena here below—a caution to regard even our greatest knowledge as merely a “broken light” of the wider one that will come to us all in the fulness of time but which many imagine they have attained to already.

The great world of commerce runs the gamut of human emotion, and who of the best of us can grasp but the fringe of this wave of love and hate, joy and sorrow and the innumerable “pairs of opposites”—which stir up the minds of men at times past understanding.

Joy Work Best

True greatness lives on a plane of self abasement. The laborer is full worthy of his hire in whatever department of human labor he may be found; but the hope of reward that sweetens the labor of the true craftsman is less to him than the real joy of accomplishment.

The best of all human effort the world has ever seen has come from conscientious application for its own sake. The artist or craftsman working purely for monetary results will never paint a picture, write a line or evolve a practical idea that will live. A glance at the workmanship done for the mere love of it and to be seen in museums of Europe will give unmistakable evidence of this.

Only those whose very fibre is vibrating with their work will create the finer workmanship; they lose themselves in it and from that arises Humility, for they are less influenced by the shouts of the populace than with the joy of

“Something attempted, something done”

whether it be a horse well shod by “The Village Blacksmith” or a piece of handicraft from the workshop of one who has contributed to the race something useful, given in Humility and valued in proportion to the intensity of the honest love that called it forth as a crystallized idea.



Possibilities in Modern Country Life

BY RAY G. EDWARDS

RACIAL memory of the soil is strong in all of us; no matter how long we have lived on the hard stone pavements of the city, every man has the memory of long ages of toil, and sweat, and independence, and happiness, in the primitive pursuit that made man what he is. This racial memory shows itself in every boy and girl at some period. There is always the love of work in a garden, and of coaxing things to grow. Among rich and poor alike, the ideal condition for a happy old age is life in a garden, be it a gentleman's estate or only a humble cottage on an acre of ground.

It is as if every man realized that he at one time or another is paying too much for a living. Thoreau says, "The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which it is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." And again he says, "I am convinced that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pleasure, if we will live simply and wisely; the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial."

Country Conventions

Few people realize the wonderful changes that have taken place in the last fifty years, as a result of inventions and discoveries, in the rural communities of civilized nations. There is no isolation whatever to the man who works in his own garden anywhere within one hundred miles of a large city. Of course he may isolate himself if he pleases, here or anywhere else (even in a city), but he may have his morning newspaper, his telephone, his near-by school and town library of books and weekly reviews of current events; and if he is wise he will also have sanitary conditions about his place and will locate near a trolley line.

Then, with his improved methods of land cultivation, in gardening and horticulture, his wheel hoe and the free advice of the state experimental station and the department of agriculture at Washington, he may defy hard times, the tightness of the money

markets, the plagues of crowded city life, and the weakness resulting from inaction of all of the physical and mental (shall I say moral) powers, that make life such a burden. He may ask, "Am I earning a living, or just stealing it?"

It would be folly to advise all men, indiscriminately, to leave the city and go out in a garden. A man should carry with him a love of nature; should have eyes that see, ears that hear, and a receptive mind; that he may be able to recognize the life going on about him, and to look back on the other life and know that the lonesomeness of the crowd is the worst kind of lonesomeness.

It is almost impossible to convince people who work, either at the bench or in an office, eight and ten hours a day, that a living (and a better one) can be made on a few acres of land in one-third of the time. It seems too good to be true; people are not used to ease and opportunity for study and culture. It is therefore uncomprehensible. This is a sad state, to be sure. A little larger consciousness of the life going on in the garden districts of this country, and in Belgium, Japan, Isle of Jersey, and around Paris and Berlin, would make the mental faculties (of those who are able to think) do some pretty high-pressure convolutions.

Intensive Farming

One who has the A—R—E—A faculties developed will appreciate the possibilities of an area of land; that by cultivation it may be taught (if I may be allowed this word) to yield ten-fold, fifty-fold, even one-hundred-fold. I am quite as opposed to farming and farm life as any city cave-dweller, and for the following reason: A farmer only gets an average of something less than one cent's worth of grain crops from thirty square feet of land. A well-cared for garden will produce as great a value from one square foot. By intensive methods (as already practised) one-third of a square foot will yield the same value, and by greenhouse methods, under glass, the one-fiftieth part of a square foot yields

the same. So the man who thinks he is "cultivating" thirty acres of grain land, walks over, plows, harrows, hoes and harvests ninety times as much land as the intensive gardener, and has ninety times as many weeds to combat, for the same financial return. Surely the world does not yet know what prosperity and plenty mean.

What little prosperity we have, as a nation, secured, has been at the expense of future generations, for we have used more than our share of nature's resources, and cannot possibly keep up the pace for even one more generation. It is, therefore, time for the landward movement.

Develop the qualities of AREA in soil and the results are fully as surprising as their development in man. And the man in whom they are developed to a marked degree will the more readily convey these qualities to the soil. He will make fifty

blades grow where only one grew before. This man I call a world benefactor, and incidentally he has learned that life is worth living—because he has learned how. His development of the soil, and training things to grow, will in turn develop him and show him how to grow. He has, also, the time for study, which most men hope to have some day, maybe in old age, but the time never comes.

Whitman, in his Song of the Open Road, says:

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons: it is to grow in the open air and eat and sleep with the earth."

He saw, as with the seer's eye, the drift of civilization, and would divert it to the old and natural channel. I imagine that today he would help me cry, "Health, Honor and Happiness in Homes on the Land!"

Think of Jonah!

BY ROBERT W CLYDE

DID you ever stop to think of it? If Jonah had stayed with that whale we would never have heard of him again.

He came out all right, however, and did things worth remembering.

A salesman was over in an Indiana town, one day.—That is, the man was there, but the sales were not. The weather was exceedingly trying. The crops in the country were poor. Factories and shops were working on half time. There were several others, but Van Akin himself was the real cause. He was down in the mouth. He wrote a five page letter to the "House" and went to bed.

When Van came down next morning, later than usual, the clerk handed him a telegram. This is what he read, "When you're down in the mouth, just think of Jonah. He came out all right."

At first, Van laughed, just as you are doing now. The salesmanager who sent the message intended that he should laugh. Then Van grew serious; and that was according to the manager's plan, too. The sales-

man returned to his room. But just what happened in that room, perhaps no one but Van Akin will ever know. At any rate, "he came out all right." He took some samples under his arm, called on the trade and made sales. He is "high man" with his company now, with good prospects of becoming salesmanager at an early date.

The thing that gets a man over-board is not important. The particular brand of fish that swallows him is of no consequence. It may be despondency, discouragement, lack of initiative, doubt, fear, timidity or any other kind of fish. They are all lurking just beneath the surface, waiting with open maws for victims.

It's getting out that really counts. Jonah was in for three days and three nights, but according to the story he came out all right. It may take longer than three days and three nights, or it may take less; but get out of it, if you are down in the mouth. If you don't get out, your career is ended. If you do, your chances are better than ever.

Think of Jonah.



Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

Let us thank the fates, or whoever is responsible, for the "scoundrelly opposition." We should be grateful to those who oppose us. They serve as balancers, as governors. Those who oppose us in our cherished plans are our greatest friends. They put us on our mettle. They draw forth the best within us. Life would be a dead, cheerless, colorless thing were it not for the efforts we have to put forth in order to keep from getting trampled upon by the mob. Those who oppose us are our great co-operators. They assist us indirectly. They serve us as do the winds those ships whose sails are set to send them into the very teeth of the gale. Although no political party is perfect, the party in power would be very apt to abuse that power did not the leaders realize the watchfulness of the opposing parties. The business institution that will succeed best is the one that possesses one or two good fighters who refuse to accept everything as perfect. It flatters our vanity to have our friends tell us that we are great men and that we are almost ninety-nine and tenths percent perfect. But the friends who help us most are those who see us as we would see ourselves were we not too often blinded by the imitation sunshine of self-glorification. Our enemies are only our friends disguised. Most great men can trace backward and find that they received their success impetus from some opposing force. Poverty had driven many men into the palaces. Adversity is the test that discovers pure gold in men. Every man with a Great Purpose is confirmed in the belief that he has a Truly Great Purpose by those who tell him that his persistence along that particular line confirms them in their belief that he is a worthless loafer who is spoiling much fresh air by living. A salesman can only prove that he is a business scientist when some hard-headed buyer tells him that his house is a back-number and his goods a joke. Those who oppose our ideas are our employes. They take our ideas and either polish them or smash them. If they are strong enough to smash them we should be glad, because those ideas that smash so easily are not worth keeping. If ideas can stand the tests applied to them by the opposition they will stand the test of time. The man who complains that his failure to succeed is due to opposition is very apt, in many cases, to be too weak to succeed even without opposition. The joys of mountain climbing are not found on the summit. The joy comes from overcoming obstacles. And when the summit is reached, and we look back over our track, we shall find that the part of the journey that yielded the most joy was the part that was the hardest. Our hats off, then, to "the scoundrelly opposition."

Have this motto, you young fellows who have your eyes on Mastership; "This one thing I do." Have in mind that one thing you desire to do. Then do it better than anyone else in the world can do it. When you do that you will be recognized by the world as a master. You will not be *the* master of the world. No man ever will be that. But you will be one of the masters. You will be one of the men who is looked up to because you can render service by doing one thing best. There are men who have done great things in many lines. But the men whose names are brightest on the pages of history are men who did one thing in a masterly manner. Supposing Phidias, the master sculptor of the Grecian world, had tried to be a soldier, a philosopher, a navigator and an athlete. Do you think that his name would mean much to us today. Had Michael Angelo attempted to be a statesman and a soldier, we would probably not remember him now. Napoleon was a master military man. But would he have been that had he not concentrated upon that foolish branch of worldly activity. Demosthenes has never lost his reputation as the world's greatest orator, but, if the stories told of him are true, he became a master orator by concentrating upon the study and practice of oratory. Of course this does not mean that a man should not aim to have a solid all-'round education. But it does mean that no man can become a master success who aims to become a master Jack-of-all-trades. I once worked for a country newspaper editor who had taken a broken down business and had put such life into it that our paper was talked of everywhere as the best ever sent out from that town. But in an evil day Mr. Employer decided that he could make more money by dabbling in real estate. This did not work out well and, to save himself, he bought out a big store and tried to turn \$20,000 worth of stock into money in a few weeks. He failed. The result of these side excursions was the neglect of the newspaper business and it was not long until it was quite the thing to go without salary on Saturday. In the end came failure. And I am convinced of this, that that man could have made a great success of that newspaper property had he been sensible enough to concentrate. The young man ought to pick out some line of service that he can love with all his heart. Then, with ability, reliability, endurance and action, there is no reason on earth why Mastership cannot be obtained. Decide upon one thing to do and then do that one thing better than anyone else does it. All you need to do in making the selection is get an affirmative answer to the question, "Does this serve?" The world wants master service and is always willing to pay the price of Success to masters.

* * *

When Benjamin Franklin went to England it was after he had decided that a man could get a great deal of joy out of life and avoid intoxicating liquor. But this was something the English printers could not understand. Especially hard was it for them to understand that a man could be a good printer and abstain from strong drink. Not so many years ago a man could not hold up his head as a real salesman unless he "was one of the boys." But today the printer who is a drunkard is asked to remain away from all first-class print shops, and the traveling salesman who is afflicted with a strong affection for concoctions prepared by the chemist behind the polished bar is beaten to a standstill by the man who gives strong drink

absent treatment. But few of us have learned much about the science of eating. Most of us still hold to the idea that three heavy meals are needed every day in the year, and that to miss one of those meals calls for martyr-like suffering. A few leaders in food study have come to the front. They have tried to show us that we ought to take as much care of the human engine as we would of a six-cylinder car. They have shown us that the eating of three heavy meals every day is a habit, and that those who hold fast to that habit are digging their graves with their teeth. Men and women whose bodies are almost putrid with impurities are asked to fast. They are told that the human boiler is filled with clinkers, and that only a rest will clean it out. Of course no man can fast if he does it unwillingly. But anyone can fast if he holds before him the results that will be obtained. It is all a matter of mind. The salesman who eats in a different hotel every day, the merchant who drops into a nearby restaurant and bolts his food, the office employe who fills up on cake and sweet stuff simply because those foods cost less and dull the edge of appetite—all these are men who need a knowledge of the human engine. Most men assume that they have a stomach that will perform the duties which the stomach of the ostrich is said to perform. But they are mistaken. Too many of them do not find out this mistake until too late. Busy men are the ones who should pay special attention to health. Busy men are men who have much work to do. They are men the world needs. But the world cannot use them unless their bodies are healthy bodies, for no man can stay in the business world and take its hard knocks who is not a man of endurance. A man can afford to risk his money in a business, but he has no right to risk his health. The man without money but with a strong mind in a strong body should be happy. But the man with money and without health—well, happiness is not for him.

* * *

Before we can bring happiness to others we must be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide with us unless we confer it on others.—Maeterlinck.

* * *

You cannot convince me that Marconi was not filled to the brim with belief in himself during all those dark days before the wireless telegraph sent forth its first successful flash. Men laughed at him and called him a **Marconi** dreamer. And to the charge that he was a dreamer he could do **and Belief** nothing but plead guilty. He knew that all the men who have done great things have been dreamers. They have had imagination plus. But in addition to this imagination they have believed in their work. They have believed that there was certain work which they could do better than anyone else. And it is because of that belief that men have led the race forward. Pericles made Athens the greatest city of the ancient world because he dreamed a great dream and was practical enough to make it materialize. But he believed all the time that he, assisted by other strong men, could build and govern a city the like of which had never before existed on this cold planet of ours. Alexander Graham Bell gave us the telephone—for a consideration. But he would not have invented the telephone, nor would he now be spending his time and money striving to invent a practicable flying machine, were it not for an intense belief in his ability to make good. Great men are those who have an intense faith in their

ability to do one thing well. Great men are never to be found among those estimable gentlemen who are classed as Jacks-of-all trades. They specialize in one thing. They obey the command of Phidias, the sculptor of old, and stick to their last. They do not as shoemakers pose as masters of the science of military manouvering. Marconi saved several hundred lives not long ago because his wireless telegraph worked when a ship was sinking. Saving to the world those men and women and returning them to produce is a great thing. But that work could not have been done had Marconi not been a great dreamer blessed with a great belief in his own ability to do one thing well. I do not think that there is any force on earth that can keep a man who desires to become a master from reaching master-ship. He must know what he wants to do and then must center all his energies upon the doing of that one thing. He will meet with opposition. Friends will advise him that he is crazy to follow his own path. But to all of these he must merely return a smile and do what the inner voice tells him to do. Men who make a specialty of collecting advice never collect much that is worth while.

* * *

*Strong souls within the present live.
The future veiled, the past for got;
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
They bind what shall be to their will.*

—Lewis Morris.

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Once upon a time less than fifty years ago when I was feeling particularly chesty and filled with an intense longing for what I considered independence, I ran away from school and got a job as third assistant secretary to the janitor of a real estate office. The fellow who was blasphemously called The Chief Guy by the fresh office boy was making money by the barrel. The amount of business that man did was wonderful. He did so much business that he couldn't spend his money as fast as it came in the ordinary way. I remember the time when he bought enough ice cream for a Methodist church festival to supply all the natives who were willing to spend ten cents per dish. He had a horse that was the pride of the town. His home was fixed up in a style that made the wise interior decorators point to it with pride. In the course of a week or so, by working faithfully and disregarding the tale the clock told, I was promoted to the position of office boy. Glorious day. I was given a key to the office and was praised because I expressed a desire to come back at night and learn to operate the typewriter. I could see Success ahead of me spelled in gothic capitals. Finally there came a time when I was asked to sign some papers, just as witness, you know. I did. Well, after the crash came it was found that I had been the owner of some land that brought the boss about eighteen thousand dollars. I was somewhat surprised at this, but there was my name signed to the papers which conveyed said land to the heirs and assigns forever and the rest. And this land was located on the bottom of the Mississippi river. The fellow who had been mulcted out of that money was exceedingly angry—foolishly so when it was only eighteen thousand dollars he had lost. A mere bagatelle, you know. He wanted to do something to me. But with my usual playful Irish frankness I made him see that it was as hard on me to lose my job as it was for him to lose his money, so we shook hands and parted to meet no more, alas.

But I learned at that time—especially when my former boss went to prison for a long term—that signing papers just to oblige a nice man was no good as a steady success job. I have a foolish desire to know what is in a paper before affixing my copper plate signature. And I have learned since that a man who will sign checks ahead is far from being a hundred pointer as a business man. Or, to put it more diplomatically, his trust in humanity has been, as Mark Twain might say, greatly exaggerated. There are times, not only during leap year but at other periods, when it is wise to say “No” with much firmness, and any man who has not learned to recite that noble oration fluently should take a vacation and become letter perfect in it.

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Joy comes not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who seeks it for other people.
—H. W. Sylvester.

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If Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University could have his way, every insurance company in the country would spend thousands of dollars every year in giving their policyholders and prospects lessons in the care of the **Insurance Companies** body. It isn't to the advantage of the insurance companies to **May Preach** have folks die. The longer they live the more they will pay into **Health** the treasury. And besides, the longer they live in perfect health the more wealth they will produce. Dead men are not regarded as great producers, except as their bodies may be used for fertilizing purposes. But the human body fertilizer is considered too expensive for general use, and most folks have no special desire to be utilized for any such purpose. Most everybody would prefer to live, a fact which is proven by the antics of those who see Death peeking at them from around some nearby corner. Professor Fisher has figures which show that the death rate always falls when the quality and quantity of sanitation is improved. It is known that tuberculosis is preventable, and that one of the greatest preventives is fresh air. And it should be borne in mind that fresh air is not to be found in the noisome tenement districts, nor is it to be found in homes where cleanliness is not in good repute. Fire insurance companies are working all the time to have laws passed which will aid in preventing fires. Why should not life insurance companies work to secure adequate municipal health protection. We have a department of state, a department of justice, a department of agriculture, a department of war and another for naval affairs. Why not ask congress to authorize the establishment of a new department devoted to looking after the health of some ninety millions of persons in these United States?

* * *

For goodness sake, just because a few great men have reached success after struggling through poverty, do not think that poverty is a success essential. When a man like Lincoln goes from a cheerless cabin to a presidency we are apt to think that to be born and reared in a cabin is desirable. **Poverty** But it isn't. For one man who overcomes poverty and reaches the heights there are thousands who perish. You cannot tell me that a plant compelled to exist in a dark cellar for several months will on that account be superior to the plant that receives sunshine and the proper care and expect

me to believe it. Those who argue that poverty is a good thing are very apt to use that argument to prove that the poor devils out of work, living in squalid tenements; perhaps unable to provide food for starving babies, ought to be contented. David Harum won immortality by saying that a certain amount of fleas are good for a dog, they keep him from brooding on the fact that he is a dog. And so many of our easy-chair philosophers change this saying and make it apply to poverty stricken human beings. You see there is an infinite amount of goodness and beauty and wealth in this world. The trouble is with our distributing facilities. We have too much in one place and not enough in another. We know that conditions must be changed. We want better results. And certainly we ought to be open minded enough to consider every plan whose formulators and defenders bring to our attention. To many of us, hide-bound in narrowness, or perhaps made smug and content by an assured income, are apt to give scant attention to anything which will not materially add either to our fame or our income. Way down in our hearts, in spite of our loud voiced protestations, we are a selfish lot. We talk of service to humanity most glibly. But how many of us, in the last analysis, are willing to serve humanity if it involves great sacrifices? Of course we all say we are willing to serve in this way, and the chances are we all will resent even the slightest questioning of our earnestness. But when put to the actual test what will we do? We talk about poverty in an academic manner. But few of us care for the real truth. Analyzed right down to the bone, most of us, great and small, are a lot of selfish cowards.

* * *

As jewels are treasured in the casket, to be brought forth on great occasions, so should we preserve the remembrance of our joys, and keep them for seasons when special consolations are wanted to cheer the soul.—James Kirkpatrick.

* * *

Mr. C. Columbus was a most successful advertising man. He had an idea that with proper financial backing he could get certain results in a better way than they had been obtained before. His plan of campaign was so different that the other members of the Advertisers' Club voted him **Mr. C. Columbus** a leather medal as Chief Humorist. They thought that Chris was joking at first. At all their banquets they used to have him tell about his plan for getting Indian trade by going after it in just the opposite way from which the other fellows got their results. Finally the joke got old and, since Chris was trying to sell his services on his one plan without success, he was posted for non-payment of dues and was expelled. But just because he had to take an extra hitch in his belt every day to make up for shrinkage due to lack of food, Mr. C. Columbus did not lose heart. He figured out rightly, as behooved a first class ad man, that a big advertising proposition should be taken to the concern handling the right sort of goods, and backed by sufficient capital. Isabella and Ferdinand conducted quite an extensive business in a place in the wholesale government district. Thither went Mr. Columbus, his coat buttoned up to hide his dirty shirt. The office boy didn't want to let Chris in at first, but this rebuff had been anticipated, so Chris slipped into the hands of the boy the latest installment of the Diamond Dick novel, obtained especially for that purpose from the advertising manager of the sheet who liked Chris in spite of his queer notions. Isabella

was busy dictating to a fluffy haired stenographer, but finally Chris got attention and explained his plan. Isabella was impressed by the man's earnestness and belief in his plan, but refused to take any action without consulting the other partner of the firm. Ferdinand was drilling a bunch of green salesmen and made an appointment for the next day. Nothing was done, however, until after many meetings, but finally Chris got his advertising copy into shape and placed it in three periodicals. The Santa Maria, with a large guaranteed circulation, and The Pinta and The Nina, two smaller publications of good pulling power. The appropriation was not large enough to justify the taking of more space, since much money was required for the followup and for preparing the right kind of copy. Chris was a good advertising man and did not intend to risk his reputation and the success of the business by getting good space in the best periodicals and then making it useless by wishy-washy copy. Everybody who read Printer's Ink at that time knows that Chris and his campaign pulled big business. What more can be said?

* * *

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.—Elbert Hubbard.

* * *

More than once have I been taken to task for the cheerful cynicism of my thoughts on things. I have been accused of being too optimistic, and others have tried to get a half-nelson on me for my penetrating pessimism. On **Production and Destruction** both charges I plead not guilty and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. I am a hybrid—a personality born of the two. I believe it is John Kendrick Bangs who calls a hybrid of this kind a pessimop. Now, as has been said before, a pessimop is one with a stereoscopic vision whose eyes tell him the truth. He sees both the good and the bad. And, you know, a man must see both sides of a proposition in order to judge. The true salesman sees his proposition from the standpoint of the customer as well as from his own. A few years ago the best salesman was the fellow who could tell the greatest fairy tale about his goods. Lies passed as coins of equal value with truth. But a change has come. It was considered according to Hoyle to sell a blind horse to an unsuspecting purchaser a while ago. But the good salesman of today would tell of the blindness and demonstrate that in spite of that fault the horse is worth the price asked. It is often necessary to tear down before one can start to build. The seed that is planted in the ground is placed there to be destroyed as a seed, the planter being concerned only with the plant that will grow from it. What becomes of seed potatoes? Don't you think that there are many buildings that should be razed to the ground to give place to better buildings? Yet how can better buildings be erected before the old ones are torn down? Those who would bring about reform by only talking about the good and the beautiful are about as wise as those who would send white-clad maidens after lilies in a mill-pond and blindfold them so that they could not see the muck and the slime. Please excuse me, gentle sirs, when I humbly sit here and utter my protest against such asininity. Some folks prate so much about the joys of living that when Death steps in and

links arms with them or theirs without an introduction, they act like a scared child in a dark cellar filled with rats. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge may be bitter but it often serves as a mighty fine appetizer.

* * *

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

* * *

The star system of theatricals is undoubtedly a good one. It is unquestionably successful financially. But stars do not always understand that a star supported by stars is infinitely better off than one who is supported by players of mediocre ability. The actor or actress who objects to other players of ability appearing in their company is mentally obtuse. I was told of an incident that occurred in one of the big companies now on the road. A young lady who had been playing a minor part was cast for a certain character in a new play. In this she had one chance to make a hit. She happened to be a girl of beauty of face and form, and, naturally, when she went to the costumer she secured clothes which showed off both to the best advantage. She wanted to appear at her best. Her opportunity was small, but small as it was she desired to take the fullest advantage of it. But one day the star asked the costumer, "How will Miss Blake look?" The reply was "Stunning." That day the part was given to another actress of fewer physical charms. The star was afraid. Now it seems to me that it would have been infinitely better and wiser for that star to have considered the success of the production first of all. I cannot help but believe that the star doubted her own ability. Had she believed in her own powers, had she felt that she was playing the stellar role by virtue of her superior ability as an actress, she would not have begrudged one of her co-workers a fleeting moment of triumph. At best our triumphs are short lived.

* * *

On all occasions it is better to be a little more than tolerant, especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.—Landor.

* * *

The trouble with too many young fellows is this: They wait to grow up before undertaking serious work. I have never been able to discover what "to grow up," in the sense in which they use it, really means. Many young men have ideas. They see clearly what they wish to do. They are filled with enthusiasm. They feel confident of success. With their visions and their dreams they approach an older man—a man whose judgment, so they believe, will enable them to decide what is best to do. And this man uses his judgment to shatter the ideal of a youth, doing it recklessly and remorselessly and cold-bloodedly. The young man may attempt to defend his position, but the older man will wave arguments aside as a country boy would thistle down floating in the air before him. "Ah, you enthusiastic young men," he will say, "how full of color are your enthusiasms, your plans, your dreams. You think this plan of yours is one great enough to be worth your serious attention. Believe me, my boy, and take this advice as from a man who has lived in this world

longer than you, you are wrong. You are too radical. This was never done before. You'll think differently on this subject when you are forty." Then he goes off content with his work, just as a spider goes on after devouring a fly. Some young men may be crushed by this advice. But those who are crushed lacked that belief in themselves and their idea that one who would succeed must have. Had Napoleon asked some of the old generals if he could become a master military man of all ages the chances are they would have laughed at him. In fact was not Napoleon the laughing stock of his companions for years? At a country fair once I heard a man tell a friend that he was going to bet five dollars on the bay. The friend laughed at him and told him he was too young to pick a winning horse and to put up his money on the black. The bay won. I learned at that time that the judgment of those who give us nothing but advice is not always to be taken at par value. That you will hold different ideas at forty than you do at twenty is certain. As Stevenson says, "To hold the same ideas at forty as at twenty is to confess to standing still for a score of years." And Emerson says, "Trust yourself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." And in the Kasidah you will find:

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause,
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

* * *

*In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained; knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"*

—Lowell.

* * *

It is only a man of strong personality that can spend four years in college and escape with much originality. Of course some do. But those who do are the exceptions. They pursue culture, and culture turns back on them when they are rounding some corner and throttles the life out of them. Too much culture is as bad as no culture at all. I once heard of a young artist whose work was startling in its originality. His career promised to be brilliant. He was a daring, dashing sort of a man in his drawings. They were different. But in an unlucky hour he fell in love with a rich girl and married. She had a certain position in society to maintain. She wanted him to help her maintain it. He met cultured people. They were correct. But they were not the kind that could draw fire. They were masters of the art of avoiding friction. The artist became a slave to that environment. His work lost its freshness, its daring, its beauty of life and color. It became conventional, correct, unobjectionable, just like the society in which it was produced. In college it is the same. The professors, only a few of whom are really original and worth while, seem to be in a conspiracy against originality. They bow before precedent. They are strictly conventional. They live so as to offend neither God, man or the devil. They spend their lives in floating on the lake of life in such a way as to make no ripples. And it is to these men that we send young men and women who give promise of doing something worth while in a different and, perhaps, better manner! There is such a thing as giving children too fine a training. The

evidence of critics is that musicians too finely trained never equal in power those who, like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Brahms, Schubert sprang from folk who knew poverty and the struggle of life. To temper steel the metal must be drawn from the fire at a certain time. To keep the edge of originality students must get away from what is called culture in time, else they will become unobjectionable, smug, content, conventional nincompoops. They will never be trusted with the lighting of any cannon cracker that will attract the attention of the world. All they will draw are the "sizzers."

* * *

Our grand business is, not to SEE what lies dimly at a distance, but to DO what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

* * *

Ages ago, if the society notes of that period may be believed, it was strictly according to Hoyle for a man whose neighbor had something he desired to go out and tap that neighbor more or less gently upon the head with a war-club. Thus when one skin-clad native captured an ichthyosaurus, or some other game of that delightful period, and dressed it so that it might qualify for cold storage society, another skin-clad native, who did not much like the preliminary work attending the capturing and dressing, felt perfectly free to prove his right to the desirable property by making it possible for Native Number One to visit the heaven that was most popular at that particular stage of human evolution. A little later, when two or three natives wanted the same thing, they would combine and work together. Later on tribes were formed and one tribe would fight another most patriotically. After a while one tribe became so strong that it ruled many tribes. Then the nation was born. Strong nations conquered weaker ones. The number of independent nations is growing less all the time. After a while, when folks realize what commonsense there is in co-operating, national barriers will be torn down and intercourse between nations will be as free as it is today between states. An American today is very apt to think that an Englishman is a sort of an unfortunate fellow, and that Frenchmen and Germans belong to the lesser breeds. But commonsense tells us that this isn't true, any more than it is true that a man born in New York is better on that account than a man born in Montana. As Bobbie Burns would say, "A man's a man for a'that." England is superior to the United States in some things. So are Germany, Russia, Spain, Japan and the rest. And the United States is superior to these same countries in other things. No nation is perfect any more than any individual in any nation is perfect. Achilles was a great fighter and was considered invulnerable. But he happened to have a weak spot in the heel—probably due to his failure to heed O'Sullivan's advertising—and was wounded there. Our task is to show individual men that they can secure true success only by co-operating. When birds fight in a nest one or two may be kicked out and get killed. When partners, either in matrimony or business, fight the breakers of Failure are close ahead. The football team that wins is the team made up of men who co-operate and play teamwork. Before all men of all nations can get a square deal the majority will have to learn the lesson of co-operation.

Some men act as if the weight of the world rested upon their shoulders. They assume that the world wants them to act as Atlas is reported to have done in mythological days. But the world really doesn't. The world would manage to get along quite well without any of them. Every once in a while some great man dies. Perhaps it is some scientist or poet or inventor or philosopher. The world treats them all alike. The world thanks them for the good work they have done by writing a few books about them or erecting a monument or two in their honor. And that's all. Yet these men who have died could have lived for many years had they not undertaken the job of shouldering the world. The point I want to make here is that it really does not pay any man to kill himself. Nature never demands that sort of service. Nature knows that a live man is of far greater service than a dead one in the majority of cases. One of the great success qualities is earnestness, and faith is another that is worth as much. But earnestness and faith can be carried beyond the point of commonsense. Some men are so much in earnest that they resemble the Scot into whose head, as Barrie tells us, a joke can only be inserted with the help of a surgical operation. These men miss the joys of life. They miss the delightful easeful hours that men who live sanely enjoy. Always they walk about as though upon their hearts as well as upon their shoulders rested a grievous burden. I take it that man's mission here upon earth is to be happy, and that any man who is not happy, and who is unhappy because of his own whim, is neglecting the work for which he was placed here. I believe, too, that the happy man who can make the greatest number of his fellow men happy is the greatest man of his age. Of course this argument is not at all in line with the ideas of those who think the money kings are the great men of the world, for to them the greatest men are those whose business affairs have been conducted in such a manner that they have acquired great wealth. I'll grant you that a man can have great wealth and still be a happy and successful man. The man whose money is earned through service to his fellow men is the man before whom all sane men must bow. The man who serves is the man who makes happiness. Such a man is a great servant. To him there is nothing more sacred than the brotherhood of man, unless, perhaps, it is this Something which we call the fatherhood of God—that spiritual force which expresses itself through natural law. Natural law will take care of the weight of the world. The only load of which no man can get too much is Happiness—and that is a load which grows greater as those who have it endeavor to give it away.

* * *

Here is a funny thing. I know a man who used to drink like the proverbial inhabitant of the deep. He knew how to mix every drink on the list, and, in his sober moments, was able to tell exactly what effect each one would have upon him. Then he reformed. And when he got that reformation bacilli into his system he swung away across the pivotal point. The language he used in describing men who would descend so low as to drink was most fearful and wonderful. He would walk blocks out of his way to avoid a drunken man, or else he felt it his bounden duty to go up to this man and call him all the names that a gentleman avoids using. Now that is a funny thing, don't you think? And here is another funny thing.

A friend of mine used to smoke. As a smokist he was a star—one of the biggest in the constellation. He could talk learnedly about the grades of tobacco, and he never was guilty of smoking a cigar given him by a politician. And he reformed. Now, the hatred that man has for every other unreformed smoker is hatred of the intense kind. And that is funny, too. Did you ever stop to think that we are a lot of cheap reformers when we have analyzed ourselves. We commit all the sins forbidden by all the commandments. Something happens. We get religion, fall in love, or acquire a Purpose. Then we have our eyes open to the enormity of certain pet sins of ours. We stop them. Then we see that our friends still commit those same sins. We wonder why they do not stop also. We try to get them to stop when they fail to do it unassisted. Perhaps they tell us to mind our own business. Then we hate them. We talk about their faults. We growl at them when we meet them. And that is funny. The rake becomes the ascetic. The man whose life has been one grand conflagration changes around and ever after lives in Stygian darkness. In fact most of us miss stopping on the pivotal point. The Roman Catholic feels that the Baptist is without the fold. The Capitalist fights the Labor Man. The Individualist has no time for the Socialist. The man who drinks hates the fellow who flaunts the white ribbon. The Gideon is apt to think that the traveling man who sits down in the lobby and talks politics, Sunday night, instead of attending the bible meeting, is slated for hades. And so we go. We rush and shy a brick at our neighbor, and if we escape getting hit with a brick ourselves it is only because no one has thought us worth attention. Get this truth: We all live in glass houses. When our neighbor doesn't know he is out in the rain there is another way of calling his attention to the fact than by knocking him down with a paving block.

* * *

*Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there;
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.*
—Robert Browning.

* * *

When mother used to “put up” berries and preserves she never used anything but the very best. She never used any adulterants that would merely serve as disguises to hide the lack of quality. She strove to make every-
Making Qual- thing absolutely clean and sweet and pure. You see she was pre-
ity Goods paring those things for her family and her friends. She loved both. She was not making those things for the sole purpose of selling them at a profit. She made those things for her own use and for the use of those whom she loved to serve. It would be too much to ask you to imagine a mother adulterating foods to be used by her family just because, perhaps, she might prepare those things at a little less cost and thus save some money which might later be used for an Easter hat or something. You know that the brotherhood of man idea is best exemplified in the family. It is seldom that one hears of brothers fighting against one another, and one of the greatest horrors of the Rebellion was the way families were divided between the blue and the gray. Books

have been written upon this theme alone. But it doesn't seem to have reached the hearts and minds of the millions that this fight between brother and brother is going on today in all parts of the world. And it is hard to understand why the majority does not see that the reason brothers are fighting this way is this: They want profits. Manufacturers do not imitate the mothers who prepare only the best foods for their families. Only a few of them have reached a point where they realize that quality service is the only service truly worth while. The majority still grovel on the black plain of ignorance. Their sole cry is for profits, and to get profits they are willing to poison their brothers. To get profits they are willing to sacrifice the bodies and souls of countless thousands of little children. To get profits they permit sweat shops to exist. To get profits in their great stores they sacrifice the virtue and the purity of their sisters. Do you think that these commercial horrors would exist if men were on that cosmic height from which they could look down upon themselves and upon all other men and see that they are all parts of one whole, and that profits which do not result from honest service are spattered with blood? Education alone will make men see this. But that they will awake some day and have the vision of the universal brotherhood break upon them is the commonsense dream of the great business men, the great writers, the great philosophers of today, just as it has been the dream of the few thinkers of the ages that have swept by. The number of dreamers is growing year by year. Has this dream of beauty brightened your life?

* * *

*And so I sometime think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
The nest and porch and hearth and church
Repeat "Thy will be done."*

—Whittier.

* * *

I don't like Leonard Smith. He insists on telling the truth. He will persist in seeing things as they are. What most of us want is truth sugar-coated. We want Truth put up in capsule form so that we can shut our eyes, **Flyspecks on Masterpieces** gulp a couple of times, roll our eyes and thus get the stuff into our system under a species of false pretense. Leonard Smith edits "The Silent Partner," a house organ that has walked right in where Fate keeps reputations and has helped itself to a big one of the best kind of quality. But I am quarreling with Smith because he insists on telling the truth about some of the Big men who have acted in such a way that they simply could not keep their names out of the papers of history. There is Alexander, the man with the castoria cry, who is reported to have worried himself to death because there were no more worlds within shipping distance that he could conquer. As a matter of fact this great warrior was something of a sport and specialized at burning the candle at both ends and the middle. That, however, does not detract from the reputation he made as a fighting man of the heavy-weight variety. I know several more things about Aleck that I might tell, but I detest gossip. But here comes Smith with the story that George Washington used to answer Martha's invitations and say "the president hopes you are quite well." The fact that this crime has been proven on George sort of detracts from the value of that cherry tree yarn.

But somehow it really doesn't affect the greater fact that Washington led the colonists to victory, nor does it lessen our regard for him as our first president. And Franklin—to speak the truth Benjamin was a gay dog and did live a g. l. (gay life). But goodness me, didn't he prepare the way for Edison, and how can we forget that he rendered service to this nation which we cannot forget if we would. Colonel George Harvey calls Lincoln the greatest man the world has ever produced—a statement which speaks much for Col. Harvey's imagination but not for his commonsense. And Lincoln, we learn, loved stories of a saffron hue. But this little fly-speck upon the masterpiece does not cause us to hold in less reverence the man who steered this country through those dark days of the rebellion. It comes to me that we are apt to pay far too much attention to the flyspecks on the masterpieces of today and cover with too much of the color of charity the specks upon the masterpieces of the past. We are far too apt to regard those who have done great things and died as made of a finer clay than those who are doing great things today. We swing too far beyond the pivotal point. We cover with roses the corpse when in life we denied a bud to the living man. No man has arrived at Perfection. But I believe the majority are traveling in that direction. The masters are those who are guiding us along the way. And they often stumble.

* * *

"My young friend," said the corn-fed Philosopher to the brand-new graduate, "while there are doubtless countless positions you are fit for, it is well to remember that the soft job is not so apt to fall to the man who's fit for it as the man who's fought for it."—"The Fighting Chance."

* * *

Up in Minneapolis lived Tom Lowry who was a man of faith. There was a time when he was but a struggling attorney—I hope I use the correct expression.

But this was many, many years ago. He was born in Logan county, Illinois, in 1843, and was admitted to the bar in 1867, **A Man Who Believed** opening his first office in the city of Minneapolis. It was in 1875 that Mr. Lowry became connected with the street railway company. He became interested because he owned real estate in the suburbs the value of which would be boosted were the cars to run out that way. The company was in a bad way. It did not seem possible that it would ever amount to much. Debts were piled as high as hump on a camel, and it was only by the cleverest manipulation that the pay roll could be met. Faith in the future of Minneapolis was not so bright that it could be used as a street illuminant. Lowry was one of the few who tried to supply the deficiency. He had faith plus. In fact he had enough to share with everybody. No one could talk to him without making him fairly exude faith in Minneapolis and in the street railway. Lowry had a constructive imagination. He could look forward and see the city grown great. That is why when he became president—probably because no one else would have the job—he was willing to work like a galley slave to overcome the difficulties which beset the concern. His faith never faltered. He knew his company would win out. His faith was so strong that he even became personally responsible for the payment of the debts of the railway company. Time and time again it looked as if nothing could save the concern from destruction. Lowry passed through many "times that try men's souls." Usually we look upon a successful corporation as

a creature to be hated. Too often we fail to remember the service corporations render. We are apt to hate that which is great—our hate usually prompted by jealousy. To many thousands of Minneapolis folks Tom Lowry appeared as a very lucky man—a man especially favored of the gods. They did not know the work and the planning and the worrying that Lowry had to do during the dark days. But he became a success. And this success was his because he was a man of faith—a man who believed. Faith is more than a parlor quality, and it is not made especially for use in a church. Faith is most certainly a commercial asset.

* * *

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.—Franklin.

* * *

“Stability,” said the foolish philosopher, “is the quality of remaining put.” This is a great success quality. No man can be a great salesman, a great executive, or a great anything else unless he possesses that quality. The man who “stays put” is a dependable man. When he gives his word

Stability that a certain thing will be done, that thing will be done. He carries the coins that are Caesar’s to Ceasar. I know of men who are mere animated weather vanes. They change as the wind changes. Women are said to lack stability, but far be it from me to charge them with instability. I do not believe in taking foolish risks. But I know men and women whose opinions are the opinions of those with whom they talked last. You will hear it said, “Yes, Wallace is a man of great ability. He has brains. But he lacks a balance wheel. He is here today and there tomorrow. We cannot depend on him.” Stability and a foolish consistency are two different things. “A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,” wrote the Sage of Concord. But the stable man is not afflicted with foolish consistency. When he changes his mind he has a reason. He is governed by commonsense, and commonsense is one of the greatest governors there is. The man of stability is a man who will change his mind when he is shown. But he has to be shown. He wants to know why. He will not take as true everything everybody says to him merely because everybody says it. His faith is no foolish faith. The great executive must be a man of stability. This does not mean that he must be stubborn, or as one would call him in classic language, “pig-headed.” But it does mean that one officer of the company cannot vitiate the proposed plans of all the other officers by waiting until the last before talking to the president. The weather vane man is the man without a destination. He is like a rudderless ship in midocean. He is at the mercy of every wind and wave. Turkey is called the sick man of Europe. This is due to the fact that the officers of the ruler lack stability. They strive to tell Mr. Sultan what they think he would like to hear instead of the truth. As mental contortionists they have every other species of statesmen backed off the platform. They move about to keep in the spotlight of the Sultan’s smile. But if that Sultan should be killed during the night and another take his place on the throne, the weather-vane courtiers would still be doing business at the old stand. The stable man is the man the business world wants. He has opinions and is willing to fight for them. Just as the Irishman who said he would have harmony if he had to scrap for it. The stable man is no human jumping flea. He “stays put.”

The old time doctor was one who was called in to nurse back to health one who had offended against the laws of health. The doctor of the future will be the preventive physician. His duty will be to tell one how to live in harmony with health's laws. The lawyer of yesterday was one who was called upon to defend and save from punishment one who had offended against the laws of society. The lawyer of the future will be the counsellor whose duty it will be to show his clients how to do business according to the dictates of the square deal. The lawyer will play a more important part in the business world in the future than he has in the past. Today some of the greatest men in the world of trust finance rose from the ranks of men of the law. Judge Gary, after whom that "city of a thousand short-cuts"—Gary, Indiana—was named attained financial success through his knowledge of the law. Elihu Root has never been anything but a lawyer, but he has been one whose fees aggregated \$300,000 a year. Many lawyers who have become stars in the financial heavens did not attain their position by working along ethical lines. They have worked so that their clients might steer away from prison. They have not always asked, "Is this the right thing to do?" But the big ethical lawyer of tomorrow will be a square deal man. Not only will he advise his clients to obey the laws of society, but he will also advise them to obey the greater natural laws. He will be a business advisor of the highest grade. His gospel will be the gospel of the golden rule. Lawyers and business men may tell you that this is a dream. They may tell you that to live according to the golden rule is an impossibility. And they are right. They will continue to be right in that position as long as they and the majority of other men and women think that way. Men cannot live according to the golden rule until they think according to it.

* * *

It is the mental attitude that does it—the attitude of courage, good cheer, health, strength and kindness! The man who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid, is rich, for all good things are his by divine right.

—Fra Elbertus.

* * *

Professor E. A. Ross was once a leader in the teaching of sociology in Leland Stanford University in California. But, being a progressive thinker, and having the courage and the common sense to air his honest convictions, he was ousted because a woman who held the purse strings thought his views radical. And to have thoughts which the mediocre deem radical is a crime, goodness me. Socrates was a radical philosopher, so his neighbors asked him to have a drink of hemlock. The colonists who fought the war of independence were radicals. Garrison was a radical. Ingersoll was a radical. Roosevelt is a radical. But of radicals and what they have done for the advancement of the race I shall write another time. Just now I want to say that I ran across Professor Ross on a train not long ago, and in the course of our talk he told me that he could make many hundreds of dollars every year writing for the magazines on sociological subjects if he were willing to give out anything but the best. And it should be understood that Professor Ross writes for the best magazines in the country when he does write. He does not beg for publishers. "When I write an article I am sure it contains my best thought before

**Ross:
Quality
Worker**

I send it out. Every article that has appeared has been kept by me for months after the first draft was made. I am continually revising and polishing. The result of this method of writing is that I am prepared to fight for every thought I express in speech or writing. I believe in building solidly. I agree with you that it is quality that counts and not quantity." I have a notion that if we can get enough folks thinking about quality the time will come when manufacturers will produce quality goods. I know that the time will come some year or other, when the majority of customers will not ask, How cheap? but will ask, How good? The wise manufacturer will bear this in mind in planning for the years ahead.

* * *

Have confidence in yourself; get the idea into your cranium that you can do as well as your competitor, and then prove it.—Albright.

* * *

When Time has balanced the Book of Life and made the proper entries in red, it will be found that those only will have unimpaired credit who have lived their lives as real men. The English does not allow us such words as the Romans used in distinguishing between real men and human beings. For the first they used "Vir"—from which we derive our virtue. For the other "Homo" served. There have been millions of human beings classified under the genus homo, but you can almost count on your fingers those found under Virtuous Men. And a truly virtuous man is one who lives his life according to natural law—a law so great that no philosophy or creed has ever successfully embraced it. Those alone scoff at it who offend against it. And those who hate it are those who do not understand. It is common for us to hate that which we do not understand. Puny men scoff at the idea of living according to natural law. They say it cannot be done. They do not know for they have never tried it. Men who have earnestly made the attempt have succeeded a wee bit—just enough to permit them to sense the joys that come to those who succeed much. Most of us are better than our confessions. Even in our work we often fear to put forth our best. We fear that we will be misunderstood. And, so the philosopher says, to be great is to be misunderstood. We cry for more light when we do not make use of the light we have. We ask for more power when through us would flow a world moving power if we would permit it. Too often we fear the laughter and the scoffs and the jibes, forgetting that men who have done great work through all the ages have been men who received much of their pay in laughter and scoffs and jibes from the ignorant. Why do not all of us understand that no men are selected as saviours by an arbitrary power. Men who have accomplished much have merely worked in harmony with certain natural laws—they permitted the divine to express itself through them in certain channels. Surely some of you have lived through moments when you were filled with a power that seemed too great for you to control. You have trembled under this power. Yet during that moment the world and its petty problems appeared before your eyes like the toys of little children. These moments of exaltation come seldom, last for a moment, an hour, a day at a time. Then they vanish apparently leaving you weaker, but really leaving with you a greater strength than you had ever before possessed. True men are those who hold fast to these divine moments and express the power that comes to them in service to humanity.

Analysis of Poster Advertising

BY MERRITT POST

IN ITSELF

Nature—An outdoor display advertising medium.

Use—To promote the sale of goods.

Efficiency.

1. Power of compelling attention:
 1. Size.
 2. Colors.
 3. Pictures.
 4. Terseness of copy.
 5. Position with reference to theatrical posters.
2. Suggestiveness:
 1. Persistent reiteration of the same suggestion.
 2. Power to arouse interest and develop desire.
3. Flexibility:
 1. Concentration.
 2. Change of location.
 3. Change of posters.
4. As an auxiliary medium:
 1. For the reinforcement of newspaper and other advertising.
 2. For augmenting the salesman's efforts.

History and development:

1. Commercial posting the outgrowth of successful circus methods.
2. Circuses still the largest users of posters.
3. Development of billposting service.
4. Adoption of a uniform system of sizes for posters.
5. Organization and growth of the Association.

The poster:

1. Design.
 1. Suggestiveness.
 2. Adaptability.
2. Materials.
 1. Paper.
 2. Inks.
3. Construction.
4. Art work and coloring.
5. Methods of production.
 1. Lithograph.
 2. Zinc etching.
 3. Wood engraving.
6. Quality.
7. Comparison with rival goods.
 1. In art work.
 2. In method of production.
 3. In construction.
 4. In promptness of delivery.

IN ITS RELATION TO THE CUSTOMER

Adaptability to his line of business:

1. In his relations with branch houses and agencies.
2. In his relations with the retailer.
3. As a medium of general publicity.

4. Recognition of posters advertising by his competitors.

As to rival advertising media:

1. Painted bulletins.
 1. Class of art work.
 2. Flexibility.
 3. Time of contracts.
 4. Arrangement of contracts.
 5. Cost.
2. Newspapers and magazines:
 1. Not limited to periodical circulation.
 2. No waste circulation.
 3. Circulation not limited to subscription list or sales.
 4. Position of advertisement with reference to the reader.
 5. Cost.
3. Street cars and elevated roads.
 1. Not limited to users of this kind of transportation.
 2. No fare to pay in order to see them.
 3. Size and attractiveness.
 4. Cost.
4. Cost and terms.

Service.

Territory covered.

Classes of service.

1. Listed and protected display.
 1. Lists of locations.
 2. Protection to posters.
 3. Renewal of damaged posters.
2. "As Chance May Offer" display.

Associated billposters of the United States and Canada.

1. Individual members responsible to the Association.
2. Service of members guaranteed.

(Name of Company)

1. Licensed solicitors for the Association.
2. Home office ———; branches ———.
3. Whole force of the organization devoted to poster advertising.
4. Training and experience of employes in this specialty.
5. Our relations with billposters.
6. Financial resources.
7. Prompt payment of bills.
8. The Chicago office.
 1. Personal experience.
 1. From the billposter's standpoint.
 2. As a buyer of billboard space.
 3. Advantageous conditions under which experience was gained.
2. Extensive acquaintance with the billposting trade throughout the country





A Drummer Boy at Marengo

BY H. B. MYER

AT the battle of Marengo, after sustaining for four hours the fierce onslaught of superior Austrian numbers, the French turned and fled. At this juncture, was seen advancing over the plain, with banners waving and trumpets sounding, the head of the columns of Desaix, who had heard the cannonading a score of miles away, and without waiting for orders, hastened to the relief of Napoleon.

"Beat a retreat," said an officer to one of the drummers of Desaix. "Beat a retreat?" replied the drummer, "I do not know how to beat a retreat. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge—Oh, I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids. I beat it at Mt. Tabor. I beat it at the Bridge of Lodi. May I not beat it here?"

The charge was beaten and Desaix, with his six thousand men, was soon attacking the whole Austrian army, with the result that victory rested that day with the French arms.

A Marengo in Every Life

A Marengo comes to the life of each individual—not once, but perhaps a thousand times. We have all passed through such battles, but not always did we beat a charge. It is comparatively easy to face the enemy in the field of open conflict surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of war. Then the inspiration of the moment gives one courage to do and dare, and under such conditions one is aware that the act of bravery may be preserved in song and story. But the real strength of a man is seen in the conflicts with himself or with adverse conditions. These are the Marengoes that are fought daily in the silence of our thoughts and at such times more strength, fortitude and Spartan-like courage are often required than ever faced leaden bullet or glistening bayonet. Such things are not displayed on the page of

the historian. They do not go to make up the news dispatches of the day, but that in no way detracts from their effect, for each additional victory gives added strength to the individual and will be reflected in his daily work.

Don't Beat A Retreat

Just imagine for a moment the effect on any business organization if each of the employes were imbued with the spirit of the drummer boy at Marengo, and each employe has the opportunity to beat a charge just the same as if on the field of battle. He can do it by observing the small matter of being punctual, in being initiative and in improving his work each day. The salesman can turn his retreat into a charge by calling on those dealers which he did not see on his last trip, or by stopping at those two or three small towns which he had been inclined to pass by. The employer can occasionally beat a charge by taking a little more human interest in some of his faithful employes, who perhaps have scarcely heard from him a word of kind regard in the last year. In fact, if everyone connected with the firm would catch the spirit of beating a charge, the whole organization would at once move forward with the irresistibility of a solid phalanx, and it would become a new power in the business world.

Now a charge cannot be beaten unless there is an object in view—something to be accomplished, and when that is done our work is by no means finished. We have only a new starting point from which to proceed toward greater things. If the mechanic has, by virtue of good service and close attention to work, reached the point where he has six men under him, that is good. But why stop at six men? Why not make it six hundred or six thousand? The man who has six thousand men under him does not have any more faculties and qualities than the man

who has six. He only exercises his personal powers to a greater degree. He never allowed himself to retreat, but he always beat a charge, and as a result, he never stopped advancing.

The same parallel can be drawn with other lines of endeavor. The point is, keep moving forward. It is the easiest thing in the world to beat a retreat, but when this is done one finds himself in the ranks of mediocrity which are filled to overflowing. It is only by repeated charges and victories that

one acquires the reputation that distinguishes him as a member of the "Old Guard," and such men are required in the world of business as much as they ever were on the field of battle.

By reason of such conflicts, therefore, do we see the only reason why one individual is stronger than another, why one firm is stronger than another, and why one nation is stronger than another. In the last analysis it all reverts to the individual—whether he beats a charge or seeks refuge in a retreat.

Let Them Know You're On Deck

BY DAN REFLAND

WHEN John Danforth—call him that, for this big business man objects to publicity—when John Danforth started in he was a plain, garden variety of clerk in P. D. Armour's office. That was a good many years ago.

He plugged at his job for about a year, getting more restless all the time because he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Working early and late, studying over the business, going out of his way to shove himself ahead, didn't seem to do him any good. His \$12 per didn't grow at all, and he kept right on clerking the same clerical work every day.

Suddenly one day he startled the office by appearing in one of the black-and-yellow "flashers" that were the rage among the sports of the day. The office force gasped; "Wait," they said, "until Mr. Armour comes in." For P. D. was a stickler for plainness and simplicity; no "flashers" for him.

Sure enough, before Armour got his coat off he spotted that brilliant suit adding sums in the middle of the first row of desks. "Send that fellow to me," he commanded; and "the force" looked pityingly as the "flasher" strode over to the chief's desk.

"What do you mean by coming down to work in that rig?" roared the packer king. "Why, you're making yourself as conspicuous as a zebra in a team of draft horses; you're attracting the attention of everybody in the place."

Instead of wilting and stammering an apologetic promise of sartorial rectitude in the future, Danforth came back at him with all the nerve he had. "That's just what I'm

wearing this 'flasher' for, Mr. Armour, he said. "I've been plugging away here for months, and nobody's noticed me. So I decided that if I couldn't attract attention any other way, I'd make myself conspicuous by my clothes, and then maybe somebody would give me a chance to make good at something better than a mere clerk. This 'flasher' has served its purpose if you give me that chance."

A month later when the increase of business created a new job "higher up," the "clerk of the flasher" was put in to fill it.

The story's as true as its moral, if you want to prove either of them. But proving the moral will do you more good.

Put on the Face of a Winner

GO in with the face of a winner and your battle's half won," advised old John L. Sullivan when an aspiring pugilist asked him how to fight to win.

And John L. had proved it. The "fighting face" which he wore as he climbed through the ropes filled his antagonist with such misgivings that "Warhorse John" had his man half beaten before the gong sounded.

What's true in pugilism is true in the business fight. The man who looks the winner usually is.

Jack Anderson had not always been sales manager of that clothing house. Oh no, he was stranded in Chicago five years ago, with nothing but a good suit of clothes, a one case note and his nerve.

While spending two bits for breakfast he read the want columns, and then put two more into a shave and a shine. Then he went after a job as suburban salesman for a wholesale clothing house.

When the doorman told him the job was filled, he gave the old Swede the last half dollar and told him to show him to the manager anyway.

"Weren't you told that this job's filled?" asked the busy boss.

"Yes, I was told that the job was filled," said Anderson, "but I wasn't told that it was filled by the right man. I haven't seen the other man, and you hadn't seen me, so I'm putting it up to you to give yourself a chance at me and me a chance at you. You'll do it, won't you?"

"I like your nerve, anyway," said the boss,

as he sized Jack up, from his neat shoes to his smooth face, with the confident air that indicated a man who could do things radiating from him everywhere in between.

And the other fellow was told he was on the waiting list for the next job.

The fellow who comes sneaking up to the merchant with his selling proposition isn't in it with the hearty fellow who marches up with the confident air of the man who has won and can win again; he sells the goods.

Try it yourself; play the game as if you'd played it before and had won; play it as if any time you started in to win it was all over but the shouting.

If you do, you'll have more of the shouting coming your way.

Hope On!

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

HOPE: A desire of some good, accompanied with a belief that it is attainable.

That is the definition the dictionary gives. And Desire, if it is strong enough, usually attracts its object.

The trouble with most of us is that, when we *do* hope for better things, we hope half-heartedly, half-doubtingly.

No weak, worn-out magnet will attract steel. We are all *human* magnets, with this advantage over the other kind: we can renew, *by the compelling force of our own will*, this subtle power of attraction.

Maybe you don't believe that. Well, there's the seat of the trouble—you don't *believe*. You are hoping, but you are using the negative influence of *doubt* to counteract and destroy the attracting influence of that hope.

In the business office of a big metropolitan newspaper I met a fellow the other day who had come there to insert an advertisement under the head of "Situations Wanted—Male." This fellow is an accountant. He is employed, but at a salary that affords his wife and children a mere existence.

"Think of it!" he said. "Here am I, an expert accountant, slaving away for fifteen dollars a week." Then he sighed, and con-

tinued: "Oh, well; that's the way of the world. Guess I ought to be glad I've got a job at all. There's no use hoping for better days."

And right there you have the secret of that man's position in the world. It is his *mental attitude* that is responsible, to a great extent, for his position and environment.

"There's no use hoping." That is the cause of so many failures—the reason why so many men fall short of the happiness the wise Creator intended should be theirs.

There *is* use in hoping. Get that, please. *There IS use in hoping.* The man without hope in his heart is standing in the way of his own advancement—in the path of his own progress. Back of the right kind of hope there must be *faith*—an unswerving, unchangeable, unshakable faith—the kind that "moves mountains." Hope alone will not suffice. There must be belief. There must be the firm conviction that the object of our hope is attainable. There must be the do-or-die determination that weaves realities from the material of our dreams.

Do you suppose Morse, while in the creative stages of that genius that gave us the telegraph, said to himself: "This thing can't be done. It isn't practical. What's the use in trying? I'll give it up."

No. He hoped on. And, incidentally, he *worked on.* He backed up the belief of his brain with the energy and resourcefulness of his hands. He never lost heart. He never gave up *hope.*

Someone has very aptly said: "Genius is inspiration; talent is perspiration." Not all of us can be geniuses. The genius accomplishes in a flash what the layman must toil and think and plan over.

Back of the toiling and thinking and planning that has given to the world its greatest luxuries and necessities is that quality of hope that inspires to renewed courage and greater effort.

The world honors the man who sticks until he arrives.

Don't be a quitter.

Stay in the game.

Hope on!

"Up In Front"

BY J. A. MURPHY

A CROWDED street car often reminds me of life. You know in the cars the crowds stay near the door. There is always plenty of room up in front, but to get there takes initiative and push, and somehow or another, the average person would rather stay in the crowd than take the trouble to work his way up to the front where there is usually a few empty seats. The often repeated cry of the conductor, "up in front" falls on unhearing ears. To stay with the crowd is much easier than to strike out for oneself. The crowd seems to hold one magnetized, and though those vacant seats away up there near the motorman appeal to one's sense of ease, still they are a long ways off! So we postpone the troublesome working-up-to-the-front process and willingly hang onto our strap near the door with the rest of the crowd.

So it is with life. The multitudes hang around the bottom of the ladder, fearing to go up a few rungs. Thousands and millions seek the ten, fifteen, eighteen and twenty-five dollar a week jobs, but few, very few indeed, have the nerve, ability and enterprise to go after the five and ten thousand dollar a year positions.

It was Daniel Webster who said, "There's always room for one more on top."

The \$4,500 Job

This was true in Webster's time, but it is even more true today. A short while ago a department store in the Minnesota Twin Cities advertised for an assistant bookkeeper, offering a salary of twenty dollars a week. Two hundred and ten replies were received. At the same time the store wanted

a high grade advertising manager to whom they were willing to give \$4000 a year. The position was advertised week after week and still no suitable candidate for the vacancy presented himself. At last the salary was raised to \$4500 and the position was promptly accepted by a man employed in another store at \$4000 a year. You see that man was already well removed from the crowd and the extra \$500 a year brought him up still higher on the ladder.

Will those 210 bookkeepers always be holding or seeking \$20 a week positions, or will they qualify themselves for something better? To fit themselves to go higher, all they have to do is to perform well all tasks that come to hand and prepare themselves for the bigger and more important tasks, which will be assigned them later on.

Be A Climber

Recently an employment agent interviewed the manager of a large corporation in the West. The agent had with him an abstract of the records of several young men capable of earning from fifteen to thirty dollars a week. The manager said that he did not need any of these applicants, for they never had any trouble in getting good men to fill the ordinary positions in their office. However, the manager said they were always in need of high class men who could earn several thousand dollars a year, and for such men they have a standing order with every one of the reputable employment agencies.

But men of much body stuff, soul stuff, and mind stuff, are not out of employment, and the only way a firm can get their services

is by offering them more money and larger opportunities.

Did you ever notice that the men making good in big positions receive many unsolicited offers of employment from other firms? Other things being equal, the more salary you want and are capable of earning, the easier it will be for you to get a job. Those who make good in small positions are

called higher. If the new work is done as well as it can be done, another call comes and the employe goes up another rung or two. Thus does the climbing process continue until the top of the ladder is reached. The secret of the whole thing is in making the most of present opportunities and being prepared to get away from the stifling crowd when the proper time comes.

Nature as the Basis of Prosperity

BY FRANK J. STANMEYER

HAVE you noticed it? The writer refers to the annual report for 1908 of the Department of Agriculture, respecting the total value of farm products—and which the department estimates at \$7,778,000,000.

These figures exceed last year's crop by approximately \$290,000,000; is the greatest in our history, and serves to illustrate the part agriculture plays in the nation's prosperity.

Apropos of this, the recent and former declarations by our esteemed contemporary, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, that he was not only acting in accordance with his own observations, but was also following the advice of his father, to the effect that he has always been and shall always remain a "bull" on the country, is simply voicing the sentiment of all intelligent people who keep in touch with affairs and conditions.

And now, does not all this lead up to the problem of irrigation and reclamation? How many of us, or what percentage of the citizenry are fully alive to and appreciate the possibilities and profound importance of these projects?

Think of the vast areas of swamp land at the south that are capable of redemption, as we are informed by competent authorities; and the great stretches of "arid country" in the west that only await the activity of man to convert them into wealth-producing regions. Think of what reclamation means, as regards the necessities of life to present—and especially future generations—both National and Inter-national.

Reclaim the Land

Since June 1903, thirty-one different reclamation enterprises have been in progress, nine of which are entirely completed and ten others are more than half finished. The total area that will be redeemed, when the entire thirty-one enterprises are completed, will be 2,292,346 acres; and the estimated cost will be \$89,431,500; of which \$42,091,000 has already been expended.

But this subject is too broad and comprehensive for one to do justice to within the compass of a brief article, hence we are obliged to leave the rest to the reader's imagination.

Of course there are other very important natural resources, of which, most happily, this country possesses an abundance and which make for the people's welfare; and then there are other influences which have a more or less direct bearing on the material development of the nation; notably Wall Street, which has been the source of, and quite likely will be the point from which will radiate other financial disturbances—of only slight severity and temporary duration let us hope—but in the meanwhile let us not overlook that "westward the course of empire finds its way," and that in the last analysis, real and lasting prosperity rests upon the soil, the elements, and the grower—irrespective of any more or less temporary influence certain other negative forces may exercise in the matter.

And so it would appear that prosperity, substantial healthy prosperity, must needs rest in nature.

Commerce: The World's Moulding Force

BY WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Part of the Non-partisan Speech at the Dinner of the Chicago Association of Commerce at Chicago.

COMMERCE is the second step in material progress. First comes production and then exchange. Without exchange production loses much of its value. Those who produce need commerce and commerce cannot exist without production first.

Commerce is a great molding force in the world. You can scarcely estimate its importance, and yet commerce is dependent. In fact, my friends, the more complex society becomes the more interdependent we are. We sometimes speak of people being independently rich. We do not mean that; we mean that they are dependently rich, for the richer they are the more dependent they are. Not only is commerce dependent upon the farmers, who in their fields convert God's bounty into a nation's wealth, but commerce is dependent also upon those humble toilers who in the factory and on the train are moving the wheels of our industrial progress. While we gather here to enjoy the bounties that are spread we are much like the people on the upper decks of a ship, who move peacefully along through the waters because down in the hold in the dark are men with bodies bare and hands soiled with dirt, keeping the fires burning while the ship keeps on. The manufacturer is as dependent upon the men whom he employs as they are dependent upon him for employment. The clerks in the stores who run back and forth, who carry merchandise and keep the accounts, are as necessary a part of commerce as those who preside and direct.

We Must Pay Producers Justly

The great lesson that we must learn is that society cannot dispense with any element that is engaged in production. We must learn the great truth, that we are linked together by indissoluble bonds, bonds which we should not sever if we could, bonds which we could not sever if we would. And we must learn that progress must not be measured by the progress of a few, but by the advancement of the mass. On occasions like this, I deem it not inappropriate to remind

you, as I desire to be reminded, that we must work together if we work at all.

Upon what basis can we work? There is but one, and that is a basis that measures justly each individual share of the joint product.

Every man who by his brain or muscle contributes to the sum total of this nation's wealth must have a part of that wealth as his reward. He may be a captain of industry; he may be a general in command. But, my friends, there must be a relation between the pay of the general and the pay of the enlisted man, for the general needs the soldier as much as the soldier needs the general.

To my mind, the world's great problem today is not to correctly solve the questions about which my distinguished friends and I dispute. These are surface indications of a larger problem. Go into different lands and you will find people speaking different languages; you will find differences in address; you will find differences in tradition; you will find differences in religion, and you will find differences in government. But there is one problem that is universal. You encounter it everywhere; it has no latitude, it has no longitude. *That problem is the adjustment of the rewards of society; and upon the settlement of that problem aright, depends the future of mankind.*

The Measure of Rewards

Is there a measure of rewards? I believe there is. What is that measure? It is the divine measure; it is the law that God stamped upon the world and impressed upon man; it is the law by which society must be governed, if governed aright; and this law is that every citizen shall draw from society a reward proportionate to the service that he renders to society.

In proportion as we approximate to the right solution of that problem, will we place progress upon a sure and a permanent foundation.

I think it is well that we gather here from all parts of this Union, for better acquaintance makes us better friends. It is well that we should meet together as representatives of different parties, for the more we know of

each other the more we are convinced that, whatever our differences may be, our impulses are the same, and that patriotism is stronger in all of us than the partisanship that separates us. It would also be well if we could more frequently mingle together as the representatives of different occupations, of different work, of different elements of our industrial population. For I am satisfied that if the people could meet each

other face to face; that if the people could know each other, heart knowing heart, an impetus would be given to a larger brotherhood, and that instead of being actuated by that short-sighted selfishness that leads one to try to lift himself upon the prostrate form of another, we would learn that the broadest selfishness, the most farsighted interest, is embraced in the commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Business Answers Department

BY THE EDUCATOR

In reply to letter asking for duties of registrar and transfer agent in connection with corporation:

The necessity for registrar and transfer agent grew out of the need of some plan by which fraudulent and over-issuance of stock could be prevented. The duty of such official is to issue and countersign the certificates of stock of a corporation and such a degree of importance now attaches to the position that by regulation of the New York stock exchange no corporation can list its stock for sale on the exchange unless such stock bears the certificate of one or more transfer agents or registrars.

Of course when an appointment is made of a transfer agent by a corporation it is quite essential that the appointee be furnished with all information pertaining to the stock of the company, that which has been issued and that remaining to be issued. Also the books of the company that have to do with such part of the business is transferred to the agent.

He does not assume liability as to the value of the stock. He is liable, however, for irregular and excessive issuance of stock and for forged signatures of the company's officials.

When the purchase of stock is made the transfer agent undertakes to do no more than to say that such stock is a genuine portion of the capital stock of the issuing company, that such stock has been duly authorized and that the signatures of the officials to the certificates are genuine.

It is therefore seen that such an agent is a positive check against fraudulent sales of non-existent stock.

Another thing that must not be overlooked is that by the appointment of such official by a corporation outside of New York it paves the way for speedily securing in New York and vicinity such financial support as may be required.

* * *

In reply to letter asking for the meaning of Defered Annuity in connection with life insurance:

This is a plan covered by a special policy in which a man who is enjoying sufficient income is able to save something from year to year and can thus handle his savings so that he may retire from active business when he reaches a certain age, and yet be assured of a competency.

To illustrate: Such an individual might be nearing the age of fifty years and desirous of retiring at sixty or sixty-five. By the payment of a stated sum each year to the insurance company he would be in a position to retire at the desired time, and thereafter receive annually from the insurance company a sum, according to the arrangement with some companies at least, approximately twice that of his annual payment.

* * *

Reply to inquiry relative to the cause of bashfulness:

The trouble of which you speak may be due to various causes. For instance, ill health will often make a person so despondent as to make it difficult for him to meet people and do himself justice in his intercourse with his fellow-men. The reason for this is apparent; for a sickly man is apt to imagine that he has many failings which in reality he does not possess. He,

consequently, becomes self-conscious and avoids mingling with other people.

Bashfulness is also sometimes due to a real or fancied physical defect. By constantly thinking of some such factor in his appearance, a person will so exaggerate its effect that he will become uncomfortable when in the presence of others, believing that his defect is as apparent to others as it is to himself. Some such condition, whether actual or imaginary, is often the cause of extreme bashfulness.

Another reason for this trouble, and the one which we imagine is the cause of your self-consciousness, is the failure to mingle freely with others. The man who constantly meets and talks with his fellow-men in a social way cannot possibly remain shy for any length of time, but one who is by nature timid is apt to make himself even more so by avoiding society.

No matter what the cause, the cure is the same. Any one possessing this negative should overcome it by endeavoring constantly to forget himself. Try to forget your own personality entirely by entering into the lives and personalities of others. Force yourself to meet people and to become so interested in them that you will forget your bashfulness. Whenever you feel inclined to avoid certain situations or certain people because of your failing, use your will power to overcome that inclination and force yourself to forget your own embarrassment by taking an interest in something outside of your own life. Timidity is a quality which will grow upon you rather than decrease, unless you use some such methods to overcome it.

* * *

Letter written on the effect of different foods:

While we cannot make up any menus or orders for you, since this is out of our regular practice, we can give you the general principles by which you may be guided in commending certain foods to certain classes of people. It is only by serving a guest continually and noting what he likes and does not like, that one is able to recommend to him certain kinds of food. Serving him day after day may give you an idea of his general tastes and from this you can suggest particular things to him.

As for foods which should be used by stout and thin people: Those containing large amounts of carbohydrates and fats

will make one stout if taken in quantities. Those who wish to reduce their weight, then, should eliminate as far as possible the foods containing starches and fats. They should avoid using sugar and fatty parts of meats and fishes. Milk and dairy products should be used sparingly, also potatoes and breads. Tubers, dried fruits, thick soups, sauces, and sweets and pastries of all kinds should be avoided. Alcoholic drinks also are fattening and, therefore, should be taken sparingly. For stout people, it is safe to recommend lean meats, consomme, chicken broth, cereals, most vegetables and fruits.

In the case of lean people, those things which we have said should be avoided by the stout person should be eaten by those wishing to become stouter. The general principle is, then, to determine which foods contain the starches and fats and recommend their use or disuse to the particular individual you are serving.

One can hardly set down fixed rules regarding what should be recommended to different types. The man wishing an "intellectual feast" may be just as fond of a good fowl as the "good fellow" who is entertaining a prospective customer. Their tastes may agree on many things and may vary greatly on many other things. It depends upon the feelings of the individual. The appetite is the part which makes one desire certain things. It is a feeling which does not come through any workings of the reasoning powers. Appetite uncontrolled lapses into gluttony and intemperance.

That a good meal makes an individual more cheerful and pliable, is undoubtedly true. If you will but notice, many people are not at all good-humored just before dinner-time, but after the meal is over their spirits seem to be revived and they are again in a cheerful mood.

* * *

Written in Criticism of an Advertisement.

The advertisement headed, "When Children Dream—and Wake," certainly breathes forth the Christmas spirit. It is a matter of doubt with us, however, whether the Christmas spirit, unmindful, as it is, of mere money matters, should be extended so far as to have a full page advertisement without a single price quotation. It is quite likely that a man might have his attention attracted by your advertisement,

the first step in the Mental Law of Sale; be interested in, the second step; even come to the point of desiring a fine fur or a popular book; and before he reached your store read another advertisement in which specific articles and prices were given, and that advertisement would begin where you left off in the working of the Mental Law of Sale, and he would buy at the other store; whereas, if you clinched your advertisement with a few specific price suggestions, you would probably do a much more satisfactory business.

This criticism does not apply to your second advertisement, headed, "A Money Saving Opportunity in Christmas Merchandise." Your own criticism that the head type of the advertisement could be improved is a good criticism. For an advertisement of this kind some type which is strong enough for display and yet lacks the severity of Gothic and kindred type faces, should be used. Post, Cheltenham, or almost any one of the modern type faces of that nature could have been substituted with great advantage.

Good Teeth as a Business Asset

BY JEROME WILLIAM EGBERT, D. D. S.

IT is probable that you never thought of clean comfortable teeth in perfect working order as a business asset, and yet there are few organs of the body that contribute as much to the general welfare of the man as his teeth if they are in perfect order and fit to do the work that the Creator designed them for.

It is a fact that has been demonstrated by the leading dentists of this country and Europe that an unsanitary mouth filled with decaying roots and teeth or even teeth that are not kept perfectly clean, is a source of infection for the throat, lungs, stomach and in fact the entire organism.

It has been demonstrated that mouth infection makes you nervous, ruins your digestion, gives you sore throat, tonsillitis, dyspepsia and the train of ills that follow a disordered condition of the alimentary tract.

It is very necessary to establish the habit, for it is a habit, of caring for the teeth very early in life. The nurse or mother should clean the baby's little teeth until he is able to use the tiny brushes that are now made for the little people. After they are able to brush their teeth it should be impressed upon their minds that if the teeth are kept clean they will be comfortable and that the second teeth will come in straight and strong and beautiful. The most difficult time of all for children to clean their teeth seems to be between the ages of 5 and 15. Then it is a constant struggle unless they are under the care of a skillful, tactful dentist who has their confidence. I have found that my

boys and girls keep their teeth clean to please me and I tell them that if they will brush their teeth before they wash their face every morning and just before they hop into bed at night that they will never forget it, and that in my opinion is the best way of forming the habit.

A Salesman's Teeth

If children neglect their teeth what shall we say of the men and women who do not even brush their teeth? I am glad that there are not many people in this country who are so thoughtless and heedless of their duties to themselves and their regard for others.

It is unthinkable that a scientific salesman should be so careless as to neglect his personal appearance in this regard. Can you imagine the impression that would be created in the mind of a man whom you were addressing and trying to interest if your teeth were dirty and so uncared for that they attracted attention? You know that that salesman would fail, and yet I am frequently interviewed by men who are so careless in this regard that I am repelled by the evident uncleanness of their mouths and the disgusting odor of a breath reeking with tobacco and liquor.

Every up-to-the-minute salesman will want to know all that he can know about this subject of teeth just as he will want to know every other thing that will add to his efficiency as a salesman, therefore I call your attention to the modern method of oral prophylaxis which is adding so much to the

cleanliness, personal appearance, self respect and efficiency of the people who get this service.

I often hear people complain that their fathers and mothers had good teeth but that their teeth are very poor and a source of constant pain and expense. They do not realize that with the advance of civilization and the departure from the natural ways of living mankind has acquired many disorders that tend to shorten life and make his sojourn here uncomfortable. Modern medical science has done much to interpret the laws of health under the new regime and has shown the way to right living in many directions.

A Source of Infection

Few people have thought, or have had it presented to them that there are from twenty to thirty square inches of surface presented in the average adult set of teeth, and that these surfaces are in a medium which is ideal for the culture of micro-organisms.

Do you realize that if your teeth are not scrupulously clean as are those of the animals, for example your dog, that you have a source of infection in your mouth that is undermin-

ing your health? That with every mouthful of food you take you are poisoning yourself?

The idea is new to you, doubtless. If you want proof take your mirror and look at the remote crevices in your teeth and see the detritus and debris that are accumulated there. Then take a piece of dental floss and pass it between your teeth and then pass it under your nose where you can get the odor of decomposition and fermentation. Now you will realize that it is necessary to have your teeth clean and to keep them clean.

In every community there are conscientious dentists who practice this new and advanced system of cleaning teeth. It is needless to say that a dentist who will care for you conscientiously in this regard will see that your teeth are properly filled so that you may get the maximum of efficiency from them.

If you will keep your teeth clean, thoroughly Fletcherize your food, exercise right, breathe right and think right you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are physically right and it is only up to you to go on and up to your goal of true success;—"The attainment and preservation of a legitimate ideal."



The Adjustment of Life

BY JAMES E. CLARK

An Enfeebling Habit

INDECISION is a ball and a chain on the leg of the person who has not yet learned to go forward without looking back. It is a habit of mental indolence and moral cowardice which may be corrected. Many roads cross the pathway of life. We are forever coming to the corners of the road and must choose the way that we are to go. There are times when there is indeed great difficulty in making a choice, when appearances each way are equal, when to go wrong may mean disaster. It is well to halt and think deeply, to pick up and scrutinize every little bit of evidence which will aid in arriving at the right decision, but to be forever halted in the highway of life looking first in one direction and then in another is unnecessary. Watch out sharply and press on.

Life is an extension from one decision to another. From breakfast until he sinks into sleep man is called upon at almost every minute to make decisions. He should cultivate the habit of rendering his decisions promptly, even reaching out to coming conditions so that he may when the moment arrives be ready to pronounce judgment. Who can compute the time lost by the indecisive man. With some it must mean years out of the allotted span, wasted days thrown away by those who know no better. As a man dallies he loses not only courage but his powers are impaired and very often opportunities slip away while he hangs back like a bashful boy. The habit of indecision at length takes on the nature of a progressive disease; the time spent today in choosing means more dallying tomorrow and even more the next day. The powers of self-reliance and self-confidence become enfeebled and manhood is lost. The tide is always ebbing or flowing with our powers. Deciding quickly and courageously today helps to strengthen for similar action tomorrow. Thus are we strengthened or weakened by our determination to be, or by drifting along.

The penalties of indecision are everywhere apparent. There is the man who is so lacking in decision that he rambles along in his conversation unable to decide upon the

words that he will use to convey his thoughts. He halts and stumbles and reconsiders and wastes so much time that people rebel against his tedious telling and label him a bore. His defect destroys his own time and that of those with whom he comes in contact and he pays the penalty in loss of friends and associates.

It is better to make an error once in a while than to be forever standing in despair like a lost child.

Like Produces Like

NO argument is necessary to demonstrate the truth of the proposition that what a man sows in the earth, that shall he also reap. None can sow grass and reap wheat, nor sow wheat and reap grass. The tendency of nature is to move forward in straight, well-defined, orderly fashion. Each seed reproduces its kind—no other kind. A handful of seed planted today will spread almost indefinitely.

Not a bit less true or less certain is the action of the human mind. The thoughts that men foster, encourage, develop and allow to grow are the seeds planted in the mind. With these seeds as with the seeds placed in the earth the function is to produce their kind. This explains why prosperity seems ever to lay treasures at the feet of some and why adversity seems to constantly pursue others scourging them with a whip. A good strong determined thought now attracts another of its kind. Resolution, determination, honesty will-power today produce more of the same tomorrow. Indecision, lack of purpose, doubts and fears today produce more of the same weeds tomorrow. The determined, self-sacrificing man who starts out on some legitimate errand promising himself that neither sneers, curses, hunger, cold, fatigue or pain shall deter him from the possession of the prize for which he strives, finds the winning of other victories to be a certainty. Friends or foes may shout luck when his triumphs are announced but the truth is that he is reaping only that which he sowed. The fearing, doubting, guessing, despairing man gets his harvest from his kind of seed.

Look then to the necessity of watching the quality of one's thoughts not only day by day but minute by minute. The evil and the negative should be religiously torn out and kept out. Give them no start. Some seeds—we know not why—reach maturity very quickly and reproduce in numbers beyond comprehension. In nature these quick growers are found abundantly among the weeds.

The Fatal Shadow

THE kind of a person that you are and the kind of a person you would like to have the world think you are may be quite different. It increases one's power to learn that notwithstanding all our arts it is impossible to deceive the world as to our characters.

The average person is guilty of some hypocrisy, some deceit, some white or black vice which he thinks that he guards from everyone save himself. Envy, selfishness, lack of loyalty to friends, hatred of the wealthy, or of superiors in office, the cowardice which comes from a foolish pride, dressing beyond the income—these are the lesser misdeeds by which men herald to the world their weaknesses. Carefully, methodically, zealously, does he who is afflicted with these vices cover them up—as he thinks—but he is only fooling himself. The penetrating and discerning eye of the world though it may not stop to label the wrong detects the lie. The test of the truth that it is impossible to get people to believe that you are anything but what you are is to be found in the estimate which each makes of his acquaintances. They generally get pretty near to the truth. Which of your friends has successfully covered up the defects in his character? Is it not well known that A will on occasion depart from the path of veracity? That B can not refrain from telling a disparaging story about his friends? That C is a bed-room tippler? That D wears extra fine clothes though his creditors be numerous?

No thought is so secret that if harbored in the heart it will not find some outward, visible and unmistakable expression which the whole world may see. No one can think hate and smile benevolence. The hypocrite betrays himself when he least expects the discovery.

"Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

That it is very hard for some to conceive that during all the years that are back of them they have been fooling only themselves we well know. But that they have been deceiving only themselves is without question, else, how comes it that each is able to so correctly judge the other?

To think that the whole world knows us just as we are—not just as we would have it think we are—is to conserve energy, add to power and strengthen sincerity.

Nicking Trees in the Forest of Opportunity

THE weakness of many is not in a lack of general intelligence but because they have not come to a realization of the fact that a tree can not be felled with a few strokes no matter how sharp the ax. To concentrate the efforts and the energies on one thing, in one place and to keep up an attack on that place is always necessary. The man who flits about from one thing to another taking a try at this and that but sticking at nothing long enough to master it is quite as poor a spectacle as the man who would go into a forest to fell a tree and should hack away at one for a while, get discouraged and turn to another. The second like the first being found to be tough and difficult and the surroundings unfavorable, he gives that up and goes on to a third and so continues until daylight fades. The consequence is the time has been wasted and nothing of any importance accomplished. This is just what lots of old men have done all their lives, just what lots of middle-aged men are doing now and just what lots of young men are starting in to do. They are in the virgin forest of opportunity wasting their time nicking trees. The combined blows, scattered promiscuously, would bring down the monarch of the forest but distributed, the blows amount to nothing. Some have never learned that it is absolutely necessary to rain all the blows in one place. A brave start is made today and a miserable retreat is seen tomorrow, next week or next month. The effort which one puts forth in the beginning will, if persisted in, bring down the tree. Get in a good nick every day but—good or bad—get one in. See that today's effort follows up that of yesterday. Keep at it and the hoped for condition can no more evade the worker than the tree can stand erect when the trunk shall have been severed at the base.

Will, Captain of the Company

NO progress, to unfold, to grow, to broaden, all the faculties of the mind must be summoned from their sleeping places and each compelled to do its full duty. Particular attention must be given to Will, captain of the company, that he does not shirk his duty. Just as man as a unit is a dodger and a procrastinator, so the Will is found to be lax. That faculty must be kept under constant observation and must be made to work.

A season of observation as to the operation of the will yields large profits. The individual may be surprised when he commences to get acquainted with this member of his intellectual family. He may learn that the will is capable of getting a wonderful number of things done—and getting them done well—when its owner insists. He may see that lack of progress all along the line has been in a large measure due to letting Will run things to suit itself; that Will had lost strength from lack of work.

Will, the captain, should be made to do more than merely whipping back into line the deserters of man's equipment. He should be mercilessly vigilant that no duty is evaded. This is a mental faculty that is capable of wonderful development, and, from its development comes the improvement of other mind forces. The man of strong will is well armed. Before him obstacles must give way. He grows—sometimes at an astonishing rate—and the battle of life comes to him to be a fray for which he springs from his bed at morning with eager anticipation. Where Will has in the past through its evasion of duty, put him only on the defensive, he now in his new strength and wisdom assumes the other part, takes the aggressive and forces his battles determined upon no ending but a victorious one.

The Greatest Delusion

IT is a threadbare story and a familiar picture: The resident of Arkansas who sat in front of his cabin playing a fiddle and flippantly answering the questions of a traveler. There was a hole in the

roof of the cabin and when asked why he did not mend it the man with the fiddle answered that it was not raining and was on that account an unnecessary labor. Asked why he did not mend it yesterday he replied that it was raining then and he could not. Everywhere people are doing things on a parallel with the man in the cabin. They are making excuses for their failure to make more out of their lives—making excuses for their sins of omission and of commission. Making excuses is a vice that has in it some of the suggestion of drug taking and liquor drinking. The man who is addicted to drink seeks solace or courage when he is in imaginary trouble. He wants something to temporarily tide over the crisis—something which may help him to forget or dim his realization. Instead of facing his trouble he would hide from it and, of course in such an attitude of mind he can never triumph over it; instead he adds to the trouble. He who is always making excuses is drugging himself and is impairing his powers. The boy who can find excuses for not getting his lessons, or for not getting them well is in the lower half of the class. The young man who is excusing himself (to himself) for not doing things better than A No. 1 is never in line for promotion. The persons who can fashion excuses for the failures in every direction are almost pitiable as confirmed victims of a drug habit. One habit enervates much the same as does another.

All day long and all life long some men are making miserable excuses for themselves and are getting momentary satisfaction out of them while others are doing real work and making no excuses. He who will permit himself to make no excuse will gain additional energy.

There is a difference between excuses and reasons. The excuse most persons make for not improving their conditions in life is that they haven't time. They are too fully occupied with pressing duties; but the *reason* is because most persons are too fond of ease.

They would rather be lazy and poor than to pay the price of advancement.



From Other Philosophers

THE VALUE OF TACT.—The twentieth century fairy who appears at the cradle of the modern baby bestows upon it the gift of tact beyond all others. It is now the supreme endowment. The girl who has it can find a footing with those who have genius, talent, money and beauty. From the lack of it girls suffer more than from the lack of these other gifts. It seems as though it must be a fairy's gift at the cradle because it is so hard to achieve. It can be acquired with patience and study. The girl who hasn't got it should carefully criticize every failure she makes with friends and opportunities, no matter how small, and see if a lack of tact is not at the bottom of these. Tact makes a knowledge of human nature, it is true; but this also comes by study and observation. The girl who goes through the world without absorbing knowledge about those around her is doomed to a lonely old age. If she goes through the world blundering she will spend far more miserable moments than she gives others. If she hasn't tact she should hunt for it, pray for it, work for it. It will give her more happiness than gifts that are spelled in capital letters and considered supreme.—*Public Ledger*.

BE A STAYER.—The man who chooses wisely his place in life, and who is a "stayer," regardless of small worries, and perhaps smaller pay, wins out—not merely because he *is* a "stayer," but because *being* a "stayer" means that *he* gets all the benefits falling due on account of legitimate growth and development, instead of the fellow who follows him, if he isn't a "stayer." *Be a stayer.*—*W. T. Goffe*.

