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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

The power to turn trouble wrong side in and see the silver lining; the strength to have confidence in tomorrow while we sit with the wreck of today; the intelligence to appreciate fully the value of good nature, good cheer; the will to meet adversity with a grin and then go on; the absolute and irrevocable belief in men, and the common sense to know that work is the only way that will win permanently, and you have a few ideas that will help.

NOVEMBER · 1915

ELEVENTH YEAR

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WHEN citizens become interested in a *local* industry, when the *local* working people, the taxpayers, the business men, are in sympathy with the things that go to make their *own town* more prosperous, then the reformers, the radicals, become conservatives—then you have locked up in such securities as the street-railway companies, the local electric light and power enterprises, both *safety* and *unusual profit.*

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SAVE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

OH that I might paint on the night sky, in letters of light that might be read from the far-flung borders of this great country of ours, these two words —"Save first"!

We have had a campaign of "Safety first."

This short lesson—Save first—would prove to be the greatest night school in all the world.

If I could megaphone to every man in America to-day, I would shout at the top of my lungs, Save first!

This is the hour of industry that gains; make it the season of saving which preserves.

The workingman will never witness a greater hour for reward, nor will he have a better time to save than now—right now.

When we teach all of the people thrift, when we educate them in economy, when we encourage them to appreciate productive industry, we are building securely.

With the possession of property come the conservative social instincts and a disinclination for rash and reckless schemes. When we know this, we are occupying an intelligent and a permanent position.

We have plenty of night schools and day schools on how to earn more, but where are the night schools or the day schools on saving—on thrift?

The greatest promoter of crime is poverty. The knife that stabs the honest heart is want. The biggest burden in America, at the moment, is the improvident poor.

If I could record a resolution for the New World and for the New Year, I would paint on the noon-hour sun, in

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big black letters, this sign that could be read by the whole universe—Save for a Happy New Year.

This would be a wonderful slogan. It expresses an imperative demand—a resolution of intense and individual interest.

We are now earning enough, every one of us, but we are not saving as we should. We know this, and in knowing it, the crime is none the less.

In the Old World they are destroying cities, water works, sewers, railroads, bridges, factories, and the best human energy.

It is costing them over there $130,000,000 a day, and now that the war has lasted over fourteen months, it is easy to find a loss of over $50,000,000,000, and of something like 6,000,000 men—men dead or crippled.

The wealth of Great Britain is based at about $80,000,000,000; of Germany, a little less; of France, $75,000,000,000. The total wealth of this nation is $150,000,000,000. The normal savings of the United States are less than $2,000,000,000. From these figures it is evident that there will be insufficient money to do the absolutely necessary work of reconstruction, unless the whole world practices economy, rigid economy.

Without capital, labor will be unemployed, even if labor is willing to work at foreign or starvation wages.

Labor in this country is now earning a very high wage, and wages are rising. It is time for labor to be reminded that it should lay up something against accident, old age, and especially against the severe competition it is likely to have as soon as the European war is ended.

For years and years this little magazine has expended its best energies in trying to influence men to work more, to play less and to save something for a damp, cold day.

When a young man brings to me a pack of letters of recommendation, he usually leaves the impression with me that he needs them.

Let this same chap lay on my desk his savings-bank book, even if it shows deposits ever so small in total amount, and the boy has my confidence quicker than Jack Robinson. The whole point is, are the deposits rather regular?

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James J. Hill sounded the depths of a man when he wrote this: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as surely as you live. The seed of success is not in you."

It should be a national trait to try to encourage efficiency in others. Efficiency is not just earning money; it is more: it is saving money.

If there is a boy or a girl whom you are interested in, give him or her a savings-account book for a Christmas present or a New Year's start. Point out the power of systematic saving, even of small amounts; and let that boy or girl know that the banks are glad to receive deposits of such small amounts, or that the securities that are secure can be bought in small amounts.

And on this subject I shall have much more to say next month—this subject of young people, school children, saving.

Every older man is a better citizen if he is able to support himself and those dependent upon him.

It is not always possible to regulate one's income, but it usually is possible to regulate one's outgo.

When a man has a little money saved, he is on the high road to independence. It is hard to make a good citizen of a man whose wife and whose children are naked or hungry. There is a certain amount of economic well-being necessary before you can effectually interest him in the higher things of life. He cannot think of them while hungry.

One suggestion for saving that seems to be successful, automatically correct, is to leave an order with the bookkeeper saying that you and others in the organization want him to deduct each week from your pay envelopes twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or even a dollar, if you can afford it; and then let the bookkeeper collect all of these little assessments and send to the savings bank one check, to be distributed to the credit of the depositors. Or these small deductions from your weekly wage may be left with the treasurer of the company where you are em-

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ployed for investment in the securities of that company.

Ownership in a company where men are employed, if ever so small, has a tendency to increase faithful service, and to set aside the agitation of the agitators, whether labor or political. It is an unseen hand that says "Hands off." It prevents any unjust attacks from trouble-makers, and this is a protection to the workingman as well as to the organization or corporation.

I am not attempting to designate any plan of investment, but I am suggesting the imperative importance of saving.

Bismarck said: "Saving goes before security, happiness and good citizenship. It makes men; while extravagance makes vicious members of society."

I repeat, for the sake of emphasis—make New Year's Day—Thrift Day.

□

ALL AMERICANS

IMPULSE drives most men. Forethought is an unknown factor with a dull mind. It is the effects of emotion that fill our jails, and it is our duty to bring about the effects of education before we let these men loose on society again.

Out of a total of eighty persons recently admitted to the Maryland penitentiary, not one could tell whether George Washington was a steamboat or an American. They were Greeks, Polacks, Spaniards, Germans, Negroes —all Americans.

□

PLAIN DRUNK

A FATHER sat in a street car the other day, and by his side was a clinging little girl, his daughter. He was drunk—just plain drunk—and the little girl looked with semi-shame and half-understanding into her father's face. Across the aisle sat a man reading a paper, and on the back of the paper was this big, blazoned headline that I could read: "Father drunk, kills wife with knife, then the son shoots father." Following this scarehead was a second large headline, which explained more, and this read: "There are six small children left for the city to support."

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DELIVER US

DELIVER us from the passive, inactive individual who whistles for want of thought—the languor-loving lemon. Give us the man who works, who acts, who executes; who is always in harness, ever on duty.

Relieve us of the incompetent imbecile with bungling brains, who fumbles and botches, who always gets the wrong pig by the ear—the slovenly gawk.

Loan us the skillful son of craft, the tradesman with the trick, with the knack; the man who can feather the oar, who is practical, proficient.

Separate us from the antagonistic animal, more mule than man, who kicks and clashes—the contrary fellow—the cross between trouble and treachery.

Spare us the coöperative man with the long, strong pull, the pull-all-together spirit; the fellow who stands shoulder to shoulder, and battles for business.

Divorce us from the hard-luck harper, the despondent dub who blights and blasts everything; the calamity croaker; the man who is planet-struck; the evil-star sucker who sings, "What's the use of anything? Nothing at all."

Send us the sunshiny man, the high-tide fellow, the buoyant, thriving man who always says, "Business is good," and then silently asks to be forgiven for lying like an optimist.

HAPPINESS A HABIT

WHAT men hope to get is what seems to make men happy. What men have and hold is the cause of most misery. We all see in the past the happiest hours in our lives, and most of us look upon the future with anxiety and enthusiasm. All of us look upon the present as full of trouble.

Not one man in twenty is happy over today. Happiness is a habit that can be acquired by a bit of right thinking, by a little practical philosophy.

When you realize that life is worth more than all else, and that today holds for you more of life than does tomorrow, you should appreciate more fully today.

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AFTER-LIFE

A MOMENT ago, my hand unconsciously touched an electric button, and the slight tension turned off the light; and in the darkness that followed, alone and at midnight, my mind was engrossed with thoughts of immortality.

Then, as if afraid, I again touched the button, and there was light.

This experience brought back the same old riddle in life—immortality.

There are no wise men, modern men, who can tell me more than I know of the gleam of light before me, for I have studied the textbooks written by man.

True, we have created this agency within the glass bulb, and yet we are unable to comprehend the mystery of its making.

How can we hope to penetrate the history of millions of years, that are millions of leagues from our little minds? How can we hope to prove His plans when we fail with so small a thing as the electric light?

Man has the choice of his eternal destiny, so far as his belief goes; and it is a source of much satisfaction to me to think that the most beautiful conception of after-life is not the least probable.

In common with men who live in the prison of their senses, I can find no present decisive proofs with reference to after-life. If we establish in our minds the belief that nothing can perish from the universe, then we are compelled to accept the theory that man must have had a previous existence, and that an after-life is a natural consequence.