AMERICAN PROGRESS.—The great nations of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of modern times were and are great in each several case, not only because of the collective achievements of each people as a whole, but because of the sum of the achievements of the men of special eminence; and this whether they excelled in war craft or state craft, as road makers or cathedral builders, as men of letters, men of art or men of science. The field of effort is almost limitless, and pre-eminent success in any part of it should be especially prized by the nation to which the man achieving the success belongs.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

GET THE BEST.—Put into every relation, business, domestic or social, more than enough life to fill that relation; have faith, which is power-

consciousness; know what you want in the future, but have today the very best that can be obtained today; never be satisfied at any time with less than the best that can be had at that time, but never waste energy in desiring what is not to be had now; use all things for the advancement of life for yourself and for all with whom you are related in any way. Follow out these principles of action and you cannot fail to get what you want; for the universe is so constructed that all things must work together for your good.

GREATNESS OF HUMOR.—I have often felt, myself, that the time has come to raise another figure to the hierarchy of Christian graces. Faith, Hope and Charity were sufficient in a more elementary and barbarous age; but, now that the world has broadened somewhat, I think an addition to the trio is demanded. A man may be faithful, hopeful and charitable, and yet leave much to be desired. He may be useful, no doubt, with that equipment, but he may also be both tiresome and even absurd. The fourth quality that I should like to see raised to the highest rank among Christian graces is the Grace of Humor.—*From Arthur Christopher Benson's "At Large"*.

HOW TO SAVE DURING 1909.—"When you find that you have no surplus at the end of the year, and yet have a good income, I advise you to take a few sheets of paper and form them into a book and mark down every item of expenditure. Post it every day or week into two columns, one headed, 'Necessities,' or even 'Comforts,' and the other 'Luxuries,' and you will find that the latter column will be double, treble and frequently ten times greater than the former."—*P. T. Barnum*.

ENTHUSIASM.—As you slide along past youth into middle age get a good grip on your enthusiasms. Life looks black after they are gone. It is a good thing, too, to renew your own life in an intimate interest in the life of some young friend. Few things are more helpful or more beautiful than friendship between the young and the old. They have everything to give to each other. What is most pitiful in both—youth's uncertainty and need of encouraging sympathy, age's unfulfillments and need of softening tenderness—is soothed and neutralized by a sharing of interests and affections.

ALL ARE TESTED.—Glory to the man who does not yield to temptation. God tests everybody.

one by riches, another by poverty; the rich man—whether he will open his hand for the needy; the poor man—whether he will bear his sufferings without murmur and with submission to Providence.—*The Talmud.*

SELF-CONTROL.—If, burdened with disagreeable matters, you feel the advent of anger or indignation, hasten away from yourself and do not give way to impressions which may deprive you of your self-control. The more we train ourselves by force of will to return to a calm state of soul, the stronger our power for maintaining calm of soul.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

STARTING THE DAY.—Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet this day with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the bad, that it is ugly, can neither be injured by any of them—for no one can fix on me what is ugly—nor can I be angry with my neighbor, nor hate him. We are made for co-operation. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away.—*Aurelius.*

THE HIRELING.—There is a democratic soul of truth in every stubborn aristocratic prejudice. "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not; but the Good Shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." And the cogency of this principle loses nothing by lapse of time; the man that works because he wants to is bound to have a better earth-grip than the fellow who takes hold because he wants to let go. There isn't a ghost of a show for the Hired Man, when once the Master of the House shall have decided to make an issue.—*Charles Ferguson.*

EDUCATION.—There was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work—that he should use his head and not his hands. Graduates were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor, in ploughing fields, in sowing or in gathering grain. To this manly kind of independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet, borrowing their money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead. The educated regarded the useful as degrading—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands

white. The object of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and others. Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by force which enslaves, or by cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor, of character. Every man knowing that he is useful, admires himself.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

SPEAKERS OF GREAT WORDS.—There are men whose vocabulary does not exceed a few hundred words; they know not the meaning of the others because they have not the thoughts that the others express. Shall these Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of the slums and cornfields set up their meagre acquirements as metes and bounds beyond which a writer shall not go? Let them stay upon their reservations. There are poets enough, great poets, too, whom they can partly understand; that is, they can understand the simple language, the rimes, the meter—everything but the meaning. There are orders of poetry, as there are orders of architecture. Because a Grecian temple is beautiful shall there be no Gothic cathedrals? By the way, it is not without significance that Gothic architecture was first so called in derision, the Goths having no architecture.—*Ambrose Bierce.*

CHARACTER GROWS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until good, or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.—*Exchange.*



The Philosopher Among His Books

Lincoln and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. McClure, Phillips & Company, New York.

Markham will be remembered because he forged in the smithy of his mind those iron lines of "The Man with the Hoe." His love for mankind, the toiling, sweating, suffering, hungering mass of men and women and children, is a great love. In all his writings one finds a note that begs for a square deal for the masses. Lincoln he worships because Lincoln was of the earth, was a man who understood the needs of the many as no other president has understood them.

Follow him.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And that is Lincoln. All through this book, which is beautifully printed on deckle edged paper, one finds poems that breathe of the great out of doors—out where sane folks live. Markham talks of the sweetness and purity and quietness and restfulness of the country. He knows the joy that lives only in the heart of one who is a good loafer, one who has time to sense the elemental joys that come only from contact with the earth and with things earthy. Compare his picture of Lincoln to the inferno of "The Wall Street Pit."

I see a hell of faces surge and whirl,
Like maelstrom in the ocean—faces lean
And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves
That track the traveler fleeing through the night—
Grim faces shrunken up and fallen in,
Deep-plowed like weather-beaten bark of oak—
Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of Earth.

But there is a great optimism in Markham, though 'tis true he shows the darker side often. I think he does this but to make the bright side appear

brighter. The optimist is blinded by the light, like a walker over the snow-covered plains that dazzle one under the midnoon sun. The pessimist walks with eyes tightly closed both day and night. But the pessimop is the man who sees. Markham sees. Listen to his creed:

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

But it seems to me that in this prayer he asks for that which when granted will give us all peace:

Give me heart-touch with all that live,
And strength to speak my word
But if that is denied me, give
The strength to live unheard

* * *

Little Sermons. By Edna L. Carter. **Wee Wisdom's Way.** By Myrtle Filmore. Both Published by the Unity Tract Society, Kansas City.

Little Sermons is made up of a series of little talks on the qualities which a man of character and health must possess. The value of faith is a fact that receives special emphasis. In Wee Wisdom's Way one finds some good sermons on practical Christianity told in child language. This book should prove of much assistance to mothers whose children would not read religious tracts but who would read an interesting story containing the facts of those tracts.

* * *

Consumption: How to Prevent it and How to Live with It. By N. S. Davis, M. D. F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia.

On an average, one in seven of all persons who die succumb to consumption. When the author makes a statement like that he bids for attention, yet the calm way in which he makes it forces one to take it as true. The world is so familiar with the disease that it has grown somewhat tolerant of

it. It is true that the Red Cross Society is now engaged in a most strenuous war upon it, and various newspapers and magazines are active in calling the attention of their readers to the great fundamental rules of health. The unsanitary condition of homes, offices and factories is the cause of thousands and thousands of cases of the great white plague. In factories especially conditions are bad. The seventeen hundred thousand children whose lives are spent in manufacturing plants, instead of in schools, are candidates for not only consumption but all the ills that must inevitably result from abnormal living conditions. Jeff Davis warned the nations against grinding its seed corn, yet this country today in permitting the child labor evil to exist is doing just that. The only way we can have strong, healthy men and women, people of endurance, is to raise children so that they will be strong and healthy. Dr. Davis in his book gives many rules which one should follow in order to prevent the disease. He also gives much advice to those who are afflicted. He bids them be of good cheer for the disease can be cured by those who are willing to pay the price of living naturally. There is nothing secret about good health. It is free to all who can have solid food, sunshine, cleanliness and plenty of fresh air.

* * *

Writing for the Press. By Robert Luce. Clipping Bureau Press, Boston.

A book which contains so much good should come in a better typographical dress. It is a book for the young fellow whose ambitions lead him toward the newspaper office. Of course it is certain that no matter how much home training he may give himself he will find his copy slashed by copy readers whose admiration for adjectives is usually at zero, and whose greatest delight is found in ripping some innocent reporter's Great Story until it has enough black marks to resemble the eyes of an orangeman after a session at an Irish wake. Mr. Luce evidently knows the inside and outside of newspaper offices, and his book is so practical that the young writer who neglects to study it—or at least something just as good—is letting an opportunity to learn much slip by.

* * *

Backbone. By S. DeWitt Clough. The Clinic Publishing Company, Chicago.

There's just heaps of good stuff in this little volume which comes from Kimball's printshop, dressed in two colors. On the title page one learns that it is intended for nothing more or less than a book of hints for the prevention of jelly-spine curvature and mental squint, and that it is a straight-up

antidote for the blues and a straight-ahead sure cure for grouch. And one sort of believes all of that is so after one has squinted through the volume. You see it contains a lot of our old friend Bartlett's quotations, or at least they are quotations that Bartlett would have thrown the lasso over had they been in circulation when he was doing his work. S. E. Kiser and R. W. Emerson amble along side by side, while Solomon and James Whitcomb Riley hobnob together like two neighbors at a country fair. One reads a poem that is just crammed full of laughs, and right after it one bumps without warning into a few lines from Browning that gives the mental gastric juices the jimjams. Backbone is quite a book for those who need boosting, and that means all of us.

* * *

Uncanonized. By Margaret Horton Potter. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

When one begins to sigh for the good old days when everything was supposed to be perfect, one needs merely read *Uncanonized* in order to acquire a feeling of intense satisfaction with Today. Yesterday may have been all right for those who lived Yesterday, but for us Today will do. Here we have the story of a poor devil of a monk who loved the world and a maid, but who was compelled to drag out his life in a dreary monkery, just because his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, felt that his son by sacrificing his life to suffering would remove a few blemishes from his own selfish soul. There is much love in the tale, yet in it all there is but little brightness. One will read the book because of the historical value of the information it contains, and not because of the fragments of story about those "lovers who sighed by the moon." One will also wonder at the blindness of the people of the period, those poor, ignorant souls whose happiness was held in the hands of others. It is impossible for one to keep from thinking how much better it would have been for the times and for the world had those men gone forth and done their daily stint with the majority—if they had gone out and helped make the world cleaner and better and less savage by cultivating the fields, improving the roads and engaging in business. The man who daily does his best, who daily renders the world the greatest service in his power, whether it be in factory, farm, mine, store or school, is giving expression to the greatest prayer. Anthony, the monk whose fortunes we follow in this book, is one who believed this. And for this belief he was condemned to be stoned to death. Verily, Today is better than Yesterday. All we need to do is to so work that the people of succeeding Todays will say what we say now.

The Stuffed Club. Edited by Dr. J. H. Tilden, Denver, Colorado.

Tilden doesn't attempt to cure anybody. He says, "I can't cure anything. I simply teach my consultants how to cure themselves, and it is up to them whether they get any benefit or not. A certain per cent of the people (a very small per cent, of course), are foolish enough to think that all they have to do is to come and get my advice and go off and live in the same haphazard way. . . . I don't blame the surgeons for cutting into such consummate asses, for they are fit only for experimentation." There was a time when Tilden had a hard time to keep his balance in the bank respectable, but that was before he began to speak the truth to every man, woman and child that asked his advice. Now he speaks right out straight from the shoulder. The woman who enjoys poor health, and who wants to make periodic visits to a physician's office, had best steer clear of that same medico of Denver. The Stuffed Club is an intensely interesting monthly magazine in which the doctor tells what he thinks on medical subjects and some others. Of this magazine Elbert Hubbard says, "I cannot understand why you have not a million subscribers."

* * *

Mind the Builder. By A. A. Lindsay, M. D. The Lindsay Publishing Company, Portland, Oregon.

"Mind is the Master Chemist," the author himself says, "present in each cell that brings together (creates) that composition that will afford a body to serve the purposes of that cell. Mind is the Supreme Builder that arranges the cell with regard to its fellows, so an organ is built. Mind, the divine architect that plans harmony of organs, that constitutes complex organization, which in its marvelous manifestation seemed of itself to be the man to an extent a physicist has thought man was his body, and mind the result of that body. We find really that man is mind using a body it itself has made and is regenerating and is capable of restoring it to order, and presently we will show it is always after a design, and also that man can voluntarily make the design he would have his body fulfil. What is mind that builds the cell? The mind that is in the cell is the subjective or subconscious mind, properly called the Soul." From which one can see that this is but one of a million or less books which are designed to teach the growing world how to put into practical use some ancient psychological principles.

The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove. By Grace Donworth. Small & Maynard Company, Boston.

"You can't think what hunger is on a full stomach. To pity the poor like the deserve to be pitied you have to be poor yourself. And then you ain't got nothing to give. It's a puzzle all round." Jennie Allen is certainly wise in the ways of the majority of folks. She knows human nature, and what is more important from a literary standpoint, she knows how to tell what she knows. Speaking of an insurance agent she says: "He shed cheer about him wherever he went, but folks was unconscious that it radiated from him. It ain't an easy job to be an insurance agent and poke yourself into shops and offices where you ain't wanted and take sass and sometimes hinted you had better leave. Many's the time he has persuaded men to take out a Polissy against their will and they have left their famblys well fixed on account of it. Widders has come to bless him for what he has done. One of them sent him a fussy little pen wipar only last Christmas because through his percyverence & powars of inducement she had got some thousand dollers. And his sins of commission is very few if any." These letters are filled with little bits of sly humor that makes one sorry when the book is finished. Such reading comes as a sort of a recreation after one has worked all day at a single task, and it sort of puts a man's mind in fit condition for a good night's rest. Highbrows who read this book will learn how common folks live in houses that are as bare of luxuries as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was free of bones on that eventful occasion of which history tells us. Jennie Allen is a human being. We are much pleased to have met her.

* * *

The Book of My Heart. By Melanie Alice Weil. The Library Shelf, Chicago.

It isn't often that one finds a book as beautifully dressed as this "Book of My Heart." Each page has an elaborate decorative initial done in two colors, but those two colors seem faint when compared with the color of the thoughts expressed. "Every sentence is an epigram, every epigram an illuminating glimpse into a warm human heart, with its gift of experience, delicate insight, generous philosophy." The author has a great charity, feeling the power of that command: "Judge not, that ye may not be judged." As a gift this story has few equals.



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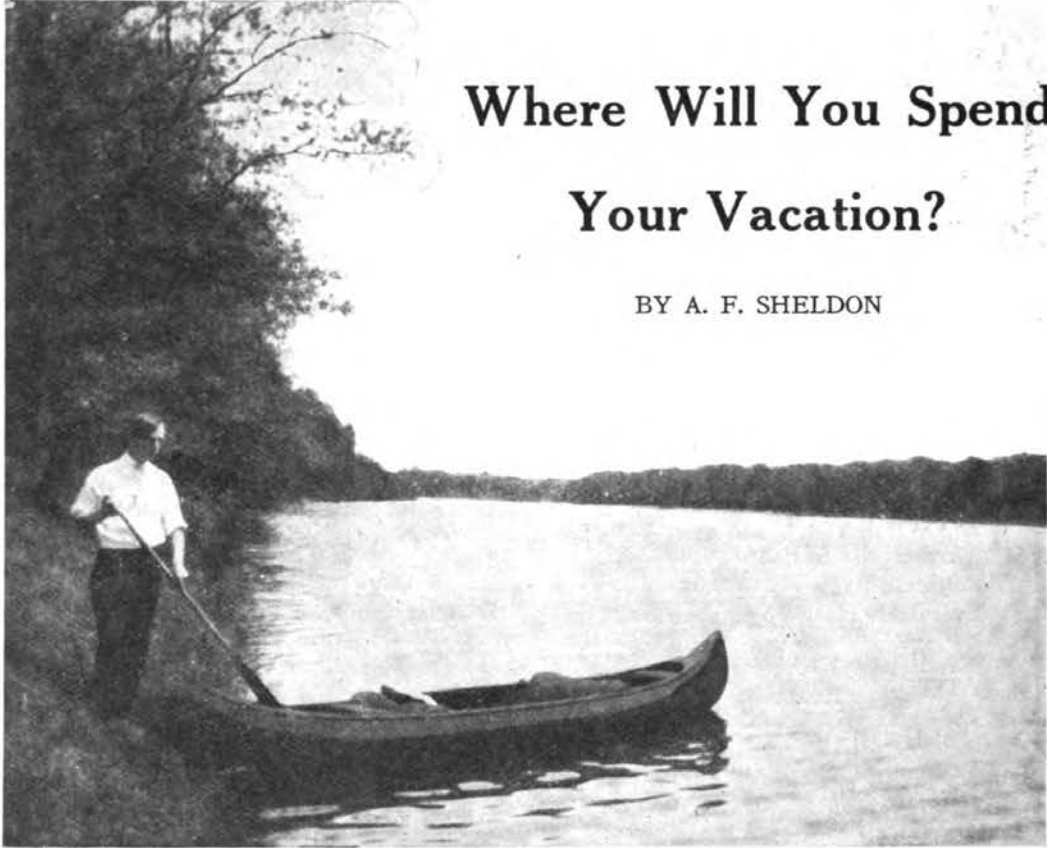
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Requests for 'changes of address' MUST reach this office before the 10th of the month in order to insure the *proper* mailing of the current issue of this magazine. In sending in the new address please give your previous location.

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Where Will You Spend Your Vacation?

BY A. F. SHELDON

WHERE shall I spend my vacation? That question is beginning to ask itself of nearly every one about now.

In coming to a conclusion, which should be a correct judgment, it may help some to ask and answer this question too:

What should a vacation mean to the one who takes it?

A vacation should mean a recreation, and to recreate is to re-create. It should mean to re-create in mind as well as body. A vacation, then, should mean that when the one who takes it is back in the harness he has renewed, re-created, his mental and physical powers.

Remember this: *Idleness is not rest.* What we need is a change of mental and physical activity. I do not mean by this that during our, say two weeks of vacation time, we should pore over books and pass examinations and all that. Frankly, I don't think that's a good plan. But it is good to listen for an hour or two each day to thoughts which set new brain centers to

vibrating, while it gives the ones which have been used so much a rest. Unless we do this some of the best are likely to atrophy from non-use.

Scientists who ought to know tell us that the ordinary man does not develop more than fifty per cent of his brain power.

I have already expended many thousands of dollars towards getting an ideal place ready for our correspondence school students and readers of the *BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP* to spend this vacation time. The little pictures which appear in this issue of the magazine are not in the least imaginary. They are made from actual photographs of the real thing. The only trouble with any attempt to tell you by word and illustration how beautiful Endurance Park on Sheldonhurst Farm is, is that we can't begin to do the subject justice.

I remember well what John Dolph said when he first visited the farm. He said: "While I have always believed you intended to tell the truth, I thought until I came here that your enthusiasm had carried you to the

point of exaggeration when you were talking about this place. Now, however, I see that you didn't make it half strong enough. I did not suppose there could be so beautiful a spot in Illinois."

And that's just it. Illinois is supposed to be one big flat prairie. And a large part of it is, but our farm has hills upon it which will cause your blood to leap as you climb them.

There are some 200 acres of forest and a one-hundred acre lake nestling in the forest. There are meadows, hills and ravines and wooded nooks that will make your soul just sit up and sing. Five hundred acres in which to turn yourself out to grass and lie down and roll.

There will be a baseball diamond ready for the lovers of that sport. Tennis courts and croquet grounds; water sports on the lake.

And in mentioning the outdoor sports we must not forget Art Koon and his saddle horses and the hunting course around the lake. When I say "hunting course" don't imagine that we are going to kill anything, but a regular English hunting course is being built around the lake, with high jumps every little ways. Koon has some of the finest jumping horses in this country. He loves a horse almost as much as a good man loves his wife. And the horses love him so well that they seem anxious to do his slightest bidding. It will make you younger just to watch the hunting horses in the

steeple chases. We are just now making a new home for these horses right on the grounds in the edge of the forest.

As to our mental athletics, there shall be no long programs. We shall get together every morning at nine-o'clock at the big tent, and I shall give personal instruction in Area Development, one feature of which will be some personal and specific instruction in Salesmanship and Business Building.

I shall be assisted occasionally by experts in various phases of the work.

There will be other meetings arranged in accordance with the wishes of those who come.

I had hoped to hold this convention during the entire months of July and August, four terms of two weeks each, but I cannot do it this year. There are too many other things to do.

All who are coming should decide at once and arrange to be here the first two weeks in July—spend the glorious Fourth with us and see the fire-works on Lake Eara.

We are building a little White City in the woods on the banks of Lake Eara—a tent city. We want to know how large to build it. You must let us know at once if you are coming. A little later will be too late.

You need not send any money now, but just cut out and send us the coupon at the bottom of the ad on page 346, or else write us a letter to the same effect, and you may pay when you come.



Photo by Edward Dreier

Some Sheldon Folks Camping on Lake Eara



Photo by Edward Dreier

In the Ravine, at Sheldonhurst

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

VOL. V

MAY, 1909

No. 5

On the Front Porch *Where We Talk Things Over*



WHAT is Your Greatest Asset, Mr. Business Man?

Is it your stock of goods or the cash you have in the bank, or what is it?

This question was asked a retail merchant the other day, and he finally agreed that the "what is it" is the customers, the buying clientele of his store.

He saw the point, when it was once made plain to him, that if by any possibility all of the customers of his store should be destroyed at once, his big stock of goods, even though that stock were all paid for, would not be worth fifty cents on the dollar.

And yet I know of a merchant who treats lightly the question of service to his customers but who has been known to keep a bookkeeper until twelve o'clock at night, poring over the books to find the mistake because the "balance" was two cents off.

There are two classes of men in charge of stores: One we could call merchants; the others are just storekeepers.

The merchant is coming to see more and more clearly that business building is the thing and that business building is the art of making each customer a repeater—and, not only that, but of making him the first link in an endless chain to bring more customers. He is coming to see more and more clearly that the square deal pays and that real service to the customer is the key to the situation.

There is one other great asset which business men have and which many storekeepers overlook. That's the organization, the employees. The employees constitute the customer-making machinery of the institution; that is, they are the most important factor in it. In one sense this, the organization, is the greatest asset of the merchant. The old, old way was to hire and fire, fire and hire, hire and fire. The new way is to establish a sort of humanity department and cultivate the human plant. In this way the modern business man is doing a lot of good and at the same time he is making a lot of money.

Think that over, John.

About Ananiasism

If confidence is the basis of trade—as it surely is—then it naturally follows that the man who lies in business is a fool. That may seem harsh, John, but

that's exactly the size of it. He may not be an idiot but he is extremely foolish, and in that sense a fool.

We are building a big barn out in the edge of our woods on the farm just now, getting ready for Art Koons' fine string of saddle horses. It's the barn, and especially its foundation, that I am pointing out to you now. The workmen have been breaking up rock and mixing the rock with cement and have a solid foundation built, upon which they will speedily erect a goodly superstructure. Having done this, what veritable candidates for Insanityville would we be to go to work and dynamite or otherwise injure the foundation which we have worked so hard to build.

If Art, who is bossing the job, should do that, the whole community would say "What a fool that man is"—and they would be right.

However, if Art should lie like Ananias about a horse of his and thereby make a seemingly on-the-surface good sale, there are people—at least I have known some—who would just wink the other eye and say "he is a good horse dealer."

Such is not the case, however. If Art Koon should do that he would be just as big a fool as he would be to destroy the foundation of the barn. And I believe that Art knows this. He sells good goods, which is to say good horses, and he gets good prices, but, as far I know, he always tells the truth about them. If I have sized him up right thus far, I feel like saying "Hurrah! Throw up your hat! In the due course of evolution the honest horse dealer has arrived."

Koon has built the foundation of a great business through honest dealing. He is too wise to destroy it with the dynamite of lying.

It is only the ignorant man or the coward who lies.

Lying is the leprosy of the will. With some it is a disease, but it can be cured. The liar is ignorant, yes, ignorant of a natural law of success which in the modern business man's Bible reads: "If thou wouldst get business and build business, thou shalt tell the truth." And yet there are business men who would make Ananias blush with shame.

They remind me of the story that is told of the fisherman. They say it happened in Indiana. I like Indiana and I don't see why they say this man came from there, but they do say so.

This man was fishing along the banks of a river in a dense, deep woodland. A stranger sauntered through the woods and innocently asked the usual "What luck?"

"Luck!" answered Mr. Indiana man. "I have caught forty of the finest bass you ever laid eyes on."

"Is that possible?" asked the saunterer.

"Possible? I should say it is. It is the truth."

"Where are they?" asked the visitor.

"I took them home and have come back to catch some more."

And the visitor rose and remarked: "I am a Notary Public. I don't suppose you would care to swear to that statement, would you?"

The man thought it a joke and said: "Sure, I'll swear to the truth any time." And he made oath of the catching of forty fish.

And then the man who had sauntered up said: "Do you know who I am?"
And the man said: "No."

"Well," said the man, "I am the game warden, and you know it's the closed season for bass."

"Is that so?" said the fisherman. "And do you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well, I am the biggest liar in Indiana."

But it is related that the game warden believed that the man was lying when he said he was lying, and having his sworn statement to the effect that he had caught the forty fish, in conjunction with the evident intention of the man as indicated by the fact that he was out after them, arrested him, and the fine was exceedingly great.

Verily, John, he who lies is a fool.

The Crazy Man

Once there was an insane asylum located upon the bank of a river. A business man went fishing and selected a spot near the asylum. He had a measly pole, a bum line and a rusty hook—his bait was bad too. He fished and fished but got nothing.

Finally one of the inmates came to the window, leered at Mr. Fisherman a moment and then, with a silly giggle, said: "Ha, ha, ha! What you doing?"

The man looked around and answered: "I am fishing."

"He, he, ha, ha!" answered the crazy man. "Catching anything?"

"No," came back the answer.

"Ha, ha, he, he!" echoed the crazy man. "How long have you been fishing?"

"About three hours," snapped the irate imitation Waltonite.

"He, he, he, ha, ha, ha!" giggled the crazy man as he beckoned to the fisherman. "Come inside. Come inside."

Even the crazy man had sense enough left to see the fact that a man who fished with that kind of tackle belonged inside the insane asylum. And yet, as to methods of business, there are thousands of storekeepers fishing for business with measly poles, bum lines, rusty hooks and poor bait.

We are living in an age of the survival of the fittest. It means more to be fit today than it did ten years ago. It will mean more ten years from now than it does today. The law of evolution is working all the time. You are either evolving or devolving. There is no such thing as standing still.

Hull, B. D.

On the train the other day I met Jay Wellington Hull, B. D., which means Business Doctor.

The "Wellington" and the "Hull" fit this particular "I am" all right, as he is considerable of a general, and there are those who come pretty nearly thinking that he's the "Hull" thing, but the "Jay" don't fit Hull at all. Wellington Hull is a long ways from being a jay.

In the course of our conversation I picked up several good things from Mr. Hull. This was one of them: When the salesman approaches a customer the first thing he must do is to "explode the customer's atmosphere of resistance."

That was at least a unique way of putting it; and then Mr. Hull went on to say that it seemed to him that almost every buyer had himself surrounded by an atmosphere of resistance—a sort of keep-your-distance aura. And Mr. Hull is of the opinion that nothing can be accomplished worth while until that cloud is "exploded."

"You must touch a match to it and explode it," said Hull.

"How?" said I.

"Well, sometimes one way and sometimes another," said Hull. "But that resistance atmosphere must be exploded. Sometimes I make the other fellow half mad. Sometimes just praise is the proper match. It depends upon the man."

That was a good answer—"It depends upon the man," or rather it depends upon the men—the two parties to the deal.

The explosion to which Brother Hull refers really takes place when *confidence* comes. Confidence is not alone the basis of trade—it is the atmosphere in which business grows.

The "resistance aura" is a condition born of the *caveat emptor* idea from which trade has suffered for so long a time. "Let the buyer beware" has so ingrained itself into human consciousness that nearly all buyers have acquired the habit of resistance in obedience to the first law of nature, which is self-preservation.

When all men catch the idea that it is not business building, but bad business and business killing to sell goods to the buyer unless he, the buyer, will profit by the transaction, things will change.

Even today the salesmen who the most honestly desire to serve the buyer are the ones who will explode that atmosphere of resistance the most readily. The best matches for bringing about the explosion are truth, justice, open-hearted frankness, love for fellow man. It's all easy enough when man comes to realize the all-important fact that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

When one comes to see this he realizes that he cannot injure others without injuring self, for he is a part of the whole—one drop of ink colors the pail of water; just so one wrong deed done to the customer—and it's wrong to sell him that which he should not have—colors his whole consciousness toward you. It will never be quite the same again.

If you want to transact business so you'll never come to sorrow;
If you'd have the steady buyers come today and then tomorrow;
Treat 'em square and serve 'em well;
That's the way to sell.

Well, well, if I don't watch out I shall be writing jingles, and that will never do, I suppose, in business literature. That reminds me—

That Reminds Me

Yes, that reminds me of a man—*A real man*—and a boat race—and the man in this race as well as many things in this man's life teach lessons good for all of us—he wrote jingles sometimes and he was square—that may be one reason why “that reminds me”—so here is something about a man, a boat race and other things.

We won the race. How happy Cap was that day—it was at Daytona, Florida. The Daytona Yacht Club had offered a cup. Many boats had prepared to enter.

The great day dawned. And such a day—high wind and rain. The waves at that point, which is near the sea, seemed to have a race of their own all planned that day, with a high-jump contest thrown in. The fair-weather sailors shook their heads and refused to make ready for the race. Even the few old sea-dogs who were to have entered the race dropped out one by one, all except Cap, or to be more specific, Capt. Eldridge.

His eyes fairly danced; like an old war-horse with the prospect of battle, he fretted for the fray as he paced the dock and waited for the starting time.

The Eyrie, our twenty foot cat-boat was the only boat that started. She weathered the storm and made the course, thanks mostly to Cap's good seamanship, and we won the race.

Not so much glory in the winning as there would have been if others had started, but still it was great. It helped some to know that the Eyrie's crew of three was the only one that had the courage to start—and of course we “crew” some. Besides we had won one race on another day when others had entered.

Cap deserved the credit.

I can see Eldridge now in that boat. He lost his hat early in the race. He was at the helm. I had the sheets. The other fellow was bailing. As Cap's hat sailed away he yelled; “Let 'er go! What do I need of a hat.” And then with his eagle eye on the sail, he yelled: “Keep 'er full, Sheldon; Keep 'er full! Never mind hats, keep 'er full!”

His white hair was streaming in the breeze. His eyes were flashing the lightning of excited yet controlled interest. His body was tense. His mind electrically compelling. The waves dashed over us. The boat nearly swamped.

“Give me that sheet!” he commanded. “Bail, Sheldon, bail!” And Cap handled both sail and rudder, handling both better than I could handle either one alone.

The other fellow and myself bailed for dear life as we yelled back at him from time to time: “Keep 'er full, Cap, keep 'er full! You keep the sail full and we will try to keep the Eyrie from getting too full.”

And through it all Cap laughed for very joy. His voice rose above the roar of the storm as we tore along. Not once did he lose his nerve. Not once did he show a trace of fear. As I glanced at him from time to time I remember the couplet came to me:

“His hair is white,
But not with years;
Nor grew it white in a single night,
As men's have done from sudden fears.”

He was much older in years than many of the men who had expected to enter the race, but he was the youngest man in spirit there; and that's what counts.

"Your clothes are not your body, and your body is not you."

How true that sentence is.

This is Sunday p. m., March 21st, 1909. I have just returned from Capt. Eldridge's funeral.

A great soul has sailed out on the seas of the great beyond.

Those who were present when Cap weighed anchor and set sail upon the sea which you and I cannot see, say that the start was beautiful—and that's one thing Cap always jockeyed for well. He always wanted to get a good start, and when he did he would say: "Wasn't that a beautiful start? Now for as good a finish."

Those who were with him when he died, or rather when he first set sail on the sea of the big beyond, say that his start seemed all that even Cap could have wished for. They say he took a long deep breath. He seemed to see something which pleased him. His face lighted with one of those soulful smiles of his and he was gone. Yes, the real Capt. Eldridge had gone. Just his body was left.

That happy smile was still there as I looked upon his body this morning. The Great Sculptor had fashioned it most beautifully in clay. And I could almost hear his glad command, "Keep 'er full, Sheldon, keep 'er full!"

Since the day of our lone boat race that had always been his greeting when we met. I have met him possibly one hundred times since that race, and not once do I remember of his failing to greet me with the ringing words, "Keep 'er full!"

It was a good key-note to his life. He kept the sail of life full all the time.

Capt. Clement C. Eldridge sailed the seas when commerce was yet young. He at one time owned the largest sailing vessel plying between Boston and the South Sea Islands—he grew rich at trade—he invested a part of the profits of each voyage in good books, until he accumulated a fine library. He had one room on his big boat fitted up for his books, and here he reveled with the greatest religious writers, scientists and philosophers. He wrote books and was the author of some good ones, among the rest being "The Boy Captain" which still enjoyed quite a sale the last I knew of it.

The big steamboats began to crowd the sailing vessels out. Mrs. Eldridge was tiring of the sea, and the good Captain had about decided to sell the boat he loved so well and settle down to enjoy the fruits of his honestly earned competence when he met with the loss of his vessel and all his property. He had invested thousands of dollars in a cargo with which he set sail for Boston, and for the first time without insurance. This proved his undoing. A storm wrecked him and his vessel was driven on a rocky shore. He and his family reached the shore, where they watched the ship pound to pieces upon the rocks. He has told me the story many times, and always with a note of special sadness when he told how sorry he was to see his beloved books wash away. He always emphasized those more than he did the loss of money or merchandise.

This was a blow which would have crushed some men, but not Cap. He gave up the sea and started all over again. His love for books and his natural

religious bent led him into the publishing business and he soon rose to be General Sales Manager of the vast publishing interests of the Seventh Day Adventists of Battle Creek, Mich. He was immensely successful, but sickness overtook him and a prolonged illness made changes necessary there.

I saw him last some six weeks ago. He opened the door of my private office and called out: "Keep 'er full, Sheldon!" And I echoed back: "Keep 'er full, Cap!"

We had a real good visit, and he told me he had recently raised the limit. I asked him what he meant, and he said: "Well, you know, I have always told you I would live to be one hundred and be worth a million. Well, I have raised the age limit to 130."

And the dear man meant it. As far as the money side of his prophecy is concerned I believe he would have made good if he had lived another twenty years. As it is I understand he left his family many thousands of dollars, besides investments likely to prove extremely valuable.

It is comparatively rare to find a man who does not lie down and quit when he passes the fifty or sixty mark. He has the three score and ten idea in mind as the dead line, and as he approaches it he takes it for granted that he is going to die about that time. "The thing I have greatly feared has come upon me" comes true, of course, and he gets deader and deader as he approaches the imaginary dead line.

Not so with Cap. His son is, and has for some time been, able to support him. Some men at his time of life would have rested upon that pillow, but not for Capt. Eldridge. He said he was getting younger every year.

The last time I saw him he was a better salesman than he had ever been before, ripened in judgment, with the experience of many years back of him, his mind alert and keen, and up to date in all modern methods. I learned from his last employers today that he was the best man they had. They feel his loss most keenly.

Eldridge did not die of intellectual miasma, emotive inertia or volitional ossification.

Perhaps his fearlessness of death rendered him careless at times, although he never dissipated, and took better care of the body than the most of men. Perhaps in his earnestness of effort he passed the pivotal point and subjected himself to undue exposure one day. I don't know just how it happened, but they say pneumonia seized him, and he died March 18th, 1909.

The Captain's soul has fled this life but he is not dead—he lives in the area which he created, which was large. We who knew him, loved him for his ability, his reliability, his endurance and his action. He was a four-square man indeed.

He lives in lives made better and brighter by contact with him.

He lives as each of us should live sometime, in the loving memory of all whom we have known.

And, aye, he lives in that spiritual body which knows no death; and over on that sea unknown to us as yet may the sail of Cap's soul life be full. And it will be.



Everybody Has Something to Sell

By DAVID GIBSON, Editor of Gibson's Magazine

THE general ignorance of commercial conditions, the science of salesmanship and the true principles of advertising are nowhere better illustrated than by the exalted idea people have of invention as being a sure and direct means to wealth.

Human nature is just so constituted that there is another element to success other than merely creating a thing, and underestimating this has caused most inventors to over-estimate their value to the world and is preventing them from seeking their reward.

The element that the average inventor omits from his consideration is the cost and effort of marketing a thing, no matter how good it is.

The other day a Cincinnati printer sold the patents of a device for reloading a camera to a manufacturing concern in Philadelphia. The deal was long pending and at the end of which the printer accepted a sum about half what he originally asked and what he really thought it worth.

The man thought he had been robbed; for he thought that all this concern will have to do to increase their assets 50 per cent within the next year is to buy his patents.

If the average inventor gets half of what he thinks his creation is worth he is getting all its value and then some.

This camera manufacturer has something that the inventor has not—and that is the selling organization, and which by the way is harder to keep together than a church choir.

Selling the Big Job

An inventor may know how to make a thing, but he does not realize what it is to manufacture and sell a thing.

As a general proposition Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the greatest intellects that this world ever produced, but he was wrong when he said that to make a mouse trap better than it had ever been made before was to have the world beat a path to your door to buy it—even though you live in the woods.

Introducing a thing on the market—a thing better than the people have been using, is worse than a war.

Why, haven't you heard old sewing-machine salesmen tell their early experiences? How they were set upon by dogs, had scalding water thrown at them from tea kettles and fought off by housewives with brooms.

Myron T. Herrick, who is one of the big bankers of the country and was once governor of Ohio, will tell you with far more pride about the dog tooth holes in his legs, acquired in an early day in a battle for the sale of a sewing machine, than he will about his bank or one of his acts while chief executive of his state.

Old Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, had a snap as compared to the fellows who sold it.

You see people thought that the sewing machine would throw thousands of poor women out of employment, and to merely mention the name of a sewing machine in the early days was immediately to start a fight.

Yet today, if all the sewing machines were broken up and cast into the sea we could not hire people enough to sew cloth by hand with which to clothe one-tenth of the population of this nation. In every one of these cities there are more men and women employed before sewing machines than ever

sewed cloth by hand in the entire history of the world.

The Discovery of Salesmen

It took us a hundred years to find out this principle, and it was the salesman who insisted that it was true—it was the salesman who forced it upon the people and not the inventor.

We all become the victims of habit and custom in our manner of doing things and with the utensils of life, and it requires a salesman to break that habit or custom.

Engineers and architects are, as a class, very progressive people, but for several years a man in Cleveland has been introducing a drafting machine—a device more accurate and easily handled than the T square and triangle that architects and engineers have been using for centuries. At last accounts he was still introducing it—he can't even get them to try it.

The writer has personally used one pattern of a typewriter for about 14 years. He has worn one out about every two years during that period. In that time hundreds of better, more improved typewriters have been invented and marketed, yet the writer always purchased the same old pattern, until the other day a good nervy salesman broke into the place where he lives and works, left an improved type of the old brand, carried the old one away and threw it into the junk heap. The habit was broken—he made the sale.

It was positively ingenious the excuses people made against certain devices that have long since become indispensable. Twenty-five years ago telephones were thrown out of one of the largest businesses in Chicago; for the manager thought they made it too convenient for the patrons to call up and kick about delays in filling orders, and the quality of the goods.

About 20 years ago some of the big lawyers of this country would not have typewriters in their offices; for writing was so easy, they said, that it made their legal documents and letters too long.

And the same has been and is true to a greater or less extent with the housewife, the manufacturer and merchant.

About Chewing Gum

Most people think that Dr. F. E. Beeman made one of the big American fortunes by

simply combining pepsin with chewing gum. He did after losing \$20,000 of Al and Tom L. Johnson's money, and after George Worthington, one of the best business men in Cleveland, bought out the Johnsons at par, invested \$50,000 and showed Beeman how to sell it. Beeman was required to sign an agreement that he would do just what Worthington told him to do. The first sticks of chewing gum, as Beeman turned them out, had a picture of a pig on the wrapper. Imagine the selling psychology in a pig as applied to a confection.

The first thing Worthington did was to take the pig picture off and put "Doc's" benevolent countenance in its place.

People said that a man in Toledo, Ohio, made a fortune by inventing the safety pin. He did not make it out of the invention, but out of the fact that he knew how to sell it.

People say that George Westinghouse did not invent the air-brake. It does not make any difference whether he did or not, the fact remains that he knew how to get the railroads to use it.

What is the use of a thing if no one will use it?

There are three sides to the story of every industrial fortune: The invention, the manufacturing and the selling, but the greatest of these is the selling.

Must Develop Salesmen

There are men of brains in the experimental laboratories of these big industrial plants. They work in peace and quiet, which is the desire of most of them. They represent a large part of the success of every concern, but the fellows who are really getting the money are in the sales department—the men who are combating the arguments of prospective buyers, getting them to take what they should have.

The men who are getting the money in any business are the salesmen—men who understand human nature in the concrete; for the existence of the inventor and manufacturer depends on them.

You can buy inventions every day in the week, but you can not hire men to sell them more than one day in the year—you must develop salesmen.

The demand for real selling ability is at times so ravenous in some of these big businesses that a man will come in applying for a job as an accountant or clerk and

put up such a good talk in favor of himself that he will be turned over to the sales department as material for a salesman, and even though they may be needing a man for the particular position for which he applies.

A good salesman never remains out of a job very long—he usually has a job all the time. It is a case of salesman, sell thyself.

We all hear the "no business" man excuse applied every day to some very efficient fellow who is a failure. The term "business man" is too broad to apply in these cases; for a business man may be one who hires other men, watches things and sees to it that no more is spent than the concern is making.

Ignorance of Salesmanship

The real cause of these efficient failures is that they do not know how to sell what they produce—they are ignorant of the very simple principles of salesmanship and advertising.

We hear of some European artist's painting selling in New York for a very large sum of money. We suppose this fellow must be getting rich and immediately conclude that this is the calling for our children, but—

As a matter of fact this artist got only a very few hundred dollars for his work, and some fellow who found the market got the difference.

All these pathetic stories we hear about the early struggles of artists, actors, literary men and musicians are the results of a lack of knowledge of the very simple principles of salesmanship and advertising.

Everybody has something to sell.

Mention anything about the science of salesmanship to the average artist or literary man and he will immediately suppose that you are talking about some hypnotic power that one man exerts over another in order to get him to take something that he does not need and pay real money for it.

That isn't it at all. Salesmanship deals with the laws of averages. It does not consist in picking out just one man and hypnotizing him into taking a thing, but scientific salesmanship assumes that within a certain field or territory there is a use or demand or desire for a thing or a service; that there are a certain number of willing buyers and a certain number of unwilling buyers. The willing ones are sought out

by advertising or personal effort in completely covering the ground—if the salesman doesn't find a buyer in one place he goes to another. It is a good deal like an artist or literary man borrowing money—if he doesn't get it from one he goes to another, he assumes, on the law of average, that there is money somewhere.

The Appeal to Reason

In covering the ground for the willing ones, for instance, the unwilling ones are discovered and a campaign of education is kept up upon these by advertising or persistent personal effort.

The salesmanship that endures is an appeal to reason rather than emotion—inducing people to take that which they actually perform an economical act to themselves or benefit themselves in buying.

A real salesman is one who presents these reasons so that a prospective purchaser will see that it is all in his interest.

A real salesman will not sell anything but that which is in the interest of the purchaser; for otherwise his work will not endure. There are too many good things to be sold for men to waste their time and effort in unloading that which people do not need nor want.

Mention anything about advertising to the average literary man and he will at once picture some skunk having his likeness painted on a billboard or filling up newspaper space with eye-catcher puzzle pictures, of such phrases as, "Read This!" "Call and Be Convinced!" "We Aim to Please!" or "Best by Test!" All this is mere publicity, it is a waste of money and bears no relation to real advertising.

Real Advertising is education.

Real Advertising does just what the personal salesman does: It is a presentation of the merit of the thing or service for sale.

The general principles of salesmanship and advertising should be and will one day be made a part of the public high school course; for—

Everybody has something for sale.

The general principles of salesmanship and advertising will teach a coming generation their real relation to each other, and which is a very large part of real education. It would teach the coming generation just what the real men who move the world are up against—and then, may be, the next

generation of real men wouldn't be up against so much.

A bull dog chinned sales manager out of one of these industrial concerns could, within a half-hour's talk, give a school assembly room full of young men and women more information of a marketable value than they could learn by a formal commercial course in a year.

Everybody has something to sell, and—

It doesn't make any difference what a young man or woman pursues in life, a knowledge of the principles of the sale of what they use will be of real value.

Industry and commerce are simply supplying one another's wants or needs, and it does not consist in getting all you can and in giving as little as possible in return, which is dishonest because it is unscientific, and unscientific because it is dishonest.

The scientific way to get more is to give more.

Must Teach in Public Schools

Yes, and the real way to bring about some of the commercial reforms is to begin teaching them in the public schools; for many men who comprise industry and commerce today are hopelessly ignorant of their real relation to the world. Our only hope for complete reform is in the men of tomorrow.

In these big businesses there are many very simple and very useful principles locked away from the world at large. They are very common knowledge to those of us who are around them every day, but they could be honestly applied with profit to every

lawyer, doctor, architect, artist, actor, literary man and housewife in the land.

A knowledge of the specific conditions which surround sales and selling conditions would teach the people that the business methods of this country have been no better than themselves; that they will improve with themselves; that reforms, like charity, begin at home.

Sheldon, and his correspondence school of salesmanship is doing a good work. While all correspondence schools may have their defects according to the old pedagogical standards, yet they have advantages that more than offset the objection. They give people a knowledge of a subject that they could not otherwise get—it is a sort of mail order education.

A correspondence school makes a public school out of every post office.

Sheldon has much of the Oriental philosophy in his teaching, and it rings true. He holds that there are certain laws of success; that while there may be men who have succeeded without observing them, yet they would be more successful if they did.

Sheldon is making real salesmen by the process of making real men.

He is putting men in harmony with themselves, their true relation to each other—putting them on scientific terms with things, and the salesman is developing within, naturally.

Teaching men how to sell honest things honestly is building better than we know; for by a process of indirection it is teaching men to buy honestly.

Honest salesmen make honest buyers.

Association

By Hamilton Wright Mabie



THE development of one's personality cannot be accomplished in isolation or solitude; the process involves close and enduring association with one's fellows. If work were purely a matter of mechanical skill, each worker might have his cell and perform his task, as in prison. But work involves the entire personality, and the personality finds its complete unfolding, not in detachment, but in association.



Wanderings With Men Who Sell Things

BY EDWARD BUCKRUM

I DON'T like that salesman personally," said the merchant to me, "but I always buy of him. The fact is, he sells goods that I know are the best made and I know that he and his house are absolutely square. I am not selling that salesman. If I did I would probably want him made over. But I am selling the goods his house manufactures and I make good profit on them. He knows his goods, knows how to talk about them, tells me how to display and advertise them to the best advantage. You can see that I really have no reason to register any objections to having him sent to me instead of some salesman with a more likeable personality."

That little speech shows that merchants have progressed. It was not so many million years ago that a salesman who was not a "good fellow" could not sell goods. Goods were sold to the accompaniment of that hallowed invitational (good word) phrase, "Well what'll your's be?" The merchant had to be jollied along. He had to be told that his store was the best in that section, and that he had his rivals on the run when it came to cornering trade.

But all this is now out of fashion. The merchant demands Quality Goods. He wants goods that will enable him to *build* up a trade. He does not want goods which will enable him to *get* trade, for he knows that there is, indeed, "more in business building than in business getting."

No longer does the salesman find it necessary to belong to countless lodges, churches, societies for the prevention of protracted intoxication, and the rest. He depends for his hold upon the quality of the goods he sells and for the excellence of his service and the service of his house.

Manufacturers discovered long ago that the entertaining salesman is dangerous. He gets his trade and holds it through his own personal strength. When such a salesman leaves one house for another he is, in many cases, able to carry the trade with him.

But the salesman who goes out representing his house, and who sells his goods simply on their merit, and not on his personal power as a good fellow, builds up a trade which depends upon no individual salesman for its life.

A good teacher is one that teaches pupils to get along without her. A good salesman is one who always strives to set up such a sales machine in his territory that it will almost run itself.

Sharp Letters

SELDOM do sharp letters to salesmen produce good results. I know of a sales manager who sometimes writes letters in which he gives his men particular shades in the first few paragraphs and then smoothes things over in the last lap or two. He thinks he is doing clever work. But he isn't. He would realize that if he were to visit some of his men after they have read one of those letters which are supposed to be clever.

The salesman has no path padded with rose leaves upon which to travel. He gets bumped day after day and week after week. When he fails to get orders he is in need of something which will put vim, vigor and energy into him. He does not want to be called names. He may deserve them, but that doesn't excuse the sales manager for

calling him everything listed in the dictionary of profanity.

If the sales manager who writes sharp letters could look into the mind of Salesman Smith in Oshkosh as he reads one of them, he would never offend again. He would see that Smith's efficiency was immediately lowered. Instead of being spurred on to greater and greater efforts, Smith is angered and has developed within him something which closely approaches to hatred for house and sales manager.

The salesman may have done wrong. Salesmen have been known to do wrong. But the sales manager who expects to get them to do right must take the positive and not the negative attitude.

"This hurts me more than it does you," is what a father says to his hopeful when he has one of those noisy sessions in the woodshed. But the youngster never gets into such a mental condition that he and his father agree on this. It is the same with the sales manager who shoots a few pointed arrows into the mind of a salesman—he drives his salesman farther away from him. The boy who gets thrashed may go out and throw a rock through a window in order to relieve his pent up feelings, and to, as he thinks, get revenge. The salesman gets reckless and in a day does more harm than good.

I know of a man who is a hundred-pointer in his knowledge of the gentle art of criticising. He does his work by merely stating the facts in a clear, compact manner, permitting the culprit to form his own judgment. Another man might think it beneath his dignity to take this stand. But this man finds his subordinates coming to him with their problems because they know he analyzes fairly—always criticising the facts and never the person.

How Jim Made Good

JIM had worked for Armour for several years. He first worked in the packing houses, his duty being to report with others at four o'clock every morning and help load wagons which supplied the Chicago retail trade.

"One who has never done this work does not know how hard it is," says Jim. "I had to get up at three o'clock every morn-

ing so as to be on duty promptly at four. For three or four hours we had to work like galley slaves. We had no time to rest. When one wagon was loaded another took its place. We lifted heavy quarters of beef, whole pigs, and all the rest of the meat-market supplies. When I went home I cared for nothing but a heavy meal and a chance to sleep. Some folks talk about uplifting the laboring man by getting him to read and study. But folks who talk that way never worked in the packing district.

"I didn't stay in the packing house all the time. There came a day when I was sent out with a wagon to help the driver unload. A little later I got work in one of the meat-markets. There I learned to meet people. I also learned how to handle them in such a way as to satisfy them. I became an expert in the art of reading people and knowing what kind of meat they wanted.

"I learned this trade thoroughly. My experience in the yards and in the packing house had given me experience in the rougher end of the business, and the meat-market was a step upward. The work in the shop was not so tiring. I had time to read and to study.

"Next, I talked with the traveling men—the fellows who represented the big packers. They were not cooped up in one shop all day. They had to spend a great deal of time driving about the city. That kind of a job looked good to me. I determined to be a salesman.

"Well, it wasn't long until I had a chance to get a job with the Underwood ham people. They didn't want a salesman, but I was so insistent that they gave me a job in self-defense. I found later that they had given me a territory that no salesman had ever made pay. They thought that I would fall down and would cease to bother them.

"But I didn't fall down. After my experience in the packing district I knew what hard work meant. Long hours were not unknown. I had lived with rough men who feared nothing on two legs. The result of this training was that I went into every place with a most confident air imaginable.

"I guess I must have interested some of the butchers. I must have been somewhat breezy, yet they must have seen that I was not trying to be fresh. I was just over-

flowing with enthusiasm and confidence and I honestly felt that every dealer who handled my goods would build up business.

"I knew all about the business from the ground up. I understood my trade. I did not have to guess. I could tell every customer after I had visited with him two or three times just about what he needed to take care of his trade until my next visit. The time soon came when I merely went into a place and told the proprietor that I was sending him a dozen hams, so many pounds of lard, etc. Oftentimes, when pressed for time, I sent in the orders without seeing the butchers at all. These orders always held because I knew just what my customers wanted. I never overloaded them. I always tried to please them because it hadn't been so long before that I had been behind a counter.

"I succeeded so well in that poor territory, selling on a commission basis, that I was called into the office one day and was told that I was making too much money and that I would thereafter receive a salary and would be employed by the year.

"Do you know, I honestly think I made good because I had to work like a slave for so many years that selling goods seemed like child's play to me. Some of my fellow-salesmen used to complain of the hard work they were compelled to do. I used to smile at their wails, for I remembered the time when I had to get up at three o'clock in the morning, no matter what the weather or how tired I might be.

"It would do every salesman good if he could spend a few weeks out of the year doing some manual labor. He might never learn to regard selling as the easiest work in the world, but at any rate he would learn that there are other jobs that do not resemble the snaps enjoyed by those youngsters who spend their vacation picking posies."

A Matter of Autographs

SOME salesmen are burdened with the idea that they will lose caste with the house unless they get their names onto as many hotel registers as possible in the shortest possible length of time.

A sales manager tells me that a salesman is really not supposed to do this, but is ex-

pected to sell goods at a profit to the house and to the satisfaction of the trade. The salesman who imagines that the hotel proprietors will go over the hills to the poor house unless he registers at a certain time, or who does his work in such a way as to get out of a town on a certain train, is not the sort of a salesman that will become a top-notch.

They do tell me that top-notchers are in demand.

Never yet has the market been glutted. Unless a salesman is tied down to a certain route which must be covered in exactly such a way, his business is to stay in every town until he has gotten all profitable business in the place. Oftentimes the best sales are made in the most unlikely places. I once canvassed for books through the country near home and I used to be surprised to get orders in the most disreputable looking farmhouses.

Salesmen on the road often find it the same. Remember that oft repeated warning which runneth to the effect that pastures near at home are just as green as those which beckon you from a distance. Too many salesmen are hypnotized by the enchantment which distance lends. Get your orders where you are.

Don't borrow of distant fields.

Blaming the House

GEE, what a knock, Say, aint my nose bleeding?" says the daughter of joy to the Salvation Army major in that stirring play, "Salvation Nell." And that is a remark that a business institution can ordinarily make when one of its salesmen falls down. About the first thing such a salesman does is to knock the house.

Why of course he would have succeeded had he received from the house the support he deserved. Goodness me, yes! Didn't he find himself without order blanks when he reached Racine, and didn't it take a week for the house to send him a new supply? Of course. And how in the name of heaven could he send in any orders without order blanks. The very idea! A house that would expect orders under such trials and tribulations does not deserve a first-class salesman.

And so it goes. Letters from such salesmen when soaked in water over night make a fine blue writing fluid. They are filled with complaints from Genesis to Revelations. They tell of customers who did not get satisfaction 'way back in '61, and a lot of other things like that. To read those letters one would think that the house never made a friend, or at least never retained friends very long. Such salesmen remind one of a traveler who sees in a rich tropical country nothing but boa-constrictors, lizards, poisonous plants and insects, instead of the golden sunshine, the ripening fruits, the rich coloring, and the smiles of the majority.

There never was a house that did not make mistakes, any more than there ever was a man who was perfect. But the salesman who falls down in his work is certain that

his house is the worst in the business world and is continually growing worse instead of better.

The successful salesman does not find the road a pathway padded with Ostermoors.

He has hard times, he meets rebuffs, he finds negative conditions, he loses orders because the house sometimes makes a mistake. But he takes pride in overcoming negative conditions, and, anyhow, he is able to find more good things than bad things because he is looking for the good.

Most of us get what we look for. "Seek and ye shall find," you know, Salesmen who fail are expert in the art of writing sharp letters to the house, but the wise sales manager knows that writers of sharp letters are fellows who are on the down grade without sand.

The Cigar That Cost One Hundred Dollars

BY NEWTON A. FUESLE

THE Old Man is not a non-smoker by any means. Heavens, no! But he does not permit my lady Nicotine to get in her work except when he's off the job. He flirts with the little lady almost incessantly after he has banged the roll-top into place. While he doesn't use the five-dollar Havana accredited to J. P. Morgan, he is some connoisseur of the delicious weeds at that. He calls tobacco his slave. He prides himself that it isn't the other way. He told me a story the other day of a youth who smoked a cigar that cost one hundred dollars. It's short, so here it is—all of it.

"Talking about our favorite brands," he said as he rolled his unlighted Panatella to the other side of his mouth, "puts me in mind of a young salesman who dropped in on me the other week. He had worked for me at one time, and I must say he rang the bell with me at the time. When he next turned up he was selling lithograph work for a big Chicago establishment. His get-away was great and I knew he'd sell me at once. He had talked for some five minutes, when he produced a cigar and lighted it complacently. During the operation I managed to get in two or three questions, and was astounded that he lacked his initial

ginger altogether when he continued. I was puzzled, strove to analyze his difficulty, wondered where the sand in his gear-box was trickling down from.

"Before I could arrive at my solution he had closed me for a hundred dollars' worth of lithograph work. We sat talking reminiscently for a few minutes, and then he rose to go, thanking me for coming through.

"My boy," I said, shaking hands with him, "you smoke expensive cigars."

"Three for a quarter is all," he laughed.

"Guess again," I answered. "That cigar cost a hundred dollars."

"He wanted to know what I meant.

"Listen," I answered. "You could have convinced me that I needed two hundred dollars' worth of lithograph work if you hadn't divided your attention between your selling and your cigar. I saw in a second that something was wrong when you raised the match to your cigar. I was puzzled for a moment; then I realized what was the matter. Listen. This selling work is no parlor's play. A man can't divide his attention between it and anything else. They tell us that Cæsar diverted himself by dictating seven letters at once, and slipping in a job or two simultaneously in addition. But the rest of us can't.

"The line-plunging fullback, no matter how much beef he boasts, makes a lesser gain every time he bucks the line and tries to adjust his shin guard at the same time. Mansfield never sent a chill through the frame of a soul in the audience if he tried to adjust his shoe-lace and do the transformation stunt in the Jekyll and Hyde show at the same time. Bryan doesn't stop to retie his necktie when he's making a stump speech. If he did he would lose a crowd of voters he had almost convinced that his latest policy would save the nation from ruin. It's the same way with you and with me. Our business requires every

ounce of energy and strategy and attention we can muster. We are running a series of hundred yard dashes. We cannot swerve our attention or any part of it to anything else. Do you get me?"

"I get you," replied the lad. "I owe you a dividend on my subsequent sales."

"Keep it," I answered.

"I liked the youngster's spirit. Nine out of ten would have sneered at my sentiments the moment they were out of my office. The youngster has quit smoking-and-selling. His cigars, he writes me, are all the sweeter when taken now and then as occasion offers opportunity."

An Apology for the Strenuous

BY W. A. McDERMID

THIS, then, becomes an apology for the Strenuous, a defense of professionalizing business, of throwing one's whole being into the vortex of the commercial whirlpool to bring out a victory or be swamped in the flood.



W. A. McDERMID

Men have always deplored the material aspect of the world—have regretted its callousness to the beauties of nature, the

harshness of its life—as if life were not at best a tragic thing, much more tragic than death—and have dreamed of a new order of things—pastoral, primitive, ideal—and, experience has shown, largely impracticable.

It's the old monastic idea—that one finds peace and joy by living apart from the world. There's nothing in it—the world has outgrown the notion, and knows that the keenest joy is to be found in and of the world, and not apart from it.

Well, and if a man's world happens to be that of business? Is it not possible that his joy of service may be found in his daily work? Is it necessarily an axiom that because a man throws his heart and mind into business, the professionalizing of which some deplore, he cannot have a share in the other side of life? The two are not

incompatible. The Golden Rule in business—all other ideals of ethics—are no longer mere dreams. And men have learned and are learning to work rationally.

And while all work and no play makes a man "dwarfed and narrow, with mind vacant . . ." a surfeit of play, unbalanced by productive work, makes a man a ne'er-do-well, and, in the last analysis, a parasite on society, since society must exist by the united efforts of all individuals in the social body.

Dreams of the Strenuous

Some have unconsciously taken the view, which the facts don't justify, that business inevitably reacts upon a man to his disadvantage, mentally sometimes, spiritually almost certainly.

But there's nothing to this—if I see with clear eyes the people whom I meet.

Do you think that when James J. Hill conceived the idea of a great railway system to tap the unopened Northwest, connecting at tidewater with a great steamship system, he did not thrill at the conception of the great work he was doing for humanity. My people knew him when he was "Jim" Hill, in pioneer days in Winnipeg, and from all I have heard, I cannot believe that the first picture in his mind was of stocks and bonds and rolling stock.

I think he saw the great provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan roll-

ing miles of golden wheat. I think he heard the ring of the axes in the pines of British Columbia, and saw with prophetic vision the thin red line of the Canadian frontier push north and west into the world's latest, greatest empire. Here was a conquest nobler than Cæsar's, Alexander's, or Napoleon's. Yet one cannot say it is sordid. Nor was it merciless. Hill is one of the nation's greatest benefactors—a philanthropist to countless generations.

Do these things belittle business? Is this a less worthy task for a man than the enjoying of sensuous pleasures in a "near to nature" life?

And let us take Jacob Riis. He was a dreamer of dreams. But through most of his life he was a hard-working police reporter—most slavish and sordid of newspaper jobs—down in Mulberry Bend, New York. But Jacob Riis has not only showed us how the other half lives, but he has made their living, to a large extent, a decent thing, instead of a festering sore in our greatest city.

Do you see the contrast I aim to make?

Work—hard work—strenuosity—nervous energy—sheer, remorseless slave-driving of self—may be a greater factor for good than to "turn on our backs under the trees and watch the stars," and, if I may venture the assertion, usually *is*.

The Man With a Message

Let us assume that a man—you or I or any of us—has a message for the world. The world instinctively rejects the work of one who is a dreamer alone. The greatest idealists of the world, the men who have been responsible for epoch-making revolutions in the thoughts of the race, have been dreamers. But they have not been men whose lives were spent supinely under the branches of some spreading tree. They did not cause revolutions by evolving a thought and softly saying, "Lo, this is so."

Linnæus, Herschel, Darwin, Galileo, Newton—they have all lived the Strenuous Life. Every man that has ever borne a message of great good to the world—with perhaps a few exceptions of which I cannot now think—have lived it, too. And yet these men were lovers of the Open Road—worshippers at the shrine of the Red Gods as much as any Tramp of the World whom the wanderlust is driving to sink everything into the

sheer physical pleasure of being alive and near to Nature's heart.

To win a material world, one must, so far as external appearances go, meet it on its own terms. One need not lower oneself, nor sacrifice a principle, but one must win its respect.

You and I may have a message, but we can't get the "point of contact" unless we measure to the world's standard—efficiency in work—not necessarily in business, but in whatever line our work may be. If in business, not, mind you, in the ruthless, merciless, savage warfare of popular fiction. Business need not be primitive; usually is not.

One may "stop by the roadside and fall in love with the violet" and yet be one of the professionals, may he not?

The Doer is Best

Last fall at lunch I heard a man say: "Bryan has never done anything but talk. Taft has ideas too, and he can work like hell!" I needn't point the moral.

And here follows the crux of my little *apologia*.

Let me assume that I had agreed, with an old friend of mine, that this sordid commercialism did not agree with my temperament or my possibilities, and that I had not forsaken the realm of art (as expressed in newspaper epics) as a means of livelihood and fiction as a means of expression. Suppose that I were satisfied with enough to clothe and feed myself decently and fill the tobacco jar. Suppose I affected to scorn money—other than enough on which to live—that I lived just the carefree life that this friend of mine now lives—traveling from city to city—seeing life and men.

Would it be carefree? Not by many jugfuls! I have tried it! And while it is true that money can't buy happiness (as someone has already said), I have felt lots better with a five-spot tucked in my jeans than when debating how I could get my suitcase out of the hotel without being invited to the desk to settle.

Sordidness and the material come nearer to a man when he's busted than when the price of a meal at Rector's makes no difference. And the beauties of Nature don't compensate for the lack of a home and a few of the decencies and comforts of life.

Now, this, so far, has been personal and selfish. Suppose a man owes something to

his parents for many years of care? Or suppose that he is married. He has a moral obligation, then, to be willing to put in a few extra licks for a few extra tens in his pay envelope and to stay up nights, if need be, to help his bank account grow.

If a man doesn't work wisely and therefore efficiently—if he doesn't render the world the service which the world has a right to expect from one of his physical and mental and spiritual strength—he is a traitor to the best things in his life.

If I were to go to Seattle, get on a tramp steamer and loaf and invite my soul in the South Seas, where

“..... the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.”

I would be doing just the thing a friend would advise—but I would be hoisting the white flag.

The Reverse of the Shield

When a fellow is through tramping, where is he? What of those to whom he owes everything, longing for the things that industry might have given them? It is natural to give children the best there is. It means the improvement of the race. But when children receive the things they deserve, it means that someone has been a true disciple of the Strenuous—or that somebody gave him something for nothing, which doesn't count.

There are people who are fascinated by the carefree life of the newspaper correspondent—the Bohemian gayety—the unconventional outlook on life—the sense of power and independence—the view of humanity stripped of its lace and tinsel. But do they who are fascinated know of the things that we, knowing the game, don't speak of except to each other—the petty tricks, the lies, the brutality that makes the good “picture thief” and newsgatherer—the shameless intrusion into the privacy of people?

There's a reverse to every shield. Those who have seen the wrecks of humanity which haunt the rooms of the Press Club know that there is this other picture. These wrecks, these human hulks were full of the joy of living once. They have written, many of them, things which for a time made them famous. But their life has reacted on them. They have been butterflies—their pleasure in their often heart-breaking tasks has been selfish—and now their families, those dependent upon them — — —

It would seem as if no man has a right to carry this doctrine of idleness to its ultimate analysis. Even though a man has no one dependent upon him he has a debt to society. The world needs his service. It needs him. And when he selfishly loafs, when he refuses to serve, he has failed in life. He has failed to truly live. And to fail to live is a crime, while to fail in business may only be a mistake.



View of Lake Eara from site of Sheldon Summer School Camp. Come and see it in July.



Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

Mix

Be a mixer. Meet folks. Talk to men, women and children. Concentrate upon your business during business hours. Then concentrate on something else. Go to the theater. Let some soul-stirring play shake your mental mattress so that you can get a rest. Get acquainted with your neighbors. Life isn't a game of solitaire. Unless you do mix you will be as barren of new ideas as Death Valley is of mountain brooks. Unless you get away from your business, from your own special hobby, from your own narrow thought channel, your acquaintances will be saying, "Jones hasn't had a new thought for the past year. He is mentally ossifying." Of course it is concentration that wins in business. But there is such a thing, you may have heard, as too much of a good thing. Don't swing too far. No one knows how many men have gone to their resting places in the ground simply because they concentrated on one thing too much. St. Paul says, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." But because that advice is given by a man of recognized reputation is no reason why some men should interpret it to mean that they should consume privately the annual output of some Kentucky distillery. And here's another thing to remember: When you go to the theater go there with a desire to get the best the place offers. Don't go because your wife wants you to, or because some of your friends have gotten up a box party. Unless the play is too bad, keep your eyes and your mind on the stage and forget that deal with Brown. That deal with Brown will undoubtedly be right in your office when you get down in the

morning. It won't get away. Of course there is such a thing as being too much of a mixer. "Going out with the boys" is a phrase that has a naughty tone. I don't mean that kind of mixing. But I do mean mixing of the clean, honest, recreating, business-forgetting kind. Mix.

Follow Your
Leader

We used to play a game called Follow-your-leader. We certainly had heaps of fun. I remember that I used to be a somewhat strenuous leader and only the daring ones would play with me. I enjoyed crawling over the roofs of buildings, swinging by my hands from high rafters, or doing other equally foolish and oftentimes asinine things. It is always fun to do things that are hard for others to do even when one is a youngster. This Follow-your-leader game flashed into my mind the other night when we had a little meeting for the study of scientific business building here in the office. We were talking of employees and their efficiency. It was argued that an employee should follow his employer and render absolute obedience. But one member of the class dissented. "When a wagon is going down hill there is no sense in getting behind and pushing," says he. "There are times when an employee should hold back. A brake is a handy thing to have around on a steep grade. It is all right to have an institution made up of a lot of progressive, whoop-her-up, get-there, business boosters. But I tell you it is unsafe to forget the gentlemen who hail from the state where Joe Folk fastened down the lid." Every business institution should have on the payroll a man with kicking pro-

clivities. The wise kicker is a man who is entitled to a halo. Men who have kicked against the Established Order have been on the firing line of the army that captured the outposts of the enemy, Ignorance.

Women in Business Women are taking greater and greater interest in business every day. This is good.

They long ago broke away from homes that were semi-oriental in exclusiveness, and thousands of them have entered the offices, the stores, the factories. We have women lawyers, doctors, preachers, saleswomen, architects, landscape gardeners, farmers—there are few fields of industry that they haven't invaded. And this invasion has proved to be for the betterment of business. Sympathy is entering in. Women were once looked down upon because in business affairs they were too often ruled by the heart instead of by the head. And now our wisest merchants and our greatest commercial successes are finding that a business that is ruled by the heart plus the head is the best business. Great improvements have been made in our offices, in our factories, in our stores. And that much of this improvement is due to the influence of women is something that cannot be denied. Do you think for an instant that Marshall Field would have built so much beauty into his store did he not desire to cater to women? And isn't it true that some of us men wander through that great building just because it satisfies a certain æsthetic craving—it appeals to the love of beauty which is in every one of us, deny it as we will ever so loudly. I believe that during the years to come more and more women will enter business fields. Women are awakening. They no longer choose to be looked upon as slaves, and they realize that they must look to themselves for help. We can't keep women out of the business world. They are entering in and will continue to enter in. After a while men will awaken and will recognize them as equals. In time women will appear before the law on a plane even with the men. One will have no privileges not enjoyed by the other. We shall never have a race of truly strong men until we develop a race of strong women. And no race of strong women can be developed until women win for themselves a square deal. After a while the majority of

the women of America will demand suffrage, and when they do make the demand in the right way they will get what they ask. "Ask and ye shall receive" applies to women as much as to men.

An Overcoat in July Of course you have seen men who wear mental overcoats in July. The point I desire to make, with your kind permission,

is that there are too many men who lack faith. When everything is rosy and warm and the sun of success is shining these men won't loosen up, won't relax and unlimber. They maintain a zero atmosphere in their mental musoleum. The reason they do this is because they got frost bitten once in the winter time. And, somehow, they can't forget it. They hold to the memory of that frost bite like death to a defunct Ethiopian. I honestly believe that there are folks of this calibre who would carry an umbrella if they intended to spend their vacation in Death Valley for fear that Nature would send a rain storm. Something unpleasant happens to most men once or twice during their lives. This is good. Unpleasant things are the shadows in the photograph—they make the bright things stand out. We need varied experiences for purposes of comparison.

The Saving Habit Nearly every millionaire who gets up before the Sunday school class to tell the sad, sweet story of his success,

begins by relating all about the hardships encountered in acquiring the first one thousand dollars. Getting that first thousand is always hard work. According to the statement of a man I know, after a man has saved one thousand dollars he has not only acquired that much money but has also acquired the saving habit. I was told not long ago of a firm that started in pretty close to the bottom. Their bank balance could be seen only with a powerful microscope. The man who attended to the finances took their account to a bank that would accept no account that fell below three hundred dollars. To keep the account at that figure was a task that made the two partners work and save day after day. Finally they had no trouble in holding the balance at the minimum figure. Then they set a limit of their own. They made

it \$350. Later they raised it to \$400; later to \$500; a while later to \$750, then to \$1,000. Now they do not tell how much money they have, but it is whispered that their credit was so good that they borrowed \$30,000 during the dark days of the last panic. And so you who desire to learn the Saving Habit should set a limit. Make it high enough to keep you hustling to keep your balance up to it. Never drop below. Go without that new suit, or those theater tickets. Keep faith with yourself and thus learn the habit of keeping faith with others. Wise men tell me that a young man should invest in land. An investment in land—especially in land with a home on it—is steady. The man on a salary who has no fear of being long out of a job is not as apt to be as steady as the fellow who has an interest in the business, or who has not made investments which require his personal attention. Few men can get rich by saving, but it is only the man who knows how to save that will have money with which to make investments later. The Saving Habit combined with the Study Habit assures a man a comfortable amount of success.

We are now paying much
Distribution attention to the distribution
of Labor of things. We have elevated
salesmanship to the dignity
of a science. Salesmen are now men of
position in the commercial world. Adver-
tising has become one of the greatest econ-
omic forces of modern times. We are seek-
ing earnestly the best methods of taking
things from where they are plentiful to places
where they are scarce. We are succeeding
admirably. Today manufacturers in New
England supply many of the needs of those
who live in 'Frisco. In Africa and Japan
are markets for American goods. And all
this is good. Commerce is the great civil-
izer. It is the practical method of intro-
ducing Christianity. But we need just a
little bit more Christianity in the distribution
of labor. Those of us who are sure of our
daily bread and our place of rest are very
apt to judge the rest of the world by the
condition in which we find ourselves. We
are apt to scoff when we are told that in
this great land of ours there are thousands
who are hungry—thousands of men and
women hungry who would willingly go to
work if work could be supplied them. We

are told that work is for the worker. But the facts do not bear out the truth of this statement. As we look about we find that some men have too much work and others too little. We find that matters are not adjusted as they must be before we can say that this is truly the land of the square deal. Not long ago a Brooklyn clergyman set up a slave-auction block in his church for the sale of men out of work. A young man of twenty-four who had been looking for work for eight months was sold to a baker for ten dollars a week and three loaves of bread a day to drive a delivery wagon. According to *The Chicago Public*, the clergyman called this auction the most tragic thing he had ever known. This is a task which calls for executive genius of a high order. It calls for business men—men who are big enough to handle great problems of distribution. To change the present costly system of the distribution of labor and the rewards of labor is a task which only master men can solve wisely. The government of this country is the biggest business in the country. The product which must be manufactured and distributed honestly is The Square Deal to everybody.

No one questions the state-
Getting Inter- ment that the employee who
ested in Politics merely does his work in
such a way as to earn the
salary which comes to him isn't of as much
value as the man who is vitally interested
in serving the institution that employs him.
The citizen who is content to accept condi-
tions as he finds them, taking what comes
to him without question, or who voices his
discontent by growling against the govern-
ment, is of infinitely less value to the country
than the man who is vitally interested in
improving our system of government. No
one is foolish enough to contend that our
government is perfect. There are many
things that are wrong. Many improvements
can be made and must be made. Of course
it is true that we have the sort of government
the majority wants. But that doesn't neces-
sarily mean that we have what is best.
Business men should interest themselves
actively in the affairs of their city. I do not
mean that they should interest themselves
as some bribe-givers have, but they should
interest themselves actively for the good of
all. Our state governments can become

good only after our city governments have been purified. And until our state governments are improved we cannot look for any great improvements in the national administration. In the last analysis the individual is the keynote of the arch of government. The individual is apparently insignificant. But it is certain that every citizen either strengthens or weakens the government by his own individual conduct. In order to get the best from our citizens we should be willing to give all men a hearing. Some of us are so criminally narrow that we refuse to listen to proposals for improvement from those who profess to belong to political parties which hold beliefs that differ from those before which we worship. I say we are criminally narrow—far more criminal than those whom we designate as “apostles of unrest.” Men are not “apostles of unrest” unless there is a reason, and the reason for unrest is something we should know about so that a remedy can be provided. It matters little what political party brings about the greatest number of betterments. The results are all important. There is much that is good in every party, and there can be no great advancement until the members of all parties recognize this and work together instead of against one another. Our petty, measly, mean, selfish narrowness is to blame for much in our government that is evil.

**The Study of
Languages**

Nations go to war because they do not understand one another. In America we live according to a certain code.

We do things which seem ethical, but we cannot understand other nations when they order their conduct differently. We judge them, basing our judgment in most cases upon our own narrow, imperfect knowledge. But in the United States are men who seek to do away with misunderstandings. They realize that men who fully understand one another seldom have trouble, so they seek to impress our nation with the necessity of studying all other nations—particularly China and Japan. One Japanese motto is, “We shall seek for knowledge throughout the whole world.” And it is said by those who profess to know that no government and no people in the world understands all the nations as well as Japan does. Our own country has been looked upon as the leading

nation of the world. We are therefore inclined to be smug, content, self-satisfied. We are not open-minded as Japan is. Every year there come to our colleges hundreds of young Japanese who are hungry for the knowledge we have to offer them. They learn our language and learn to understand us. They see us as we should see ourselves. They see our strength and our weaknesses. This knowledge they carry home with them. And that knowledge, added to the knowledge already possessed by Japan, is sure to force the Island Kingdom into the lead. It must be understood right here that Japanese students are sent to European schools also. Japan is making all nations work for her. Men who recognize the power in others and wisely direct that power become master servants. Japan may be destined to become the master among nations. We are told, also, that the war scare which blackened our papers last year sprang into being because the newspaper men of the United States did not understand the Japanese language. Had they done so they would have been able to interpret the feelings of the Japanese as expressed in their own periodicals. Those men who did understand Japan said there was no danger of trouble. But the majority did not understand that, the majority believed that there was danger. Wise men changed the minds of the many in time, else war would have resulted. We get just what we expect. In order to get the trade of other nations, we must have men who know the language of those nations. Confidence is the basis of trade. But those only have confidence in one another who understand. American colleges can render the country a great service by teaching young men and young women the live foreign languages. Until we understand the languages in use today we can afford to leave Latin and Greek and Hebrew alone.

**The Faith of
Mansfield** Richard Mansfield became America's foremost actor because he had absolute faith in himself and in his work. He had, it is true, great natural ability. But all the natural ability in the world would not have availed him had he not possessed determination, concentration, perseverance, and had he not supported these great qualities with a faith that never wavered. Mans-

field was born to be a star. In his school days he always led. He insisted upon having his own way. He had his own ideas and he was not satisfied until he had worked them out. He organized his own company at an age when most young actors would have been satisfied to play minor parts in the companies of other stars. But Mansfield regarded himself as a star. He knew that he had ability of a high order. He was sure that he would succeed. But success came slowly. His company went to pieces. He was forced to go back to other companies, but always he kept before his mind the picture of himself at the head of a company of his own. His first success came in 1883 when he appeared as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance." He was given this part because the actor originally cast for it refused to play. On the strength of this success he organized a company of his own, which failed. Then came his success in "Prince Karl" in 1886, and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the year following. Later came his invasion of England at the head of his own company. The venture was a financial failure, Mansfield returning to America bearing the burden of a debt of \$100,000. Then came a series of successes and failures. The burden of debt grew no lighter. Finally, in 1898, came "Cyrano de Bergerac." With this play came lasting success. He paid off his debts and acquired a modest fortune. But what is of greater importance than the fact that he left a fortune, is the name he has left behind. He left no successor. But his life will ever serve as an inspiration, not only to actors, but to all men. He overcame obstacles and became a master because of his faith in himself and his work.

Educating New Agents Insurance companies have long recognized that trained men are needed to sell policies. Some of the best training classes in the country are to be found under the management of insurance officials. Now comes a notice from the Security Mutual Life which tells us that they have opened a circulating library, said to be the first of its kind in the insurance field. As new books are published relative to life insurance subjects a copy is secured and read in the agency department. If considered of value to agents, additional copies

are purchased and placed in the library. They are loaned to agents for thirty days. Only one book will be sent out at a time.

Of course it is possible that you are so wise that it is unnecessary for you to seek knowledge. But it is not at all probable. Most of us have annexed but a fraction of the knowledge that would be helpful in our daily work. We may have graduated from the best colleges in the country, we may have degrees from the big educational institutions of the Old World, but we have never received a diploma from the School of Life. So long as we live we can learn, and those who are not learning daily are not living as Nature would have them live. The business men who have become great successes became successful by learning from others and then applying what they learned. The merchant who is satisfied that his store is the best in his town, and who has only contempt for his fellow merchants and the manner in which they conduct their businesses, is standing on the greased chute which leads to the business Gahenna. One of the most successful merchants I know spent over a year traveling around the country before he even broke ground for his new store. He talked with proprietors, but most of his talks were with the clerks. He told me that he learned most from them. Not only did he learn how to arrange his new store so that it would be best adapted to the needs of his business, but he learned how to handle his customers so as to give them satisfaction. He was meek and humble and he learned. This man is a success. He has health, he bids fair to enjoy a long life, and he has all the money he can use—money honorably earned. "Our hated rivals" can be made to work for us. They are not all bad. They have much that is good. Our duty to ourselves is to find the good in them and use it. Of course there is gold in sea water which is not taken out because the process of extracting it is too costly. It may be that the cost of getting the golden information from some of your neighbors is too costly. But there are places where golden information can be obtained at a profit to you and without loss to your neighbor. There are on the road salesmen who think they know it all. There are sales

managers who are afflicted with the same disease. They are walking away from the light, their shadow is on their path and they do not see the holes and the scattered rocks. A tumble is awaiting them. If it is wisdom you want, you can have it. Seek it with an open mind. Desire wisdom and express your desire in work. You will get what you desire and in just the measure of that desire.

**Our Consuls
Are Salesmen**

If this country of ours is entitled to its reputation of being the leading commercial nation of the world, it ought to aim to preserve that reputation by appointing consuls of the star salesman type. You see a consul is to this country what a salesman is to a business institution. Now, we would have little respect for the institution that sent out as salesmen men who had proven to be failures in other departments, or who had been of service at one time but had become incapacitated. Yet that is what the government has been doing for many years. Of course this statement must not be interpreted to mean that all our consuls have been inefficient. That is not the case. But there is evidence to prove that the consul service is not what it should be and could be because of the inefficiency of a great number of the men appointed. In many cases these men have been broken-down politicians, men who had been of service to the party in the past but whose powers of service had dwindled, men who were promised positions provided they would use their influence in a certain way, rich young men who desired this special brand of amusement, fathers who desired to give their children foreign educational advantages, men whom the party leaders feared and therefore wanted out of the country—well, it is a cheerful picture, isn't it. And there is nothing exaggerated about this. Proof is right at hand. But the fact that our consuls are men of this kind would not be a black fact were it not undeniably true that Germany and England are getting foreign trade that America has not been able to touch. This is particularly true in countries where Germany wants trade. And the reason Germany is able to get business is because its consuls are trained. Not only do they know Germany and its resources, but they know the language, the cus-

toms, the resources, the needs and wants of the countries to which they are sent. In addition to knowing these things they have been trained to act. They are salesmen. They work continually to increase the trade of their nation. The United States needs men capable of holding their own in this battle for trade, and the only way such men can be obtained is by establishing consular training schools. A salesman can not obtain a position merely because he is a "good fellow." A man should not be given a consular position unless fitted to fill the position of representing what we choose to call the "leading commercial nation of the world."

**Battleships and
Factories**

Although Richmond P. Hobson is one of the greatest worshippers of the idea of building for this country a great navy, I do not believe that even he would deny that four millions of dollars invested in a factory producing goods for the public is better than four millions spent on a battleship that is destined only to destroy. Of course I am not one of those who cry "Peace, Peace," and pretend that in order to abolish war all we need to do is to destroy the instruments of warfare. Battleships and forts and guns and swords are but the materialized expression of war thoughts in the hearts of the majority. War will not be abolished until the war thoughts are abolished. But neither do I believe in that foolish command, "In time of peace, prepare for war." We get just what we prepare for. Education alone will solve the problem. When the people see that to fight is foolish, and that the bravery of peace is infinitely greater than the bravery of war, then we shall have peace. But this must be an international movement. You and I will not live to see universal peace. But we can help along the work of education. And this work of education must be carried on in all the countries of the world. The United States cannot convert the world to peace by abolishing its war institutions. Great Britain has the largest navy in the world. Germany and France are burdened with 600,000 men under arms—men who produce nothing but consume much. Japan has the trifle of 500,000 men and a navy almost equal to our own. Russia's army in time of peace numbers 1,200,000 men, and

even now that nation is trying to build a navy that will take the place of one the whereabouts of which is best known to the Little Brown Men of Nippon. Of course this is all foolish, but, in the language of a somewhat putrid politician, "What are you going to do about it?" It will require much work to change conditions so that the blind folks of the world will be made to see that production is infinitely better than destruction.

When you send a horse over the hurdles, ride as though you mean business. Don't let the horse slow up. Take Old Abe there. If you let him slow up just before the jump, he will stop dead. You've got to lift him right over without stopping." Art Koon, the horseman, was telling this to Ed and me, as we galloped over the road to The Farm. "These jumping horses are queer animals to judge," he continued, his horse slowing down to a walk. "You hear fellows say of a young horse: 'There's an animal that will prove a wonder on the jumps.'" But you can't tell anything about it. You've got to try them all out. They may take a two-foot jump at the start and you get it into your head that they can do three feet next time. But when you attempt the two-footer, well, the horse fails. And here's another thing to remember: A new jumper must be given many a tumble. I wouldn't give a cent for a horse that had never tumbled. You see, it's just like this: A horse that has cleared the jumps every time is apt to be over-confident. Now that's a bad thing in a horse, this over-confidence. Over-confident horses kill riders. The best jumpers are those that have been on the ground with their hoofs in the air. After a hurdle has thrown them once or twice they respect it. And when they respect it, they are careful to clear it." Ed and I grinned. It sounded to us like a sales manager's lecture to his green men. You see, a salesman who has never been slammed down and jumped on by a prospect, is apt to get the idea into his head that he is the star salesman of the universe. And that is a mighty bad idea for a salesman to get. But the salesman who has succeeded some and failed some more is sure to respect both his prospect and himself. When the jumping horse loses

respect for the hurdles it is doomed for a fall. When a salesman looks with contempt upon his customers the same thing is scheduled for him. Over-confidence is as bad as too little confidence, both in men and horses.

I Second the Motion "I can always second a motion, but I am never able to muster up enough courage to make one," laughingly said a friend to me the other night. And I, for the want of a better subject, gave a bit of a preachment on that statement, showing that all over the world are millions and millions of persons who belong to the I-second-the-motion class, while there are so few, so pitifully few who have in them the elements of leadership. And the world wants leaders so much. Of all the countless millions there are only a handful here and there who go forward and break a new path. The millions are traveling the same old roads, with all their twists and turns and mudholes and ruts. They are all I-second-the-motioners. Leadership brings responsibilities. Undoubtedly there are times when there comes to those who lead a desire to throw off the burden. But one who has captured leadership has captured a Tartar—it is just as hard to let go as it is to hang on. But never has there been a leader who has not felt upon his brow the crown of thorns. It matters not what field he may have chosen for his work. Always must he pay the price. The penalty for having done good work is the capacity to do still more good work. One cannot evade it. It is the law. And if you would graduate from the I-second-the-motion class, if you would choose to serve as a leader, bearing the responsibilities of the position, you can get just what you want. I do not believe it possible for a purposeful man to fail to get what he desires. The Law of Compensation always works. This law always sees that each individual is paid for the work he does. Labor will always produce results. Whether the laborer receives the benefit from his labor or not is another question. The fact that others reap the harvest planted in the sweat of the laborer's brow does not prove that the law has failed to work. In the business world today there is a crying demand for more leaders who will show the majority how to do their work in

such a way that all men, women and children may receive a square deal. They are not today. Nor will they tomorrow unless there immediately spring forward brigade after brigade of motion-makers to show the I-second-the-motion folks what to do. I do not believe that men are unjust to their fellows knowingly and willingly. Most injustice is the result of blindness. Men do not see. Most eyes are blinded by selfishness. They can be opened only by those who are fit to lead the way to the higher plane where selfishness is not.

Training the Retailers Manufacturers realize that it makes but little difference how good the articles manufactured may be unless they can be sold at a profit. That means that salesmanship must be used, for we are told that "Salesmanship is the sale of goods for profit." Manufacturers are therefore having special books written in which retailers are told how to sell goods scientifically. For instance there is a silver manufacturing concern which has recently issued a book which tells how to sell more silverware. The book is scientifically written. "Ask and ye shall receive" is good advice to give a retailer only when he is also told *how* to ask.

Preventing Crime New York spent \$214,000 on playgrounds, vacation schools and recreation centers last year. This appropriation maintained teachers and guardians in 105 playgrounds, nineteen of which were kept open especially for mothers and babies. Eleven evening roof playgrounds which entertained an average of 22,654 young men and girls with music were kept open, while twenty-seven vacation schools which maintained a voluntary attendance of 24,824 were kept open. Here the pupils were taught cooking, sewing, carpentry and manual training. Garden schools where children were taught the first principles of farming by growing vegetables were well attended. It is said that this year's appropriation will be much less. Politicians down in that neighborhood have not yet evolved to a height from which they might see that it is infinitely cheaper to prevent crime than to punish criminals after crime is committed. These recreation centers

make for the lessening of crime. Here there are no cheap dances, no intoxicating liquors, no obscene moving pictures. The entertainment offered is clean. In the schools the children are taught to be useful. They are not compelled to sit down and study from musty books, but are given something to do. They are taught to express themselves, to use their energy in creating useful things. They learn to cook, to sew, to take proper care of a home. The boys learn to do carpenter work—learning to make many handy little contrivances which can be used to advantage in the poor homes from which so many of them come. If it be true, as some philosopher has said, that sin is misdirected energy, don't you think it pays to spend a few dollars if by doing so the energy of 3,641,633 can be directed into creative channels? If the energies of all the people of New York could be wisely directed—that is, if each citizen could be made an effective word speaker and deed doer—there would be no crime. And if there was no crime there would be no need of the expensive judicial machinery, no prisons, no loss of life by murder, no loss by theft, no malicious destruction of property—well, paint this optimistic picture for yourself. Sometimes folks who have fallen over the brink into the pit of sin and suffering may be pulled out. But it is infinitely cheaper, and infinitely more satisfactory to both individuals and to society to prevent folks from falling. Replacing a weak rail with a strong one is much better and cheaper than to be kept busy constantly pulling trains back onto the track with the wrecking derrick.

The Glass of Your Life Did you ever slowly fill a glass with water and then, just as it seemed full to overflowing, add drop after drop until the level of the water was above the level of the glass? And then there came a time when by adding one drop there flowed over the edge a little rivulet that formed a pool on the table? Of course you have done this, have seen it done, or learned of its being done by someone else. And it seems to me that our lives are much like glasses. We add a little to our strength day by day—just a little, apparently insignificant bit of strength. To us it seems that this addition will not produce anything

of importance. But if we compared our lives with the glass to which water is being added drop by drop, we would see ahead that moment when by the addition of one little bit of strength, our force would flow out—the drops of strength added together and forming a steady stream. The little things count in life. Daily is the truth of Michael Angelo's saying, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," made apparent in the lives of the men of the world who are doing big work. The acorn is a small thing. Yet from that small thing the great oak grows. The tree adds but one ring a year. Yet there are trees so great that men—the lords of creation—travel thousands of miles to stare at them in wonder. Great work is accomplished only after years of infinite patience. There is such a thing as inspiration. But inspiration is to a man what the final drop of water is to the glass that is ready to overflow. It comes only as the final touch. To be worthy of great inspiration a man must live out each day to the best of his ability, even when the road on which he daily journeys seems to lead into the desert. Because you are not great is no reason why you should be discontent. The desert you may see was seen by others before you. Some lost heart and died. A few traveled hopefully onward and saw the Promised Land ahead. You are tempted to succumb to this negative today. You cannot see how yielding to a negative for a moment's pleasure will interfere with your success. But think of the glass. The negative takes away the drops which help to fill. You may be in an office and you may think you can afford to slight the details. But you can't. You'll have to pay. Your success will be deferred. Keep filling. Be positive. It pays in long life, health, money and honor. You want happiness, don't you? Fill and do not spill the glass of life.

The New York editor wanted
William Allen White and made him an offer such as few country editors ever even go so far as to dream about. But William Allen just pushed the offer back with a polite note to the effect that it was not within two or three miles of being big

enough to compensate him for the loss of the right to sprinkle his own lawn on a summer evening with a garden hose. William Allen White edits a paper out in Emporia which is in Kansas. One of his hobbies is to take a trip to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado whenever the subscribers pay the treasurer enough cash. On these small town dailies they do not have high priced editorial writers. Bill White wrote his own. So, when he arranged to go on a trip west during the days when the Populist party was in bloom, he wrote a lot of editorial stuff which "the boys" were to use as needed. One of these editorials was "What's the Matter With Kansas?" This was slipped in as a filler one day. The next day it was quoted in a hundred papers, and the day following the whole country heard of it. Since that day William Allen White has been one of the sights of the country. I write this because it proves that a man can throw a lasso over Fame—or a good imitation of it—by doing his daily stint as well as he can. White lived in a little town in Kansas and—with due respect to Emporia and Kansas—had no special advantages in the way of environment. But White made a hit with that one editorial because it was a fine piece of work for the time, just as Hubbard's "Message to Garcia" was great when it was written. Today neither the editorial nor the message would make the stir they did when they were written. White has been doing much writing since, and he is on the editorial staff of one of the best magazines in the country. He is what he is because he has worked—worked with the assistance of the Study Habit. So you see, just because you live in Kalamazoo or Oshkosh is no reason why you should not do a great piece of work. You think you could do better in New York or San Francisco. But could you? Just do your work as well as you can right where you are and don't waste any time trying to shake any salt on the tail of the bird of fame. If you can do your work better than anyone else, and if your work is a service to the world, Fame will break in on you, and had you the strength of Samson before he lost his football hair, you could not keep it from grappling you.



Why Not Forget Your Competitors?

BY JOHN A. MURPHY

WHY is nearly all advertising aimed at competition?

You say that it is competition that makes advertising necessary, but I maintain that you are wrong. It is true that advertising is successfully used as a weapon against competition, and so it will be until rivalry in trade is no longer a thing of this earth.

But even if competition had ceased to exist and in its stead co-operation ruled supreme in the domain of industry and commerce, still advertising would be a necessary force in the scientific marketing of a product.

The highest function of advertising is to get people to use a certain product which they have never used before. To get the trade already enjoyed by a competitor is not the real purpose of advertising.

The average advertiser seems to work on the theory that the maximum consumption of the product which he has for sale has already been attained, and that the only way he can get more business is by taking it away from his competitor.

"Avoid substitutes. Beware of imitations. My goods are better than Smith's. Our axle-grease beats Fizz's all to pieces. When you want hay that is all hay, look for our trade mark. It is not real gum unless my photograph is on every stick. I'm the only honest man in this business. I write my signature on every pill leaving this factory, and if you don't watch for it you'll be cheated."

The Foolish Anvil Chorus

Thus does the noisy anvil chorus go on with its work trying to get business, by tilting at competition.

Why bother with competitors at all. Leave them alone. Let them enjoy the little business they have. There are larger

and more profitable fields of trade elsewhere waiting for you.

Let us suppose you have lemons for sale, and, by the way, lemons can be advertised very effectively. Nearly every one uses a few lemons in the course of a year, but why can't you make them use two, three or four times as many. Don't start your advertising by telling about what poor lemons your competitor has, but commence an educational campaign. Show the many ways in which lemons can be used. Give lemon recipes. Let the people know that lemons can be put to fifty-seven uses in the kitchen, and that they can also be used in the parlor, in the laundry, in the sick room, and in many other places.

In order to get more lemon business you don't have to steal any trade from Brother Brown. Forget about Brown entirely. Your lemon business will wax fat, if you conduct the right kind of an educational campaign. Make two lemon customers spring up where only one existed before, and then make your old lemon customers use four lemons, where they formerly used only two. The right kind of advertising will do this for you.

Advertising to increase the per capita consumption of your product is scientific. It is in doing work such as this that advertising has the greatest possibilities. Such advertising is a great builder of business. It is much more effective than that old-fashioned, but still current, kind of advertising which seeks to win trade by dislodging competition.

The Æolian Company is a monument to the success of the policy of educational advertising. Not a word does this concern say about its competitors. Its advertising educates people to want good music. It creates a demand for music, and then the advertising leads one to infer that this de-

sire for good music, artistically played, can be satisfied by using a Pianola.

Mr. Curtis in building up the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post* did not concern himself very much with competition. He made his papers as near right as he could and then got readers for them by advertising seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year. He didn't go to the readers of other publications for patrons. He actually made new readers. Of course his magazines are so good that those who read other papers come to him, but the winning of such customers was purely incidental to his general plan.

Little does the Burroughs Adding Machine Company bother itself with competition. Its advertising is designed, not with an idea of getting people dissatisfied with other adding devices, but with the intention of getting business men to systematize and simplify their work by using a Burroughs. The advertising of this concern is highly educational. It creates new wants. It makes business men dissatisfied with their old slipshod hit-or-miss, slow methods, and makes them desire more up-to-date, more accurate ways of doing business. In addition to selling adding machines the Burroughs people are also engaged in the noble work of educating people to be better, bigger, and more useful masters of the great profession of business.

Do You Eat Beans?

Look at what advertising has done for the bean industry. If you are not eating beans three times a day and four times on Sunday, it is because you can't read, or else you have already eaten yourself sick. If you can read those full page bean ads. put out by that Indianapolis concern, and not start eating beans, you must be suffering from bean ennui. Since this educational bean copy started to appear in the magazines and newspapers, the consumption of beans has increased 50 per cent. The

United States, big as it is, can no longer supply the demand. Last year three million bushels of beans were imported, and the advertising has only just begun. The Lord only knows how many bushels of beans we will be eating after this irresistibly appealing appetite-producing advertising has appeared for another year or two.

The packers of beans realized that people were not eating their product frequently enough. They also knew that many people did not eat beans at all. To make every one eat beans, every day, that was their problem. And they solved that problem not by trying to coax trade away from their competitors, but by the right kind of advertising, by giving the whole country an education in beans.

And here's an important point. The capacity of the inner man is limited. The quantity of food we can eat is of course restricted. Therefore, the more beans we eat, the less we can eat of other things. By increasing the per capita consumption of their own product, the bean packers have lessened the consumption of other articles of food. It seems that advertising has the power to influence the appetite of a nation. And those food manufacturers who will imitate the methods of the bean packers will find that the success of the bean campaign can be duplicated in other lines.

Consider advertising as a form of education and you will realize its vast possibilities. If you will quit talking about your competitor in your advertisements, stop making comparisons between his goods and yours, and instead tell a lot of interesting things about your own goods, you will find this new method pays better.

Advertising which educates is the kind that counts in building up a business. He succeeds best, who serves most. That's true in advertising also. Advertising is but another form of service, and that is why it is necessary whether there be competition or co-operation.

Do Your Work Well

Ruskin

Do your work well, whether it be for life or death. Help other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

The Milk in the Coconut

By FRANCIS B. ATKINSON, Sales Promotion Department, J. Walter Thompson Co.

A BUSINESS MAN said to me the other day:

"Do people pay as much attention to advertising as they did when advertising was more of a novelty?"

I had never looked at the subject from just this angle before, and it seemed to me to embody an important idea.

That the difficulty of writing new advertisements on a given subject is a constantly increasing one, we all know; but that the very idea of advertising itself has lost its original novelty, and therefore lays an additional burden upon invention, was a new thought.

To the gentleman referred to, I replied, that he was, in my opinion, correct in his assumption that the mere fact of advertising has long since ceased to be a novelty, and that therefore mere announcements as to the article for sale and the name of the maker, prices, and so on, have a tendency to attract less and less attention.

Moreover, a first essential in advertising being to arrest attention, the constant repetition of the same name at the outset of the advertisement—as is so frequently done—or the continuation of the same style in the advertisement time after time, is a mistake; that the whole appearance and method of successive advertisements should be changed, so as to give as much novelty in the very appearance of the ad as possible.

And this is true whether the copy be brilliant or dull.

We can stand monotony in cleverness better than we can stand monotony in dullness—but we tire of both; we want change—absolute change. Nature abhors monotony as she abhors a vacuum.

Another phase of the philosophy of change is this: We not only want to see new things, but we like to have our curiosity piqued; we not only want novelty but we want self-activity—something to dig for, and a motive for digging. We resent being told the point of a joke.

Curiosity is one of the very strongest of human emotions.

Beecher in his lectures to Yale divinity students on the art of preaching—of persuasion from the pulpit—said that a sermon

should be so constructed that no one in the congregation would foresee what the preacher intended to say, but there must be no doubt when he had finished as to what he had said.

The same principle seems to apply to all forms of persuasion, of which advertising is one.

The element of curiosity was one of the very first to manifest itself in the history of the race. It was the cause of the famous apple episode. Satan is a shrewd advertiser.

Was not the fundamental purpose of Infinite Wisdom in incorporating so much curiosity in the human make-up, to give a stimulus to action—to work? We work because we like to find out—to find out the answer. And this principle seems to run throughout all nature. I believe it is typified by the hard shell which must be penetrated before we can get at the contents of the cocoanut.

And if the meat of the cocoanut hidden under this shell stands for the idea of the appeal to curiosity, of giving the reader a nut to crack in advertising copy—what shall stand for those advertisements whose effect is produced by sheer repetition?

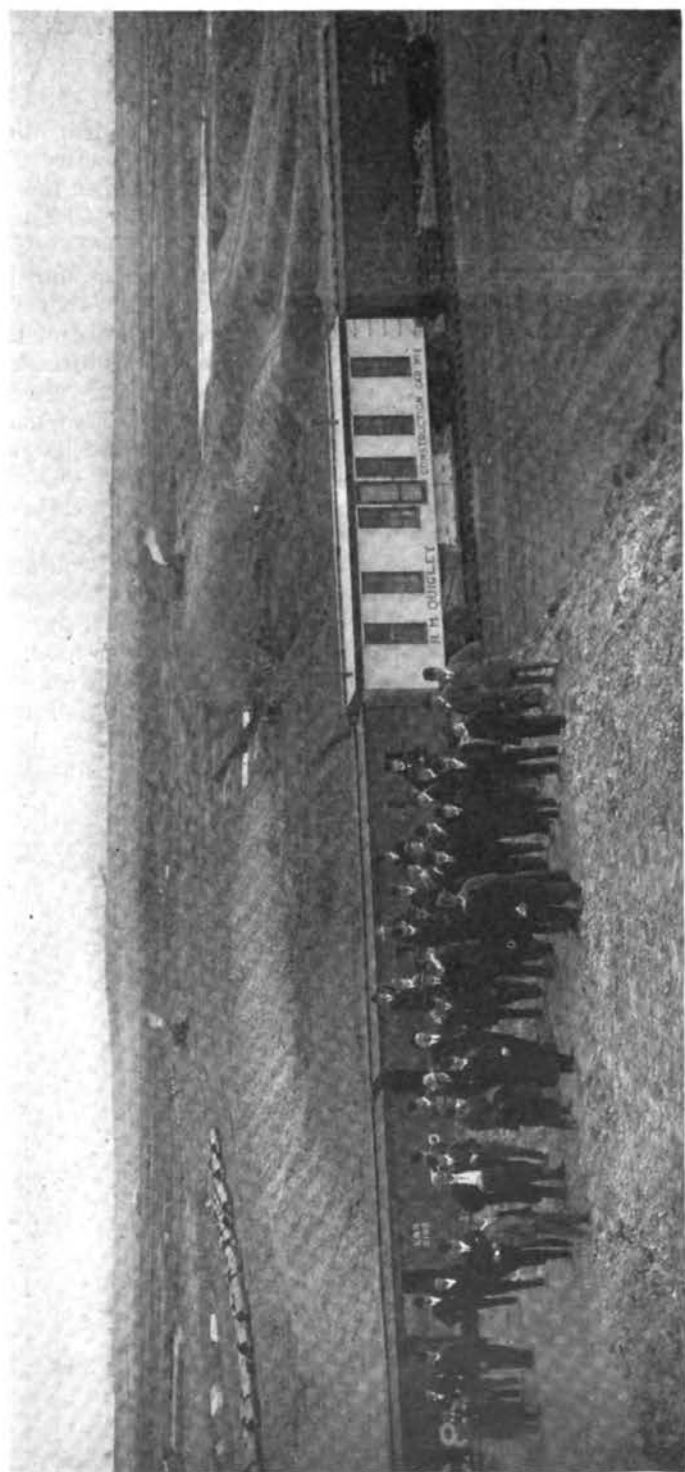
Why not a goose: the goose which is in process of being worked up into pate de foi gras? He is kept from exerting himself as much as possible, stuffed constantly with as much as he will hold, resulting in a constant diminution of interest in his food (on the part of the goose), and a corresponding enlargement of the liver—which, from the pate de foi gras standpoint, is of course the thing desired.

But the reader of advertisements is a free moral agent; he will take in only so much as he cares for; he cannot be stuffed.

So don't make it too easy for the reader to see at a glance that you are saying over again for the hundredth time:

"Smith—he makes good goods."

Hide your arguments, your time-worn facts with some new method of approach, new head-lines, pictures whose purpose he does not see at a glance, and his curiosity will lead the reader to dig—to break through the shell to get at the meat, which you really want him to get hold of and assimilate.



Standley Dam under Construction. When completed, early in 1910, to be 142 feet high, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, 750 feet at base. To irrigate 100,000 acres. Size of lake $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles wide.

Builders of the Golden West

BY THOMAS DREIER

FOR eight years real estate values in the West have been advancing. The thousands of persons, lured westward by the wanderlust, stirred into being by the persuasive western advertisements, coupled with recurring good crops, have sent the values of farm lands and city property upward. It is estimated that the increase varies from 30 to 100 per cent in the last five years. The West has been boomed, but the boom, except in certain isolated instances, has been healthful. The builders of the golden West are wise in this: They know that there is indeed more in business building than in mere business getting.

Stories come out of the West that sometimes make one think of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. They seem impossible. They suggest to the uninitiated the tales told by grandmothers before the winter fire.

But the funny thing about most of those stories is: They are true.

I can do no better right here than to call attention to the special cuts which show

in a small way how men work in the irrigation country—the country where thousands of men are taking from the soil the wealth beside which that of Cræsus pales into insignificance.

Here in the blazing sun, in the midst of buffalo grass, men labor enthusiastically, knowing that the result of their labors will be crops which will furnish food to thousands. They see the great sun-drenched waste blossom forth and make the plain a fit home for modern pioneers from the East.

Great irrigation experts are now centering on Colorado. They seek to win for Colorado renown as an agricultural state. For years the state has yielded its golden harvest of minerals. Now it is being made ready to yield up a harvest of food.

And it should not be forgotten that young as the state is agriculturally last year products to the value of one hundred million dollars were raised in this state alone.



Officials of Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co., and prominent Colorado citizens, at headgate of Community Canal, formally raising flood gate, March 22, 1909

The new makers of the West are men of faith—just as those emigrants of forty-nine were men of faith. They are men of enthusiasm—just as all men who have done great work have been men of enthusiasm.

As I write this I have before me a score or more booklets sent from all parts of the West. From Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho come the stories of fabulous riches gathered from the sunshine, the water and the soil.

Sunshine, water, soil and men have made fertile fields out of desert wastes. Everywhere men have toiled and planned and sweated and suffered and sacrificed to build a new empire. Nature seemed against them. Drought opposed them. The sun blistered them. But, like those of a former generation who carried on their wagons the legend "Pike's Peak or Bust," they have persevered, and like all who have persevered in wise work, they have won.

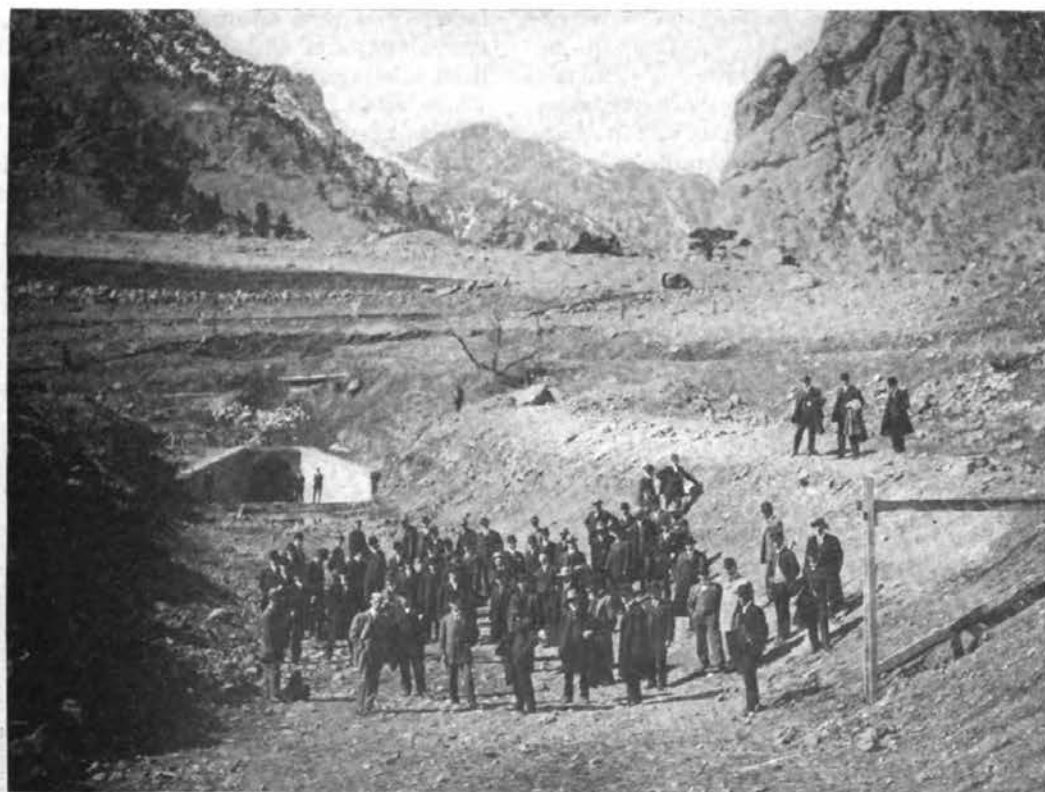
Men with prophetic visions have dreamed great dreams for the West. Wise men from the East might these be called. They have looked out upon the sands and the sage-

brush and the cacti and dreamed of green fields in the spring and golden harvest in autumn, and then they have worked to make those dreams come true.

And they have come true.

Acreage Increasing

In Colorado alone no less than seventy per cent of the lands available for cultivation depend upon an artificial water supply. Last year seven hundred and fifty thousand acres were thus made fertile. This year the acreage will be much larger. In the South Platte valley, said to be the most extensively irrigated region in the United States, two million acres are artificially watered. In Utah there are three hundred thousand acres; Arizona, one hundred thousand acres; New Mexico one hundred and fifty thousand; Nebraska—and this will be news to many—one hundred thousand. California adds many thousand acres to the aggregate, while no one dares to estimate the riches of the irrigated country in the states of Oregon and Washington, Wyoming and Idaho.



President F. L. Bartlett and members of Denver Chamber of Commerce, officials and members of Denver Real Estate Exchange, and other Colorado citizens, viewing new Community Canal on opening day, March 22, 1909



A Western Irrigation Dam

because he opened to the world the fertile fields of Canada. But Hill merely built a railroad; he supplied transportation facilities. I do not seek to detract from his glory, but I cannot refrain from dragging his name in here so as to make more emphatic the just praise which this article is giving those prophets who, with the magic of irrigation, changed what was a waste into land which feeds the millions.

These men who have built the great irrigation ditches of the West are true Master Servants. Certain it is that this work was done for private gain. But in the last analysis it will be found that the private gain when compared with the public good is microscopic.

Thousands of families have been taken away from the congested districts of the cities and placed on farms which have not only given them a better living than they ever before enjoyed, but have removed them from harmful environment and given them a chance to rear their children to be clean, service-rendering men and women. Irrigation has been a moral as well as a commercial force. In fact it is certain that there never was a great com-

mercial force which was not essentially moral in its effect.

"Figures won't lie"—so runs a familiar expression; and the funny man adds "but there's nothin' lies like figgers."

Yield Greater

The figures of a crop returns as given in the year book of the U. S. Agricultural Department may, however, be considered reliable. This year book for 1907 tells me that the average farm value—the *price received by the farmer*, for the six standard crops—wheat, corn, oats, barley, hay and potatoes—for the year 1907 in the twelve leading agricultural states of the East and middle West, was \$20.05 per acre—and

that the average farm value of these same crops in the state of Wyoming was \$40.81.

The Wyoming farmer therefore can spend one-half of the proceeds of his crop for new land—or a new automobile—or any other new thing, and still have more money left than the eastern farmer received for his whole crop.

The average of these crops for the six states—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Oregon and Idaho—was \$32.18—



Fruit Orchard in Irrigation Country

60 per cent more than the average in the twelve states referred to—the Mississippi and Ohio Valley states with New York and Pennsylvania added.

Do you wonder that men of longings and aspirations, men of brain and brawn, men of power and passion—are hearing the call of the West?

Do you wonder that the young men of the East who see that the littles thus far accomplished are but the beginnings of the great things yet to be, are leaving the office and the factory—the draughting room and the dry goods counter—and are investing their little savings in these irrigated lands where every man is his own master and can work out his own destiny and his own fortune?

Did you hear some one say that the opportunities for young men are not what they were in the times of our Fathers?—forget it, deny it—it isn't true. In this new West are the opportunities such as never were known in the times of our fathers or our grandfathers.

The call is insistent and continuous—it is *for men*—and even now can be heard the tramp, tramp of these stalwart fellows who

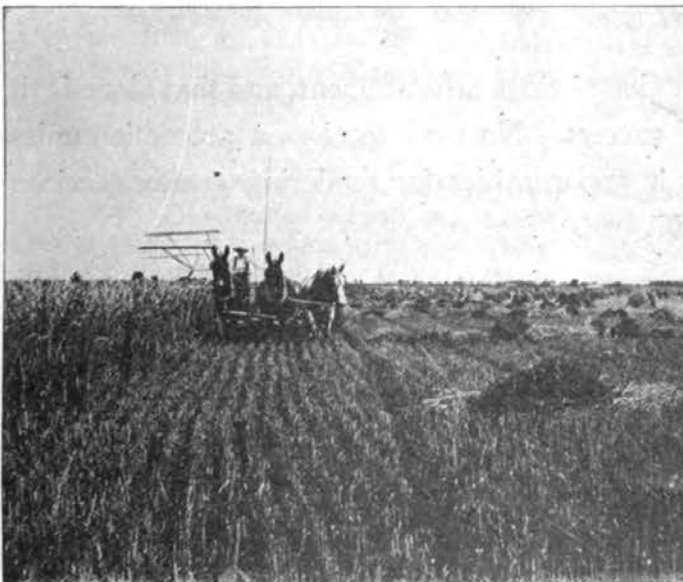


An Irrigation Canal

are moving out to possess the land and to make for themselves and their loved ones, homes of peace and plenty in this land of promise.

Creating the Demand

The makers of the Dutch Cleanser first create a demand for their product before approaching the jobbers. First they make a house-to-house canvass, taking single orders for single packages at ten cents a package. In each case they ask the name of the purchaser's grocer. Then, instead of filling these orders direct, they sort them out according to the names of grocers. Then they take these orders to these grocers and offer them the orders without any charge, provided the grocers will order about four or five times as much stuff as the single orders represent. Then they take the grocers' orders to the jobbers and get them to order a carload or two. After that they deal only with the jobber, selling in carload lots. Perhaps there is a hint in this for you.



Harvesting Wheat in the Irrigation Country

That Soft Snap Job

BY JEN E. VERNON

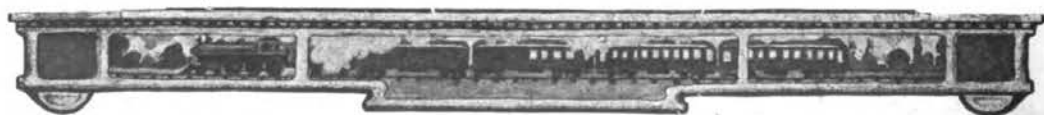
A friend said to me the other day, "Congratulate me, I've a promotion and it's a soft snap." I did congratulate him, and told him I was glad he had the position, and that I was sure he would make good.

When I got home the incident came back to me and I concluded that his was not a promotion, after all, and that he was not to be congratulated, for he could never really "make good" in that position or in any other so long as it was a "soft snap" for which he was looking.

His new position meant shorter hours, and perhaps his new salary might lessen his financial liabilities, but since his mental assets—his capacity for growth—were not strengthened and increased, could his position really spell a promotion?

It came to me then that the man who expects to do any climbing can never afford to accept an easy position, free from effort and far removed from the Strenuous Life. He must look for work, work that means growth, work that brings problems and responsibilities, work that keeps one bright, active, alert, and up-and-doing.

As I see it, that and that alone brings advancement, and that alone is the highest and truest winner of success. No man receives a promotion unless his new position carries with it opportunities for rendering greater service—doing more work for the world.





How to Increase a Retail Business

BY ROBERT HIESTAND

MY wife just telephoned me to go down to Bannerman's for some groceries before coming home. She neglected to order until it was too late for the regular delivery, so now her husband must act as delivery boy."

Bridgman told me this just as we were leaving his office.

"But why walk away down to Bannerman's?" I asked. "There are grocery stores nearer. Besides, Bannerman's store is not on the way to your home."

"I tried to do that once or twice, but I am one of those husbands who desires to keep his wife good-natured, so when she tells me to go to Bannerman's, I go to Bannerman's."

"But why does she want you to trade at Bannerman's?" I persisted. "Is there a reason?"

"There is indeed a reason," he answered. "You see women are really more particular than men. They like cleanliness and beauty and conveniences and all that. Now this man, Bannerman, recognizes that fact. He has fitted up his store so attractively that women really love to visit it even when they have no business there.

The Rest Room

"This attractiveness brings customers to the store. The store, as you will notice when we get there, is light and airy. There is plenty of room. The floor is not cluttered up with a mess of junk of all descriptions. The counters are clean and the shelves and other fixtures are bright looking. You will also find flowers here and there, while in a little room to the rear there is a resting place where women may sit and visit or read. You can see that there is method in Bannerman's madness in putting this rest-room in the rear, for every woman who goes to it is forced to walk the entire length of the store.

"Of course no clerk ever stops a woman to sell her anything, as she walks down the store to that room. But in all the show cases and on the counters there will be goods attractively displayed, *plainly marked with the selling price*. What woman can pass by bargains without stopping. Then, just as soon as a clerk sees that some article has Mrs. Customer's attention, he comes around quietly and unobtrusively and politely asks if he can be of assistance. You never hear a Bannerman clerk ask, "Do you want to buy some of these, lady?" Bannerman has trained his clerks to be courteous. He calls them together once a week and tries to impress each of them with the fact that they are educators, and that, like true teachers, they have but one thing to do and that is to serve excellently those who desire their assistance.

There are stores, both in city and country, that display sugar, candy, cookies, crackers, prunes, figs, dates and other food stuffs, in open barrels or boxes. Surely merchants must know that customers who love cleanliness and purity do not want to purchase food which has been exposed to the dust and dirt and grime.

Covered Display Cases

Bannerman realized this and all his goods were displayed in attractive stands covered with glass. In his store glass was used everywhere. One could not turn in any direction in his grocery department without encountering some display which actually made the mouth water. Candy and nuts were to be found near the door, just where the timid children looking in through the window could see them. Everywhere were suggestions. And in every display case was to be found a white card upon which had been clearly lettered the price.

Every business has what might be called the out-and-out expenses. These are rent,

light and heat. But there are also investment expenses. Some of these are delivery service, clerk hire, telephone rental, advertising, display cases, labor-saving devices and other things which assist in increasing business.

Advertising is not an expense. It is an investment. It brings customers to the store provided the advertisement is written as a selling advertisement should be. Retail merchants with small stores should study the science of advertising. But advertising alone will not serve. To get a customer to a store is a comparatively easy thing, but to make sales requires much knowledge of the science of business building.

Bannerman had this knowledge. He advertised for customers and then interested them as soon as they entered by the beauty of his place and the business-like appear-

ance of his displays. The money he invested in modern fixtures was well invested. His goods which could be seen on sight sold themselves, for all of them bore price cards. Thus he with his ten clerks was able to attend to as many customers as some merchants in old-fashioned stores could attend to with double the number.

With modern fixtures it is possible to compress much into small space. This saves rent, calls for fewer steps, saves time because everything is in its place and every clerk knows the place. But one of the greatest savings comes from preventing the spoiling of goods by dust and mice. Many merchants would be astonished if they knew how much they lose from these two causes alone.

Display your goods and mark them plainly with the selling price.

Giving Ourselves to the World

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

WE become greater by what we put away from us. We become, so far as we are conscious, emancipated from the dominance of things and exist upon a plane whereon we have gained everything by sacrificing everything. A rare air to live in, to be sure, but when we reflect upon the so-called realities that hold and so often hurt our souls and hearts, are we not forced to cry out with a sneer, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue?"

The rarest and strongest and purest, therefore, must seek the substance beyond and above these shadows.

A counsel of perfection, this, indeed; and man is not perfectable, but is improbable and most does he improve as his efforts tend to lift him out of himself, and there is no escape from self so sure as that to be found in love for and faith in your neighbor for his self.

Only as this altruism grows does the world grow better. Only as civilization puts things spiritual above things material as

objectives does man release himself from many bondages to matter, and while we say our civilization is material do we not see that it becomes more psychical, that we are resolving matter to its ultimate tenuity and identifying thought with motion?

There is nothing so doubtful as matter in the new science. Science is being spiritualized.

The scientist himself knows that he works truest when he works with faith and for love, knowing that both ultimately make all things possible, bring all things to pass. He begins to see one law, to sense it dimly, operating in what we call spirit as in what we call matter. He sees it, with Shelley, in his lament for "Adonais" as a law, a power

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

And the true law of love is that we should renounce something, not grab everything; that we should give ourselves, all of our best selves, to the healing of the pain of the world.

A Letter From a Brother

BY A BROTHER

The following letter was written a couple of years ago to a Younger Brother. The Younger Brother preserved it, thinking it something Worth While. It is printed here with the idea of showing what one young man thought, and, perhaps, still thinks.—Editor.

MY DEAR ED:

Yes, it is true that one must dream. But one must do more than that. One must act. One must do things. When I say that one must dream and act, I am making plans for one who will get the most out of life. It is true that the dream of the unknown dreamer may be vitalized by a man of action and change the history of the world. But is it not infinitely better for the dreamer to materialize his own dream and change the world, instead of waiting for a man of great action to come around?

The dreamer is not the ideal man, Ed. There was a time when I thought that to spend my life in dreaming would be to attain perfection. But my opinion has changed. Do not think that I have given up my dreams, and that I no longer find joy in building little castles in the air, for I do. It is my greatest enjoyment to idealize things.

But I try to build those airy castles of mine on foundations supplied by my daily acts. Sometimes I find that the builders of the walls are faster than the carpenters on the dream-house, and sometimes I find that the carpenters lead and the masons must hurry to catch up. What I mean is, my dreams sometimes go too far ahead for me to harness them to immediate action.

Another Dream

And I find this a good thing. I find that my dreams 'way off there ahead make me work hard in material things. You see, I must work in order to reach a point where I can almost reach out and grasp those dreams of mine. And when I do reach out to grasp them, I find they always fade away. I shut my eyes in disappointment for an instant, but when I open them, behold, far off in the distance is another Dream luring me ever onward and upward.

And then comes more work, Ed. But it is joyous work, this chasing of dreams. Of course I never quench the thirst of desire, but I drink all that is good for me—all that I earn.

We get just what we earn, Ed; no more; no less. We must pay the price for everything we get. This is the law. It cannot be evaded. The Law of Compensation always works. Debts are always paid. In the end the books must balance. The book-keeper never juggles the figures. The account is always true.

But it depends upon us whether we win or lose; whether we make profits or sustain losses. We can win if we choose. But we must work to win. And it isn't such a hard game. I find it easy winning little battles here every day, and that sort of encourages me to think that I shall win greater battles a little later on.

Life a Sequence

It is indeed true that life is a sequence. I am today what I am because of what I was yesterday. This, too, is the law. I am my own creator. The Master has furnished me with the material—all I can use. I have had the command to make of myself what I imagined my God to be. And as I work along hour by hour and day by day, I find I am like the second boy in that poem by Sam Walter Foss:

TWO GODS

A boy was born 'mid little things
Between a little world and sky,
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
'Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grew and plod,
And paced and plowed his little plots
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The cosmos widened in his view,
But God was lost among the stars.

II.

Another boy, in lowly days
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
 God greatedened in his growing mind;
 Each year he dreamed his God anew
 And left his older God behind.

He saw the mighty scheme dilate
 In star and blossom, sky and clod,
 And as the universe grew great,
 He dreamed for it a greater God.

You and I love the great out-of-doors and the out-of-doors loves us, for it has given us many beautiful things. It has given us friends we could have earned in no other way, and those friends have done much to shape our lives to what they are today. They have all helped to keep us facing an Ideal. And that is what we expect of our true friends, isn't it?—to keep us facing an Ideal.

The Help of Friends

The one thing that impresses itself upon me with ever increasing force every day, is the power of suggestion. I am conscious of a change in me every time I receive a letter from one of my good friends, or when I listen to the voice of one who wishes me well. My friends, somehow, seem to have absorbed from Thoreau a certain something which makes them "love me for what I aspire to be, rather than for what I am."

At least I think this true. It must be the Ideal toward which I am working that prompts those good folks to write and speak to me as they do. If this be true, my Ideal has been lavish in its gifts to me, for, it seems to me, no fellow is blessed with better friends than those given to me.

And the thoughts of those friends of mine come stealing into my heart and suggest such a wealth of good things that I am oftentimes forced to close my eyes and rest myself in dreams. My friends write and speak to me sometimes as if I were already what they desire me to be. And so I have to act the part, Ed. I have to try to be what they wish, because, you know they are my friends and I don't want to disappoint them.

So I suggest to myself that I be a better man, do better work, and be a bit more kind. I fail lamentably every hour and every day, but I do not fail all the time. I win a victory here and there, and sometimes on the strength of a small victory I immediately rush in and win a greater one. *I have to make good to my friends.*

"The Greater World"

There was a time when I, too, wished to go out into what I called "the greater world" to do great deeds. I imagined that I must go away into some strange city or stranger country before I could come into my own. It is now that way with you. You are seemingly not satisfied in your present place. You want to get away into the woods. You want to suffer. You want to have the elemental passions roused.

I know that you want these things for I have wanted them; and even now there come times when I want to break away from all this and go into the hell of the cities and know what it means to taste of the gall and the wormwood. But in calmer moments it comes to me that until the command is given me:

"Get thee hence, for this is not thy rest,"

I'll have to stay and do my daily work in my own way, not forgetting to seek ways of doing it better.

I am learning, perhaps a bit slowly, that it is the little things that count. As Ernest McGaffey, in one of his exquisite *Sonnets to a Wife*, says,

The man she loves; and all he means to her
 Are what a woman's world is; in her way
 Of living and of loving day by day,
 Sometimes her dreaming eyes will fill and blur,
 And memories of him will come to stir
 Her heart-strings, as a blossom's self might sway
 When through the scented, flowery paths of May,
 Drift down the echoes of the winds that were.
 The little things are what she treasures most;
 Sweet, subtle courtesies of hand and speech;
 For these the lover's attitude still teach
 Better than costly gift or idle boast;
 As one who reckons, not without his host,
 Holding her near and dear—yet out of reach.

The Greatest Task

And you see, Ed, that the world is as great in a circle drawn with E—C— as a center, as in a circle with the center in the woods of the north, in Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Rome or Constantinople. *There is as much work for you to do right there in your town as you can find anywhere else.* You will find more work right there in your shop than you can hope to finish in a lifetime. Have you ever stopped to think what a great task it is to make a man? Have you ever really tried to make a true man of yourself?

It's a hard task, old man, a mighty hard task. But it's worth trying, and it certainly

is most interesting after one starts. Just to develop one's self mentally, morally and physically up to the highest and best, surely here is work enough to last one man for a lifetime.

And you will find that to develop yourself up to the highest and best, you will have to assist others to do the same. In this work of striving for Perfection, the race must go upward together. We can never go to any heaven singly. We can never go to any heaven in cliques, clubs or churches. We must all advance together. In this advance there can be no reserves. All must be on the firing line.

If you are doing your daily work in the best way, you are on the right road. Discontent is a fine thing to have when it leads one to work for something better. All who stir up social unrest are real saviours of the race. They are preaching the gospel of better things.

Less than Our Best

And do not forget that this gospel needs to be preached in the small community in which you are living, just as it needs to be preached where I am living, just as it needs to be preached wherever human beings

live. You are not preaching it as you should—no more am I. We are both doing less than our best.

But one of these days there will come an awakening. Our eyes will be opened wide. We shall see with new eyes. What will stir us I do not know, but I do feel that one day both of us will discover beauties in that new dawn which will come to us as rewards for the faithful work we have done during the dark hours of the night.

Oh, I know this all sounds preachy. But I am not preaching any more to you than I am to myself. We've both got to fight this same battle. We need one another's help. We need the help of our friends and the help of our enemies. Let us hope for a liberal number of both. We must draw out the wealth of others, and this we can do only by giving of our wealth. We must both serve.

Tell me what you are doing and planning and dreaming, and I'll tell you of my own dreams and of my own work. Share with me some of the good things your friends give you, and I'll share with you the wealth I receive from mine.

Here's a handclasp, then, from

TOM.

“Fight to the Finish---Never Give In”

BY LUTHER D. FERNALD

A glorious battle cry has Amherst college; it ought to be made the life-motto of every red-blood among us.

“Amherst must win!

“Fight to the finish—

“Never give in!”

Decades of Amherst men have fought it out with that inspiring slogan throbbing in their ears. Fighting against odds on the gridiron, struggling in a losing ninth inning on the diamond, gasping at a finish on the cinder-track—that historic command, eloquent, imperious, dynamic, has spurred them with a veritable goad of fire to a final desperate effort for victory.

And if victory fails, after all—what of it? Perhaps he hasn't won—but did he give in? Did he, instead, fight to the finish with every atom of muscle power and nerve energy, with every gasp of possibility?

Then he is a true Amherst man.....

Do you wonder at Amherst spirit—at Amherst loyalty—at Amherst victory?

If your business institution, lived out this slogan, from its hoary president to its beardless office boy, would you do aught but wonder at its spirit—its loyalty—its victory?

Play Ball!

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

*Don't fret when the world isn't smiling,
But roll up your sleeves and say:
"I don't give a rap what Fate has on tap;
Things have just got to come my way."*

*And you'll find, when you enter the battle,
Folks always salaam to the strong;
It's the fellow who sings as he sails into things
That the world always helps along.*

*So brace up and face the music;
Get harmony out of the din—
You can if you will, but not standing still;
Get busy, and go in to win!*

"Too Much Trouble"

PERFECTION is a matter of constant striving to improve. The reason most of us don't get nearer to perfection in some things is because we are satisfied with our present state of progress—contented to do things just as we have always done them—serene in following the old methods and accustomed tracks simply because the ability to improve, to go ahead,



J. P. FLEISHMAN

to approach nearer to perfection means a little effort.

I saw an instance of this the other day. The manager of a large office called the attention of one of his stenographers to a letter he had just received from one of the branch offices of the company. The letter was a model of the stenographer's art. Capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, spacing, margin—all were perfect. It was a pleasure to read such a letter—not a puzzle, as is the case with some letters I have seen that were written by individuals who professed to be stenographers.

"Miss B.," the manager said, "I wish you would write your letters that way. I'm not finding fault with your transcriptions, remember, but I'd certainly like to have my letters go out of here looking like this one. You see, the margin on the right-hand side is nearly as even as the margin on the left, and the whole letter is centered and spaced and paragraphed so nicely that it is pleasing to the eye and creates a good impression."

Miss B. admitted the truth of what was said, but when her superior mentioned the even margins, she interrupted testily with: "Oh! my; that's too much trouble."

It is a little trouble, when typewriting, to get the right-hand margin even, or nearly so. The left-hand margin is always even, because it is mechanically made so, without any thought or effort on the part of the operator. But to make the margin at the other side of the sheet look nice requires a certain skill that comes with a little practice in the right way of doing things. Once acquired, this habit of neatness becomes an unconscious part of the really efficient stenographer's daily work. Yet, easy as it is to master this one step toward perfection, in every office in the land there are stenographers who, when shown such work, will say; "Oh! that's very good, but it's too much trouble."

Well, it's just this: Success is waiting around the corner to shake hands with the man or woman who looks upon nothing that will tend toward increased knowledge and efficiency as "too much trouble."

Little Things That Count

THE two office boys were playing checkers on an improvised board when the Stranger came into the office. The Stranger stood there, waiting for someone to take notice of his presence and direct him to the President's office. The checker game must have been absorbing, for the Stranger might have stood there for a long while had not the President come out of his office and noticed the Stranger looking around helplessly. Then, with all courtesy, the Stranger was shown into the executive's room. He proved to be an important merchant—a big buyer. After he had gone, the office boys were called into the President's office and given a merited "calling down."

This sort of thing happens every day in every part of the country. It is hard to

make a three-dollar-a-week boy realize the value of courtesy and tact and consideration. The office boy cannot see where *he* is a very important part of the organization. "Oh, no," he reasons, "I'm here only to sweep the floor and wait on the boss. Let the customers take care of themselves."

It is the same way with answering the telephones. Let the office boy answer the telephone, and if he can't understand the voice at the other end of the line, he'll very likely yell out something rude and slap up the receiver. Yet the man at the other end of the wire gets his impression of the way the business is run from the way in which his telephone call is handled.

I know of at least one big concern in the East that is making the mistake of allowing a hopelessly incompetent and stupid girl to take care of all telephone inquiries. The girl, of course, does the best she can, but that best consists of antagonizing and angering three out of every five prospective customers who call up for prices or other information. She is doing more in one week to create an unfavorable impression of that firm than the firm's excellent advertising can overcome in a year.

The way the visitor to your establishment is received and treated—the way telephone requests are taken care of, so as to insure prompt and accurate service to those who take the trouble to call you up—I say the way these seemingly little and unimportant things are done, Mr. Merchant, is sometimes the way that small businesses are built up, and quite as often the way that big enterprises are run down.

Take care of the little things, They are an index to the way you take care of the big ones.

Ideals

ASK the next man you meet if he would like to live an ideal life. His answer will be Yes. Of course it will. Then ask him to give you his ideas of his ideals. What will his answer be?

That depends on the man. I asked a young man the other day what he would do if he had all the money he needed to carry out any plans he might have. And what do you think he said? He told me that he wanted a pair of fine driving horses; he

wanted a private stable all his own; he wanted to be a "good fellow" among "the boys" and spend without restraint on cigars and highballs and other things of like importance.

Another young man, when asked the same question, told me that he would like to have two or three racing automobiles and half a dozen or so touring cars; that he would like to spend his time and his money jumping around the country; stopping at the swellest hotels and meeting the "sportiest" people in each place; that he would like to have fifteen or twenty suits of clothes—in short, the ideal life meant, to him, a merry-go-round of indolence and ease.

Since then I have asked quite a number of people the same question, with a view to getting enough varied material together to write an article on Ideals. But only one man had in his mind what seems to me the only worthy ideal in the world. He wanted to *perfect himself—to make his own life so full and rich and harmonious that his personality would radiate strength and hope and happiness, and impart those qualities to all with whom he came into contact.*

Slowly, but surely, the world is waking up to the value of personality—to the desirability of personal worth in the individual. All of the New Thought movements revolve about this central idea. Sheldon says: "Make the man right and his work will take care of itself." Preachers of philosophy here, there and everywhere are devoting their efforts to classifying and perfecting the mental states of the individual.

Well, young man, what is *your* mental state? What is *your* ideal? Is it your desire to wear "flashy" clothes and be known as a "spender" and a rattling good fellow among the faultlessly groomed and frightfully clever males who crowd our prominent street corners at night—or does your ideal embody a cozy little home, a loving wife, enough money to furnish your loved ones with the comforts and luxuries of life, a personality that will make you an honored and respected citizen?

"Project your ideal ahead of your real self, and your real self will rise to meet it." That is what Thomas Dreier told us, you will remember, in one of his inspirational sermons a few months back.

Are *you* rising toward *your* ideal?

The Sad Story of An Architect

BY C. E. CARHART

UNCLE HARVEY and Aunt Josephine concluded, when they were about forty years of age, that they would build a residence to shelter them during their declining years. Accordingly, after purchasing a desirable lot they called in an architect and discussed numerous plans for the house, finally deciding upon a two-story structure with basement, which was to combine many of the features of the various plans. This was all put down in writing and at last the architect got under way. Later the contract for stone work was let and when the basement was finished the rearing of the superstructure began.

Just about this time, Aunt Josephine found out that she had overlooked the necessity of having a dumb-waiter and, since every other dweller on that street had a dumb-waiter, she knew it was impossible for her to get along without one. Accordingly she hurried to the architect and explained how he would have to take that into consideration; but he blandly told her that he could not very well run a dumb-waiter from the kitchen to the dining room when they were both on the same floor. This aroused her Yankee persistency and she immediately ordered that kitchen to be put into the basement. He surrendered.

Next day Uncle Harvey got the idea into his head that at his time of life he had a right to have a "den" in his house—all men of any means had dens and life wouldn't be worth living if he couldn't come into possession of one. Another call upon the architect and the stern command to insert a den into his specifications. "Den it is," said the architect, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand.

Fussy Aunt Jo

After this drafting went on for the space of a day and a half, when Aunt Jo, without hardly taking time to don a street costume, made a "dead rush" for the architect's office and told him of the terrible discovery she had made with regard to the stairs that were to lead to the basement. She couldn't see for the life of her how those stairs could stay where they were without running right

square down through the kitchen and knocking big dents through stove-pipe, range and sink.

This was the first point of agreement between her and the architect. For the life of him he couldn't see it either and he was on the point of suggesting that they build the kitchen in collapsible form, something like an old-fashioned carpet-bag, so that it could be rolled up and stuck out of sight in the furnace room when not in use; but he didn't get the chance; for, with the masterly generalship that had always characterized Aunt Josephine, she told him to do away with the inside stairs running to the basement and to build the entrance to that section of the house from the outside; for she figured that it was asking altogether too much to have such liberal entry way into an insignificant kitchen that none of her social callers would ever see, when she had the dumb-waiter connected directly with it. The architect bowed his head heavily and accepted.

Again he went to work and was left alone for two or three days longer, when Uncle Harvey happened to make the discovery that he had by some unfortuitous combination of circumstances forgotten all about building a large, fancy, outside chimney on the south side for the accommodation of fireplace smoke and soot. This led him to visit the architect again and, when Uncle Harvey stated what he wanted done, he was frankly told that it was impossible because the fireplaces were on the other side of the house. It was upon receipt of this information that Uncle Harvey indulged in a long string of remarks that are always indicated by dashes in our most respectable publications, and the architect cried out in despair that he would change those fireplaces in a "jiffy" if Uncle would ease up on his conversation.

Lo! the Poor Architect

Thus it went; one of the earliest "continuous performances" known in any of the large cities; and with every change they recommended, that ever-struggling-to-please architect dwindled from something to nothing until the drafting board would sometimes

remain untouched for days while he was resting at home, trying to recover his forces and to decide whether he was the victim of brain storm or disintegrated ego. Finally, with the aid of two assistants, the drawings were complete and the contracting builder began the erection of the house. He discovered the first day that it was necessary to tear out and reconstruct the basement walls in three places and this delayed his work for over a week.

Then the carpenters got busy. During the whole time of their work they had the pleasure of setting timbers and driving nails, just unconsciously keeping time to the nodding heads of two "innocent bystanders" whom, if you had seen them, you would immediately have recognized as Uncle Harvey and Aunt Josephine. They were there all the time that they were not eating or sleeping, and when at last that building was done it was something which any one could fall down and worship without fear of breaking the commandment; for that house was like nothing "in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the

water under the earth." Truly, it was fearfully and wonderfully made.

But the poor architect—his friends and relatives buried him several weeks before the house warming set in; and have you ever heard DeWolf Hopper sing that pathetic song of the man with an elephant on his hands? I do not believe that Hopper ever knew it to be a fact that Uncle Harvey was the original of that distressing incident; he was, and the house which cost him \$26,400, including price of lot, was sold only a few days ago for less than \$5,000. The investment didn't pay and I sometimes think that the ghost of that poor architect can still be seen in aura color, wisping and twisting around the gables of that malformed house, doing its best to keep prospective customers clear of the impending curse.

It is a sad tale and carries a bunch of very workable morals with it. Poor architect, poor Uncle Harvey, poor Aunt Josephine! to think that so much energy should be wasted for the purpose of doing up a bunch of morals!

Idealize Your Aim

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

THE ultimate aim which the worker sets before him ought always to have a touch of idealism because it must always remain a little beyond his reach. The man who attains his ultimate aim has come to the end of the race; there are no more goals to beckon him on; there is no more inspiration or delight in life. But no man ought ever to come to the end of the road; there ought always to be a further stretch of highway, an inviting turn under the shadow of the trees, a bold ascent, an untrodden summit shining beyond.

Business Builders

By GLENWOOD S. BUCK, Advertising Manager for Butler Brothers

- ¶ No one has placed a limit on your possibilities.
- ¶ You will sell more goods if they are all marked in plain figures.
- ¶ Eyes ever riveted on the clock, seldom are riveted on a bank account.
- ¶ It's often a long rocky road that leads from Promise to Performance.
- ¶ Every man must be his own emancipator. Slavery is a state of mind.
- ¶ It is only the man who is bigger than his job, who gets the bigger job.
- ¶ The dreams of those who labor are the only ones that ever come true.
- ¶ Misery is a disease of the will. Happiness comes by willing to be happy.
- ¶ The health of your business depends largely upon the health of your body.
- ¶ After all, we are of use in the world only in so far as we are making it happier.
- ¶ Why walk in the shadow, when it is only fifty feet to the sunny side of the street?
- ¶ Minutes are to hours what the pennies are to dollars—and he wins who saves both.
- ¶ Some advertising may be fad-vertising, but certainly a great deal of it is sad-vertising.
- ¶ We distrust others because we distrust ourselves. Self trust is the life-blood of success.
- ¶ Unload—you can't carry the big things well, if you are weighted down with a lot of little no-account detail.
- ¶ Because he learned the true meaning of the word n-o-w, he was soon able to spell it the other way around—w-o-n.
- ¶ If you are a good merchant the biggest investment you have is not in stock, but in the goodwill of your customers.
- ¶ It is all a building process, the rock is built of atoms, the tree is built of cells, the house is built of bricks, success is built of conquered details.
- ¶ Try for thirty days the experiment of price marking every item in your store, and see if it is not true that price tickets repay their small cost a hundred times over.

Buying a Book for "Fuzzy Wuzzy"

BY L. A. BARTHOLOMEW

FIVE cents was all the book cost. It was one of those multi-colored little pamphlets filled with jingles and big initials. But "Fuzzy Wuzzy" has reached the Mother Goose age and the demand for the old lady's books in his neighborhood is about as strong as a young man's demand for a maid when love is young in springtime.

Anyhow I bought a few nickel books and paid for them. But before wrapping them up the clerk came back to me and showed that the cover of one was torn and requested me to pick out another.

"But that cover isn't torn so very much," said I. "I wouldn't have noticed it."

"Perhaps you wouldn't have noticed it," said the clerk, "but you see we are not allowed to sell damaged goods at the regular price in this store. We have to give every customer exactly what he or she purchases. Now you thought you were purchasing a perfect book. Won't you please make another selection."

I selected another. And a few days after that I went back and bought some more things. I told my wife about it. I suggested that she patronize a store that does business that way.

Don't you think it paid that store to refuse to sell me that damaged book when

I ordered a perfect one, even though it could have done so just as easily as not?

I think so.

Here's the story of how another store won confidence and therefore won trade.

Some curtains were bought for the office a year ago, at a cost of \$50. In Chicago offices curtains speedily annex a shabby appearance. When house-cleaning time came it was decided that new curtains were needed. The store from which the curtains were originally purchased was notified to send a man up to take measurements.

The man came. He examined the curtains.

"You don't need any new curtains," he said. "You see, when the house made these for you they were made eighteen inches too long so that they might be turned top side down. If you will let me take these curtains back we'll clean them and reverse them. When I return them they'll be as good looking as new ones."

The house charged us \$11.80 for cleaning and reversing. They could just as well have sold us new curtains and secured an order for over \$50. But they believed in the Law of Mutual Benefit, which means, they believed in giving their customers honest treatment which means satisfaction.

And this pays.

My Creed

Robert Ingersoll

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all of its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words, to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn behind the night, to do the best that can be done and then to be resigned.

Golden Rule Gibson

BY THOMAS DREIER

PERHAPS one of these days they will be calling him Golden Rule Gibson, just as they sued to call a man who lived and loved in Toledo by the endearing name, Golden Rule Jones. David Gibson is a man who is doing much good work. He edits a series of little magazines—dainty little booklets—down in Cleveland. He has but one text from which he preaches with variations some of the most powerful business sermons now being preached. He has chosen as his platform The Golden Rule. He asks that men give themselves a square deal, and he shows them that it is only by giving others the square deal that they can secure the square deal for themselves. Gibson is not posing as a preacher. He is just a big, self-confident, hard-working, far-seeing newspaper man. He has seen much of the dark side of life—as one will whose work lies in police court regions. He has written of men who have succeeded, and often has it been his duty to write of men who have failed. With his reporter's eyes he has seen much of life—perhaps as much as a man of thirty-six can see and preserve his ideals. Gibson has ideals. He is a practical idealist. He sees ahead a vision of pure democracy. He sees a time when men will recognize the brotherhood of man. In this he shares the vision with

many others. Gibson does not claim to have discovered anything new in ideals. But he does claim that he has discovered an effective way of telling thousands of those ideals. His little magazines are published for great manufacturing concerns, most of whom are in the metal trade. The advertising pages carry the manufacturers' messages. The reading pages are made worth while by what David Gibson has to say. Some folks would call these magazines house organs. But Gibson discourages the use of that name in connection with his publications because they are truly superior individual magazines. His magazines are to live manufacturing concerns what weekly papers are to a hustling, business seeking, progressive western town. David is just coming into his own. His organization is just gathering momentum. It is bound to grow greater and greater with the years, for David tries awfully hard to practice what he preaches. He asks no special favors. He pays his own way. He believes in himself, has faith in his proposition, knows that it is truly worth while, never doubts for an instant but that his fifty thousand readers will increase and multiply. Hubbard says: "Blessed is he who has found his work." There is not the slightest doubt that David Gibson is blessed.

Money

By Arthur Newcomb

Oh how I hate money! Without it, you must see the helpless and the weak suffer and be powerless to serve! With it, you are burdened with responsibility, respectability, charity and complexity! If you don't earn it, you lose your backbone and other figurative parts of your anatomy. If you do pile it up, your fingers get crooked and the muck-raker gets after you. And if you inherit a bunch of it, you become a useless appendage to the wet end of a Turkish cigarette—a dood! If you marry a widow with a bank-roll, you become a deadly rival of her itty, pittty, pettums Fido—but end up playing second fiddle. What am I to do about it. It's like some men's wives—they can't get along with 'em—and they can't get along without 'em. Aint it funny.

What's the Matter With the Public Schools ?

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

UNANIMITY of opinion was for a long time more nearly attained upon the subject of our public schools than upon any other subject that could be discussed by the people of the United States.

But no more do we hear the loud boast that our public school system is the best possible institution in the world.

There is much discontent with the schools, with the very best schools. One accustomed to the old purring satisfaction with the system is positively shocked by such an arraignment of the schools, as is formulated in the *Atlantic*, for March, by Mr. Samuel P. Orth, formerly president of the board of education of Cleveland, Ohio. His article doubtless will cause a commotion among the pedagogues of the country and start the parents of the public school pupils to thinking hard about the problem which he brings to their attention. He is not a sensationalist. What he says is most temperately put, except where he scorches the public for its readiness to interfere in school matters only under circumstances that make for chaos in the discipline, while they so very seldom take a hand in school affairs in a way to help the teachers.

The Indictment

First, he summarizes the indictments leveled at the schools from various quarters and the charges may be still further summarized as follows: (1) That the pupil does not gain real knowledge, that the whole course of study is permeated with a haze of indefiniteness, that the student sees only a mirage of learning, that he is not trained in exactness and thoroughness. (2) That the pupil does not learn to use his mind, that the school is an enslaver of memory, rather than an emancipator of reasoning, that originality is tabooed and servility demanded, that the curse of the lawyer, the search for precedent, is written on the brow of pedagogy. (3) That the results of our schools are not practical; they unfit rather than fit the boy or girl for the hard tasks of life. (4) That there is no moral training, that the pupils who break the ranks before reaching the eighth grade are unfit to meet and overcome the temptations of life.

Mr. Orth does not discuss these results, but addresses himself to the conditions. First he deplores the lack of systematic training of teachers. Men and women drift into teaching and it is hit or miss for the pupils. Mr. Orth doesn't think much of the city normal schools. There is too much "hurry up" in their method of training. It is a factory method of teacher-making. It doesn't develop personality, doesn't put soul into the work. Commenting upon the preponderance of women teachers, he indicates his position by saying, with a faint trace of regret, that the result of the opening up of other occupations to women is that many of the ablest and most robust women who must work, avoid teaching and the ranks of the public school teachers must suffer from this loss. This doesn't meet very squarely the claim of many people that one defect of our public school teaching is that there is too much woman teacher; though, of course, there won't be a rush of men into teaching until teachers are better paid than they are now.

Next Mr. Orth pays his respects to the "enriching" of the course of study, which he describes as being too much frosting on the loaf and too many raisins, leaving too little nourishing substance. Besides, too much of the "enriching" proceeds from books and becomes transcendental, which provokes the cry of "make teaching practical." There's a crux when it comes to defining "practical education" and so the educators continue to load the course of study with fads and fancies. All the teachers become "psychologized" and give the child doses of sugar-coated, "psychologized" stuff to make things easy. It all tends to repress, if not suppress, the child's individuality, to substitute superficiality for thoroughness. Mr. Orth says we are just beginning to learn from Germany the lesson of differentiation.

With us too many things are being jammed together, resulting in a hybrid education, so that the high school teaching is neither commercial, technical nor classical.

Diversification is needed, and the coming trade school must be separated from the grade school. Differentiation is to be our

economic salvation. With this last proposition fundamental thinkers will disagree, because economic salvation is not to come through the trade school, which, I think, will tend to harden the people into classes, but through clear thinking about conditions that operate to break the ranks before the eighth grade. A great part of Mr. Orth's essay is devoted to the politics of the schools, but that is an old subject and he says upon it nothing startlingly new, for he comes back to the old proposition that people themselves are at fault, being either careless or too ready to explode over trifles.

It seems to me that our teaching is very good, in the main, what there is of it, in spite of all the points marshalled against it hereinabove. We have turned out a splendid product, in spite of complaints as to method, in spite of the cry that woman influence is too strong in the school system. Anyone who, like myself, has a large mail, is appalled by the evidences of comparative illiteracy in people who are supposed to have been educated at the public schools, but we don't stop to think how many people, supposed to have been so educated, really cannot be said to have been educated at all. They are those who had to leave school to work before they learned much more than the rudiments of learning. The same is true of the output of the parochial schools. Boys and girls are not educated because they have not the time to be educated. The pressure of economic conditions is so hard that parents take their children out of school, before they can learn much of anything, and put them to work.

Then most of these children, unfortunately, make no attempt to add to their equipment of education through their own efforts.

We are trying compulsory education, but we find that it means, if anything, that we must take care of the parents whom the compulsory method of education deprives of the support of their children's labor. This adds to the cost of education, though education is worth any cost. From this condition I deduce, that, faulty though our public schools may be, the system of education would be more satisfactory as it is, if our economic system were improved.

If there was less deprivation of the many through the privilege of the few the children of the many would have more time to go to school. Our economic system tends to

limit opportunity for the many, to force the children early to become wage-earners. Rents and tariffs and taxes that exact tribute from labor in exorbitant proportion to the taxes exacted of privilege empty the schools of the greater number of pupils before they reach the eighth grade.

The Trade School Danger

The schools will be more useful to the people when the children of the people can attend them for a longer time.

It is all very well to push the trade school idea, but there is no dodging the fact that back of the trade school idea there lurks in some quarters a purpose to use the trade school as a place to make mechanics who will be just enough trained to offer competition to the trades unions.

It is my opinion that the best education is the education that makes people think, and it seems to me that the old methods, which are now being "psychologized" and "practicalized" produced good thinkers, great men and great women. I believe that the old education put people in the way to find happiness, rather than wealth, and I don't see how even "practicalized" education is going to give us much desiderated wealth when not education but cunning and unscrupulousness and graspingness are the chief means to the end of wealth. It is my conviction that when you have a person really educated, that person rather inclines to minimize the importance of wealth, since its attainment involves the sacrifice of so many things that yield higher satisfactions.

Let us improve our public school system by all means, but let us not improve it so that its benefits shall the more accrue to the more fortunate people. Let us improve economic conditions so that better schools shall be of benefit to more of the people. Let us devise a way to get more children into the schools and keep them there longer. How can it be done? By taking the burdens of government off the producers and shifting it upon those who produce not themselves but flourish by reason of the power they have acquired to live upon the productiveness of others. By taking from property values for public use the amount of value given to property by public activities and thus relieving of tax all value created by labor or service. This will emancipate the children of the workers from the call

of the shop and store and leave them time for education.

Every child has a right to an education. Privileges in property, chiefly land, robs

them of that right. Therefore, abolish privilege, though meanwhile not forgetting to make better the schools at all points now defective.

Grinding Out Souls by the Gross

BY BRUCE CALVERT

INITIATIVE or spontaneity—that is the one thing not tolerated in the school room. Bless you, no! That would upset the whole system, split the curriculum into kindling wood. What would be the use of books on pedagogy, if the pupils in the practice schools failed to answer the questions just as laid down in the plan? A natural, healthy, normal pupil, allowed any scope for originality, would throw a school or college course out of gear, just as a thinker, a non-conformist, is a pariah in any community. He doesn't fit into the scheme.

It is the type we want; not individuality; but the type. Our school system is one huge machine, with no more flexibility than a show factory. We grind out souls by the gross, all of standard shape and size, as the shoes which all look alike as they come from the machines. And this tendency permeates the whole system; not only the higher schools, but all the way down to the kindergarten. We are accustomed to thinking our kindergarten schools ideal, but I am amazed to find in my investigations that even here the reduction to type has already begun.

Little toddlers are not allowed to play naturally and spontaneously, not encouraged to invent their games and diversions, but are taught from the plans laid down in the books, all exactly alike. Surely here in his play, which is as natural to the child as to breathe, he should be himself; but no, they all play the same little games in the same pitifully apathetic way, all take the same wozy little exercises, and sing the same little songs in precisely the same listless and perfunctory manner. Even the babies must be standardized. Back to type! No place for spontaneity, initiative!

I am sure the ghost of Friedrich Froebel would rise in holy wrath could he see his beloved system being used to crush out individuality and originality in the child. Think of it! This in the name of the man who said that the function of education was to develop the faculties by arousing *voluntary activity*.

But there is hope. Boys leave school at the average age of fourteen. If the boy stayed seven years longer, he would probably be moved from his seat in the High School to a cell in the county house. Society never would get any good out of him. He would by that time be so far removed from the spirit and requirements of the day, that he never could fit into the social structure. The increasing demand of commercialism, vicious as it is in reaching out for childish hands, at least saves many boys from the denaturing processes of the public schools.

But all this will change. As superintendents become broader men, as they free themselves from fetich worship—their reverence for established systems, they will come into a better understanding of life; their intellectual horizon will expand and they will give us a better system; a new education, not based upon forcing and directing, but in which some allowance will be made for racial accumulations as expressed in natural ability. We'll give nature a chance, and give the child its own time. We'll not run our schools as we run railroad trains. We'll not be like the little one who plants a seed and then digs it up every day to see how much it has grown, but we will realize that the child himself is but a seed in God's garden, and we will restrain our meddling hands, allowing the divine energy to express through him in its own way and in its own time.

Analysis of Sale of Coffee (Wholesale)

Coffee	}	1. Kind.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. ———Brand Coffee. 2. For all classes, but more especially those with whom common coffee disagrees. 	
		2. Description.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Quality. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Finest India Coffee. 2. No decayed or imperfect berries. 2. Preparation. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Most carefully cleaned and roasted. 2. Bitter, poisonous, flavor-destroying cellulose tissue removed. 3. Granulated instead of ground. 4. No dust in it. 3. Packing. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Full weight 1-lb. cans. 2. Automatically weighed and filled. 3. Sealed air tight. 	
			3. History	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. General. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Coffee formerly not harmful. 2. Reason for this. 3. Harmful element discovered. 2. Specific. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. C. W. Clark evolves idea. 2. Perfects process. 3. First called "Oc-tan-ated." 4. Name changed and why. 5. Now used by thousands.
				4. Value.
		Customer (Sale desired end)	}	1. Necessity.
2. Benefits.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Time, labor, etc., saved. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Convenient package. 2. No blending. 3. No grinding. 4. No deterioration. 5. No waste. 2. Pecuniary. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Costs no more than other high-grade coffee. 2. Usual profits. 3. Usual discounts. 			
	3. Compared with			<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Other coffees. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Greater purity. 2. Greater strength. 3. Much better flavor. 4. More economical. 5. Is good warmed over. 6. Costs no more. 7. Sales constantly increasing. 2. Coffee substitutes. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It is real coffee. 2. It satisfies. 3. It is as harmless. 4. Greater margin of profit.
4. Co-operation				<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Advertising matter. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Window display. 2. Newspaper advertising.
5. Making sale				<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Getting order. 2. Ascertaining rating. 3. Delivery. 4. Payment.



“Pigeonhole Yourself”

BY W. T. GOFFE

ORGANIZED and classified knowledge is science. And knowledge organized and classified about the successful distribution of goods, is the science of business—the science of successful salesmanship, if you please. But does it put the distribution of goods, abundantly and profitably, to the fore as a matter of first importance? It does not. It makes the final transaction incidental to the *real* matter of first importance, which is man-building.

It teaches that a man's value depends upon his efficiency, and that his efficiency is determined by the amount of supervision he requires. It teaches that while system is valuable in commercial houses, that it does not guarantee success, but that the factor that guarantees success is the *man behind the system*.

Of course you know that analyzing anything is picking it to pieces.

A simple yet far reaching way to do that is analyze a thing in the light of the What? the Why? and the How? and, finally, the When?

When some suggestion arouses a thought in the mind, and you are prompted to do something which might be hurtful, stop right there, and think: “Really, *what* do I want to do?” Determine that. Then ask yourself “Why do I want to do it?” In this way you get at your reasons. And whisper: Perhaps when you get at your reasons, you may find that you really do not want to do it at all. It's a wise thing to examine our reasons in the light of the “why.” But when you get at your reasons, and you find that they are good and valid, and that you are fully warranted, why then all there remains to do is to go ahead and *do* it. This

involves the “how.” After which comes the *when*.

Want More Business?

Now, suppose we take up the matter of getting and building business. What is it you want? More and better business—a larger volume and a better class of trade. You want all that based firmly upon a foundation that will mean permanency. Why? Because as society is organized today, and as human nature is constituted, money, which is the outcome of getting and building business, is necessary to our happiness. Now, is that a good and valid reason? I take it as indisputable. There are those, I know, who say that we can be just as happy without money as with it, that it is not necessary for our happiness, but we do not agree with these. And yet, it is only for what it will bring to us, if rightly used, that money is valuable. It should never be sought for any other reason, and I do not believe that the normal man ever seeks money with any other view. So, your reasons are sound for the “what” you want, i. e., “more and better” business.

And now follows the “how.”

It is unquestionable that a salesman may do “what” he wants to, after he has gotten at his reasons for wanting to do it, and then may not know “how” he did it. Well, it is certain, in such a case, that he cannot repeat, except by the merest accident, and that isn't the right way. We *must* learn the “how” of the *do*, and that involves having a knowledge and an understanding of some at least, and the more the better, of the laws and principles that underlie success.

What are some of these laws?

Science says that there are fifty-two of them, and there may be more, but if we ever get a thorough grasp of these, and really work in harmony with them, we'll advance some. However, we will recognize these as personal laws of success: The power to observe; the power of judgment; of reason, tact, wisdom, confidence, loyalty, truthfulness, justice, memory, strength and activity, purpose, self-control, decision, etc.

Right here is the matter of first importance. Let us work out the problem of individual success from the right point of beginning. The success of the institution depends upon the volume of profitable business done; and the success of the individual depends upon and is measured by the volume of profitable work done.

Want Success?

What is it we want? Answer: success, the attainment and preservation of a *legitimate* and a *practicable* ideal. Why do we want this? Because permanency alone rounds out possession, if conditions are what they should be. And success of the kind that stays with us must be of the sort that is both *legitimate* and *practicable*.

Now, "how" are we going to achieve this? By cultivating those personal powers that constitute the laws of success as I have

outlined. For confidence is the basis of trade, and if you will point me to a salesman out on the road, who commands the absolute confidence of those with whom he comes in contact, or a man in the house who commands the absolute confidence of his employer or manager, I will show you an individual whose battle is more than half won.

Observation is a personal power, and a law of success—its negative is heedlessness. Judgment is a law of success, its negative is injudiciousness. Reason, tact, loyalty, wisdom, truthfulness, justice, memory, strength, self-control, decision, are laws of success, and few will for long repose confidence in a man or a woman who lacks such powers as these—and don't you see how true it is, "Confidence is the basis of trade."

You just stop and think a minute: Memory is a law of success: Just as we approximate to memory, so do we approach success. Somewhere between memory and forgetfulness, you are. Somewhere between judgment and injudiciousness you are. Somewhere between faith and doubt, you are. Somewhere between loyalty and disloyalty, between decision and indecision, you are. And as a philosopher says: "Pigeonhole yourself."

Analyze Your Organization

BY P. S. FISHER

THE world has made leaps and bounds in the investigation of concrete matter with a view of determining the working power of single and united particles. In the realm of the abstract we are still conjecturing, wondering and supposing.

A man says, "I'm blue today," but can give no reason for his despondency. His health is first rate. He has sustained no losses. His prospects of plenty equal yesterday's when he felt tip-top, yet notwithstanding he is morose and sullen. Something has gone wrong. It may be the slightest thing that caused it—too trifling for him to remember, but something has gone wrong. He has felt blue before and could give no reason for it. Time cured it, he says, and so he goes about his duties wait-

ing for the fog of ennui to lift; and in time it lifts and he is bright again.

Now the object of this article is to try to show that through a process of self-inspection and self-readjustment such miserable interferences as fits of blues ought not to be tolerated by any man, much less a salesman. While they last he is paralyzed as a factor of influence. He may be known as Mr. Brown, salesman for So-and-So, but only the body in which he abides is present. Brown is disorganized and disintegrated and useless. Where is he? What caused his personality to vanish, leaving him a thing and a shadow? We will investigate.

He himself says he was blue but because that which caused his despondency was so subtle and stealthy in casting this malign

spell on his mind he knows not what brought it about nor how long it will remain.

The Cause of Despondency

Now because God made man, only God can perfectly analyze his mind; but because we cannot with exact precision put our index finger on the cause of despondency it is no excuse for disallowing its existence in man and refusing to do nothing but wait for its disappearance.

The cause of despondency may arise from heredity, from the weather, from indigestion, dissipation or a hundred and one sources. But each and every man can investigate for himself more or less accurately the cause of his gloom. No one knows or ought to know oneself as oneself and therefore when one is blue he ought to simply stand up and ask himself out loud, "What's the matter? What caused this thing?" If he can't tell, it is but a trifling circumstance which he should be ashamed to allow to clog the wheels of his life even temporarily. If it's a real loss of some sort or kind whether relative or real estate, just think or fancy of some one losing three or four out of the family at once, or all they had. In this way you reduce the appearance of your plight by comparison and its effect upon your mind.

Most losses causing despondency are borrowed losses. As the greatest troubles are those which never materialize, so the greatest losses are those which we never would utilize if retained.

No loss is a loss till you need what you lose, and then if you look about you the probability is that your substitute equals and frequently exceeds in value your loss.

Men as truly cry when they get blue as children do when they lose a toy. So when you're blue, you're a baby, but when you're bright you're a brick. Time has been called

a healer. It's not time that heals, it's the intervention of incidents during time. Viewing a loss at first is like standing close up to an immense painting. The painting appears a mass of daubs. The loss looks wreckage indeed.

Get Perspective

Stand back and get the painter's perspective, and you're ashamed at your former folly. Take the right view of what seemed wreckage, and you'll often find it to be your ship coming in. One does not often get blue when wide awake or sound asleep. It's between the acts of life that the mind gets a chance to get mouldy. If you're not working, whistle. Think of your best successes. Scorn to be unable to duplicate them, and after reasoning till you find the reason why you're downcast, if you find a reason, do some resolving by way of self-readjustment.

Set out again, having fathomed a few of the drawbacks to success, and remember that to invite and coddle the blue-getting spirit is to dwarf the principles of success within you.

Half of your anticipated failures are successes in disguise.

Fear is the advance agent of failure, faith of success. Don't be over-credulous of the whisperings of doubt. Doubt is the mind's slave. Don't heed the hints of doubt; they are for your ill and the slave's ease. Pit faith against all foes. To draw a straight line without a rule, make a dot at the point you want the line to begin and another where you want it to end. Put your pencil on the dot to the left and your eye on the dot to the right and draw to the dot to the right. To get to the success points of life start out with faith, with your eyes set on success, and your line of endeavor will be straight, purposeful and pleasant to contemplate, when you reach the success dots.

Can You Escape the Golden Rule

BY JAMES H. GRIFFES

AND, lastly, brethren, can we escape the Golden Rule? Suppose, we who are tired, being convinced that some little thought and energy is necessary in order to do unto others—as we would have them do to us—suppose we conclude to have none of it in ours? Suppose we

elect to stand on our bill of personal rights, and let the other fellow go to blazes?

Can we do it?

Well, we can and we can't.

Upon the whole, in the truer way, we can't. If you think you can, there's no one to stop you from trying it. It is like this, I think:

Nature's way being the Golden Rule way, Nature's law of infinite justice and all-embracing compassion being the Golden Rule, man has no option in the matter but to fall in line and work with Nature. Man has free will, lots of it; he doesn't suspect how great his will is.

By knowledge and by will, and by purely matter-of-fact methods, men could remove whole mountain chains; he already does things almost as wonderful. But he cannot evade the fundamental law of his being, which is growth, progress—through and by the Golden Rule. He can delay falling in line, and learn the folly of that delay, but he hath no volition to permanently stay his own growth. To grow is to expand, to increase the area of one's mental and moral scope. And morality, that has to do chiefly, it might almost be said entirely, with our attitude of mind and heart and our deportment toward our fellows.

Morality is an empty word when it reaches no further than purity of the body, when it signifies no more than is enough to keep one out of jail and on the approved list of the prohibitionists. It was Morality that asks of Cain, "Where is thy brother?" Nature asks this question of man daily, hourly, and it is the moral part of man that answers it. It must be answered. Man can delay the answer—alas, he does!—but so long as he does the sweet law shall bring to him that which is most needed to soften and broaden him—the reverse side and integral part of the Golden Rule:

"What ye do unto others that do ye unto yourself."

No personal God sits high in heaven just to keep tab on your petty hates and fail-

ings: that was the poetic and symbolical way of expressing the beautiful Natural Law that links cause and effect into one act, with man the only originator of a cause and man the only executor of an effect. When you place your hand on a hot stove you don't blame the stove for the burn—not after the pain has eased a bit and you become rational again. Suppose the first time you put your hand on the stove it did not burn—then a little later you would come along and sit on it and be roasted to a crisp before you knew that you had broken a law of nature.

Now it is just that kind of a universe in which some men imagine that they would like to live. Some seek to explain things by declaring that Nature's laws are only general, it being impossible for her to take cognizance of the concrete things of every-day life. I cannot bend the knee to such a God, nor is it needful that any should. The God that notes the fall of the sparrow, for me, or else none. Grant that God omniscience and eternity, and yourself the same limited only by the law of growth; see the operation of the Law, life after life, here and now—always now and here for untold centuries to come; grasp the situation in a large way, and you do not need to postulate either an unjust God or a Godless universe. Neither will do for this age because neither will help us to practise the Golden Rule, nor give us a basis in human reason why we should practise it.

And so it comes to this, I think, that man shall be his brother's keeper and practise toward him the Rule of Gold, because that way lies all happiness and because that is the law of human growth and progress.

How Is Your Solar-Plexus?

BY WHEATON SMITH

YES, I know that is a personal question—How is your solar-plexus? I don't insist on receiving an answer, but I wish you would answer yourself.

Most people are well, but they have poor endurance. They never have to visit a physician, and as for patronizing the patent medicine gentlemen—well, they don't. They assume that they are in perfect physical trim. But many of them are not.

They find out that they are not in perfect physical condition when endurance is required. They are all right for ordinary work, but when a strain comes they quickly get into such a condition that they have to eat out of a spoon and suck a thermometer every hour or so, while a white-capped nurse or a bearded physician feels their pulse.

Even when they do not break down, they show signs of lack of physical power by

becoming peevish, irritable, disgruntled, cranky. Whenever anything goes a little bit wrong they make a noise like the storm scene in "Via Wireless." The reason they do this is because they are physically unfit. They are suffering from low vitality—the vitality required for constructive business building.

Value of the Solar-Plexus

The vitality of the average man depends upon the condition of his liver and stomach, for these control that great nerve center called the solar-plexus. When the solar-plexus is put out of order, a man goes under. You undoubtedly remember what happened in a certain western squared-circle when one heavy-weight landed on the solar plexus of another fighting gentleman.

The solar-plexus is the central office for the nerve telephones of the whole body, brain included. The mind acts according to the vitality of the body, and the vitality of the body depends upon the condition of the stomach and solar-plexus. When the solar-plexus is weakened by an over-worked stomach and a sluggish liver, then the mind is foggy and inactive.

Certainly we should be masters of our own bodies. Our bodies should belong to us—not we to the bodies. The mind—the will-power—can make the body obey. Right thinking, right breathing, right eating, right exercising, right drinking, right cleansing, right relaxing, right recreating, and right sleeping will give everyone endurance.

This time I want to say a few words about exercising. Too many business men approach the subject of exercising with fear

and trembling, like unto the fear and trembling displayed on state occasions by the subjects of the Akund of Swat.

Exercise the Diaphragm

Exercising requires less time and less effort than is ordinarily supposed. Knowledge is power if the knowledge is used. To know how to manage the body will save much time and energy wasted during days when the vitality is at a low ebb. The man who does not take time to exercise, will some day have to take time to be sick. There is no escape. Nature demands its pay always. No one can violate a natural law and escape. For such Nemesis is always waiting just around the corner.

Now here is a truth I want to drive deep into your minds: *Exercising the arms is of less importance than exercising the diaphragm.*

The stomach, liver, pancreas, spleen, kidneys and solar-plexus lie beneath the diaphragm.

The diaphragm is the greatest muscle in the body and least used by the average man. Internal exercises are of greater importance than external exercises. Internal exercises can be taken while at work. One can take them walking, sitting, running—in fact, all the time. One does not have to lose any time taking internal exercises which will bring endurance.

In another article I shall tell how to take some external exercises which will certainly produce desirable results. All I want to leave with you this time is this truth, which is worth repeating: Exercising the arms is of less importance than exercising the diaphragm.

The Greatest of These is Action

BY CHARLES M. FALCONER

HAPPINESS consists in knowing what you want, wanting it very much, and trying as hard as you can to get it.

In our Father's house are many mansions, but they were all built by their occupants here on earth; He only showed them how and helped them. And we who know how must show those who do not.

Do you know what the secret of success is? It is to be *necessary*, to have people *come to you*, to have them, as Emerson

says, make a beaten path to your door, though you build your house in the depths of the impenetrable wilderness.

There are those who shut their eyes and say piously, "I believe." And there are others who likewise shut their eyes, and say, "I deny." The one plays with toys and the other takes them from him, and then they fight, while the world goes to the devil.

But there are a few who keep their eyes wide open, whose faith means "I know," and whose doubt is the highest form of

faith, the belief that there is more to be known. These men do the world's work, they are its leaders, its saviors.

Endurance, Ability, Reliability and Action—and "the greatest of these" is Action. Endurance sustains, ability directs, reliability restrains, but without action there is nothing to be sustained, directed or restrained.

A man may be downright bad, yet a small part, at least, of his action will be good; and what is good will continue and be permanent, while the bad will be corrected by the good of others, and what is irremediable will die a natural death. We can assist the weak, instruct the ignorant, control the vicious; but we can do absolutely nothing with the indolent. The vessel must be under way before it will respond to the helm.

Wisdom is knowledge that serves a definite purpose. It is knowledge digested by thought, amplified by imagination, and purified by moral character. It is Character itself, in the best sense of the word.

Success is getting what you go after. Success worth winning calls for hard work, faithful work, earnest work; indeed, I may say that your progress towards your goal will be in direct ratio to the earnestness you put into everything you do. For to be earnest means to possess every success-making quality. Earnestness is never found alone; it attracts to itself whatever it needs, not only in yourself, but in others. You can accomplish very little by your own unaided efforts: you must have helpers; and earnestness will bring them and quicken them into activity for you.

Queer!

BY GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

EVERY man thinks his business is just a little bit more complicated, more burdensome, more nerve-racking, more trying than the other fellow's. It's queer.

Likewise every employee who gains a position of some little importance in a business and makes good thinks that this department, his specialty, his activity, is the all important function of the institution.

This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the handling of railroad properties. It is possible for a careful observer to accurately judge, from surface indications, the channel through which the actual manager has attained his position. If he is a traffic man, the little niceties of upkeep about stations and rolling stock are likely to be lacking. If he is an operating man the engines and cars are in prime condition, but the volume of tonnage may not be kept up. If he is an engineer the roadbed, track and bridges are models but freight cars need paint. If he is a railroad attorney he finds his outlet in consolidations of various short streaks of rust with the main line but shippers complain about poor service.

Once in a while an all-around business man takes hold of a road; he has no hobby

but to make it earn and pay dividends. He gathers around him some competent specialists, carefully scans his sources of income, makes up his budget of expenditures, turns each man loose, knowing just how much money he can spend and demands results. He does not dally with details but he does analyze reports, percentages and performance. Then things happen. Such an organization presents an example of ideal but practical team work. It is a composite salesman raised to the Nth power. It is dealing in the most elusive thing on earth—just *service*—but it builds up empires along its path beside which the kingdom of Solomon looks like an Indian reservation.

The queer part of it all is that the same kind of highly developed ego which makes one man a genius keeps the others in the class of "those who also ran."

It is queer that big men in big places cannot grow bigger as their opportunity grows big.

But this is no reason why a normal, well-poised, four-square man in an ordinary place cannot grow, if he will just remember that with him in the game *there are others*.

Business Letters to Business Men

BY THE EDUCATOR

To a young man in a railway freight office considering a resignation.

If your present job is fairly congenial and if you are "in right" so that you have no special handicaps to overcome in the line of promotion, it seems to me that you had better stick to the railroad business. If it is entireful distasteful to you then it may be all right to look for something else. There is just as much opportunity for good salesmanship in the freight department of a good road as there is anywhere. And if you will demonstrate to your superiors that you have the stuff in you that is likely to make good with the public, you ought not to have much difficulty in getting a good position with your company.

* * *

Three objections submitted by a street car advertising solicitor;

"I do not believe in street car advertising. It's all right enough for the general advertisers—the big health food concerns, etc., but it isn't anything that will take hold of our retail goods to move them at any desired time and quickly."

Ans: Successful retailers in other places do not think so. In Chicago, for instance, a recent count showed that 20 per cent of all of the space on one line was taken by local retailers and among those retailers one, the Washington Shirt Co., has carried the signs ever since there were any. And several others have renewed their contracts two, three and four times. They test these ads with special offers and they have found that they pay because the same special is repeated annually about the same season of the year.