The past and the future are but creations of man's mind, when we leave out the Bible. And without this book, we have but a conflicting set of stories, theories and predictions by authors whom we would not follow.

Your opinion and my ideas on the subject are about as reliable as the tiny embankments of the ant hill in the track of the old chariot of Time. It would seem that man, adrift on the ocean of life, is as the ant that floats on the straw in the middle of the lake.

To contemplate a durable, lofty, secure after-life that

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we shall enjoy in full consciousness and appreciate in every particular is the least disconcerting, the easiest to realize, and loans the greatest possible encouragement for a man to be a man here. And if this is all the influence there is in such a belief, it's good.

□

"JIM" KEITH

"JIM" KEITH, a Pennsylvania boy, fell and broke his back. Then he was further afflicted by paralysis in one leg, and a little later the surgeon decided to cut off his other leg; and all this was done within a few weeks. Trouble comes in bunches.

"Jim" was studying to be a physician, and the patching-up process interrupted his studies. "Jim" was twenty-seven years old when he broke his back. It took a few months to get him patched up, and then he started to study again to be a physician. Now he's practicing in a city and is successful.

If some of our chronic complainers could get a square look at "Jim," they would curl up and stop whining. One look is better than medicine. It shows what can be done with the mind, with the knife, and with medicine—a great combination.

□

THE WRONG PEW

YOU are working, and this is the right church. But are you in the right pew? Are you in a profession or are you in business? Are you making good, or are you just making a failure? Are you competent to do what you are trying to do? Have you made a mistake in your calling?

You may not know just how to get an impartial, honest answer to this question, and I will help you by asking another question: Do you like your work?

If you have an intense desire to work at your calling, if you are proud of your profession, stay where you are. You are in the right pew.

If you consider your work as an automatic advantage to get a living, you are playing on the wrong bag.

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WOMAN'S INHUMANITY

WOMAN'S inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn, and this is not because woman is naturally unkind, but because she does not think.

Few women are naturally mean or inconsiderate, but we have plenty of men who are selfish and unkind.

Women are endowed with the finer qualities, while men are naturally coarse, crude; and this is best illustrated by the Red Cross and the double cross.

Man is usually polite to and considerate of woman, until he no longer wants her good opinion, and then he is indifferent, which is the crime of all crimes in a woman's eyes.

But what of the indifference of women to other women? Let us see. One woman will shop at a store, compel another woman to serve her in the most exacting way. She will order the working woman to send to her home things that she does not expect to buy. She will insist on politeness that she will not give.

She is often indifferent, and this, in her own eyes, is a great crime. She is indifferent, because she does not think. We forgive her because we know she is naturally kind and thoughtful of everything but women.



BUSINESS JEALOUSY

BUSINESS jealousy springs from the worst side of human nature. It interferes with the individual and with all others in the organization.

The petty, jealous man in an organization holds a sword without a handle. He is the one that gets the wound.

JOB OR POSITION

IT is not the job that you hold now, but it is the position that you get later. You are on a ladder, so don't get dizzy if you're above the second rung.

When your brain is quickened, and your heart throbs with hope and desire, you will work out of a job into a position.

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WORK

IF my life depended on giving a practical, successful answer to this question: "What is the chief cause of most failures?" my answer would be this: The lack of enthusiasm and of intelligent work.

The average man works harder on his plan to get out of work than he does on how to get through with his work. Funny, isn't it?

Until you are so filled with the enthusiasm of wanting to accomplish some one thing above all other things, you will regard any effort in business as work.

Work is what is paid for by the hour. It may be a machine, a man or a mule.

Enthusiastic effort is what carries more than you can expect to pay for.

It is the man who uses his present job as a medium for securing a better position who calls work singing.

The only way you can get up is to wake up, and then work up. So long as you regard employment as work, you will continue to work.

My advice to you is to accept your present pay as a help to get up higher. If your pay is small, do not whine and kick. Resolve to work out of this unsatisfactory position. You cannot kick yourself out.

□

HOPE

WHEN your rainbow of hope dies, you die, so far as your usefulness is concerned.

Men have lived years and years imprisoned by disease, held by law, and still they would hope. Hope is the one great help to humanity, and the man who would try to kill or destroy hope in humans is about the lowest type of animal that I know of. There are few of these unthinking men left. □

THINK THIS OVER

WOULD you accept the advice of a man while he was angry? If this man's judgment, rendered while he is mentally out of plumb, is of no value to you, what is it worth to himself—the fellow who owns it?

Sit down on a plank and think this over.

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THE CRITIC

OCCASIONALLY a friend of mine, a real reliable fellow, a thoughtful man, takes a walk with me up Fifth Avenue, and the trip upsets him terribly. He gets all excited before we pass the Carnegie residence. He invariably insists that this country is getting into the hands of the capitalists, the money men; that the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer, very fast.

My friend honestly believes what he talks, and for this reason I respect him, and I like to walk and talk with him.

Once in a long while my friend accepts an invitation to walk on the East Side—in the poverty-poor section; and then you should hear him rave. All that he seems to see is this great country of ours going to the dogs. It's Fifth Avenue or the East Side with him.

My friend is an extremist, and naturally he sees only the extremes.

My friend is an intelligent, industrious person. He was born in the Old World, and never weaned. He is a fair example of the carping critic of America.

He never punched cattle on the plains. He knows nothing of the mountains, the valleys, or the people east or west of Manhattan Island. He remembers that Germany is worth about $80,000,000,000. He has been told by an authority that the United Kingdom is worth approximately $85,000,000,000.

He understands that this country gained in wealth from 1904 to 1912—in eight years—$80,000,000,000. What do you think of this? And it is this that makes him excited. Some gain, some country!

But let us see if he has reason to be excited. From 1899 to 1909—ten years—the number of wage earners employed increased 40.4 per cent, and the amount of wages paid increased 70.6 per cent. Certainly labor got its share, and a lot more.

Now who own the United States? The most prosperous people in the United States—the producers, the farmers—own this country; and this should put a kibosh on my excitable friend. Who own the railroads of this

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country? The superintendents, the presidents or the stockholders? Who are the stockholders?

The value of individual homes, of farms, of private property, has more than kept pace with the prosperity of this country—even outclassed the enhancement of corporation interests; and this ruins another objection.

This country has a lot of men that have accumulated a vast amount of wealth, and it has thousands and thousands of poor people, some desperately poor; and it always will have. But it takes Europe to have desperately rich people, and desperately poor people, if you want a comparison.

So long as ambition, ability and business foresight are factors, the results that men get in matters of money will be uneven.

So long as we have those who must begin with the human handicap of ignorance, indifference, indolence, we shall have the poverty-poor.

And as long as the world stands we shall have men who stir up strife, men who argue that nobody receives any benefit from wealth unless he has an owner's interest in it.

I do not own the sun, but I receive a benefit from it. I do not own many things in this world that are here for my benefit. Think this over.

A press campaign throughout this country, designed to inspire the idea of getting capital and labor together by means of a mutual plan for benefiting both, would accomplish marvelous results for all concerned.

A plan to share with labor by getting labor to take a few shares with capital, and you have an idea that will smooth out many wrinkles in this wonderful world of ours, over on this side—over here where the critics remain.

□

THE MARGIN OF SUCCESS

THE margin of success is that point where you do a little better than the other fellow. It may be in buying, in selling, or in both; but it's that point where you do better, that brings home the bacon.

We are all hired and fired by comparison.

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PAID THE FIDDLER

MEN respect the human laws, the political laws, the man-made laws, but they often fail to observe the natural laws, and this lack of observation brings about much of the misery, disease and failure.

If you are ailing, you can, if you will, trace the trouble to your failure to observe certain natural laws, that are as accurate as the hands on the clock of Time.

If you have failed, and you still are inclined to be fair with yourself, you will find that the fault was in your not observing some natural law.

If you are miserable in mind and in methods, it's your fault.

You may not agree with me, but this is your fault again, and not mine.

In short, right here is the punch: Few men will be fair with themselves and acknowledge their own failings. They prefer to excuse their errors, gloss over their faults. They fail to find success, health or happiness, and then they try to palm off the responsibility on fate, luck or opportunity.

If you have lost your job, there's a reason. If you have failed to find happiness, there's a reason, for the world is full of happiness. If you have lost your health, you have probably paid the fiddler.

□

BE A DOER

BE a doer always. Any one can be a dub, and a lot of men are. There are two classes—the doers and the dubs.

You can tell the dub by that wide streak of yellow that runs from his lump of ego to his Boston garters.