"I can't afford it. I'm already advertising as deeply as I can go in through the newspapers, and am not willing to increase my appropriation, nor am I willing to drop out of the papers, to try out an unknown quantity like car advertising. Perhaps later on we may consider it."

Ans: Unless you are a very large advertiser you cannot carry enough space regularly in city newspapers to make the public regular readers of your advertisement so that a certain part of the circulation is lost so far as you are concerned. It costs a good deal of money to make a 500 word argument in a newspaper, but you can cut it up into ten sections of fifty words and spread it out through some street cars and it will sink in. People will read it. They won't read the 500 word argument.

"No. Tried it fifteen years ago and didn't get any definite results. Have no faith in it."

Ans: Great advances have been made in the writing of copy in the last fifteen years. Besides that, national advertisers have made their street car ads so attractive that the public has been painlessly educated to read the ads, and you know they do it. Besides that, there is the effect of being in good company. It applies to advertisers just as it does to people.

* * *

To a request for a good way of approaching a prospective Customer:

It is out of the question to develop anything in the way of a regulation approach. You must be governed entirely by the conditions that surround the customer.

A while ago one of our men went into a place and found the proprietor tying up small packages. He waited a few minutes but the man was still busy. Then he went up to him and said, "I just wanted to tell you that you are losing money at the rate of \$95.00 per week." The man was all attention, and then the salesman suggested that a \$5.00 girl or boy could wrap those packages better than the boss. This opened up a general discussion of the question of conserving energy and the result was business.

The best way for you to develop a line of these approaches is to sit down and analyze your failures. Then start a little note book on the approach which would have been likely to take care of this specific instance, and you will finally have a set that will meet all the ordinary contingencies and the exercise of this ingenuity will make you quicker to build them on the instant when new conditions arise.

* * *

Answers to the objection "You sell to the retailer direct, thereby taking away the wholesaler's trade."

Ans: The jobber performs a legitimate function as a distributor. There is no reason why the manufacturers or importers should surrender their trade to the jobbers because they do not care to handle the ordinary retailers' accounts, excepting as it is absolutely necessary to protect their own interests. It never becomes necessary for them to so protect their interests if their jobbing customers do not wander away from the fold. When such relations are once established with the retailers it is impossible to break them down. And so the tem-

porary lapses of the jobbers serve for their permanent undoing. Another thing about the average jobber is his tendency to substitute. He must be watched all the time by the big wholesalers and manufacturers. The willingness to supply the retailers is the one deterrent force that they will recognize. These may be blunt truths but sometimes the buyer needs them.

* * *

I have had a customer come into the store and after showing a sink, telling them the merits and quality of it, have them say, "I can buy a sink just like that one down at H. for \$3.00"—and I had to ask \$3.50 for it.

Ans: The question to raise here is the one of inspection. How much does your customer know about enameled iron ware and can she judge about quality? You cannot afford to overcharge, nor can you afford to furnish anything in the way of a sink unless it is all right in every way. There are all grades of enameled iron ware and there are seconds in all grades, in which the imperfections are not noticable unless you know the business—until they have been in use for some little time. There is nothing quite so annoying to a good housekeeper as a white sink with rusty spots. Talk up reliability.

A man asks my quotation on a system of plumbing installed complete. I specify throughout class A material, and give him my price. He also gets a quotation from my competitor which is on Class B material, he does not know the difference, and I lose the job:

Ans: This is the same kind of a case as the problem of the sink. Bids taken in the absence of specifications mean nothing and when a customer comes in with a hazy idea of what he is to get, many people have found it is good practice to bring him to his senses by making a quotation something like this: "Anywhere from \$150 to \$250—whatever you want to pay, but the quality will fit the price." Then if he demands specifications, ask him who is to be the inspector and how he is to know that the goods furnished him under competing bids will be up to the specifications. It is right here that the confidence developing-qualities count.

In selling office supplies I had about persuaded my customers to purchase a set of books and allow me to install them. I had them about persuaded to make the purchase; they know that they need the books yet have decided to put the purchase off indefinitely. Wherein have I fallen short?

Regarding account books. The big thing to get into the minds of such buyers is the fact that when the cost of the labor which is consumed in using those books is taken into consideration the cost of the books themselves is practically nothing, because it is such a small percentage. This being true about the new books, it is particularly true regarding any effort to use up the leftovers of an old system. It is not unusual for \$3,000 or \$4,000 worth of time to be used on \$50 worth of books and stationery, and if the system that you wanted to put in has merit, this ought not to be a difficult thing to put before your customer's imagination.

* * *

Answer to a young man who says, "I am very much upset over the condition of affairs with my company. I am afraid our business can not be handled successfully in the manner it is now being run. We started last year and from the time we started we have had trouble to getting men stick. I feel terrible over the condition of affairs. I think it a shame for me to accept my check every week."

Ans: Now about your intimate business affairs, it is a little hard to give good advice at a long range without more information, but in a general way, it is safe to say that a loyal man who sticks by an apparently unpromising proposition, and is with it when it goes out into clear water again, usually is well paid for all of the worry that attends the voyage.

The present period of depression is certainly a soul trying time. Your company is not an exception. There are plenty of others who are hanging on through pure grit. But it is the opinion of men whose judgment is worth considering, that from now on there will be gradual signs of improvement, and remember that a man who signs the check is in a better position to judge whether it ought to be signed than you are.

Come

And, now, let me ask this of you: Don't skip the chat about the Summer School in this issue.

You will find it on page 2. Read it and—well, just come.

—Sheldon



The Philosopher Among His Books

54-40 or Fight. By Emerson Hough. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The Baroness Helena von Ritz is a woman for whose favors a man would fight his way through hell and esteem the work a privilege. For her a man would go out under the spell of a divine inspiration and bring back the treasures of earth. And most men, whether they admit it or not, have had women to inspire them. Some of the women who have influenced the lives of great men, or who have held in their hands the destinies of nations, have been bad according to a certain code. But this judgment, perhaps in the majority of cases, has been rendered by those who respect over much circumstantial evidence. I do not know what truth there is in this tale of Emerson Hough's. But I am ready to believe it because I know something of the history of nations and just a wee bit of the history which does not find itself into the books from which we study in school. So in this great fight between the United States, England and Mexico, for the territories of Texas, California and Oregon—the fight for the great west—I am willing to believe that women played a part of far greater importance than most of us have realized. Certain it is that full credit has never been given John Calhoun for the work he did in those strenuous days. Most of the honor for winning the west went to President Polk—a man who at best was only a crafty politician who cared more for party success than for principles. I know also that Emerson Hough has written a tale which holds one a voluntary prisoner from the first page until the last—a tale of even greater interest and value than "The Mississippi Bubble." Somehow one cannot read this book without feeling cleaner and stronger. It sort of makes one forget for a while the pettiness of the day's work and carries him to the heights occupied by those makers of history who played the game of diplomacy which won for the United States the empire of Texas as well as the empire of the West. We learn that honesty and fairness and fearlessness accomplishes

far more than trickiness and crookedness, and that a man of character possesses a power which will carry him to success no matter what obstacles may be placed in his path.

* * *

Our Mental Children. By Mrs. James Allen, Ilfracombe, England.

Our thoughts are our mental children. Mrs. Allen speaks of the positive thoughts and tells us how they may be raised from childhood to maturity. It is essentially a book of optimism by the wife of the writer of some of the most inspiring literature of the age.

* * *

The Papyrus. A Magazine of Individuality. Edited by Michael Monahan at East Orange, New Jersey.

One does not need any affidavits furnished with the statement that the editor of *The Papyrus* is a man who in his inmost heart cherishes the Seventeenth of March. Monahan is one of the most brilliant Irishmen in the literary kingdom of the United States. His magazine has no special mission, unless it be to give to its readers some of the best thoughts of the best men who think for themselves. The man who prostrates himself before the daily papers will not find in Monahan's monthly anything that will stir his gray matter. *Papyrus* articles are written for men and women who have passed the kindergarten stage in literary culture. The review of this magazine has a place in this department because it is what it modestly proclaims itself to be: *A Magazine of Individuality*. Through it all there radiates the great sympathetic, understanding presence of its editor. From his writings one does not place Monahan among those who have always traveled the easeful road. He has been trampled on by fate. He has been made to suffer—made to suffer because he is one of those bohemians to whom money is dross and art is everything. Monahan is something of a dreamer. But in his dreams he sees men and women as they are

as well as what they pretend to be. Because a man has failed in one field of life, Monahan does not condemn him. If he has succeeded in one field Monahan tells about it understandingly. Monahan reveres the great literary men of the past, but he is not blinded by the false light which time has caused to flare around the memory of some of them. You will get my point when I say that Monahan does not trample in the dirt the lily that springs from the muck of a millpond, nor does he savagely tear to pieces the violets that grow from the rotting log. He has just given the world a beautiful book called "Palms of Papyrus." This is a quality book for it contains the essence of Monahan and that is a quality product.

Thusnelda: A Song of the Heart. By Neander P. Cook. The Weimar Press, Los Angeles.

There came stealing into the office the other day a dainty little volume with a hand painted cover and containing an exquisite word painting of the marriage of two young persons whose love for one another possessed that deep spiritual quality which is all too rare. It really doesn't matter whether one be married or unmarried, old or young, this book will bring to them a message of sweetness and purity and spirituality, yet through it all the spiritual is intimately associated with the physical—just as it is in real life. Perhaps there is no better book to send a young man or a young woman about to be married.



Send This Coupon Today

In this number I have said some things about the Sheldon Summer School which will be held at Sheldonhurst, near Libertyville, during the first two weeks of July, 1909. Of course you will take a vacation. Why not enjoy your loafing days on the shores of Lake Eara?

Salesmanagers, salesmen, executives, department heads of all kinds, workers in every line all these will find much that will increase their efficiency, and therefore their earning power, in the man-and-business-building lessons which will be given daily.

COUPON

MR. A. F. SHELDON, Libertyville, Ill.

Please prepare and reserve for me accommodations for the summer school at Sheldonhurst Farm for the first two weeks in July, 1909.

I hereby agree to pay you \$45.00 for the two weeks' instruction, including privileges of the grounds board and lodging.

I understand that there will be a charge of \$10.00 extra for board and lodging for each additional member of my family.

(Name) _____

(Street) _____

(Town) _____ (State) _____



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THOMAS DREIER, - - - - -	MANAGING EDITOR

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Two dollars a year will bring the magazine to anyone in the United States or its possessions, and \$2.50 in Canada and foreign countries.

Requests for 'changes of address' MUST reach this office before the 10th of the month in order to insure the *proper* mailing of the current issue of this magazine. In sending in the new address please give your previous location.

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Spend Your Vacation at Sheldonhurst



WE'RE going to get up a private car party and have a jolly good time on our trip across the continent to attend the Sheldon Summer School at Sheldonhurst in July," is the substance of letters received from Anthony Anderson and John Kearns, two hustling business builders of Vancouver, British Columbia.

That is coming some distance for a summer vacation, isn't it?

But those men and their friends know that out there on the shores of Lake Earra there will be gathered together during the first two weeks of July several hundred of the liveliest, most progressive, most earnest business men. They realize the value of spending two weeks in intimate relationship with such men. They know that men who are willing to spend their vacation in a place where they will be made stronger mentally, physically and spiritually are truly worth while.

Enrollments have come in from Los Angeles, New York, Memphis, Syracuse, Omaha, Sioux City, Knoxville, Chicago—but why name the cities from which hustlers are coming?

This meeting will be a gathering of the business clans from the East and West and North and South. They will come with their ideas—the ideas which have made many of them great fortunes. These ideas will be given freely to those who "having ears, hear."

Talks will be given by executives who have managed concerns that have made hundreds of thousands of dollars, by sales managers who have graduated from hundred-point salesmen into hundred-point managers of hundred-point salesmen, by salesmen who have made good in a big way, by men who understand finances and who know how to teach others to understand how to manage the elusive dollar.



The Shoreline Near the Camp

Why not Develop More Power?

Mr. Sheldon will lecture every day—sometimes more than once—upon the Science of Man-Building. Each day he will give practical, understandable, down-to-earth lessons in the science of developing power. He believes that when a man has been made right his work will take care of itself. He knows that confidence is the basis of trade and he knows,

too, that he who has the strongest personality inspires the greatest confidence.

He will tell you how to develop this power which inspires confidence.

Power is what men want. Power is what men need. Power to do more. Power to render greater service. Power to build a bigger business. Power to sell more goods. Power to "write a better book, preach a better sermon or build a better mousetrap," as Emerson says. Yes, it is power that men want.

There are thousands of men who are earning infinitely more money today than they ever did before, simply because they followed the scientific business building ideas of Mr. Sheldon. These ideas they got through books—through printed lessons.

Since these men have been benefited through the reading and studying of printed lessons, does it not seem reasonable to suppose that men who listen to the words of the teacher himself will be benefited even more? Back of these spoken lessons will stand the personality of a man whose work has been well done. These talks will be given by a man who believes in himself, in his work, in the public—a belief which has the support of thousands of men who have been helped to develop more power.

And Why Not Have Fun Also?

But all work and no play makes John a candidate for the dunce cap. Men must have fun, just as boys do. They need to get away where they can forget for a time the daily problems of business. They need to get away where they can loaf on their backs under the shade of big trees, talking with some good fellows or reading about *The Young Man and the Girl* and how they became engaged over in the back of the book.

At Sheldonhurst you can do these things.

There will be boats for those who row; horses for those who ride; roads for those who care to drive; hills for those who climb; tennis courts, baseball diamonds, baskets for basketball, fish for fishers, flowers for flower-lovers, sunshine for those who want to acquire a tan, shade for those who loaf—well, what more do you want?

Opportunities to visit the big stores and wholesale houses in Chicago will be offered. This will mean much to merchants who are searching for new ideas. The Chicago-Milwaukee electric road will take you to Ravinia Park for great orchestra concerts.



Two of the Tents

And right at home, every night, there will be a big—a great, big, roaring, flaming, sparkling, crackling campfire. Story-tellers will here squat on the ground and unloosen. Bring your best.

How Hungry Are You?

Of course you are interested in eating. All campers are. "Grub pile" is an event. It will be an event here. There will be nothing fancy. Palate-ticklers will be absent. But—

Chicken and

Creamy gravy and

Plenty of vegetables and

Milk from a real cow and just

Heaps of the best yellow butter and

Everything that a big crowd of jolly, jostling, energetic, care-free vacationists on pleasure bent can want will be served on a big, long, rough table under the trees. Anyone who tips a waiter will be thrown in the lake, and anyone who goes away hungry will be sentenced to serve a starvation sentence for neglecting to obey the scriptural injunction, "Ask and ye shall receive."

There isn't going to be anything formal about this gathering. This is going to be a camping-out time. Fine clothes must be left at home. Overalls and corduroys, rough shoes, flannel shirts—anything that is comfortable is in style. The camp will be ruled by the campers' creed—the Golden Rule.

Sleep—when you must—will be found in large quantities in the tents of the little white city. There will be cots and blankets and lots of fresh air. Silk sheets have been forbidden on the ground by the God of the Open Air. You can get a "nightcap" at the pump if you work the handle up and down.

How to Reach Libertyville

Everytime we are inclined to get a bit chesty, some fellow writes in and says something like this, "Where in thunder is Libertyville?"

Such is fame! Libertyville is a little community of nearly 2,000 persons on the Madison-Chicago branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad and on the Libertyville branch of the Chicago-Milwaukee electric railroad, fifty-five minutes from Chicago.

The quickest way is over the steam road. Trains leave the Union Station, Chicago, every little while. Ask the man. Several trains come straight through without a stop.

The electric road offers an especially attractive trip, although more time is required. This road passes through the heart of all the rich lake shore towns, Evanston, Lake Forest and others. Just take an Evanston express at any of the loop stations in Chicago, change at Evanston to the surface cars, come straight through to Lake Bluff Junction, change to the Libertyville local and tell the conductor to throw you off at Sheldonhurst. Sheldonhurst is two miles west of Libertyville. Those of us who are strenuous walk; others take the electric cars. Take your choice.

Sheldonhurst may also be reached by the Wisconsin Central. Buy a ticket to Rockefeller. The electric or a buss will take you to Sheldonhurst. But you really ought to walk.

When you want more specific information send for a time table.

This is Your Invitation

The school opens July 1. This is Thursday. You will thus have time to get settled down in order to be ready to enjoy the red fire and other Fourth of July necessities. The fireworks display will take place on the point immediately across from the camp so you can sit in the door of your own tent and see the whole show.

It is absolutely necessary that we have your application for a cot and a place at table right away.

Fill out the accompanying reservation coupon. Do it right now. Ask your friends to send in theirs today.

I AM COMING

Mr. A. F. Sheldon, Libertyville, Illinois.

Certainly I am coming to your Summer School. Keep a cot and a place at the table for me. I will bring \$45 with me to sort of compensate you for the instruction in man-building and business-building. M—

City

Street

State

Wives of students will be entertained at the rate of \$10.50 a week for board and tent room, no charge being made for instruction. Children will be required to pay \$1 a day. If your wife is coming with you, please note on application. Be sure and bring her. She'll have a good time.



Photo by Edward Dreier

And You Can Ride These in July



JUST A GLIMPSE OF THE WEST

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

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No. 6

On the Front Porch Where We Talk Things Over



IHIS is Sunday morning, April 25th. We completed a three months' sentence to a city flat yesterday.

We escaped from the city at 4:00 p. m., arriving in Libertyville about 5:00—just a little later we were at the farmhouse door.

We allowed ourselves some discount for good behavior and came back to the farm one week sooner than our sentence called for, which was until May 1st.

This morning I was awakened by a cock robin soloist who was trying to make me believe that it didn't make any difference if Caruso had lost his voice—then a bluebird decided to change the solo into a duet and began to supply the alto—then a thrush chimed in with the tenor—then a crow or two butted in with an attempt to carry the basso. Shortly after Miss Jennie Wren came to the front with an impersonation of Patti and sang and sang in response to our repeated encores. She didn't say it was her last appearance, and we hope it won't be—a little later an orchestra of a thousand blackbirds, more or less, but it sounded like more, began to accompany the somewhat motley chorus.

It is great, this chorus of the birds in the country on a Sunday morning.

Yes, Burbank, you were right: "Man made the city but God made the country."

NOT to make you love the city and your work there less but to make you love life and cherish its opportunities more—to encourage some to save money who are spending it now in ways they should not—and then, too, to help as best I can some of those brave men in the West in their empire building enterprise; for these reasons let us reason together for a little while about the country and its investment opportunities, even for those who wish to remain permanently in the city.

In the first place, do you imagine, Mr. City Man, that the country today is such a "beastly" place to live in, "don't you know," so lonesome and all that?

I have recently been reading from the History of North America, of which Guy Carleton Lee, Ph. D., is the editor. I presume you are aware that he is one of the wise men of John Hopkins and Columbian Universities and probably one of our greatest historians. Join me in a page or two. Concerning our Western frontier he writes as follows on page 415, Volume X:

"The four million or more American people living along this western frontier have won for themselves and the world a state of civilization which assimilates

them thoroughly to the older communities of the United States; although in some sections the mere fact of newness gives an exaggerated impression of crudity which is not borne out by a more familiar acquaintance with western society. Pioneering has had its drawbacks as well as its advantages, but the work of social amelioration through education in its broadest sense has gone on in these communities from their very beginnings, with results that are highly gratifying. Literature, art, and science find a congenial atmosphere and are flourishing here as in older portions of the United States.

"Some of the institutions of learning, notably the two great universities of California, have already gained a world wide recognition. Conditions of life vary from place to place as is to be expected in so large and so new a country. Some districts illustrate, perhaps, the most thoroughly ideal conditions thus far attained anywhere within the United States. Among the most advanced are the irrigated fruit growing sections, where the inhabitants live in the country with most of the advantages of the city within easy reach. Holdings are small, the labor of tillage pleasant, the surroundings both beautiful and healthful. The almost continuous villages have the very best school facilities, churches, markets, and opportunities for social recreation and improvement. Good roads and electric railways make travel and transportation easy.

"Much wealth has collected in these districts; and a large number of their inhabitants are persons of superior education. With the progress of population, the development of intensive agriculture, especially under irrigation, and the general growth of wealth, the tendency everywhere is to approximate this type. In many places economic conditions render anything so nearly perfect impossible; but changes in this direction are very rapid. At the opposite social pole there is the ranch life of the interior plains, where neighbors live from ten to forty miles apart, communicating only rarely with each other.

"In some spots may be found the pioneer farmer, living in a secluded valley in a rude log house, killing large game like the deer and bear for a part of his food supply, and bringing up a family with the very minimum of social opportunity. The girdled trees, corduroy road and split-log bridge, the characteristic marks with the log house, of pioneer life, are yet to be found in many parts of Washington and Oregon, and in some sections of California. But they are a rapidly vanishing feature.

"Every community begins to feel, with greater or less force, the effects of new schemes of social improvement. The movement for good roads, consolidation of rural schools, and universal telephone connection have already made headway. Plans for utilizing the water powers of this country in developing extensive systems of electric railway, and for the general supply of power for all uses, are also being realized; and the possibilities in this direction are almost infinite."

Again on page 423, Volume XVIII:

"The movement away from the farm, which was notable after the panic of 1873, was largely due to the fact that rural life presented so few attractions, especially when there were mortgages to be cleared off and interest payments to be met. Many thousands of those who went to the populous centers achieved fortune—perhaps more in proportion than the city born—but countless thousands were destined to lives of poverty. In an age when the farm was distant from any center of culture, when mails were infrequent and the weekly newspaper was the principal source of communication with the outside world, life on a farm was monotonous,

and especially to the women. In the last fifteen years, three developments have to a great extent changed farm life and made it so attractive that the movement to the city is proportionately less than ever before.

"The trolley is rapidly extending, and in a few decades is destined to make communication easy between towns and cities and the great mass of farmers of the United States. This is important from a social point of view, as the consequent development of convenient markets increases the farmer's income and especially that of the women of his household, who not only have a better outlet for the things of the farm considered their perquisites, but it relieves the monotony of farm life by making visits to town easy.

"In the last few years every traveler has noted that the suburban trolleys are patronized by the wives and daughters of farmers. The sale of pianos in the rural districts of the United States has reached extraordinary proportions, and is accounted for by manufacturers largely because in this day the farmer's daughter may conveniently go to town and take music lessons. She can also get books from the free library, attend the theatre or make a social call, and return home in an afternoon, an outing which formerly meant to the farmer the loss of the use of a team of horses for a whole day.

"The second factor is that of the rural telephone, which is growing so fast that it is difficult to keep up with the statistics. As all normal human beings are social by instinct, the desire to talk with one's neighbors, coupled with the cheapness of communication, has led to the wide and rapid extension of these country lines; but no statistics can express the convenience, the comfort and the luxury which they give to those who formerly were confined within the narrow limits of country life.

"The third factor is the free rural delivery of the mails, which is expanding so that in a decade nine-tenths of the families of the country will be served with a daily mail. To those who are not accustomed to this privilege, it is hard to appreciate its blessings.

When these three factors have reached another decade of development, there is no doubt that country life will have almost every advantage of the city and many which the latter cannot hope to possess.

"These are a few of the important items entering into the social development of the country. Of collateral interest is the constantly increasing use of electric light and power along the lines of the trolley companies, and the development of the water supply in country districts so as to give water not only to families and to stock, but to permit irrigation.

"In the Far West irrigation has become a dominant question. Congress has set aside the proceeds from all land sales in the arid districts, in order to construct dams and sluiceways to irrigate the soil. Most of the lands now in the market are in these districts, but the whole is so vast that it is estimated that when all projected improvements are completed a population can be supported equal to that of the whole United States at the present time. Some engineering projects of vast scope are already being carried out, and more are to follow.

Already more than two million persons live on soil that is productive solely through irrigation."

That doesn't look so bad for country life after all, does it?

Compare this picture with that of a so-called home in a hot, stuffy, cramped, unhealthy, city flat.

ONE of the greatest problems confronting the big business world today is the cultivation of the saving habit on the part of employes.

Millions of dollars are wasted and worse than wasted by employes—and by employers too, for that matter—every year, dollars which might just as well be saved as not if it were not for the negative of extravagance.

The tendency of all is to wish to make more money than salaries allow, but that tendency takes too much the direction of gambling; hence the race track, the poker den, the mining stock and the wheat pit, with their string of saddened hearts and of suicides—yes, I said mining stock. There are a few good mines but at the best the rule is that the mining stock venture is a gamble; and you don't see any mining stock advertisements in our magazine.

Quite recently a man offered us several hundred dollars for space for mining stock ads but the ads did not appear.

His may be a good mine at that but it's a gamble, and that settled it.

Everybody should, however, seek to save money and to make his money saved earn more money. The negative of extravagance, the failure to cultivate the saving and safe investment habit is the cause of millions of failures.

The best cure for the negative of extravagance is what may be termed the getting of a definite aim.

Let an employe once begin saving to accomplish some object worth while and he is much more likely to prize his position highly and to do his best to make good than when he is drifting with the tide.

For the sake of illustration you will pardon the relation of a personal experience. I remember well the first farm I ever bought.

I was drawing a fairly good salary but was not saving very much of it, at least not as much as I should have saved. Things so shaped themselves that, in order to relieve a friend from a burden which it seemed impossible for him to carry, it seemed best for me to buy a piece of farm property near a certain city. The price of this farm property was \$7,000. That looked like a lot of money to me, but I screwed up my courage, made the first payment and took the plunge. After that for some four years I bought one necktie where I had been buying two, washed my head with soap and water where I had been indulging in an egg shampoo by the barber man, bought a razor and shaved myself, and did other things which young men ought to do.

These little things I have mentioned are only straws which show which way the wind blew following my purchase of that \$7,000 farm.

I was a better employe on account of this outside investment and I paid for the farm in four years.

In later years I sold the farm, or rather traded it in a business deal. It did not pay interest on the investment while I owned it, although many land investments do and many do more than that, but it was one of the most profitable deals I ever made because of the way in which it helped me to form certain habits which in turn have helped me ever since.

I have no land enterprise to promote. We need nearly all we have out here for our educational purposes; therefore you will not accuse me of being selfish

when I say to you, young or middle aged man or woman earner, buy a piece of land somewhere and pay for it out of your savings. Be sure that you buy right, but buy. Do this even if for no other purpose than to help yourself to boss yourself in the matter of economy. Buying land and paying for it is a great character developer.

Besides, even though you buy quite a ways out of town, and even far out in the country, who knows but you will want to live there some time. It's a great thing to have a place with "the vines growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the autumn sun."

You may want to get away from the city entirely in time. And then, again, if you still want to ride the merry-go-round of business all your life, as many do, you may be able to do that and still live far out of town.

I consider the late Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke one of the wisest men of his time, which was the closing years of the nineteenth century. Among many other good things, he wrote in part as follows:

"The near future of our race, the writer thinks, is indescribably hopeful. There are at the present moment impending over us three revolutions, the least of which would dwarf the ordinary historic upheaval called by that name into absolute insignificance. They are: (1) The material, economic and social revolution which will depend upon and result from the establishment of aerial navigation. (2) The economic and social revolution. And (3) The psychical revolution of which there is here question.

"Either of the first two would (and will) radically change the conditions of, and greatly uplift, human life; but the third will do more for humanity than both of the former, were their importance multiplied by hundreds or even thousands.

"The three operating (as they will) together will literally create a new heaven and a new earth. Old things will be done away and all will become new."

Speaking of aerial navigation, he writes in part as follows:

"The men who dwell in cities will inhabit in summer the mountains and the sea shores; building often in airy and beautiful spots, now almost or quite inaccessible, commanding the most extensive and magnificent views. As the herding together, as now, in great cities, so the insolation of the worker of the soil will become a thing of the past. Space will be practically annihilated, there will be no crowding together and no enforced solitude."

I know full well that there are those who will say that this utterance of Bucke is the result of imagination run wild. But as we contemplate the changes for the better which were wrought in the nineteenth century who knows what the twentieth century, and even that part of it which many of us will witness, is destined to bring forth?

Bucke died before the Wright brothers had scored their triumph. Even they have not made Bucke's prophecy a reality as yet, but they have added another bit of evidence to the fact that man is on the way toward the conquest of the air. That he will arrive but few doubt.

Yes, Lafe Young, you were right when you said: "The nineteenth century was a record-breaker in progress but it was not a beginning to what the twentieth century is going to be; and, it is our blessed privilege to be standing in the gray of its early dawn."

And the glories of the gray of our century's morning are as great as we could wish for, as glorious as are the glories of this Sunday morning's glories out here on the farm. It is but a question of being awake and of not only looking but seeing, of not alone hearing but understanding.

The birds of opportunity might sing in vain, as far as we are concerned, if we were to insist upon sleeping.

There are a thousand and one of these birds of opportunity singing out in the sunshine of our twentieth century morning. Flirt with them, as Tom said recently—only don't stop there—no, don't flirt at all; make real love to them and let that love be the real thing. Love them so much that they will perch on your shoulder and come and eat out of your hand.

I HAVE recently become interested in the irrigation problem, deeply interested—not in a financial way, but in the study of it as an economic force. It's a great problem. It's one of the weighty economic problems before us as a nation—in fact before the world. It is a wondrous nesting place for the birds of opportunity.

Its extensive extension which is bound to come means much to millions.

It is one of the greatest of agencies for the alleviation of suffering humanity. Supported as extensively as it ought to be and will be, it will go a long way toward relieving the congestion of our cities. It will provide healthful and profitable employment for many of the unemployed. It will reduce the cost of living for all. It will do many grand and good things.

As I have studied this problem lately I have been impressed with the fact that irrigation facilities are bound to be established in many sections where they are not now supposed to be even needed at all.

The facts are, there are but few, if any, sections where the proper amount of rainfall necessary for ideal agricultural conditions can be absolutely depended upon.

During almost every season there is a *dry spell* which gives everything a bad set-back unless water is artificially provided. This set-back is just enough to make the yield of products such as to result in either a loss or a "break even" or else a nominal profit. In sections not irrigated it is seldom that we hear of those splendid margins of profit which we are now coming to hear about so frequently in the era of intensive farming upon which we are now just nicely entered.

A business house has a certain office force to maintain. It has a certain rent and other fixed expenses to meet. It has a certain number of salesmen—these salesmen plug along and get a volume of business which makes both ends meet and possibly a little more. But suddenly the boys seem to bunch their hits, and for one month orders simply flow in. The office force gets busy and takes care of the extra work all right. No expense is added there. The rent is the same. So are the light and other standard items of expense. The monthly statement for that particular month is a good tonic. It shows profits trebled and possibly quadrupled, although the total volume of business may have been less than double the ordinary amount.

The same principle applies to the tilling of the soil. It's the margin of extra yield, the above normal yield of normal conditions, that makes the profit. The *how* of that extra margin of yield is one of the great economic problems of our day.

The seers of our time, like James J. Hill, see this point clearly. I take the liberty of availing myself of the pleasure of quoting him on this point from the April number of *The World's Work*, a magazine which every progressive person ought to read:

"The Biggest Task of the American People.

"Mr. J. J. Hill's remedy for the ever-increasing cost of living is the sound remedy of growing more things to live on. No man sees more clearly than he the large economic laws that determine or limit our development. He says, in effect, that the tariff is an important subject, and that the trusts raise large questions. 'But,' he adds, 'the trusts will break down of their own weight long before we solve this great problem'—to get from the soil the maximum of production at the minimum of cost.

"Year in and year out, Mr. Hill has been calling our attention to the constantly decreasing yield per acre, which has been going on straight across the continent. Yet the average yield of wheat—now less than fifteen bushels an acre—can be doubled on any fair wheat land. It is doubled, in fact, or increased more than two-fold, wherever the best methods of culture are used. On the old lands of Europe more than two-fold this yield is made.

"And wheat is only one example. The same thing can be said of cotton. Taking the whole country over, the same thing can be said of corn. The greatest waste we have is the waste caused by bad agricultural methods.

"The remedy, of course, must be educational. We must apply over the whole agricultural area a system of instruction that carries the right knowledge and the right practice to the farmer now on the soil. He will not go away from home—in the main, he cannot go—to learn how to double his crop. Instruction must be brought to him. One of Mr. Hill's suggestions is that the agricultural colleges should send their graduates among the farmers at seeding time and show them how to sow and till. Even model farms do not reach the mass of them with definite help. It must be 'demonstration' work done by the farmer himself, under proper direction, on his own land.

"This is the way toward cheaper and better living and toward plenty for the 200 millions of people that we shall have by the middle of the century. And, beside this task, all other economic problems that we have do seem small. The best of it all is, we are beginning to do the task."

Irrigation is, of course, but one of the hows of the increased yield idea, but it is one of the most important of the hows and is vastly more important than the most of people realize, even those engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits, whether it be on a large or small scale.

My recent studies along this line convince me that there must be losses amounting to millions of dollars, and probably billions of dollars, worth of product every year, simply because the vegetable kingdom is famished for want of water right in districts where no one even seems to think of such a thing as irrigation.

Prof. A. H. Church, Professor of Agriculture, of Downton, England, ought to know what he is talking about, and in his able article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* he states as follows:

“In considering the vast importance of water to plant growth, it must be remembered that seeds must absorb a very large quantity of water before germination can begin; that the growth of the young plant, while still dependent upon the seed, involves the employment of a constant supply of water in order that the transference of nutrients from the stores in the seed to the newly developed parts may proceed without interruption; that soils which do not contain more than 5 to 9 per cent of moisture will yield none of it to the plant, and that when such low percentages of moisture are approached there is a constant struggle—often fatal to the plant—between the soil and the plant for water; that during the period of the plant’s active growth, the absorption of all mineral matter and all nitrogen compounds from the soil takes place through the medium of an exceedingly weak aqueous solution of these substances, which solution is indeed absorbed in such quantities that a single plant of barley needs the passage through it during the five months in which it occupies the ground of more than an imperial gallon of water. It should also be remembered that all vegetable produce when in a growing state contain an immense proportion of water, often 70 to 80 per cent, and sometimes as much as 92 to 96 per cent, the latter figures representing the percentage of water in turnips and watercress respectively.

The above is one of the best proofs I know of the occult maxim which reads: “Nature unaided fails.” The man who irrigates the soil aids nature, and then nature succeeds and makes a little land produce a greater profit than much land produces when unaided. Irrigation is therefore supported by one of the wisest maxims of wise men.

Please remember that you cannot bear a good crop of ideas or other efforts with your throat parched. Don’t expect your grain or your vegetables or your flowers to bear abundantly when they are fairly crying for a drink.

Burbank says that plants have souls. Don’t dare to laugh at him until you know as much about it as he does; and I don’t really believe that you do. He has lived with them, studied them and loved them more than you and I have.

THE government is doing noble work in the reclamation of arid land through irrigation.

Private enterprise is doing even more.

All hail the men who are investing their money in vast enterprises which make two blades of grass, and then some, grow where not even one grew before. They are doing it, and in doing it they are building even better than some of them know. They are building empires for generations yet to be. I look upon them as benefactors of the race and am glad to aid their work in every way I can. And then, too, I love the spirit and enterprise of those western empire builders. I like the way they do things.

As we view this great work let us be sure that our viewpoint is a broad one, and let us ever bear in mind the following classification of the race from the viewpoint of mental vision:

- 1st, The man who looks no farther ahead than the present is mentally blind;
- 2nd, The one who can plan for a year is a general;
- 3rd, The one who can plan for a lifetime is a genius;
- 4th, The one who can plan for generations yet to be is a seer, a prophet.



Photo by Edward Dreier

Onnmoo taking a jump. This horse does 6 feet 7 inches



Photo by Edward Dreier

And this is Art Koon: Master Horseman



How to Develop Executive Power

BY LEE FRANCIS LYBARGER

*Perhaps this is the strongest article on the relationship of will and executive ability that ever appeared in *The Business Philosopher*. It is intended particularly for those who occupy executive positions. The author is a member of the Philadelphia bar and is known to thousands as a Chautauqua lecturer.*

WILL-POWER and executive ability are so closely connected that neither of them can be considered alone. While executive ability is the broader term, yet will-power is its foundation. Executive ability rests upon two things: Intellect and Will. And even one corner of the structure called Will rests upon the Intellect. You cannot increase your executive ability without increasing your will-power. And both depend in their growth upon a keener intellectual grasp and discrimination.

Will-power may be said to consist in two things: Choice and Volition. In other words, Will consists, first, in the power to make a choice, to form a decision, to lay a plan; and, second, in that "persistence of effort" which attains the realization of the choice. The first process forms the conception: the second carries it into execution. The first decides what is to be done: the second does it. The results of the first process of Will is represented by the "plans and specifications of a building: the results of the second, by the completed structure itself.

Ribot says, "To will is to *choose* in order to *act*." And so the first element of will-power is the capacity to choose, to decide, to elect, to pick, make a choice, form a plan, reach a conclusion, come to a decision. And I find that Webster makes this the *only* function of the Will. He defines it thus: The power of choosing; the faculty or endowment of the soul by which it is capable of choosing; the faculty or power of the mind by which it decides to do or not to do; the

power or faculty of preferring or selecting one of two or more objects."

Choice and Volition

And to this power of choice I have added, as the second element, that power and "persistence of effort" which continues until the choice, or decision, is attained. And this second element of Will I have designated Volition, notwithstanding the fact that Webster makes Volition and Will practically synonymous. But here are clearly two processes instead of one: (1) I decide to go (2) and I go. And since different things should have different names, I have labeled the one Choice and the other Volition.

The making of a definite choice lies at the foundation of a strong will. There must be something to do before we can do it. To choose means to decide between two or more alternatives. Choice is that power of the mind which enables it to feel and express a preference between two or more persons, plans, or objects. A strong will enables the individual to form a decided preference, even when no decided preference exists in his mind.

And the opposite of the power of choice is Indecision. When the individual is unable to decide, when he is unable to make up his mind as to which course to pursue, when he hesitates, doubts, wavers, oscillates—reaching first one conclusion and then another—we have the first element of a weak will. And so the first foe to great will-power is indecision—and a colossal foe it is. Hesitancy, confusion, doubt, indecision, and fear ultimately end in defeat and failure.

"Wishy-Washy Wills"

Few people have a developed power of choice. The moment the individual takes up the consideration of two or more alternatives, and begins to picture the possibility of each, his mind becomes so confused with

conflicting wants, ideas, wishes, possibilities, as to paralyze the Will. And the difficulty may arise from one of four things: First, because he does not know definitely his own mind in the matter. Second, because of his inability to picture vividly to his mind the different results which would follow from the different courses, in order that he might know which result he most preferred. Third, because the contrasts between them are so great that he cannot get a common basis of comparison. And fourth, because of the reverse condition—the resemblance is so close that there is no preference in his mind. And without preference there can be no choice.

The second element of Will is Volition—the power of persistence of effort in the enforcement of a decision. Persistence of effort, dogged determination, indomitable resolution, steadfastness of purpose, untiring perseverance, unwavering persistence, unconquerable zeal in the pursuit of some object, perennial enthusiasm in carrying out some plan of action—these are the supreme tests of a developed, masterful will.

Great Men Have Great Wills

Men of great volition have gone persistently onward in the course which they mapped out. Nothing could stay them. Nothing could stop their onward movement. There was opposition. There was danger. There were obstacles. There were criticisms. There were seemingly insurmountable difficulties. But they marched onward, right on, as steadily and royally as if these things did not exist. The greater the opposition the greater the possibilities for the joys of resistance. And yet there cannot be persistence of effort without persistence of Will.

The *time element* is the great element of Volition. There are millions of people who can persist in the enforcement of a decision for a little while—a few minutes, a few hours, a few days, a few weeks. But when it comes to persisting in a given effort, when it comes to keeping at the same thing, for months and years, and even decades, the matter is wholly different. Only men and women of heroic will can do this.

Did conditions remain as they are when the choice is made—when the plan of action is decided upon—it would be easy to carry it into execution. But conditions do not remain the same. They are transient and un-

stable. Even thoughts and feelings, emotions and sentiments, are continuously changing. In fact, the whole surroundings soon become different. These are the dire facts which crush so many resolutions. And then when the determined plan of action runs through weeks and months and even years—with all their changes in feelings, thoughts, sentiments and conditions—we see why it is that so few men are able to conduct great enterprises. They have not the will-power for such a colossal and *continuous* task. Their volitional energy is too soon exhausted. They lack both the genius to plan and the persistence of effort to execute.

Choice and Destiny

While we have made Will consist of two processes, Choice and Volition, yet there are innumerable circumstances in life in which but the one element is present. And that is the element of Choice. Nothing more is required than to make a decision. There are no commands to be obeyed, no resolutions to be carried out, no path to be followed, no plans to be executed. All that is required is the making of a choice, the forming of a decision, the reaching of a conclusion.

This first element of Will, and of executive ability, is developed in but comparatively few people. In most things in life I am convinced that people do not make a choice. They are not "the architects of their own fortune." They are not their own pilots in the voyage of life. They do not elect their career. They do not pick out the path they are to travel. In short, they do not choose; they simply drift. That which they are now doing they did not plan to do. The path they are now traveling was not of their choosing. And the place they now live in was not of their choice. They did not select it. It seems to have selected them.

And I think this holds true in most of the facts of life. There was no choice, no option, no election, no preference, no will in the matter. No alternatives were presented. They had no chance to either choose or refuse. They simply took the only opportunity offered. What else could they do? But that was not choosing. And man becomes an individual and a personality, and the master of his own fate and fortune, just to the extent that he rises out of this condition, just to the extent that he increases the facts

and conditions and relations in life which are of his own choice, will, and preference.

Opportunity and Capacity

There is a second class of things in which, while they had the *opportunity* to choose, they had not the *capacity* to make a choice. They could not come to any conclusion. They could not make up their minds to either choose or refuse, accept or reject, go or stay. And while they thus hesitated, wavered, doubted, consulted, delayed, the opportunity to choose went by. And so it was not choice but necessity that put them into the path they now travel. And they entered upon it as if in the confusion and hesitancy of a dream, walking backwards.

It is always possible—and usually painful—to look back over the highway of life and see where the roads forked. And while seeing clearly the one we took, we also realize that it was not of our choosing. We probably had no choice in the matter. Or if we had, we now realize that while we were debating as to which road we would take, the opportunity to choose went by and blind Necessity pushed us into the road we now travel. In the midst of the mental confusion—caused by indecision, hesitancy and doubt—Fate picked our path for us. And at most of the cross-roads of life, perhaps, this fact holds true.

Choice vs. Preference

And then there is a third class of things—or of lines of destiny—in which, while we had a chance to choose—and did choose, yet the choice we made did not represent our actual preference in the matter. The things we took were not the ones we most wanted—perhaps did not want at all. Why, then, did we take them? Why did we make such a choice? That is a question which we will go on asking all through life. And should too many such questions accumulate in the course of a life time, they will crush the very heart out of us.

I am convinced that so feeble is the power of choice in most people, and so undeveloped in their capacity to make a decision—especially one which actually corresponds to their real feelings—that in many things in life, if not in most things, they did not choose the things they most desired to do, nor pick the course they most desired to follow. But having made the choice, they are bound to

abide by it. All through life they will be carrying out contracts, meeting obligations, and slaving to complete enterprises which, though of their own choosing, were not of their choice. Their *decision* did not represent their *preference*.

It is not so easy to say why this is so. And yet we can find some clue to this strange fact in that Puritanic effort—begun way back in infancy—to crush out of us the little individuality and self-assertion which may have been germinating there. We were taught never to take the largest apple, never to take the biggest piece of cake, never to take the choicest slice, never to take that which we *most desired* of anything. That must always be left for somebody else. And so from infancy onward the effort has been made to establish in us the habit of never taking the thing we most desired to take. And the effort has been sadly successful. And yet it is only men of pre-eminent *self-assertion*, men who see the choicest things and then grab them for themselves, men who prefer self and their own comfort or profit over that of others, who make the great successes in life.

There is yet another reason why one should make a choice which does not represent his actual preference. It arises from a false conception of self-control. Many people, in their enthusiastic attempt to conquer their feelings and emotions and reduce them to absolute subjection, have succeeded even to the point of their extermination. They have controlled their emotions so effectually and so continuously that there is really nothing left to control. Within the wide realm of their being there is not a normal, spontaneous feeling.

It is natural for mankind to go to extremes. And no greater extreme can be conceived than the idea that the satisfaction of every desire is to be checked, that every want is to be denied, every impulse crushed, and every passion strangled. The opposite extreme—though still an extreme—is nearer the truth. All normal, natural desires should be—must be—satisfied, if life is to be perpetuated. Expression, and not repression, is the law of life. If the strong and cultured Will closes some avenues for the outflow of nervous energy, it is simply to open and enlarge more effectual ones. And so self-assertion is indispensable to life and happiness.

II

Traits of Developed Choice

OF the two elements constituting Will—choice and that persistence of effort which brings about a realization of the choice—we need to note in reference to a highly developed power of choosing several important characteristics. *First*, the capability to actually make a choice—a decisive, fixed, definite choice. And the decision must not be partial, but whole, entire, complete. It must be an actual, positive, decisive choice. And so far as possible, the choice should be consciously made. We should realize that we are rendering a decision—consciously linking our lives in the chain of destiny.

Second, the choice, when made, should represent our *actual feelings*. It should be the expression of our predominant desires. I hold that the Will, in choosing, should be a servant and not a dictator, a slave and not a master.

Third, having chosen one of several alternatives, all the rest should be *banished* from the mind. The man of developed power of choice may hesitate long; yet having picked one plan from the many, the many will be forgotten. His mind is now as free from their influence as if they never had been. Doubt is over. Hesitancy is over. "The die is cast."

And here we have one of the great psychic elements which distinguishes the man of executive ability from the common man. That foe to all action—regret—does not reach him. He will hesitate, doubt, compare, discriminate, speculate, and reconsider *before* a choice is made—but not afterwards. But the man of inferior executive ability—though having made a decision, though having picked his course—keeps on comparing, deciding, doubting, and picking. And though having decided over and over many times, he still hesitates in the execution for fear of a mistake in the planning, for fear that he has blundered in the choice.

The Executive Quality

But the man with a trained will, having decided once, never turns back—never reconsiders. He says to his memory in reference to any other choice he might have made "forget it." Before making the choice he saw many roads that he might take. But

after making it he sees but one. But this one road he intends shall lead to victory. Faith, firmness, concentration, and decisiveness have taken the place of indecision, confusion, and doubt.

Fourth, having made a choice, having decided upon a plan, we must have the courage to *stand by it*. The man of high executive ability is not terrified, as is the average man, by the fact of a mistake—and the probability of more to follow. He is not frightened to death because of a failure. His teeming activities are not paralyzed because of a blunder. Defeat to him is nothing more than delay. He regards nothing as final but achievement, success—victory.

Does the successful man never make mistakes? He does. Does he never choose the wrong course? Sometimes. Does he never blunder in his decisions? Often. How, then, does he succeed? First, by having a *predominance* of correct decisions. Second, by enforcing these with unerring precision and celerity of movement. Vigor, confidence, firmness, and promptness of execution are a great aid even to bad judgment. Better a poor plan well executed, than a good plan poorly executed.

Suppose You Blunder?

Your man of high executive ability, of developed power of choice, of keen capacity in the forming of a plan, knows that he will make many mistakes, many blunders, many errors, many bad decisions. He knows that after the work is all done he will see numerous places where it could have been better. But what of it? Life is as much in the striving as in the gaining, in the effort as in the reward, in the sowing as in the reaping. The old maxim said, "There is more pleasure in *pursuit* than there is in *possession*."

The man devoid of a developed will—though tortured with ambition—spends most of his time in vain regrets. The seeing of a better way to have done the work, the discovery of a better plan which might have been taken, or the finding of a better route, fills him beyond endurance with the pangs of regret. Many people have acquired—or inherited—the habit of regretting absolutely everything they do. The thing they lost is always more important than the thing they gained. They never can fearlessly face the future because of regrets for the past. To

them are the words of Whittier most true that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

Of the wavering, indecisive, irresolute hero in the beautiful poem of Lucile, we are told that "whatever he did he was sure to regret."

"With irresolute finger he knocked at each one
Of the doorways of life, and abided in none.
His course, by each star that would cross it,
was set,
And whatever he did he was sure to regret."

The choice made by a man of executive ability is *conclusive*. It is final—ultimate. He does not make the decision over and over again. Once is enough. It is then a matter of having the courage to enforce it. Having decided upon a plan, he passes immediately to the means of its execution. He does not waste all his energy in reconsiderations. Having decided he now acts, and acts vigorously.

No Regrets

The successful man knows but little of regrets, cares but little for past failures, and broods but little over the blunders he has made. And he could not be successful if he did.

And yet it is not because he never fell down that he is now up, but simply because he would not stay down. It may have been another's fault that he fell. It would have been his own had he lain there. His final success came not because he did not blunder, but because he did not keep his attention constantly on his blunders. He dwelt upon these simply long enough to find the cause, so as not to make the same mistake twice. Once is enough. One should have variety even in his blunders. And so while the eyes of the one were fixed on *failure*, those of the other were fixed constantly on *success*.

A *fifth* characteristic of the power of a developed choice is *definiteness*. A plan clearly, vividly, and intensely conceived is already half executed. The choice must not only be decisive but *incisive*. When the plan lacks the quality of definiteness, when it is uncertain, vague and foggy—indistinct in outline and uncertain as to detail—a swift and vigorous execution is impossible. And so before there can be speed and accuracy of execution, there must be *definiteness of planning*. And the more definite, distinct,

exact, and clear-cut the choice or decision, the easier its execution. A plan of action possessing such qualities will almost execute itself.

The Value of Promptness

A *sixth* characteristic of a developed power to choose is *promptness* of decision. While the whole field should be carefully surveyed before the choice is made, while every alternative should be examined and the possibilities of each considered; yet it must be recognized that *time* is an element in the making of a choice. All things are in motion. Even the planet on which we live, and the sun around which it revolves, is moving. Our time is always *limited*. Even life is limited. And on many a hard-fought field *promptness of decision* turned defeat into victory.

I think it holds true that men possessing great promptness and decisiveness of decision were men strongly given to *meditation*. They had the imaginative power to picture nearly all possible contingencies, and thus to decide beforehand what they would do under each one. Their prompt decisions were the product of premeditation. In their solitary wanderings and musings they were picturing, dreaming, speculating, conjecturing as to the possibilities which might arise. And so to have promptness of decision accompanied by accuracy, there must be forethought and premeditation.

And yet I must recognize the fact that we always have the extremes. Every important law of life is a contradiction—a paradox. It always requires the possession of two conflicting processes. And so it is here. At the one extreme is the man who does not reflect in advance. He seizes upon the first plan which comes into his mind, forms a definite, fixed, unchangeable resolution, and proceeds immediately to action—and to vigorous action at that. His decisions are made quickly, and his action follows instantly. If the choice happens to be right, he "wins big." If it happens to be wrong, he is "down and out." Here we have promptness of decision. But it lacks in accuracy and reliability.

Reflect Not Too Much

At the other extreme is the man who reflects long and often, who takes everything into consideration, who goes over the whole

field—not once but many times; who pictures every possibility, every contingency, and every danger arising from each course. He considers not simply one plan but many plans. But the trouble is that he has taken so many things into consideration, has pictured so many different plans, and sees so many different ways by which it could be done, that he cannot decide upon any. The difference between them is so slight that he has no preference. And without a preference there cannot be a choice. But the great executive character has the will to make a choice when no preference exists. And so he is a combination of the powers and capacities of both—with the defects of neither.

Promptness of decision was one of the great elements in the success of Abraham Lincoln. He displayed but little doubt and hesitation. When the time came to make a decision he decided, and decided promptly, clearly, and conclusively. And so there must usually be promptness and decisiveness in the forming of a plan as well as in its execution.

The *seventh*, and last, trait of a developed power of choosing to be here mentioned, is that the choice, or plan, when made, must be *immovable*. The choice must become a permanent part of the nervous system, a fixed structure of the brain. The choice, the plan, the resolution, must be fixed, firm, substantial—immovable.

The decision, when made, must be formed of such firmness of mental fiber that it will not dissolve into fragments and shreds when nervous energy is poured into it. It must be able to withstand the conflicts of contending emotions and weather the storms of passion intact.

Some people's plans, decisions, and resolutions are but little more than "dissolving views." And yet it is only when a determination has solidified and crystallized into a *conviction* that it can be made the foundation for great achievements.

Intellect and Executive Ability

Few writers in discussing will-power and executive ability, make any reference to the intellectual element. They attribute entirely too much to strength of volition, pure and simple, and too little to the Intellect. And yet there cannot be great executive ability without the possession of a great Intellect. Intellect is at the foundation of choice, and choice is at the foundation of Will.

It is true that many of our greatest executive characters, that many of our greatest military generals and industrial captains, were not men of high education—and often had scarcely any education at all. And this is particularly true of our industrial captains. But this is not saying that they were not men of high intelligence, for they were—and are. Intellect is one thing. Education is quite another. There cannot be great executive ability without power of organization. And there cannot be great capacity for organization without a high order of intelligence.

Persistence of purpose, doggedness of determination, unconquerableness of will and resolution—all these are of but little avail if the choice is erroneous, if the decision is a blunder. Writers on successful men will tell you of their will-power, of their self-denial, of their unconquerable purpose, of their untiring persistence. Yet these elements alone never made a successful man, though no man could well make a great success without them. Thousands of men have failed who had all these virtues. These qualities avail but little if the man is following some delusion, some "pipe dream," some phantom of the brain, some unrealizable and impossible enterprise. In fact they are positive disadvantages when guided wrong by the Intellect, because they prevent their stubborn and persistent possessor from seeing things as they are.

Tennyson's famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," is a case in point. Their heroic fighting, their stubborn persistence, their undying courage but accomplished their own defeat.

Where Knowledge Is Power

Great men and successful men and leaders of men had something besides will-power and dogged determination. What was it? Intellect. In making the choice they had the wisdom and the mental vision to choose the right thing, take the right plan, to select the right course instead of the wrong. They not only had the power of choosing, but of choosing *right*. They had the imagination which enabled them to foresee ultimate results. They saw the end from the beginning. And so true was their vision, so sound was their judgment, so exact was their inference, that what they saw only with the eyes of the imagination they afterwards saw with the eyes of the senses.

No combination of Will and pluck can long preserve ice at a temperature above 32°. Will has never yet been able to abolish the laws of nature, nor to rise above them. No persistence of effort has ever been able to achieve the impossible. Only by the toil and persistence of years have men been able to bring forth great inventions. But other men have given the same toil and persistence and brought forth practically nothing. Why? Not because they lacked power of Will but power of Invention. Scores of men have given their lives in the vain endeavor to invent "perpetual motion." And so it requires greatness of Intellect as well as of Will for great and lasting achievements.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest and most completely-developed executive character the human race has produced. His power of Will, his unconquerable resolution, his pluck and audacity have become a part of history. But the one thing which made Napoleon possible—and without which he could not have been as history knows him—was Intellect. He had a giant mind as well as a giant Will. He could see beyond the utmost vision of his associates. His imperial power was made possible by a peerless combination of Intellect and Will. His decisions were almost unerring, even though made with lightning-like rapidity amidst the stir and confusion of battle. And so there cannot be greatness of executive ability without greatness of Intellect.

Courage and Choice

There is also an *emotional* element that is indispensable in order to form prompt and final decisions—and still keep the mind free from anxiety and regret—and that is the element of Courage. Indecision, confusion,

and perplexity may have two general causes: deficient intelligence and deficient courage. I have already spoken of the one and must now briefly allude to the other.

Anxiety rests upon fear. And fear is the opposite of courage. Granted sufficient courage and fear is impossible. That much is axiomatic. And when you have banished fear from the mind—if you only could—you have banished a whole family of foes to success and happiness. It requires courage—heroic, unwavering courage—to stake everything on the casting of a die. It requires daring to chance all—even destiny itself—upon a decision. Nothing short of audacity can make it possible for us to promptly and decisively stake all upon a choice, a choice which may make or mar all that we hold dear in life.

And so one of the foundation stones of great executive ability is courage—daring, pluck, fearlessness, audacity, and a sort of dare-devil indifference as to what the outcome will be. I find in reference to great men that they tend to be careful and anxious in the laying of their plans, but fearlessly and boldly indifferent as to the outcome of their execution.

Every great ruler and leader must be something of a fatalist. Life must have much of abandon and of wreckless indifference to be really worth the living. Fortunate is the man who has the right combination of caution and daring, of fear and fatalism, of prudence and indifference. He who can stake all—and lose all—and still be happy, has perhaps the only thing really worth having. The real joys of life can be gained only by courageously maintaining a state of mind that is exuberant, exultant, triumphant—victorious.

The Only Thing

BY G. L. BOWMAN

THE only thing you get in this life is love, and the only way to get that is to give it in an abundant way. If you *give* life so that your brothers can live, and that more abundantly, you will *get* the very best of everything.

Love is the only true reward. Money blesses only when it makes greater love possible. If you begin to love money for its own sake, it will take your life in the end, and a miserable end it will be, too.

But money spent for other things than those by which your power to love is increased will prove to be like Dead Sea apples after all is said and done.



Value and Necessity of Proper Approach

BY THOMAS H. BECK

A SALESMAN may be said to make or break himself and his proposition by his manner of approaching the prospective buyer. This is particularly true in selling a staple commodity of a particular brand that may not be in demand. For instance, the shortest road to a turndown is to introduce oneself to the grocer this wise—"Mr. Smith I have a *little* proposition on soap that I would *like* to interest you in." This is equivalent to handing a man a club to hit you with and invites an immediate response from the grocer to the effect that he *has* plenty of soap (which is invariably true: in fact, in all my experience on the road, I have yet to find a grocer, with good credit, who was low on soap) and is too busy to entertain any proposition on soap.

Furthermore, the man who has a *little* proposition is lacking in dignity and underestimates the importance of his mission. I recall vividly how forcibly this was impressed upon me a number of years ago by the buyer of a large store in Philadelphia, who replied to my offer of a *little* proposition in these words: "Young man, this is a large firm—we do a *big* business and have no time for little propositions. Good day." I have been selling *big* deals ever since.

First Create a Demand

It was here too that I had my first experience with that nightmare, "Create a demand and I will buy your goods," which was hurled in my face right and left—"Your soap is no doubt excellent, etc., but create a demand." I could hear it in my sleep. It invariably knocked my pins from under me, took all the wind out of my "sales" and made my eloquent (?) argument look like the proverbial three dimes.

The "knockout" always came after I had practically exhausted myself. Finally it occurred to me to try to overcome the demand proposition in the beginning and I had much easier sailing with the following introduction: "Mr. Smith, my name is so-and-so. I have a splendid proposition on a product for which there is no demand and I know you to be merchant enough to be interested in quality and price rather than demand, for if demand were the only thing to be considered, you would buy postage stamps, as they are *always* in demand and everybody uses them." (Note that no mention is made of soap).

To this, the invariable reply was: "What is your proposition?" "Mr. Smith, if you can spare me fifteen minutes I will outline it to you." "Fire away."

A good start at least and the satisfaction of not being turned down on account of lack of demand, for few men would give a salesman fifteen minutes of their valuable time to interest them in a product for which he candidly said there was no demand and then say, "Create a demand."

The point is: in approaching a buyer, do not hand him a club to hit you with and do not impart such unnecessary information as the statement that you have soap for sale—that will be obvious in due time. Start your talk with something more interesting and less commonplace than soap.

Make Buyer Need Goods

A salesman proves to the buyer that he needs the goods. An order taker offers his goods and asks the merchant if he needs any. Result—good salesmen are as scarce as hen's teeth, while order takers are plentiful at \$15.00 per —.

Anything and everything is salable—not necessarily in proportion to the merit, quality, or price but in proportion to the salesman's ability. The repeat business is, however, usually in proportion to the merit or quality. Enterprising individuals have been known to sell the city halls and even county jails but never more than once to the same buyer.

A salesman, to be really successful in the long run, must know his proposition and all its fine points thoroughly and must accomplish the feat of selling himself first.

The essence of salesmanship is ingenuity and ingenuity makes anything salable. Ingenuity is particularly necessary in selling soap. In fact, I have heard it stated, on good authority, that to be a successful salesman, a man must be willing to stand on his head in a public square if necessary.

Quality Against Price

The writer has always maintained that the average merchant is more interested in the proposition and the quality than in the price, provided that the price is within reason; for instance, no merchant would buy \$4.00 soap at \$2.00 per case unless he thought he could sell it. On the other hand, interest him in a proposition and prove to him that he will sell the soap and he will pay you your price.

A low price, like its consort, poor quality, never established permanent business relations with any reputable merchant. There is but one argument to be advanced to the buyer in favor of a low price, an unhealthy margin of profit and an unhealthy margin never lasts long and always results in cut prices.

The best selling soaps on the market are brands of high quality and price. Once established, a high grade, high priced product can always hold its own with cheap competition, as inferior or cheaper products are placed in a different class by the merchant and consumer alike.

Few merchants now-a-days expect to buy butter at oleomargarine prices or leaf lard at Leaf Brand prices, particularly if the salesman demonstrates the difference clearly.

Few, if any, soap firms of standing would think of spending money for advertising to induce the merchant to buy—salesmanship will accomplish this at less expense. Ad-

vertising on soap is invariably done to interest the consumer rather than the merchant.

It is no problem to devise new and novel methods of advertising but it is a problem, particularly on soap, to plan advertising that will produce results to justify the expenditure. For instance, the cost of getting the bulk of the business at a given point is more often than not in excess of the value of the business to be secured.

Salesmen and Advertising

Lack of experience in advertising often leads a salesman to believe he could easily do business enough to justify the expense of a particular kind of advertising.

I can distinctly recall my own estimate of what I could do on a particular brand of soap if the firm would sample house to house with a full sized bar. My views have changed since testing out this proposition and, candidly, I do not believe that results can be secured to justify house to house sampling on ordinary laundry soap. This does not apply to soaps that have some special ingredient or cleansing agent which permits of wide latitude in advertising to the consumer.

The inefficiency of this form of advertising is largely due to the fact that it is overdone and the advertiser becomes one of many claiming the housewife's attention almost daily by this method. Moreover, one bar of soap is insufficient for thorough trial and intelligent comparison of quality in standard brands. Again, as no investment on the part of the consumer is involved, there is no particular reason for endeavoring to discover the quality or merit claimed.

Makes the User Invest

On the other hand, advertising that offers the consumer some inducement to purchase five or more bars of soap from a retailer is effective if the inducement be sufficiently attractive, for the economical housewife is bound to look for comparative value to see if she secured good value for her money. Furthermore, a proposition of this kind puts some responsibility on the dealer, that of recommending the goods or advising purchase, upon inquiry from the customer, and this necessary co-operation on the part of the dealer is the most effective advertising.

The inadvisability of newspaper advertising on laundry soap is easily demonstrated,

viz: The purchase of a particular brand of soap is largely a matter of habit, which needs something stronger than printed argument to break unless the soap be a "specialty" soap. Then, too, fully 50 per cent of the actual buyers of soap are children that cannot be reached with newspapers.

Billboards are effective in keeping an established brand before the public, as in the case of Gold Dust for instance. But for effectiveness on introductory work, that value cannot be compared with window displays in my estimation. To illustrate: Suppose we have a board in a prominent location that is seen by 100 people per hour, it is conservative to estimate that not over five of these people are on their way to purchase soap. If, on the other hand, we have an equally well located window display, costing less in the long run and this is seen by, say, 25 people passing in the store, fully ten or fifteen of them are about to spend their money for the product you advertise. Soap advertising is never so effective as at the time of possible purchase.

The lesson is—the wise salesman loses no time thinking of what he might do if backed by this is that kind of advertising, but forges ahead with whatever advertising his firm sees fit to give him, feeling assured that the firm gives much thought and consideration to evolving advertising and spends its money along lines calculated to be productive of the best results.

Interest the Dealer

It is one thing to sell goods and another thing to interest the dealer in selling them. Here again, the salesman's ingenuity plays an important part, it being an established fact that the merchant may make or break the sale of a given product almost at will.

To induce the buyer to make the sale of your goods is to demonstrate real selling ability, and it can only be accomplished by making the sale of the product to the consumer

look easy to the merchant and by suggesting ways and means, for no merchant is desirous of pushing your goods if pushing involves, or appears to involve, time, labor or money.

For illustration—Let us consider ways and means for moving Blank Soap sold to a given customer; several ideas proven successful come to mind, viz: a window display of an upset barrel of the soap (stripped of cartons) and a sign reading:

Special Sale Toilet Soap
30c per doz. cakes
Not more than 1 dozen to a
customer

30c per dozen sounds very cheap, is cheap but is the regular price, 2 for 5c. The limit of sale—1 dozen—makes the price appear lower still and appeals to the thrifty.

A telegram (typewritten in the office) reading as follows often produces surprising results:

JNO. SMITH,

Summit, N. J.

Sell Blank Toilet Soap 30c per dozen cakes until further notice.

COMPANY.

Pasted on the window or door, this or any telegram arouses interest and curiosity and it makes the sale appear as a matter of considerable importance.

Still another plan, is to have the proprietor agree to have his clerks for one week make the following offer to each customer just before leaving the store.

"Mrs. Smith, that is a nice cake of white soap for 5c, is it not?" (handing her one cake for inspection). It would be a crusty old woman indeed who would not admit that it was. "If you care to take it for 5c, I will give you this one," (handing out another cake).

Lack of space prevents my outlining many others. With a little thought, however, any salesman may figure out innumerable "first aids" to the dealer.

A Hint or Two on Scientific Salesmanship

BY W. T. GOFFE

I DO not claim to know all there is in this great subject—Salesmanship—as it is well known and established that no one has all the truth. And of course

there is no such a thing as a perfect Science. But I do want to say a few things about it.

Before going into the subject very far, I want to ask and answer a few questions.

We talk about this and that science, the science of law, of medicine, of theology, of chemistry, of electricity. What do we mean by science? What is a science? Any science? Permit me to give the definition of a great scientist, Herbert Spencer—and he is recognized as pretty good authority. He says that "Science is organized knowledge." That's what it is, just knowledge organized. A great American scientist said later, "Science is classified commonsense." And that is the view I want you to have of this great science of salesmanship—as "Organized knowledge, and classified commonsense."

For it goes without dispute that there is much knowledge in the world, many facts, which if mastered and assimilated, will make of us better business men and better salesmen. It's a rare thing today to find a man who thinks he knows *all* there is to learn about this universal branch of human endeavor—salesmanship. Only those think this way who are afflicted with the disease called know-it-all-itis, and they are growing fewer and fewer, every day.

It is undisputed, then, that we all need to know what we do, plus as much of what the other fellow knows, as is possible.

Who Are the Salesmen?

Now, who are the salesmen of the world?

I would answer that by saying that the salesmen of the world, in the general sense, are the business institutions of the world, great and small, of every kind and grade, including the president and the office boy and all the ranks between them. It is certain the success of the institution depends upon and is measured by the volume of profitable business done, just as the success of the individual depends upon and is measured by the volume of profitable work done; also that this includes every man and woman engaged in commercial life. Every one employed by the institution has the power to build up or to destroy the confidence of the public in the institution.

What Is Salesmanship?

Next, what is salesmanship?

I would answer that by saying that "salesmanship is the sale of goods for profit." The "*sale of goods for profit*" seems a simple definition, doesn't it? So it is, but see what it involves. It involves

more than just supplying a customer with something which he or she has already determined to buy. *That* is merely order-taking, and that is sometimes a delicate procedure, when looking to business-building. Salesmanship is a far greater and more important thing than that—salesmanship is "the sale of goods for profit," or "*the power to persuade people to purchase at a profit*, that which we have for sale." To *persuade*. That's what it is, *persuasion*.

Now, what is the first step in organizing any new science? It is arriving at a basis of classification of facts. The first thing then to do in organizing any new science—and all sciences had their beginnings—is to arrive at a basis, as a starting point for the organizing and classifying of facts. That is exactly what the organizer of the science of salesmanship did. First, he arrived at a basis, or starting point, where he could properly begin the work of organizing and classifying knowledge about selling, and *that* was with the four factors which enter into any conceivable kind of a transaction, or any kind of a sale. And these four factors are first the Salesman—somebody to sell; the Customer—somebody to sell to; the Goods, or proposition—something to sell or exchange, and the Sale itself—the deal closed. Knowledge about these four elements or factors makes the science of salesmanship, when that knowledge becomes organized and classified. Therefore, what we know and practise about these factors, will be the measure of our success, and what we do *not* know about them, will be the measure of our weakness, and failure.

So just for a moment let us take a casual view of these four factors, and see how we may gain increase and enlargement through real knowledge of them. We have decided that science is organized knowledge and classified commonsense; that the salesmen of the world in the general sense are the business institutions of the world, great and small, of every kind and grade; that salesmanship is persuasion, or the power to persuade others to purchase at a profit, that which we have to sell. Now I want to stop just here long enough to define the power to persuade.

Power is a result, an outgrowth of something, and "the power to persuade," is always the product of individual development. And take notice: It is not mental alone,

nor moral, nor spiritual, alone, nor physical, but it is the fruitage of all these. It is moral and spiritual, as well as mental and physical. So that leads me right up to a consideration of the fourth factor, of the transaction, the sale; for a sale is decision in the mind to buy. Whose mind? The salesman? Not at all; the mind of the

customer. The natural steps in a sale are first, Attention; second, Interest; third, Desire; and fourth, Resolve—Decision.

Your value to yourselves in this, as in any work you may ever do, depends upon your ability to *create* these four mental conditions in the mind of your customer, and to get him to *take* these mental steps.

What's In a Name?

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

WHAT'S in a name?
Money, if you're a commercial traveler.

On the train, coming from Omaha to Chicago the other day, I met a chap who had learned an interesting lesson in names. He was not a tight wad, and told me the story. Draw up your Morris chair, for it's yours too.

"I'm so thoroughly disgusted with myself," he said, when he had accepted one of my cigars in the smoking compartment, where we had exchanged good mornings and our political views, "that I need a false-face."

"Unburden your soul," I importuned.

"I will," he returned. "There's a Dutchman out in Omaha whom I had sold once but who gave me the cold shoulder yesterday. I had it coming at that, and ought not to whine.

"It was like this. He had a name of some half a dozen syllables which ought to be relegated to district school house spelling bees. He took ten minutes the first time I had called on him to slip it to me phonetically, to go into detail over his ancestry, and to beam like a cherub because I got it right at the start. That's because my ears and my tongue generally work hand in glove. But that's neither here nor there. When I chasséd into said store yesterday the elusive pronunciation had given me the double cross, and I went to the bottom like a bag of sand.

"Here's the plot. I had sent up my card, and the old boy remembered me right off the reel and waltzed toward me like a high school kid with his first allowance in his jeans. Mr. Dutchman stuck out his fist and gave me grip that made me feel like the

Kaiser. But my elation didn't last long. The next second I felt like the guy with the cap and bells.

"I made a horrible and disastrous stab at his name, and I saw at once that it was like handing him a goblet of lemon juice. He rolled forth the Teutonic syllables sourly, and I was back on the job. But something was dead wrong. He had closed up like a clam. I spied with all my might, but I couldn't come within a million miles of touching him. It was like a drunken man blazing away at a swinging target in a high wind.

"I was quick to see that I might as well save my larynx, and beat it accordingly for the exit. And believe me, I don't intend to get tripped up on a game like that any more. The next time I drop in on the gentleman from Deutschland—and take it from me he'll see me again—I shall roll out the weird syllables of his name like a professor of Germanic literature. And, besides, that little *faux pas* has set me to thinking and has put me hep to a little scheme which I intend to inaugurate immediately."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"I am going to keep a note book," he answered charitably, for he was selling a widely different line from that which I am on, "into which I shall jot down pertinent facts about my customers that I believe will revolutionize things in my work. I have long ago made these notations mentally, but the cells of the brain aren't in it with a dash of real ink on real papyrus.

"I got plenty wise to the inadequacy of the memory when I fell down in a heap in the matter of my friend's name. I'll take a chance hereafter with the note book."

"To explain, every salesman discovers, if he's got the savvy at all, that remembering little intimate facts about his customers puts him right as nothing else will. This will illustrate. A year ago a chap down in Kansas City happened to remark in the course of our conversation, that his sister was very ill. I saw him again three months later, remembering the incident. I promptly asked about his sister, expressing the hope that she was restored to health. He told me that she was dead, but I could see that he was deeply pleased that I should have remembered the fact of her illness. He was for me solid ever afterwards.

"My game hereafter is going to be to jot down facts of the sort which are sure to slip from the mind, the moment I leave a customer. The next time I call on him I will make casual reference to his son Willie, who he had perhaps told me was doing great work on the high school football team, to his daughter Sallie who was a heavy but unobjectionable drain on his finances at some select boarding school for girls at Mount Holyoke, to his wife who was abroad, perhaps, or to anything he may have mentioned. What do you think of my plan?"

"Bully," I answered enthusiastically, myself resolving to at once go and do likewise.

"And," he continued, "it's a great element of salesmanship to take a keen interest in the family of the man you are selling goods. They like it. They eat it up. For illustration, I was once invited up to a small town merchant's house for supper. He had a little boy who rang the bell with me at the start, and most of my visit was spent with the lad on my knee, showing him his picture books and giving wise dissertations on the lithographs. Then he trotted out his album of picture postals. That showed me my trump card, and for a fortnight I sent him a post card every day or two. The next time I swooped down on the burg I was there again with both feet. I was there and return. I made a bigger sale, and was invited to supper again. The youngster made a dive for me, and he's been calling me Uncle Bill ever since. His father himself coached him to call me 'Uncle William,' but I went him one better and cut it down to 'Bill.'"

I haven't forgotten my talk with Bill on the train that day. I have been a far better salesman ever since. If he had been a tight-wad, I would have profited nothing by our ride together in the smoking compartment.

What's the use in being a tight wad? Pass things along—especially if the other fellow is selling a different line.

"Mr. Buyer, I Represent —"

BY J. C. HAUSER

I WONDER if buyers ever realize what influence they have upon the careers of the salesmen who call upon them," said a fellow traveling man to me not so long ago. "Every day there is sent onto the road some young, ambitious, enthusiastic, hard-working young chap. He has, perhaps, served his house on the inside for several years. He has done commendable work. Like all ambitious inside men, he has looked forward to the carrying of his own grips. The chance comes. Out he goes prepared to win.

"And then comes the shock. Buyers for some reason seem to look upon him as an enemy. They throw language at him which a real white man would not throw at a yellow dog. They snap and snarl at him as if he

had tried to steal something from them instead of merely having visited them with the idea of serving them. The result is the enthusiasm of the young salesman is dampened; the bumps hurt him. Such treatment is enough to kick over the pail and let the milk of human kindness sink into the ground.

"Our young salesman may, under the goad of his salesmanager, whip himself into condition again. But think of the waste. Think of the unnecessary rowdyism of buyers. Think of the loss of sales power caused by buyers afflicted with narrow selfishness. I sometimes wonder how many dollars are lost during the year because of this lack of common courtesy on the part of those upon whom salesmen call."

For some reason or other I cannot think I am mistaken when I say that a young salesman is a human being. On that account, if for no other, he is entitled to courteous treatment. He deserves a square deal. A buyer need not necessarily purchase anything of him, but he can turn him away feeling mentally fit to go out and make a sale elsewhere.

The mind of a man is a delicate thing. It is not made to stand having a paragraph or two of vitriolic language poured into it. Yet how many buyers turn that kind of language into the minds of salesmen every day?

It pays to make friends all the time. The number of hours a business house should devote to this particular business every day is twenty-four.

Salesmen should be received as friends and sent away as friends.

Looking at it from the selfish standpoint, no buyer who truly has the interests of his house at heart will make an enemy of even the most insignificant salesman, for every salesman has it in his power to add to or

subtract from the confidence which the public has in that house. Perhaps the power to injure may be insignificant. But would it not be infinitely better to have that little power used for the good of the house rather than for its injury?

No true salesman visits a buyer unless he honestly believes he has the power to be of service to that buyer and the house he represents. If he handles drygoods he believes that his particular kind of goods is needed to please the trade. Perhaps he is mistaken in this. But if the buyer is a wise buyer he will listen to the statement of the salesman's side. Then, if still unconvinced, Mr. Buyer can turn Mr. Salesman away in such a gentlemanly way that the latter will go away with his supply of enthusiasm increased rather than lessened, even though no order had been obtained.

I can sum this up by merely asking buyers to give salesmen the treatment which they themselves would like to receive were they on the road. And that, when we stop to think of it, is merely the Golden Rule applied to one infinitesimal part of business.

The Mark of Man's Work

By Elmer Burrill Bryan



ASIDE from a person's inheritance which is always an important factor, but one over which he has no control, his physical, mental, and spiritual development and efficiency are directly due more to the work he does than to all other things combined. One's trade or profession finally settles down all over him and marks of his calling are unmistakable. In the process of forging out a piece of the world's work he has forged out his own particular manner of man.

Immortality

BY EDWIN G. BROWN

This strong article originally appeared in "Unity", an independent religious weekly edited by Jenkins Lloyd-Jones, head of Abraham Lincoln Center in Chicago.—Editor's Note.

YOU have heard of the story of Santa Theresa—how she prayed for a cup of water in the one hand and a torch in the other, that with one she might quench the fires of hell and with the other burn up the glories of heaven so that man might learn to do right for its own sake.

I agree with Santa Theresa. The hope of heaven seems just as ignoble to me as the fear of hell. The brave, noble attitude of mind, as I think, is that of absolute and complete trust in God, the Eternal Goodness, the Infinite Love. We may know that all is for the best. We may find full scope for our intensest feeling, thinking, doing, here, now. We may and should be wholly unconcerned for the future—free from fear of hell, free—I say it in all earnestness—from the hope of heaven.

We people of the liberal faith are pledged to the open mind. We recognize the fact that every question is an open question; that in this wonderful universe there is always the possibility of finding a new viewpoint from which old and familiar facts and truths will appear in a new light. There is always the possibility of a new statement, broader, deeper, fuller than any that has gone before. We believe that we, each one of us, no matter what his years, has a duty to learn, to grow, to advance.

The Physical Limit

We recognize that these bodies of ours are clearly finite. There is a limit to the physical development to which we may attain. Few people ever reach the maximum. Sandow could lift far more than most men; but there were weights which Sandow could not lift. We recognize that this equipment of heart and lungs, of bones and sinews and muscles is clearly and definitely finite. Its efficiency is limited. There comes a time to the man who lives the normal life when this physical equipment, in some one or more of its members, gives way; swiftly

or slowly, as the case may be, the body declines to death.

The brain is just a part of the body. It is subject to the same physical laws as those which govern the heart and the biceps. Its method of growth, of acquiring strength and power, is not so gross as that of the muscles—the brain is finer and more subtle—but exactly as the other parts of the body, the brain is finite. It may hold its power and strength up to the time of dissolution. Death may come through the failure of some other part of the body and find the brain still in its prime; but, ordinarily, the one who has reached old age is conscious of the fact that his brain is not the quick, ready and efficient tool it once was. Second childhood, the name we give to the weakened condition of the brain which old age so often brings, comes to most people who reach advanced years. We, then, this body of ours, bone and muscle and brain—all is finite and subject to dissolution.

The Soul

Is there anything else about us? Are we anything more than these bodies? So far as we can see or touch, so far as we can discover by any of the five senses, there is nothing else. But most of us believe that there is something else. Most of us believe, feel that we know better than we know any other facts, that we are something more than and superior to our bodies. The fact that we talk about them as our bodies, that we recognize hands and feet, heart and brain as ours, not us—all this is evidence of our belief in ourselves, a something that can own and use and control these bodies. We, this something more, assert our existence. We can't define, we can't describe, we can't explain; but we are very sure of the fact. For the sake of convenience we call this something more the soul, the ego.

Most of us, I think, have been in the habit of identifying the soul with individuality, or personality. Talk with the next man you meet, who is willing to talk on philosophical subjects, and you will find, I think, that he identifies his personality, his individuality, his soul with himself. For convenience, perhaps from necessity of

speech, he says my soul, my personality, myself; but they all mean to him just the same—the Latin *ego* and the English capital letter “I” express it.

The Carrot and the Cat

It would seem that the higher the stage of intellectual, moral and spiritual development, the more clearly does man distinguish the difference between his body and himself. Among savages and primitive races the body is more or less clearly identified with the ego. Civilized man recognizes benefits and injuries to himself which do not in any way directly affect the body. The savage seldom, comparatively, does this. Going down the scale of animal life below man we find the body and the ego more and more closely identified.

Going on down into the realm of plant life—and this, remember, is life—we find a form of life which seems to lack any consciousness of individuality. The tree is just as distinctly an individual as the dog or the man; but we have discovered no evidence of self-consciousness. A carrot is as truly an individual as a cat; but in the matter of self-consciousness they are very different.

In the plant, then, we find life-force. In the plant we find individuality, personality. But in the plant we find, apparently, no self-consciousness. The brain, it is generally agreed, is the organ of self-consciousness and soul-consciousness. The plant has no brain, or at least no such organ has ever been discovered. It is unaware of its own individuality, unaware of the life-force which permeates it and develops it into an individual.

In the animal we find life-force; and even in the lowest forms of animal life, we find the beginnings of brain, a nervous system. In the higher animals below man we find a very well developed brain, and also, I think, what may be quite properly termed self-consciousness. An intelligent dog or horse recognizes his own individuality; but we have no evidence so far as I can see, that the most intelligent of the lower animals has even risen to soul-consciousness. It seems to me improbable that any of the lower animals has ever become conscious of the fact that he has been integrated, individualized through the operation of this life-force.

The Power in Man

In man we find working the same integrating, individualizing, personality. And in the most intelligent men we find soul-consciousness—a consciousness that there is a life-force at work in the universe; that individuality has come through the working of that life-force; and that man and every other individual has something of that life-force within himself.

The universe, then, studying it along these lines, appears something like this; inorganic nature shows nothing that may properly be termed individual or personal; with the plant enters upon our view the life-force, bringing individuality, personality; with the animal comes the brain, bringing consciousness of personality; with the highly developed brain capacity as found in the most intelligent men, comes soul-consciousness, which not only recognizes the existence of this life-force, but recognizes the identity of the life-force of the universe with the ego. This is the attitude of mind of the man who says, “I and my Father are one.”

My own opinion is that the life-force is also the force behind the so-called lifeless—that what we call dead, inert matter, is just as truly permeated with this life-force as is the most highly developed brain. All of the phenomena that we see and hear and touch, the crass, material things of life, just as truly as the phenomena that appeal to the intellect—all are just appearances; the reality behind them all is soul, spirit, life-force, God.

Has a Plant Immortality

But whether you go that far with me or not, you will, I think, agree that the plant has a clearly defined individuality, that the plant is clearly permeated with the life-force. Has the plant immortality?

Most of us, I think, accept the dictum of science that the material of which the plant is composed is indestructible. That word indestructible means immortal. What is everlasting is, in a proper sense, immortal. What is indestructible is everlasting.

“But,” you say, “it is not the plant that is indestructible, it is the material of which the plant is composed. The individuality of the plant is destroyed with its disintegration, and disappears forever.”

I agree with you. I think the individuality of the oak tree disappears forever when

its wood finally disintegrates and goes back to the element from which it came. But that is not all. There was never a moment, from the time when the acorn first fell to the ground to the time when the last vestige of the wood lost form and fell in a crumbling mass—never a moment when the individuality of the tree was identical with the individuality of the same tree during any preceding moment. Constantly, throughout all the years of its life, changes were going on. In its outward appearance, even, there were never any two days when it was exactly the same. Leaves and twigs and bark were never in exactly the same condition during any two days or any two moments of the oak's life. And in the internal economy of the tree, sap and fibre and cells maintained unceasing instability, never presenting in any two moments of the life of the tree exactly the same constituents or combinations.

Constant Change Goes On

The individuality of an oak tree, of a rose, of every plant, is in constant flux. It begins its existence with the first act of integration, the first act whereby some particle of matter is separated from the common store and appropriated to this particular plant. With each moment of the life of the plant, this individuality is changing. During the years or months or days of its physical growth we can see this change. Science tells us with positive assurance that the change is going on just as steadily during the plant's maturity, when little if any change is observable by the eye. As disintegration, dissolution, approaches, the change again becomes marked. When final and complete dissolution comes, the individuality has disappeared. Before the first act of integration this particular individuality did not exist. After the last act of dissolution this particular individuality has ceased to exist. This is not the fanciful dream of a poet; this is a simple statement of facts well known by all who are scientifically educated and thoroughly authenticated by science.

Well! how about the soul of the rose, the life-force which took oxygen and nitrogen and carbon and what other elements were necessary and blended them into the beauty of shape and color, the sweetness of odor which greeted us in the rose?

Has that disappeared utterly with the passing of the rose's individuality?

I cannot think so. To my thinking, that life-force is inherent in the elements. As the elements appear to us in their common forms they seem inert, lifeless. We look at carbon as it stands revealed in a diamond or a piece of graphite. We say it is lifeless. It is certainly lacking in the individuality of a plant or an animal. But philosophic chemistry tells us that it is not a dormant mass, that it is composed of infinitesimal particles called atoms or electrons which are in a constant state of activity. Must we suppose that there is no life excepting that which we have been able to apprehend—plant and animal life?

Must Take Much On Faith

Physics tells us that there is sound which our ears cannot hear—below our range and above our range. Ignorance denies that the footsteps of a fly may be heard, but a microphone reveals them. The telescope widened the universe. The microscope did the same. By the use of the x-ray we see things that our forefathers thought invisible. Why should we assume that the activity of the life-force, spirit, God, is confined within the narrow realms of plant and animal life, the narrow realms in which our meager human equipment discovers it? Such an assumption seems to me wholly unwarranted.

Frankly, I do not understand how the life-force, God, is working in a piece of coal or a piece of clay; and just as little do I understand how it is working in your brain and mine. I do not understand, I cannot explain. I have never seen or heard of a man who did understand or could explain. And yet we believe in that life-force; we are conscious that it is working within ourselves. Assuming that it does exist; that it does work through us; that we, the ego, the reality, are in and of that life-force, I cannot escape the conclusion that all other appearances, animal and plant, solid granite and nebulous fire-mist—all are in and of the same Reality, Life-force, God.

We have reached the conclusion that the individuality of a plant begins with the beginning of the plant's growth, changes with the days and years of the plant's life, disintegrates and disappears with the plant's dissolution.

Is it different with an animal? The life of the animal is prefigured in the life of the plant. Today no individuality exists. Its possibility lies dormant in the seminal principles of the parents. Tomorrow those seminal principles have mingled and the wonderful, mysterious, utterly inexplicable fact of a developing individuality exists. There is never a moment in the life of the embryo when its individuality is not changing, expanding.

The Changes in Man

The embryonic life of an animal is plant-like in its character. The embryo is unconscious of personality; it occupies a fixed place; it exercises no will power in the selection of its nutriment. Then that wonderful fact of birth comes. Immediately the development of self-consciousness begins. With self-consciousness comes self-will. The day-old infant has little individuality. In a month he has changed; in a year he is a person. The change is rapid. The individuality, personality of the year-old baby is a very different affair from what it was when he was only a day old. Traits, characteristics, peculiarities are developing. The boy of five promises some things that the boy of ten does not realize. The boy of fifteen has developed powers that were not suspected in the boy of ten. The individuality, personality, character of a child changes with every day, hour, moment. We do not recognize the processes of the change. We awaken to the fact at the end of a year or five years, and discover that the child we are dealing with is something quite different from the docile dependent of a few years back. The process goes on through life. Ten, twenty, thirty years transform a man into something which the wisest could not have foreseen.

Thirty-odd years ago Theodore Roosevelt, a sickly, spindling youth, was hunting, for game and for health, in the forests of Aroostook. Was the individuality of the boy then the individuality of the man now? The individuality of the animal, of the man, just as the individuality of the plant is in constant flux. It is ever changing. You and I know old men whom we knew ten, twenty, thirty years ago. They are not in any particular what they were at that time. They do not stand, now, for the same principles they stood for most emphatically

then; they do not stand with the same degree of firmness. Their personality is not the same as it was.