You are one of these two—a dub or a doer. There are no half-brothers to the doer, no step-sisters to the dub. You are an undiluted, unadulterated dub, or you are a doer.

□

EVERY time I get in a tight box in business, my mind goes back to the days when things looked equally dark, and I take courage, for I pulled through then, and I know what pulled me through: it was hard work.

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ONE RAINY DAY

ONE rainy day, not so very long ago, I sent a human message to another human. It was one of those letters that ring true; it had a lot of human interest in it. It was just such a letter that I would have given worlds to receive on that particular rainy day.

The result was, when I got through dictating that letter, that there was sunshine in my own soul—on my side of the street; and evidently it brought a bit of brightness to my friend, for he caught the spirit of the letter, and reasoned in this manner: If this man can reach me, he can reach others. And instantly, following the impulse, the man called on me, and to-day we are sending out letters to others, and we are meeting with success.

Now get me right. My first letter was written in the spirit of frank friendship, honest good-will, and it held a commercial advantage for both of us. I repeat, it was a letter that I would have given worlds to receive, myself.

When you put yourself in the other man's position, and when you put in your letter your better self, you will do wonders with a two-cent stamp.

□

LACK OF SLEEP

LACK of sleep, loss of money, of energy and of self-respect, is a chicken at night, but a lame duck the next day.

Anything that takes away your strength at night will sap your success the next day.

The big dinner that you eat at eleven, the black cigars that you smoke at night, the alcohol that you absorb, will all tell the next day.

Some young men say, "I am strong and I can stand it"; and they can, for a time. But they fail to figure out the discount. Few men are strong mentally who try it.

□

SET a mark that you would hit, and when you begin to hit it the bell will ring, and everybody about you will know it. You will not have to tell them.

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MENTAL SUGGESTION

THE power of mental suggestion is of tremendous importance. For me to introduce in this magazine the subject of hypnotism, or any other idea of "hyp" or "ism," would open the way to criticism, condemnation, congratulation, approval or ridicule.

We see so many indisputable proofs of the power of mental suggestion that to name them is of little consequence as compared with the thought, the fact.

To influence a man's mind is more difficult than to change the course of a child's thoughts. The mature mind is more alert; it more often uses the frontal brain. But the back brain or the subconscious mind of a man will suggest discreditable acts that a boy would not think of—another proof that it is not age but the set of brains we use.

Catch a man off guard, and you can usually compel his subconscious mind to accept your ideas, and automatically these ideas will overcome those of his own mind, and before either one of you realizes it he will be doing exactly what you want him to do.

If by chance you awaken the frontal brain to action, you will probably meet with opposition. The man will resent your trying to lead him mentally.

This subject could be carried into a complete volume, with every page of argument conclusive proof of the power of suggestion; but it is, in itself, a suggestive subject, and for this reason I will leave it to you to work out in your own way.

But just before I say "Good afternoon," I want to take, for example, the salesman. This salesman I have in mind has thoroughly convinced himself that he has the right goods to sell, at the right prices, and he is enthusiastically in earnest over the sale of them. His every act mentally and physically shows this belief. He talks little, but what he says is suggestive and to the point.

He does not arouse antagonism or start an argument. He mentally and morally believes he should sell, and that he will, and pretty soon the customer's subconscious mind likes the manners of the salesman, and then likes

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the merchandise, and then likes to purchase of such a salesman.

In the afternoon, a flashily dressed, loud-mouthed know-it-all drops in to sell the same customer, and starts an argument, probably a good argument; but this does not please the customer. It suggests something besides salesmanship.

Immediately the wide-awake frontal brain of the customer says "No," and all Hoboken can't change this decision.

The power of suggestion includes the appearance of the salesman in dress, his mental attitude and facial expression, his moral influence and manners, and his ability to let you think for yourself occasionally without the interruption of frequent blasts of hot air.

□

HELPS EVERY DAY

ON the walls of my office you may find framed pen pictures of inspiration. Here's one that helps me every morning:

"A whole destiny has been changed by reading an encouraging epigram.

"Within every man is the dynamo of grit, pluck and determination.

"A man cannot generate these essential elements of success without good health.

"The great difference in men, after all, is energy of will, strength to do physically and mentally.

"If you want to succeed, think up, brush up, brace up."

□

CAN YOU LEAD?

THE man who can follow a lead—who can lead or can follow, as circumstances require—is a big man. There are plenty of men who can lead, but they are not always willing to follow. It is an evidence of the big man when you occasionally step down and help the other fellow.

The objectionable man is the officious fellow. The indispensable man is the one who can get behind the gun when it's necessary.

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Advertising to Advertisers

SIX YEARS ago I had spent sixteen years of intense activity selling magazine advertising space to national advertisers all over the United States, and during that time I had come in pretty close contact with the keenest and shrewdest minds in advertising. It gave me an experience and an understanding of what was needed which I felt should take form in making the road easier, less hazardous and more nearly sure of success in advertising. The building of the ideal magazine, in spite of the failures of others, was my big task. This is what I aspired to:

A magazine of certain readable value which would surely interest those who received it, well illustrated, well printed, and a range of literature from first-class fiction and poetry, for women, to special articles for the most serious of men; a circulation as great as the largest (at least 2,000,000); a concentration greater than a combination of many magazines in the advertiser's most desirable markets; a marked elimination of waste hitherto so prevalent, distressing and expensive in all other magazines; and a low rate per line which would reduce to a minimum the advertiser's risk.

Some job—well, yes, I knew it would be, but I had no real conception of it until I was right in the middle of the stream of difficulties and had to pull upstream or be carried down to dismal failure.

I have held on to one supreme thought for six years—the advertiser of this country needs such a medium and will appreciate this effort when he knows it has been established; and it is worth the best in my life to make it possible. That thought has made it possible, and to-day in every particular it is a demonstrated fact. We have builded better than we knew, and this great, powerful medium, theoretically

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right, and its effectiveness proved from every angle, is THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

If any one of ninety per cent. of the national advertisers commissioned me to create a medium for him, which would give him a better service than any publication hitherto established, after a careful analysis of his needs such as market, dealer influence, consumer demand of superior quality and purchasing power, and having always in mind the most conservative expenditure of his advertising appropriation, I COULD NOT, nor do I know of any thorough, experienced advertising man who could, bring to him so perfect a result.

A magazine of newspaper circulation and intense concentration were not new ideas, but one appearing once or twice a month, instead of weekly, and becoming a part of the leading daily papers *exclusively* set a new and advanced standard for national advertisers. This was the keynote of my effort, and such an enterprise could not secure so strong a list of newspapers from all that were left in the United States.

You might check up "America's Greatest Daily Papers" which give *The National Sunday Magazine* its superiority as an advertising medium:

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE
THE BOSTON GLOBE
THE WASHINGTON POST
THE BUFFALO EXPRESS
THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT
THE NORTH AMERICAN, Philadelphia
THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH
LOS ANGELES TIMES
THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER
THE PIONEER PRESS-DISPATCH, St. Paul

ADVERTISEMENT

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YOU'LL LOSE

THE old swan excuse that the world called you here without your consent, that the world owes you a living, is the most illogical idea that a human mind can invent.

Suppose Nature did summon you here without your consent. Are you going to sit down and starve? If so, Nature made a mistake. Nature has made plenty of mistakes, and this accounts for the difference in men.

The world owes you a kick in the slats if you fail to get busy, if you lack a full appreciation of the wonderful opportunities before you.

This magazine is not made for men who are lazy—for loafers. It is the product of a mind that works every available hour—of a man who would rather work than eat, any time.

The failures are loafers, the successes are workers; and you can't get away from this rule to save your life.

Nature brought you here, and you cannot get away from the responsibility of remaining, but you can duck your own responsibility to yourself and to society for a little time, and then they will put you where you belong.

If you have decided to "get by" on your wits, you will end up in want. You have predicated your ability on the wrong plan.

You are not any smarter than James J. Hill, Thomas A. Edison, Frank Vanderlip, or any other man who has worked his way up.

If you think you can deal from the center of the pack and win, get along without work, you are a gambler with Nature, and you'll lose. □

INFLUENCE

MEN become better by contemplating what is better. Reading of failure, listening to a horrible crime, associating with morbid minds, will not help you.

No man can find inspiration, encouragement, working in a bog.

All people can climb higher when in the altitude of a pure atmosphere; when surrounded by fields, woods, big men and clean literature.

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HOMEMADE AMERICANS

FORTUNATELY for us, we have a form of government that contemplates our complex citizenship—a form of government that is able to cope successfully with the present situation.

Fortunately for us, we have in Washington a man who has handled our one hundred million population, with its widely divergent racial habits and conflicting racial prejudices, without the loss of dignity or respect.

But the nearness of the might-have-been war brings the thinking man up close to some cold facts.

We have too many people in this country with their minds on the gangplank, ready to return.

The biggest problem in this country today is to get the folks away from the seashore, back, back on the farm.

We want more American-born children, more corn-fed boys and oatmeal girls—more human production.

Let the Irish lad marry the German girl. Let the English wed the French. Wash the kilts with Dutch cleanser. Mix up more. More homemade Americans are what we want.

AGE AND EXPERIENCE

THE man at fifty is old in youth, but he can be young in age. So long as he can exercise his mental faculties to their full requirements, so long as he can physically draw the load, the irrelevant fact of his age is of small concern, as compared with his present position and power with reference to the knowledge that comes from practical and long experience.

□

LACK OF SELF-FAITH

THE man who worries over his power to hold his position usually has reason to worry.

Worry is an acknowledgment of weakness. It is outside evidence of inside lack of faith in yourself.

We seldom, if ever, worry over the affairs of the other fellow, and for this reason the acknowledgment that we are worrying is pretty good evidence that we lack faith in ourselves.

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HIGHER EDUCATION

MANY young men in this country are trying to trade off a college education for a meal ticket, and this fact is no reflection on the higher education. These overeducated and underfed chaps will come out all right if you let them alone—that is, the ones who are worth saving.

It is no crime to have great faith in the higher intellectual training, and, in having this great faith, naturally there is an accumulation of enthusiasm that carries the student beyond things practical.

Why try him? He will get all that is coming to him soon. The young man who spends his time bumping about is getting the practical jolts that will put him on a pay roll a little later. If he had enthusiasm enough to get an education, he will have energy enough to want to work.

There is one class of young men that I pity, and that class includes the simpering idiot who thinks his necktie and hat are what you weigh when you want a man to work.

Get the education, my boy, then take the bumps; and if you can stand the gaff, you're good man-timber.



BELIEVE ME!

"THE opportunities are all gone," moaned a man in my presence not long ago. "Wall Street is a thing of the past. Legitimate business is cornered, and the chances for the individual are mighty slim now."

The moving-picture industry, the making of war supplies, the automobile industry, the increase in the production of wearing apparel, and the tremendous demand for metals, minerals, foodstuffs, horses, manufactured articles of every description, and for the wants of the world; the increased values in securities, resulting in thousands becoming rich within a few weeks, sort o' puts the kibosh on the swan song of my pessimistic friend.

This is the greatest hour, and this is the greatest country on earth, believe me.

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LAZINESS

THE world is indebted to a group of able investigators on the subject of laziness, and what I am about to say here is supported by the highest authority. Laziness is not as a rule an inborn, organic weakness. Laziness is almost always an acquired or functional attainment.

Men become exhausted in the body, and this weakened condition puts out the fire of ambition in the brain.

The man who is weak in the body lacks the physical power to back up his mental energy, to support his nervous system, and naturally he grows indolent, or what we call lazy.

A person may inherit physical infirmities, and these have been overcome to a large extent by men who have conserved their physical energies in other ways. But most of our human handicaps are self-imposed.

How many hours do you work each day? How many hours do you sleep out of the twenty-four? How many hours do you play? But the question can be better asked in this way: How do you play?

Answer this question and you can tell the secret of laziness in nearly every individual case.

The man who plays enthusiastically is not lazy, but we often say that he is because he does not work. How this man plays will tell how much energy he has left to work with.

I have only touched the hem of this subject. It is one of the most vital and individually interesting subjects in the world of work.

And many who will be fair with themselves now can get at the facts in a minute.

□

WE ALL KNOW

WE all know more or less about chemistry, about bees, hornets, and the other birds that sting; but few of us know on which side of a cow to sit while milking.

We all know styles, about shows, and the other ways for spending money; but few of us seem to get the idea firmly fixed on the system of saving money.

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IT'S NOT THE INCOME

SOME one has declared that it is time to preach the gospel of relaxation. It is a human tendency to transform the means into the end. It is a common fault for the unthinking to get the cart before the horse.

Primitive man lacks the power of application. He is spurred by danger, by revenge, by hunger, and will exert himself energetically for a short time only—no longer than fear, or revenge, or hunger impels him to effort. You cannot get the primitive man to do monotonous work.

The disciplined mind, the man of modern life, has gradually increased the capacity for persistent industry, until you will find among us men who consider work as the first factor in their lives.

The savage only thinks of his present satisfaction, and leaves the future uncared for. The intelligent man of today eagerly pursues a future good, and when this future good is gained he often neglects it, and strives for some still further good. He is thinking ahead.

It is said that in this country our men get gray-haired ten years earlier than men in other countries, and the reason assigned is that they work so hard.

Emerson, in his "Essay on the Gentleman," declares that the first requisite of a gentleman is that he shall be a good animal.

We also know that exclusive devotion to hard work brings about a result where amusements cease to please and finally relaxation becomes imperative.

It is not necessary for an American to overwork, as suggested in these observations, but he makes it so.

We do not need to preach the gospel of relaxation, but we do need to preach the saving grace of saving. It is not the income, but it's the outgo, that causes these premature gray hairs—these extra hours of overexertion.

It is a fallacy to say that Americans overwork for any good reason. They are compelled to overwork for reasons that are not good.

We spend twice what we ought to, every one of us; and we save half that we should, every one of us.

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ARMENIAN ATROCITIES

WHEN England was still worshiping at druidic shrines, over two centuries before Clovis, King of the Franks, was baptized on the very spot where the cathedral of Rheims now lies in ruins, Armenia was giving aid to the Crusaders and working in the Christian faith.

Today the Armenians, of all those who dwell in western Asia, stand, man for man, first in intellectual, physical and moral power; and still, within a short time, the unspeakable Turk has murdered a half-million of these Christians. At the moment, there are 750,000 who are starving.

In the month of July the Turks loaded fourteen thousand men, women and children into boats and took them out in the sea and dumped them overboard, for no other reason than that they were Christians.

My pen has not sufficient power, nor will it prostitute these pages, to recount the harum wrongs.

It is the foulest, most bloodthirsty, most sickening scene in all Europe. It is the refinement of cruelty, and the acts in Belgium or in Poland are but antics compared with these atrocities. □

ON MAKING MONEY

YOU may tell me that it is wrong for a man to make millions, and maybe it is. But it is a bigger crime for a man to make a miserable failure of his life and depend on charity.

Now understand me right. To be poor is a crime that is popular, which is only another way of saying that our system of saving in this country is a failure.

Was it a crime for Mr. Knox, who died recently, to accumulate a fortune of thirty million dollars in the five- and ten-cent business? Butt your brains against the wall and think this over. □

THE reason for inventing the mosquito, or the fellow who claims that his failure is due to the lack of appreciation of his boss—the real reason for putting these pests on earth is four feet beyond my power of calculation.

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RILEY

THE vehement simplicity of James Whitcomb Riley, the irresistible eloquence of his homely talks in verse, stir the soul and set the heart on fire with emotions that are good.

"What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk a-bloomin' at the door?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"

Riley proves with his pen that sympathy is the soul of sentiment; that culture is a profession of phrases, a roll of resounding periods; that sentiment unlocks the inner chamber of a man's better self.

The higher forms of genius may be lofty imagination, profound knowledge and an unusual command of high-sounding words. But the magnet that draws a man's mind and holds a man's soul up out of this age of artificial things; the magnet that calls him from the crowd of dollar chasers; the things that lift a man up and keep him up, are the things that we find in the hills and in the valleys as described by Riley:

"I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plane
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wunder away in a bare-footed dream,
Whare I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept ore the graves that I'm weepin' above."

Shakespeare, Milton and Longfellow touched some of the chords that vibrate in a man's soul; but Riley never wrote a line that did not mean you and me.

Riley is the key of the best American thought of home and of children.

"Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!"

The rare spirit of Channing, the eloquence of Everett, the passionate conviction of Phillips, all help to widen the range of thought. But whenever Riley appeared, his simple lines in rhyme would turn the cold fish-tailed

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handshakes of the receiving committee into a club of courtesy.

Simplicity, supreme sincerity, is the foundation of all the greatness of Riley.

When Indiana honored Riley, the State added another evidence of its appreciation of a premier poet.

I have told you considerable about Riley, and now I will tell you a short story about Mark Twain, who in 1888 introduced Riley and "Bill" Nye to a Boston audience. It was a carnival of fun from the beginning to the end. Boston never experienced such an entertainment—three forms of genius.