We Are More Than Our Bodies

Two years ago no violets bloomed in your garden. Last year you planted them and their beauty and fragrance blessed your summer. This year they are gone. Their individuality was not, and was, and is not. Sixty years ago the name of my friend was unknown; no such person existed. Twenty-five years ago I knew him and loved him and was blessed with the nobility of his life. Today his name lingers in the memory of his friends; he is gone. His individuality, like that of the violets, was not, and was, and is not. So, I think, it has been with every man. So, I think, it will be with you and me.

Individuality, then, personality, seems to me something which pertains to and is circumscribed by this material body of ours which has been integrated from the common mass of elements. But we have agreed that all of us have a consciousness that we are something more than our bodies. Even the materialist who denies this speaks of his body, his brain, his personality, and, in so doing, refutes his denial. We are conscious of the ego. We know our own existence better than we know anything else. We have been taught to think that the ego and our personality, individuality, were one and the same. This seems to me untrue.

I think that the real ego, the real you and the real me, while it has reached self-consciousness and soul-consciousness by means of our personalities—the real ego is a portion of the life-force, a breath of the holy spirit, a spark of the divine fire, a very part of the eternal God, immortal.

You Are Part of God

You, the real you, is not bound up with your body.

You, the real you, is a part of God.

Through and by means of body and brain and individuality and this strange and utterly inexplicable mystery of life, you have reached, or may reach, self-consciousness and soul-consciousness. You have been and are allowed to strive toward righteousness. You have been and are allowed to spend your days in trying to realize, make

real, your own highest ideals. The why and wherefore, the whence and the whither of all this strange mystery of life is utterly beyond my power to understand.

I do not know why we are here.

I do not know whence we came.

I do not know whither we are going. I have become absolutely convinced that it does not concern me to know. I do know that my own ego, the God within me, demands of me righteous conduct. I do know that there is no true peace for me, no true satisfaction and serenity excepting in the consciousness that I am faithfully striving toward righteousness. And I believe that these laws of my being, which I have discovered through years of mistakes and suffering, are the laws of your being. I believe that we are brothers—of one flesh and of one spirit.

We Still Seek Truth

The muscles of ours will lose their elasticity; these joints will grow stiff. These brains of ours may fail us. We'll do all that seems right to keep this bodily equipment sound and vigorous. We'll keep the open mind. We'll believe

"That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad."

We'll look for new truth. We'll try to live our today wisely, nobly. We will trust God and fear nothing. And we will remember, through every conscious moment of our lives, that we are divine, that we are from and of God, that we cannot die.

"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

"And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal;—
Stars silent rest o'er us
Graves under us silent.

"While earnest thou gazeth,
Comes boding of terror,
Come phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

"But heard are the Voices,—
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work and despair not."



A LOCAL life insurance agent writing one of his companies says: "This is my busy time of the year. The 'let up' or vacation fever is in the air among my competitors. With them there is an hour or more off the beginning and ending of days, with Saturdays excursion days, a couple or more of solid weeks of tiresomeness in doing nothing and a general all-around relaxation of energy. Even the churches are turning down the salvation tap to a dwindling drizzle. So, taking advantage of the situation, the devil and I are doing business.



How Psychology Helps the Writer

BY HENRY HERBERT HUFF

I—The Process of "Knowing"

PSYCHOLOGY is a name for the study of the human mind. We are learning every day to put this science to more practical use.

The eloquence of the orator sways the minds of the masses; the personal magnetism and logic of the salesman convinces the minds of his customers; the teacher assists in the proper development of the minds of those placed under her instruction; the advertiser wields the greatest influence of them all—reaching the minds of not a few individuals nor an audience, but human beings everywhere and of unlimited number. Wherever his printed message may go, there he can make his impression.

It is at once evident that if psychology gives one a better understanding of the workings of the human mind, it is going to be of much benefit to those engaged in the occupations just mentioned. The ad-writer who knows how to analyze the minds of his readers so as to reach them most directly and turn their thoughts in the desired channel, has a distinct advantage. Let us see what psychology is worth to him.

Three Functions of the Mind

Our physiologies taught us that we should divide the nervous system thus:

- (1) The organs for directing nerve currents.
- (2) The nerves (sensory) bringing them in.
- (3) The nerves (motory) which execute or carry these currents out.

To make clear the work of each, let us take the illustration—my finger accidentally touches a hot stove; the sensory nerves convey that fact to my mind; this central station then sends back, by way of the motor nerves, instruction which results in the withdrawing of my hand. Now all this occupies the

slightest time imaginable—in short, most of the common actions of our life become reflexive and never go to the mind at all. Psychology gives to the divisions we have made, the terms, (1) The Intellect, (2) The Sensibility and (3) The Will.

Natural Order of Mind Processes

The three processes taking place in every mind are—Knowing, Feeling and Willing. They occur in the order named, as I shall now proceed to show.

I am sitting in a room by a window and the cool wind blowing on my face gives me the sensation of coldness (I *know* that it is cold); that coldness makes me *Feel* uncomfortable; the result is, I close the window or move my chair to another part of the room. My next illustration brings matters home to the ad-writer—I enter a store and *see* a fine suit of clothes; I observe the cut of it and its beautiful color; I touch it and thus sense the fineness of the material; I *test* in other ways its merits. All this information enables me to *know* about that suit; the sight of so handsome an article of apparel stimulates in me a *desire* to possess it; this emotion being strong enough, I resolve to *buy* and put my feeling into action. Every other act of our lives will be found to occur in this order.

Ways of Knowing

I may say here that in this little study of psychology we are taking up everything from the ad-writer's point of view—consequently we may omit much that is only of psychological importance. Buying is a type of every other act so conditions will be the same.

The first requisite in making a sale is *Knowledge* of goods. There can be no de-

sire to purchase until the buyer has become enthusiastic over the merits of the article—the pleasure it will yield to possess it. Knowledge of goods comes through three channels.

(1) Directly (from examination of the object itself.)

(2) Indirectly (by reproducing in our mind's eye how a thing would appear).

(3) By Thought (which means comparing values, analyzing merits, reasoning as to its advantages).

Perception

The act of examining an object by means of our senses is called *perception*. When I go to the store to buy crackers I taste one in order to make sure of their freshness. When I purchase a piano, I judge its merit through my senses of sound and sight. We perceive every exterior object in the world through the use of our different senses. When some of the senses are missing, the others are more keen. Use develops the senses—the tea tester's organs of taste are abnormally developed; the musician has a very acute sense of sound; the blind are very sensitive to touch. Musically inclined people ordinarily think in terms of *sound*; some people are *motor* minded, imagining everything in a state of motion; still others are *eye* minded, "seeing" everything as with their eyes. The first would recall the lines of a poem from the *sound* of reading them; the next, from the movement of the lips; the last, as they appear on the printed page. All persons are more or less accustomed to thinking in one of these three ways. The advertiser must awaken the sense of *sound* and beauty in his piano ad; the sense of *motion*, in his automobile ad; the sense of *sight*, in his apparel ad; the sense of *taste* in the one devoted to food products. The "atmosphere," in harmony with the product and taste of its user, ought to be reproduced in the ad. I'll have more to say of these things later on.

The special sensations are those of Sight, Hearing, Smell, Touch and Taste. These alone, would not be of much value to us. We shall never be able to realize how much of our knowledge comes from *past experience*. One might say at first thought that sight gives us the sensation of distance, but, not so. Without our having experienced what distance really is (the amount of

fatigue or muscular effort required to go a certain distance) sight would furnish us no idea of it.

Long Distance Salesmanship

Our modern commercial enterprises are the outgrowth of a primitive system of barter. Not so very many years ago, all buying and selling was done in a hand-to-hand way. The buyer tested the product with his different senses; the seller stood by him, using his personal magnetism and skill in showing up selling points, in his effort to make a sale. In our modern civilization there was no time for this sort of arguing; moreover, ambitious merchants wanted to reach out after people who were not in the habit of coming to their store. These are some of the conditions which have given rise to "long distance" selling—the separation of the merchant and his customer (so far as distance is concerned) and meeting of them in the advertisement. This new system makes it possible for the dealer to talk to thousands as quickly and easily as to the customer before his counter. The modern manufacturer informs the public (through advertising media) regarding his product, so all that remains is for the reader to go to the store and call for that "brand"—the clerk loses no time "exploiting" its good qualities and the purchaser is assured of its merit. In like manner the retailer, himself, talks with his customers through the ad, enabling them to pick their wants and compare prices *in their own homes!*

Representation

When we are able to recall in our mind the exact appearance of an object that we have seen, it is an act of *memory*. When we mix the impressions several objects gave us, and form a new one, it is known as *imagining*. Both processes are classed as *representation*. The impression made upon the mind of an object as we see it is called a *percept*; as we recall it by an act of memory, an *image*; as we create a new one by combining several images, an *idea*. The ad-writer is mostly concerned with representation as he is not able to show his reader the object itself.

In the advertisement, the reader has to make his imagination do for all of his senses. The eye and the mind, alone, must reveal to him what the merchant or manufacturer

is offering for sale. Our lesson from psychology at this point is that the words used in the ad ought to "suggest" to the reader the feelings the object itself would give; that descriptions should be complete, orderly and accurate; that illustrations should be truthful. When I say "apple" you immediately form a conception of an apple, in your mind—as I add the adjectives—large, round, red, smooth, soft, juicy, etc., you alter that "picture" until you have pretty much the idea I desire to convey to you. Advertising is merely a process of transferring from the mind of one individual (the advertiser) to many others a given idea. The test of an ad should be the accuracy with which this idea is reproduced in these many different minds.

By analyzing a product it will be ascertained what senses are to be appealed to in the ad. Take the apple for instance—our knowledge of its form, color, size, etc., comes through the sense of *sight*; the fact that it is smooth and soft, from the sense of *touch*; its condition as being mellow, sweet, juicy,

palatable, through the sense of *taste*. Why do people eat apples, you ask yourself? Because they are palatable and nutritious. These then, are the *selling points* of apples. Every act of our lives is prompted by some *motive*. Whether it be the buying of a new suit or a package of needles, it is for the advertiser to discover this motive and *appeal* to it.

Thinking

Having acquired a knowledge of goods on sale, either through perception or representation, the natural consequence is that we reason with ourselves as to the desirability of possessing it, the reasonableness of the price and terms, etc. We compare it with competing brands. From this line of thought we draw the conclusion that we ought to buy or that it is better not to. The three acts—conception, judgment and reasoning are classed in psychology as Thought. It is very apparent that such process adds to one's knowledge of an object.

In our next paper we are to discuss, "Feeling" as a condition of the mind.

Economic Advertising

BY FRED B. REYNOLDS

Being an Address Delivered Before the Business Science Club of Vancouver

BEFORE beginning this little talk on economic advertising, I should like to ask the members of the Business Science Club if they have ever considered the deeper significance of the word "advertising." We have become so accustomed to seeing the word associated with newspapers, and magazines, and circulars and billboards, that we almost think it necessary to employ some of these mediums in order to become advertisers.

Now the word "advertise," as some of you may know, is derived from two little Latin words, "ad" and "verto," meaning "to turn." And advertising simply means to turn people's attention toward some article or proposition. As Webster puts it: To inform; to give notice, advice or intelligence to, whether of a past or present event, or something future.

Probably a good many of us here tonight, are engaged in the actual work of buying

space, and filling it with copy, with the object of increasing business, getting new customers, and more trade from the old customers. But in a larger sense, no matter what our positions or employments, we are all advertisers.

Even Babies Advertise

A writer in a weekly paper recently drew attention to this fact very forcibly. He said: "The baby indicates by vocal signs that he will exchange peace and quietude for certain food products, amusements and other attentions. Early in life he learns that it pays to make his wants known by a judicious use of such mediums as his appropriation will command. The want column dates back to Cain.

"Young women, and older ones, too, find that the proper display of pretty hats and gowns will attract the masculine eye and bring results. Remarkable returns are often

received from a careful use of such mediums, some users securing handsome residences for life as the result of one season's campaign. The horse also advertises by demonstrating his wares in public, and secures many orders for pulling heavy loads over the cobblestones. He understands the attractiveness of low prices, and will often do a prodigious amount of work for a small bag of oats. The cat pins his faith to the acrobatic performance, attracting the attention of passers-by, and securing both food and shelter in exchange for the entertainment.

"The hen proclaims her products by wireless announcements which reach all people in her territory. Proof of the efficiency of her method is found in the fact that her wares are now a standard article of food all over the world. She has also educated the public to accept no substitutes, and to blame the dealer rather than the manufacturer for any goods that are not right."

Stop Wasting Money

Now this matter of economic advertising is so broad and all-embracing that it will be possible for me to do no more than merely touch briefly at a few aspects of the problem. It is so important that every business man should think it out carefully for himself; otherwise he may spend thousands of dollars and never get any returns worth talking about. And it is an astonishing fact that merchants who watch their office expenses with an eagle eye, employ the latest labor saving and money saving systems for keeping accounts, and see that their pay rolls are not larger than they should be, will allow themselves to be separated from their money for all kinds of so-called "scheme" and "fake" advertising. It is appalling to think how large a part of the money spent in publicity is almost entirely wasted.

Now the man with money to spend in advertising is confronted by two problems:

First: To tell his story as briefly, attractively, interestingly, convincingly, and effectively as possible.

Second: To place that story, when written, before as many people as can be reached, for the smallest possible sum of money.

That's all there is to successful advertising.

If these two points are borne in mind and consistently followed, your advertising is absolutely certain to pay, and pay well.

The first point we shall take up is telling the story.

It is possible that you have read a little saying of Sheldon's:

"An advertisement is a mental shadow of a man—the man who wrote the ad."

That saying is perfectly true.

It shows the importance of man-building to the advertising writer—the *Office Salesman*; that character development is just as necessary as it is to salesmen who are brought into actual face-to-face contact with their customers.

As Walt Whitman, the famous American poet said, "Produce great men—the rest follows."

Advertise Selling Points

Every positive quality and faculty must be developed to the full if we would produce advertising matter that will attract, and interest, and convince, and sell goods—good advertising—the only kind we can afford to use.

To write good "copy" we must be observing, we must concentrate, we must learn to compare things, we must form right judgments, we must be enthusiastic, we must be cheerful, we must gain knowledge, we must use tact, we must be orderly, we must preserve individuality, we must be practical, we must have initiative, we must have energy, we must be honest and truthful, thorough, industrious and persevering.

Nowadays, good advertising—that is, good copy, is not a matter of words, words, words, but of points, points, POINTS. That involves making a careful analysis—finding out all the facts—regarding the article or proposition to be sold. The more points or reasons why the customer should buy, the better the ad.

How does a salesman influence a customer to buy what he has to sell? By giving reasons, isn't that so? He doesn't talk about something that has no connection, or only a distant connection with the thing he has to sell; he does not recite jingles nor indulge in verbal pyrotechnics. He starts right in to convince his listener that the thing he has to sell is the best of its kind. Conviction is not produced by bare affirmation, but by explanation, by proof, by inference, by arguments—in short by reason-why talk.

Man is a reasoning animal. He is not always brilliant but he can put two and two

together and announce the result with a tolerable degree of certainty. He knows that steel is stronger than cast iron, that wood is lighter than either, that aluminum is rust-proof. If, therefore, a manufacturer uses steel where other manufacturers use cast iron, or if he uses wood instead of metal where lightness, not strength, is the object, or if by substituting aluminum for some other metal he secures a distinct advantage over manufacturers who employ materials that are not proof against corrosion, he has in these things arguments that can be used most effectively in his advertising.

These are the very points that he would dwell upon if he had a prospective customer before him, and these are the very points he should emphasize in his advertising, because advertising, as I have said before, is nothing more than salesmanship on paper.

Now we shall take up briefly the second question of placing the story, when written, before as large a circle of possible customers as we can. On an occasion like the present, what are the principal points to consider? Those which occur to me are, 1. Cost. 2. Quickness of returns. 3. Concentration. 4. Co-operation. 5. Repetition. 6. Appropriateness.

There are, of course, other things to be considered, but it seems to me that these six are the principal ones.

Why Use Newspapers

Now, to my mind, what makes newspaper advertising particularly valuable, is the quality of repetition. The advertiser has a chance to tell his story every day. The people positively must listen. Before long they find themselves interested, and a believer in you and the goods you are frequently offering to them.

This principle of frequency of repetition is becoming better understood among advertisers, and, indeed, the principle is as old as the hills, and is generally understood in its application to other things. Not long ago I read an advertisement published by the proprietors of one of the largest weeklies in the United States. This is what it said:

"Once there was a girl who had two suitors; one called once a week and the other called once a month. The weekly caller married the girl before his monthly rival had gotten fairly under way.

"The moral of this story is that the frequent caller gets what he is after, whether orders or a marriage certificate."

Of course there are other good advertising mediums besides newspapers. I mention them here because I consider them the cheapest and best mediums for the average business man. But no matter how you spend your appropriation, you must always keep one question uppermost in your mind, "How large a circle of readers will this ad of mine reach?" Then you can figure out, in a measure, whether you are buying your publicity dearly or cheaply.

Does It Pay?

Advertising pays. There is no question about that. And when the name of a man or an article becomes so well known as to be recognized as the synonym of the business, then it has accomplished its perfect work. Lowney means confectionery, Remington means typewriters; Pears means soap; Tiffany suggests diamonds.

A friend of mine related a little incident in connection with Elbert Hubbard, who is probably well known to you as the editor of *The Philistine*, *The Fra*, and other publications. It seems that he, among other visitors, was at lunch in the phalanstery or dining room in the Roycroft buildings at East Aurora. Elbert Hubbard was seated at the head of the table. Picture the scene for yourselves—the ardent devotees of literature, metaphorically speaking, at the feet of the master. They watched the great man with wrapt attention as he sat eating. Suddenly he looked up, as if about to speak. They listened awe-stricken for the words of wisdom that might fall from his lips. "These beans are very fine," he said, "some of Heinz's—the 57 varieties, you know."

Which goes to show what persistent advertising will do in the way of linking a man's name with the goods he has to sell.



The Relation of Salesmanship to the Advertising Profession

BY GEORGE FRANK LORD

President, Lord Advertising Agency and George Frank Lord, Incorporated

A MAN can be a successful salesman and not an advertising man, but he cannot be a successful advertising man unless he is also a salesman.

And by *salesman* is meant not a counter clerk who hands over what his customers come in and ask for, nor yet a traveling man who drums an established territory to gather in orders for a demand already in existence, but one who understands and can successfully apply the scientific principles of salesmanship to create a demand where none exists, or to increase an existing demand.

While it is true that the principles of salesmanship are frequently required to cause existing orders to come to the man who gets them, the highest utility of scientific salesmanship is found not in *competition* but in *creation*.

Be a Creator

This is especially true in advertising. Far less ability is required to sell through advertising an article for which demand exists, than to create demand for something radically new.

Thus it is easier to induce a coffee drinker to try a special brand of his favorite beverage, than to make him believe that coffee is harmful to him and induce him to learn to drink cereal coffee.

Therefore a successful advertising agent is necessarily a scientific salesman. He not only must sell to advertisers the most intangible commodity on the market, i. e., advertising space, but he must also use that space to create demand for new articles in the minds of millions he never meets. Being a "good fellow," or a sartorial model, or having a magnetic personality, or enjoying the confidence of a clientele because of long acquaintance, does not count in salesmanship to the public at large. Not only is the actual salesman unknown to his prospective customers, but his printed salesmanship goes forth over another's name—the advertiser's.

Hence it is obvious that his salesmanship must be purely scientific.

Whether he ever intends to enter the advertising profession or not, every salesman should learn the practical application of the principles of scientific salesmanship in advertising.

It will prove of great benefit to him in selling goods, and will develop his chief personal asset to its fullest extent.

Advertising is the supreme test of salesmanship. Eliminate personal contact between buyer and seller and you reduce salesmanship almost to a cold-blooded process of reasoning.

Almost, but not quite.

It is interesting to consider how, to a certain extent, the expert advertising man overcomes the lack of personal contact between buyer and seller.

Securing the Audience

Of course the first step in personal salesmanship is reaching the prospective buyer and securing an audience. This is accomplished in advertising with fair success, by carefully selecting mediums a large percentage of whose readers are believed to be possible buyers, and that reach these people at such times and under such conditions as are favorable to "securing the audience."

The next step in personal salesmanship is creating a good first impression through good appearance and behavior.

Good appearance in an ad is secured by its dress; i. e., typography and illustration, and by the company it keeps; i. e., the quality of the medium and its freedom from objectionable advertising.

Having secured an audience and made a favorable first impression, the next step is securing the undivided attention of the prospective purchaser while the selling points of the article are so presented as to create desire in his mind. In this respect the advertisement has an advantage over the salesman, because whereas the salesman is likely to find his prospective in company with one or more uninterested persons, or the logical process of his reasoning may

be interrupted by 'phone messages, employes, or partners, the reader of an ad cannot read another at the same time, and is likely to be reading during his leisure hours with a mind free from business responsibility.

How to Persuade

The presentation of selling points by a salesman in person is ordinarily strengthened by mental control of the prospective, engaging manners, a persuasive voice, eloquent gestures, and instant readiness to avoid or meet and overcome obstacles and to close the sale at the right moment.

Obviously here is the point where personal contact counts most. Mental control of the prospective can be secured in an ad to a greater degree than would seem possible at first thought. It must be borne in mind that the reader is ordinarily in a passive or even receptive frame of mind. He is at ease, voluntarily reading the ad, and is not on guard against the wiles of a salesman known to have persuasive powers.

Then, too, the ad is not a mere cold creature of paper and ink. It expresses thought—*somebody's* thought, and we unconsciously endow it with a personality that put those thoughts on paper, and we hear that personality's imaginary voice addressing us.

Clever ad-writers utilize this psychological principle by getting as much *action* and *conversational effect* and personal tone into their ads as possible. They paint a mental picture with words. A "face to-face" portrait of the advertiser, looking straight into the eyes of the reader, aids greatly in securing mental control. The series of Gillette Razor ads run, in which Mr. Gillette was shown *in the attitude of a salesman*, were excellent illustrations of this principle. Dr. Munyon with his heavenward gesture is another. In the

ads of the Magic Foot-draft Co. there appears a cut of a fine-looking elderly man, who might be a physician, and the ad is written in the first person, but no man's name appears at the bottom. That is clearly an attempt to give the ad an artificial personality. The same was true of Lydia Pinkham's portrait.

How Confidence is Secured

Confidence is inspired by sincerity of style, references, high-class testimonials, and guarantees. It also is one of the results of continuous advertising, because of which the reader "gets acquainted" with the imaginary personality of the advertiser he has never seen.

In only a small proportion of advertising propositions is it possible or desirable to close the sale in the ad, but unless action leading to a sale is produced, the ad is of little value. But if it persuades or impels the reader to write for a booklet or mail a coupon, or call on the advertiser, its mission is completed.

Ads designed to produce actual orders with cash, are the most difficult to write. It is usually necessary to assume that the reader is fully under the mental control of the advertiser, and command him to "Fill in, cut out, and mail the coupon with remittance" and to "Do it at once." But it is obvious that such an effort will fall flat unless the preceding copy is full of force, persuasiveness, and personality. Ordinarily only a small sum is asked for—merely enough to bind the contract.

Consideration of the points made in this article should convince any salesman of the close relation between his work and advertising and of the desirability of a closer acquaintance with the highest type of scientific salesmanship.

Service That Makes "Repeat" Customers

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

I STOPPED at a florist's shop the other day and ordered some flowers to be sent to a sick friend. Being in a hurry and knowing little or nothing about flowers, I told the pleasant-faced young woman behind the counter to pick out and arrange the best bouquet the sum I wished

to spend would purchase. As I started for the door, the saleswoman said:

"I'll send roses; they are the prettiest and most appropriate."

"All right," I said. "You just use your own judgment and fix 'em up as nice as you can. And deliver them not later than

five o'clock this afternoon, will you please?"

That night I visited my sick friend. The roses that bore my card were perfect beauties—deep red, velvety ones, with an odor that prevailed the entire house. The long, slender ferns, intertwined around the rich buds as only a practiced hand could have arranged them, made that bouquet doubly pretty.

"What time did these flowers arrive," I asked, curious to know if such unexpected and unusual care in the filling of an order had been followed up by a like excellence in the delivery service.

"About four o'clock this afternoon, I should say," replied my friend.

Well now, fellow-philosophers, where do you suppose I will go in the future when I want flowers? I have already spoken a good word for that florist's shop to several acquaintances, and those acquaintances are going to be *customers* of that florist, too.

I have said before, and I still maintain, that the best printed claims ever put on paper are worthless unless backed up by careful, efficient *service*. The best kind of advertising for *any* business is the direct, face-to-face endorsement of a pleased and satisfied customer.

Don't you think so?

This Is From Life

GREEN, just-out-of shorthand-school stenographers very often make mistakes in transcribing their notes, but this error, made in the office of a firm that I worked for once upon a time, beats anything I have ever seen or heard of.

Mr. D., the head of the firm, dictated a letter in which he mentioned the accuracy of the micrometer in the office. I don't remember the exact text of the letter, but it was to the effect that "our micrometer is absolutely accurate, and there could be no possibility of the mistake you mention."

Miss Edith was a giggly, careless sort of girl, and it was natural that her work should reflect the same spirit. But Mr. D. stared hard at the typewritten sheet when the new stenographer handed in a letter which contained this sentence:

"Our Mike Rommitter is absolutely accurate, etc., etc."

Keeping Promises

THE Purchasing Agent's assistant had called up the printing firm at least a half-dozen times, and each call elicited a fresh promise to deliver the goods wanted. Finally, the Purchasing Agent, thoroughly exasperated, took a hand in the matter himself. He called up the printers and said, in no hesitating way, that "if that order wasn't delivered at such and-such a time, he would refuse to accept it, or any part of it."

Now, the truth was, as I happened to know, that there was no earthly excuse for this annoying delay on the part of the printing firm. The order was neither a very large one nor a very difficult one to fill, and plenty of time had been allowed for proper work. But it was, and is, the policy of the firm to keep its promises only when threatened by its customers with a refusal to receive the goods.

What a near-sighted policy, to be sure! I wonder how that firm expects to *build* business when it doesn't make any real attempt to take care of the business it already has? It seems to me that it is a business man's bounden duty to keep his promises. Part of our own social code of ethics consists of keeping our promises. How important, then, it is for the *business man*—the man who depends for a living absolutely on the good will of his fellow-men—to stick to his word and make sure that his performances keep pace always with his pledges.

I have cited only one instance that has come under my notice. Similar occurrences are by no means rare. Will somebody please arise and tell me how any business house can hope to build up that very important essential to profitable trade—*Confidence*—if it does not keep, and makes no honest effort to keep, its promises?

Ever Do This Yourself

THE street-car conductor smiled and refused to accept the transfer proffered by the man who was deeply interested in his newspaper.

"I just gave you that transfer, sir," he said. "It's all right—you've paid your fare."

The man looked up from his paper absent-mindedly, smiled, and put the transfer back in his pocket.

"That happens very frequently," said the conductor, as he took his place on the rear platform. "That man had paid me his fare and I gave him a transfer. Yet, when I passed through the car collecting fares, he thoughtlessly handed out the transfer to me again. I had a passenger the other day who insisted on handing me a nickel every time I passed through the car. He was so deeply engaged in thinking over something—perhaps some of his business troubles—that he mechanically ran his hand down in his pocket and attempted to hand me the price of a ride every time he saw a uniform and a few brass buttons."

Say It Plain

BIG words sound good—sometimes. But it's the little monosyllabic fellows that hit home. This applies particularly to advertising. Some advertisers seem to think that short words are wasted on those to whom they wish to carry their merchandise messages. I have in mind a clothing campaign that ran in the newspapers of a Southern city a year or so ago. These ads. were intended to sell made-to-measure clothes to average men—that is, to the men who pay anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for a suit.

Now, the average man doesn't read Milton during lunch hour, nor does he concern himself very seriously with Darwinian theories of evolution. When he wants a suit of clothes, he wants to know where he can have one made up stylishly, what kind of material he is going to get, and *at what price*.

The ads in the campaign in question would have done justice to the English of

a Harvard professor. Polysyllables were strewn right and left. The man who wrote those ads was a past master at performing rhetorical stunts. He went up into the clouds, and stayed there. He didn't even come down to earth long enough to say a stray word about prices. Oh, no; *that* would have been entirely too plebeian.

Did the ads sell clothes? I don't know. Do *you* think they did? I do know this much: The firm behind those ads is now running very simple, attractive copy in the newspapers—and you couldn't find a big word in their announcements with a field glass. The present ads. contain good, sharp line-cuts of various patterns of materials, and the price is stated in fat black type that isn't very apt to be overlooked.

People who want to buy clothes, or shoes, or hats, or anything else, are not looking for literary effusions. They are looking for information *about the goods*. The advertiser has got to talk to his public in language that public can understand. Using big, high-sounding words might result in his being as little understood as was the doctor by the boy at a country inn. This is an old story, but it illustrates my point. Driving up to the inn one evening and throwing the reins to the boy, the man of medicine said:

"Here, young man, stabulate this tired quadruped. Apportion to him an adequate supply of nutritious element. And when the aurora of the morning sun is breaking over the oriental horizon, I shall reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your kind and amiable hospitality."

The boy looked blank, and, calling back to the inn, said: "Hey, boss, there's a Dutchman out here 'at wants to see yer."

Some Business-Builders

BY C. E. JONES

- ¶ Proportion advertising expenditure according to your expectations.
- ¶ The salesman was a \$5000 man—but a fifteen-a-week shipping clerk "killed" the customer.
- ¶ The clown attracts attention, but the straightforward salesman cops the order. An advertisement reaches the business man in business hours. If he wants a joke, he can get it at the barber shop of an evening.

- ¶ Knowing something about the business one is in is a great little asset.
- ¶ He may be the best of good fellows, and kind to his folks—but as a printer he must be ready, willing, and able.
- ¶ Business men who seek trade through the use of postage stamps, must have highly developed printed matter.
- ¶ Gain a reputation with those who are on your mailing list for sending out advertising matter that is always worth reading.
- ¶ Advertising should be what your best salesman should say to your most important customer.—Van Camp, of Indianapolis.
- ¶ Your printed matter competes not only with all those in your line, but with all printed matter in the morning mail, and with the mail itself.

Sermons for Saints and Sinners

BY LUKE NORTH

- ¶ There was never yet a bank vault made big enough to hold a heart-throb.
- ¶ The big mistake is in lying about it. Have the courage of your own sins.
- ¶ Faith is a good basis for Cheerfulness, but Reason must build the superstructure.
- ¶ The price of wealth is different to different men. Be careful lest you pay too much for it.
- ¶ Peace on Earth and Good Will among Men was never meant for but one day of the year.
- ¶ State Rights, Property Rights, *all* Rights, are vanishing in favor of Human Obligations.
- ¶ He who gives this Task no earnest Thought and Effort is false to his race, his nation, and himself.
- ¶ This is Heresy: To deny the Brotherhood of Man and the Justice and the Joyousness of Nature.
- ¶ Railroad and telegraphs are toys of the hour; only the Golden Rule shall avail to bring social and individual happiness: and there shall not be one without the other.
- ¶ Cheerfulness was never created by the dollar, but the lack of the necessary dollar doth scare away a lot of it—if you let it, and sometimes if you don't—it's accordin'.
- ¶ Only he who sings at his work is rich. And that all may sing at their work, reaping the full fruit thereof, sans let or hindrance from man's misrule, is the highest task of this civilization.
- ¶ Why of course, certainly, Brother Smart Aleck, you can cheat me, if you get up real early in the morning; but, oh! what a foolishness you are up against, if you think you can cheat yourself.



Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

I believe every man should aim to be a master-egotist. I mean by that that he must

believe with all the intensity of his being that he can render **The Master-Egotist** at least one service to the

world better than any other man. Then he must make good. Men but half express themselves. They do not use all their powers. They fear. They fear to let themselves go. They fear to put into their work all the strength of the spiritual wealth which surges through them seeking an outlet in service. A man to do any task well must believe absolutely in his ability to do that work. Faith is one of the greatest business assets. The majority of men imprison themselves. They stifle their natures because they fear what others will say about them if they cease to wear a disguise. The master-egotist stands out and says: "Here am I just as I am. You must accept me." And the world will accept him, for no man can become a master without wisdom. Your master-egotist is a wise man. He does not take himself too seriously. *But he takes himself seriously enough.* He realizes that the responsibilities of the world do not rest upon his shoulders. But he sees clearly that part of them do. There is work which he and only he can do. That work he does. He brooks no interference. A man is like a crystal in a great bar of steel—just an infinitesimal speck. As no atom in a bar of steel can move without affecting in some degree every other atom, so no man can act without affecting the actions of all other men. I believe it is Maeterlinck who paints for us the picture of the old man sitting quietly in his study whose winking eyelids affect the movements of a distant star. So

delicately adjusted is everything in nature, and so closely related is everything in the universe, that the movement of an atom, or even an electron, sends the message of its movement to all else. If this be true, and it is scientifically true, does it not follow that wise men will so act that their service will help all other men and all other things to vibrate harmoniously? Will not a wise man express himself to the limit of his powers regardless of what he imagines others may say or think about him provided he believes in his inmost heart that he is right. If he is wrong his actions cannot move the mass. Nature's law takes care of that. Express your belief in yourself. Stand out as a man. Have faith in yourself and in the work you desire to do. If you are wrong and the world calls you a loser, take your loss like a sportsman. You've at least played your game to the best of your ability. All your cards were in your hand or in the discards. You've done your best. And its better to have done one's best and lost than to have done one's worst and won.

* * *

A typewriter salesman came in as I was writing these Gleanings and told me about his business. He is having a hard time. Mind you, he is not one of the complaining kind. But he is kept busy day after day trying to wipe out the effects of the mistakes made by some inexperienced salesmen who represented his house in this territory a year ago. It appears that his company authorizes its salesmen to appoint a local agent in each town. The business of this local agent is to say nice things about the machine and develop leads which the

**Killing
Business**

regular salesman can turn into business. These salesmen who represented the house a year ago thought that it was absolutely necessary for them to sell machines, and that it mattered little about the future so long as the present was taken care of. In keeping with this belief they offered nearly every prospect the regular local dealer's discount. Of course even this cut price did not produce sales. But the man who is trying to sell machines to them today is constantly impressed with the fact that they have good memories. They remember the cut price. One does not have to possess much of an imagination to conjure up a picture of the perspiration pouring from the forehead of the present salesman who is a business builder. "Not only must I win in this fight against the mistakes made by my predecessors, but I have to sell enough machines to demonstrate to the salesmanager that I am worth keeping on the job. Of course he doesn't realize what I am up against. I tell you it most certainly pays a house to train its salesmen. There is no way of telling what damage they will do in the long run. They may go out and make a brilliant spurt. They may get many orders. But what is the lasting effect they and their work produce? I have never been able to discover why it is that manufacturers will spend thousands and thousands of dollars in improving their plants and perfecting their office system, and then fail to recognize that a few thousand dollars spent in educating their salesmen would prove of the greatest value. If my salesmanager had realized what my predecessors were doing, and if he also realized that there is indeed more in business building than in mere business getting, I would not be having such a hard time now, and it is possible that I would be selling more machines. And I am not doing so bad," he concluded optimistically, as he left to catch a train upon which he will have to ride all night so as to sell a machine to a man who lives over in the western part of the state.

* * *

Somehow I cannot help thinking that Buffalo Joe is a great man. Buffalo Joe never killed anything. His name did not come to him because he shed blood. He was an engineer on the Boston & Albany railroad and his full name is Joseph Merritt Alexander. For fifty years

he served this railroad and never received a reprimand nor a black mark. No error ever was recorded against him. Certainly that speaks for his efficiency. He was never late, and for the last twenty-five years of his service he rose every day at three a. m. and was beside his engine at four, ready to make his run at four-thirty. In fourteen years he has not lost a day, not even a Sunday, and there have been times when he crowded forty-five working days into the space of a month. He is now eighty years old, retiring from active work recently. It seems to me that a man who has served faithfully and efficiently for fifty years is a man truly worth while. Of course he never did anything spectacular, such as settle a strike, win a naval victory, invent an airship, write a best seller. But he did his duty to the best of his ability. That is a record of which any man might be proud.

* * *

E. H. Harriman is a man who has done enough work to be excused for showing signs of thinking himself indispensable. But when Harriman was interviewed recently he made a most modest reply when asked what would happen when he retires. "Nothing could happen," he said. "The world is full of men ready to take the place of anyone. No man is necessary or even very important. The fellow that takes hold where I leave off will go ahead, of course. He will use different methods, different means, probably, for no two men work exactly alike. No railroad man is big enough to leave much of a hole when he drops out. The country is full of big men, able men and wise men who are ready and probably will have their chance to carry the biggest burdens of work. No, nothing will happen if I let go. The trains will run just the same, dividends will be earned as before. *So it is with every man.*" If Harriman really believes this he is truly wise. Belief of that kind will not harm a man. It will not prevent him from doing his own work in the biggest and best way. It will keep him from taking himself too seriously and thus prevent him from truly enjoying life. The way some men work one would think that they have no other business here than to act like slaves to their own little affairs. They forget that the world is very likely to wag along merrily after they are gone. Why not get a bit of

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happiness out of life right now? I don't care how hard you work, or how much importance you attach to yourself. But I don't believe you are giving either yourself or the world a square deal when you work so that unhappiness keeps striking you stinging blows between the eyes. Some men rush fantically hither and thither, just as if Nature could be hurried, or as if some natural law would be suspended for their especial benefit. There never yet lived a man who was indispensable. I trust no one will deny my statement to the effect that several fairly big men have disappeared from earth since history began and that the world seems to be getting along merrily without them—Alexander, Socrates, Xerxes, Caesar, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Michael Angelo, Titian, Pope Leo XIII, John Hay, Oliver Cromwell, William Penn, and several others whose names for the moment have slipped my mind. Don't take yourself too seriously unless you want to.

* * *

This magazine is read by hundreds of young men who are chafing under the restraint imposed upon them

Want to be a Salesman? by the small salaries they are able to earn in clerical positions. Many of these young

men could do infinitely better on the road as salesmen. Some of the greatest salesmen in the selling world today rose from behind-the-counter positions. They desired to broaden out, to earn more, to see more, to be more independent. They talked with traveling men, studied books on salesmanship, perhaps entered the employ of big wholesale firms in the cities, and eventually graduated to a road position. Salesmen draw the prize salaries. Perhaps they are better paid than any other class of business men. Many men on the road make more money than a half dozen or more of their customers added together. A young man is apt to ask: Can I become a salesman? The answer is: You most certainly can. To become a great salesman one does not have to be what is called "a natural born salesman." Selling ability can be developed. This has been demonstrated so often that proof is no longer required. The young man who earnestly desires to develop sales ability can do so by merely expending a little time in first develop-

ing the Study Habit. Salesmanship can be taught—a fact to which thousands of great producers have testified.

* * *

Many a young man wants to enter business but is held back because of lack of capital.

Entering Business Without Capital Do these young men realize that a salesman is a business man of the highest kind.

Your ordinary retailer is forced to remain in a building for which he must pay rent, or in which he must invest money. He must hire clerks. He must deal with scores of persons few of whom he can ever hope to thoroughly understand. He runs the risk of fire and bad accounts. He must deal with inefficient employes. He must burden himself with the problems of finance. But the salesman has none of these troubles. Without the investment of a cent he is financed by some company and sent out to deal with a select class of customers. The company combines capital with his sales ability and lo! he becomes an independent business man—a far more independent business man than he who owns a store. In this work, if he is the right sort of a salesman, he can earn enough in a few years to become a retailer on a bigger scale, if he so desires, and with chances for success infinitely enhanced because of his road experience.

* * *

I can remember when we youngsters used to gaze with much veneration upon those young men who had been

The College Man away to college. We thought them superior beings. When

we read in the home paper that Charles Jones or William Smith were home from the university to spend their vacation with their parents, we used to gather around the Jones or the Smith home in order to get sight of the intellectual prodigy. In the presence of those college students we felt as humble and meek as we did when Cousin Henry came from the City to honor us and our little town with his presence. I can remember the apologetic tone of my voice as I explained to Cousin Henry that "that there building over there is the opery house." But time has robbed me of a few little illusions and for the life of me I cannot feel meek and humble in the presence of Cousin Henry any more, and the glamor I used to find in the college student has disappeared. Some of the most miserable failures I have

ever known were college graduates. It did not take many years to furnish me with enough data to enable me to form the judgment that a college man is not necessarily a truly educated man, and that the possession of a certificate of graduation from a university does not also mean the possession of those qualities without which a man cannot be a true success. The colleges have done great work—how great we are unable to judge today. But the fact that they have done great work, that they have sent into the world men who became master servants, does not entitle them to the right to say, "All college men are of the elect; non-college men are without the pale." No college can supply a man with brains. A teacher can do no more than help a student develop his own resources. I am afraid colleges do not always do this. Colleges do not enable the student to follow scientifically the advice of that philosopher who condensed the primary educational need into two words: Know Thyself. Colleges do not scientifically teach man-building. Their psychology is a combination of the practical and the impractical. Much of it is impractical because they to whom it is taught have never learned the fundamentals. They have never gotten down to a point where they can understand what takes place in the mind of a customer when he buys a can of salmon, nor have they gotten a thorough understanding of the psychological phenomena upon which is based this principle: Confidence is the basis of trade. And there is where the correspondence school, with its practical, money making instruction, has a grip upon thousands which the colleges of today cannot loosen.

* * *

"A dictionary," says someone, "is a granary from which the pronunciation fiend fills his commissariat with orthodox The Venerable epic romances and vagaries Dictionary which, to him, grow into a philologic fetich; and this fetichism finds outward expression in a supercilious ostentation of erudite vacuity." I don't know exactly what all that means, but I am willing to assume that it is true. Without meaning to be irreverent I am inclined to think that Henry James is a fellow who burns incense before a "philologic fetich," and that Arthur Brisbane is a barbarian who persists in bowing down before nothing in the way of language except that

which can be understood by the majority. If I can make the proper mental twist here I want to impress upon salesmen that language is intended merely as a medium for conveying thought, and that the greatest seller of goods is not he who recites most glibly sentences made up of words taken from "away over in the back of the book." Salesmanship is the sale of goods for profit. To sell an obdurate, hard-headed, resisting customer a change must be brought about in his mind. It is only the point making salesman who can bring about this change scientifically. Has it not been repeatedly said that "it is points, points, points, and not talk, talk, talk" that count in salesmanship. The salesman who would make a customer think as he desires him to think must be able to fill that customer's mind with the thoughts of the salesman. A wise man does not drive tacks with a sledgehammer nor does he kill flies with thirteen-inch guns. It seems reasonable, then does it not, that a salesman should use language suited for the work in hand. Language is made up of words arranged in a certain manner. Words and their meanings may be found in that venerable old book the dictionary. The salesman who neglects to use a dictionary religiously, and who does not seek daily to improve his selling talk, is sure to be less successful than he should be. The dictionary habit, like any other good habit, can be carried to excess. Some men have learned so many useless words that their conversation is a "supercilious ostentation of erudite vacuity." A common customer cannot understand what they are getting at, and oftentimes one finds after translating their jargon into everyday English that big words were used merely to cover up the lack of thought—just as padded wearables give roundness and disguise angles of the human figure. The only language a salesman needs is that which is clear, concise, simple, direct, all of which may be summed up in the one word *understandable*.

* * *

I believe I am betraying no confidences when I repeat the story which tells us that the reason some foolish folks did not complete the Tower of Babel of Babel was because they could not understand one another. This gives the lie to the reports of those who would bring discredit upon the

cause of organized labor by saying that a strike was ordered by a walking delegate who was angered because the members of other unions refused to admit that he was the best man to be chosen to enter heaven at the head of the builders when the tower was completed. Unless these false stories are denied they are likely to do many innocent persons much harm. But here is the thing I want to talk about: Did you ever think that many an organization which starts off with much promise is allowed to go to pieces because the workers fail to understand one another? Many a happily family is broken up because a husband and wife fail to get the point of contact on one trivial matter. A partnership is dissolved because one partner does not understand the other. A great institution, which might do much good, is weakened because one or more department heads cannot work together in harmony. And they do not work together in harmony because they do not understand one another. There is much solid business sense in that verse by Nixon Waterman which runs, if my memory serves me, like this:

If I knew you and you knew me,
 If each of us could clearly see,
 And with an inner sight divine,
 The meaning of your heart and mine,
 I'm sure that we would differ less—
 And clasp our hands in friendliness—
 Our thoughts would pleasantly agree.
 If I knew you and you knew me.

* * *

“Mr. Blank simply had to vote for Mr. Dunning because Mr. Dunning’s family had rendered Mrs. Blank so many favors that she really was under obligations to them.”

Voting

So said a friend to me not long ago as we were carrying on a telephone conversation about an election in which we were both somewhat interested. Great Heavens, yes! Why shouldn’t Mr. Blank pays his private debts with public property? And don’t deny that a vote is public property. When a man votes he merely registers a judgment. The government is weak or strong according to the weakness or strength of the voters. We can’t get away from the fact that this government is managed by the majority. If we have a bad government the voters are responsible. If this is a good government the voters deserve the credit. They are the stockholders. Now, tell me, what kind of officers would we have were

every voter to base his judgment on such a silly, asinine foundation as Blank did in this little election of ours? Or supposing Bornealis voted for Brown because he felt that he had done Brown a wrong in some private business matter and therefore ought to get even. I tell you this government of ours, from the bottom away up to the president’s cabinet, is a business proposition. We shall never have a square deal government until every voter is a square deal business man or business woman. The government is no better than the people who make it. Therefore upon every voter rests responsibility, just as upon every person connected with a business institution rests the responsibility of a certain part of the success or failure of that institution. The business man who would appoint as treasurer some fellow whose family had been kind to his wife, and not because of his personal efficiency in that particular line of work, would be regarded as a joke at the Merchants’ Club. But the voter who acts in just as asinine a manner is excused. When will men learn that the vote of Bill Jones in Libertyville, Illinois, may affect adversely the welfare of Sam Smith in San Francisco, California? Every man is his brother’s keeper. Every voter in village elections strengthens or weakens his village. Every voter in national elections does the same. The wise selfish man is the altruist. One of the best ways of serving one’s fellow men is to register a correct judgment on election day.

* * *

Odin was a gay old god of the Scandinavians. He divided honors with Freya and Thor. According to the stories related of his exploits he was one of the best salesmen in the war business at that time.

Odin

It is stated by the yellow journalists who were on duty in those days that in battle he would slaughter thousands of enemies at one blow. He did business in wholesale quantities. He had no patience with little soldiers who were satisfied to kill one enemy at a time. And say, did you ever think, Mr. Big Business man, that Odin is ready to work for you tomorrow if you desire his services. Of course, being a powerful god, he insists on receiving pay for his work. But the wages he asks are not to be thought of in the same moment with the service rendered. Your word of mouth salesman is a

soldier. He does glorious work. But think of the thousands—yes, the hundreds of thousands—of selling talks that Odin Advertising can make in a single day! Did you ever look at it that way? Here is this great god ready to carry your message, whatever it may be, to millions of readers. Advertising does a wholesale business. Personal salesmen must necessarily be retailers. A body cannot be in more than one place at one time. A salesman cannot talk to Prospect Smith in Kalamazoo and Prospect Jones in Oshkosh at the same time. But this god, Odin Advertising can. He can talk to prospects in Kalamazoo, Oshkosh, Emporia, Los Angeles and a thousand and one other places in this country and elsewhere. Franklin Hobbs has it right when he advises "neither the one or the other." Hobbs says advertising and personal salesmanship must go together. And Hobbs and other advertisers will without question admit that advertising is indeed a commercial god. Certainly there are temples enough which have been erected to the greater honor and glory of Odin Advertising. Every conspicuous commercial success from patent breakfast foods to correspondence education must pay tribute to the power of Odin Advertising. Are you using as much of the services of this god as you should?

* * *

"I have to spend two-thirds of my time watching Samuelson, and I'm getting tired of my job," said one department head to his manager not long ago. "Think of the wasted energy! Think of the loss to the institution! Think of the personal loss to me! I owe it to myself to develop myself up to the highest and best, but I tell you that it is impossible for me to do it economically in this institution under present conditions. That man, Samuelson, is crooked—innately crooked. If I don't keep my eyes on him all the time I am sure that he will put something over me. He did it often before I woke up to the fact that I had to watch him in order to save my life in this place. I am telling you this frankly because I think you ought to know why it is you are not getting as much out of me as I am capable of giving. Apparently you are satisfied with my work and I may be foolish to call your attention to the fact that I am not doing my best, but I've got to be honest with

you. I know I am not mistaken in my charges. I thought I was mistaken at first, but I've been on this job long enough to have gathered some facts which speak for themselves. I know I am absolutely right when I say that not only the greater part of my time but much of the time of other employes is wasted because of the presence of Samuelson in the organization." It matters little whether this employe was right in his charges or not. The point is: Every dishonest, crooked, inefficient person in an institution lowers the value of the work of every other individual in that institution. The employer who retains in his employ a man who cannot work in harmony with the majority is doing himself, his institution, his employes and society a wrong—how grievous this wrong depends upon the value of the service which that institution could render society were it working efficiently.

* * *

I have never been able to get it through my head why a merchant who pays much good money for space in newspapers, should neglect fine display space right on his own premises. This is especially true in the small towns. The show windows are neglected at night. Every day there may be crowds gathered about a window that has an especially attractive display. But the merchant ordinarily fails to remember the crowds that pass in the night. There is where the illuminating salesman should get busy. He should go to Mr. Merchant and show him that by installing some special lights in a certain manner his window display will work while he sleeps.

* * *

A little city in a little country won for itself deathless glory because of the greatness of its citizens. Athens can never be forgotten. Her greatness in politics, in philosophy, in citizenship, in art, in science has tinted the world with a color that approaches the ideal. Athens was great because of the greatness of its citizens. And the citizens of Athens were great because of the greatness of the teachers whom they followed. What Athens did other cities can do. A handful of men so served their city in those golden days that neither their names nor the name of their city can ever die. Pericles, perhaps because he was blessed with the love of Aspasia, so

lived and so served that he stands forth as one of the greatest executives of all time. Under his rule men were encouraged to express themselves. Pericles, perhaps because of his great love for a great woman, was granted that cosmic sight which teaches us that those who give greatly receive greatly. He realized that his city could become great only by the whole-souled work of great givers. So he eliminated selfishness to a great extent. He preached the gospel of public beauty. He showed his people that beautiful statuary, beautiful paintings, beautiful lives, should be public property. Private homes were severely plain. Public buildings were made palaces of beauty. Beauty hungry citizens gathered in these buildings built by masters and learned to understand one another. And when the citizens understood one another, don't you see, the problems of the executive became as nothing. Pericles inspired his great men with the belief that if they faithfully served the state the state would care for them throughout their whole lives. They became faithful and trusting servants. They had confidence. And because they had confidence, because they believed, they forgot all else and gave the best they had and built a city before which the world still bows in worship. What Pericles did for Athens can be done in other cities. A few men working quietly in a village can produce that which will compel the world to make a beaten track to their door. The world will not forget William Morris in his shop in which he produced books and paintings and tapestries of rare beauty. Golden Rule Jones and his great unselfishness will always be associated with Toledo. Elbert Hubbard and East Aurora are almost synonymous. These men expressed themselves as the men of Athens expressed themselves in the long ago. Why not you?

* * *

Surely one does not have to be supremely wise to understand that international ignorance is a costly thing when we learn that we must pay **The Cost of Ignorance** \$248,000,000 to maintain the forts, army and navy of the United States for one year. And that is but a fraction of the money spent by other nations. Perhaps we could stand the loss of this amount of money annually were we not also forced to bear the loss of productive

work which might be done by the hundreds of thousands of men and women whose service today consists only in being prepared to work when a war is declared. And think of the thousands of men who are engaged in building battleships, guns, forts! You say, what would become of the men thus employed were universal peace made possible tomorrow. The answer is, they would be enabled to serve the world by producing public betterments. The millions of dollars spent in preparing for war would be better invested in schools which would train citizens to maintain peace. One new battleship cost \$10,250,000. If this amount were invested wisely it would give us twelve institutions like Tuskegee with full equipment of farm, church, library, dormitories, school buildings, farm implements, stock, hospital and preparatory school. It would lessen the troubles of shippers by enabling the railroads to buy five hundred and twelve locomotives at \$20,000 each. It would enable us to build the structures of which Yale, Harvard, Brown, Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams and Dartmouth are so proud,—buildings which represent today, in some instances, two hundred and fifty years of education enterprise. But why give any more facts for comparison? Don't you think our ignorance of the blessings of peace costs too much? Would it not be business wisdom for us to weave into our lives just a wee bit of the philosophy which is condensed in the Golden Rule?

* * *

It wasn't so many million years ago when folks thought that all one needed in order to build up an electrical business was a man with money enough back of him to equip a plant and install fixtures. But folks do not think that way any more. Neither do they look upon the building of any other kinds of business that way. Wise men have come around to a point where they can see that in business building there enters in nine-tenths men and one-tenth things. They realize that the personal equation is a mighty important one. And it has come to the successful ones that only those men are of value who understand the gospel of service. In the electrical line, for instance, it is easy to load a man up with fixtures of the most expensive kind—fixtures that when sold yield a big profit to the salesman. It is

easy to insist on installing more lights than are actually needed. The more lights the more electricity is used. And the more electricity used the better it is for the men who are looking for immediate dividends. But that isn't business building. Wise lighting men of today aim to serve—to give perfect satisfaction. They do their work in such a way that they secure and retain the confidence of the public. A few years ago it was thought quite the correct thing in electrical circles to treat the public with contempt. But it isn't so today. The big electrical companies have come around to see that they are only public servants, and that they must give honest service, just as the merchant, the preacher, the lawyer, the druggist and the rest are forced to give honest service. They take the public into their confidence, and as they give confidence they get confidence. Manufacturers of lamps and fixtures of various kinds are emphasizing the quality side. They can see that the public does not want cheap things if quality things can be secured. And they are providing quality lamps and quality fixtures. The great electrical show in Chicago was a Quality Show, and those who displayed their product did not talk prices so much as value.

* * *

If we be permitted to believe the tales told of that preacher of selfish philosophy, Benjamin Franklin, that gentleman knew what he talked about when he became a bit puritanic in his advice. The truth is, Benjamin led what in our own time would be called a gay life. He was popular with the ladies, he knew wines, and he knew how to yield gracefully to the lures of "wine, women and song." *But Franklin knew when to quit.* It may be that he nibbled at forbidden fruit. But he knew enough to content himself with a nibble. Biting into a green apple does not harm the boy. "Misery" in the stomach comes from indulgence. Franklin never pursued a pleasure simply because it was popular. He always used that great quality of commonsense and analyzed that pleasure and its effect upon him. It is said that if he was convinced that a forbidden pleasure could be followed for a time without producing ill-effects, he would stick to it until that time was passed. *Then he quit.* There are thousands of young

men who are enjoying forbidden pleasures. They enjoy them because of the keenness of the sensual satisfaction they afford. But they do not reckon the cost. They do not look ahead. They follow the primrose path blindly. Even when upon the brink of what the evangelists love to call "the precipice," they do not stop. They cannot see where to quit. A man can drink a glass of beer without endangering his immortal soul. He can eat a piece of pie and follow that with Welsh rarebit and still escape. But he cannot play a leading part in a play which, so the advertisements tell us, "made Milwaukee famous," nor can he confine himself to a steady diet of pie and rarebit, and escape punishment for outraging the physical. Nature never consents to play a game without a limit and he who violates nature's law cannot escape punishment. Perhaps you are playing a game upon which Nature frowns. Are you strong enough to quit? The best time to quit, a bad game is before the start. But if you have been unfortunate enough to start there is no law under which you can be punished for merely quitting. Why not discard a few useless or negative habits and play the game of life with a hand that is worth holding?

* * *

I am told that some of the crookedest machine politicians in the country received their training in college. I have been close enough to college life and college affairs to believe this without much argument. Besides I have talked with men who at one time or another had played prominent parts in college political games. Here is a story which illustrates my point. In one of the most prominent state colleges last spring, a chairman of the board which was to have charge of the college annual publication was to be elected. Three candidates were in the field. And here's what happened. One of the candidates took half page space in the college daily in which was set forth his many merits. Another hired the town crier, a young fellow with a voice like an unrepentant foghorn, to go through the college section from time to time and raise his voice in praise of his employer. The third also advertised himself in the papers and on handbills. So far this might pass as legitimate. But candidates did not neglect to invest money

Training
Citizens

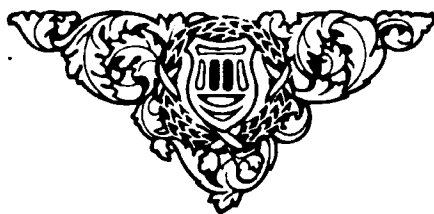
been close enough to college
life and college affairs to be
mentally in condition to be-

in cigars and drinks for the men, nor did they forget to send Palace of Sweets chocolates to the fair co-eds. If this isn't the baldest, barest vote-buying, what is? Of course many dollars were spent in this campaign. With tactics of that kind permitted the man or organization with the most money is sure to win. The crowd likes movement. The candidate that shows the greatest activity is most likely to get and hold attention. What kind of training is this for young men who are to go out and take their places in the business world. Will their training in the play world be such as to make them desirable citizens? To put it mildly, it is doubtful. Would it not seem that the teaching of practical ethics might without danger be introduced into colleges? Would it not be well to bring about such a change in college training that students would play all games fairly and squarely and honestly? Publicity did much a few years ago to clean up college athletics. Much of the evil, though not all, was driven out by the work of Ned Jordan and other college muck-rakers. Would it not be a good thing for the colleges to have their political sins laid bare?

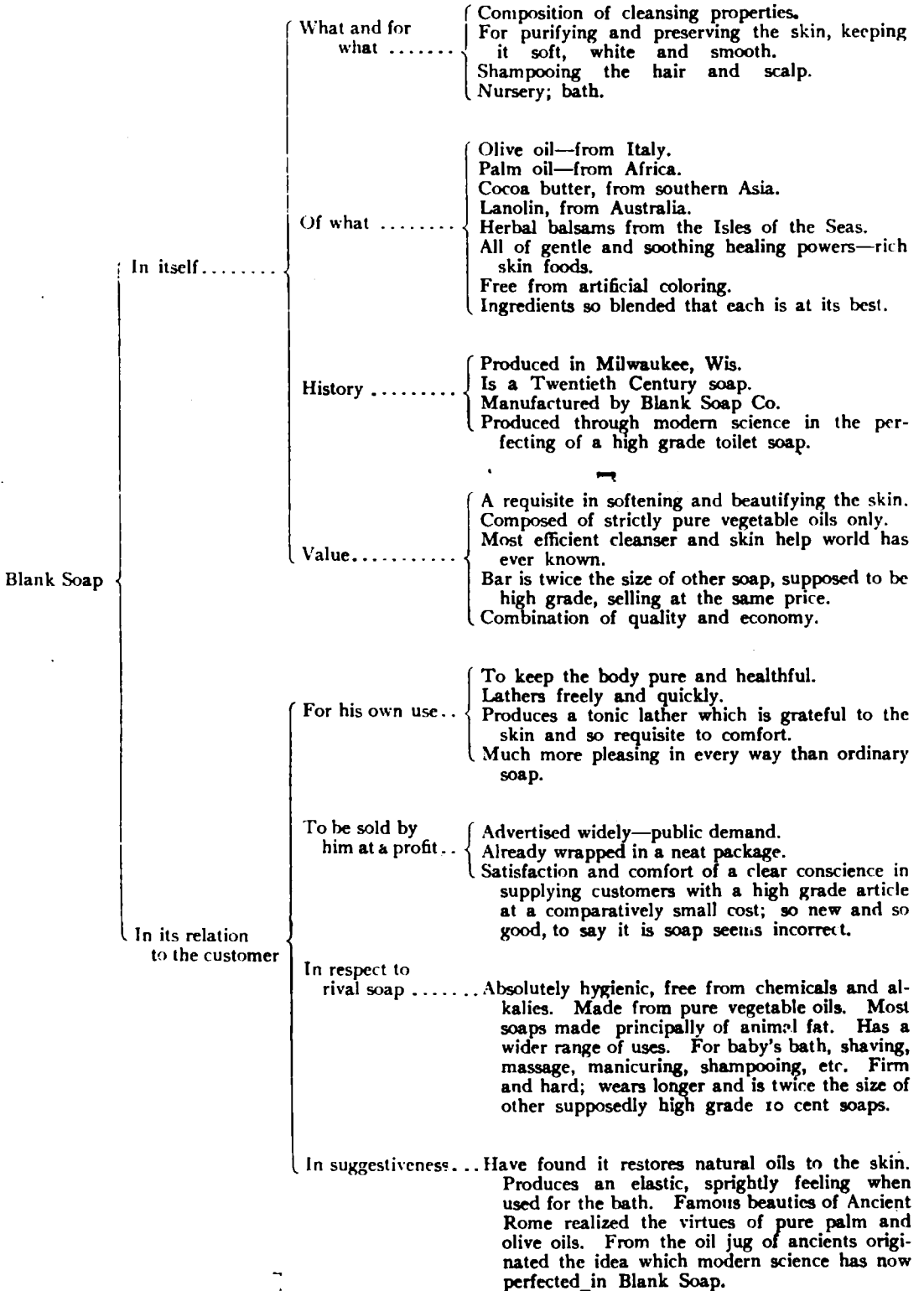
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If there came to us a message that a Great God with power to drive away selfishness and put into practical operation the Golden Rule was to visit the earth, would we not all be willing to make great sacrifices for his entertainment? Would we not contribute of our means, even sacrificing much in order to receive our guest properly? There would come to us tales of his greatness, his goodness, his purity, his spirituality, his gentleness. And these tales we would relate to one another with hushed voices. In his presence we would gladly prostrate ourselves—we who boldly claim that we do not bow

the knee to God, man or the devil. In his presence we would behold our baseness, our grossness. We would see the sickening sensual pleasures for which we had given away spiritual delights. And we would be humbled. But in our humility we would set down our teeth and resolve to become better and stronger—men fit to sit in the presence of gods. And, now, did you ever think of it this way? Each of us is a god. In each of us is that great spiritual force—that great Something which men call God. Through some of us it manifests itself much; through others of us, little. Supposing each of us expressed fully the divine, would not the actions of all of us be the actions of the great human god? Would we not have the power to drive selfishness away and substitute the Golden Rule? And haven't we that power? Aren't we working to become more like God every day? Supposing we let ourselves go. Supposing we obeyed the inner voice and opened up the channels of our being so that the divine power might express itself through us. Don't you suppose that this old world would be a better place in which to do business? Don't you think all of us would get more joy out of life? Would we not speedily find a solution of the troubles between the House of Want and the House of Have? Would not special privileges be swept aside and would not the era of the square deal come in? Would not the two million little children working in the mills and mines and factories be given their rightful heritage of childhood? Would not women be regarded as equals in all things and not as mere procreative animals? This Human God can do all these things and more. The hope of this world depends upon a Human God—this God made up of the combined personalities of all men, women and children. And, tell me, what are you contributing?



Analysis of Soap





Produce Results

BY J. A. MURPHY

RESULTS! They are the only things that count. Produce results, and the world wants you. There was a time when a "pull," your family's social position, the reputation of your grandfather, and countless other things, had a lot to do with getting you a job. But these days are no more. The Twentieth Century wants men who have done things—men who can find that man Garcia, though he be thousands of miles off, and in the most inaccessible part of the earth.

Now-a-days it is not a case of what-can-you-do, but what-have-you-done. Show me the results of your work. What have you produced? I don't care who you are, or where you are from. Your social position concerns me not at all. I'm glad you have a good education, but it isn't this fact that interests me. All I want to know is this, have you made good? Show me the results of your efforts. Tell me you can do things, and I may not believe you. But really accomplish something, and then I must believe you.

Two thousand years ago it was said, "By their works ye shall know them!" That is still true. We leave an imprint of our personality in all we do. The work that comes from our hands is an open book to our character. The positives in a man's make-up can be found woven into his tasks, and so can the negatives. Therefore, I want to see your work. After I examine that, I'll tell you what you are.

Results, just plain, worked-out, unadorned results—they are what count. They speak more effectively than words. They win more for you than anything you might say. Produce, produce, produce—and then we'll listen to you. Then you'll have a right to

speak. You will be a man of deeds, and a man of deeds always speaks with authority.

Excuses, promises to make good, worthy resolutions, hard luck stories—these don't win promotion any more. If you want to have your name soar from the bottom of the pay roll up to the top, and then from there into the private ledger, why just produce results. Make good, and the whole world can't keep you down; and neither will it try. In fact, the world likes the man who is "delivering the goods" and does all it can to help him deliver more and better goods.

If you're producing results, a thousand eyes are on you. Maybe you don't know it, but it is true nevertheless. Concerns no longer hire men blindly, without knowing a great deal about their past lives. When a firm wants a man these days for an important position, they don't advertise for him. They look around and pick out a man who has been making good splendidly with other firms. Perhaps they have been watching this very man for a year or two. He didn't know it, but, anyway, it was the work he was doing, the results he was producing, that recommended him. He is offered a larger salary and a greater opportunity to exercise his ability. Likely enough he accepts, and then folks say, "How lucky Bill is." Bill isn't lucky. Bill works. He does things that count, and that is why the world wants him.

Some time ago I attended a banquet at which several hundred business men were present. I met a man there who employs over five hundred people. He told me that he always has his eye on a few men who are producing results. He pointed out to me two men at that very banquet whom he

hopes to have on his pay roll before another year. These men don't know they are so closely observed, and undoubtedly they have no idea that a good offer will soon come to them from one of the most successful business men in the country.

I know a man who is selling pasteboard boxes. He is a real salesman, and does his work so well that it attracts the favorable attention of all who buy from him. Scarcely a week passes but what some firm offers this man another position, but he is doing too well to change. He produces results, and, as a consequence, hundreds of openings are his for the asking.

Not long ago a man called on a large firm in St. Paul to see about an important matter. He was turned over to a young man who had charge of a department. The young man was busy at the time interviewing others, and the visitor had to wait for about thirty minutes. During this time he had a good chance to size up the young man, and to see how smoothly his department was running. The place was well organized, and the work was being turned out rapidly and accurately. When the man's turn came, he received a cordial, business-like reception. He was treated courteously and

pleasantly. That man went away with a good impression of the young department head. That man happened to own a business of his own. He started to look up the record of that young fellow, and found that he was a producer of results. In another week a flattering offer came to the young man. So, you see, it is results, and nothing else, that wins promotion.

Supposing George Bruce Cortelyou, or any other man who has a record of many deeds behind him, should tell the Associated Press that he was out of work, and didn't like being idle. In twenty-four hours Cortelyou would receive a mile of telegrams from all parts of the country, offering him all kinds of jobs at all kinds of salaries.

Men who have the make-good habit are never out of work. A man who can show a record of accomplishments, a man who can say, "These things have I done," a man whose best recommendation is his work, need never be looking for a position. Produce results, and you won't have to crave for recognition, and beg for a raise of salary. Produce results, and the recognition and the raise will come to you without any asking.

The Real Hundred Point Man

BY W. A. McDERMID

I WANT to sing the praise of the newspaper man—not the man who sticks to it for a few years, learns the game a little and leaves for another field, nor yet the man who owns a newspaper, nor the man who works in the business department.

I mean the man sometimes referred to—never by himself—as a journalist, the man who comes in for most of the abuse and criticism heaped on the daily press—the dyed-in-the-wool reporter.

He is a veteran of more battles than the soldier. He is an impersonal, dispassionate observer of life and people who would put to shame a soldier by his implicit obedience to orders and his fanatical devotion to a cause too frequently unworthy.

The round of his daily work would sound, if pictured in all its reality, like the panorama of a fantastic dream. Life for him is

a succession of sensational episodes—not because he is a sensation-monger in the unpleasant sense of the yellow journals—but because his nose for news has taught him to see the high lights, to grasp from the commonplace its morsel of romance, to picture it that it may touch the emotions of a million readers.

For newspaper stories appeal to the emotions—they have little of the didactic or the logical in them. They are swift pictures, often highly colored, of life in all its phases, its tragedy, its comedy, its savagery, trickery and meannesses, and as often its splendor and its beauty.

It is unfortunate that he sees more of the former than the latter, that he tends to become cynical, case-hardened and callous. But he as frequently has a rare sympathy that only comes from intimate association

with raw, naked, palpitant life and humanity. He is a salesman—one of the world's greatest. He must probe human minds, search for the truth against all the barriers human ingenuity can devise. He must get audience with the greatest and the lowliest. He must know human motives, must judge of the probabilities in the case and make deductions as swift and unerring as those of the detective heroes of fiction.

He frequently has the logical mind of a lawyer, coupled with the intuitions of a woman, and a training which is without a parallel for efficiency.

The salesman who receives a number of leads from his house will be pardoned if he sells perhaps a third of them and fails to visit a few. The newspaper man who "falls down" on a single assignment, let the task be ever so improbable, may end his career. A percentage of one failure in ten is none too low for an experienced man. Nowhere else in the world is there less need for excuses or reasons than at the desk of a city editor on a great newspaper. There is a story to get—one must get it. That's all.

The same amount of energy, of initiative, of ability to do the thing, would be worth much more money in other lines. Hundreds of newspaper men have found this to be true. But there remain the thousands who are doing the thing they love best to do—who are wearing themselves out in service to an ungrateful public and often an unworthy employer—for no other reason than that they have found their work.

The loyalty of a newspaper man to a paper which has treated him badly is one of things to cause amazement. As much loyalty displayed by the salesmen of the world would revolutionize trade. And that loyalty manifests itself in a service arduous beyond description.

The newspaper man is the original bearer of the message to Garcia. He knows what Hubbard meant better than any other man. There is not a positive quality possessed by any high grade salesman in which a high-grade newspaper man does not stand his superior when their relative efficiency is estimated. Here's to him—the hundred point newspaper man—the reporter.

Self-Pity

BY GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

ARE you sorry for yourself? Are you down on your luck? Are you sick of your job? Are you living in an atmosphere of gloom?

Remember that the fishes in the dark lakes of the Mammoth Cave have only rudimentary eyes and have lost the sense of sight.

There are about sixteen million men in the United States who are more or less like these fish, while a few hundred thousand are out in the sunlight snapping up the good things that the world offers.

Many times a business is small and offers small opportunities because the man at the top is small, and an institution is rarely any larger than the ideas of its head man.

Sometimes a business fails to round out and fill the measure of its environment because the boss has never learned that men mean more to him than money.

But there are times when an employer is mentally big and fine, well trained, longing to expand, grow and get up speed, but is

curbed and checked by the indifference, incompetence and inefficiency of the men on his pay roll. Such a man pushes and plans, digs and builds, writhes in agony of spirit, suffers keen disappointments, but keeps on with an unshaken faith in men. If you work for such a man your job will be as big as you make it. If there are several of you trying to make your jobs big, there will be better jobs with that same employer. The size of the job will be limited only by the buying capacity of the trade that he can reach in an ever widening circle of influence. The only problem for such an employer is how, most surely and most rapidly, to develop efficiency in his employees.

If you work *with* such an employer, work *for* him too. Help him all you can. His success means your success if you are in step with the procession.

All life is motion; you can not stand still. Which way are you going? Are you a "comer" or a "has been?"

The Story of Digestion

BY DR. J. H. KELLOGG

THE alimentary canal is about thirty feet long, the colon about five feet long, leaving twenty-three or twenty-four feet for the small intestine. This small intestine is the great digestive organ; it is here that the great part of the work of digestion is performed. The stomach is an antechamber for the digestive process. It is that part of the digestive apparatus in which the food is prepared for the more complete process which takes place in the small intestine. In the stomach the food is reduced to liquid form. The mouth is supposed to do this work of reducing the food to a liquid so far as possible. The mixing of saliva with the food and the thorough fletcherizing, the thorough masticating of food, is done in the mouth. Saliva and gastric juice both act on the food. The saliva dissolves the starch, converts it into sugar, into maltose; then the gastric juice begins its work and converts the protein into peptone, in other words, dissolves the other digestible elements of the food.

Let us study the process of digestion for a moment. There are five digestible elements—starch, albumin, fats, sugar, and salts. By sugar we mean cane sugar, malt sugar and milk sugar. These are the three principal kinds of sugar. The most abundant of the food elements is starch. The most important perhaps is the albumin or protein, and another important element is the fat. Then we have the sugar and the salts. Sugar is very closely allied to starch because starch by the process of digestion is converted into sugar. Sugar is in the process of plant growth found first in the form of starch. Then some of the starch is converted back into sugar. For instance, in the maple tree in the winter the carbohydrates are stored up in the roots of the trees and in the springtime under the influence of the warmth and the sun this starch is converted into sugar and is passed up into the tree to be made into buds, twigs, bark and leaves; the farmer bores a hole in the tree, steals this sap out, boils it down, and makes maple sugar. So also in sugar cane, the sugar is on the way up to be converted into starch in the seed of the sugar

In "The Battle Creek Idea".

cane; and the same is true of the corn. The sugar in the sweet corn when the corn is right for roasting has not yet been converted into starch, so it is very sweet. As the sweet corn gets very ripe it is not very sweet, but at the ordinary time for getting roasting ears the sugar has not yet been converted into starch.

Now in the presence of digestion this starch that was made from sugar originally, is converted back into sugar, as we shall see. There are five digestive organs, so there are just as many digestive organs as we have food elements, one for each one, but they are not arranged in the same order. The mouth, the stomach, the liver, the pancreas and the intestines are the five great digestive organs. The mouth makes saliva, the stomach makes gastric juice, the liver makes bile, the pancreas makes pancreatic juice, and the intestines make intestinal juice. Each digestive organ makes a digestive juice, so there are five digestible food elements, five digestive organs and five digestive fluids.

The first digestible food element is starch. The saliva is the first digestive fluid and begins its work in the mouth, the first digestive organ. It converts starch into sugar. Now the gastric juice converts albumin into peptone and the bile digests fat. Thus we have all of the important digestible food elements digested, and we have some left to spare. There is the pancreatic juice. What does it do? It reviews the work. It does just what the saliva does. It digests starch. It does just what the gastric juice does, digests albumin. It does exactly what the bile does, digests fat. So the pancreatic juice is the most wonderful of all the fluids. It digests all the different food elements—starch, albumin and fats. The intestinal juice has but one office to perform; it digests cane sugar. It does a little perhaps to some of the other digestible elements, but not very much, so little that it is hardly worth noting.

All the different digestive fluids digest salts. The gastric juice digests those salts which are capable of solution in an acid medium, and the others digest those salts which are capable of digestion in an alka-

line medium. The saliva is an alkaline fluid, the gastric juice an acid fluid. The bile comes next and it is an alkaline fluid. So we have this alternation, the alkaline first, then the acid, and then alkaline again.

The saliva does not do all of its work in the mouth alone. It takes the saliva thirty or forty minutes to do its work upon the food, and no one would want to hold a morsel of bread in the mouth as long as twenty minutes or even fifteen minutes. Even Mr. Fletcher would get tired of that, I am sure. After the gastric juice has been secreted about thirty or forty minutes and the stomach contents become quite acid with the gastric juice, the work of the saliva ceases. At any rate it ceases upon the outer mass of the food and the albumin begins to be digested. Here is a mass of food made up of starch and albumin. The albumin is in the form of fine mesh work, and the starch lies in between; so when the starch is acted upon by the saliva and the albumin is melted down by the gastric juice, you can readily see that the whole mass is reduced to a liquid state, and that is what happens in the stomach. So the food is thoroughly prepared in the stomach for the action of the bile, the pancreatic juice and the other digestive juices in the intestine which perform the real work of digestion.

Another important work which the stomach does is to disinfect the food. Pasteur, you know, was the real discoverer of germs. At any rate he discovered the great office and function of germs. He attached very great importance to them and he considered germs very essential to animal and vegetable life. Indeed he went so far as to state it would be impossible for animals or vegetables to live without germs; that germs were essential to life in all its forms. One of his students, Professor Roux, questioned this, and he proved the professor was mistaken by raising some beans in sterile soil. He took some earth, sterilized it by baking so that the germs were all dead, and planted some beans in this soil. He kept all the germs away and watered the beans with sterile water, and the beans grew and flourished. As a result, Professor Pasteur was obliged to admit that germs were not necessary for the growth of vegetables, but he said, "I still insist that germs are necessary for the growth of animals." Finding germs so abundant in animals, particularly

in the alimentary canal, the professor had arrived at the conclusion that they were necessary, but Professor Nuttal and Thierfelder, two other investigators, made a very interesting experiment with some guinea pigs by which the guinea pigs were brought into the world under such conditions that they remained sterile. They were brought into the world by means of a surgical operation and were kept absolutely sterile; and they grew and thrived without germs.

The intestine is one of the most wonderful of all the structures in the body. We think of the intestine as simply a squirming tube. I think of the intestine almost as something independent of the body. I think of it as something that has a life by itself, like a great serpent acting as a servant to the body, rendering useful functions. One of the most wonderful things which the intestine does was discovered by Professor Roger of Paris, an eminent pupil of the great Professor Bouchard who discovered all about intestinal autointoxication some years ago. Suppose a child swallows a small pin and it gets down into the intestine. There it is sticking into the wall of the intestine. What is there to hinder it going right straight through the wall? But there is not the least bit of danger at all that any harm will come from that pin. The child will get along all right. Let me show you why. The intestine knows what has happened and it immediately prepares for the emergency. As soon as it begins to stick in, the intestine begins to thicken on that side so the pin will not get through. Then it contracts both in front and behind, and pushes up the pin into a vertical position and keeps on until it reverses the pin completely. Then it lets go and the pin goes on down through the intestine head foremost and there is no harm done at all. That is not a theory or a fancy at all. That is exactly what the intestine does, and it does it every time. When anything with a sharp point is put into the intestine it proceeds at once to handle it so that no harm can come from it.

I mention this here simply to show you what intelligence the intestine has. It is not a mere process of solution going on in the alimentary canal, but a process that requires wonderful intelligence all the while. The food is closely watched from the moment it leaves the mouth at the back of the throat

until its work is ended in the colon, the great spacious reservoir where absorption takes place. The food is under intelligent inspection and controlled and watched every moment.

It is only when we violate some of the laws of health, making conditions such that it is thoroughly impossible for normal work to be done, that anything goes wrong. Under ordinary conditions everything goes right in this wonderful transformation—or transfiguration, as I like to call it, because it is most wonderfully like a trans-

figuration when we think of the bread and the apples and the potatoes that we eat. We take these things into our bodies, and by the marvelous process going on in the intestines they are converted into blood and from blood into tissue, so that what we eat today is tomorrow walking about and talking, creating and doing things. I assure you, my friends, that this transformation of food into living bodies and into thoughts and acts is the most wonderful thing that we come in contact with in our daily experience."

What Are You?

BY WALT WHITMAN

YOU are not contained between your hat and your boots. Invisible, unseen threads, like spider's filaments, like the invisible ether connecting stars, these weave out from you and mesh themselves into the infinite web of the cosmos.

You are continually sending out thoughts that journey through endless intricacies of immeasurable consciousness, you are drawing in and breathing forth again immortal soul-stuff, and there even as a ditch digger, a hod carrier or engaged in any other useful occupation, apparently bending over between your hat and your boots, is the YOU of unutterable, unending significance, there is the concentrated point of all that you see and think, all that you dimly conceive and dream, all that you are to become; for, when you reach and stand upon what is now but your distant vista, there will be new horizons stretching beyond towards which you may journey, new sites, beyond and beyond and ever beyond that. For, in due time accomplishment journeys after conception, and no man need be fretted and worried lest out of the root of his being no growth spring up.

In every man, the seed of the Divine is sown and there is infinite possibility of flower and fruit; what seems stunted and sterile is but that which waits upon time for fruition. The universe is good, and its rhythmic swing is part of the goodness; and, as it balances between light and shade, success and failure, night and day, joy and sorrow, hope and frustration, it is bearing more and more into life and consciousness. Only, no point is final; there is no graspable goal; knocked down, we must rise up the stronger to the fight; as a horse, when he has run, runs again, as a man who has accomplished sets himself a larger task."

This philosophy once believed and acted upon helps each man to liberate himself from his personal fate and to identify himself with the whole of life, with the prisoner and the president equally, transforming all events into the power to wait grandly upon eternal issues. Most of us under conventionality live by rote, by imitation, by fear of disapproval, instead of by the light of the soul and the inspiration of the inner voice.

The Adjustment of Life

BY JAMES E. CLARK

Being Yourself

ONE reason why many men and women do not get on better in the world is that they are forever and always refusing—stubbornly refusing to be their own selves. They want to be somebody else. It is an old, old truth that you can not be anybody but yourself and just as soon as you imitate someone else in any essential way then you are at fault. To accept your own thoughts and your own impulses, passed upon by your own conscience as right or wrong, and to live them out is to progress. Why do you want to be anybody else? You are a good soul, if you are God's creature. Let your mind develop, feed it with good literature, allow it to unfold in the knowledge of an all wise creator, be true to it and you will be somebody and you will be attractive. Do not be too timid about making a mistake. Speak your own opinions. Men who never make mistakes never amount to very much, for of necessity they can not do much. Whatever you find yourself to be, live out that part as best you can. "If my skin were black," said a refined man of great intellect, "I would be proud of it because I would know that God created me for a special purpose and I would be glad to live out the part which he had given to me." So it is with you, whoever you may be and whatever you may be doing. Play the part that has been assigned to you, that you find yourself in today and play it so very well that you will one day be assigned to do something better. Don't grumble but take the time and energy which might be wasted in grumbling in improving your mind and your manners. Above all cast out the canker of anger and fault-finding if it is in you.

There are always to be found men and women who are subordinating their opinions to the opinions of others who are perhaps of poorer judgment than themselves. It is cowardice and it is to be avoided by all who wish to stand erect. Be yourself and be satisfied with yourself.

Emerson reminds us that the roses under his window made no reference to any other roses or any better roses. So it is all through

nature. The flower or the giant tree each alike lives out its part without apology. A man should do the same thing.

Painful Effort is a Necessity

ALL men and women who wish and sigh for improved conditions have within them the power to bring about the desired conditions. The reason that the wishers do not move on to the places which they desire is because they persistently refuse to pay the price. The coins that are required—and Theodore Roosevelt enumerates them—are painful effort, grim energy and resolute courage. Most men and women, whether they will admit it or not, have failed to bring about the better condition which is desired because they have thought of good fortune as good luck—something whirled out of the sky by chance like a flash of lightning. That is a tremendous error. There is no such thing as luck. Luck is a word used to designate a result whose causes we are unable to discern or unwilling to look for. Such men and women have notions that they can get into Easy Street, if the gods will will it, with the same speed and ease that the motorman takes a car load of passengers around a corner. Things are not what they seem to be. A young orator has swayed an immense audience and has stepped down amid resounding plaudits, and the thoughtless exclaim upon his luck in having the gift of speech. Luck applied in such an instance—as in all others—is nonsense. The grand speech is the culmination of years of effort. Some of the polish has probably been acquired in addressing the gallery in a hay barn, the self-control in swallowing unheeded the taunts of the plough boys. The fire of manhood back of the orator's words was not struck up like a parlor match but instead burns as the result of years of hard work and right thinking. Thus it is in each case where the weak and thoughtless cry, "Luck!" Back of it all is a story of many chapters, many failures, much drudgery, many discouragements overcome—of effort that gave not only pain but perhaps agony of body and mind.

To keenly realize that pain of body and mind—perhaps a sundering of home ties—is one of the first things to be encountered in the path of prosperity is to uncover within yourself a whole mine of energy. Then explode it with the fire of determination.

Letting Well Enough Alone

TO draw out one's powers to the very limit of development is a plain duty. The condition of life in the United States today is such that every person, not in the dependent class, is to a certain extent drawn along in the progress of the race. A boy enters a store as a messenger and by attention to duty he is in time drawn into the machinery of the organization and young manhood finding him with a clerkship he perhaps looks back and thinks that he is "doing pretty well" and that he will let well enough alone. He is contented because he loves an easy place. The days slip by as he sleeps on until presently he discovers that he has been living a very ordinary, narrow life whereas he might have with a little effort day by day enlarged his usefulness, put vastly more into life and won finer rewards not only in goods but in friendships and in the satisfaction which thrills the frame and the mind from the thought that work has been well done. It is the solemn duty of each person to make every inch of progress that he can. This is not a matter of choice with him for it concerns not him alone but those who are his kinsmen, those who are his townsmen, those who are associated with him in business. His defects and his negligences are offenses against all of these. For a father can not give a son more wisdom than he possesses himself; the shiftless are bound sooner or later to be a burden upon someone and the non-progressive man is to his business associates a bad example and an obstruction. No one life in this world is lived alone. He who excuses himself with the statement "it is nobody's business but my own" is in grave error. Each life touches many other lives, daily, hourly and in innumerable ways and the influence is constant and positive—for better or worse. The little bit of progress which anyone is making today may not be progress worthy of the name. Perhaps the individual is only being rushed along in the progress of the nation, and if so he will ere long be thrown aside and dropped, and, having no initiative re-

sources or self-reliance he will awake with a start to discover that he has missed his opportunity in life.

These words were written for you. You; read them once more and draw from them the full warning:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise:

"Which having no guide, overseer or ruler,
"Provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest.

How long will thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:

"So shall thy poverty cometh as one that travelth and thy want as an armed man."

Sluggards all are they who let well enough alone, and lose any opportunity to improve their minds, to learn something well, to become so strong mentally that they can help others along. What an ignoble thing it is to—to seek out the quiet places of life leaving others who are perhaps not so well equipped to bear the brunt of the fight.

"FORGET IT."

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish
be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy
That will wipe out a smile or the least way
annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Getting Ready for It

THE man who has his eye on a bigger and better place than that which he now fills wants to be very sure that he is first of all prepared to occupy that better station for which he yearns. And a sure way of getting there is to spend the time while one waits in preparing. Where is the man who was a big man by accident? Roosevelt was for instance "kicked up stairs" from the governorship of New York State to a nomination for vice-president of the United States, but he was so well prepared when a larger opportunity opened for him that he was accorded a nomination for the presidency itself. Looking backward into history it will be invariably seen that the big men of all times were digging like beavers in the days of their obscurity. Lincoln mused that

he would get ready and that may be the chance would come. All of every life from the very highest and best to the very poorest and most obscure is determined by unchanging laws. No one act of life can escape it. The silent thought of every hour is helping men and women up or casting them down. All good fortune and all bad fortune is a cumulative effect or right thought or wrong thought. Thus it comes about that when a man or woman is prepared for that better place in life the door opens and easily and naturally progress is made to that place. Very often appearances are quite to the contrary, but the facts never are.

The better place which is wanted in life will come when he who wants it is competent to assume it. To get the better condition in life without the ability to hold it would only be a misfortune for the incompetent would again in despair and confusion be obliged to go back to the old place.

"Get thy wheel and distaff ready and God will send the flax."

A Wider Circle

STAND on a cliff overlooking the sea when the water is absolutely still and the surface is glassy. Throw far out into the deep a stone. As it strikes the surface and sinks there is a splash. Around the point of its disappearance there appears a circle in the water—a little undulation of perfect contour. Without this circle there appears another, and without the second a third, and then a fourth, each perfect and well defined. The movement does not stop there but goes on indefinitely until the eye can no longer follow it into the deep. This beautiful phenomenon perfectly illustrates a mental process.