Mark Twain had written his first lecture and committed it to memory. He dreaded his first effort as an entertainer, and accordingly arranged with a lady friend whose family were to occupy one of the boxes in the theater, that whenever he stroked his mustache and looked in her direction she was to applaud. The lecture began, and was a boundless success. The audience applauded in the wildest fashion, and "Mark" forgot all about his instructions to the lady, and the scheme of stroking his mustache.

In the very midst of a solemn sentence, when there was no occasion for applause, he unthinkingly stroked his mustache, and the woman broke her fan on the box in her wild enthusiasm to applaud. The excitement knocked "Mark" off his pins.

What brought "Bill" Nye and James Whitcomb Riley together on the stage was the same thing that caused "Mark" Twain to get a running mate.

Mr. Nye, like every human who attempts to make a whole evening of fun, was compelled to change his program. At the beginning the audience would fairly go wild with laughter, but gradually the fun-liking muscles of their faces would relax and a somber, wet-blanket expression would settle over the whole assembly, and then the great humorist would be compelled to proceed with the program while the audience was in a funereal mood.

It was the first real combination of humor and pathos.

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GET YOUR NUMBER

MOST of us know the number of our hat, our gloves, our shoes, but few of us know our mental, moral and physical numbers. Here's an opportunity for you to get your number and get it correctly:

No. 1. I do not drink.

No. 2. I drink for business' sake.

No. 3. I take a little to steady my nerves.

No. 4. I can stop if I want to.

No. 5. On January 1st I will stop drinking.

No. 6. I am no temperance crank.

No. 7. I felt "rotten" to-day and that's why I drank.

No. 8. I had troubles of my own and just took a drink to forget them.

No. 9. I drink and I'm not ashamed of it.

No. 10. Every year I drink less and less.

And now here's the test: Can you truthfully answer No. 10 in the affirmative? It will jolt you.

□

EVENTUALLY

WHEN you get angry, when you lose your head, you pay the price of failure, almost every time.

You upset the mental and physical forces and bring about depression. Anger is expensive, and, if indulged in, the victim will eventually go to the bughouse or the poorhouse.

□

YOU ARE THEN READY

WHEN a world would counsel you away from your downright loyalty to immediate duty; when the future looks black and discouraging, but still you know you are doing your duty; when you are willing to suffer the torment of sticking to your post in preference to any advantage you may gain by failing to do your duty, then, and not until then, are you ready for higher responsibility.

□

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT will come to America soon, and she will bring with her a cane and her artificial leg. I would rather see the wooden leg of Mme. Bernhardt than an entire coop of downy little chickens.

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WRONG LOCATION

A BOSTON woman suggests putting the favorite stenographer in a cage to protect her. My suggestion would be to put the man in the madhouse or in a home for the feeble-minded.

The business man who bonds his brains, mortgages his mind to his secretary during business hours, is either crazy or foolish.

Putting a hopple on the woman is not the practical thing to do. Better put a poke on the man.

A diverting influence in a business office spells calamity. Modern methods, close competition, ambition and ability are the things that make a man keep his mind on the race.

The girl in the office is no better, nor is she any worse, than other girls; and then again, she is so busy.

The man in business is perfectly human, but in business hours he is usually inhuman. It's a poor place for a social session.

No, dear little good woman from Boston, you have the cage in the wrong location.

□

SHIRT-SLEEVE SUCCESS

A LEGACY is not loyal. It is infinitely better for a boy to be left the inheritance of a clean conscience, a full notion of the value of money, a sensible, practical idea of the value of common sense, than to leave him barrels and barrels of cash.

You will find that the third generation usually goes back to shirt sleeves, and this tendency in life brings us face to face with the fact that the chances of a poor boy are greater than those of a rich man's son.

□

A SUGGESTION

WHEN you go in to buy a railroad ticket in France, you can, if you want to, step right over to the next window and buy bonds of the same railroad on which you ride. There is a thought in this for American railroad managers.

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DEFENSE

THE heart of Lincoln was not always attuned to mirth. Its chords were often set to strains of sadness. He was a normal man, and for this reason Nature touched all zones in him. Yet, throughout all his trials, he never lost his convictions or his courage. He was surrounded by discontented Catilines, by doubting Thomases, by unbelieving Saracens; but it was even then that his strength was strongest, his faith most firm.

The Danes destroyed the hearing of their horses that these animals in war might not be affrighted by the din of battle. Lincoln turned a deaf ear to all who might have discouraged him, and continued to exhibit that unwavering faith in himself and in justice.

For three hundred years every child in the public schools of Greece was required to recite from memory the names of three hundred martyrs who fell in the defense of Thermopylæ.

Some day the school children of America will frequently read the names of Washington, Lincoln and Wilson—the three men who successfully met three epochs.

A government of the people and for the people will not be an aggressor in war. The incomparable injury that is now being done to the Old World should be a lesson even to monarchy, and it certainly will be to a government of public sentiment. We shall do nothing hurriedly, nothing wrong. We never have. This country is one of peace and full of prosperity. But we will prepare to defend ourselves, just as surely as Providence made little apples.

A bridge that carries me over safely I always refer to as a good structure. When I want to know more than I know—and this is a frequent occurrence—I turn to some authority. When I have put a friend to the acid test, and find that this friend rings true, then I believe in him. Faith in men and in their methods comes to me from experience, and not from intuition or guess. We have no way of founding our faith in men other than by having experience with them.

If Washington were here, I would have faith in him.

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If Lincoln could live now, I would trust him. These men knew better than others of their time, for they were in position to know.

No man in America today is in better position to know what is wanted, what is needed, than President Wilson, nor is there a man in this country more reliable, more peaceful. Here is what Mr. Wilson says with reference to what we want in the defense line, when receiving the new Naval Advisory Board at the White House recently; and he voiced the unanimous, the overwhelming popular sentiment of this country:

"I think the whole Nation is convinced that we ought to be prepared not for war but for defense, and very adequately prepared, and that the preparation for defense is not merely a technical matter; it is not a matter that the army and navy alone can take care of, but a matter in which we must have the coöperation of the best brains and knowledge of the country, outside the official service of the Government as well as inside.

"For my part, I feel that it is only in the spirit of a true democracy that we get together to lend each other voluntary aid, the sort of aid that comes from interest, from a knowledge of the varied circumstances that are involved in handling a nation.

"I want you to feel, those of you who are coming to the assistance of the professional officers of the Government, that we have a very serious purpose; that we have not asked you to associate yourself with us except for a very definite and practical purpose, to get you to give us your best independent thought as to how we ought to make ready for any duty that may fall upon the nation.

"I do not have to expound it to you; you know as well as I do the spirit of America. The spirit of America is one of peace, but one of independence.

"It is a spirit that is profoundly concerned with peace, because it can express itself best only in peace. It is the spirit of peace and good-will and of human freedom; but it is also the spirit of a nation that is self-conscious, that knows and loves its mission in the world, and that knows that it must command the respect of the world."

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TRUE CHARACTER

AN indulgent father and a fond mother took their little boy to an old Greek philosopher, and they requested that the wise man bring up the boy—educate him. The parents were willing to pay any price for the advantage of the sage's mental training. The philosopher looked the boy over, asked his age, and when he found that he was three years old he said: "You have brought him here too late. The season of real character building in the boy has passed. Three years is too late to mold the plastic mind as we would."

It is never too late to mend a mind, but it's a thousand times harder to teach an old dog new tricks.

And now you are about to doubt me—oppose my statement. Very well, let us accept some man whom we know, and then run over the keyboard of this man's life until we touch the age of two. Whatever the character was at the age of two you will find in the man of twenty. The man may be able to deceive you, gloss over his faults, his failings, his frailties—improve them; but this mental cleverness is not included in my measurements of his true character.

□

TO TELL THE METTLE

THE failure to coöperate, to get together, to do teamwork; the tendency not to respond to other natures in the organization, is one of the serious situations in business.

There are plenty of men who do not ring true, but you can tell them just as sure as you strike them. When you strike them they sound like a plugged half-dollar.

A plate of tin will ring, a slab of stone will ring. Gold, glass, steel, all have their ring, and man, with his highly organized nature, will respond to the ring; and in this ring you can tell his mettle.

□

WOMEN VOTING

I HAVE been investigating this question of women voting for some time, and the thing that has convinced me more than anything else that women should vote is the class of men who actively oppose it.

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JUNIOR PARTNER TIPS

A LUMBER dealer writes a message on a shingle to his customer, and mails it.

A local newspaper editor closed the year by getting out a special edition edited by various people in the town. Everybody got interested in the paper.

One buyer says that it pays to be firm—to be a one-price buyer. "When a salesman offers me a price which I know I can beat, I simply drop the matter. I never hold the club of competition over salesmen. The next time he gives me his lowest price first."

A real-estate man has combined with the local electric-light company and issued a small booklet with the names of houses and buildings that use electric light. Economy and efficiency.

One merchant places a large clock in the show window, and by a certain mechanism in the clock the minute-hand moves fast enough to be noticeable. Then he suggests that time is flitting away—that it is time to buy certain things. No one can get by the clock.

One druggist offers ten dollars to any person who will suggest a plan to improve the appearance of his front window. The scheme to date has cost him eleven payments—$110. The names of eleven people are posted in the window—people who have received the money. The whole city is talking about his window. Cheap advertising.

□

CHINESE-AMERICANS

LEE TOI KIN, a Chinaman of this city, recently registered as a voter. Kin is a Republican, and he is proud of it. Then Lee Lun registered. Lun says he is a "Democrack," and he is proud of it.

Louis Fook, another Chinese-American, is slated for deputy sheriff in Al Smith's precinct.

O you lucky Americans who live out on the uplands of life—out in the Great West! I want to congratulate you.

□

WHEN some men die their rest will be broken, not begun.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

IF there was no such word as "luck," we would be compelled to invent such a word. Luck is the chimera that men chase, the indefinable something that men never catch up to.

Luck is a series of circumstances that contribute to a man's success without the man having one thing to say about it.

Should the man be foolish enough to court luck, wait for luck, he will, in all probability, lose what he looks for—"luck."

There is one thing about this unreliable, unknown quantity from the land of mystery, and it is this: Luck seldom lights on an incapable man, and it never sticks there. And what a punishment it would be to have luck light on you and then not stick!

Luck will probably never come to you; but if it should, and you should fail to recognize it until too late, how like a fool you would feel!

If you believe in luck, you probably won't recognize it, anyway.

The best plan is to calculate on making a success without luck, and then if you have a little luck, you will be able to handle it.

□

PERMANENT SUCCESS

FATE took a long, hearty laugh at a young college graduate a few weeks ago. The tall, strong, handsome man accepted a position on a street car at small pay. His roommate from college went with the ball team at big pay. And here you have an evidence of a big man on little pay, and a smaller man on big pay.

The street-car chap has an eye to the future. He is looking toward the superintendent's office, or the president's swivel chair.

Some day the ball season will be over for the other fellow. You cannot "play" yourself into success, save in a very few instances, and this success is not permanent.

□

THE right effort may buy what you want. No effort will bring what you don't want.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

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BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

IF I were asked to interpret the true spirit of Christmas, I would call for the help of a little child.

While my heart is aflame at the moment with the spirit of Christmas, it cannot hope to hold that simplicity only known to a child. And this simplicity is the true Christmas spirit—Christ in a cattle-bed.

If I were asked to make the roses bloom in human hearts today, I would bring the beautiful Christmas legends of Germany, Italy and England to you—bring them now.

If it were possible for this little magazine to raise the rod of universal power, I would, with one imperial, kingly gesture, so cluster the stars in the heavens that they would spell out the words, "Peace on earth."

I would bring to the world, at this hour, happiness by affection, and not hell by affliction.

Without a navy, without an army, or even a church, I would march men past the problems of life, up where they could hear the echoes and the reëchoes of eternal truth. I would take you, dear friend, with me, away from the cold, commercial world, up on the hill where the sun of your own conscience might shine and gild the way for the less fortunate ones. I would not preach, for I am one of those "faithful failures." I would not teach, for I have yet to learn. But I would sit down by the side of the road with you, dear friend—by the side of the road, and talk with you, "man to man." I would speak of Christmas in particular, because this is the one season that reaches the

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inner chamber of a man's soul; and this is what I am after —the inside lining of your heart.

It is at this particular season—Christmas time—that the greater emotions in the human heart find their way to the world. And still, what seems so very strange to me is the fact that no man can tell why we celebrate this particular season at this particular hour, and found his telling on a fact.

Strange, isn't it, that so incomparable an event as the birth of Christ should be actually lost as to definite date, and at a time when Seneca said: "Crime is no more a secret, but stalks before the eyes of man; innocence is not rare, but does not exist at all." This was the time that Jesus was born; but the exact hour, the exact day of his birth, the time when the infant King was born in Bethlehem, no man knows. Some said it was April twentieth, others declared it was May twentieth, while many set the sacred date for January sixth; but no man knows.

If you will grant me, as we sit here by the side of the road, the license of historical poetry, I will refer you to the accepted season when "the grass and herbs were commanded to come forth"—when "the days and nights were of equal length"; and we all know that this particualr date must have been March 25th as of the modern calendar.

Accepting this date as a foundation for creation—"a time when the glorious light sprang out of darkness"—we are reasoned into the conclusion that it was probably on this date that the power of the Almighty overshadowed Mary and "Dayspring from on high" entered the world. And here again the pretty poem of reasoning carries the mind forward nine months to December 25th—Christmas Day.

We have established, at least in my mind, the date of the birth of the King of kings; and now I ask you, Why is it that we call Him the "Sun of righteousness"? Perhaps it is because ancient people celebrated the day when "the world's darkness begins to lessen," and this day we hold to be this same wonderful day—Christmas Day. And perhaps here you have the reason for that wonderful title—the "Sun of righteousness."

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And now that we seem to have found some facts of interest, let us trace what prompts the spirit of giving at Christmas time. We all know the first Christmas gift was God's only-begotten Son, and He was given "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." But it was not until three hundred years later that the followers of Christ began to celebrate Christmas, and to attach to this wonderful day many pagan ideas and customs.

Before Christ came, Egyptian youths were bringing branches and palms to Horus; Persians were singing the birth of Mithra; the Hindoos were shouting their praise of Vishnu; friends and relatives were exchanging gifts of great value, and so great were the values of these gifts that they often bankrupted the givers; and here you have what I have referred to as one of the pagan ideas of the spirit of Christmas.

And while we are on this pagan subject—the idea of heathen worship—let me tell you of the druids of old, who made wreaths of mistletoe, with which they crowned their priests, and with which they decked their sacrificial altars. And even the heathen man of today feels that he has a perfect right to kiss a maid while under the mistletoe. Of course the mistletoe cannot be associated with Christmas in any way save in the manner of sweet giving.

And there are so many more things, like the history of the holly—the holly that grows so slowly and lives to be so very old. It is supposed that the crimson berries were white at one time, and that they were dyed with the blood of Christ. The Danes have a tradition that holly leaves were a part of the crown of our crucified Lord, and that when they were placed upon His head they turned to thorns.

There are so many legends concerning the natal day of our Saviour that I am embarrassed by the wealth of yuletide lore that merits narration; but I must tell you the legend concerning Christmas cards. It appears that the present-day custom of sending Christmas cards is but the continued habit of the people who made pilgrimages to the temple or to the shrine where the skulls of the three

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Wise Men repose, and many today believe this shrine to be under the cathedral at Cologne. At this resting place, people would write their impressions; hence the Christmas cards.

And while we are sitting here, by the side of the road, I want to point you to the spruce tree that you see over there, not far away. Well, right near that spruce tree, I am told, was another little spruce tree. Not long ago, one December day, a towering oak said to the little spruce tree, "You are too small to be of any earthly use." And the little spruce tree wept, and its tears hardened into clear, round drops, which we call gum. The next day a boy chopped down the little spruce tree and took it home for Christmas, and now we know why the little folks like the little spruce tree.

But the story of the yule log always interested me, therefore I want to tell you of what was a memorably happy event in the more or less commonplace existence of the long ago, and this was the cutting, trimming, and placing on the fire of the yule log. Even the smaller children were employed in helping to carry this great log to the fire, for fear of its touching the floor. From a remaining brand of the yule log the next year's log was lighted, and in this manner good luck, good fortune, was carried from year to year. Should the yule log fail to burn until morning, the omen was very bad.

When I was a small boy I often read the story of the great goddess Hertha, who lived in the centuries that have passed—how Hertha came down the chimney instead of through the door, and how all the members of the family would gather together in the big front room and wait for Hertha to descend through the smoke of the old chimney —wait for Hertha to tell fortunes to them before a great altar of flat stones, erected in the center of the room. And here we have, in the history of Hertha, a part of the childhood fabric of Santa Claus. And I told you in the beginning that "if I were asked to interpret the true spirit of Christmas, I would call for the help of a little child."

Human nature is the same today as it was centuries ago; and I want you, if you can, to turn back the hands on the dial of time and, in imagination, journey with me to Egypt

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in the company of the fleeing Holy Family. I want you to see, in your mind's eye, Mary seeking shelter in a cave, hiding from the soldiers of Herod; and while she and her babe are sheltered by the great rocks, a spider spins its web over the entrance of the cave, and the soldiers of the king are persuaded to move on. The next day Mary journeys farther, and as she passes a wheat field this wonderful Madonna drops a coin given her by Melchior, and immediately a wheat field springs into full head. The pursuing soldiers of Herod inquire if any fugitives have passed this way, and a man replies: "Not since the field was sown." And again the soldiers go on their way.