Each little bit of knowledge which is gained makes possible the gaining of something in a larger circle. Honest and determined effort to add to one's fund of useful information, to improve body, and mind and soul, is never wasted. Man can not, like the person on the cliff, watch the process but it would no more surely exist if he did watch it. The bit of information gained today from reading, thinking, working out with the hands and the brain the plain duty of the hour has a wholly opposite effect from the bit of money gained today and dropped into a place of safe keeping. The information,

the service, the enlargement of being which comes from the honest performance of duty, all becomes a part of the man, and nothing is separate and distinct. Honestly facing the duty of the hour—be it never so disagreeable—has an uplift in a constantly widening circle; evasion of duty or acceptance of evil works on in like manner.

To live only to eat, drink and be merry, and to so work that we may be sure of at least the first two of these as long as we last is to live a life of very limited horizon.

Work, study, meditation, will bring each one up out of the valley of darkness.

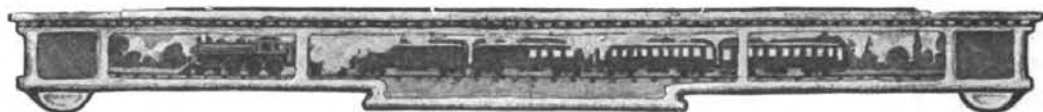
To Control the Mind

AN aid to broadening and strengthening the mind is to make a habit of daily in times of leisure turning the attention to the consideration of one thing—to the solving of some general problem of life, or to the acquirement of proficiency in some study. This in time becomes a fine habit which gives not only the immediate rewards which come from solving the problem whatever it may be but the practice is a constant gathering together of the forces of the mind, a marshalling of the mental powers, which if persisted in will result in so perfect a control of the intellect that to instantly turn the full attention to any given thing will one day be possible—to, notwithstanding other claims upon the attention, deliberately and dispassionately consider any given problem in all its phases and arrive at a sound judgment.

The man who goes up and down life with his mind constantly veered about by this object and that along his pathway, just as a weather vane is whirled is a man who has not yet learned to master his own powers—a mere child in intellectual development. What chance has he of this superficial development to win the prizes away from competitors who have so dominated their forces that they can at will put the mind upon any subject, and like a man who locks himself in a room, work out the problem?

All men, masters and slaves are profligate of mind power. If one will make a careful record of how he spends the day—how many hours the mind is held at attention and of how many hours it is fluttered about like a flag on the mast—surprise will very likely follow. The test will be a revelation.

To let the force of the mind be scattered is to scatter priceless life itself!



A Fable

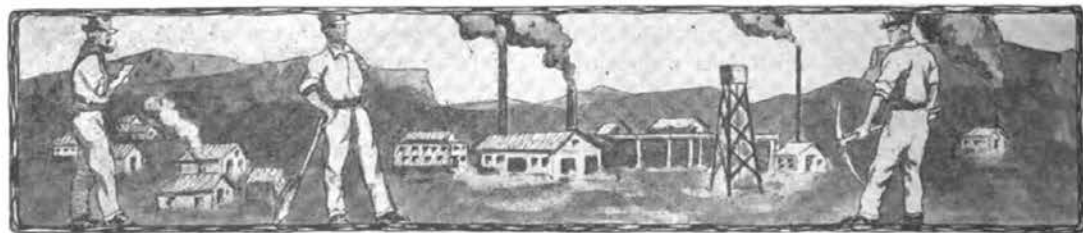
BY THOMAS DREIER

ONCE upon a time a Horse was Rearing and Snorting. A Man drew Near and asked: Why do you act thusly? And the Horse answered: I do not Know but I intend to Find Out after a while. Then the Man looked and found a Cocklebur underneath the Horse's Tail. But the Horse continued to Rear and Snort. "Why not remove the Cocklebur and be at Peace?" suggested the Man. "I would if I could, but I can't," answered the horse, trying hard to be Happy and Facetiously using the Words of a Sacred Song. Then the Man, seeing the Horse rearing and Snorting in pain, and Trampling the Ground, stretched forth his Hand to remove the Cocklebur. The Cocklebur, seeing that it would be Removed from a High Position, troubled the Horse with its spiny Stingers until it was near Frantic. The Tender Heart of the Man was sorely touched. He rushed In and Grabbed the Cocklebur, but at that Moment the horse kicked Viciously. The Cocklebur chuckled and rejoiced by sticking its Stinging Spines still deeper into the Horse as the Man lay Crumpled Up on the ground. And the Horse continued to Rear and Snort.

The Strength of a Man

BY FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

Spiritual strength consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and a strong command over them. Now it is here that we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—because he has his own will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.



From Other Philosophers

SELF CONTROL FOR SALESMEN.—A Crack-a-Jack salesman will receive a rebuff as gracefully and easily and with as little damage to himself as a professional baseball player will take in a red hot liner that a batter drives at him, and go right on playing the game as if nothing had happened. An amateur salesman will want to quit playing, or call the attention of the umpire to the malicious intent of the batter.

A blow that would knock the ordinary man off his pins will do nothing more than to give a professional boxer a chance to show his agility and win applause. If you drop a plank on a cork in the water with a tremendous splash the cork will bob up as serenely as if nothing had happened, and lie quietly once more on the unruffled surface of the water. And so a clever salesman, when a smashing blow is aimed at him by a surly prospect, will merely sidestep gracefully and continue calmly with the prosecution of his purpose.

Here's an instance that illustrates this point. One of the best book salesmen in the country, a man whose commissions amount to more than the salary of an officer in President Roosevelt's cabinet, happened to call upon an ill-natured prospect at a bad moment, and was received with a snort.

"You book agents are a pack of thieves and fakirs," burst out the prospect. "I've had my experiences with you fellows."

"Every profession has its fakirs," said the salesman, quietly. "The medical profession has its quacks, the law its shysters, and the ministry its rascals. There are some black sheep out selling books, it's true. It's hard luck for me as well as for you that you happened to bump into that kind. I've sold books to people who weren't honest, and didn't mean to pay for them, and never did—but I couldn't logically assume from that that every man I meet is going to do me."

The prospect felt much as the baseball slugger at the bat feels when his hard smash at center field has been quietly pulled down by the shortstop on its way across the diamond, forcing him to drop his bat and retire to the bench.

Self-control disarms all ill-natured attacks.

W. C. Holman.

GETTING THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.—The best way in which you can make money for yourself out of this business of salesmanship, is to make money out of your trade for your employer. Push his interests to the front, and it naturally follows that your own are benefited. There have been sales-

men who slighted business engagements; took only a superficial interest in their product; made no effort to increase their own selling ability, and still cherished the notion that they were unappreciated by their firm. They thought they ought to receive more salary on general principles; and amused themselves with picturing what wonders they would perform if they were only inspired to the effort by a "raise." The good things of life never come to men of this sort. Such dreamers go shambling along waiting for the world to wake up and share their own idea of their greatness—until some day, when usually it is too late to make a new beginning, they wake up and share the world's idea of their own littleness and incapacity. No man ever succeeded unless he put more thought on his work than on what its proceeds would mean to him in the way of advancement and gratification.

— W. C. Holman.

GENIUS IS ONLY ENERGY LET LOOSE.—There are some professions and some places in which patience is peculiarly requisite to success. In general, the old adage is true, that there is no excellence or rare success without great labor. "Pigeons ready roasted," said a musician who had succeeded after an arduous struggle, "do not fly into the mouths of the most talented artists. As a rule, you must first catch, pluck and roast them." Even the gold of Colorado exacts hard work. It cannot be picked up like the stones in the streets, nor is it to be coaxed out with kid gloves. Men of genius have seldom revealed to us how much of their fame was due to hard digging. There were many headaches before the polished verses that fall so harmoniously on your ears were tortured into shape; many a trial before Michael Angelo hewed out in marble or personated in fresco the awful conceptions of Dante. Ninety per cent of what men call genius is a talent for hard work; only the remaining tenth is the fancied ability of doing things without work.

Wm. Matthews.

SEIZE OPPORTUNITIES.—The art of seizing opportunities and turning even accidents to account, bending them to some purpose, is a great secret of success. Dr. Johnson has defined genius to be "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction." Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them.

Samuel S. Smiles.

MERIT GETS ITS PAY.—It is a common trick of persons who have failed to get on in the world, to put on an air of injured innocence and to complain of the world's injustice in conferring its honors and patronage on merely pushing men, while they, whose claims are solid, are neglected. Indeed, no old saying is oftener repeated than the threadbare one about modest merit being neglected, while pre- tentious dismerit is loaded with riches and applause. Of this stereotyped talk Washington Irving justly says that "it is too often a cant by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit, however, is too apt to be inactive or negligent

of uninstructed merit. Well matured and well disciplined talent is always sure of a market provided it exerts itself, but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for."—*William Mathews.*

TRAIN YOUR FACULTIES.—"A man so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with equal ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of—whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready like a stean engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind."—*Huxley.*

Business Letters to Business Men

BY THE EDUCATOR

Reply to an inquirer asking about the best method for circulating catalogs, whether by sending out letters inviting requests or by forwarding catalogs direct.

ANS. The experience of people who have spent a good deal of money for good catalogs, has proved that in nearly all cases, a very large percentage of it is wasted if sent on any other basis except in response to a direct request. The reason is that the average people to whom you send this matter, receive so much printed matter that much of it is never opened. They intend to open it, and if it looks attractive they intend to read it, but they don't do it. On the other hand, a piece of printed matter, sent in response to an inquiry and accompanied with a letter in the same mail, is dug out of the mess, and usually receives fairly good attention.

In the cases of the large concerns, it frequently pays to send quite sizable booklets with a letter enclosed, under full letter postage and so written on the outside. Another device is to have printed on the outside of the envelope, "This book is sent at your request."

* * *

To an inquirer about to embark in the manufacture of a staple article in a small town. He is concerned because he faces a keen competition from other cities with manufacturers whose product is substantially uniform with his own.

ANS. The same condition prevails in all staple lines. The National Biscuit Company solved it by packing soda crackers in separate packages and labeling them "Uneceda." Everybody who thinks of borax now thinks of 20 Mule Team. In Galvanized Iron the Apollo brand was worth almost as much to the United States Steel Corporation as

were the Apollo mills where the stuff was produced. We know of one case where a man who was selling just ordinary wire nails had the keg hoops stained a special color and by talking his kegs all the time and making good, built up a big trade that he was able to hold.

No matter what you make start in to sell them under a special trade name; carry it through everything and turn out nothing under that name unless it is all right from every point of view. While you cannot embark in any national advertising campaign, you can do something in your limited territory with such an article as you describe.

* * *

To a dentist who inquires: "What kind of a talk must I put to the 'shopper' who comes in, a stranger to me, asking point blank, 'What is your price for a set of teeth?'"

ANS. Don't talk price until you have the customer past the point of attention and interest. The best plan is to always keep on hand, one medium and one high priced plate. While presenting the customer with the good points of the low priced article, you can in a bungling way undertake to keep out of sight the higher priced one, and you will shortly have that woman asking questions about these others, and then instead of saying that they are too high priced for her, you can explain that they are the kind of plate you made for Mrs. Blank, who always buys the better class of everything, and the mental picture of the trim Mrs. Blank will put her in a position where she will go back to her husband and say that if such a grade is necessary for Mrs. Blank, she ought to be permitted to have some teeth like them.



The Philosopher Among His Books

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

—Francis Bacon.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. By Frances Boyd Calhoun. Reilly & Britton, Chicago.

"Ain't God a nice old man," remarked Billy, after they had swung in silence for a while, with an evident desire to make talk.

"That He is," replied Jimmy, enthusiastically. 'He's about the forgivingest person ever was. I just couldn't get 'long at all 'thout Him. It don't make no differ'nce what you do or how many times you run off, all you got to do is just ask God to forgive you and tell Him you're sorry and ain't going to do so no more, that night when you say your prayers, and it's all right with God. S'posin' He was one of these wants-his-own-way kind o' mans, He could make Hi'self the troublesomest person ever was, and little boys couldn't do nothing a tall. I sure think a heap of God. He ain't never give me the worst of it yet."

This is just a wee little sample of what you will find in the cheerful child sayings of Billy and Jimmy, two youngsters whose chief business is to get into mischief. Their views on life are decidedly interesting. They show the child-wisdom which so often puzzles old folks who have forgotten their own childhood. Miss Minerva, Billy's aunt, wants to make a nice little boy out of him so that he will grow up and become a minister. All this is very well as a plan, but Miss Minerva neglected to take into consideration the fact that Billy is a youngster with an extra supply of boyish energy, and that when anyone attempts to confine it, it is sure to break away and cause trouble. Eventually Miss Minerva decides to marry the Major and Billy gets a pony and freedom. The Major does not call him William Green Hill, but "Billy."

Billy and Jimmy will turn loose more laughter inside of you in twenty minutes than Mark Twain could do in an hour. They tell me that laughter is one of the best medicines manufactured. Folks who take themselves too seriously should take a double dose.

* * *

The Living Temple. By Dr. J. H. Kellogg, The Good Health Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

I know of no health book that is more readable than "The Living Temple." Dr. Kellogg has demonstrated that it is possible to write on what is regarded by the many as an uninteresting subject in a most interesting way. He argues that Paul was scientifically right when he said: "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." I can do no better at this point than to quote from the preface: "It is the earnest hope of the author that this little work may serve as a beacon light to some who are seeking a better way of life; that it may make clear to those who peruse its pages that there is no conflict between true science and true religion, but that sound science cannot be irreligious nor true religion unphilosophical; that to be truly spiritual is to be in the highest sense natural; that man is not totally depraved and turned over to the control of malignant agencies, but is a child of heaven, a son of God, the image and representative of his Creator, placed in the world to stand as a ruler and a prince, to subjugate every force and every object to noble and divine purposes, and to work out an eternal and felicitous destiny through co-operation with the divine spirit within him, which created him, which maintains him, which heals his diseases, which shares his griefs and sor-

rows and all his earthly experiences, and which is ever drawing upward toward heavenly and supernal ideals, supplying both the incentive and the power requisite for attaining to the best in this life and in the life to come." It is absolutely certain that only he who takes care of his body takes care of the spirit within him. He who neglects his body is neglecting his spirit. One would not think of entertaining a beloved friend in a house that was filthy with disease, yet thousands of men entertain their souls in bodies that are unclean. Good men have confessed that while they have developed the spiritual in them, they have neglected the body. They forget that it is impossible to develop one without developing the other. A clean spirit in an unclean body will become unclean. Dr. Kellogg emphasizes this. He seeks to drive home the Pauline statement. Business men and business women who are earnestly seeking to make their bodies clean and pure and fit temples for the Spirit, should read "The Living Temple."

* * *

Some Assurances of Immortality. By John B. N. Barry. R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.

Although these assurances of immortality are somewhat obscure and therefore fail to assure to any great extent, one cannot read the book without finding some thoughts that are truly worth while. The chapter on Intuition is, perhaps, the best in the book, although some, perhaps, would say the same of the chapter on Faith. That Intuition is a business asset is not to be denied. To have developed that spiritual power which enables one to sense what is right to do, is certainly to be possessed of a business-building asset of no mean value. Women have intuition developed to a higher point than most men. This is due to the fact that they are more spiritual. The finer qualities, which men lose in the rough daily struggle for existence, are used. Thus it is that oftentimes a woman's "Because" is worth infinitely more than a man's elaborately prepared argument.

* * *

Du Barry: Enchantress. By Helen Kendrick Hayes. Dana Estes & Company. Boston.

The reign of Louis XV was a mad reign of luxury. The rich were very rich and the poor were very poor. On one hand was all the pleasure; on the other all the suffering. No price was too great to pay for joy. Madame du Barry was the ruler of the king. In her hands he was as wax. The great men and the great women of his court were forced to stand aside if their desires conflicted with the great courtesan. This book gives

a good picture of the time preceding The Terror. The story centers around this one woman—a woman who rose from poverty to power and position. That she was fascinating, that she had a personality which attracted men to her as a candle attracts moths, can not be denied. Men who made history were her slaves. That she was a priestess of pleasure is true. But it must not be forgotten, when one renders a judgment, that she paid a big price for that position. And it must also be remembered that she was loved by the plain, honest country people of Luciennes. She fed the hungry. She clothed the naked. She gave drink to the thirsty. Let's not judge.

* * *

Infatuation. By Lloyd Osbourne. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.50.

Here is the story of the remaking of a man who had gone the pace by a woman whose life was spent in worshipping before the altar of love. It shows what can be accomplished by a man who earnestly desires to lead a positive life and who is helped over the rough places by a woman who loves him and who believes in his inner goodness and in his ability to make that inner goodness become outer goodness. Cyril Adair was an actor in a cheap theatre when Phyllis Ladd, the daughter of the president of the B. B. & O. railroad, sees him. Almost instantly she becomes infatuated. She invests him with all the virtues of the character in the play which he portrayed. Like a stricken matinee maiden she writes him a note telling him how his acting appealed to her. Adair asks the bartender, as he sipped a cocktail, about this Ladd girl. Later he is invited to the Ladd home where he tells the girl the story of his wild life. He had come up from the streets. He had been tough. Only one person had been kind to him and she was a woman in a Bowery mission. He remembered her. Before he leaves Miss Ladd literally throws herself into his arms and tells him she loves him. Eventually she leaves her home, marries Adair and—well, here's where the story refuses to hold to the conventional lines. Father Ladd gave them six months to tire of one another. They disappointed him. Adair, instead of going down hill, as one would naturally suppose he would after knowing his past, became a Broadway star. The innate goodness and greatness and nobility of the man were made to flower under the tender tutelage of his beautiful wife. Pessimistic philosophers may be tempted to say that the girl is too good to be true. But one cannot get away from the fact that her method of making a good husband out of a rake is truly scientific, nor is it possible for one to deny that any man with such a wife could reach mastership.



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THE WALKING CLUB

"STEPS" IN HEALTH EDUCATION

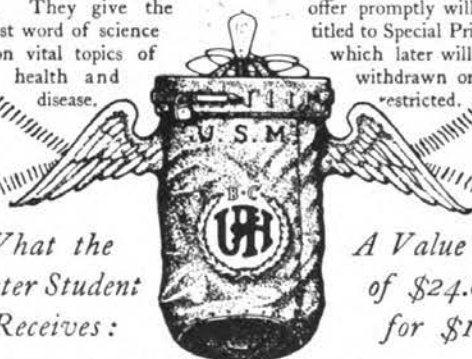
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Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher"

The Business Philosopher

A. F. SHELDON, Editor

VOL. V

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No. 7

On the Front Porch Where We Talk Things Over



FOR nearly seven years my sole aim in life has been to help other men and women become more successful. Some say that I have lived eighteen years in that time. Perhaps I have. I do not know. All I know is that I have had eighteen years' worth of happiness. Happiness comes when one, after years of work, witnesses the materialization of an ideal.

The business world is better than it was seven years ago. Modest as I am, it is impossible for me to fail to see that our institutions have helped in that betterment.

We are told that results are what the world mostly wants. Judged by results the philosophy of business building we have been teaching has usually made good.

To help you make more money is the object of my talk this month. No matter how high your ideals, no matter how sordid you may regard money making, you will not, when I have finished, condemn me for this open avowal of purpose.

In order to make a true living the first thing to do is to make a life. Scores of times have I been led to say, "Make the man right and his work will take care of itself." That statement is based on an unshakable, scientifically built foundation.

The life of business-building is the business of life-building. The work of life-building is the work of man-building.

I have lived in this merry old world for over forty years. I have visited every important city in this country during that time. I have talked with the most successful business men in those cities. I have read hundreds of books. I know biography. I have read the stories of great and good men who have been successful. *But never, in all my travels and all my studies, have I found money an unnecessary element in the life of a truly successful man or institution.*

We have been told by the wise men of all time that the object of human existence is the attainment of happiness. All men are consciously or unconsciously seeking it. One of the saddening sights of today is the thousands of men and women who are seeking happiness without light. Millions are sailing the sea of life without a compass. Perhaps the object of my life is to supply these thousands with a compass which will enable them to soon and safely reach the Port of Happiness.

THE three primary requisites for existence are: Food, Raiment and Shelter. As society is constituted today, and as it doubtless will be for many generations to come, money is necessary to supply these three essentials.

Every man and woman should have nourishing food, serviceable clothing, and a suitable shelter from the elements. Even the animals require these three things.

It is certain no one can be happy without food, raiment and shelter. Money is needed to provide these three things. Therefore money is an essential of happiness.

But do not delude yourself with the belief that money will buy happiness. It will not. Those with millions of dollars are oftentimes cursed with unhappiness of the million dollar variety.

The man who says to himself, "Lo! I will go into the market place and will devote my whole life solely to the making of money," is as foolish as that famous gentleman of the story who sat on the branch of a high tree over quicksand and sawed off the branch.

The man with the money-making ideal constantly before him is bound to fall into the quicksands of unhappiness. He cannot escape. Such a man may become a financial success. But a man can be a financial success and still fall many leagues short of being a true success. There is a difference.

* * *

AS I look across the street from the office where I am writing, I see a bank, a barbershop, a tailor-shop, a harness shop and a candy store. The object of all of these is the making of money.

Financial profit is the object of the existence of every commercial institution in the world.

Mind you, this is not saying that men and institutions have no higher motive than that of making money for money's sake. But commercially the object of business men and business institutions is to make money. The institution that fails to make profits soon ceases to exist.

When an individual fails to make profits, or fails to possess profits made by others, he ceases to exist as an active member of society and becomes lost in an alms house or some other charitable institution.

The most successful bank, provided its money is made honestly, is the one that makes the most money. The same is true of all other business institutions. Provided these institutions so conduct their affairs that they preserve their good names, the world will measure their successes by the financial prosperity they enjoy. And this prosperity depends and must be measured by the profits they make.

The same is true of every person.

I have defined salesmanship as *the sale of goods for profit*.

I have also said that salesmanship enters into all human relationships.

Since salesmanship enters into all human relations, and since salesmanship is the sale of goods for profit, and, also, since profit is an element of happiness, and,

once more, since all men are consciously or unconsciously working for happiness, all men should be vitally interested in the study of the science of salesmanship.

In this little article I do not pretend to teach the science of salesmanship. All I can do and all I shall do is to touch upon some of the high points. If by so doing I can awaken in the consciousness of my readers a desire to become more powerful business builders, I shall feel truly happy.

Upon what does the item of financial profit depend?

Let us take a bird's-eye view of the business world. We find it composed of two grand divisions connected by the arteries of transportation. These two are: Manufacturing and Selling.

Each division has four great sub-divisions. These are: The executive, the financing, the sales, and (in the case of the Manufacturing) the making, or (in the case of the Selling) the buying. In logical order: Executive, Financing, Making (or Buying) and Selling.

You can see that more than good selling, strictly so-called, enters into profit-making.

Take a manufacturing plant to illustrate this. There must be an executive to correlate the four departments, to get the executive, the making, the financing and the sales department to work together harmoniously. Without money and the proper management of the finances no institution can endure. Without a well managed manufacturing department there would be nothing to sell at a profit, and without a well organized and well managed sales department, the product could not be sold at a profit.

You can see, therefore, that all departments of a business are interdependent. That is, no department could long survive without the help of the other. Nature has provided a great law called the Law of Harmony, which these departments, if they would be successful, must obey.

The great executive is he who administers this law. According as he is successful in securing obedience to this law, is his institution successful or unsuccessful.

One of these days I shall write something on the ideal executive, showing how the science upon which the art of selling rests is also the foundation of executive ability.

* * *

EMERSON said, "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man." Like all bright sayings this is only partially true. In the commercial world today the great institution is not the "lengthened shadow of one man." The great institution is made up of the living, pulsing, confidence-inspiring personalities of many men.

The success of every institution depends absolutely upon the strength of every individual connected with that institution from the janitor to the highest official.

Every institution is as strong as the combined strength of all its officers and employees and as weak as their combined weaknesses.

This being true—and this is absolutely true—how important it is that every executive devote much time to the problem of man-building. In every scientifically

constructed organization the executive occupies his position because he is most fit for that position. He holds his position because he possesses that knowledge necessary to make all departments and all employees work together in obedience to the Law of Harmony.

Upon his strength as an executive in the selection and supervision of his department heads and their assistants, does the profit making ability of his institution depend.

That institution whose employees are efficient, whose departments are wisely managed to supply the world needed service, is bound to be successful.

* * *

SINCE an institution is but a composite personality—that is, made up of the combined personalities of its workers—the rule of success which applies to an individual applies also to it.

For years I have taught that Success and Happiness are synonymous. They are the same. And I have also taught that the successful man is he who possesses four things: health, long life, money, and honor.

It has also been part of my work to show that these four things result from true education, and I have defined true education as the drawing out of the positive (the good) qualities of body, mind and sensibilities. This is accomplished by doing two things: Feeding and Exercising.

Elsewhere I tell how this work of feeding and exercising can be done scientifically so as to develop that personality which inspires confidence—that power which radiates from the successful individual, and manifests itself in all his activities.

I know for a positive fact that any person who earnestly desires to become a power in the world, who desires to occupy a high station in life, can attain this desire. I know that men get what they desire and in just the measure of that desire. I know that by obeying the great laws of nature men can accomplish deeds which will win the admiration of the world. These statements I base upon positive knowledge of the results of living in such a way as to win health, long life, money, and honor.

John Wanamaker was once a poor boy. Abraham Lincoln was too poor to own a book of his own and had to walk miles to borrow one. Marshall Field was a clerk in a country store. Thomas Edison sold papers on a train. Napoleon was the laughing stock of his school mates, who saw no evidence of greatness in the man from Corsica. Christ was born in a manger. But why enumerate the men who have risen from the profoundness of the depths to rule upon the heights?

Won't you believe me when I tell you that you can also attain the heights?

No matter what may be your position in your institution, you can add to or subtract from its power to render service—its ability to make profits—its chances to attain great success.

The truly successful institution, like the truly successful individual, must have health, long life, money and honor.

HOW can an institution have health, long life, money and honor?

There are men who merely exist. They just "get along." They earn enough to "hold body and soul together." They render no great service. They are negative instead of positive. They are not counted as men of influence. They merely earn enough to provide themselves with the meanest of food, raiment and shelter. They are sickly, they have little money, they are not honored, and they die without knowing anything about the pleasures of old age.

These, surely, are not truly successful.

Since there are individuals of this kind, and since individuals of this kind sometimes associate together in an institution, and since an institution is a composite personality made up of the combined personalities of the individuals composing it, is it not certain that an institution made up of these weak, colorless, inefficient, unsuccessful men is bound to be weak, colorless, inefficient and unsuccessful?

And it is certain that a successful institution must be live, pulsing, vital, positive, business-building, forceful, energetic, healthy, and profit-making.

It must be healthy. It must exist for generations, or as long as the world needs the services it renders.

It must make profits so as to grow and increase its ability to serve.

The profits must be earned with honor. That is, its profits must be earned fairly and squarely and honestly. Customers must be given quality goods and excellence of service. All customers must be given satisfaction. Such treatment must be given every customer that he immediately becomes a link in an endless chain that will bring more customers and more profits. There is no reason why every institution cannot have health, long life, money and honor.

To secure these things the individuals must either consciously or unconsciously live in harmony with Nature's laws which make for growth, which develop power.

* * *

MAKE the man right and his work will take care of itself," is, as I have said repeatedly, the platform upon which the policy of this magazine rests. It is also the platform upon which my philosophy of business getting and business building rests.

The trained man always wins. Self-knowledge makes for power. Be honest with yourself. Analyze, tear to pieces yourself. Analyze your business. Look for the strong points and the weak points. Develop yourself. Get the study habit.

No matter what business you are engaged in, whether in selling your services or automobiles, you must be grounded in the basic principles of salesmanship if you would become a conspicuous success. And the basic principles of salesmanship are the principles of man building.

All business institutions are organized to make profits by serving the people. Profit is a success essential. Therefore get profits—get money.

But remember while you are getting money that money is not the whole of happiness, and that no man is a true success who does not possess health, long life, money and honor.



A Question of Price

BY ARTHUR W. NEWCOMB

“IT’S no use, Mr. Underwood, mourned Tom Chase to his chief. “Your scientific theories about high quality, tip-top service and getting the price



may look fine on paper—may be practical in some lines; but in cement work it’s price that counts, and especially with the old hard-heads in that Woodside Avenue crowd. We’ve either got to come down and meet competition, or let

Beckwith & Simmons walk off with every one of those contracts. And you know what that means—they’ll get the job of laying all the new walks the council has ordered; and that means they’ve got us on the run.”

Frank Underwood, cement contractor, smiled into the gloomy face of his rebellious solicitor, tilted back in his chair and queried:

“So you don’t think scientific salesmanship can land those contracts?”

“Frankly, no. I’ve exhausted both science and art on these property owners, and they all stand pat on the proposition that Beckwith & Simmons will do the work for ten cents a foot. They can’t see us at all with our twelve cents.”

“But that work can’t be done right, at a profit, for less than twelve cents. And you can be sure the Beckwith people will make a profit—they’ve simply got to on such a big bunch of work. You know the answer.

Killing the Scoundrelly Opposition

“O yes, I know. They’ll make up with sand and gravel what they can’t put in of cement. But you can’t make Jones and Dillingham see that. And they are the bell-

wethers in that Woodside Avenue crowd. I tell you, it’s a question of price this time, even if Sheldon is usually right. If we want to live we’ve got to figure two cents a foot out of the cost of those walks somewhere, and then go back to twelve cents after we have killed off this cut-throat competition.”

Underwood made no reply. With one eye cocked at a corner of the office, he stared without a blink for one hundred and twenty seconds, while the gas engine out in the yard played an aria with stone crusher accompaniment. Suddenly his face cleared and the two front legs of his chair came down with a bang.

“Well, so long, Tom. It’s nearly train time, and I’ve got to run into Los Angeles for a couple of days. Have the dotted lines on those Woodside avenue contracts all fittingly bedecked and bedizened with handwriting when I return. I’m going to order the material and bring down another mixer.”

Hopping into his runabout, he chugged away. And as he chugged he chuckled several quiet chucks.

And Tom Wondered

“Now what the dickens did he mean?” wondered Tom. “Does he want me to meet Beckwith & Simmons’ price? Or does he expect me to try again my ‘power of persuasion’? Nothing doing in that line—I’m pumped dry. But the old man sure counts on my lining ’em up. He’s going to buy stuff for the job, so he must have taken that way of letting me know that he has given in his great hobby. He’s daffy on salesmanship and getting the price. He’d hate to tell me right out. But that’s the only way to get ’em, so here goes.”

On the morning of the third day after, Tom Chase found his chief busy at his desk.

"Hello, Tom! How's tricks?"

"Fine and dandy! How's everything in Los?"

"Didn't have time to look up everything in that town, but what I did see was there all right. How about those contracts?"

"Got 'em all right."

"Good for you, my boy! Let's see 'em."

Tom handed the papers over bravely. But he watched anxiously the rugged face of his superior as the keen gray eyes raced through the verbiage and picked up the main points. And the quick frown he saw was what he had been half-expecting.

"Why you have these all made out at ten cents a foot! What does that mean?"

"Well you told me to get 'em, and that's the only way I could do it."

"Humph! Miss Maxwell," addressing the stenographer, "take these contracts, cancel them, and send them back, and send a note with each of them, something like this:

"Dear Sir:—I regret that I am compelled to cancel the contract I am returning with this note. But work that would satisfy you cannot be done at the price named. I thank you for the contract and am sorry that I cannot accept it. Yours very truly,
Frank Underwood."

"But great General Jackson, Mr. Underwood," protested Chase, pale with anger, "where do I get off? I'll never have the nerve to meet these people again. Besides, that means Beckwith and Simmons nab the whole bakery. We might as well pack up and get out."

The Contracts Go Back

"Young man," retorted Underwood, "you have many things to learn. One of them is that one pebble doesn't pave a street. Another is that you can't repeal the natural law. Quality of goods and excellence of service are the only solid, concrete footing for your sky-scraper of success. That's law. Now let me tell you—we can lay better walks at ten cents a foot than any one else in this town—but not good enough to build a reputation on. My name goes on every job we finish, and I see my finish if I cut two two cents worth of cement out of every foot. We do work that will be a good ad, Tom, and we do it at a profit—or we go back to the old farm. Send back those contracts by this morning's mail, Miss Maxwell."

"Say Jones, did Underwood cancel his contract with you for that cement work?" asked Dillingham on the five-thirty car that evening.

"Should remark he did," growled Jones. "I suppose that means Beckwith & Simmons get the jobs."

"Well, I have wondered all along whether we ought to pay Underwood two cents more. I've thought for years that he was a little steep and looked to see whether this new competition would force him off his high horse. So I held out on Chase, and when he came down to ten cents the other day, I thought I had gained a point. But this move of Underwood's convinces me that this price is all right. It takes nerve to turn down practically all the cement work to be done this season, and he would not have done it if he possibly could have made good at ten cents. And if he can't make good at that price, it's a cinch that the B. & S. people can't. He has the advantage of them in buying, equipment, and organization. So I'm going to get Underwood to lay my sidewalk at twelve cents. It will cost a little more to put it in, but I'll save much more in repairs and renewal."

"I guess you're right," admitted Jones. "A lot of the walks that Weddington laid while he was in business here three years ago have gone all to pieces, while I have seen some of Underwood's work ten years old that is as solid as the Democratic vote in the eighth ward."

* * *

"Mr. Underwood," ventured Chase a few days later, as he handed in the last of the Woodside avenue contracts, "I'd like to ask you a question. Not that it makes any difference now, but just to satisfy my curiosity. I'd like to know just what you expected me to do when you told me to land these contracts the day you went to Los Angeles."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, Tom, But I don't mind owning up that both you and these Woodside avenue people needed a little education."

There is nothing more important for the attainment of holiness than abstinence. Abstinence should be made an early habit, it will bring many other virtues. To him who has acquired many virtues there is nothing that can not be surmounted.
—Lao-Tse.

Something Wrong in the Sales Department

BY F. G. MOSS, President, American Sash and Door Co.

SOMETHING is wrong in the sales department, not only in our line of business but in many other lines. Leaks in the manufacturing, leaks in expense and other departments are being stopped almost every day but hardly make an impression because the men behind the guns in the sales department are making concessions on individual transactions *in excess of the average net profit on all sales*, and still worse, many of these sales are made by underhand methods or for the purpose of preventing some competitor from getting the business.

Should you desire to determine the average net profit on your sales for the past twelve months you would be unable to get the results by figuring one sale or for that matter a number of sales, the average *net profit* is indicated by the per cent that the net profit bears to the gross sales for the year.

To ascertain how much of a concession can be made without representing an *actual* cash loss on the sale, is there any line of reasoning that would justify a concession in excess of the *average* net profit?

It must be remembered that a concession made is just so much from the net profit on gross sales. Place in one column the average net profit on sales covering a period of years, in another column the average concession or cut price and you will have the deadly parallel. You will have proof that *every dollar of such business represents an actual cash loss*, very far in excess of any benefit growing out of the additional volume. Add to this loss the sacrifice to prices generally, growing out of a vicious underhand price cutting policy which competitors construe as being directed against them and then show the *big red figures* to the man that directs your sales policy and if he cries "save us from our own sins," there is still hope. True it is, some business is secured and handled at less expense, but concessions are usually made where *such saving is not* effected and in other cases concessions far in excess of any economy in handling such orders.

Does This Pay?

Think of a man spending money and time to secure business representing an actual cash loss of from five to ten per cent. Where

is the line of goods that will pay a profit of itself and carry the burden of a loss on some other lines?

Think of a man seeking business at a loss in order to prevent a competitor from getting the business. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a course is inspired on account of an imaginary grievance or a cut price to his customer, all growing out of a lack of candor among competitors.

Why not operate on broader lines? Instead of regarding competitors as conspirators against us, give them credit for trying to make an honest living in a great field. If they prove unworthy forget it and pursue the policy we have mapped out. Should they persist in cutting our published prices we may follow to our cost line at which point we will pass the business and they being a cut prices house will have to go still lower or below cost to get the business.

The adoption of the published price policy carries with it almost a total disregard of little petty reports of cut prices or unfavorable information of individual competitors.

We should never single out and make war upon some individual competitor. Every bit of energy, every bit of time and thought, every dollar spent with the purpose of injury to a competitor can be safely closed out with interest to bad accounts. Let us become reconciled to the fact that we have now and always shall have competitors *and that the proportion of business as between competitors will not be materially changed on account of cutting prices*, as competitive houses will invariably meet the price just as we would do possibly to the extent of selling at cost.

If volume must be had it should be by inducements to the buyer other than cut prices, which as stated result only in a sacrifice of margins instead of diverting the business.

Volume and Not Profit

The ambition of some merchants is volume regardless of margin. So long as they have volume they are content. It has become a disease with them. They will have it. *Why not let such houses have all the cut price business?* In order to save their own hides they will skimp the character of their product and

service and in time the discriminating purchaser will drift to the house upon whom he can depend for fair treatment.

Have you ever noticed when dealers in our line have out a very low card they will wear a serious look and fuss and stew around until they advance the price, and then they will proceed to make concessions to their competitor's customers to about the basis of the former ruinous card and give their friends or regular customers the "gaff" by billing at the higher card, and they will keep it up indefinitely.

There seems to be a disposition to regard with favor sales managers who are too narrow to eliminate personalities from their business. This is a great mistake.

Of all essentials to successful sales management, that which comes first is manly, candid, honest treatment of *competitors*.

This necessarily means the complete elimination of secret or cut prices and underhand methods and a refusal to construe any price whether high or low made by a competitor as an encroachment or malicious or unfair *so long as such prices are made open and above*.

The contest is a part of the business as it should be, but *there should be no confusion of business with bushwhacking or gum shoe methods*. Some eminently honorable merchants justify secret and cut prices by saying they must fight the devil with fire and forthwith apply the methods which they themselves condemned; and they carry it to such an extreme that they are constantly fighting phantoms and Mephistopheles sees his own image in his adversary, but in this case neither claiming to be "the only original."

Your Competitor Wants Profit, Too

Keep in mind the fact that your competitor is just as anxious to make money as you are. In attempting to meet your price (if you are not a one price house) he is shooting in the dark and is just as likely to be too low as too high. If too high, he gets another chance without extra charge; if too low, he gets the business. Why not put the target out in the open? If your competitors are foolish enough to continue too low, if necessary, the target can be placed on the ground; when they still have the privilege of going lower, but in that case do not follow. The man that persists in selling below his competitor will bury himself.

I believe you will agree that in many cases the weakest element in the market will be found to be some of the largest and strongest institutions in the business. Institutions that cannot plead "forced sales to realize;" institutions possessing to the greatest possible degree an organization equipped to furnish all the information necessary to produce competent sales managers. *Does this not suggest or prove that there is some vital element or principle lacking among what is supposed to be the best equipped sales managers?* Notwithstanding all of the information which these salesmen are in a position to secure through the various departments of the best institutions, these same sales managers are as ready in many cases to depreciate the value of their product as the smaller institution.

The merchant that is ignorant of cost is a menace to profitable merchandising, but the large institutions, who by reason of their financial ability and distributing, as they do, the major portion of the product, should not expect the small operator or salesman or broker (who has nothing at stake except that which sticks to him in the process of passing from producer to purchaser) to sustain a basis of values which they themselves do not recognize and authorize their salesmen to disregard if conditions for the moment appear to warrant their doing so to effect a sale.

In my opinion the sales manager may be equipped to the greatest possible degree with the qualifications of the best sales managers and he may still be lacking the one essential that will count more than any other in sustaining a profitable merchandising basis.

Choosing the Honest Man

If I had to choose as between two sales managers, the one equipped with a thorough knowledge of the business and a believer in the principle of publishing a price or list *as a decoy* with which to sell to the unwary and his regular customers, and deceive competitors, and ready to make concessions to the privileged few and competitor's customers, regardless of quantity or conditions, ready to avail himself of the fancy price where the opportunity presents itself; and the other a man without the technical knowledge and seeking to form a connection only with an institution representing the highest standards and best product, determined to follow in the policy of selling his product at his published price, dealing openly and above board with

customers and competitors alike; much as I value experience, in this case my decision would be prompt in favor of the man who could conduct his department so that he could say honestly that his published price represented the basis of all sales.

To my mind the two requisites that enter into successful merchandising are, first, the pursual of the policy that by reason of its fairness will appeal to the largest possible number of desirable customers, increasing year after year, each succeeding year adding new names to the customers' list and increasing the loyalty of old ones as they become impressed with the advantage of the policy. Second, sell only the best product, misrepresent nothing and secure the best price *consistent*.

No merchant will come within the requirements of the first requisite so long as his price discriminates between competitive customers on like amounts and conditions, *because to do so is as manifestly unfair as many forms of double dealing* that would forfeit all claim to confidence and the principle of like consideration to all should be the integral part and foundation stone of the policy of the successful sales manager seeking or *deserving* the confidence of the trade.

Ruinous Cut-Prices

At the present time the desired results are sought by methods differing in detail but in the main uniform in one respect, namely, authority to any salesman in any individual transaction to disregard published prices and take the business at such price as he sees fit to make or has been authorized to make if necessary. As stated this is unjust in that it discriminates between customers; furthermore it is essentially destructive to good salesmanship *and is responsible for practically all of the ruinous prices that follow light demand and breeds contempt and ill feeling towards competitors.*

A sales manager should be aggressive. But the sales manager as a rule is a high priced man and it is needless to pay high prices to have margins reduced and prices scaled down, as that can be done by the office boy. Instead of instructing salesmen to take the business at such prices as they deem it necessary in each individual case the instructions should be to let the other fellow sell some. *He will do so regardless of any price that may be made.*

The average sales office is just the reverse of what it should be. Instead of salesmen being authorized to change their price in each individual transaction according to competition, *imaginary or otherwise*, and then advising their sales chief as to the results, the salesman should be given a price and the sales manager await results and if the stock fails to move it is time to change the price or the salesman. The results obtained in the entire territory in which the sales manager has supervision, and with which he should be in close touch, will better enable *him* to determine what prices are necessary than can be arrived at by the judgment of some representative traveling only in a limited section.

Foolish Price-Cutting

At present the sales manager sends his travelers out to sell lumber in their territories with numerous instructions the first of which is to *sell goods*, get the best price possible, *which carries with it authority to make concessions at their discretion.* The traveler having in mind his chief's instructions to sell goods, encounters some very low prices. He imagines them lower than they really are and under pressure of his chief's instructions and pressure of the buyer, he proceeds to make a price that would raise gooseflesh all over the man familiar with costs.

The next day a representative of another house comes along. He actually sees with his own eyes figures made by the other fellow and what does he say and do? He says "go thou and do likewise" and he does it. Forthwith he goes armed with a new price based on precedent and not on cost and amazed at the audacity of his sales chief in *expecting* him to get the price he first asked. On he goes into the green pasture of another traveler, sowing seeds of discontent among the buyers that awaited not his coming. On he goes, leaving the yellow streak of the weak sales manager whose policy is aggressive by price cutting instead of quality and service. Crossing and following his trail a small army all in pursuit of orders, all suspicious of the other fellow, all inculcated with the commercial plague. "Cut and cover," traveling day and night in every direction, each making perhaps four towns per day, over into what has been fruitful territory only to cut but not cover, and take on business that had been better passed. Talk about news

traveling fast, "greased lightning" is not in it with the cut price.

This process goes on continually, emphasized or diminished according to supply and demand, until only in rare instances can a sale be made with any profit, and in sheer desperation to average a living price *the confiding customer and regular buyer has the grab hooks thrown into him for the top price.*

Analyze Your Position

There is no use of worrying about conditions without at least attempting to analyze the situation, locating the cause and if found apply the remedy. *Who* is responsible for the needless sacrifice in marketing merchandise as staple as ours. I believe a careful analysis as to the cause of demoralized price will convince any one that there is no question but the *sales manager is responsible and clearly to blame* for the needless sacrifice. But it is owing to the method of selling rather than through lack of technical knowledge of manufacturing or some other distinct branch of the business.

No one can analyze this proposition thoroughly free from prejudice without reaching these conclusions; first, that he cannot eliminate competition; second, that competitors will sell some goods regardless of any price, hence instead of reducing the published or quoted price on individual bills to meet some reputed quotations, which in many cases is on a different character or quantity of material, better pass the business. Third, sending salesmen out with instructions to make concessions, has the effect only of weakening the market. *Confidence in the value of our own product will inspire confidence of those whom we seek to sell.* Fourth, *Adhering to published prices he will contribute the strongest factor to profitable merchandising.* Fifth, *absolute candor in all transactions with customers and competitors, so as to inspire their utmost confidence.*

Weak-Price Policy Means Disaster

The general that stations his men to picket the line enforces rigid discipline, not on account of the harm that might befall the careless watch, but to prevent disaster overtaking his entire forces. A weak price policy will more surely bring commercial disaster.

Get together any number of salesmen and the chances are every man will contend and believe that he has done the least cutting and

that his sales have netted the best price. The same contention will be made by one hundred sales managers, or for that matter, proprietors. It follows that in this connection *one* is right and *ninety-nine* are wrong as only one could be getting the best price. This suggests the question, *are we fooling ourselves?* Who is sure enough the one-hundredth man? It strikes me that the ninety-nine in this case are situated about as the man who imbibed too freely and retired. In the middle of the night he awoke and thought he saw a monkey sitting on the foot of his bed. He rubbed his eyes, reached for his revolver, took aim at the supposed monkey and said, "if you are a monkey, you are in a h—l of a fix, if not I am in a h—l of a fix."

I do not contend that the one price house realizes more money for the same goods than its competitors. As the average prices on similar goods whether sold under a one price policy or otherwise must be on a competitive basis, or about equal, in order to command the trade, everything else being equal. This I believe all will admit to be true *and of itself proves conclusively the fallacy of making prices under cover or contrary to published prices.*

Some may ask wherein the advantage to the one price house, if as stated only the same average price is obtained. The advantage is first, in knowing that every customer has been treated fairly; second, *the trade knowing that open orders sent will be furnished at the lowest price brings a tremendous volume of business that in the absence of the one price policy could be secured only at great expense by reason of the necessity of a personal interview.* Under the cut price policy frequently the salesmen, sales manager, and general manager are called upon to give their time and energy in the consideration of individual sales of minor importance. Apply this in your own case. No doubt you know of clothing houses doing a large business who make all kinds of reductions and others that have one price and that price is *right.* *Which plan appeals to you?* Third, the work of handling the business after secured is minimized by reason of the uniformity of price schedules used by the entire office and sales force. Fourth, the general benefit resulting from a policy giving stability to the market which if supported by any considerable number of distributors by selling at their pub-

lished price would be appreciated by the buyer and insure a market that would be steady and profitable twelve months in the year.

No Advantage in Cutting

Supply and demand will affect market conditions more or less, but a rational adjustment of prices to meet market conditions from time to time will never result in a stampede to unload staple goods regardless of cost of replacement.

No reputable merchant should be willing to admit that in order to dispose of his product he must slaughter the price more than any of his competitors, *and no thoughtful merchant will long entertain the idea that his cut price will not be met by others and the temporary advantage gained, if any, is sacrificed many times in the demoralization that follows.* Water will seek its own level and the merit of the product and the house offering it will determine the concessions necessary in disposing of the goods offered. A cut price has the effect of discrediting the goods and the house offering them.

We have seen a long period of much preaching and little performance. Talk is cheap. Hours and days, aye months have been spent expatiating upon the failure of prices made and needless sacrifice of margins, all of which in the light of past experience has been made in most cases *for the benefit of the other fellow, and were "con talks"* pure and simple, the net results of which have been a failure, for the sole reason that the secret prices made by the other fellow have been the justification for apply-

ing the same methods. Why not get right ourselves? If the policy of no discrimination as between the purchaser is right the other is wrong. *Let's be consistent.* Don't blame a competitor for cutting his card if you are ever guilty of cutting your own.

Treat All Alike

As there appears to be a disposition to misconstrue a one price, or published price policy, I wish to emphasize that an honest discussion of the one-price policy does not permit the injection of unreasonable propositions, such as selling a pound of something, at the same price per pound as would be asked on a car-load order. *One price should mean, if a published price is distributed, it should represent absolutely the only price at which the goods would be sold in that territory.* If the price is on a commodity that is marketed without distributing a published price, the seller should determine a price he would make, and that should be the basis of all sales. *It does not mean the same price on all quantities or in all territory.*

The size and nature of an order in many cases materially affect the cost of production, and handling the competition and other conditions might rightly be a factor in determining the price to be made in different territory, so that in doing business under the one-price policy it matters not whether it is styled one price or selling at published price, or one price on like amounts. The substance of any or all simply means make a price that is fair and reasonable, providing for the various quantities, *let the prices be an open book to competitor and customer.* Treat all alike.

How to Use Telephones and Advance Cards

BY GEORGE H. EBERHARD

SURPRISINGLY little use is made of the telephone by salesmen. Yet the telephone can be made to save time and energy and money. It can be made to do a world of necessary work for the salesman. The proper use of it will aid him greatly in increasing his efficiency.

The salesman who is a student of his work and who thinks regularly of everything he does, who sums up every act, every sale, every business-building move, will soon come to

regard the telephone as one of his greatest helpers and friends.

But every salesman must remember that it takes more than a telephone message to a customer to sell goods.

The telephone can be used to find if customers some distance from headquarters are in town. By means of this instrument, and at the expenditure of but a few moments of time and comparatively little energy, a salesman can oftentimes save himself many

miles of useless travel. By means of a few moments conversation with the prospective customer or one of his helpers, much valuable information can be gleaned.

If long distance trade can be taken care of by means of a wire, if the element of gambling is eliminated, every salesman can work more efficiently, can accomplish more in less time at less cost of time and energy. To miss a man after a long walk or a long ride, and to be compelled to either ride or walk back without profit, is a waste that cannot be made up. To save time avoid waste. Once wasted, time is gone forever.

It is easy to call up a new house and learn the name of the buyer. Whoever answers the telephone will usually find out when he is in and what is the best time to see him.

If for some reason a customer cannot be visited, just telephone and tell him why. This will show that you remember him even when you are unable to go to him for business. It will pay.

Do You Use Advance Cards?

And then there is the advance card. Some salesmen never use them. I claim that the proper use of the advance card results in good that cannot be estimated.

I find that it gives me an opportunity of laying out my route for two or three days ahead. It compels me to check over my rating book and my customers' lists so as to get the names of proper persons to mail the cards to. This keeps the names of prospective customers in mind. It also compels those who receive the cards to keep me in mind. They are forced to anticipate my arrival.

Cards may also be used to remind customers of business that they promised to send in by mail. They also serve to carry messages to dealers that, for some reason, have not been visited. They serve to announce new specialties. But the big thing is this: They constantly bring the name of the salesman and his house before the eyes of buyers. The advertising value of these cards is great.

The salesman who uses both the telephone and the advance card is bound to increase his efficiency and his orders. In these days of strenuous competition and the consequent necessity of every salesman utilizing every bit of his time to advantage,

it is necessary to remember the telephone and the advance card, and use them regularly.

The salesman who uses understandingly all of the little things that go to make up the total of success in salesmanship can not fail to be a one-hundred-per-cent man.

How to Get and Hold Attention

DO you prance serenely into the presence of a buyer and present your card with a flourish that would please a Delsarte teacher?

If you do you should be ashamed of yourself. It is unscientific. Worse than that, it is a crime.

I was once present at a killing which was brought about by a cutlery salesman presenting a card upon which was his firm's name, business, and all the rest of the nonsense.

"We are satisfied," said the buyer to him, "with what we have. Besides, we have seen your stuff before."

Mind you, this was the regular Turn-down—a cold frosty morning, arctic turn-down. And not a sample had been shown! Just a bit of pasteboard had passed from the hand of the salesman to the buyer—a bit of pasteboard that immediately put the buyer on the defensive.

It is to be regretted that buyers do not realize that salesmen really desire to serve them. They are still suspicious. They think that the salesman is their enemy in too many instances.

So, when a buyer is handed a card he gives the answer an ordinary man would give to a footpad who came up on a crowded street in broad daylight and politely asked for a watch and a pocketbook.

The natural answer is "No."

But supposing that cutlery salesman had merely smiled and handed the buyer a knife of the attention getting kind. Every line has leaders, and these leaders should be used as the attention getters. The mere placing of an attractive knife in the buyer's hands would have secured instant attention. This should immediately have been followed by a display of the other samples, the advertising matter, and the rest of the sales paraphernalia. Then the minute the buyer's lips began to move, Mr. Salesman might have said something like this:

"Now, this is not going to cost you a cent. I know you are a man of open mind and I can show you what should be the means of adding to your fund of information. I am sure you will not even accuse me of over-enthusiasm when I tell you I believe I can give you an idea which will put more money into your purse and add customers to your store."

When a salesman gets that far he ought to be able to go right through to the sale.

Getting through the "No" gate is always difficult for the first time. But when a salesman is once past that danger point, few buyers are rude enough to call out the bulldog.

The more interest the buyer shows the weaker is his defense. Learn how to get attention, but don't forget that getting attention is the easiest thing to do. The real work comes in in arousing interest, changing interest to desire, and, finally, bringing about the resolution in the mind of the buyer to purchase.

When the salesman keeps clearly in mind that his mission is to serve the buyer and proves that he can help the buyer make greater profits and secure more customers, the sale is close at hand. Few buyers can get away from an earnest, sincere, enthusiastic selling talk in which the interests of the buyer are placed in the lime light.

Why You Should Sell Quality Goods

BY F. G. MANNING

THE question of loyalty between dealer and consumer has not been agitated enough, considering the vital importance that this relation bears in the buying and selling of goods. To effect a perfect understanding, absolute confidence must be established in the mind of the consumer, that the dealer is giving him the best goods, the best service and the best prices consistent with obtaining a fair margin of profit.

The wise dealer realizes that the great business enterprises of today have been built up by selling honest goods which can be conscientiously guaranteed. He cannot afford to offer for sale articles which he knows are inferior, because experience has taught him that the discerning consumer buys goods on the supposition that they are reliable and serviceable. Aside from this fact, it is reasonable to suppose that dealers limit the scope of their business when they allow price to overtop all other considerations.

The main consideration of every dealer should be—how can I raise the plane and quality of my custom; the answer is—handle only those goods which you can guarantee. Reliable goods cannot be made except under good conditions and if the dealer is in possession of all the facts relative to the merchandise he dispenses, he knows that good goods cannot be made cheap.

It takes just as much time, and sometimes more, to sell an inferior article as it does a good one, and in the educational process, which is necessary for the customer who comes to buy, and who does not know exactly what he wants, is it not good business to present the reliable article instead of the inferior? Once a customer is won to a sale, on goods of this character, what is more natural than his return to purchase other articles perhaps of a different character?

Have No "Transient Trade"

Much has been said about "transient" trade. Broadly speaking it is the sale of goods to a customer whom we *expect* to sell today only. Some dealers are situated in localities where such trade is greatly in the ascendent. Some of these have argued that they see their trade but once and why not make the most of them while they are here; others, wiser in their day and generation, have consistently said *no* to the purchasing of inferior goods to be sold at the same price as first class articles, and these have built up large businesses which have yielded them steady returns. Which of us can tell whether the next customer we sell will not develop into a large user of our merchandise! Can we afford to trifle with his integrity for the paltry gain of a few cents or dollars?

American people are quick to appreciate good treatment and as quick to resent injury. It is then to the interests of all dealers, for the furtherance of their business, be their customer transient or otherwise, to give good service and good values.

There are evidences of awakening in all walks of life to the realization that it does not pay to buy or sell cheap goods. They don't give the service, nor can they, because they are not made on honor. As an instance of the trend of the times, editors of

newspapers and magazines are even now refusing to sell advertising space for the exploitation of goods of questionable quality—some even going so far as to absolutely guarantee every article advertised in their columns. This is good news and is a move in the right direction.

Let us all get in line, whether we are consumers or producers, and give our support to the movement by patronizing those whom we know are responsible for reliable and dependable goods.

Make Your Personality Count

BY LUTHER D. FERNALD

WHEN Jack Johnson, champion heavyweight, started in the business of beating up his fellow men, he made a distinct contribution to present day business philosophy.

It all came about in this wise. Johnson, stranded in a small Illinois town, had stopped his aimless wandering and his rampant hunger by convincing the promoter of a local "main" that seven negroes would make a better pugilistic attraction than six—and that even a Texas nigger couldn't fight without having had at least one full meal in four days before.



In the "main" or "battle royal" of the old days, you'll recall, half a dozen negro pugilists were put into the ring at once, to fight in furious free-for-all until one man outstood the rest.

When Johnson, a stranger in a strange land, climbed through the ropes, the six local boxers held a council of war, and decided to lay out the alien in a six-against-one attack, and then to settle things amongst themselves.

"Texas," sneered one of the bruisers, just before the gong sounded, "I never hearn tell of any Texas coon what could fight; you-all'd better crawl outer dis ring afore yuh gits hurted."

Now Johnson is mighty proud of Texas, even if Texas hasn't expressed itself as so

proud of him. With him necessity was always the mother of contention, but when vindication of native repute was added to satisfaction of personal appetite, there was blood in his eye. And when, figuratively, blood comes into Jack Johnson's eye, it always means, literally, blood in the other fellow's.

It isn't essential to detail how three of the local darkeys jumped out of the ring to escape the annihilation that Johnson's bruising right and left meted out to those three easiest of access.

What is significant is Johnson's laconic comment to the referee, "Ah reckon Texas'll count foh more to dem niggers now dat ah counts foh more."

What a bulls-eye! In the battle royal of business does the house you're a part of "count for more" because your personality "counts for more"?

Do the fellows who "buck" your house feel that they've got to "buck" you? Do they find your red-blooded activity where they expected only the ponderous resistance of a soulless corporation?

Conversely, do the customers of the house feel that your tangible personality displaces the usual corporate intangibility? Do they look to you when they want things done? Do they think of you when they think of what the house means to them?

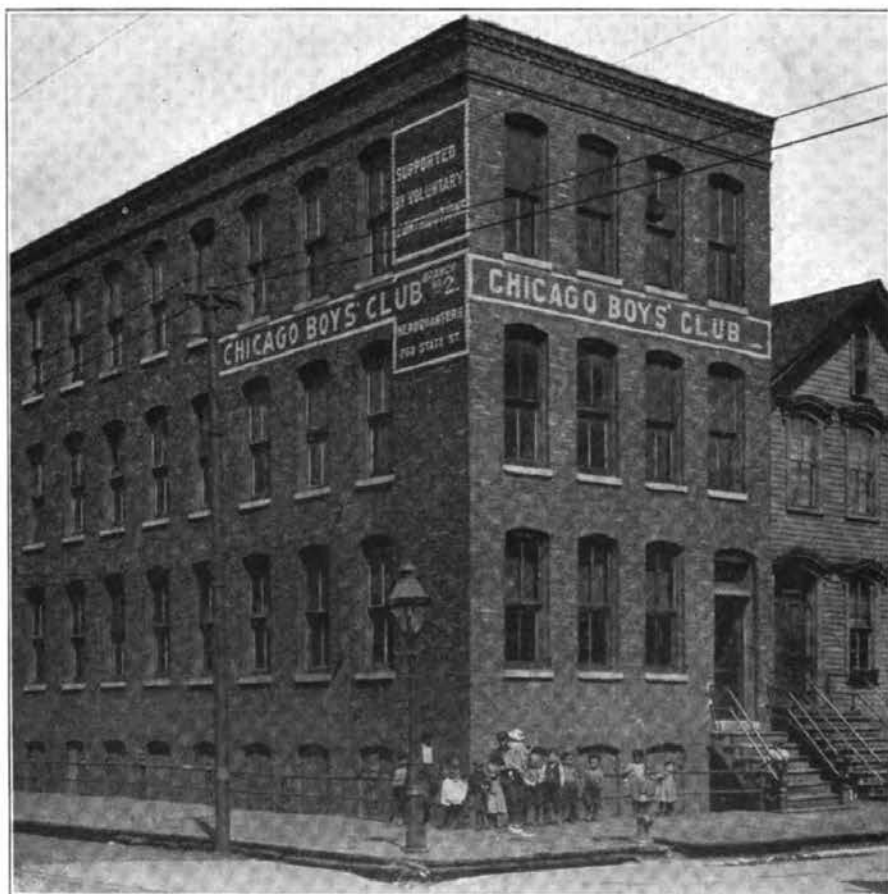
Current business history spells this dogma out of the success of the successful and the failure of the failures: *Read personality into a business if you would have that business succeed.* For, after all, the success of any institution is measured by the dominant

personality of the man behind, transmitted and made effective by the compelling personalities of the men in front. Personality is the potential of success.

The farmer who got a "personal" letter from A. Montgomery Ward asking his patronage gave it twice the attention that the impersonal suggestion of Smith & Jones received. You like to dine at Martin's because you're "it" so far as one man is concerned from the moment you're

indoors until you've donned your gloves again; one steward follows you personally through the whole prandial program. Marshall Field's salary figures would be smaller by thousands of dollars if business experience had not taught the cheapness of expensive personal attention to individual customers.

The pawns don't count for much in chess or business; they're necessary, but it's the pieces that can make themselves felt individually that win the game.



Home of the Chicago Boys' Club at 188 Gault Court. Here men are made from street arabs

Inventive Genius Applied to Saving Boys

BY L. B. TROWBRIDGE

In this brief article, Mr. Trowbridge gives a condensed story of the founding of the Chicago Boys' Club. This organization is engaged in the great work of man-building. It takes the children of "the disinherited" and changes them from gutter rats into efficient men. Truly this is a great work. Mr. Atkinson, founder of the club, discovered

years ago that the slums caused untold misery. He has in a measure provided an instrument for overcoming one of the slum evils. One of these days some wise man will tell the world what causes the slums and will suggest a remedy. Mr. Trowbridge does not mention the economic and sociological evils which produce "gutter rats." He merely tells what

one man has done to give the victims a chance to become efficient working men and women.—Editor's Note.

The other day I had an hour's conversation with an old veteran of industry. He is now eighty-two years of age, but his mental faculties are still alert and active. This man, in his day, was a great inventor. He has taken out twenty-one different patents for the improvement of machinery. His son has made thirty-four inventions.

The purpose of my call upon this old grizzled warrior of trade, was to interest him in some human possibilities, to gain his attention, arouse his interest, to create in him a desire, and finally to get his name on the dotted line with a liberal contribution to help the boys on their way to manhood; but before I ventured to force this subject upon him, I listened for almost an hour to the relation of his deeds.

He told me in modest, but enthusiastic tones, that he was the inventor of the woven-wire fence. He first conceived the idea of building a wire fence that would effectually hold cattle, hogs and sheep, a fence heavier and more durable than that made of chicken wire and safer and more effective than that of barbed wire. After the invention of the fence came the problem of constructing a machine which would make it. This he accomplished successfully.

Later he invented a fence of heavy wire pickets to take the place of the old wooden picket fence. He invented a machine to make these pickets. After this machine had been in use for several years, he announced that he would build a new machine which could turn out as many pickets in an hour as the old machine made in a week. By this time his employers had such great confidence in his

constructive genius that they told him to go ahead.

They gave him three months time on full pay and all the men, tools, and material he needed with which to work out his plans. As a result of this the old machines were thrown out, and in less than three months the new machines were installed. So carefully and so wisely had he conceived his ideas, that from the very first turn of the belts the machines worked perfectly. In details too long to relate, he told me of his many wonderful inventions, which had made possible a great industry, provided for the employment of thousands of men, added greatly to the riches and progress of the nation. He waxed enthusiastic over the results of his labors. Finally I began to remind him that everybody who had amounted to anything in the world had been an inventor; that Columbus had invented a way to interest King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella in his project to compass the globe, and that by this means he had discovered a continent. Our forefathers invented a form of government which has made the nation what it is. Great men have invented new laws, new creeds, new educational methods, new ways of helping their fellows.

Then I began to tell him of a great inventive genius which has been applied to the problem of saving the neglected boys of



A group of children in the alley. These filthy, narrow, noisy alleys are the only available playgrounds for the children of the poor.

our city streets. I told him of J. F. Atkinson who, years ago, looked and saw the jails and penitentiaries filling up with young men. He looked for a cause of this and discovered the slums. He looked for a remedy and conceived the idea of a Boys' Club. "Truly," I told him, "Boys' Clubs had been in existence before this one was organized, just as wire fences were used before you invented your kind offence, but this man discovered a better kind of boys' club than had ever been known before. You invented a fence which would hold hogs and sheep as well as horses and cattle:—well, he invented a boys' club which would hold 'alley rats' and 'gutter-snipes' and would develop them into the men of tomorrow'".

"You have told me how you made your fences; now let me tell you how this man made his Boys' Club, and how he made it succeed. Way back in the eighties this man left his place behind the counter in a little store which he owned out in Iowa, and started in to save the boys. He joined his forces with that of a child saving institution in that State, and spent in that work about a dozen years of his life. Finally he left Iowa and came to Illinois, engaging in similar work here. This new field threw him in touch with the great needs of Chicago. His goings and comings around and about the cesspools, the dens and the hovels of Chicago's underworld, led him to see there a great crying need.

"After long thought and prayer, and investigation, he set to work to put in operation his plan. First he called together a body of the leading philanthropists of the city and divulged to them his scheme for saving the boys. Some of them discouraged and some encouraged; but finally a few of them told him to go ahead and they would back him.

"At first he opened a little place on La Salle Street where he prepared his literature, sent out his appeals and raised the funds necessary for starting the project. After a few months of preparation he opened a room on the third floor of a building on State Street, and there he admitted a few of the ragged waifs of the street to enjoy some games which he had provided.

"These few boys could not keep a good thing to themselves, so they invited others, with a result that soon his one room was crowded to overflowing with a noisy, vivacious, clamoring lot of youngsters such as

one can find nowhere save in the slums of a great city.

"As the numbers increased, his inventive skill was exercised in finding the right thing to do for them. The idea struck him that a street boy ought to be taught to do something as well as to know something, and that he ought to be taught to work as well as to play. His idea crystallized into the theory that "industrial training is the key that is to unlock the street boy problem;" so he went to work to put his theory into practice. Besides his game rooms, his gymnasium, his reading-rooms, and his baths, he opened shops where the boy could be taught carpentering, printing, shoe-cobbling, basket-weaving, book-binding, free-hand and mechanical drawing, etc.

He and his co-laborers studied each individual boy, discovered the thing which appealed to him most, and then tactfully led the boy into the study or practice of that thing, thus developing his life and his talents in a natural way.

"Of course, during all this time this man was using his inventive powers to their utmost for the purpose of getting his work before the public.

"He found that the attention, the interest, and the financial help of the business men and people of wealth was being solicited from all sources, by fakes, by charlatans, by doubtful enterprises of all kinds, as well as by many, many other causes as worthy as his own. He worked out a plan and is still working out new plans of getting the needs of the boys, and the possibilities and results of the work before the people, of winning their confidence in him and his project, and of enlisting them as links in an endless chain to bring others into a state of interest, of confidence, and of financial help. He found that in order to gain and to hold the confidence of the people he must keep growing, he must constantly invent new features to improve the work, he must 'make good' more and more and be able to show results of his labor which would justify men in assisting him.

"As the boys grew up, he found that at about the age of fifteen or sixteen, they naturally drifted away from the Boys' Club and went out into the world to work for themselves. In order to keep in touch with them and to see that they found employment under the best conditions, the

plan of an Employment Bureau was evolved. Now the older boys are not only placed in positions at the rate of about one hundred each year but they are followed up and kept under supervision until their career is settled.

"A few years ago it was found that many of the boys were handicapped in their city positions on account of the temptations and allurements which were all about them, so the plan was devised of sending them out into the country where Illinois farmers are glad to take boys and where help is sorely needed. This plan has developed until fifty or more are sent out each year.

"Early in the history of the work some little girls, sisters and neighbors of the boy members of the club, came beseeching that a school be opened for them. As this call became more insistent finally a small Girls' Club was opened on South State Street. Here were begun a small kindergarten and classes in cooking, sewing and dress-making. A year or two later the location of this Girls' Club was moved over to the North Side of the city on Division street, and the name was changed to the Chicago Girls' Trade School under the auspices of the Chicago Boys' Club.

"Here the girls of the slums were instructed in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, and fancy box making. Only a few weeks ago this Girls' Trade School was moved to a larger building on Wells Street."

To sum up my talk I told the man that, owing to the inventive genius of the founder of this work and his co-laborers, the institution has grown in the short space of eight years, from one room and three boys, until it now occupies the most of three large buildings and enrolls a membership of over twelve hundred needy boys and girls of the city slums. The headquarters comprise the entire three upper floors of a building at No. 262 State Street, the Girls' Trade School occupies the two upper floors at 457 Wells Street, and Branch No. 2 for the boys occupies the entire four floors of a large building at No. 188 Gault Court, in the heart of the notorious "Little Hell" district.

Then I told him that there are other clubs in the United States which have been in existence longer than the Chicago Boys' Club; that in fact there are at least one hundred and twenty-five of them located in one hundred different cities and thirty different states; that these clubs are reaching



THE FINISHED PRODUCT

very much the same class of boys in other cities and meeting the same need; but that the founder of this institution has invented a better and more practical way of doing the work than that which is used by any other.

He believes that a Boys' Club should be not simply a playhouse but a workshop, a place where real live waifs of the street are "put upon an anvil and hammered into shape." He believes also that a waif of the street should not only be taught how to work but how to live, that character is at the foundation of success.

So, to a greater extent than in any other Boys' Club of which I know, this institution is a factory for turning out men of character, trained physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, fitted in hand and heart for the battles of life.

As a few examples of the success of the work I told the man the stories of Aby, of Sollie, of Jimmy, and of Nellie.

Aby and his four younger brothers were among the first members of the Chicago Boys' Club. The mother of these boys, a worthy Jewish widow, conducted a saloon only a few blocks away. After a few months of attendance at the club, the boys began to drop remarks at home about the undesirable nature of the work in which their mother was engaged. As time went on the boys began to think with shame about the business which procured their daily bread. Finally Aby proposed to his mother that he would support the family if she would close the saloon. The boy applied to the Clubs' Employment Bureau, and a splendid position was found for him in a down town office. Soon this boy and one of his elder brothers were earning enough to support the family, and they have been doing so ever since.

Sollie is another Jewish boy whose mother lived in a filthy tenement in one of the worst slum districts in the city. He came to the Boys' Club first as a forlorn, ragged waif

of the street. After attending for some time, the club obtained a position for him in the drug department of a large department store. He worked there for several months, and attended the club every evening, but still lived with his mother in the crowded slum tenement. When the boy had grown into a manly, noble, thoroughly reliable young man, the employment officer saw where he could better the boy's position, so he was taken out of the department store and placed in a large office. In this new position he has been rapidly promoted, until now he has taken his mother out of the slum tenement, rented a nice flat in the residence district, and is living in respectability and comfort.

Jimmie is an Italian boy, brought up in a densely congested slum district, living in a home where filth, squalor, sin and crime abounded. He came to the Boys' Club. After several years of attendance he was definitely converted in one of the gospel meetings. Seeing that he could not live his new life in his old surroundings, he was sent through the Employment Bureau out into the country to live on a farm. He is now attending High School, and expects, with the help of the man with whom he is staying, to continue his education through college.

Nellie, her father, her mother, and three other children lived in a dark cellar underneath a saloon. The cellar is more like a dungeon than a home. Into the two rooms where the family live, the sunlight never comes. The Directress of the Chicago Girls' Trade School found Nellie, a girl of fifteen years of age, living in a den of vice where her drunken father had driven her because she could find no other employment. Nellie was taken into the School where she has since been learning the trade of millinery. In a few months she will go out into the world prepared to earn a decent wage and to live a decent life.





Jacques—Master Shoemaker

BY JOHN A. MURPHY

WHY is it that the world has produced so few, so very few, masters? Of the millions that have lived and worked and died, only a few thousand have achieved such distinction that they can be christened masters. In order to be a master, one must work his way up through all the different stages of efficiency until at last he is doing his work so well that it is almost perfect. Of course there is no such thing as perfect work, as perfection is an ideal that is, as yet, impossible for man to attain.

But why do so few become masters? The answer is easy. Some one has said that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Mastership is this and more. To be a master, one must do his work a great deal better than it has ever been done before. He must originate new and better ways of performing his task.

Carlyle said, "The king is the man who can."

The master is he who does his work more efficiently than that same work has ever been done before. Therefore, the reason that the vast majority do not become masters is because they are content to leave well enough alone. They feel satisfied because they do enough to hold their jobs, or perhaps because they are doing all that is expected of them, but masters do ten times more than they are expected to do. Stradivarius was not content to make an ordinary violin. When a boy, he dreamed of making the best violin the world had ever seen. He worked hard day after day and year after year, and in forty years had the satisfaction of seeing his ideal realized.

Men Who Have Done Things

James Oliver started business to make a better plow than had ever been made before. He succeeded, but it took years of indefatigable work.

Bessemer wasn't satisfied with the way his contemporaries were making steel. He studied the subject for years, and finally gave to us the famous Bessemer process.

Noah Webster thought there ought to be a better dictionary of the English language. He set about to make one. It took him thirty-six years.

Gibbons said to himself that it was his duty to write the best history of the Roman Empire.

He accomplished his task after twenty years of steady plodding.

Edison has done a thousand or more things that no one ever thought of before. He has contributed mightily to the sum of the world's progress.

All these men are masters. All those mighty and great characters whose names illuminate history's pages, were masters. They did things that were never done before. You will find that all those who achieve distinction in any line of work are masters. They do original things. They accomplish all the tasks that duty or necessity may lay before them, but in addition they do more. They exercise their initiative. They do something new, something unheard of, something undreamed of.

A Maker of Shoes

Joseph R. Jacques did something no one succeeded in before his time. He was a shoemaker. He started out as a mere cobbler, and after many years of faithful study and diligent work he succeeded in becoming such a good shoemaker that his name and fame spread, in a quiet way, all over the country.

The present shoe, manufactured in so many different styles and put out under so many different trade marks, is the result of the thoughts and the efforts of several hundred generations of shoemakers.

The evolution of shoes from the sandals of the ancients to the latest 1910 styles, is a long and interesting story. Foot comfort has always been demanded by every one. Shoemakers have always been obliged to make shoes that fit reasonably well and that render walking free and easy. However, this task was an easy one. All they had to do was to follow the original model or the last, making slight changes from time to time. Any person with a normal foot could be fitted with a shoe that would not hurt, and that would give a maximum of satisfaction. This condition has prevailed for hundreds of years, but all this time a person with an imperfect, crippled or abnormal foot could not get a shoe that would give comfort.

Until very recently, cripples were not very highly regarded, anyway. They were tolerated. People regarded them as unavoidable nuisances. At many times during the progress of the human race it has been proposed that statutes be framed, making it illegal for a cripple to exist. Even some of our modern, so-called educators have declared that deformed children should be put to death immediately after birth. Therefore, is it any wonder that no attempt was made to make shoes for those who had deformed feet? Through all the ages these unfortunate ones were obliged to do the best they could, and suffer discomfort and inconvenience, without any hope of ever being helped, except, perhaps, by death itself. Those whose physical members are all sound and perfect have no conception of the difficulties that a cripple has to contend with. These difficulties are increased tenfold if the disability deprives the cripple of the enjoyment of a normal function, such as comfortable walking.

This Man Saw a Need

Jacques saw this condition. He saw it more clearly than any one else. He also saw where he could do much to remedy it. He cast his vivid imagination into the future and pictured himself helping thousands of poor cripples to a keener and fuller enjoyment of life. His enthusiasm got the best of him and immediately he started to work on the attainment of his ideal. That was in 1890. At that time Jacques lived in Hancock, Michigan. In 1891 he moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, realizing that in the Twin Cities, having the entire northwest to

draw from, he would be better able to work out his plan.

He reasoned as follows: The human foot has a certain definite shape. Shoes are being made to fit that shape. If nature saw fit to make it so, the foot could be some other shape. One can picture at least five or six possible foot designs, all of course resembling the normal foot. Now, if shoemakers have been able to make a satisfactory shoe for the normal foot, why couldn't they make a shoe for any one of the possible five or six foot forms that can be imagined? Of course they could do it. If the human foot happened to be an entirely different form from what it is, shoemakers would have made shoes to fit it nevertheless. "Therefore," he said, "I will work on the presumption that every human being has a different shaped foot. I will presume that I am the first man to make a shoe, and will forget all about the existence of previous models. I will take the measurement and determine the exact shape of the feet of every customer who comes to me. I will make a last patterned after the foot of each."

He Failed Often

With this idea in mind Jacques set to work. He suffered many discouragements. He failed hundreds of times. Making a shoe that would fit every crippled foot perfectly was indeed a hard task. He tried experiment after experiment. He had to make a shoe that would do the work that nature should have done. As I said before, it took hundreds of years, and countless scores of shoemakers to evolve the modern shoe for a normal foot. It took Jacques only three or four years to evolve a satisfactorily fitting shoe for the deformed foot. He accomplished in a few months for the cripple what it took thousands of shoemakers hundreds of years to accomplish for those with natural feet.

The shoe he finally succeeded in making so well was built on this basis. The exterior of the shoe resembles the ordinary model. Within this shoe he made another shoe to fit exactly the deformed foot. He built his foundation and did the filling with cork. The shoes which Jacques turned out of his shop were stylish, were made to any kind of a deformed foot, and gave untold satisfaction to their wearers.

Cripples came to Jacques from all over the United States. He made shoes for them that they never even dreamed of being able to get. After visiting Jacques they returned home., leaving their crutches, canes, braces and straps behind them. For the first time in their lives they knew the joy of being able to walk like other folks. It wasn't long before Jacques had more than he could do. He took in an apprentice or two. The work was so absolutely new and required so much thought that the training of others was a difficult and tedious matter, but in this Jacques also succeeded admirably.

Did Not Seek Great Riches

Jacques did not aim for great riches. Of course he had to charge a big price for his shoes, but he got his greatest satisfaction from the knowledge that he was rendering a great service to his fellow men. That he was giving physical comfort and happiness to many cripples, meant more to him than the accumulation of money. Others have

attempted what Jacques has done. Some have succeeded partially, but most of them have failed. To make a Jacques shoe requires extraordinary skill. It requires brain stuff and soul stuff. It is work that only a man of *area* can do.

Jacques died October 14, 1907. His rest was well earned. He left behind him a reputation that will last longer than any monument of brass or marble. Those whom he helped, and they are thousands, loved him.

The work he had done so masterfully is now being successfully carried on by his two assistants, Henry Becker and John Scavarda. He trained these men well, and no doubt they will in turn train others. As a result of Jacques' idea and of his invention, the time will soon come when people with deformed feet in all parts of the world will be able to get shoes to fit them, shoes, like Jacques', that walk easy and that wear well from six months to two years.

Great indeed was Joseph R. Jacques—master shoemaker.

A Song of Cheer

BY JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

Ain' no use in sighin',
Jes' cheer up an' smile!

* * *

Worl' ain' sech a bad place
As some people say;
Got its joys an' sorrows
Every other day.

If today is cloudy,
Have your share o' fun;
For it's more'n likely
'Morrow there'll be sun.

Other people's troubles
Don' seem much to us;

Yet if we should have 'em
Don' we raise a fuss?

Tell you, human natur'
Is a funny thing;
Men who're most unlucky
Them's the one's who sing.

Hol' your head up, stranger;
Strike out strong an' bol' ;
This here thing called "Courage"
Wuth its weight in gol' !

* * *

Ain' no use in sighin',
Jes' cheer up an' smile!



The Northwestern Empire

BY AUGUST WOLF

PROSPERITY and contentment best describe the marvelous achievements in the Inland Empire of the Northwest, where the pioneers and those who followed, have, within the last few years, wrested from the sagebrush country, long looked upon as absolutely worthless, a crop-producing, home-supporting area of inexhaustible fertility, greater in extent than the cultivated lands in New England and capable of supporting a larger rural population. When fully developed, experts declare, the district, embracing 150,000 square miles of territory in eastern Washington and Oregon, northern Idaho, western Montana and southeastern British Columbia, will support 50,000,000 population.

Out of the arid waste sprung wonderful orchards, vineyards, berry fields, truck gardens and fields of golden grain and waving grasses; towns and villages populated with a happy and optimistic people, comfortable homes in the country inhabited by a satisfied yet energetic husbandry; banks, literally bulging with the wealth of their depositors, and railroads and commercial and industrial enterprises telling of the march of progress into what was the desert wilds less than two decades ago.

This wonderful transformation is due to irrigation, the science of supplying moisture, bringing to the soil the waters from streams which are constantly corroding the mountains and foothills, giving out the new life principles in the form of alluvium from the decaying rocks and vegetation of the uplands.

Big Meeting in Spokane

Reclamation of arid and swamp lands will have a prominent place on the program now in preparation for the National Irriga-

tion Congress which will have its seventeenth session in Spokane, August 9 to 14. George Eames Barstow of Texas will preside and it is expected there will be from 4,500 to 5,000 accredited delegates from various parts of the United States and representatives from Canada, Europe, the Latin republics, China and Japan. President Taft and several members of his cabinet, also officials of the reclamation and forestry services, and other branches of the department of agriculture, bankers, railroad presidents and experts in forestry, reclamation work, deep waterways, good roads and home-building, will participate in the deliberations. R. Insinger, chairman of the board of control, has also received advices from governors of 30 states and territories, saying they will be present in person. He said in the course of an interview:

“The primary objects of the congress are to save the forests, store the floods, reclaim the deserts and make homes on the land, but the reclamation of swamp lands, deep water ways, good roads and the conservation of the country's resources in general will be thoroughly discussed. It is also purposed to demonstrate to the west the possibilities of this development and to show to the east the importance and value to the entire country of this work.

A Western Safety Valve

“The economic value of irrigation, whether by national project or private enterprise, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is no longer an experiment in the west; it is a confirmed success from commercial and financial view-points, and the influence of its far-flung horizons and its true perspective are potential in character molding and building. There is inspiration in the vast-

ness of this country, where men and women and children breathe optimism and grow mental breadth and strength in contemplating scenery, declared by seasoned travelers to have no counterpart in the world. The development of the country will provide a safety valve against the impending dangers of congestion in the cities of the east.

Big Profits from Crops

“Five to 10 acres of land in the irrigated districts will provide shelter, food and raiment for a family and enable its owner to put aside from \$500 to \$1,000 a year. Scores of hundreds of men and women, many of whom came from the crowded cities in the east and south, are doing that much or better to-day. The home-making instinct, characteristic of the true American, won out, and as a result they are independent and able to dictate the prices of their products.

The government of the United States recognized the possibilities of the lands in the Northwest, where its projects cover nearly a million acres. The largest of these in Washington are the Sunnyside project, 90,000 acres, to be completed at an estimated cost of \$1,600,000; the Tieton in the Yakima valley, 30,000 acres, cost \$1,500,000; in the Wapato, 120,000 acres, cost \$1,500,000, and the Okanogan, 8,000 acres, cost \$500,000.

In addition to these, the United States Reclamation Service has authorized the Kittitas and Benton projects in central Washington. The Indian and reclamation service estimate that \$25 or less will cover the cost for water right on the reservation. This is about half the cost of watering land under other canals in the Yakima valley.

It is likely that in time more than \$50,000,000 will be expended by the reclamation service in the state of Washington in reclaiming 1,500,000 acres of land now entirely or partly waste. Of this 50,000 acres will be in the Ellensburg district, 200,000 acres in the Rattlesnake and Coal creek districts and 10,000 acres in the valley of the Okanogan.

Millions for Idaho

The government's projects in southern Idaho are the Minedoka, with an area of 160,000 acres, to be completed at an estimated cost of \$4,000,000, and the Payette-Boise, 200,000 acres, costing \$3,000,000. The last named is claimed to be the largest

irrigated tract in the world. Oregon has the Umatilla project, 18,000 acres, costing \$1,100,000, and the Klamath, part of which extends into California, 120,000 acres, cost, \$3,600,000. The projects in Montana are the Huntly, 30,000 acres, costing \$900,000; the Milk river, including Saint Mary, 30,000 acres, cost \$1,200,000, and the Sun river, 16,000 acres, costing \$500,000. The lower Yellowstone project in Montana and North Dakota takes in 66,000 acres and it is estimated that it will cost at least \$2,700,000.

Two hundred private projects are in operation in the Inland Empire. The most important of these is at Wenatchee, Chelan county, Wash. Numerous irrigation canals have been constructed in Chelan county, which has the Wenatchee, Chelan and Entiat valleys. There are also important works in the Spokane valley, where 80,000 acres of land is adapted to irrigation.

\$14,000,000 in Fruit Alone

There are scores of gravity, siphon and pumping plants in various parts of the country and all are successful. The extent of operations on irrigated lands in the Northwest will be better understood when it is known that the value of the apple and other fruit crops in the Inland Empire amounted to \$14,000,000 in 1908. It will be \$60,000,000 in 1912, by which time several million trees set out in the last two years will come into bearing, and others planted between 1903 and 1906 will have reached maturity.

This is only the beginning of the fruit industry in this part of the country, where millions of acres of land, now flecked with the dusty green of sagebrush, is awaiting the refreshing moisture to make it blossom like the proverbial rose. It has been demonstrated that irrigation will do much more for the growing crops than rain, as the natural element gives nothing except moisture, while the waters diverted from the mountain sides bring with them new fertility. Much of this land, now not worth more than a few dollars an acre, will readily sell at from \$250 to \$500 an acre, according to location and the character of the soil. That is the history of lands in the now famous Yakima, Wenatchee, Spokane, Okanogan, Colville, Bitter Root and Snake river valleys, where the incomes from fruit range from \$450 to \$2,000 an acre.

Just a Word or Two from Sheldon



ONESTLY, now, this is positively the last invitation I shall write for the summer school that is to be held on the shores of Lake Eara, just two miles west of Libertyville, during the first two weeks of July. But I do want you to feel that you will be made very welcome when you come—and I hope you will come. I want to get acquainted with you personally

This sounds sort of sweeping, and may be suspected of having a commercial tinge, but I do want to know every reader of this magazine.



A. F. SHELDON

I'll confess that I am selfish in this desire. I know that you have many ideas that I ought to have—ideas for which you have paid high tuition in the School of Experience. These I want so that I can pass them on to others who will be benefited.

And the second reason is this: I know that if you once come to Sheldonhurst and let me talk to you about man-building and business-building, and if you once let me tell you about my proposed school for boys and the change I am confident it will make in the educational system, you will go forth as enthusiastic over this work as I am, or nearly so.

And I, if you ask, am so enthusiastic over it that I am in almost perpetual disgrace with my helpers because I too often insist on working eighteen or twenty hours a day on a stretch.

Some of my helpers are almost as bad in this respect as I am, but when the count was last taken, I was found to have several years the lead.

You really ought to be at Sheldonhurst on Thursday, July 1. That is the opening day. While the program is not entirely completed it is certain that I shall make the usual address of welcome—an address in which I shall state the object of the meeting. This will be followed by a general Acquaintance Meeting—at which folks will be expected to smile and get acquainted without the formality of introductions. If anyone is caught with a book of etiquette in his possession he will be ducked in the lake.

After this meeting everybody will be expected to get acquainted with the grounds, find where the baseball fans can get busy, where the tennis and

basketball courts are, and those who are real good will be directed to the ol' swimmin' hol'.

A great big campfire will be made to blaze out as soon as the sun gets out of sight. At this fire there will be given an intimate little quarter or half-hour talk, every evening, by someone who has a message. This talk will be most informal. Afterwards there may be a discussion. Otherwise the musicians, singers and story tellers will be given the place of honor.

Of course every visitor will want to visit the home of THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER in Libertyville and learn how the business and editorial machinery is managed. Perhaps this trip will be made on July 2. On this day, also, the regular lectures and discussions will be started.

Every day Experience Meetings will be held. Sales managers will tell how they do their work, executives will tear out leaves from the book of their experience, salesmen will tell how they tossed the lasso of persuasion over unruly prospects, buyers will tell how to repel salesmen intent on boarding them—well, you can see that there will be one or two chunks of knowledge turned loose at these meetings alone.

On special days during the two weeks, trips may be made to the great business institutions of Chicago. The women will enjoy visits to the big retail stores. The wholesale and manufacturing districts will appeal to the business men. Much private business may thus be transacted. Perhaps you can kill two birds with one stone.