How many beautiful legends linger in the mind at Christmas time! And do you know that the happiest hours that we have, or the happiest hours that we shall find in the future, will be those when our thoughts dwell on the past.

And perhaps this is why we see that halo over yesterday. Perhaps this is why all the sweetest songs in my heart blend with the golden-tongued bells at Christmas time. It is at Christmas time that I also find the thorns on the roses of remembrance pressing down on my heart and leaving me with that unnamable, poignant loneliness; and perhaps this is why I want to talk with you here, by the side of the road.

I want Christmas to come, and you like to have Christmas come. But we both like to have it go.

The warm grate cheers my cold body; the cold spring waters of earth allay my thirst; the food that is given me satisfies my hunger; but there is an empty chair in the home, back there, that the world and its wealth cannot fill. And it is said that this unnamable loneliness is the price we pay for once having with us that wonderful woman—mother.

I might strike here every note on the keyboard of life, but it was not my purpose, when we sat down here, by the side of the road, to wound you. My object is to make you happy.

God loans to man a fragment from the quarry of time, a handful of days, the interlude of a short life; but Christmas is the only day that brings before the mind the real

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grayness of it all—the one time when the memory of the irreparable loss of the unforgotten dead—a saintly mother, a loyal wife, a promising son, a devoted daughter—is as a spear-thrust that wellnigh stops the heart's pulsations.

And now that we have traced the years from legendary times to the present, let me say "Good-bye." But just before we part I want to impress you with this fact—that the master-word must be breathed to humans before they can be truly happy, and this one word is "faith."

In referring to the legends, history and significance of Christmas, I have not tried to shape for you any religion, nor have I tried to destroy a present creed. I have, in my small way, suggested the spectacle of human suffering, that your heart might melt into a new form—a shape without malice or bitterness. And these are the hearts that will surely bring "peace on earth, good-will toward men"—Christmas the whole year through.

□

OBSERVATIONS

YOU may have the wrong conception of living. Living is an intellectual process, a physical betterment, and a moral respect for yourself. No man can have the keenest sense of true enjoyment when his mind is in the mud, his arm in a sling.

When you meet a man who, though he does not agree with you, gives every evidence of sanity—when you meet a man who keeps cool, remains calm, while you get excited, just you go out back of the woodshed and whisper to yourself: "This fellow may be right."

□

ONE COLD NIGHT

ONE cold night, years ago, a poor immigrant from Germany lay sleeping in the cellarway of a big building that stood right where the New York World Building stands. The lad was cold and hungry, but the pinching poverty only prodded him to make this decision: "Some day I'll own this building."

We all know of Joseph Pulitzer's wonderful work and of his success.

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THINK THIS OVER

WHEN the Creator placed man's eyes in the front of his head, He demonstrated that we are expected to go forward, not backward. When hands and feet were given to man, it was expected that he would use them to work; and when a head was put on his shoulders, it was expected that he would use his brains too.

Any man with brains ought to know that if he fails with his eyes open, and his hands and his feet at liberty, the fault is with his head.

Blind a man, cripple him, hog-tie him with some physical handicap, and you do much to hinder his success. But I have known blind men and crippled men to make good under these handicaps. They use their heads.

Did it ever occur to you to use your head more today, and then tomorrow the boss may see that it is to his advantage to hold you, and when anything appears to be to the advantage of the boss, he, as you say, "always grabs it."

□

GOOD COMBINATION

I ALWAYS look for the compensating element in everything. There are always two sides to any story, any situation. For years I have trained my mind to look on the bright side of things, and by so doing I have brought out of the blackness of defeat, of failure, a real success.

You may rest assured it was not my disposition to see only success that has brought success to me. It was a persistent, determined disposition to smile at any cost, and then when I got my mouth on straight in a friendly curve, I began to work, and the combination has proved profitable.

□

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

PEACE of mind is the greatest possible prosperity. May your Christmas Day be full of peace—prove to be a pacemaker for the three hundred and sixty-five days that are to follow.

The happiest hours that you will find in the future will be the thoughts that dwell on the past.

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OLD FRIENDS VS. NEW

YEARS ago he brought with him to this country the only remaining member of his family—a son of ten. His first living-place was in a hall bedroom on the East Side.

Within a week he persuaded a new acquaintance to loan him a watch, and then he immediately pawned the watch for ten dollars, and with the money he bought a few bunches of bananas, rented an old pushcart, and the very first day succeeded in pushing himself into jail.

After the fine was paid he had just enough money left for another day's supply of bananas; but this time he managed to "move on" and he kept out of jail. In a very short time he made enough money to hand back the watch.

Years rolled on, and his son graduated from college, and then the father invited him into the firm—one of the oldest importing houses in America. The new partnership began on Christmas day, in ———. On the following New Year's Day—after only one year's membership in the firm—the junior partner said to his father: "Say, dad, this business is moving too slow. I propose to go out into new fields and get more business, more trade—not just do business with friends."

The father tried to show the young partner that the trade they had was good, that the profits were fair, and that altogether they were doing pretty well; but no, the ambitious young man, like all ambitious young men, wanted more business. And then again, the young man did not approve of the old man's methods of doing so much business on friendship, and he even went so far as to say this at the club one evening. His father, he said, made his customers by personality, individuality—made them friends; and his idea was that "business is business."

After much discussion the father said: "All right, my boy, go out and get more business, if you insist, but be careful about the accounts you accept."

The boy started out, and the orders began to come in. New help was needed in the office, more men were put on the road, and business doubled and trebled.

Pretty soon the firm found it necessary to borrow money

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on account of the increased business. Collections were very slow on the new accounts. The bankers who were to make the loan looked over the books, and they would loan but a small per cent of the money needed. Bankruptcy was knocking at the door. Immediately the father called his boy in the private office and asked him to withdraw from the firm.

The son retired with every evidence of resentment. He was mad clear through. Just to think how he had built up the business until they could not take care of it, and then the father, his own father, asked him to get out!

The bankruptcy of the father soon followed, but the old man's reputation for integrity in business was so firmly established, and his past credit was so clear, that he got a settlement through in short order. Then the father hired an expert bookkeeper, a credit man; opened up a new store at the old place, and sent for his son, whom he invited to join the new house.

The boy was still sore, and he told his father in a few words what he thought of a man that would fail in business—go through bankruptcy. The old man listened and then said: "My boy, do you know why I asked you to withdraw from the firm?"

The son said: "Certainly I do! You didn't think I was a good business man!"

"You are all wrong, my son—all wrong. I did not want your name to be injured by a business failure, and I knew the failure had to come."

Then the old man's voice wavered a bit. His head rested in a big broad palm, and the hand nearest the heart was held out to Henry, his son, who finally saw and understood.

Silence held them both for a moment, and then the son asked: "How about your own name, father?"

"Oh, I'm an old man, and you know there is so much before you, my boy."

There was more silence, and then they both looked squarely into each other's eyes through the mists that measure the depths of a real man's soul.

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JUDGE NOT

IN the bitterness of a review of the recent past, we often find much consolation and encouragement for the future—at least the right-minded man should.

In December of the closing year, the moon sends its gray light over the past, a season so full of purpose, and so small in real results.

And still, we are all glad to meet a friend, to see the sun come up in the east, to hear the applause, and to make progress. For no man regards this as a permanent place. All men are looking past the lifelong blindness, the lifelong disappointments, for something better; and this is the best evidence in all the world that there is more good in men than we can see on the outside.

For me to set up a personal idea of morality, for you to make a moral throne for other men, would be to introduce our judgments; and the best that this could be would be mortal.

For a man to make a home happier; to earn a little, and spend a little less; to renounce that which he knows to be wrong; to be true to himself; to have a task and perform it—such a course in life will call for all the fortitude, all the courage, that he can command. To get thus far on the moral trail is not reaching the Perfect City, but it certainly is avoiding the Big Highway that leads to hell.

The first essential in life is to get headed right. Most of us are willing to work for that which we consider valuable. Many men are willing to mine, to sink shafts, to drive tunnels into the great gray granite hills for gold. Some of us have gone to the far-off ancient river-beds to dig for diamonds. Few of us are willing to search in a man's soul to find his values.

Bankers do not leave their money on the sidewalk at night.

Every day I find character-nuggets of wonderful worth in people. Sometimes these values are covered over with what the miner calls "wash"; and it is so in mining for metal, and in digging for gems: they are covered over with wash.