If you want more information about accommodations and other things, just write to the Secretary of the Summer School at Libertyville. Let me just add that the tuition for the two weeks' instruction in man- and business-building, together with the board and a camp cot, is Forty-five Dollars. There will be no charge for your wife's tuition—just Ten Dollars a week for her board and cot. A dollar a day will take care of the children.

I don't mind telling you confidentially, provided you do not talk about it too much, and this information, mind you, I have straight from the cook-tent, that the meals—three a day—will be simply scrumptious. The folks down at the cook-tent refused to tell me what "simply scrumptious" meant, but I've agreed to risk it myself and eat with the crowd.

SIGN THIS TODAY

Mr. A. F. Sheldon, Libertyville, Illinois:

Of course I'm coming to your summer school. I'll bring along Forty-five Dollars to pay for tuition, board and room. I'll be there July 1.

Mr.
Street
City
State



Gleanings from Business Fields

BY THOMAS DREIER

I have just been reading about Bobby Cameron. He is just a story boy but there are fellows just like him in every town in the world. **About Being Stumped** Bobbie was a boy who refused to be stumped. What?

Don't you know what it is to be stumped? "Why, it's when a fellow says you can't do a thing and you say you can; and then you've got to do it, or else you're stumped, and all the other fellows will jeer at you." That's how Bobbie defines it, and I reckon Bobbie knows as much about it as anybody. Bobbie says there are two kinds of stumps. If a fellow asks you to do something impossible, "why, you can ask the fellow that stumps you to do it himself; and if he can't do it that lets you out. But if he does it, you're bound to do it too. That's a *lead* stump when he does it first; and it's a *dare* stump when he says you can't do it and you say you can." Bobbie was always doing foolish things. He said the fellows stumped him and he had to do it to keep them from laughing at him. Once he jumped off from the oat-bin and bruised his face on the buggy pole. The next time "George Nelson stumped him to put the door-knob in his mouth, and Bobbie tried and tried, and at last he did." And he couldn't get it out until his mother pried it out with a big ivory paper-cutter. Then, when Bobbie was lying on the couch with a bandage under his chin, she told him that she had been thinking about his stumping business and had concluded that it was one of the finest things in the world. She told him that Christopher Columbus had been stumped to find the western passage to Asia. George Washington refused to

be stumped by the British when they said he couldn't lick them. Napoleon didn't get stumped successfully until he got that attack of indigestion just before Waterloo. All the truly great men of the world have been men who refused to be stumped. All the inventors who succeeded refused to be stumped. And so it is a good thing to re-refuse to be stumped when one is stumped to do something worth while. But when a fellow is stumped to put a door-knob in his mouth, to eat seven hundred and eighty two oysters in five minutes, to dispose of five links of bologna sausage and three mince pies, to jump from the top of Brooklyn bridge, to jump a horse over a barbwire fence, to sign a note to "accommodate a friend"—all these can be set aside by a truly sensible man. When a man refuses to take a dare it depends a whole lot on what the dare is whether he is a brave man or a plain adjective fool. About the hardest word in the language is the shortest. "No" is the word.

*Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.*
—Longfellow.

We are sometimes apt to become a bit pessimistic when we permit ourselves to think that the people of the **Your World and Mine** world are not living together more harmoniously. But did you ever suspect that the harmony which exists should cause all of us to wonder. Just look at it this way. Every bit of knowledge acquired by every person must come through the five senses. That being true, there are as many worlds as there are individuals. Your world is

different from mine. It will always be different. You will never see all the things I shall see, nor will you see the things seen by both of us as I shall see them. You have had experiences that no other person has ever had. Others have had experiences which you never have had. In your mind are images which are in the mind of no other man. In the minds of others are images which will never exist in yours. In the study of psychology we learn that all judgments are based at last upon sensations. This being true, is it any wonder that we do not always agree? Is it not certain, therefore, that no two individuals can ever think exactly alike. And since no two individuals think exactly alike, and since there must be differences in judgments, should we not feel happy as we think of the millions of persons who are living together with so little friction? Shouldn't we wonder when we find a great institution, possibly made up of thousands of individuals of different temperaments and different likes and dislikes, attaining its end? And think of the few wars we have had of late years! Does that not indicate that men are slowly but surely finding out that obedience to Nature's great Law of Harmony pays? And does not that fact, also, foretell that the time is coming when the idea of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God will enter the minds and the hearts of the millions of men and women everywhere? Men live together in harmony when they understand one another. They may recognize deficiencies in one another. But they are not loud in proclaiming these deficiencies because they are learning to recognize that many deficiencies are but a matter of the point of view. Men are becoming more tolerant, more forgiving, more charitable. And this, they find, is good business.

The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.
—Macaulay.

We were talking about having faith in certain men. "I can't have faith in that man because his judgment was almighty bad in such and such an instance," says he whom we'll call Bill. "Look at it this way," said I. "You would'nt choose a violet to drive a tramp

out of your orchard, would you? Nor would you chop down an apple tree because it persistently refused to bear bananas. Nor is it likely that you would expect a bull dog to be "born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air." "Well, what is the moral?" asked Bill sarcastically. And this is it: Don't lose faith in a man because he demonstrates the fact that he is a human being by failing to be an expert in all lines of endeavor. No man can be a master of everything. Once in a while a genius arises who becomes a master in many fields. But never in the history of the world has there been a man who was a master in many fields who was not also an adjective fool in many others. Violets are not intended to be used in chasing tramps out of orchards. Bulldogs can be used most effectively for that purpose. Apples will grow on apple trees and banana plants are the only ones that may be expected to bear bananas. Have faith in a man, therefore, for what he can do best. Analyze him. Pigeonhole him. Gather together the evidences of his efficiency and upon that evidence place a value upon him. Every man is entitled to a great faith on at least one count. There never was a man so low and so inefficient as to be unworthy of faith. But, conversely, there never was a man who was close enough to perfection to be entitled to perfect faith. Perfect things belong only to perfect people. The fact that a man can write does not entitle him to the faith of the multitude in his ability as a musician, nor because men believe in the executive ability of a man has he a right to expect their faith in his ability as a salesman. "Every man I meet is my master in at least one thing and in that I hope to learn of him," says Emerson. Seek, therefore, that point of superiority in all men and yield to them the faith they deserve.

Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. —Emerson.

The members of the Chicago Association of Commerce understand that the greatest asset Chicago has is its industrial young men. They realize Excursions that upon the quality of the training of these young men depends the future greatness of that city. In too many towns the business men apply

that old adage which runneth to the effect that youngsters should be seen and not heard. In other words, business men are very apt to give the young men but little consideration. They forget that the young men of today will be the old men of tomorrow. They forget their own youth. They do not remember that they felt the coldness and lack of consideration and the lack of help of the business men of their own day. Business men should endeavor to train young men to become better business men. They should give to these young men the business building lessons learned during their many years of experience. They should interest young men in municipal problems. They should persuade them to take active parts in the work of building their city. Places should be made for them on committees so that they may be trained under men who understand the practical affairs. The best work a business association can do for a city is to train its young men to do better work than was ever done in that city before. The Chicago Association of Commerce is interesting the boys—those who are small enough to still wear knee pants—in the great industrial institutions. The first excursion was made to the Joseph T. Ryerson & Son's plant, the second to Swift & Company and the third to the Commonwealth Edison Company. Other excursions will be made. These young fellows are thus made to feel that they are of sufficient importance to the community to be worthy of a special excursion conducted by the biggest business men of the second largest city. Some of them, perhaps, whose picture of the ideal life consisted of ideas dealing with pirating, shooting Indians, rescuing princesses from dungeons, are now planning to become big business men—big enough to serve as heads of such institutions as those they visit.

If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred. And in man or woman a clean, strong, firm-fibred body is more beautiful than the most fascinating face.—Elbert Hubbard.

Young Togo weighs one hundred and five pounds. He is a Japanese boxer of Los Angeles. His manager could find no one of his weight who would fight him, so he sent him against Eddie Lennon, a feather-weight. "Togo was knocked down twenty-six times by the

heavier man in the first three rounds," said the Los Angeles dispatch which told of the fight, "but came up strongly for the fourth and knocked Lennon out with swings to the face and stomach." Togo and his performance is one big lesson to salesmen. He is also a lesson to all workers. When he couldn't find a job of the right size, he went after a bigger one. That's lesson number one. Then he was knocked down twenty-six times. He almost contracted the going down habit. But his business was not to become an expert in getting knocked down. His business was to stand on his feet and knock the other fellow down. So he took his punishment, having faith in his ability to win. He persevered. He played his game to the limit and won "with swings to the face and stomach." A salesman must learn to take his punishment. Continually is he going up against prospects who are too heavy for him. These knock him and his arguments down repeatedly. But if he has in him the stuff of which young Togo is made, he will stand being knocked down twenty-six times. But every time he gets knocked down he will learn a point or two which will enable him to come up "for the fourth and knock Lennon out with swings to the face and stomach."

If you would succeed in business never spend a cent more than you earn. No matter how small your earnings, you should master this art. I use the word "art" advisedly, as so many young men appear to fritter away, without so much as a thought, all their earnings.—Marshall Field.

Did you ever hear of the famous bed of Procrustes? This bed was manufactured long before Grand Rapids became the Mecca of those who worship machine-made furniture. Procrustes was a famous robber whom, according to Grecian mythology, Theseus killed. This genial gentleman had invented a bed into which he forced his victims. If they were too tall for its length he would show his consideration for them by cutting them down. If they were too short he would stretch them. Procrustes was just as obliging and just about as kind as some executives who have not yet learned that square pegs are really not made to fit round holes—executives who insist that a man shall make good in a certain department when his nature demands work of another kind. Grant was

a square peg in a round hole until he had a chance to demonstrate that he was worth something in the civil war. Thousands of men are doing work today for which they are not fitted by nature. A dreamy poet is not intended by nature for the cashier's cage in a metropolitan bank. Procrustes was a cruel old wretch, if we may believe mythology. But was he more cruel than our modern executives and organizers who try to make short men fit long positions and long men short positions? Building an efficient organization is heart-breaking work. To organize wisely requires ability of a high order. The man who builds an efficient organization seldom does so except after years of trials and testing. No great organization was built in a year or two years. Masterpieces are not painted in a moment. Time and patience and thought and a knowledge of human nature is required. Great executives are men who study their helpers. They win and hold the confidence of those they have chosen to help them serve humanity. And that is what an institution is for, isn't it? to serve humanity. They learn their hopes, their ambitions, their desires. The great executive is the great reporter. His assignment is to get the "story" of his helpers. And then, like a true reporter, he gives space to that "story" in his organization according to its value. He does not attempt to fill a column with a story that should be condensed into a paragraph, nor does he hide in nonpareil on the back page a story that should have a double column spread on the first page. An executive is a judge of news values in human beings.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and, I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Abraham Lincoln.

It is queer how things that happened in childhood will come up years later and suggest a lesson. As I write, I can see clearly the interior of Roehm's store, although it has ceased to exist for many years. I must have been nine years old when Billy Black and I went in to spend a penny which Billy had earned by digging angleworms for an old horse-doctor named Jack Fitzgerald. Billy was generous and

Give Us Bulk

had offered to divide the candy he intended to buy. And it may have been because he knew he would have to divide that he went up to Fritz Roehm and said, "Please, I want a penny's wurf uv the candy what you get the mostest uv." And I can remember, too, how disappointed he looked when Fritz handed out a common barber-pole stick. But have you ever stopped to think that the mass of the people never get much beyond the age mentally when they insist on getting the kind "what you get the mostest uv"? The crowd wants bulk. Why the monster Sunday papers? The crowd wants bulk. Why the great three- or four-ring circus, so great that one person with but two eyes cannot possibly see it all? The crowd wants bulk. Why will a man buy a great touring car that costs a fortune for upkeep, when a runabout would serve? Because he wants bulk and wants to impress the crowd that also admires bulk. Cheap candies are sold by the ton because the crowd wants quantity instead of quality. And the crowd gets what it wants. The crowd always gets what it asks for and is willing to pay for. Always there are persons ready to supply a demand. But some of us optimistically inclined can see a change in the demand. More men and women are demanding quality and getting it. Wanamaker's, Tiffany's, Field's—these and other institutions are temples erected to the god of quality. A diamond as small as a pea is worth more than many tons of coal. Men are not judging things by their size as much as they used to. Books are not sold for high prices because of their bulk but because of their quality of thought and excellence of workmanship. Cobden-Sanderson once placed in my hand a book which I could have easily slipped into my coat pocket and said it had already been sold for \$700. The pure food law—imperfect as it is—is the expression of the majority's demand for quality instead of quantity. And the reason is: More persons are blessed with education than ever before in the history of the world. The empire of knowledge is spreading and the Flag of Quality goes forward steadily. Are you helping to carry that flag?

Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent thou wast before.—Marcus Aurelius.

In the town where I once amused myself by chasing locals for a weekly paper the superintendent of schools was paid \$5,000 a year. We thought that was a mighty big salary. We used to think

Choosing Playmates

that a man who could earn such a fortune in one year was a truly great man. But it is queer how the size of a salary, like the size of anything else, dwindles upon closer acquaintance. Since those country newspaper days I have known many men whose salaries were above the five thousand mark, but I have never found it necessary to change my judgment that a man capable of earning five thousand, or more, is a quality man. Charlie Nichols used to be an office boy in Chicago. It is safe to say that he also did other money-getting jobs. It is also certain that he was a good office boy, and one is equally safe in saying that he was polite, smiling, popular, aggressive, persistent, businesslike. And Charlie Nichols, though he was a hard worker, was wise enough even as a youngster to realize that one can play with much profit. So he played run-sheep-run, pom-pom-pull-away, hide-and-seek, two-old-cat, "permotion," ante-over, and all the rest of the games youngsters delight in playing. But Charlie always aimed to play those games with the sons of the business men whose stores were and are to be found on State street. For, even though but a play-loving youngster with tousled hair and patched pants, he knew that the sons of those fathers would some day take the places of their fathers. And Charlie Nichols also knew that if he played kid games with them and let them know what sort of a fellow he was, and if he played kid games squarely and honestly and as a sport, they would have confidence in him some day when he came to give them business service. So, when he began to solicit advertising, they remembered him. He could get contracts on one else could get. The fathers would, other things being equal, give Charlie the preference because their sons said Charlie was a good fellow. Sentiment in business? I should say yes! Later Charlie became business manager of the *Chicago American* and was paid several thousand dollars more than the school superintendent, earning this position because he was as wise a business builder as a man as he had been as a boy. *He always*

played with the right kind of playmates, and always played every game on the square. Now he is a partner in an advertising company and invests his time in the profitable business of making friends and playing on the square.

Self-distrust is the cause of the most of our failures. —In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Bovee.

How can a man learn to know himself? Never by meditating, but by doing. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou wilt at once know what in thee lies.—Goethe.

The individual or institution that has for sale anything which will serve men and women is morally bound to

Morally Bound to Advertise that product. I do not believe that I am extreme in this view, nor do

I think it needs any support other than that given in this paragraph. Supposing a man controlled the supply of a certain nourishing food—a food which if used by all men and women would enable them to get more enjoyment out of life by enabling them to do more efficient work. Suppose that this man held all this food in some hole in the ground and served only those who requested service of him. Or suppose that he, knowing what great good his food would do if used by everybody, called the attention of comparatively few to it. Tell me, don't you think that such a man would, to put it mildly, be doing much less than his duty? I may be woefully mistaken, but it seems to me that our mission on this earth is to render service to the best of our ability. Every time a manufacturer of a quality article fails to persuade people to use it, he is guilty of some kind of negligence—whether criminal or not is a matter which can only be decided when the evidence in each individual case is all in. The business-building power of wise advertising has been tested and proven in so many instances that wise business men no longer have to be given arguments as to the value of advertising. The Victor Talking Machine Company is a monument to advertising—a monument worth hundreds of thousands of dollars which ten years ago was represented by the idea in the mind of the inventor. C. W. Post spends \$700,000 a year and makes it pay big dividends. The Burroughs Adding Machine Company invests nearly \$100,-

ooo. But supposing the Burroughs folks had never advertised their product. Would they stand forth as the owners of one of the most successful institutions in the country today, and would thousands of business men be blessing Burroughs for the invention which has saved thousands of clerks so much drudgery? Every meritorious article should be advertised. Selfishness and altruism demand it. The man who earnestly desires to serve his fellow men is the man who advertises.

All other qualities go for nothing or for worse than nothing unless honesty underlies them—honesty in public life and honesty in private life; not only the honesty that keeps its skirts technically clear, but the honesty that is such according to the spirit as well as the letter of the law; the honesty that is aggressive, the honesty that not merely deplors corruption—it is easy enough to deplore corruption—but that wars against it and tramples it under foot
—Roosevelt.

During some of the amusing ages of the past it was thought that those men were good and holy who made a trek for some monastery hidden upon some lofty mountain crag or in the depths of some forest. Honor was given to those who did nothing but watch and pray and mortify their flesh. It was once thought to be quite the right thing to lie down in front of a church door and let the congregation accept the prostrate being as a section of the Atlantic City board walk. But we may be thankful that the world has to some degree at least gotten over those foolish notions. Nowadays the truly holy man is the one who does things for his fellows. The great merchant is a holy man. I suppose that does sound funny. But isn't it a fact? Doesn't your big business man serve thousands of men and women? And doesn't he serve them faithfully? Always the holy man is the fellow who gets busy and keeps busy efficiently. And the truly holy man is not necessarily poor. The notion that a man cannot be good though rich is almost dead. Golden Rule Jones was a good man. But Jones was also a rich man. William Morris, the great English craftsman whose work is said to have influenced in some degree every home in this country, was blessed with wealth. The makers of the Burroughs' adding machine, the McCaskey register, the National cash register, fifty-seven varieties, Jones

sausage, and a score of other quality products, are not on their way over the hills to the poorhouse. They have been good servants and have received their wages. *The business man of today who renders efficient service is the modern holy man.*

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"William would have been conspicuous in any profession. If a cobbler, he would be a master cobbler." That is what someone said of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

It is said that this man's endeavors in many fields would have made reputations for many men of less caliber. Than William II there is no greater figure in Europe. He stands out as a genius. He is a master man. Aside from the titles he has inherited, he is of the royalty of the earth. Power flows to him because he is attuned to receive the vibrations of power. He believes in himself, in his divinity. All men who have done great work have believed in their divinity. He never doubts. He believes in the greatness of his country. He is loyal to his country. For her he will make sacrifices. He will suffer himself to be understood. Wise men even now believe that his interview in the *Daily Telegraph*, which set England by the ears, was launched as a part of some far-seeing German plan. Germany is the one power that sends the English lion scurrying to his den. Witness the wild speeches made in parliament by those who feared German dominion of the seas. Germany commands the respect of the world. And the reason she commands this respect is because of the strength of her executive officer. William the Second has a personality that carries his great nation to the forefront. Germany is great and would be great without William. But with William she almost becomes superlative. William will not quarrel with those who pronounce Germany the greatest nation in the world. Perhaps it is only patriotism that compels us to refuse to acquiesce. In the world of commerce are royal men. Perhaps the most romantic personality among the younger manufacturers of this country is Hugh Chalmers of Detroit. His rise has been spectacular. Other men have risen higher. But few have

ever monopolized the spotlight as this canny Scot. LaFollette is synonymous with Wisconsin. His has been a spectacular life. Without money, without friends, with poor health, with an organized political ring against him, LaFollette has fought his way into the United States senate. He may even go farther. What these men have done other young men have done. These men have climbed because they developed power. They spent their days in man-building—in building themselves. Consciously or unconsciously they realized that when a man is once made right his work takes care of itself. Let this little paragraph arouse your ambition to do and dare and become. Let this awaken within you a greater belief in your own divinity, in your own power to compel the world to say of you, "William would have been conspicuous in any profession. If a cobbler, he would be a master-cobbler."

Men fight to lose the battle and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.—William Morris.

How many there be who worship before the false god of Dignity! Invest a man with a capsule of authority and straightaway he becomes afflicted with a disease which he himself calls by the name of dignity. Only the person so afflicted doesn't know it is a disease. He mistakes it for an accomplishment. The fellow afflicted with dignity is always equipped with an ego with the cuticle rubbed off. He is especially tender. The failure of the office boy to address him as "Sir" is liable to throw him into a tantrum. The department head so afflicted always gets excited and shoots off Roman candles and sky-rockets whenever the janitor empties the wastebasket without asking him to call the workers in that department into executive session to determine upon the advisability or inadvisability of emptying said wastebasket. Such a man is jealous of brother department heads. He is suspicious. He is afraid that Jones is closer to the president, or has a stranglehold on the undying affection of the general manager. When a fellow employee gets a promotion, the man with the dignity disease does not rush forward with a sheaf of frank congratulations

but hides himself in the cyclone cellar to determine whether or no his own honor has been trifled with. What's the use, fellows. Forget dignity. Do your work. If the office boy has the measles or the whooping-cough or the mumps, get a broom and sweep up. It won't hurt. If the boys down in the shipping department are short-handed and you have nothing to do, borrow a pair of overalls and get into the game. Perspiration on the skin is better than an imitation crown of dignity on one's brow. Dignity like a dress suit is a good thing to wear only on special occasions. Folks who are busy doing their work are too busy to know whether there is such a thing as dignity on the market.

What the world needs more than anything else is sympathy—sympathy between man and man, sympathy between class and class, sympathy between nation and nation.—W. J. Bryan.

Several oblique remarks have been made in this department against colleges. For those that have been made

About Going to College

no apology will be given. But readers must not think that the writer fails to see what a tremendous force for good every college is. Every institution has much good. Colleges cannot be excepted. They have trained thousands of young men to do work in an efficient manner—work which those young men would not have done without that training. The one big point we have tried to make with this magazine is that college training is not a success essential and that any man with the Study Habit can become successful in the true meaning of that term without so much as ever seeing a college. The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, the American and Sheldon correspondence schools of Chicago, have enabled thousands of young men and young women to secure a well rounded education. And it must not be forgotten that these same schools have trained men so old that they either thought they had about all the knowledge needed or else felt that they had lost the study habit and therefore could not learn new things. Every year there are hundreds of young men who are disappointed because they are unable to attend college. Their parents are too poor to pay their way or something else prevents them from satisfying their desire. Some youngsters so disappointed

immediately lose heart and assume a what's-the-use attitude. They lose ambition. Their desire to take an active part in the work of the world gives way to a sordid satisfaction with a life of inefficiency. These young men might be trained to become master servants in some profession if someone would interest them in the value of home study courses. They should be shown that even those youngsters who must content themselves with a small salary can well afford to pay the small tuition which the correspondence schools ask. There are thousands of big producers who have attained success with the help of the correspondence schools. These men point the way to those who are in earnest in their search for education.

"Sympathy, sincerity, and honest eagerness are the very best tools one can have to open the treasure chests which contain the secrets of human life."
—Sherwin Cody.

That testy old philosopher, Tammam Carlyle among other wise things said, "A collection of books is the true university of today." And Thomas Carlyle knew. He had made books and knew the amount of thought that went into them. Were Carlyle alive today he would be compelled to say that the true university for business men is the collection of ideas sent out in the business books. Were you to ask the average man when he received his education he would probably tell you during the years he attended school. He forgets that he was born with some knowledge, received some before he ever went to school, was given a certain amount of training in school, and fails absolutely to take into consideration the fact that the most of his knowledge comes after the so-called "school days" are past. Every man is receiving education from the cradle to the grave. Some receive more than others. Some hunger and thirst for knowledge. These men eventually become wise. And the wise men are the successful men always. The ignorant man never attains lasting success. Success, we have been told repeatedly, is "the attainment and preservation of a legitimate and practical ideal." Many men have reached success after paying the high rate of tuition demanded by old Madame Experience. What these men have learned has been done into literature.

Business books are to be had almost for the asking. Knowledge which cost some men many thousands of dollars in acquiring can now be purchased for a few dollars. Any child can discover for itself that fire burns by merely sticking its finger into a flame. The wise child accepts as true the statement of another that fire burns. By following certain definite paths thousands of men have attained success in business. By failing to follow these paths other thousands of men have failed of success. It is safe to say that if thousands of men have succeeded by working in obedience to certain laws, you can succeed by working in harmony with those same laws. Those men, therefore, who advise you to read and study business magazines and business books and business courses are earnestly trying to serve you. Those men are friends who for a consideration are desirous of helping you along the road to more health, longer life, more money earned with honor in the service of your fellow men.

If you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.—Emerson.

"Ideals," remarked gruff old Carl Schurz, "are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny." The idealist is he who is blessed with a constructive imagination. In business there are few greater assets than the ability to build castles in the air. Every master from the beginning of time has been an idealist. Sears, Montgomery Ward, Wanamaker, Field, Curtis, Heinz, Patterson, James Oliver, the Studebakers—all these have been idealists. They held before them a mental picture in which was something better than the world had ever known before. No man ever reached a point where he was filled with perfect satisfaction. There was always something to be desired. No man ever realized his ideal. For every man has grown greater in approaching his ideal, and as the man grew greater so likewise grew the ideal. But never has the distance shortened. Oftentimes it has seemed to lengthen and those who have

Ideals

been weak gave up the journey idealward without further effort. Only those who have faith pursue ideals. And only men of great faith have accomplished great things.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.
—M. A. Kelley.

It would help this country a great deal if every business man could be persuaded to read Emerson's great essay on Self-Reliance. They need that sort of courage which prompts men to express their honest beliefs. Every newspaper interviewer in the country will tell you that in the average city the number of courageous business men who dare to tell what they think can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Personally I have interviewed hundreds of them on municipal affairs, local politics, business conditions and a score of other things. I never had any special trouble in getting men to tell me what they thought. But when I wanted their opinion for the guidance of the thousands of readers of the paper I represented, they always showed the white feather. They feared that the expression of their opinion would give offense. They were afraid that by telling their fellow citizens what they honestly thought would be for the best interests of their city they would lose a few dollars in trade. These men were not physical cowards. But that they were moral cowards is not to be denied. They refused to do their duty as citizens. They refused to add their little judgment to the mass so that thousands of others might be benefited. They did this because they feared their opinions would not agree with those of a few customers. They sold their real manhood for a mess of pottage. Business men will one day recognize that quality of goods and excellence of service always make for business success. Down in Cleveland lives Horace Carr, a printer. He boldly proclaims himself an anarchist. He thinks the present scheme of government is a pretty bad thing. And Carr expresses his opinions whenever he feels like it. It is said that customers will often find little slips expressing his views in packages he delivers to them. Yet bankers and manu-

facturers and merchants and everybody else patronize Horace Carr *because he is a quality printer*. He does work in his own way. Wise customers always let him furnish the ideas because they know he backs his quality work with quality ideas. They do not care what Carr thinks about the government. They do not care whether he is a democrat, a republican, an anarchist, a socialist, a Baptist or a sun-worshipper. All they want is efficient service. Carr gives that. Men who have done great things for the world have not been moral cowards. The leaders everywhere are the men who are self-reliant, courageous, honest, frank and efficient.

No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.
—Channing.

One hundred and thirty-eight thousand girls work in Chicago. I am told, by a man who is in position to know, that a large percentage of this army are young girls who are forced to work at starvation wages. I am also told by a man who claims to have had experience that those who work for starvation wages are so inefficient as to earn no more than they receive. That there are thousands of inefficient girls is not to be denied. Every employer has had experience with them. And every employer knows, if he thinks at all, that every inefficient girl is inefficient because of ignorance. And this ignorance, if you please, is due to a fault in society. Old Abe is a horse that two years ago was offered for sale for \$150. No buyer could be found. A couple of months ago this horse brought \$1,000. Everybody in this town knew Old Abe and loved him. He was efficiency personified. Do you see my point? Supposing Old Abe had been turned loose in some pasture and had never been educated. Would he have been sold for \$1,000? And whose fault would it have been? Could Old Abe have educated himself? Could he have taught himself to jump six feet and a half? Would he today be one of the finest saddle horses in this section of the country? Now, how about those inefficient girls? Whose fault is it that they are unable to render efficient service? They have never been taught to be useful. Many of them have come from

the squalor and poverty and ignorance of the slums. Many have come from farms and small towns and have never received more than a smattering of training. This inefficient service costs business men hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. But business men do not have to bear the burden of this inefficiency. At the last the public—the consumers—the buyers are the ones who must pay. And does it not seem queer that this being so there is not a louder cry for institutions which would train girls to become efficient workers in the business world? I claim that society owes food, raiment and shelter to everybody who works. Every human being is entitled to that. But I think, also, that society owes itself efficient service from these persons. And efficient service can never be rendered by those who have not received from society efficient education.

True government depends upon self-government of the individual, and to the extent that individuals lack self-control to that same degree a government composed of uncontrollable elements will continue to be unjust.—Hanish.

I positively cannot qualify as the seventh son of the seventh daughter of some prophet of old, nor have I hanging

A Little Prophecy on the walls of this office a diploma from some correspondence school of prophecy.

Therefore I may be accused of undue rashness when I smile serenely and break into the profession the business of which was once so well taken care of by Elijah and the rest of those who have since been given so much free publicity. I believe that the time is coming when the business of the big stores of the country will be conducted by one central management and that the stores so conducted will render far more efficient service than the privately owned stores of today. I believe, too, that this result will be brought about by advertising.

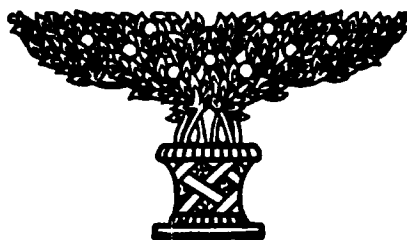
Now I'll tell you upon what this judgment is based. In the first place the trend of the times is toward centralization. Wise men have discovered that competition is not and never has been the life of trade. The Standard Oil Company, the Steel Trust and the rest of the combines stand forth as proof of this. The company now operating so successfully the United cigar stores, first advertised cigars. This advertising created such a demand that the cigar stores company was organized. The red front stores may be found in every large city. The ten-cent stores are operated successfully under one management. That is, a handful of companies control scores of these stores. Montgomery, Ward & Company, Sears-Roebuck and the rest are but combinations of country stores under corporate management. Advertising and excellent transportation service made them possible. Even the circus business has passed into the hands of one company, the Ringlings owning all the big tent productions and giving better service than even the famous Barnum dreamed of giving, for the modern circus is scientifically managed and economically conducted. Men who fight consolidation present as amusing a spectacle as did our old friend and college chum, Don Quixote, in his tilting match with the windmills. The only reason the work has not been done before is because there were no men big enough for the task and, what is more important, the majority were not ready. In this day few are mentally so blind as to deny that the trusts are economic betterments. *The trust evil lies not in consolidation, but in the abuse of the power which consolidation sometimes places in unwise hands.* Please do not tell me that I am mistaken in rendering this judgment for it would annoy me much to be compelled at a later day to come to you and whisper; "I told you so."



Education for the Many

BY W. A. McDERMID

An Iowa seed man is talking about starting a correspondence school of agriculture. His seed business keeps his boys and girls busy only part of the year. He wanted to find work that would keep them busy all the time. The thousands of letters from his customers asking for information that would aid them in getting better results with seed, suggested the correspondence school idea. His customers may be divided into three classes: Farmers, truck-gardeners and flower growers. These latter he will reach with his first course. Among these are the hundred of thousands of lot owners who plant a few flowers, a little lettuce, some radishes and things like that. Their knowledge of scientific gardening is in many instances represented by little more than a zero. If they can be taught to get better results from the seeds they plant they will be greatly benefited, better flowers and vegetables will be raised, the demand for more seed will come and Mr. Seedman will also benefit. Here is a fine example of a man desirous of serving others finding much of the service returning to him. Talk about casting the bread upon the waters! What is the line in the poem: "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you." Every big, true, lasting success illustrates this. The only true religion is the one based on service. A man with such a religion—no matter what he names it—will most certainly have health, long life, money and honor. And these four things, you know, are the essentials of true success. True success is happiness. And happiness is the goal toward which all men are working.





The Element of Human Interest

A practical illustration of its efficacy in business correspondence; its relation to business literature in general. By Austin Woodward, of The McFarland Publicity Service

A CONCERN of international reputation, whose extensive specialty is the publication of books of an educational nature, recently approached the writer in the matter of preparing some printed matter for them. They expressed a wish for something unusual in the form of a circular, to be used as their eighth follow-up.

Nothing was said, however, about getting up a form letter.

After a careful analysis of specific trade-conditions, and an exhaustive study of the various mailings that had preceded, a general plan, covering the ninth mailing, was laid out.

The first feature of the copy-scheme taken into consideration was a form letter to accompany the printed matter. I took that initiative because I regard a letter, properly handled, as the vital part of the average mailing.

Here is the letter:

DEAR SIR:

How did you spend last evening?

And the evening before?

Go back a week—a month, if you can—sum up and strike a general average.

Are you satisfied with the result? Is it such that in ten years you can look back without considerable regret?

Understand, please, we are not sermonizing. It is none of our business *what* you do. But it *is* your business.

If, down deep in your soul you are satisfied in every way, well and good. If not, and these suggestions eventually should put you in the way of getting 100 per cent value out of your spare time and your spare money, will you not be glad that you received this letter?

Believe us, we do not wish to seem importunate—do not want to annoy you in any way. Our sole purpose is to appeal to your reason, then leave *you* to determine, free from all bias, as to whether, or not, we are right.

And so, just approach yourself in an open, heart-to-heart attitude, and take a good, square look at yourself.

It is the small things—the little leaks—that count for much in this world, whether it be moments or money.

It is a generally conceded fact that the amount of time wasted by the average man would be sufficient to secure a liberal education, if rightly employed. The amount of money absolutely frittered away on trifles would, in the course of a decade, pay for a first-class trip to Europe or afford a substantial nucleus toward owning a home.

Most of us realize this fact, but it is so easy to deceive ourselves—to defer wiser conduct until a later day—often until it is too late.

Remember, this is not a “goody-goody” preaching; it is plain truth that every man must face, sooner or later. We all need recreation, but there is a vast distinction between healthful pastime, wholesome refreshment, and absolute waste—nothing to show in return.

The law of compensation knows no variation—respects nobody. Nature simply says: “Take what you will, but *pay the price*.”

Think these things over. Then turn to the enclosed folder and carefully, impartially, weigh the *facts*.

It will cost nothing; it *may* mean great gain—to you, and to those who love and look to you for protection.

Sincerely yours,

It should be borne in mind that this particular proposition, relating as closely as it did to self-improvement, afforded an exceptional chance to appeal direct to the reader—to get a firm hold upon his personality.

The letter was built, primarily, to get attention—to go “right home.” While ninety-nine out of a hundred could probably apply the suggestions to their individual mode of living, there is nothing about the letter to cause direct offense.

Its sole purpose was to make the reader think—and seriously, too; to put him in a receptive mood—pave the way to the printed matter.

The form letter that accomplishes this, has done its part—contributed liberally toward the end in view—result-getting.

The next step of importance is to carry the element of personal interest to the literature, the business proposition itself—to establish a connecting link between the two.

Following is an excerpt from the first page of a printed enclosure which I prepared. It will serve more clearly to show the welding process—the principle of converting a plain business proposition to a purely personal matter:

“YOUR FUTURE

“We are what the past has made us.
The result of the past is ourselves.
The momentary acts of bygone years form
the scaffolding on which we have built
the very beings that we are.”

Where will you be in five years from now? Will your condition be better or worse than it is today?

Believe it or not, your environment, financial or otherwise, is almost entirely in your own hands.

No man of affairs can stand still; he must either advance or retrograde.

Take your own case: whether you are an employer or an employee, no matter how disheartening your past may have been, you can forge progressward if you *will*.

The down-and-out feeling is principally a mental condition. It is never too late, if you have the right spirit. And the right spirit, by the way, can be cultivated.

One of the most illustrious of contemporary Greek scholars first took up the study of that language at the age of 72. And history fairly teems with parallel instances.

Again we are bringing to your attention the _____ Library. There can be but two beliefs that have kept you from responding, up to the present time.

1. That you cannot spare the money.
2. That you don't need the books.

In all fairness to yourself and to us, will you please read the following pages carefully, then candidly ask yourself if you can afford to be without the _____ Library a single week longer.

Briefly, we know you cannot; that every day without it is a positive, downright loss of dollars to you.

Do you know, if you stood on a crowded street corner and offered to the passing throng a twenty-dollar gold-piece for ten dollars, that you would have a rather hard time getting rid of the coin?

We know what we are talking about, because the experiment has been actually tried, on a wager.

That is precisely the relationship we hold with you today. Only our offer to you is far greater in proportion—almost incalculably so.

Therefore, in your own interest, please reconsider this very important matter.

Don't doubt—don't hesitate. Make up your mind, once and for all, that you will shatter the bubbles of illusion. Dire need and desolation lie in the cold, wide wake of procrastination; it has ruined human souls, homes, whole empires!

In these days of keen competition, there is the utmost need of preparedness—from the ground up. You cannot be too thoroughly versed in your special line—you need every bit of help that you can get, from every possible source.

The _____ Library fills this particular need; enables you to convert your spare hours into cashable attainments; opens before you the splendors of modern business achievement; places at your command heretofore undreamed-of results in the form of tangible dollars—greater peace of mind—a wider sphere of usefulness.

After all, isn't it worth every possible effort—every bit of self-denial you can muster?

In reviewing these concrete illustrations, there are two points I want to bring out:

First: The extreme need of the personal touch in all copy.

Second: The desirability of establishing an intimate relationship between a business letter and the matter that goes with it.

There isn't a commodity on the market today regarding which the personal touch cannot be employed, more or less as an agent in stimulating sales.

Whether the majority of copy writers lack the knack—fail to get the “swing” of genuineness; or whether business men are not yet alive to its potency, it nevertheless remains an undeniable fact that a large share of the copy put out at the present time could be greatly improved by the infusion of that subtle quality, *human interest*

The Perils of Peace

BY L. A. BARTHOLOMEW

WHEN Mahomet captured Constantinople the loss of life was appalling.

The defenders had surrounded the city with deep trenches. To send his fighters against the walls these trenches had to be filled. They had to be filled quickly.

“Fill the trenches with human bodies,” ordered Mahomet.

And the fanatics, insane with religion, flung themselves by hundreds into the holes, permitting other frantic hordes of fighters to swarm over their warm bodies and into the city.

To Mahomet, human life was cheap. He wanted Constantinople. It mattered little to him what it cost in human lives. He

commanded and his semi-insane, ignorant, religiously-fanatic followers obeyed him even unto death.

Human life has ever been cheap. The rights of things have been placed above the right of men.

And the strange thing is that men have consented to this arrangement.

Commercial Mahomets

The industrial world has known scores of Mahomets. These leaders have sent their army of workers forward to storm the walls of trade behind which was to be found the treasure of profit.

"Get the profit!" has been the cry.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women and little children have been sent into the trench of death in order that the Mahomets of industry might attain their desires.

But of late years the spirit of brotherhood has come upon the earth and has found its way into the hearts of the truly big men of the business world.

Men rank higher. It has been discovered that the success of institutions depends upon the combined successes of the employes of those institutions.

It has been discovered that it pays in dollars and cents to train employes. Schools have been established for the making of better, more efficient workmen. Wise business men have not worshipped so freely before the god of Immediate Profit. By an ever increasing number the rights of men have been placed above the making of profits.

We are told that in 1908, in the United States alone, the accidents totaled 500,000 persons, 500 regiments—accidents due to the failure of manufacturers to place safety devices on machines. Workmen through ignorance or carelessness or the criminal negligence of machine owners have suffered injuries of all kinds. For a time at least 500,000 persons were rendered useless for productive purposes.

We are told that the loss to insurance companies from *preventable accidents* every year is \$125,000,000. And this does not include costs of defending suits at law.

The Lawyer Gets Half

We learn, also, that as the result of lawsuits the average damages allowed is \$500, of which the lawyer receives one-half. Can you not see that \$500 is an insignificant sum to a man who is wholly or even partially incapacitated. Do you not realize that these men, and oftentimes their families, become burdens upon the community? Do you not see that the owner of the mill in which a man is injured must later pay for his support in the form of taxes, but do you not see, also, that the greater part of the burden falls upon the injured man's fellow workmen who are not responsible? Manufacturers are learning to be fair. They are learning that the injuring of a man results in a loss not only to the company that employs him, but to society in general. They therefore welcome information which enables them to so protect their machinery as to save, say, 250,000 men and millions of dollars every year.

There are now ten Trans-Atlantic Museums of Safety and Sanitation to which industrialists may go to learn how to avoid killing or maiming those who work in their shops, factories, mines, fields, railway buildings and ships. To these museums, a man about to begin any kind of business may go to learn what appliances he needs to safeguard himself against enormous annual expenditures for "damages," and to protect his workmen from loss of life, limb or health while in his employ.

Not only may a man learn how to prevent accidents, but he may learn how improved dwellings may be built, how to give aid to the injured, how to prevent many diseases, how to supply fresh air, light, heat and other necessities.

The N. Y. Branch is located at 29 West 39th street.





Advertising as a Selling Force

By W. G. WOODWARD of the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Company

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.—*Proverbs.*

THE only man whose business does not need advertising is the man who does not want to sell anything.

No matter what you are selling, or how your business is carried on, or what conditions surround it, the right kind of advertising would be profitable to you. It may be difficult to discover just what kind of advertising you ought to do, and how much of it to do—but the difficulty of doing a thing right doesn't prove that the thing ought not to be done.

In answer to this, you may say: "My business has been established for twenty years. I have always sold my goods without advertising and have made money; and I am selling them now and making money. Why should I advertise?"

If that is your point of view, stop and think of this:

In the last eighteen years the population of the United States has increased thirty per cent. Has the number of your customers grown proportionately?

In the last eighteen years the total wealth of the United States has increased about fifty per cent. Has the value of your business increased in the same proportions?

You have competitors who advertise—very likely. Their business is younger than yours, and is growing. Where does their trade come from, and why didn't it come to you?

Study the population and growth of your locality, see what your competitors are doing, and then look yourself straight in the face and answer this question: "Am I keeping up with the procession or not?"

Creates and Holds Business

Advertising not only creates business, but holds it.

If the world were at a standstill there would be no need of advertising, or much effort of any kind. But the swift current of life keeps moving, and you must move with it all the time or be left behind.

Advertising is simply news about your goods. This being the case, it is a fair assumption that if your customers do not see any news from you for a long time, they will get into the habit, after a while, of thinking of you as some one they "used to know."

If you had lived in the days of Alexander Hamilton the only goods you could have purchased at a store would have been staple merchandise, like sugar or salt, or cloth in the bolt. The village shoemaker would have made your shoes, and you would have ordered your hats made by the hatter. The price would have been ridiculously high compared to those of today. In the next town goods might have cost more, or less, according to circumstances. There was no uniformity of price or of quality, or of supply or of demand.

This was before the "Industrial Revolution"—a term that economists have created to denote the epoch of concentrated factory production that followed the invention of Watt's steam engine and other labor saving devices.

But commerce, in all its phases, was on the verge of a momentous change. The echoes of Napoleon's final smash-up died away among the whirl of looms and the clank of machinery.

The rustic shoemaker closed his shop and got a job in a shoe factory. Immense plants, driven by steam, arose wherever water power, or coal, could be found. Workmen, engaged in highly specialized labors, were employed for their whole time. Raw materials were purchased in large quantities, and the swiftest machinery was devised to do what men once did with their hands.

The result was an immediate and unparalleled growth of industry, a tremendous reduction in primary costs, and an immense increase in the production of manufactured articles.

But—

While this solved the vast economic problem of production it left the other side of the question unsettled. What was the use of manufacturing a hundred thousand hats every year in a village that could not afford to buy more than three thousand?

How Advertising Was Born

Out of the condition of concentrated production grew the big and brand new problem of distribution. How was a hat manufacturer in Connecticut going to tell the people of Ohio that his hats were the best for the money? What miracle of commerce could span a thousand miles?

For two generations after the manufacture of goods on a large scale had begun, their distribution was a haphazard affair. The manufacturer had to depend entirely on the country storekeeper and the equally uninterested proprietor of the city shop. His name did not reach the consumer; he was always in danger of losing his entire trade in a single year; he lived in the shadow of the nightmare of cut-throat competition.

Another economic force was needed—a force, or an idea—that would effect a revolution in selling in the same way that Watt's steam engine revolutionized manufacturing.

That force was Advertising.

Advertising was not invented like a patented clock—nor was it a scheme, like a plan to raise money for a college or church. It is the permanent result of an economic revolution which brought it to the surface after centuries of ferment. It sprang into existence in a hundred places, and in a hundred different ways at once. It is a part of the existing commercial universe. It could not be abolished or reduced to any noticeable degree without changing the entire economic aspect of life.

I take the space to say all this—in a somewhat parenthetical way—for the benefit of the man, to be met here and there, who still believes all advertising to be sheer waste. If you have anything worth advertising, and do not advertise it, you are simply keeping yourself out of touch with the world's progress. It is an essential part of business

—and if you leave off that essential, the world, with all its hum and stir, will pass you by.

(Another parenthesis—and the last one—

Does It Pay to Walk?

It costs two dollars to go on a train from New York to Philadelphia and it takes two hours. It costs nothing to walk, and it takes about three days. The man who walks can jingle two silver dollars in his pocket and say to himself: "Well, I've saved two dollars that I might have thrown away on railroad fare." And the merchant who doesn't advertise can look over his bank account and say: "I might have thrown away a lot of money on advertising, but I didn't.")

It's an impressive thought that the vast fabric of publicity, woven into the flesh and bones of commercial life, had its beginning less than fifty years ago. It could not have developed to such gigantic proportions in a few decades unless it had met with a tremendous public response.

The proof of the value of advertising lies in its august history. Its growth is unparalleled in the annals of commerce. The impulse that gave it impetus and momentum came not from one man, nor from a dozen men, but from tens of thousands.

It is an evolution, as natural as the growth of democracy throughout the world.

If you are interested in small beginnings of great things, turn to a file of *Harper's Weekly*, or some other periodical of the late sixties, and you will see a thin and trickling stream of advertising running through its pages. These advertisements are small and crude. They are characterized either by a furtive timidity like that of a gangling country youth of sixteen—or by a brazen and clamorous effrontery that would abash a lightning-rod agent.

The magazines and weeklies of that day did not care for advertising—for it was merely an annoyance—and no journalistic eye was sufficiently prophetic to look into the misty future, around 1890 or 1900, and see the advertising pages running a contest, for points of interest, with the text.

At the present time there are perhaps 24,000 newspapers and other periodicals in the United States and practically every one carries all the advertising it can get—while the combined expenditure for publicity annually put out by American advertisers runs

into many millions of dollars. This large outlay is augmented by the millions invested in billboard space and car cards.

Having followed the development of advertising thus far, we may pertinently inquire: What is the secret of its vigor? Why did this method of selling goods, unknown to our fathers, grow to such gigantic proportions in a single generation?

A Line from Manufacturer to Consumer

The answer is: Advertising draws a straight line from the manufacturer to the consumer. These are the two points that limit the problem of production and consumption, and advertising is the shortest line between them. It has made the hit-or-miss selling method of sixty years as obsolete as the Edict of Nantes.

Pick out any dozen well-known advertising men—and by that we mean men who have made an established success as advertisers, or advertising writers, or as solicitors, or in some other department of publicity—and ask them: “How can I learn to advertise?” and see what the answer will be. This will be an interesting experiment; but there wouldn’t be much variety in the replies, for every man would say that the basis of all advertising success is experience.

Differential calculus or European history may be learned from books, and learned well, but a complete knowledge of advertising does not come from books, or from any preconceived theory. I have said that advertising is salesmanship. In scientific salesmanship one must:

First: Develop a personality which will inspire confidence.

Second: Be able to read customers, so as to know how to handle them so wisely as to most easily make the sale and give satisfaction.

Third: Know your goods. Be able to analyze them.

Fourth: Know how to construct a selling talk that will make sales.

Fifth: Know business psychology. That is, know how to construct a selling talk that will get attention, arouse interest, stimulate desire, and bring about a resolve to buy. That is, to know when to stop talking.

In advertising you have to, first, make good goods and then give such service that customers will be satisfied. I mean to say that the manufacturer has this task to at-

tend to alone. But the wise manufacturer who seeks a great market for his goods will secure expert assistance when he desires to send his message to the millions.

Get Expert Help

He will seek a specialist—or a number of specialists grouped together—and seek their advice. These specialists have been engaged for years in studying the consumers, not of one product alone, but of many. They know the public and they know how to write messages that will reach the consumer’s ear. They have the knowledge of years right at hand. They know what advertising campaigns have failed and why they failed, and they also know of the campaigns that succeeded and why they succeeded.

This knowledge—and more—is ready for the wise advertiser who desires it.

The unwise advertiser seeks to secure this information for himself by experimenting, refusing to profit by the mistakes made by others, not consciously, but because of ignorance of advertising history.

Advertising agencies are advertising historians. They know the past, and upon this knowledge of the past they wisely build advertising campaigns of today.

This knowledge they gain by Experience.

With this must be mixed a Large Knowledge of Life. To convince men and women you must know how they live, how they think, and what they think, and what a dollar means to them.

When a fireman throws a pound of coal under the boiler, the owner of the boiler does not expect to get in actual steam power more than fifteen percent. of the total energy stored in the coal. In other words, about eighty-five percent of the power of the coal is absolutely wasted.

This is one of the great and pressing problems of mechanical engineering. Thousands of the brightest minds in the engineering world are at work upon it.

A similar problem confronts every advertiser, and the man who gets the highest dollar-efficiency in advertising out of his expenditure is the best advertiser.

No Gamble

Don’t cling to the old idea that advertising is simply a head-or-tails gamble. If it ever was, that day is long past, for a vast

stock of organized advertising knowledge now exists.

With the right kind of product, at the right price, and with an advertising appropriation in proportion to the result you anticipate, advertising is as sure as anything human can be. The success of thousands of advertisers proves it.

The tradition that advertising is a hit-or-miss game still lingers on the fringes of the business community. That's why the enormous waste of poorly-planned and badly-written publicity attracts less attention than a truck broken down in the street.

A manufacturer who would lie awake all night devising how to stop a waste of horsepower lets the dollar-power of his advertising dribble away without doing anything at all. He thinks that it is all in the game—that no forethought could have prevented it—and that it may have done some good anyway.

Don't remain contented with this state of affairs. *If your advertising is not bringing results, find out why.*

Seymour Eaton says, in his clever "Sermons on Advertising:"

"It is here that good advertising agencies having the interest of their customers at heart can be of large service; and the larger and the older the agency the better this service should be. There is no business on earth where experience is more valuable than in the business of advertising. An old established agency which for decades has been handling all classes of accounts, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, should have a storehouse of advertising experience worth a fortune to the new customer.

"The agency should know to a reasonable certainty what will pay and what will not pay; it should be able to diagnose a new case with positive accuracy; it should have at its command the best artists and the best copy-writers; it should be able to get the maximum per cent value out of every dollar of advertising appropriation; it should be in a position to make advertising, nine times out of ten, a positive science."

Still an Infant

Advertising as a selling force is yet in its infancy. Many possibilities are yet undeveloped. The surface of the soil has only been scratched.

Remember—advertising not only places the seller in touch with the customer for the purpose of satisfying a demand already existing, but it creates new demands. The force of publicity turns the luxury of today into the necessity of tomorrow.

Advertising has a tendency to broaden in scope. In fact, its history might be graphically illustrated by a series of widening circles. The first advertisers were local merchants, but after the trade of the locality was secured, it was only another step to go after the trade of the surrounding territory, and then the trade of the nation.

Twenty years ago it was thought the possibilities of advertising were limited to the exploitation of a few products, and it was predicted that the first man who advertised men's clothing nationally would fail. Now we are accustomed to see men's suits advertised in almost every periodical, and to the long list of advertised articles there have been added collars, dress linings, collar buttons, suspenders, cement, rugs, slate roofing, lands for colonists, rubber heels, writing paper, telephone and telegraph service—and innumerable commodities intended to satisfy almost every human want.

You may be producing an article that has never been advertised, but do not infer from this that it cannot be advertised profitably. The fact that you are selling it indicates that it fills a need. The right kind of advertising is certain to find new avenues of sale.

Men who are not constantly in close touch with publicity and its problems often look upon advertising as nothing more nor less than so many written words. That is why so many literary men, and reporters out of a job, think they can write advertisements.

Advertising Is Salesmanship

On the contrary, advertising has nothing at all to do with literature. It is salesmanship—but in advertising the salesman stands behind a printed page instead of a counter.

In salesmanship one must have a knowledge of goods and an understanding of human nature. It is the same in all advertising. The written words which compose the body of an advertisement are important, but only incidental.

Bear in mind, then, that all effective publicity is fundamentally based on human

nature, the following points must be covered satisfactorily to make an advertising campaign a success:

First: A useful article marked at the right price.

Second: An outlay, or advertising appropriation, proportionate to the result desired.

Third: Knowledge of trade conditions applying to the article to be advertised.

Fourth: Selection of proper advertising media.

Fifth: Determination of the proper time, or season to advertise.

Sixth: Study of the article to be advertised, with the idea of determining its selling points.

Seventh: Determination of the size of the advertisement.

Eighth: Good copy—which means advertisement written and illustrated in such a way as to bring out the desirable features of the advertised article with force and clearness.

Ninth: A complete selling plan, including trade policy, instruction of salesmen, distribution of goods, co-operation of retailers, and other co-ordinating forces.

How Psychology Helps the Ad-Writer

BY HERBERT HENRY HUFF

II—The Process of "Feeling"

IN Part One, the subject of "Knowing" was discussed. We saw that a full knowledge of the article is necessary before there would come a desire to possess it. Now *Buying* is the final aim of the ad-writer. To merely interest readers in what is on sale or to create in their minds a desire for it, is not sufficient. There must also be a resolve to *buy* and no let up until the sale is actually made. The reader's *will* must be moved.

Motive Behind Will

Behind every act of the will there is a *motive*—a reason for the action taken. The cause of that motive is a state of *Feeling*. In the illustration used in my first paper, I closed the window because the feeling of coldness (which the wind blowing on my face gave me) was unpleasant. All feeling yields either pleasure or pain and we try always to avoid the latter. Pleasure is the great motive in all of our acts—I mean, of course, to take the word in its largest sense, "everything agreeable."

Two Classes of Feelings

The feelings which we experience are of two classes—physical and psychical. The ad-writer is concerned with both—he says, "Stop that pain! Use Smith's Balm," and at another time, "Spruce up, young man! You want to be as stylish as the other fellows." Physical feelings (called Sensa-

tions) are felt merely by the body. Among the more common are the instincts, the appetites, sensations of fatigue, exhaustion, temperature, the action of the vital organs, etc. The five senses give us knowledge of the objects about us (that is their function in the action of *Knowing*) but at times they provide feelings of but a sensuous character. Bright objects, for instance, are attractive merely because they please the eye. Psychical feelings often combine with physical to provide intellectual enjoyment, as in observing a beautiful painting.

Psychical feelings are felt by the mind instead of the body. They are called emotions and may be either egoistic, altruistic, intellectual, aesthetic, ethical or desires for various ends. We seek pleasure (1) for ourselves (an egoistic motive) and (2) for others (altruistic). The adwriter utilizes both of these motives—the latter, in such ways as suggesting gifts for all occasions; that one might buy books for some charitable organization; the duty of purchasing a carpet sweeper or kitchen cabinet to lighten the wife's labor. There is a wealth of opportunity in reminding people of what would bring happiness to others and, at the same time, to themselves.

The Element of Desire

There has been considerable controversy as to the places of feeling and desire as the

cause of a motive. A pretty satisfactory explanation is as follows: In every act there is an object to be realized and the feeling self is projected toward it or *desires* it. The nature of the things which may become objects of desire is dependent on the character of the individual. What might appeal to me would have no attractions for you. It is the idea of the object and the pleasure its possession is supposed to yield that leads to a desire to possess it—and *desire* is the final motive. There can be no motive without desire; there can be no desire without feeling. In most instances, it is probable that there is greater pleasure in *anticipation* than *realization*.

Desire makes the hardest pull on purse strings—most advertisers realize this. Price fades away when it is well aroused. People are often thus tempted to buy things beyond their means. The appeal of a well written ad is almost irresistible. The possibilities of “suggestive” advertising are unlimited. Humanity needs to be *told* its wants. The ad that so presents the advantages of possessing a talking machine—bringing city entertainments to the country home, hearing the voices of the world’s greatest singers at your fireside, music for home theatricals and dances, etc.—awakens a *desire* for one in the minds of many who never before realized their need of it. So with thousands of other things that are each day changing from the luxury column to necessities. Living is more expensive today than twenty years ago—not that prices are higher but because our needs are more numerous. People are wearing better clothes, living in better homes enjoying more conveniences, eating purer food—and largely through the influence of advertising. Advertising is *creative*—multiplying wants and therefore increasing sales. The merchant and manufacturer who utilize it find wider market for their wares.

Motives to be Appealed to

Circumstances determine very much the motives to be appealed to in the ad. With articles designed to lighten labor, just plain laziness may be most effective; to whet the desire for better clothes, you may reach the reader through pride, ambition, vanity, self-confidence, etc.; to sell a breakfast food, appetite is the surest route. I am merely hinting at the possibilities.

The two feelings that every advertisement should give are pleasure and easy reading. To that end—types ought to be clean cut, readable and well spaced and cuts, phrases or words omitted if they provoke unpleasant feelings. It would have been far better for the baker to have spoken of the cleanly and sanitary methods used in his own establishment than to have mentioned the sweaty hands and dirty bins in the shop of his competitor who uses no machinery. It is a pleasure to read about Spotless Town but unpleasant to think of a dirty one. It may be badly proportioned panels, an ugly picture, a “scare” headline—anything in the ad that creates a disagreeable sensation should be removed.

Study Your Readers

The adwriter must study his readers as a speaker does his audience. Many an appropriation has been wasted because of failure to do this. I was examining a “house organ” a few days ago which, though it was intended to circulate among retail hardware dealers, contained mostly matter of interest to the office force in a factory or wholesale house—jokes about the stenographer, hints about card index systems, suggestions for office workers. You have, no doubt, noted many such advertising inconsistencies yourself.

The adwriter ought to hold his prospective reader out before him and look him over before he begins to write. His habits of thought, wealth, intelligence, nationality, customs—all must be ascertained. It would be as unwise to attempt the Wanamaker style of copy in Chicago as to wear Panamas in Iceland. The reason is plain—the people in those two cities are of different disposition. Take the laborer who spends the day among roaring factory wheels and sleeps through the shouts of the children in the alley and who is used to the cold realities of life—is it any wonder he finds relief in the bold Gothic headlines and big price figures? On the other hand, the man of wealth, intelligence and refinement has a more highly developed aesthetic taste—is attracted by dignified wording, and artistic typography. In either case, the style of advertising is in keeping with the character of the readers—and the particular style to use at each time is determined by the study of psychology!

Analysis of a Piano

THE PIANO

- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|--|--|--|------------------------|---|----------------------------------|--|------------------|--|------------------|--|--|--|
| 1. Character ... | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. It is a distinctive instrument because it has that individuality wherein lies the difference between a piano that is merely beautiful and one that is a work of art. 2. The tonal qualities make this instrument an instrument for the cultured home. This fact together with its comparative small size have secured for it a demand in the American home where the more bulky instrument seems to be incongruous. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 2. Construction . | <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">1. Parts</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Case 2. Back 3. Soundboard and ribs 4. Strings and plate 5. Action 6. Scale, bridge and pinblock </td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The ——— case department works from the designs of their own artists or executes designs submitted by professional architects. 2. Serves to protect the delicate mechanism within and also to enhance its beauty. 3. Come in walnut, mahogany and quarter oak. 1. The back is a heavy gridiron of well seasoned chestnut and must be the perfection of unyielding strength and massivity. 1. Is the very life of the piano and upon its quality and condition depend the permanency of its tonal quality for all time. 2. Must be made of the finest quality of well seasoned Adirondack spruce. 1. Are made of finest steel. 1. In ——— are of the finest quality of cedar and maple woods, together with specially prepared felt. 2. No part of the instrument is of greater importance, 3. Actions are intricate and complex, consisting of about 7,478 parts and each part accomplishing a definite purpose. 4. Must be not the least bit sluggish, but smooth, quick and responsive. 1. Constructed by acoustic experts and are of special patent construction with finest material used. </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">2. Material used</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. History and process of preparation of steel used in strings, plate and pins. 2. History and process of preparation of ivory used in the keys. 3. History and process of manufacture of felt used. 4. History and process of the seasoning of all woods used, mahogany, chestnut, maple, spruce, cedar, birch, walnut, oak, etc. </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">3. Mechanism and structure</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. History of piano construction from the earliest times to that of the present. </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">4. Patents</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Twelve exclusive patents of the ——— Piano to be used. 1. Made by the ——— Piano Co. 2. Factories have been singled out by students of industrial organizations of Europe as well as America 3. For superior materials and methods used in the ——— factories, the Paris Exposition awarded first prize. 4. Began its business career in 1862—46 years ago. 5. Magnitude of the ——— business— 14,000 pianos, 4,000 player pianos, 7,000 organs per annum. </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">3. History</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;"> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Growth and size of plant 1. 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4. Value.....
1. Quality and reputation..
 1. The best piano on the market today no matter at what price.
 2. The reputation of the piano manufacturer, supported by his industrial and financial ability, is the surest safeguard to the piano purchaser.
 3. Honors without precedent were awarded the _____ piano at Paris in 1900, and again at St. Louis in 1904.
 4. Every instrument of _____ manufacture is fully warranted. This warranty is supported not only by financial ability but—better still—by the reputation of the house of _____. All of which proves that it is the best piano for the least money.

The Customer

1. *For his own use*
 1. No modern home is complete without a piano.
 2. Nothing so takes one's mind from the worries and cares of life as the soothing influence of music.
 3. Parents owe their children the musical culture which society demands of them. If they are not accomplished in this art it is the parents who are responsible.
 4. Have your home attractive to those you invite to call to see you by having a piano there for their entertainment.
2. *Compared with rival goods*
 1. Superior quality.
 2. Costs less in comparison.
 3. Carries a guarantee which no other piano dare imitate.
3. *In associations*
 1. The first and only piano made in America ever honored with the "Grand Prix" (the highest possible recognition) at an international exhibition.
 2. The first and only piano in THE WORLD receiving such distinct honors the *first* time it was exhibited.
 3. These, together with the prizes taken at the World's Fair, St. Louis, are the highest honors that were ever taken in the piano industry of the world, and are official evidences of the superiority of the _____ Piano.
 4. The universal endorsement of the _____ Piano by the most eminent artists of the world.
 5. The enviable business reputation and responsibility of the house of _____.
4. *Closing the sale*
 1. Giving the order and making arrangements for final settlement of a cash purchase.
 2. Signing the leases and making first payment if sold on the time payment plan.
 3. Pleasing the customer and getting him in that mental condition that he will be continually working for you on future prospective buyers.
 4. Delivering the piano.



Makers of Beauty

By William Morris

Those who are to make beautiful things must live in a beautiful place. Some people may be inclined to say, and I have heard the argument put forward, that the very opposition between the serenity and purity of art, and the squalor and turmoil of a great modern city stimulates the invention of artists, and produces special in the art of today. I can not believe it. It seems to me that at the best it but stimulates the feverish and dreamy qualities that throw some artists out of the general sympathy. I abide by my statement that those who are to make beautiful things must live in beautiful places. There is no square mile of the world's surface that is not beautiful in its own way if we men will only abstain from wilfully destroying that beauty; and it is this reasonable share in the beauty of the earth that I claim as the right of every man who will earn it by due labor; a decent house with decent surroundings for every honest and industrious family; that is the claim I make of you in the name of art.

Self-Reliance

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

We have often spoken of that great essay on Self-Reliance in this magazine. Perhaps there is no essay by a master which contains so much backbone stiffening as this. Every salesman and business man should read it and study it. It is our intention to print some essay or story each month hereafter. Business men too seldom know of the beauties packed away in the pages of English literature. Part of this essay was printed in our January number.—Editor's Note.

Teachers Are Kings

The world has indeed been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things, and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition. whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them, and proceedeth obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceedeth. We first share the life by which things exist, and afterwards see them as appearances in nature, and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the

fountain of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, of that inspiration of man which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes,—all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind, and his involuntary perceptions. And to his involuntary perceptions, he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. All my wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving;—the most trivial reverie, the faintest native emotion are domestic and divine. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for, they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time, all mankind,—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The Power of Soul

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state; in the shooting of the gulf; in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates, that the soul *becomes*; for, that forever degrades the past; turns all riches to poverty; all reputation to a

shame; confounds the saint with the rogue; shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present, there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance, is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies, because it works and is. Who has more soul than I, masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits; who has less, I rule with like facility. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever blessed ONE. Virtue is the governor, the creator, the reality. All things real are so by so much of virtue as they contain. Hardship, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of the soul's presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. The poise of a planet, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every vegetable and animal, are also demonstrations of the self-sufficing, and therefore self-relying soul. All history from its highest to its trivial passages is the various record of this power.

Thus all concentrates; let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid them take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

Mob Rule

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is the soul admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of men. We must go alone. Isolation must precede true society. I like the silent church before the service begins,

better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary. So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say, "Come out unto us."—Do not spill thy soul; do not all descend; keep thy state; stay at home in thine own heaven; come not for a moment into their facts, into their hubbub of conflicting appearances, but let in the light of thy law on their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me, I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep

is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself with my hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest and mine and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh today? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth, it will bring us out safe at last.—But so you may give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

Be True to Self

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct*, or, in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a task-master. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others.

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he

will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do learn and beg day and night continually. Our house-keeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we invariably shun.

The Man Who Fails

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprizes, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window,—we pity him no more but thank and revere him,—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all History.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance, —a new respect for the divinity in man,— must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office, is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god *Audate*, replies,

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors,
Our valors are our best gods."

False Prayers

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide. Him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apolo-

getically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey." Everywhere I am bereaved of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors, and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Spurzheim, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system. In proportion always to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the great elemental thought of Duty, and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgianism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology that a girl does who has just learned botany, in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time, that the pupil will feel a real debt to the teacher,—will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his writings. This will continue until he has exhausted his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds, the classification is idolized, passes for the end, and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—how you can see; "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive, that, light unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot

and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

The Traveler

2. It is for want of self-culture that the idol of Travelling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In many hours, we feel that duty is our place, and that the merry men of circumstance should follow as they may. The soul is no traveller; the wise man stays at home with the soul, and when his necessities his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and is not gadding abroad from himself, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern Fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

Men Who Ape

3. But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness

affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean, and follow the Past and the Distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is an unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven

tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice: for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

Society Never Advances

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. Its progress is only apparent, like the workers of a treadmill. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether

we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

Society a Wave

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but be wholly his own man, and, in his turn, the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume, and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats, as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation, a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the Bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. "The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army," says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill, and make his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed, does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons

who make up a nation today, next year die, and their experience with them.

Ask Nothing

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long, that they have come to esteem what they call the soul's progress, namely, the religious, learned, and civil institutions, as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other, by what each has, not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, ashamed of what he has, out of new respect for his being. Especially he hates what he has, if he see that it is accidental—came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires is permanent and living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man is put. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse, and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from

New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

Work

THOMAS CARLYLE

For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done with itself leads one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Jubal and Tubal Cain

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Jubal sang of the wrath of God
 And the curse of thistle and thorn—
 But Tubal got him a pointed rod
 And scrambled the earth for corn,
 Old—old as that earthly mold,
 Young as the sprouting grain—
 Yearly green is the strife between
 Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
 And the souls its waves divide—
 But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree
 And passed to the farther side.
 Black—black as the hurricane wrack,
 Salt as the under-main—
 Bitter and cold is that hate they hold—
 Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years
 When wars and wounds shall cease—
 But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spears
 And showed his neighbors peace.
 New—new as the Nine Point Two,
 Older than Lamech's slain—
 Roaring and loud is the feud avowed
 Twix' Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
 And the peaks that none may crown—
 But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,
 And there he builded a town,
 High—high as the Passes lie,
 Low as the culverts drain—
 Wherever they be they can never agree—
 Jubal and Tubal Cain!



The Benediction

BY JAMES E. CLARK

WIRELESS telegraphy is a mysterious something no part of which the average person has ever seen; something that he can not understand in any greater degree than he can a miracle, but he believes wireless telegraphy to be a fact; that it communicates from a shore that he has never seen over an ocean which he has never seen, and that it works for the good of mankind. No one doubts its existence or its value. The powers that make wireless telegraphy possible are not new in nature. They have existed as long as the world itself; man has lately learned of them and learned how to employ them to help him.

Like wireless telegraphy—subtle and for the most part intangible—are the powers of the mind of each person. One such power is what I shall call The Benediction.

Benediction is described in the dictionary as “a blessing”—“a solemn and affectionate invocation of happiness.” The benediction here referred to is that fine, satisfied, full-of-repose feeling which comes to one at the close of a good day’s work, well done, or which comes upon the completion in a first-class manner of any task. The farm boy has the benediction as he sits in the cool of the evening in looking back over his day of toil—the big field plowed with even furrow and true; the civil engineer with having worked out to the last detail what once seemed to have been a hopeless problem; the architect as he views with satisfaction the completed building which has been constructed under his supervision and after his plans.

This benediction is a real force—Nature’s “Well done!” It gets into every fiber of the being and will not out. It is not only an approval today but it is a boost for tomorrow, for it seems to open up a reservoir

of power and charge us up with greater force for the works of the coming day. Yesterday we perhaps did not know our power. In this day’s work which has given us such satisfaction we are advanced (though we may not realize it) to a new grade of capability. We know what we can do now; on the morrow we will not only do as well but do better.

In another sense the benediction, this satisfaction, this “well done” of nature is like an additional block of granite under our feet—higher than our foothold of yesterday and more secure.

And it is not a mere dream, or a reverie, or a passing feeling of pleasure, but one of the real and actual forces of nature, like the telephone, the telegraph, the passage of light.

No one doubts that there is such a thing as momentum—that the boulder rolling down hill gathers force as it goes. No one doubts that there is such a thing as gravitation—that the earth constantly attracts to it all objects. We can see the effect of gravitation—the apple falling from the tree or the brick from the house top—but we can not see gravitation itself. Yet momentum and gravitation are truths and in the same good company is the benediction. Everyone experiences it and each knows, too, something of its opposite. When we have done a good day’s work we are satisfied and at peace with the world and ourselves no matter how tired we may be, but when we have shirked we are ill at ease. Even if we promise ourselves that we will do better tomorrow we are still troubled. Why? Because somewhere deep down in our hearts we know that we have lost a part of the day—let run to waste some of the stream of gold—and of course that is forever gone.

No excuse can take the place of the satisfaction and fill us with the glow of the benediction. That is a feeling which comes under a law as mighty as that which gives us day and night.

When we have so worked that we can go to our resting places at night with a feeling that we have done not only enough to escape censure from our superiors in office but that we have done an honest day's work at our appointed tasks and that we have besides made good use of our spare moments in learning something which shall advance us, we gain trebly. We gain the immediate profit, the future profit and the better strength for tomorrow.

But perhaps someone is unconvinced and thinks that he will not bother his head about the benediction and decides that he will work or study as little as he likes, and that he will play or rest, or hibernate to his heart's content. What matter if he does? Only this: He is out of harmony with the forces of the universe and must in consequence lose in power and pay a penalty. He who does his best, working on to improve himself, is in harmony with the universe. He is going forward toward prosperity and need not worry about the future. There are no accidents in nature. Everything is included in the law of cause and effect. The man who is using his capabilities and opportunities to the limit is going with the tide; those who are not so engaged are feebly trying to go against it. The benediction shows above all that whether we work well or work poorly the quality of our conduct is not a matter of our own and with ourselves alone because that feeling is of divine origin, an approval and a reward of real worth which no one can withhold or take away or confer without full merit. That is a feeling above and beyond

men excepting as the individual wins it. A public speaker is often "carried along" by the sympathy of his audience. When he begins his address he is sometimes feeling his way, is nervous and apprehensive, and the audience seems to be cold and critical. But presently his words arouse sympathy, speaker and listeners have something in common, and the auditors give to him a greater degree of concentration. Then the speaker forgets himself and goes on to better efforts. Soon he arouses them to cheers and applause. Their resounding "well done" electrifies him, his embarrassment falls away and with perfect confidence and renewed determination he continues. He is carried from one burst of applause to another with a force which he afterward looks back upon with a feeling of amazement. He never experienced it before and he did not know that it existed.

So it is with the benediction which will carry each on from one triumph of industry to another. It is real; it is sure to come. The lesson learned tonight will give its benediction and its measure of strength. The will power expended in stifling and crossing the inclination to spend the evening in idleness or in the pursuit of transitory pleasure gives more ability to cross some foolish impulse on the next day. Our thoughts reproduce their kind. Effort and concentration give strength and will-power; idleness gives weakness.

The growth and the decay of a tree are silent processes; the development of the mind or ebbing away of mental powers and possibilities are silent processes.

Get down and work! Mere frivolous "pleasure is a fool's paradise!"

Do the day's task and get the benediction! Want and poverty are always lurking along the pathway of life!



The Dollars That Work

BY ARTHUR BUMSTEAD

THE dollars that work are the only dollars that make men rich. They are the dollars invested in going, paying enterprises—the dollars that are turning the wheels of profitable industry—the dollars that are the advance agents of prosperity along the highways of the world's traffic. Sound investment is a matter of investigation first and of confidence and action afterwards. The dollars that are doing a full day's work, and that in some instances are working over time, are usually found upon investigation to belong to red-blooded citizens endowed with an extra portion of faith and foresight.

Successful investors are taking note of these conditions and are acting accordingly. A curious feature of the whole situation, however, is our chronic disregard of the law of cause and effect as observable day after day and year after year in the world of affairs. The situation might appear ludicrous were it not so pathetic.

The cycles of our commercial prosperity might be cited in illustration. The times are good—on every side employment is plentiful—labor is well paid—the business community is making money hand over fist—values are soaring skyward. Suddenly there appears a small cloud on the commercial horizon—capital scurries to shelter—panic seizes the populace—the bubble appears to burst. At this point faith and foresight step in and look the field over. They recognize that basic conditions are essentially sound—that lack of confidence is the chief and perhaps the only trouble. After a brief survey and an intelligent summarizing of the general situation, the decision is reached to load up with gilt-edged securities at bargain prices. The certificates are then bestowed in strong boxes for the inevitable rise. It has happened before—it will happen again, world without end.

Faith and Foresight

Human nature is a riddle; but faith and foresight are the two infallible taskmasters that command and compel results from the dollars that work.

Faith and foresight are twin offspring of the parent stock, investigation. The seeds

of the future are already observable in the ripening harvest of the present. The accuracy of any forecast varies in exact degree as the forecaster takes into account more or less comprehensively the present conditions out of which the future must be shaped. These are truths of the most stupendous practical import. Let us apply them, for instance, to present economic conditions as actually observable today in the world's money markets. On careful inspection, what do we discover? Among other significant conditions the following may be regarded as established and unquestionable:

First, the world's output of gold, the accepted standard of monetary values among civilized nations, has doubled twice over within the past twenty-four years.

Second, this increase in the world's gold supply has been accompanied by a more or less closely corresponding rise in the prices of other commodities.

Third, a yearly increase of even three per cent in the world's gold output would be more than sufficient to counterbalance any normal decline in the prices of other commodities due to increased production; while in fact all increase in the gold output over and above this paltry two or three per cent must act inevitably toward raising the price levels of all other commodities, not excepting silver, copper, iron, and indeed every natural or artificial product, whether of mine or forest, farm, plantation or factory.

Gold Supply and Prices

On the supposition that the world's visible gold supply should increase twenty-five per cent within the next five years, which is an entirely conservative estimate in view of modern commercial mining and dredging methods, it would be altogether reasonable to anticipate that the general price level of other commodities would at the end of that time to be fully twenty-five per cent higher than the average of today.

These statements would be absolutely valueless under the supposable contingency that the world's visible supply of gold is not to continue to increase. They would be valueless also supposing that an increase in this visible supply does not mean a corres-

ponding rise in the prices of other commodities. If, however, we are to give the slightest heed to the words of expert mining engineers or to the established principles of political economy, it appears reasonably certain that the gold supply will continue to increase, and also that the prices of commodities will continue to go up in much the same manner as they have been going up during the past dozen years. These conditions are basic and fundamental, and the man of faith and foresight will take account of them and govern himself accordingly.

A brief deduction or two from the conditions here stated will not be out of place. With rising prices for commodities invariably comes an increased demand for capital

for speculative purposes. As prices continue to advance, interest rates advance accordingly, and the power of every invested dollar shows enormous increase. The bull movement or market boom goes forward with intensified enthusiasm—new flotations are rapidly absorbed by the speculative public—and finally as a result of extravagant and reckless inflation there comes the usual panic, clash and collapse. This in brief is the situation to be met and dealt with by every man of faith and foresight; and according as he faces it and handles it with courage, intelligence and determination, so will he exact the best profits and most substantial increment from the dollars that work—the dollars that are well invested.

Some Business-Builders

BY GLENWOOD S. BLUCK

- ¶ Failure is more often due to a want of ideas than to a want of capital.
- ¶ The imitator is always a weakling. He lacks individuality or he wouldn't be an imitator.
- ¶ Every article in your stock is calling to you—"I dare you to sell me." Will you take the dare?
- ¶ After all is over, the worst thing they can possibly say about you is, "You died with nothing done."
- ¶ A steam roller in a rose garden is no more out of place than a pig or a pirate in the fair field of merchandise.
- ¶ The best crops come from the most fertile soil. Fertility comes with cultivation. How about your little patch?
- ¶ In business, as in life, he gets the most out of it who gives the most to it—the dividends are based on the investment.
- ¶ Business is something more than piracy—a preying of the big upon the small. It is—or should be—and will be—co-operation.
- ¶ When we become wiser, we will probably see that bodily health, moral health and business health are but different phases of the same thing.
- ¶ Have you taken your heart into business with you? Search the world over and you could not find a better partner—a safer, surer, saner one.
- ¶ Surely it is worth while to have lived in the great day when honesty has at least come to be recognized as a part of the scientific law of self-preservation.
- ¶ We need more of both head and heart in our business. There is little danger of getting too much of the combination—the trouble comes in not enough, or with an unequal mixture.



What One Girl Did

BY H. B. MYER

WE know that among the readers of this magazine there are many girls and women who are anxious to succeed in the line they have chosen for their life work. Many of them have not only themselves to support but perhaps have others dependent upon them. To such there are no doubt times when the present seems most discouraging and even in the future, to which all of us have occasion to turn with an anxious eye, they may not be able to discern any ray of hope.

For such readers the following story is written, and in passing we might say that every word of it is true, as the events related came under the writer's personal observation.

The home of this girl was in a section of the country whose inhabitants were most improvident and illiterate. To be frank with you, my words are inadequate to describe the conditions existing in this locality. And so low was the degree of culture—or intelligence—of many of the denizens (it would be fulsome flattery to call them residents) that the section at the time in question was a by-word to all who knew it. The particular family to which our heroine belonged played its part well in maintaining the reputation of the district.

At the age of ten or twelve years the care of her younger brothers and sisters fell upon her by reason of the mother's death. This condition was in itself quite sufficient for an ordinary girl. But in considering this girl the word "ordinary" has no place. Despite all unfavorable conditions with which she had to contend she seemed to be controlled by an insatiable desire to secure an education, if perhaps for no other reason than to show that some good really could come out of this present-day Nazareth. To do this required the utmost effort on her part, as even ordinary books and papers were a luxury which could ill be afforded by her. But for those who really want to

do a thing there always opens a way and by some manner of means she completed the course that was offered by the country school which she attended. Her attendance of course was quite irregular on account of the household duties which wholly devolved upon her and because of work which she occasionally had to do in the field. Of course under such conditions her time for study was only at night.

The curriculum of the country school, however, was rather abbreviated and it only served to increase her desire to learn more. A little over two miles distant from her home was a small town which boasted of an embryonic high school. To attend this school was her next desire, but when the opening of the school year rolled around her duties at home and in the field prevented her from taking up the work at the beginning with the remainder of the school. Did this discourage her? Not at all. It only made her a little more resourceful and served to bring to the surface her Spartan-like spirit. She purchased the necessary books, consisting of an algebra, ancient history, rhetoric, etc., and commenced the study of them alone, taking up the work with the class a month or six weeks later. She walked the distance to and from the school during the school year in all kinds of weather. The same plan was followed the next season and she completed the course at this second school almost at the head of the class.

The next step was to apply for a teacher's license. She took the examination and passed it, in fact there could have been no other result. She secured a school and conducted it most successfully. She next attended a normal school, taught some more and in the course of four or five years was teaching in the high school at the county seat, and the last report is to the effect that she was assistant principal, with a comfortable increase in pay, and those who

are familiar with her life know that the end of her success is not yet.

Now, that may be a rather homely story, but it only shows what can be done if one only puts forth the effort. The conditions that this girl had to meet and overcome would have kept most of us in hopeless obscurity. But they only served to give her more strength and before such persistence the stability of the Rock of Gibraltar is as putty in comparison.

Your outlook may be cheerless but in all probability the girl about whom this story is written would have regarded your

circumstances as a bed of roses compared with the thorny path which she had to travel.

She asked no favors of any one—people who are sure of themselves seldom do.

She accepted life as she found it and made the best of it—another point of strength.

Remember there is always a way of overcoming any untoward conditions provided one works along right lines and the end to be attained is just, and the fact that this is so is proof of the verity of the eternal laws of success. If such were not the case life itself would be a farce and our every effort a mockery.

Waiting

BY GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

ALL over the country there are good towns and good little cities—waiting.

The soil is fertile in the country around them; the population is thrifty and intelligent in the territory tributary to them; the rain falls as regularly as it does anywhere; the sun shines just as brightly and just as many hours in a year as it does in most other places; the rivers and railroads with all their carrying capacity run past them; markets and buyers are within reach in all directions;—but these places are waiting.

New industries are being started; existing industries seeking better environment are being transplanted or relocated; inventions are seeking opportunity to become commercial realities through the investment of a little money only; trade is drifting to the big centers; young men and young women are abandoning the surroundings they know and going into others for which they are untrained;—but these places are still waiting.

There are stores, but the store-keepers seem to be exercising most of their ingenuity finding new reasons for depreciating the home town; there are property owners but they are never busy excepting while they are depressing local real estate values; there are municipal governments, but the development of their home possibilities seems to be their last care; there are schools, but they have forgotten that their chief aim should be to train men and women; there are churches, but they have forgotten how to serve in direct

ratio as they have become pauperized;—but they are all waiting. Waiting for what?

While they wait other towns and cities grab the prizes. Other towns and cities become garden spots. Other towns and cities loom up large on the map. Other towns and cities with a constantly growing volume of taxable property secure more and more of the good things of life, make happy homes, build and grow great, become centers of learning and moral uplift, produce men who do great things for improving the race—and yet those other places are waiting.

It would look like a comedy, if there were not present all the elements of tragedy. Why do they wait? Those unfortunate communities are simply showing the effects of the operation of natural laws which are as infallible in their results with them as are the same laws when working in the individual. They are simply lacking in the quality of initiative, action, will become dynamic. The faculties fall into atrophy or decay through disuse or misuse in exactly the same way as do the muscles or organs of the physical body. The remedy is a complex problem as a rule. In the physical body there are two classes of remedies which start things if not delayed too long, either a shock or gentle stimulation will do the business.

In community life either of these remedies will serve the purpose. Usually the shock must be applied by an outsider, but sometimes a young man native to the environment

accomplishes the result by doing the unexpected. Stimulation is better, but it takes more time and requires more men on the job. They must understand that it will be hard work and to be successful every man must "enlist for the war." They must all work "for the good of the town," ready to

take any kicks that come and without hope of personal reward.

Young man, if you have been complaining that in your town the door of opportunity is closed, look around you and you will find work that is worth while—*why wait longer?*

About Doors

BY CROMWELL JONES

ONCE there was an Adman who had some very big ideas. They were so big that when the Adman sat at his desk with the door shut he and the ideas took up all the room, so that whenever an Outside Man knocked and said he was from a Print Shop or an Art Shop or an Engraving shop the Adman called out in a muffled voice, "Nothing doing." Then the man with the knock would go away next door where the Adman who kept his door open walked around and looked out and said, "Hello, there! What's new?"

One day the Adman of the Shut Door got his ideas all into fine shape and had them set up and pictured and typed and put into a neat, nice book right ready to read. Then he opened the door and very proudly walked into the Private Office of the President and the Vice President and the Treasurer, and laid down the nice, neat little book, and said, "Here it is."

"Here is what?" said the President.

"Here is 1910 Business," said the Adman.

The President picked up the 1910 Business and turned it over, and said, "Where have I seen this before?"

Then the Adman of the Shut Door looked severe, and said indulgently, "Sir, you have

never seen that before. That is an entirely new idea."

"Oh, is it?" said the President, apologetically. "I didn't recognize it."

Then the Adman went out much depressed because of the humidity of the atmosphere and sought his friend next door. He had to wait outside but he could look in. He heard much spirited talk from an enthusiastic person who was turning over a pile of printed things on the desk of the Adman, his friend.

At last, when the Adman of the Shut Door got into his friend's office he said in a raucous voice, "I've been waiting out there half an hour. You waste a deuced lot of time talking to Outside Men, it seems to me."

"O, I guess not," said the Adman of the Open Door. "I like to get on to what the other fellow's doing. I always keep the door open, old man. I figure there's deeper breathing outside than inside. However, you needn't get so savage about it. Come on, let's have a fine, little dinner. I just got a raise."

Then the Adman of the Shut Door felt his chest go heavy and the floor jar up against his heels and he couldn't enjoy the fine, little dinner with the customary keenness because of a sudden bad attack of indigestion.





DISCUSSIONS *With The* ADVISORY BOARD



To an advertising man for a retail store when returning several page ads.

ANS. In a general way, your work will be stronger if you cut out so far as possible, what you would like to have other people do and prepare it in the form of what it will pay them to do. The little remark about this month, is capable of a double construction unless you modify. In a general way, you use very effectively the modifications of the positive, but you have a tendency, sometimes, to weaken your work by putting them in where they are not necessary, as for instance, "Justify the belief", instead of "prove."

* * *

To a real estate man who had asked for a criticism of a letter-head.

ANS. Regarding the stationery, the stock is all right as to quality and everything else. The arrangement is very good, but I think it would be worth more than it would cost, if you would have it produced in steel or copper plate instead of plain printed type. In the real estate investment business you bump against a good many people who expect things pretty nice and an engraved letter head carries things a long way. Compare the enclosed card with any of the printed cards that come before you, they cost a good deal more money than printed stuff, but they are worth more.

* * *

To an inquirer asking why his circular letter to physicians had not "pulled" as they should, in his opinion.

ANS. In the first place, you should consider the fact that in times such as we have had, the average physician, no matter how large his practice, has carried on his books—a very large volume of past due accounts. Almost everybody leaves the Doctor's bill until the very last thing to be settled and very few people even pay the Doctor "Something on account," as is the case with most other past due items. This is unfair but you must consider it in tracing the result of your campaign.

* * *

A few comments on advertising matter for an advertising specialist.

ANS. It is true of both the selling talk and the letters that they deal too much in "glittering gen-

eralities," the trite axioms of advertising, rather than the concrete "selling talk," and they particularly lack in proof. It is not sufficient to say how good your service is; you must at least show indications of a willingness to prove your case. In general, too, all of this material is marked by a positiveness of statement, and a sort of disregard of the other fellow, which is far from the most tactful method of approach. You will see the force of these general criticisms, I think, as I go into details.

In referring to the diction in which your ads are written, avoid the word "bright". It carries with it the inference of "clever", and good business men shun "cleverness", in advertising. The phrases "You are a successful business man", etc., and "As a live business man it's probable that you", etc., and similar phrases designed to flatter the man, as they are stated here are what one might call, in slang, "coarse work." There is a better way of saying the thing, which I believe a little thought will show you.

Your claim about using just the exact size of space sounds to me to be unreasonable. My candid opinion is that there is hardly a man living who can say just what size space will pay the best on any given proposition in any given medium, until he has experimented. He can form a general estimate, it is true, on the probabilities of the case, but your claim sounds in cold type like an impossibility.

Your big selling talk must be on the last paragraph—the fact that your work is advisory, that you know how to write copy and plan layouts, that you can buy space, and that, above all, you can relieve the boss of details. Always emphasize the fact that you would co-operate with him closely—never that you would expect to run this free from interference. He pays the bills, you know.

* * *

To a laborer who has fallen into a hopeless condition because of his difficulties in assimilating ideas.

ANS. Under all these circumstances, you will pardon me if I urge you to get busy on a course in English. Go to night school or have somebody teach you, outside of business hours, who is a competent instructor. Until such time as you can make this arrangement read good books; not

magazines or newspapers, but Charles Dickens' novels "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield," and some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works and Washington Irving's "Sketchbook." You can get them all at the public library, and the more you read of that kind of literature, the more you will know about people and the better you will be qualified to read and understand other things that will help you out of the rut that you feel you are in.

It is a shame that a man with as good brains as you have naturally, with as much of natural talent for selling goods and so much of opportunity before him, if he will prepare himself to take advantage of it, is suffering from a handicap of a neglected education in the foundation material like ordinary English. Remember that in acquiring that English you also get a certain amount of brain-improving stuff that would put you where you could grasp and use the teachings of any correspondence course.

To a student who has been scattering his energies over several different activities.

ANS. You must realize that the state of your disposition and the condition of your mind has a lot to do with how you feel. While it is all right to keep an eye to the main chance and try to improve yourself, you want to keep up the main pressure on the proposition that promises to yield the bread and butter; that is what counts, and the better you attend to it, the more bread and butter it will yield. These outside stunts are a fine recreation for the man who can afford them, but they are a mighty poor thing to depend on for a living. Some people can concentrate on the main chance and at the same time treat the other matters as recreation. If you can't, you'd better quit the recreation and get down to brass tacks on the bread and butter.

To an inquirer who appears to take an extreme position on "Nature Cures."

ANS. I noticed the little motto at the right hand corner of your letter sheet. After handling about 38,000 students in the Sheldon School, we are forced to believe that it is not the ignorance in men so much as the laziness that causes the troubles of mankind. A great many people who are ill know just exactly what to avoid, but they lack the will power to avoid it, and it is our hope to have a hand in developing the positive lines of education so that ability will not be the main result of common school education, but that we shall see some in-

itiative or will power and plenty of reliability or sensibility stuff planted in our boys and girls during the time that their physical bodies and their objective minds are being fitted for the future. Another thing, about wild animals, do you happen to know that the cattle men of the west who have really made money in the business, have made it because they found that when the ranch cattle ran wild the losses ran about 40 percent, and when they began to take care of them they reduced the losses to about 8 percent. The expense of doing the stunt was only about 10 percent, so you see there was a nice little profit there. Of course that is the science of Business and Costs applied to physical life. Think it over.

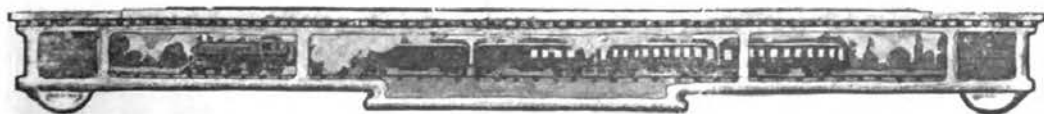
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Letter on the nature of tact.

Tact is a quality which it is difficult to define, although it may be described as adroitness or skill in doing or saying what is most appropriate to the occasion. Tact may always be considered as doing or saying the right thing at the right time; but the reverse of this principle is not equally true. There are many instances when the right thing is done at the right time which could not be considered as tact.

Tact carried to an extreme may, of course, be considered as deception, but in this matter it is difficult to draw a line. For instance, when you go to visit a sick friend, who is seriously ill, your tact would lead you to assume as cheerful an attitude as possible, and you would certainly endeavor to encourage your friend, even though you did not actually hope for his recovery. Whether or not this is deception, each one must decide for himself. Every virtue carried to an extreme may become a fault, and the same may be said of tact. From personal observation, however, it would not seem that there is any immediate danger of the world being burdened with too much tact and consideration for the feelings of others.

There is a difference between dishonesty and deception, and it is this: In dishonesty a person deceives for his own purposes and as a result of a definite effort of the will, but deception itself may be practised in various ways and from various motives, not necessarily personal. In view of this difference, while tact may be considered under the head of deception, at times, we are not prepared to admit by any means that it is similar to dishonesty.





From Other Philosophers

“ENTHUSIASM breakfasts on obstacles—lunches on objections—dines on competitors and rests in peaceful slumber on their scattered tail feathers.”

—A. E. Landon

HANDLING RESPONSIBLE MEN.—Whatever puts more vim into a workman is a business asset. If a man can be made to take a more intelligent interest in his work, and put the force of his own purpose behind it, that is a condition worth working for. To add twenty-five per cent to the gross sales of a business may not mean as much in net profit as to add twenty-five per cent to the efficiency of the working force—to get them to give twenty-five per cent more vital work for the same expense. This principle is well understood in the manufacturing business and in other lines where there is a tangible relation between the expense and the output. But it is often overlooked in dealing with men of responsibility. Such men, being human, are affected by moods and degrees of interest in their work even more than the employee who does more mechanical or routine work. Not to recognize this and conserve it, not to stimulate it and mold it along lines of improvement, is one of the greatest wastes of paid-for energy and intelligence that can be found anywhere in the business world. The only worse thing is to attempt to govern such men too closely, and so deprive them of the spontaneity and initiative of individual action. Few things add so much interest to the work of a responsible man as the intelligent and cordial appreciation of his work by his equals and superiors and the feeling that there are standards which he must still strive to attain.

Waldo P. Warren.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR SATISFACTION.—Every workingman who is worth his salt (I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone) takes satisfaction, first, in the working; secondly, in the product of his work, and

thirdly, in what that product yields to him. The carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm laborer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs; the author who takes no pride in his book; the business man who is not deeply engrossed in the business he is building—these are monstrosities.

The Oriental, hot-climate figment that labor is a curse is contradicted by the experience of all the progressive nations. The Teutonic stock owes everything that is great and inspiring in its destiny to its faculty of overcoming difficulties by hard work, and of taking heartfelt satisfaction in this victorious work. It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

—President Eliot of Harvard University.

BRYAN SPEAKS TO SLUDENTS.—Speaking to the students of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., Bryan said his father did not leave him much money. “I am rather glad he didn’t,” he added, “for I think fortunes have spoiled more boys than they have ever made and a fortune in expectation has paralyzed ambition more than it has stimulated it.” Speaking then of the advice his father gave him—that he could afford to be in the minority, but could not afford to be in the wrong on any question, he added: “He said that if I was in the minority and right I would some day be in the majority, but that if I was in the majority and wrong, I would some day be in the minority. He taught me to have faith in the wisdom of doing right. He taught me to believe in the omnipotence of truth. He taught me to believe that victory would finally come to every righteous cause and that feeling is the only faith that can inspire one to fight earnestly and continuously for what he

believes to be right. I am anxious, therefore, that the young man shall find out what is right and I am anxious that, having found out, he will take his stand as a champion of the right and ask no questions in regard to the immediate effect of his course upon himself. Nobody is worthy to live for a truth, unless he is ready to die for it, and those who are ready to die for truth are the ones who live with it and as the truth grows."

THE INDOMITABLE MAN.—Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. Many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—*Electrical Review.*

GETTING ACQUAINTED.—Getting well acquainted with your customers, and coming into personal touch with them, if possible, is one of the surest methods of holding their trade. The idea that nothing counts but "the price" is often wrong. When one of your customers calls you Jim and asks you to go fishing, competition goes away back and sits down.—"*Once Upon a Time.*"

ABOUT DOING ADVERTISING.—Once there was a man who didn't believe in advertising. One night a burglar crept through his window and grabbed him by the throat. The man who didn't believe in advertising yelled "Murder," "Robbers," "Police." It was the first time he had ever advertised, and it helped.—"*Once Upon a Time.*"

WEALTH FOR ALL.—Nature furnishes abundant wealth for all; the human race, as a whole, is immensely rich; each individual is therefore rich by natural right. Those who live in various degrees of lack are at least 90 per cent of the whole population; therefore it is idle to say that they have been disinherited by force or cunning; they lack, simply because they refuse to receive their own. No one can keep the masses disinherited when they learn to rise above the plane of competition and belief in a limited supply. Men do

not need either charity or legislation so much as they need instruction, so that they may become wise enough to accept what God gives them. There are no poor; there are only wealthy people who refuse to receive their own. Do not limit yourself in thought or expectation; ask for all there is, pray for all there is, and you will receive all there is.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things—you must work. If you will look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't fear of killing yourself by overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometime, but it's because they quit work at 6 p. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boy. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied the world will be with you.—*Bob Burnett.*

THE DIGNITY OF WORK.—There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. An American president, when asked what was his coat of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "A pair of shirt sleeves." A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied: "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

Samuel Smiles.

GET THE SUCCESS HABIT EARLY.—Every way becomes easier with traveling in it; and the last stages are pleasantly run by him who accomplishes well the first. When near success we are encouraged by its sight, and little effort is required of one about to reach the goal. A man never feels tired when on the point of succeeding.—*Austin Bierbower.*



The Philosopher Among His Books

A Crime on Canvas. By Fred M. White. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.50.

I have read and reviewed so many books of fiction of late that I am almost ashamed to look one of them in the face. This book, however, I couldn't get away from after I foolishly permitted myself to start. It is a simple story told so thrillingly that the reader confidently expects to come up with a great crime on every succeeding page. An old English nobleman is afflicted with the disease which makes him think his family is better than any other family that ever lived. So, when the rascally artist threatens to paint and exhibit a portrait of his granddaughter, he becomes frantic with fear. The actions of the old man under ordinary circumstances would be laughable were it not for the heartburnings caused by his actions and those of the artist and his accomplices. As a thrilling story, cleverly written, "A Crime on Canvas" can be reckoned as a leader of summer fiction.

* * *

Concerning Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould. George W. Jacobs & Company. Price \$1.50.

It is this keen, cutting biography of that strange being, known to the world as Lafcadio Hearn, that caused such a flood of praise and criticism of the dead writer to be let loose upon the public last summer. Dr. Gould insisted upon writing a book in which was given what he said was a true picture of Hearn. Unfortunately for the lovers of the writer and his work, this picture showed the flaws that the man possessed. Gould said something to the effect that Hearn was not perfect, even going so far as to point out imperfections. Instantly there came from the kneeling worshippers the angry exclamation: "'Taint so.'" However good or bad or indifferent Hearn may have been, the world of letters cannot fail to recognize in him one of the artists of his time. What he did for Japan makes Nippon his debtor. He interpreted that kingdom

as it had never been interpreted by an occidental. He sensed the inner, spiritual beauty of the religion, the philosophy, the lives of the Japanese. And this he did for Martinique also. Business men who would know the heart story of Japan—and this story must be known to those who would win commercial success there—should read what Lafcadio Hearn has written.

* * *

The King of Arcadia. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.

Builders of irrigation dams cannot justly be accused of failing to lead a strenuous life, if this picture of the construction of Arcadia Dam is a true one. Of course this is just fiction. But it is a rattling good story for a business man to read in the summer time. It is a love story—as all good summer stories are. In the land of ranches and cowboys and railroad builders and irrigation engineering, the King of Arcadia, an elderly Kentuckian of the ultra-patrician order, has established a castle of luxury in an oasis that he has made to blossom as the rose. A vast irrigation scheme conceived and promoted by Eastern capitalists involves the destruction of the garden. Of course that arouses the anger of the King and a merry and exceedingly exciting time results. The hero is the chief engineer of the irrigation company, a young man who takes the position after three predecessors lost their lives mysteriously. The heroine is the daughter of Arcadia's king. It is a tale that is so exciting that one can scarcely refuse to finish it at a sitting.

* * *

Studies in Character Building. Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, A. M. Good Health Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Every parent should be a teacher. Too many think they have done their duty by their children when they have attended to their physical needs. They forget that the mental and spiritual needs

are just as important. That a child should have early in life that training which will cause it to grow into a well-rounded man or woman is something that is understood but hazily. No one would think of going into a strange country without first securing all possible information. Yet every year there are thousands of men and women who become parents without more than a smattering of the knowledge they need before they can administer wisely the duties which their high office brings to them. A greater duty than that involved in giving children to the world to keep up the race, devolves upon parents. In the first place, a father and a mother must be physically fit. To send into the world a child upon which has been visited the sins of the parents is a crime against society. How great this crime is depends largely upon how the child is taught to overcome its handicap. A great handicap may be overcome, but only through education. During the formative years this education in the majority of cases must be given by the parents. Unless they possess wisdom, unless they themselves are truly educated, how is it possible for them to teach others. It is impossible to give to others that which you do not yourself possess. How can ignorant parents train their children to be wise? Mrs. Kellogg has written a book in which she emphasizes the sacredness of parenthood. She shows clearly the responsibilities of those who marry and have children. But she also gives much advice that cannot fail to be helpful to all who read it.

* * *

Making the Most of Ourselves. By Calvin Dill Wilson. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

"Complete education deals with body, mind and soul," says the author in the first chapter; "every sense, every faculty, requires a share of attention. Body, mind and soul must go together; a gymnasium and outdoor exercise are means of grace; to think well one must take care of the body; to have a wholesome soul one must keep the mind clean and must fill it with right thoughts and noble principles; and to have the mind right one must care for the soul, keep the conscience good, and the emotions true and pure. A man is a unit, and the various parts of his being react on one another, so that into the scheme of any real education all these parts must enter." Then the author goes on to show the need of developing all faculties. He illustrates his point by saying that this country raised "only a few forest trees and wild grasses, weeds and bushes," but that now we have planted seeds from all parts of the world and from them cultivate crops which were once unknown on this continent. A man may

develop himself. Men do develop themselves. The great men are those who have best mastered the science of development—who have learned, either consciously or unconsciously, the science of man-building. Mr. Wilson has written a book which cannot fail to help men and women become better speakers of words and better doers of deeds. His style is interesting and forceful. Hit points are illustrated wisely. To young men this book is worth much if they apply the truths it teaches.

* * *

The Man in Lower Ten. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill. Price \$1.50.

Folks who love to follow the trail of a mystery in a Sherlock Holmes manner certainly cannot afford to neglect reading why something happened to the man who occupied lower ten in a sleeping car on a certain eventful night. With a murder, a train wreck, a faithless husband, a clean young lawyer and a few other incidents and characters, the author weaves a story that demands attention of the breathless sort.

* * *

Loaded Dice. By Ellery H. Clark. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.50.

Dick Gordon thinks Life is a gamble. He plays the game selfishly and cold-bloodedly, following the philosophy of a friend whose belief was thus condensed by Gordon himself: "Every man, if he knew for a certainty that there wasn't any God, would do exactly as he wished; that is, he'd live a pretty free sort of a life, behave about as he pleased, and in general have a mighty good time. On the other hand, if he knew there was a God, he'd probably live as straight as he could for the pleasure of enjoying eternal bliss, and all that sort of a thing, afterwards, and keeping clear of the sulphur and brimstone. So there's your gamble, and it's really a very pretty one. Proceed on the assumption that there is a God, and get along without any fun here, in the hope of making up for it later when you get your harp and crown; or else choose the other end of it, go the pace, and when you die, if you've guessed right and there isn't any Heaven, you're ahead of the poor devils who've played close to their chests here. On the other hand, if you've been unlucky enough to hit it wrong, you're down and out and bound straight for hell and eternal damnation."

Of course this is an asinine philosophy, as one can easily prove scientifically. But Gordon assumes that there is a heap of truth in it. He plays the business game to win, regardless of the rights of others. Of course it is only natural that a man of his power should win. He does win. He wins big. He becomes one of the greatest personalities

in the country. But his power is purchased at a terrible cost. He commits murder. He steals. He deceives. He commits crime after crime. He becomes governor of New York by proclaiming himself a friend of the people. In fact he is hand in hand with The Combine—the entrenched money-power. These fragments tell of the end:

"I've seen what I've wanted, and I've taken it. Money? I've made a fortune. Twenty million dollars, Herman, no more, no less; and I could have doubled it, trebled it, in ten years more. And everything it could buy; I've gratified every wish of man; God, Herman, I've lived a dozen lives in one. Power? I've made history in the market; I've changed a state in politics; five years more, and I'd have changed the destiny of the country. Success? There isn't a man alive that's accomplished more. Every one's envied me, looked up to me, tried to copy me, even. And the preachers say a man is nothing; it's a lie, Herman; a man's a god; man is God; I've played the game through, and I know, Herman, get that doctor; I won't die; I can't die; I tell you I'll be president yet. Great God, Herman——"

But his last words are: "I've lost! Oh, God, I've lost!"

* * *

Human Nature in Selling Goods. By James H. Collins. Henry Altemus Company. Price 50 cents.

In the United States there are more than six million persons engaged in selling things. Of this number about one million are commercial travelers. The science of salesmanship is, therefore, something which, even when interpreted in this narrower sense, appeals to more than a few. Mr. Collins, formerly editor of *Printer's Ink*, now business contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, deals with the art side of selling in this little book. He illustrates every point with anecdotes based upon actual happenings. The scope of the book is unusually broad and discusses the selling of every imaginable commodity from life insurance to fireproof safes.

* * *

The Economic Functions of Vice. By John McElroy. The National Tribune, Washington, D. C. Price 50 cents.

Only two out of five human beings arrive at maturity, says the author, "But," he continues, "if every begotten child lived to the average age of 40, in a few years there would not be standing room on the earth for its people. Even with such limited propagators as the elephant, each female of which produces but six offspring in her bearing period of ninety years, we are told that if the species had no parasitic or other enemy it would be only 740 years

until elephants would overrun the earth. Where then shall we assign limits to the productiveness of the 750,000,000 human females on the globe, each of whom is capable of producing 20 children in her 30 years of bearing?" The author then argues that Nature has set one class to prey upon another. The human race, however, being able to protect itself from animals, does not escape Nature's provision. Men kill themselves off by playing with vice. The book then goes on to show the economic value of vice.

* * *

A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems. By Lyman Whitney Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Into a dainty little volume this poet has imprisoned much that is beautiful. The book might be dedicated to Love. Every poem is a tribute to Love's power. I quote one poem called "The Creed of Love."

Love's wind makes chaff of the husk
And blows far away the chaff;
The dawn descends into the dusk,
And out of my joy I laugh,
And sing as my wheat falls back to me,
Made fit for the granary.

The days of threshing are o'er;
The winnowing time is past;
The wheat from the threshing-floor
Is safely garnered at last;
Stored up for seed and a later spring
And a greater harvesting.

The wheat of my soul is mine
Because it is God's. 'Tis He
Who planted the grain divine
And builded the granary,
Who gathers destiny's seeds
With all the heavens in song,
Makes love the creed of all creeds
And man's heart sweet and strong.

* * *

Mind-Power. By William Walker Atkinson. The Progress Company, Chicago.

The presses of the nation are groaning as they daily produce books in response to the demand created by the awakened desire of the many for more information about the great forces of nature. Not so many years ago some of the thoughts held daily by the thinking people would have been deemed heretical. We once thought that we should accept everything as we find it and not question anything. When things did not appear just we were supposed to assume that a mysterious Great Power had a reason. But today we want to know why. We ask questions. When a great scientist or philosopher has anything to add to the store of knowledge, we welcome him long enough to hear his message. Then we aim to live according to his better

system. But should another greater than he appear tomorrow we would follow him. Men and women are seeking the truth. They will never find it, but they are approaching closer to it. They want the facts—as they are discovered—even though those facts destroy beliefs of a lifetime. William Walker Atkinson has crystallized much of the newest New Thought in his latest book. He tells of the power of the mind and shows how each individual can use it for the attainment of happiness.

* * *

Some New Literary Valuations. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price \$1.50.

Over four hundred pages are given over to the criticism of William Dean Howells as man of letters; Matthew Arnold as critic; Matthew Arnold as poet; Tennyson as artist in lyric verse; Edmund Clarence Stedman as man of letters; John Morley as critic of Voltaire and Diderot, and Tolstoy. The author places an estimate upon the work of these great men of the literary world which may or may not meet with the approval of all readers, but which, nevertheless, is illuminating and interesting.

* * *

Good Health and How We Won It. By Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Over in Battle Creek is an institution which undoubtedly leads the health movement. For thirty years Dr. Kellogg has been working from twelve to twenty hours a day to give to the world a system of health culture better than it had ever owned before. Every year has marked an improvement, but the greatest strides have been made of late. The University of Health has now grown so great that the biggest men in the nation regard it as the Mecca of Health. Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams write about things they see. They both know the Battle Creek system, having both been brought from sickness to health through following the principles which Dr. Kellogg and Horace Fletcher advocate. In this book they tell their experiences. They speak of the big men who have accomplished great things in the way of showing the people how to live longer and live better. They pay special attention to Kellogg, a man who is trying to show the world what Robert Ingersoll desired to show it, that health is catching just as well as disease. Kellogg worships the human body just as McFadden does, but he pays attention to food where McFadden talks exercise. As a matter of fact both emphasize

these two features of feeding and exercising, but Kellogg is best known as the food advocate and MacFadden as the man who has made a science of exercise. Both of these men live their philosophy. Kellogg practices on himself, just as MacFadden always tests his exercises on himself before passing them on to his pupils. The Battle Creek institution is not a profit paying enterprise. According to its charter all profits must be turned into improvements. Dr. Kellogg receives but \$1,200 a year, and the work he does, if done in New York, would undoubtedly bring in between fifty and seventy-five thousand. All the other physicians and managers work for meagre salaries, feeling that the joy of assisting in a great health movement is compensation enough. This book tells about the work these men are doing. It tells how to eat, how digestion is accomplished, how foods poison the body, hits meat and stimulants, talks about diet reform, breathing and exercising, and shows what men who have practiced this health philosophy have accomplished. The book is illustrated with sixteen full page photographs.

* * *

Steps Along the Path. By Katherine H. Newcomb. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Set your ideal in a high place at the outset of this journey through life. Never be satisfied with anything less than the best. Men will call you impractical and a dreamer. But surely you must know that the men who have been called impractical in ages past have proven to be the most practical. Too many of us only half express ourselves. We are afraid to discover to our neighbors the divine which surges through us. We stop the flow for fear our acquaintances will not understand, or for fear that they will laugh at us. The author of this book tells us that we all have our own lives to lead and that the advice of others can only be suggestive. We all must work out our own salvation. No man can die to save us. We must save ourselves. The lessons contained in this book are idealistic—just the kind of lessons that all of us need. Too many of us are apt to say "bosh" when men talk of spiritual power. But those of us who do so talk are like those men of old for whose forgiveness Christ asked because they did not know what they were doing. None of us is so good that we need be ashamed of our goodness. The man who is ashamed of his goodness is like a gardener who apologizes for the flowers in his garden. This book tells how we may cultivate more flowers and fewer weeds.

Books that have Helped Thousands Develop Power to Make Greater Profits

These books will help YOU develop more power. Will teach you how to control your forces. Will show you how to inspire confidence. They are uniformly bound in green, printed on heavy book, contain over two hundred pages of helpful, inspiring, scientific, man-building advice. The simple, direct, concise language drives the lessons home at the first reading. Than these three the famous author of "As a Man Thinketh" has written nothing better. SEND THREE DOLLARS TODAY.

SEND TODAY

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Libertyville, Illinois

Enclosed find \$ _____ Dollars. Send me _____ Copies (Mark the number.)

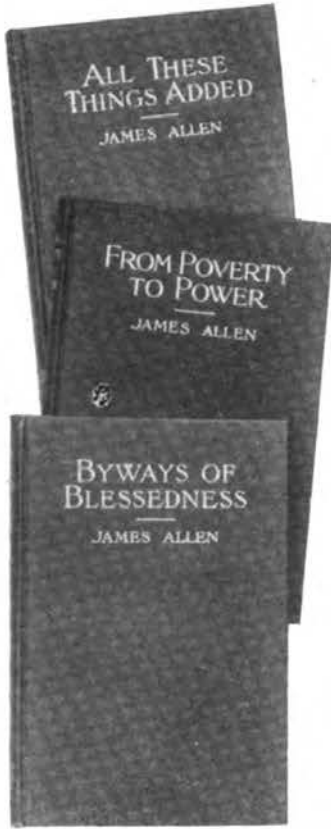
_____ "From Poverty to Power."

_____ "All These Things Added."

_____ "Byways of Blessedness."

Name _____

City _____ State _____



Those who have been reading THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER for some time know that we are making the magazine better, brighter, more helpful and more inspiring each month. It is our intention to keep on making improvements. We have set our aim high. Nothing short of the very best will satisfy us. To improve the magazine, we need the advice of our friends. Your suggestions will help us attain our ideal. Will you answer these questions?

- How do you like the editorials?.....
- What's your opinion of Gleanings from Business Fields?.....
- What's your favorite department?.....
- What kind of special articles do you like best?.....
- Do you like business stories?.....

By sending along your opinion, you will help us improve our work and enable us to get out a still more helpful magazine.

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

A Prayer



O POWERS THAT BE, make me sufficient to my own occasions. Teach me to know and to observe the rules of the Game. Give me to mind my own business at all times, and to lose no good opportunity of holding my tongue. Let me never lack proper pride or a due sense of humor. Preserve, oh, preserve me from growing stodgy and unimaginative.

Help me not to cry for the moon or over spilled milk; to manage my physical constitution and my practical affairs discreetly, never to dramatize my spiritual discomfort. Grant me neither to proffer nor welcome cheap praise; to distinguish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

Deliver me from emotional excess. Deliver me from atrophy of the emotions. When it is appointed me to suffer, let me, so far as humanly be possible, take example from the well-bred beasts, and go away quietly to bear my suffering by myself.

Let me not dwell in the outer whirlwind of things and events; guide me rather to central calm and grant that I may abide therein. Give me nevertheless to be always a good comrade, and to view the passing show with an eye constantly growing keener, charity broadening and deepening day by day.

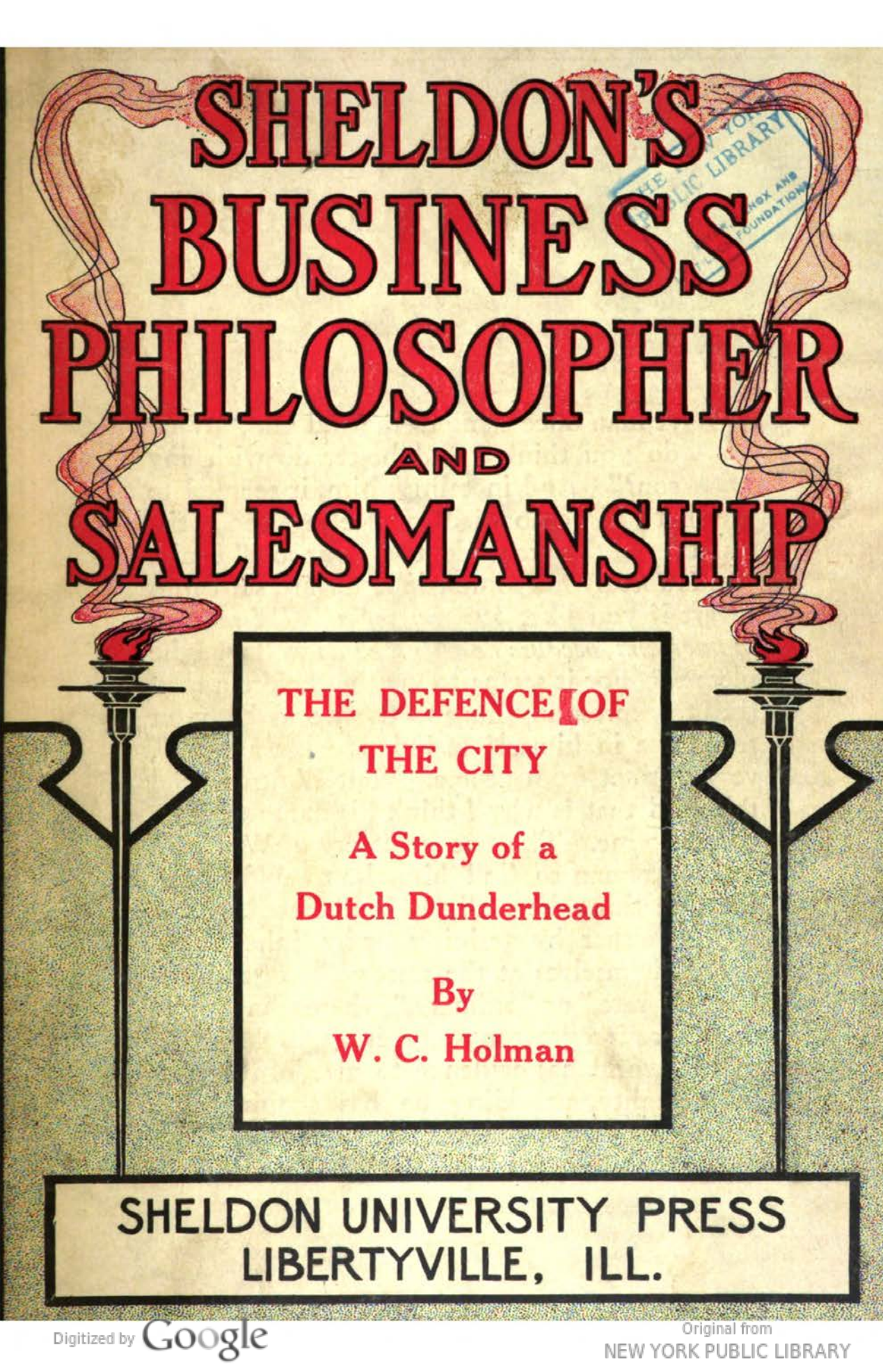
Help me to win, if win I may, but—and this, O Powers, especially—if I may not win always, make me at least a good loser. Vouchsafe me not to estrange the other me at my elbow; suffer not my primal light to wane; and grant that I may carry my cup, brimming, yet unspilled to the last.—Amen.

THE SCIENCE OF BUSINESS

**The Science of Business
is the Science of Service.
He profits most who
serves best.**

**Salesmanship is persua-
sion, and the two great-
est elements in persua-
sion are, first, Quality of
Goods; second, Excel-
lence of Service.**

—Sheldon

The background features two stylized torches with flames, one on the left and one on the right, set against a textured, light-colored background. A blue library stamp is visible in the upper right corner, partially overlapping the title. The stamp reads "THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS".

**SHELDON'S
BUSINESS
PHILOSOPHER
AND
SALESMANSHIP**

**THE DEFENCE OF
THE CITY**

**A Story of a
Dutch Dunderhead**

**By
W. C. Holman**

**SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.**

Make a Man First



CA man once came to me and said, "What do you think I had better do with my son?" And in telling him, it seemed to me that I had embodied my feeling about the question of the art student. "Your son," I said, "undoubtedly has some talent for art, start him in art if you like, *but first of all, I'd make a man of him, because he will then do well what he pleases.*" For it seems to me that before a man tries to express anything to the world he must recognize in himself an individual, a new one, very distinct from others. Walt Whitman did this, and that is why I think his name so often comes to me. The one great cry of Whitman was for a man to find himself, to understand the fine thing he really is if liberated. Most people, either by training or by inheritance, count themselves at the start as "no good," or "second rate," or "ordinary," whereas in everyone there is a great mystery; every single person in the world has evidence to give of his own individuality, providing he has acquired the full power to make clear this evidence.

—Robert Henri.

The City of Happiness



CA party of youths were pressing forward with eager feet along the road that led out of the mountains into the great world below. They were traveling toward gold and sunshine and fame, spurred on by that mysterious impulse which through the ages has ever drawn men and nations westward. And as they journeyed they met an old man, shod with iron, tottering along in the opposite direction. The old man bade them pause for a moment, questioning them as to whither they were going, and the youths answered in one voice, "To the City of Happiness!" The aged pilgrim looked upon them gravely. "I have sought," he replied feebly, "over the most part of the world for the city of which you speak. Three such pairs as you see on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage. But all this while I have not found the city. Yestertide I fainted from exhaustion by the roadway, and as I lay there I seemed to hear an angel saying, 'Behold the City of Happiness lies at every man's threshold, and there be no need for him to journey far in its search.'

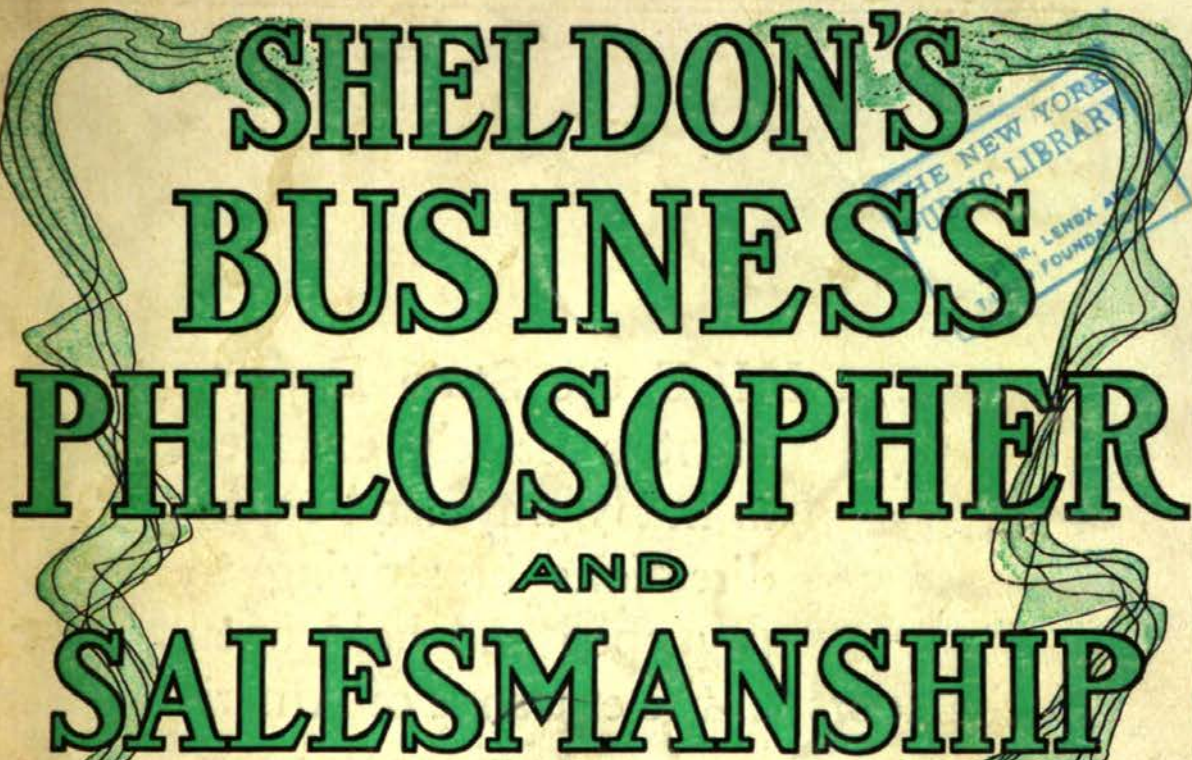
C"And so now I am going back, after all these years, to my little mountain home, and, God willing, I shall find there the happy city."

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Confidence

Confidence is the basis of trade—and every thought that you think; every word that you speak; and every act that you perform, either adds to the sum of the confidence which the public has in your institution or it subtracts from it.

—*Sheldon.*



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SHELDON'S BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AND SALESMANSHIP

ROOSEVELT, ROOT
AND TAFT

By
A. F. Sheldon

How to Hire, Train
and Supervise
Men

By Hugh Chalmers

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
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WHILE the State Department is actively engaged in many ways and many directions in striving to pry open and hold open the doors for the entrance of American commerce and to make its progress and extension easy, I do not believe in too much government. The limitations on what government effort can do and ought to do are very clear. **The real work must be done by the business-men of the United States themselves.** The great things in this country have been accomplished by the association of individual private enterprise.

—ELIHU ROOT.

I Was Looking a Long While

I was looking a long while for Intentions,

For a clew to the history of the past
for myself, and for these chants—
and now I have found it,

It is not in these paged fables in the
libraries, (them I neither accept
nor reject,)

It is no more in the legends than in
all else,

It is in the present—it is this earth today,

It is in Democracy—(the purport and
aim of all the past,)

It is the life of one man or one wo-
man today—the average man of
today,

It is in languages, social customs,
literatures, arts,

It is in the broad show of artificial
things, ships, machinery, politics,
creeds, modern improvements,
and the interchange of nations,

All for the modern—all for the aver-
age man of today.

—Walt Whitman


**An advertisement
is a mental shadow
of a man—
the man who wrote
the ad.**

—Sheldon

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Greasing The Grasshopper

By A. F. SHELDON

Does It Pay?

By E. ST. ELMO LEWIS

**Quality Men Who Do
Quality Work**

By THOMAS DREIER

**Twenty Other Business
Building Articles**

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

An April Special to Subscribers

Of course you know we are trying mighty hard to put into operation our own teachings. We aim to give Quality of Goods and Excellence of Service. But even in the best regulated institutions errors will creep in. When you do not receive your magazine regularly, or some books which you order fail to arrive on time, all you have to do is to merely mention the matter to us on a postal card. You can count on instant attention.

o o o

We have cancelled our contract with the Western News Company and hereafter will deal with news dealers direct. Of course those who have been buying of news dealers should send in Two Dollars and get their names on the subscription list. Uncle Sam will attend to making the delivery. News dealers should write to us for special terms. If your news dealer does not handle this magazine and you want him to, tell him to write directly to us for special prices and terms.

o o o

There are some things about this magazine that you like. Certain departments have proven of great value to you. Won't you tell us just what departments have proven most helpful? Tell us just what you like and what you dislike.

o o o

Right here is a good place to tell every reader that Sheldonhurst is a mighty fine place in the summertime, and that the Sheldon Summer School is the great attraction during the first two weeks of July. Mr. Sheldon will give personal instruction in man-building and business-building. Annex inspiration in connection with recreation by visiting us at that time.

o o o

Of course you know there is no better way of helping the cause of business-building than by sending in subscriptions to The Business Philosopher. Have you asked your friends to subscribe? Why not do it now?

THE SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS

LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

GETTING THERE

GEORGE LANDIS WILSON

Achievement is a simple stunt when you stop and think it over. There are only four steps in achievement.

4. **Finish.**
3. **Stick.**
2. **Start.**
1. **Decide.**

Too many people are content to take the first two steps and then start off in another direction so that they never arrive anywhere. Such people have courage and initiative but they lack perseverance and concentration. It seems to be all a matter of habit. Dreaming is a delightful pastime but a poor vocation. Imagination is the foundation of all progress but the superstructure is built of solid stuff like pure grit and hard work.

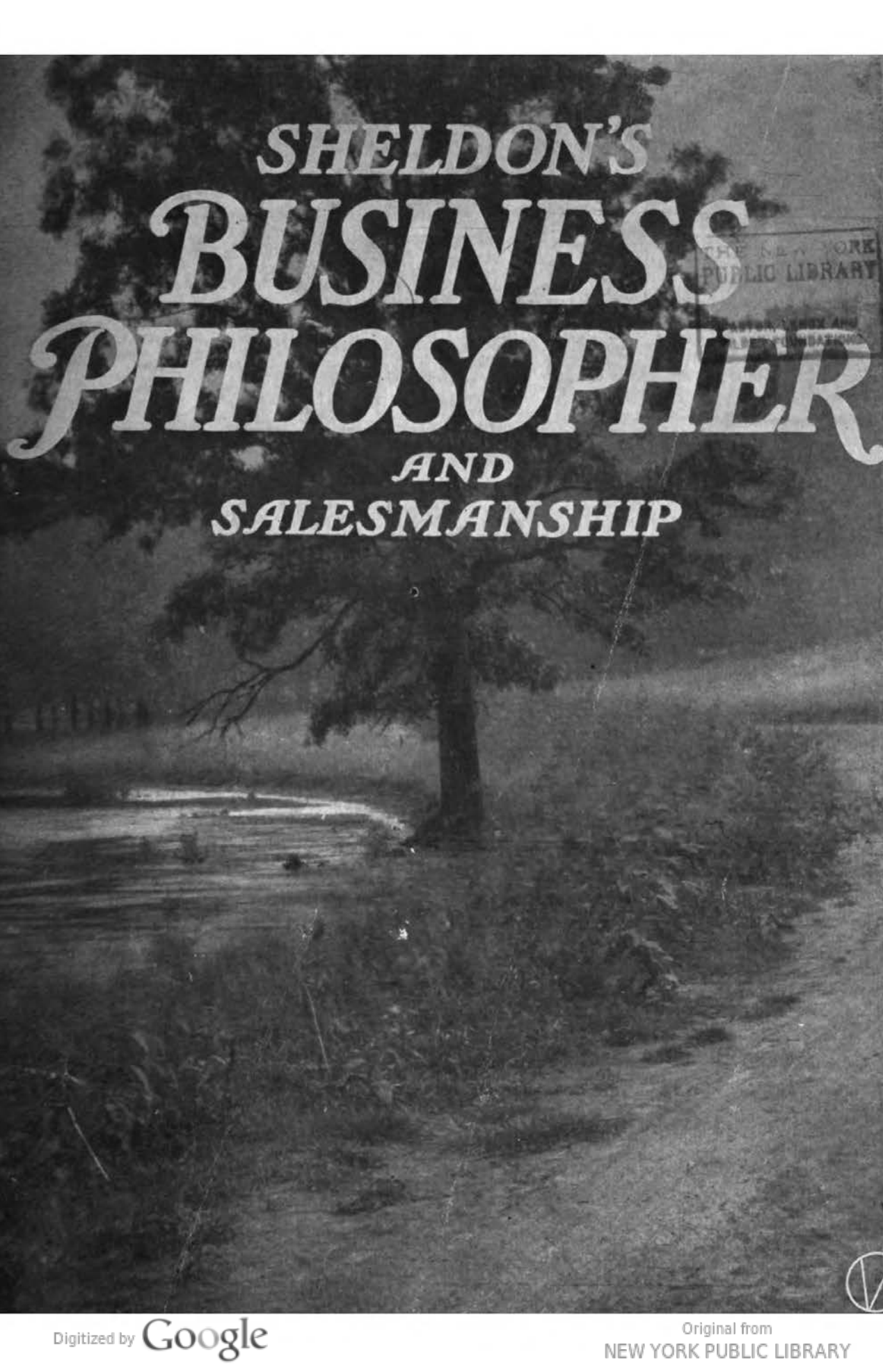
In the building of a life, nature seems to enforce ordinances to the effect that man is his own contractor, his own foreman, his own workman. Union rules do not apply; he is on the job twenty-four hours per day and seven days each week. Raw material seems to lie around in abundance; plans and specifications are freely offered in the market. But, my boy, if your structure ever rises above the dead level of the surrounding earth,

The Stunt is Up to You

A Repeated Truth

**The success of
an institution is
the sum of the
successes of the
individuals com-
prising that insti-
tution**

—Sheldon



SHELDON'S
BUSINESS
PHILOSOPHER
AND
SALESMANSHIP

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A Chat With Our Readers

We really are forced to take off our hats to ourselves this month because of the art-wisdom manifested in our selection of a cover design. And it means something. It is not just a pretty picture. It gives you just a wee glimpse of the landscape and drive on Mr. Sheldon's farm—where the Sheldon Summer School will be held in July.

This photograph is by Edward Dreier—a photographer who loves the Great Out of Doors and who is able to express that love in the paintings he makes with the help of the sun and camera.

Philosopher readers who desire photographs similar to the cover and the scene facing the first editorial page, may send orders direct to the Sheldon University Press. These photographs are done on special heavy bromide paper in Sepia, size eleven by fourteen, mounted on triple mount, fifteen by twenty-four. The price is \$3.50. One week must be allowed for the making of these pictures, since pictures will be made only as ordered.

Won't you please send us the names of the news dealers in your town who should be selling *The Business Philosopher*?

In answering advertisements be sure and mention this magazine.

Of special interest to salesmen is the announcement that we shall analyze some article each month hereafter. This month we offer an analysis of coffee.

A new edition of Holman's "600 Talking Points" has just come from the bindery. Every salesman needs this book.

THE SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS

LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

L'Envoi

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
an aeon or two.
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to
work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit
in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of
Things as They Are!

LAKE EARA

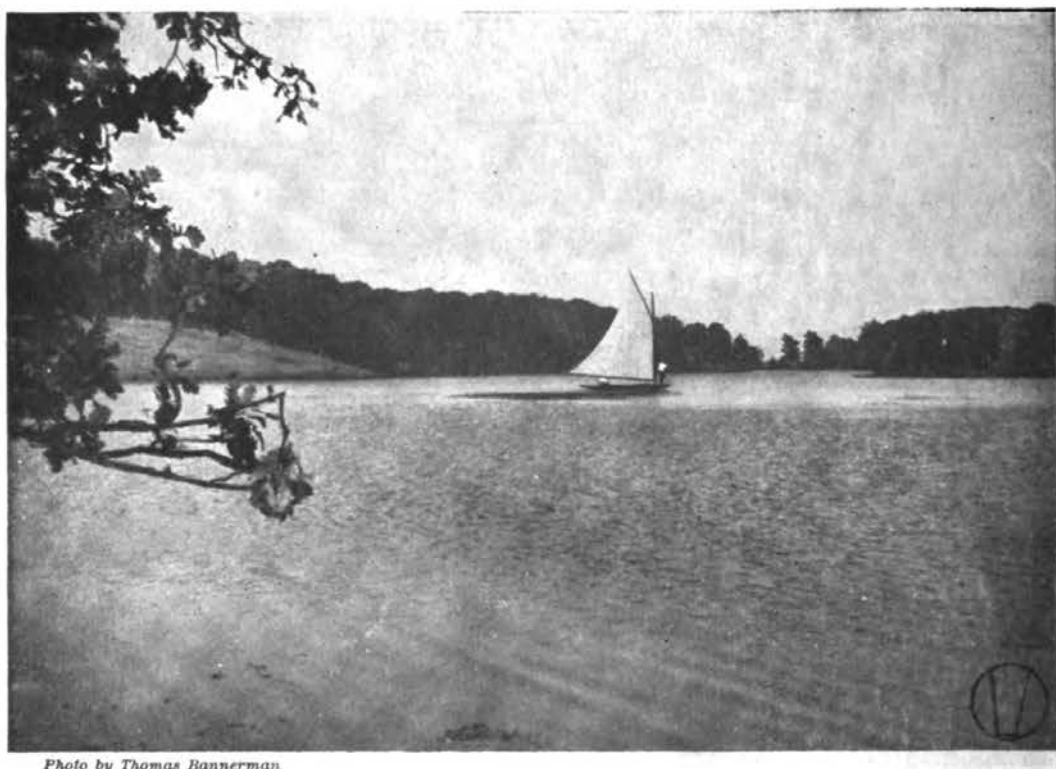
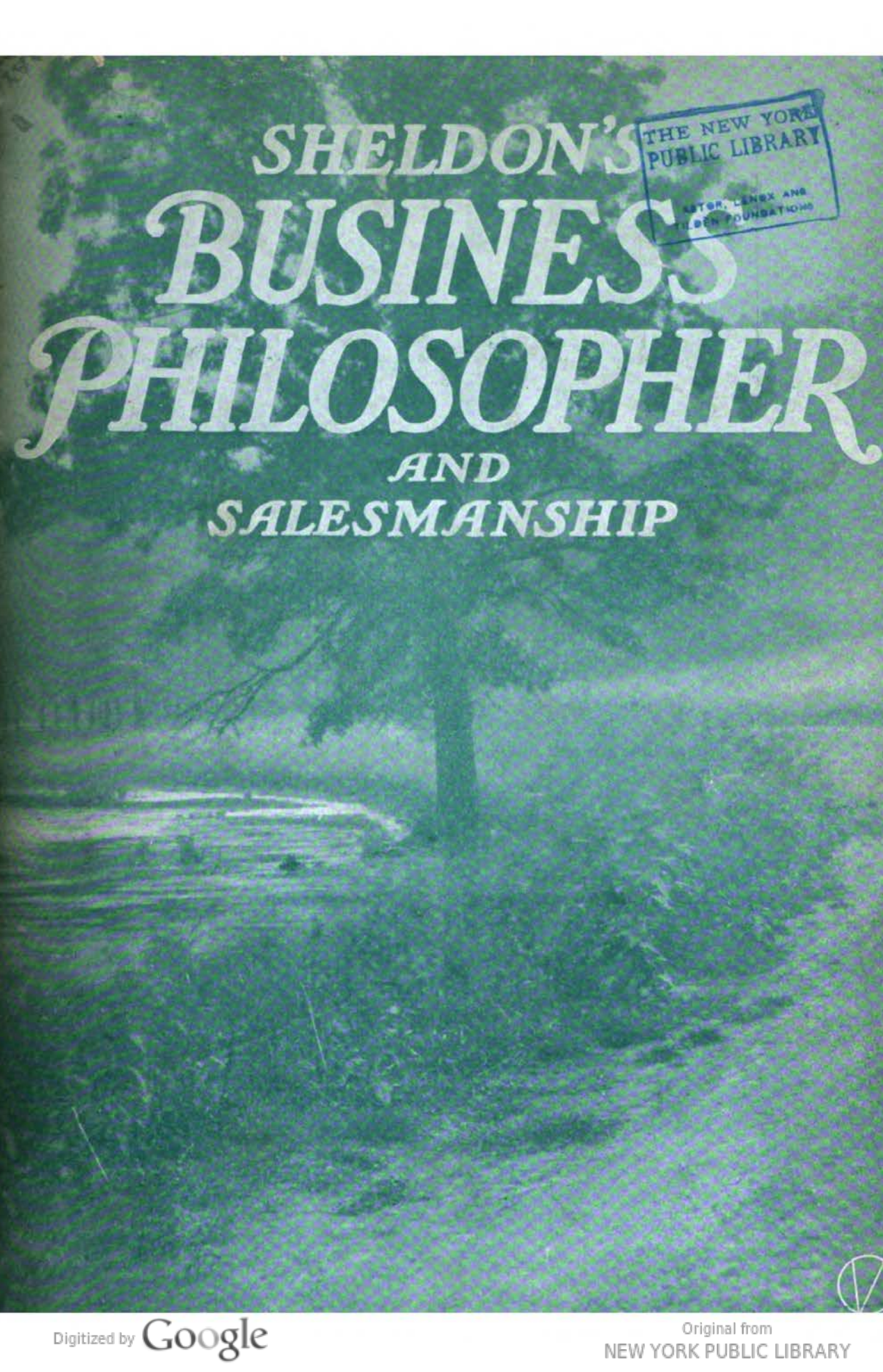


Photo by Thomas Bannerman

AND only those who know may drink
Of the rich draught that Nature pours;
All comrades in a world-wide link,
With those who love Lake Earra's shores,
For whose delight the moments grow
Apace to hours, that onward slip,
On lake, on hill, in camp-fire glow,
With song, and laugh, and fellowship.

—W. A. McDermid.



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GINGER TALKS

Sales of 2 Million a Month!

The Course in Salesmanship that Built Them for the National Cash Register Co.
Yours for \$2.00

THINK of a course in practical salesmanship, written straight out of the heart of the greatest selling organization in the world, by a Director of that organization; a course that does not merely describe the selling system of this colossal concern—but **IS THAT ACTUAL SYSTEM ITSELF** the word for word Ginger Talks of that world famous company to its 1,000 salesmen—the verbatim coaching, the exact specific instruction, the very selling pointers and arguments and inspiration and enthusiasm that built up, through those 1,000 red-blooded salesmen, a business of over two million dollars a month in monthly sales.

The Pabst Co. Bought it for Its 1,800 Salesmen

The Quaker Oats Company Invested \$450.00 in It.

1682 Other Giant Concerns Have Taken It for Their Entire Sales Forces, Many Taking from 100 to 1000 Each.

Ask us to send you a list a feet long of these concerns which employ nearly 50,000 salesmen.

"Ginger Talks of a Sales Manager"

FOR several years Mr. Holman, author of "Ginger Talks" wrote the talks which the National Company sent out to its 100 star salesmen, embodying the system of coaching and instruction that built up its enormous sales. These very Talks, full of snap and sparkle, dash and go, and packed with hard-headed selling sense, he has revised so that they are adapted to the general use of all salesmen and all concerns, and has bound them up in the book "Ginger Talks."

GINGER TALKS are a complete text book of instruction and pointers on the art of selling goods. They simplify the whole of practical salesmanship; make clear with wonderful illustrations and exact explanations how to make approaches, how to secure attention, how to create desire, how to stimulate to immediate action and walk out with the order. They tell the salesman how to turn enmity into friendship, cold indifference into eager interest, casual inquiries into actual buyers, actual buyers into permanent customers. They touch on a thousand salesmen's difficulties and perplexities and show a way out of each one.

GINGER TALKS is the only business book ever written that is as brilliant and fascinating in style and has the same human interest as George Ade's "Fables in Slang," Billy Baxter's "Letters," or Mr. Dooley's famous conversations with his friend Hennessy. The sentences are crowded with epigrams, sharpened with penetrating wit, lighted up with humor, and made fairly alive with the tones of a masterful personality. It is this wonderful combination of solid instruction and brilliant expression—"beef-steak nutriment and champagne style"—that has brought Ginger Talks their tremendous sales.

**SEND YOUR GINGER
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I am enclosing Two Dollars. Send me a copy of **HOLMAN'S "GINGER TALKS."**

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

You can enclose Three Dollars and receive a copy of Ginger Talks and The Business Philosopher for one year.)

Ring the Bell Every Time

WHAT is it worth to you to be able to ring the bell every time you strike for a customer's order?

What is it worth to you to be able, when he puts forth an objection, to knock that objection sky high with the irresistible force of a selling argument that has been tried and proven by the best salesmen of the best concerns in the world—concerns whose names are household words by reason of the enormous sales these very selling arguments have brought them?

WHAT is it worth to you:

—To know in advance the objections your prospect will make and the best answer to each that has ever yet been discovered.

—To have a number of answers (in some cases as many as twenty to thirty) to each objection— all irresistible—600 irresistible selling arguments?

—To know that every one of these arguments has been evolved by years of hard experience—improved and made stronger by constant successful use?

—To know that many of these arguments cost thousands of dollars in experience before they were discovered and perfected—and that many of them have sold millions of dollars worth of goods?

Every Page Coinable Into Money

ACHEMICAL formula written on the back of an envelope may be worth a fortune; a few figures giving the combination to a safe may unlock a door with millions behind it. Every page of this book contains a selling formula that you can coin into ready money. Every one of these 600 irresistible arguments opens a door that will lead you to more sales and more commissions. You could well pay, if you had to, a green-back for every page of this book; but the cost to you is slight.

Sign This Coupon

CAN you afford to pay one-half cent for an argument that has sold thousands of dollars worth of goods—an argument whose discovery cost hundreds or even thousands of dollars in time and experience and actual money of star salesmen and great concerns?

--An argument that will surely close sales for you-- that may clear you a hundred dollars in commissions the first day you use it, and hundreds or even thousands of dollars as you use it over and over again, throughout the entire year and for years to come?

Can you afford to pay one-half cent for what is worth anywhere from \$10.00 to \$1,000.00 in actual money-making power to you?

Then Sign This Coupon and Mail Today

THE SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS, *Libertyville, Ill.*

Enclosed please find \$4.00 for your **Two big volumes** of Six Hundred Talking Points and Selling Arguments.

Name _____

Address, Etc. _____

Success

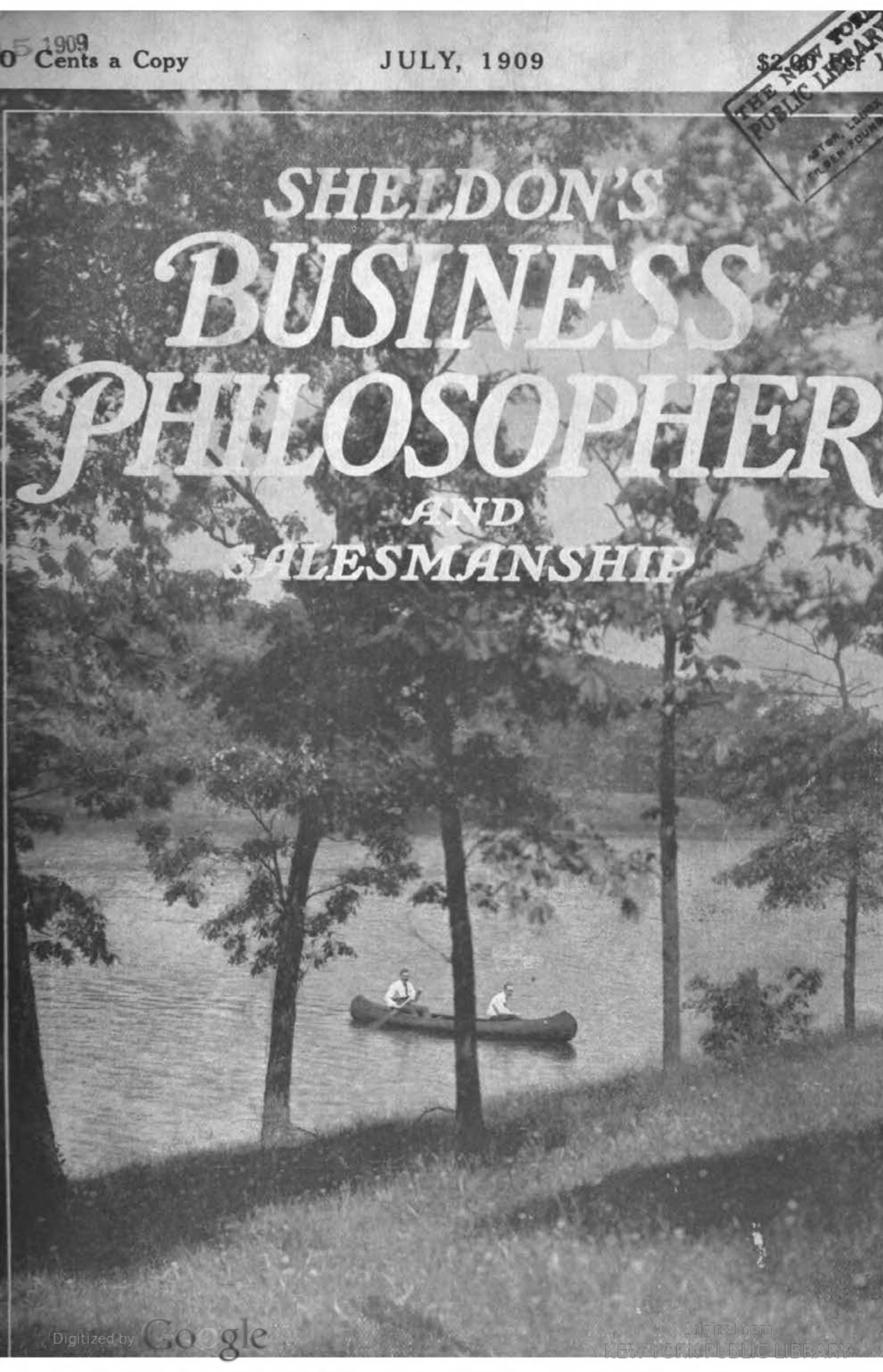
Success is the capacity to use and enjoy the fruits of our own industry in the service of others.

—*Sheldon*

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Name

Address

State

(You can enclose Three Dollars and receive a copy of Ginger Talks and The Business Philosopher for one year.)

Be a Hundred Point Man

There are plenty of the other kind—crowds of them—the business world is just yelling for hundred point men—be one of them—stand out—don't be satisfied with an ordinary job!

It is a duty that you owe not only to yourself but those dependent upon you. You can't look well to them unless you look well to yourself. You can't look well to yourself unless you're a hundred point man and you're not one of

them unless you are at the top of the ladder. So get the hundred points—you can do it.

You can in your spare time fit yourself for a position where you will not only receive a better salary but where you will be looked up to as a man of force—a man of influence—a hundred point man, where you will be able to bring into play all those positive qualities now lying dormant within you—where you will stand out.

The Sheldon School

by its course of correspondence instruction in Scientific Salesmanship has helped over 35,000 men toward the hundred point standard—to stand out—to increase their scope—to increase their earning capacity—to increase their influence—to develop their character—to become top-notchers in the best paid of all professions—Salesmanship.

The Sheldon Course of Scientific Salesmanship helps experienced salesmen to earn bigger incomes. More than half our students are veterans—strong men who have been on the firing line for years—who have won out in many a hard-fought selling campaign.

The Sheldon Course gives to the man who is "new at the game" working principles which it would take him years to hammer out for himself.

The Sheldon Book tells you how and why the Sheldon Course in Scientific Salesmanship does all these things. It goes further; it tells you how you can be helped by employing your spare moments to increase your points—to increase your own worth. This book is free to all who will fill out and mail the attached coupon. If you want to stand out—to be one of the hundred point men that are always in demand, mail the coupon now.

The Sheldon School, 1712 Republic Building, Chicago.

The Sheldon School,
1227 Republic Building, Chicago.

I want to be a hundred point man, so send me your free book on salesmanship, outlining the work of the Sheldon School.

Name.....

Address..... Town..... State.....

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

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"A flawless mystery story."—*New York Sun*.

"One of the cleverest plots ever put in a mystery story."—*Boston Globe*.

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A vast international conspiracy springs the element of bewilderment. The Latin races combine against the Anglo-Saxon. A beautiful young woman works with amazing cleverness to bring about the Latin alliance. Opposed to her is a young American of the Secret Service.

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A curious series of startling events—a murder, a trial and an escape—are viewed through the eager eyes of a charming and impressionable girl.

And the biting intensity of an exciting plot is not divorced from subtlety of characterization and charm of style.

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"A love story so ideal as this, so consistent and so beautifully worked out is deserving of all praise."—*San Francisco Call*.

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"54-40 or Fight stands as one of the most interesting of novels dealing with American history. It reaches far up to that ultimate greatness which is meant by the phrase, the great American novel."

By **Emerson Hough**

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble."

Illustrated by A. I. Keller. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50

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Say—"I Saw It In The Philosopher."

THE SALESMAN'S BLUE BOOK
Men Who Sell Things



By WALTER D. MOODY
General Manager of the Chicago Association of Commerce
Fifth Edition

"**MEN WHO SELL THINGS**" is dedicated to the "commercial ambassador," and presents the experiences and theories of a trained observer of commercial conditions, and embodies the results of twenty years' study of the problems which confront the average seller of goods.

Since its publication, there has been a continuous and increasing demand for Mr. Moody's book. Five editions have been necessary to meet this, and the latest of these has been revised and an additional chapter written for the employer. The reception of this book by the press was uniformly cordial. Now, after time for fair trial, it is most gratifying to note its reception, even more cordial, by the men themselves for whom the book was written, the men who did not read the book from the reviewer's standpoint, but who had to be shown whether it was good or not.

Monroe National Bank, Chicago, December 9, 1907

I have put in the most enjoyable several hours, helpful entertainment in reading your book "MEN WHO SELL THINGS," that I have experienced in a great while. I know it will encourage the aim for a higher standard of those who read it, especially the "men who sell things" and in this I now speak for myself. Four persons have already read my copy and have liked and admired the work so much that they have not only purchased the book for themselves, but have purchased 11 additional copies for others.

This book needs no one's good wishes for I am certain it will be able to take care of itself.

WM. N. JARNAGIN, Assistant Cashier

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS
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Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher"

DOORS TO OPPORTUNITY

Readers of the "Business Philosopher" are progressive, enthusiastic, alive, eager to get ahead. Being ambitious they are always on the look-out for good things. Our Subscribers like the Philosopher. It is their favorite magazine. They believe in it, and of course patronize the advertisers. For instance, the General Manager of one company up in Michigan told us he answered seven "ads" in the Philosopher in one day, sending remittances with three of them. Remember he is only one of our many thousand readers. When you have a message for well-to-do, hustling salesmen, sales managers, executives, office managers, correspondents, or for any up-to-date business man, you should advertise in these columns. The rates are low.

MEN WANTED

WANTED—A FEW FIRST CLASS SPECIALTY salesmen to handle Stock Food line. Address Lock Box No. 297, Tiffin, Ohio.

WANTED—TWO FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE SOLICITORS at once. Address B. J. T., care of Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

WE ARE SPENDING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS advertising Knickerbocker Spray-brushes. No wonder our Sales Agents are making big money with the article so extensively advertised. See full page display advertisements in May issues of "Everybody's," "Review of Reviews," "American Magazine" and other publications. We can still use a limited number of high-class General Agents. Exceptionally profitable opportunities for live men. Give full details first letter. The Progress Company, 142 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A FIRST CLASS SPECIALTY SALESMAN, for the best Fountain Pen proposition on the market. An extensively advertised popular price proposition, "The Laughlin." Either "side line" or "main line." Good thing for a live wire. Address Sales Dept., Laughlin Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

WE WANT A HIGH GRADE SALESMAN TO CARRY our business building books as a side-line. Man must be capable of taking large orders from retail trade. Sheldon student preferred. State full qualifications when answering. Address D. E., Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

WANTED—SALESMEN WITH RED BLOOD AND determination to sell the Commercial Account Register and Duplicating Books. Territory guaranteed. References and bond required. COMMERCIAL REGISTER COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

I WANT TWO OR THREE LIVE, EXPERIENCED, specialty salesmen—men with the work habit, and who have energy plus. I want exceptional men—with a striking personality, and with the ability to sell goods all day long. I prefer men who are making good now, and who can show me a record that speaks for itself. I require references; also send an abstract of your qualifications and experience. I have an advertising specialty proposition that interests all progressive retailers. Hundreds of the best retailers have endorsed my plan because they have found it profitable. Sample will go in coat pocket. My best salesmen are making from \$500 to \$1000 a month. I want men who can do as well, or better. If you are of the right calibre, write me immediately before new territory is assigned. WILLARD F. MAIN, Iowa City, Iowa.

SIDE LINE MEN WANTED TO CARRY GOOD PAYING side lines which appeal to harness makers, hardware stores, lumber companies and general stores. Vest pocket samples. Good commissions. LEO HOFMEISTER Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED TRAVELING SALESMAN for county and bank trade. Perkins Bros. Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

WANTED—SALESMEN TO HANDLE CANVAS gloves as side line. State territory. Tiffin Glove & Mitten Co., Tiffin, Ohio.

FOR SALE—ONE WRITERPRESS IN GOOD condition. Cheap. O. H., Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

WANTED SALESMAN—CALLING ON ICE CREAM manufacturers, confectioners, soda fountainists, druggists, saloonists, etc. Are you willing to make some good side money? No risk; no expense; no sample. Start now. DAVENPORT ICE CHIPPING MACHINE CO., Davenport, Iowa.

TWO EXPERIENCED SALESMEN FOR MISSOURI, one for southern Iowa, on straight salary and expenses, by old established manufacturer selling retail hardware trade, high grade product. Name salary wanted, state your qualifications and give references. Manager—Drawer 67, Janesville, Wis.

SALESMEN WANTED—State representatives to sell our line of office supplies and specialties in each of the following states: Minnesota, North Dakota, Louisiana, Alabama, West Virginia, Virginia, Mississippi and Texas. Men of integrity desired; sell on commission only; splendid line; all goods guaranteed. Write National Office Supply Co., Zion City, Illinois. Arthur Stevenson, Manager.

CAPABLE SALESMAN TO COVER UNOCCUPIED territory with Staple Line. High Commissions, with \$100.00 monthly advance. Permanent position to right man. JESS. H. SMITH CO., Detroit, Mich.

SHORTHAND REPORTERS WANTED

SHORTHAND REPORTING: COURT CASES, DEPOSITIONS, conventions, etc. Accurate transcripts promptly delivered. FRED. H. GURTLER, Phone Randolph 3038, 95 Clark St., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"STORY OF THE MIND," IS A MIGHTY INTERESTING book. It tells all about the mind. Those studying psychology, or in fact anyone interested in man building, will prize this book highly. I have only four or five copies, but all I want for them is 40 cents each. Address "Mind," care of Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

I HAVE A FEW BOUND VOLUMES OF "SALESMANSHIP" for the years 1903 and 1904. About 7 months to volume. You will find these books full of great stuff—spicy, interesting and teeming with information. This is your chance to complete your files of "Salesmanship" magazine. Two Dollars will bring you a volume. Address J. A. M., care of Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

ONE OF THE GREATEST AUTHORITIES ON ENGLISH in this country, has compiled a book which shows very clearly how several thousand words in current use should be pronounced. The book shows lucidly and fascinatingly the best and latest pronunciation of every word one may use in a life time. This volume is worth more than a dollar, but that is all I want for it. Address "Culture," Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

IT'S THE FUNNIEST BOOK I EVER READ. You fellows, who know the joys and the sorrows and the fun, too, of traveling, will split your sides laughing over it. This book, "Road Stories," written by a master salesman, who is also a humorist of the best type, is yours for One Dollar. You'll get a bushel of fun while reading the stories and you know fun is worth quite a lot either by the peck or bushel. Address "B. F. S.," Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Ill.

NEW TOWNS IN THE WEST OFFER UNUSUAL chances for investment in mercantile, real estate and other lines. Many new towns have already been established in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington on the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. These towns are well located. They are trade centers for a large territory, which is being rapidly settled. Other towns will be established later. Investigate the various openings. Descriptive books free from F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

BUILD A \$5,000 BUSINESS IN TWO YEARS. LET us start you in the collection business. No capital needed; big field. We teach secrets of collecting money; refer business to you. Write today for Free Pointers and new plan. American Collection Service, 165 State, Detroit, Mich.

SALESMEN—A STRONG LINE OF ADVERTISING stickers, commission basis; fancy shapes, attractive colors. Send for Catalog. ST. LOUIS STICKER CO., 105 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. Dept. D.

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

If You Care

what it *costs* you to impress your correspondents *favorably*—to have a paper in your letterhead that gives dignity and force to your message—if you *care* what it *costs*



Write today for this helpful free Portfolio of

Twenty-five Specimen Letterheads

They are the finest examples of engraved, embossed, lithographed and printed business stationery that money can buy.

They are an *inspiration* to the man who wants a *better* letterhead, showing the brilliant White, the six rich Colors, and the Linen, the Medium and the High Plate

Finishes obtainable in Construction Bond.

They are *more* than an inspiration to the progressive business man.

They are a *revelation* of the possibilities of a moderate priced paper. They are *proof positive* that you can obtain

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

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Judge the *qualities* of Construction Bond for yourself.

Here's *why* it is the "Best at the Price"—a price you can *afford* to pay for any quantity.

Construction Bond is sold *direct* to responsible printers, lithographers and engravers, *never* through jobbers, and *only*

in cases containing 500 pounds or more.

This plan *cuts out* the jobber's profit and *saves* the expense of handling *small* lots.

You know what that means in *economy*.

So, by *steadfastly maintaining* the *quality*, it is evident that we can offer the *best value*—the most quality for your money. And we do.

Specify Construction Bond. Know it by this watermark.

You can obtain it of most any producer of high-grade stationery in all its finishes, colors and weights, with envelopes to match.

But you will *know* what you are *asking* for, and you can *see* the *result* in *advance*, if you will send for this free Portfolio of Specimens.

So write today. It's *free*, if you use your business letterhead. Make a note of our address and *write at once*.

W. E. WROE & CO.

308 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD, CHICAGO

CONSTRUCTION

Best at



the Price

BOND

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

NOBEL PRIZE

It has just been announced that the much-sought Nobel Prize for medicine has been awarded to Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, of the famous Pasteur Institute, Paris, in recognition of his researches and discoveries regarding the conditions favorable to prolonging human life. His most notable achievement in this connection was the discovery of the vital importance of the Bulgarian milk ferment—

YOGURT

(Our Trade Name)

in fighting off disease and so adding to the span of life.

The power of **YOGURT** lies in the fact that when introduced among the innumerable varieties of hostile germs that are ever ready to break through any weak spot in the human system, the **YOGURT** organisms, our "friendly germs," make it difficult for the invaders to make a successful assault.

The **GOOD HEALTH COMPANY**, in connection with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, secured from Professor Metchnikoff, in Paris, some of the original germs, which they are now cultivating in their own laboratories.



YOGURT is put up in packages of one hundred tablets—one dollar per package postpaid—or six packages for five dollars postpaid.

Our Special Yogurt-Good Health Offer

In order to keep you fully informed about the latest developments in the world of hygienic diet and right living, if you are not already a subscriber, we will send you our **GOOD HEALTH** magazine for *five years* on receipt of an order for six packages of **YOGURT** at five dollars.

**Six Packages YOGURT and GOOD
HEALTH for five years--
All for \$5.00**

If we receive this advertisement with your remittance before April
30, 1909 (New Subscribers Only)

The Good Health Company
Dept. "S. U. P. 4"
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



Monthly Results vs. Yearly Results

"Just 12 Times as Smart"

What They Say I Do:

OMAHA'S FINEST STORE
PARK R. LACKEY, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: We are pleased to say that the Accounting System you devised for us shows us monthly the going results of our business in twenty-five departments, in both dollars and percentages; automatically shows us our department inventories, and provides us with such a complete analysis of the business that we think it would be hard to improve upon, and we deem it of great value to us. Wishing you every success, we are,

Yours truly,
THOMPSON-BELDEN & Co., Dry Goods.
Howard and 16th Sts., Omaha, Neb.

OUTPUT, 1000 PIANOS A MONTH

MR. P. R. LACKEY, 4408 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: We take pleasure in stating the accounting system you devised for us shows us the going results of our business monthly, in both dollars and percentages. We consider it quite simple and yet very effective, and did not necessitate the employment of any extra help in its operation.

We have obtained more results from this investment than any that we have made in recent years. Yours very truly
STEGE & SONS PIANO MFG. CO., CHICAGO.
C. G. Steger, Treas.

STURGIS STEEL GO-CART CO.

STURGIS, MICH., Sept. 8, 1908.

P. R. LACKEY, Chicago.

DEAR SIR: After using your System for the last six months we wish to say, we would not return to the old style of book-keeping under any circumstances; with your system the work is accomplished with MUCH LESS LABOR AND THE RESULTS ARE FAR BETTER, in fact, there is no comparison. We know at all times exactly what stocks we have on hand, and also a correct record of all expenses, and at the close of the month we know exactly where we are at, whether the business is running at a profit or a loss. Your monthly statement is certainly fine and we doubt if it can be improved upon.

If more concerns in the manufacturing business would adopt your plan we feel positive there would be less failures for the reasons above mentioned (you know where you are at at the close of each month).

Sincerely yours,
STURGIS STEEL GO-CART CO.
Per J. W. Bennett.

FORT WAYNE DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale Druggists and Jobbers of Druggist Sundries
FORT WAYNE, IND., Aug. 24, 1907

PARK R. LACKEY, Chicago.

DEAR SIR: About a year ago you devised for us an accounting system, which we are now pleased to say is working very satisfactorily indeed, and we do not see in what way it could be improved upon. It shows us monthly the going results of our business in both dollars and percentages, and it also shows us our INVENTORIES AUTOMATICALLY. The self auditing cash plan is simply perfection to our mind.

We feel very gratified to have had the value of your experience, and wish you the success which you surely deserve.

Yours very truly,
FORT WAYNE DRUG COMPANY.
Per F. G. Landenberger.

DANIEL C. TATUM CO., CINCINNATI, O.

MR. PARK R. LACKEY, 1413 First National Bank Bldg.

DEAR SIR: Each month about the 6th we enthuse over the Accounting System you installed for us.

We have had quite a little experience with so-called accountants and appreciate the results and contact with a man worthy of the title.

We are able to accomplish much better results, with less effort, with our present System and would not think of returning to methods of the past.

F. M. BEDELL, Sec'y.

What I Claim to Do:



Don't imagine you have a System because you have a trial balance. Why wait a year to learn what my plans show monthly?

Talk-Talk Talk-Talk

COMMON SENSE BOOK TALKS

Do your books TALK to you? Yes, we have a trial balance.

Is that all they tell you? What else should they tell? They should tell you in both dollars and PERCENTAGES

Your Assets—Liabilities Expenses and Revenues Properly Classified

They should also tell you, your open stock, orders, raw stock on hand, finished stock on hand.

Your daily Bank Balance, your daily Accounts Receivable Balance, your daily Accounts Payable Balance.

Your Cost of Production, your Cost of Sales. Your Profit on Cost, your Profit on Sales.

Department or Commodity results, WITHOUT CLOSING THE BOOKS.

Experience—Experience—Experience

A Boston Tea Man, 42 years old, worth \$5,000, bought the experience of a successful tea man for \$350 and made \$40,000 in five years.

MORAL—Don't wait to learn by experience what you can buy from others.

No other Public Accountant except Park R. Lackey has ever devised 162 Monthly Result Producing Accounting Systems for 48 kinds of business, in 27 different states.

This broad experience has evolved—

- Automatic—Self Auditing Cash Plans.
- Automatic—Raw Stock Inventories.
- Automatic—Finished Stock Inventories.
- Automatic—Overhead Charges.
- Automatic—Percentages of Assets.
- Automatic—Percentages of Liabilities.
- Automatic—Percentages of Expenses.
- Automatic—Percentages of Revenues.
- Automatic—Proof of Accounts Receivable.
- Automatic—Proof of Accounts Payable.
- Automatic—Proof of Net Worth.
- Automatic—Proof of Gain to Date.

All of the above obtained Without Closing the books and Without Extra Office Help. The chart exhibit is a mirror of your business.

I can install systems in every department of your business—show you how to

Buy, Receive, Sell, Charge, Collect, Pay for and Show the Monthly Profit.

PARK R. LACKEY

Auditor, Business System Developer
1413 First National Bank Bldg., CHICAGO

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

The man who knows the Law or the man who has the Law at his elbow is in no danger of being imposed upon

Few men have a correct knowledge of the principles upon which Law is founded, or have ready access to this knowledge, and yet there is no subject that so vitally touches our everyday business and social life at so many points.

ARE YOU CERTAIN of the Law to be observed in a simple transfer of real estate, in proving title, drawing up a will, laying claim to an estate or writing a proper business agreement?

It is the plain duty of everyone to INFORM himself for his own protection before hiring a lawyer or taking any important business step. To render this information quickly accessible to the layman, Professor Albert G. Bolles has prepared an adequate and popular work called

The Home Library of Law

on the fundamental principles and general provisions of the Common Law which obtain everywhere. It is written in simple, easy, non-technical fashion and makes as interesting reading as a novel. It won't make you a lawyer and enable you to fight your own case, but it will tell you how to settle without a lawyer the innumerable little disputes that crop up every business day, and how to avoid costly blunders and above all, how to avert that fatal and needless IGNORANCE OF THE LAW THAT KNOWS NO EXCUSE.

The Home Library of Law is complete in six volumes and sells regularly at \$9.00 net. We are anxious to increase the circulation of **The World's Work**, a magazine for people who do things — your magazine — and for a limited time only we offer to readers of the *Philosopher* **THE HOME LIBRARY OF LAW IN SIX VOLUMES AND TWO YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE WORLD'S WORK FOR ONLY \$1.00 NOW.**

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Name.....
Address.....

Say—"I Saw It in The Philosopher."

I can underbid your local printer —do better work and guarantee to deliver your job on date promised



A Reminder This is Kimball

I'm going to let him figure on that job. He claims he can save me money on my printing—do better work besides—and guarantees to give satisfaction and get the job out on time, or I don't have to accept it. Address: East Ravenswood, Chicago.

That's straight from the shoulder—there is not a bit of blue sky about it. I'm ready and willing to back it up—to prove it at any time. And all I want is a chance to do it. I can prove it without a bit of trouble or expense to *you*, if you will let me. No matter where you are located, I can save you money on your printing and do better work besides. It's needless to doubt or to merely take my word, when it is so easy to get the proof—to be actually shown. Simply let me send you samples of my work along with my prices.

Why I can save you money on your printing There is not a better printing plant on earth than mine—it is not the largest—just large enough for me to keep in close personal touch with every one of its 21 departments, its 111 machines, so that I can give every job that goes through it my own personal attention. The building and everything in it is brand new, modern and up-to-date. New snappy type faces—up-to-date time and labor-saving machines that take the places of hundreds of workers and cut down plant expenses. I have no high salaried solicitors, my samples and prices get me the business, and it only takes a few cents postage to send them out.

Why I can save you money on your printing

There is not a better printing plant on earth than mine—it is not the largest—just large enough for me to keep in close personal touch with every one of its 21 departments, its 111 machines, so that I can give every job that goes through it my own personal attention. The building and everything in it is brand new, modern and up-to-date. New snappy type faces—up-to-date time and labor-saving machines that take the places of hundreds of workers and cut down plant expenses. I have no high salaried solicitors, my samples and prices get me the business, and it only takes a few cents postage to send them out.

* * *

When I take your job, I guarantee that it shall give entire satisfaction, shall be just as you specified or to the scrap pile it goes. And I'll do the whole job over again entirely at my own expense. Now again I fully realize the trouble and cost entailed in delays—I will guarantee to get your job to you by the date promised or you do not have to accept it, you don't have to pay me a penny.

Why I do better work than your local printer

I have the happiest and most contented force of employees ever gathered together. My plant is located in East Ravenswood, where there is plenty of light and fresh air. We all do our best work willingly in a building that embodies all we knew or could find out about the proper housing of employees. Then, when I contract to do your job, I personally watch it from the time it reaches me as rough copy, until it leaves my plant as the finished product. I watch it just as closely and take just as much interest in your job as if it were my own.

Can your printer equal these prices?

Ask your local printer to quote prices on the same sort of work I give prices on below. They include every item—include my personal supervision—no extras unless you order them, and if you do, I'll tell you in advance exactly what they will cost you.

8-Page Booklet

Size of page 6x9, one color ink, fine grade paper:

5M	-	-	-	\$ 31.50
10M	-	-	-	49.25
25M	-	-	-	108.50
50M	-	-	-	164.50

Additional thousands, each \$2.75

Don't think that because my prices are so much lower than his that I have cheapened the quality of my work. Just a penny postal will bring you samples—proof to the contrary.

Get in touch with me now, anyhow, whether you need any printing or not. Send for some samples. They are bound to prove interesting. In the meanwhile, clip out the reminder along the dotted lines. Pin it up in your office, so you won't forget to let me figure on that next job.

C. E. KIMBALL, Vice-President and General Manager

THE CLINIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
1402 E. Ravenswood Park, Chicago

Say—"I Saw it in The Philosopher."

EXPERTS PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THE DESIGNING, ENGRAVING, PRINTING AND BINDING OF YOUR CATALOGS AND BOOKLETS

Do you get such service now? If not, this is probably why your advertising literature is not "pulling" the business it should. Most advertisers and many printers do not know how to *build*, from the ground up, an effective catalogue, for this ability comes only through long experience, careful study and ample facilities.



The above show the value of
enclose a two-cent stamp and ask us for
Little Printed Things," "Mechanical Illustrations,"

expert, personal supervision. For each,
"Successful Long Distance Service," "Better
or "Catalogue Insurance."

Time was when the standard of printing was such that catalogue making did not require expert knowledge and careful supervision, but to-day printing is one of the most subtle arts and only the printer who has attained efficiency through long experience is qualified to build a catalogue that will inspire confidence and sell the goods.

The Lakeside Press employs experts for every one of the many constructive stages of catalogue making, but even these experts do not give instructions except for that one stage with which they are most familiar. The cover design, the color scheme, and the composition are supervised by different experts. Do you wonder, then, why exacting advertisers, from Maine to California, come to us for an impressive sales representative?

The finished dummy is then turned over to one of eight practical printers, who operates "the job." This operator becomes your personal representative. His entire time is spent in seeing your catalogue through department after department. He is supported by every known facility, and by a thoroughly trained organization of 1,000 artists and artisans, all of whom are thoroughly accustomed to high-class work.

Our Special Offer: To responsible firms who feel the need of an intelligent printer, of expert personal service, we make this offer: Send us a copy of your last catalogue, thus giving some idea of your requirements, and we will make dummies, layouts, and offer suggestions for your next catalogue, all of which will result in no expense or obligation.

The Lakeside Press

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY

Printers, Binders, Designers, Engravers

CHICAGO: 5-17 Polk Street

316 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURG



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With a Graflex there is no uncertainty, no guess work as to distances, no inaccurate focusing scale, no necessity for relying upon a microscopic "finder."



With a Graflex the image is seen right side up, full size of negative up to the instant of exposure.

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Now completely revised and comprising Preliminary Bookkeeping, Cost Accounting, Systematizing and Higher Accounting—taught completely in 12 lessons.

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WHY PUT OFF or delay any longer the acquisition of a complete knowledge of the principles and practice of the most influential, of all professions, and the most profitable, too?

HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY—To master the principles, which are so essential to the success of every Business, does not mean that you must put in several years of hard, dry study, nor does it mean that your earnings must stop for one minute.

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Seventh Year—1909 Fort, St. West, Detroit, Mich.

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When it comes to paying big commissions to canvassers, we are among the leaders.

We want a big bunch of live canvassers right now, and we want them to come with us with the intention of staying many years. We do not care for any here-to-day-there-tomorrow kind.

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ought to be the average commission earned by our representatives. One man took thirty-one subscriptions in twenty minutes. It's up to the man.

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Don't fret and stumble over the figures in a long column. You can add them with the same ease and rapidity that you read letters in a word. My method is so simple it is quickly learned and you wonder why you never thought of it before. The principal of a well-known business college (name on request) writes:—"Your system is effective to an extent that no one would credit without proof. Mastery of the 165 possible combinations (an easy task) forms the best basis for success in accounting that I have ever seen." Money back without a word if book proves unsatisfactory. Price, postpaid, 50 cents. Or, send stamp for full particulars. Agents wanted.

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Ask your Dealer for

MASON'S PENS

or Send 10c. in Stamps to

W. L. Mason & Co. (Inc.)

KEENE, - - - NEW HAMPSHIRE

To The Man With A Steady Job

I can add to your salary \$5, \$10 or \$15 each month whichever you may select

If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a salary for doing some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Just ask me to "Send Special Plan No. 9". E. M. NOLEN, Manager, Room 687, 151 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

I'll Be There *5th Annual Convention*
Associated Advertising Clubs
of
America
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A Paneled Cedar

Treasure Chest

which is a treasure, costing less than ONE season's cold storage, constituting perfect home-storage for delicate furs and fabrics; absolutely proof against insects, dust and dampness. Elegant, substantial, beautiful; made of fragrant Southern Red Cedar, it is an ideal wedding or birthday gift. Sold at factory prices with privilege of FREE examination.

Free Catalog of various Styles and prices.

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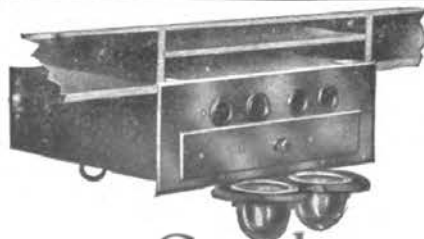
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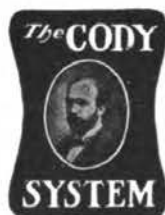
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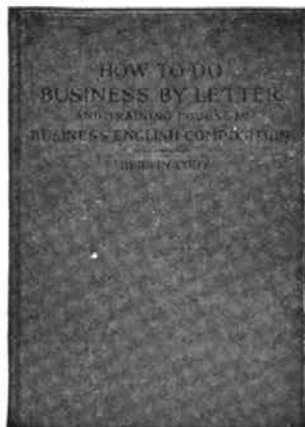
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