The deeper you go, the greater the values in nature and in human nature.

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How can you tell what is in an undeveloped mining claim? How do you know, how can you tell, what is in an undeveloped soul? What right have you to measure the morals of a man until you have dug down deep and received a check on the mill runs—until you have brought out and polished the gems in this man?

Judge not!

□

REASON TO FEAR

THE only failure a man has reason to fear is his failure to cling close to common sense.

The farmer who would put his entire place to cabbage is certainly gambling with two things—the season and the market on cabbage. Out where I live, we would call this farmer "short" on common sense.

The investor who willingly, deliberately imports risks into his business of investment by buying securities that have gone mad, is certainly filling his cup with rose-water optimism.

Investing in the insane stocks of the moment will soon cause some folks to be whimpering, "It's just my luck!"

The man who wails of his "luck" has brains about as big as the whiskered end of a two-forked radish.

For me personally to recommend to you any one security as above another security in value, in attractiveness, would be assuming a knowledge that no man can possess without he has definite data on your personal equation—on your individual interests and their relative demands.

But there is an investment that any man can make with more or less civic pride, and certainty of profit, and this is in public-service corporation securities.

A well-managed local street-railway company or a heat, light and power plant can make you, as a rule, more money than you can make in any other way, and do it without the usual chance of taking a risk.

□

THIS IS HE

ONE genius in the organization is an inspiration; but the man who starts a perspiration—starts the rest of the bunch to sweating—is the genius the boss depends on for results.

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BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP

MONEY cannot buy love, nor can it purchase friendship, and the very fact charms the heart. Money will buy lots of things called "love," and cash will induce a fellow to give a very good imitation of being your "friend"; but I am not dealing in counterfeit qualities in men. I am speaking of genuine love and true friendship.

This magazine is the result of friends. Its very success is positive proof that friendship exists in big bunches. Only for my friends, and The Silent Partner would have gone the route of most little magazines; and hundreds of magazines have gone this route, as you know.

These magazines that-were-once tried to transplant in the minds of men the cactus of criticism, the thistle of cynicism. They were not friendly; they were just faking.

It is an ignorant indictment to say that readers do not know. It is a flagrant falsehood to claim that men and women cannot tell a friend. You know who your friends are. Why not grant this same intelligence, same intuition, to other persons?

To my mind, friendship goes further than just personality, individuality; it invades industry, business. It is a part of business—good business.

To me, friendship in business is the master passion, and until I proved myself a friend in business to several others I had less than several friends in business.

You seldom hear me lament over the loss of some friend. This is my personal sorrow that no one can share. You often find me feverish in speaking of my business friends, and this is a sentiment that I can share and still increase its value.

Friendship is the stoutest link in the chain of commercial life. Friendship does not signify that you "use" or that you misuse others. It involves the most magnificent conception of the right rules of getting on in business.

Friendship in business is too good to be believed by some men, and so is the truth of the immortality of the soul too sacred for these people fully to comprehend.

I know of business men with hermit souls who live in the palace of self-content, but the men who come first in

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my mind are those who rejoice that they live among men.

The business man who has friendship fixed in his soul, has friendship in business, is fitted for either adversity or prosperity.

In this world that we are living in we will need a friendly word at times, and a little lift at other times; and the best way to get these valuable human helps is to deserve them.

Do you mean to tell me that men generally will give you a kick for a kindness? You may tell me this, but I shall then question the character, the make-up, of your circle of business acquaintances.

I do not expect it possible to wave the wand of reform over the under-world, the people of the lower mental strata, the men whose morals are in the mud. You cannot bring these poor wretches into the order of friendship with one kind act. But I do know from personal experience that you can gain hundreds of good friends in business by first proving to these friends that all you expect is what is fair and just to both.

Some men say there is no friendship in business. Bosh! The annals of the world are filled with the best proof that this statement is more than bosh.

What are friends for, if they are not to help? What is the meaning of the word "help"? Certainly friends are not made to hinder!

But along with these observations; I would impress you with this admonition: Always remember that it is necessary first to prove that you are a friend, before you can reasonably expect the friendship of others.

Would you expect to reap something that you did not sow?

Friendship must be planted first by your own hand, nourished by your own heart; and if you have patience, if you are willing to wait until this friendship is strong, sturdy, you will gain something in this world that is worth while—business friendship.

□

THINGS may change, old ways prove wrong, old customs be forgotten, but my good old-fashioned friendship for you will last through all seasons, and as long as I live.

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I ASK YOU

WHEN the stars are too far away, we still have a choice of picking up the pebbles along the shore. When men would war and call it glory, women have the opportunity of administering to the wounded.

In the vast concern of eternity, in the biggest mercies, in the broadest human help, in the purest policies, we find women lead; and now I ask you this fair and square question: Would the world be worse if the women led more?

One of the first flowers that blossom in a boy's bosom is courage, and if I had a thousand tongues I would praise this boy. Love of country, true patriotism, often crowds this courage into the corner, and develops what we call cruelty, and finally what we know to be inhuman savagery —what the world calls war.

From the cradle to the grave, the universal virtues of the world, the higher motives, are taught by the mothers of men; and I would ask you again: Would this country be safe and sane in the hands of its great women?

No feeble words that I might frame can half tell of the terrible tortures, of the trenches, of the wonderful nerve of a soldier. But there are battles fought by the fireside and at home that call for courage too.

The noblest thoughts, the finest natures, the loudest voices in the affairs of a Christian nation, are the works and the prayers of women—women who have found the heart of humanity. The men are mad.

THOUGHTS

WHEN you so arrange your affairs that you do not waste time, when you work intelligently and industriously, you will soon get so that you will not call it work.

If you will hermetically seal your lips in the presence of a gossip that is telling you some "secret," you will save yourself a lot of embarrassment later. A man or a woman who will tell you the secrets of another will peddle yours too.

Ability plus energy equals success; and when this rule fails, make up your mind that the game you are hunting is not worth the powder.

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DON'T GET PEEVISH

DO you think that the man whom you work for wants you to fail? Is it reasonable that he would permit the cream of the organization from rising to the top? The man who employs you is in business for success, and not just out of sentiment. He cannot succeed unless his organization is working with him.

If you are not getting good pay, just take an unbiased, unselfish look at the situation. Assume, for the sake of getting at the facts, that you are the boss. Then go out in the plant, in the store, in the office, and find some man who draws pay equal in amount to that in your own envelope. Watch what he does. Study what you think he is actually worth to the concern, for you are the boss now. You will probably find that this man is drawing pretty good pay for the work he does. Then compare the results this man gets with the results you get. If you are actually doing more than he in the way of making money for the boss, don't get excited over the fact, but manage in some way to let the real boss know it.

Most men who feel that they are earning more than they get, get excited, get sore, get peevish. This is no time to get peevish. This is the time to get more pay, and you cannot get more pay by misusing the boss.

□

YOUR LEVEL BEST

TO do the most honorable thing in the most effective way is doing the level best. Doing all you can do in your own way is doing your level best. Doing your level best calls for every bit of physical, mental and moral force that you have, and all concentrated on what is the level-best thing to do.

To live the greatest number of useful hours, and so to live that others find you an inspiration, a comfort, a help, is some satisfaction, when you can no more do your level best.

□

AT Appomattox the great Northern leader said to the great Southern leader: "Let us have peace," and Lee whispered, "Amen."

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Fundamentals in Advertising

LAST month I told very briefly the big story of the creation, along definite, up-to-date lines, of THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE—how each step taken in making this new publication impregnable vouchsafed many vital features hitherto impossible to advertisers.

Concentration in any line of modern business is the chief element of success. When concentration is a leading factor in a great magazine of over 2,000,000 circulation it makes a short cut to advertising intelligence.

Concentration in the great markets of this country is so new and powerful that advertisers and advertising agencies have hardly comprehended it even after the five years in which our theories and advanced ideas have been tried and proved.

"Dealer Influence" is what many publications have been heralding as the slogan for a successful campaign. Well, suppose the dealer is *over*-influenced and stocks up only to find that his trade is not sufficiently apprised of the merits of the article. Consider the reaction that occurs the second year when they don't order as they did the first. Show a dealer an advertising campaign which is going to appear in magazine form before the buying public in his own bailiwick to a class he knows are his natural customers and more of them than any combination of magazines reaches, and you have shown him a greater and better "Dealer Influence" to be had, and he'll come back the second year with a gratifying increase in orders.

"Consumer Demand" is another essential which is basic in any magazine advertising success. Now if one person out of five hundred buys an advertised product and that person consciously or unconsciously causes other sales, how much better to have the proportion increased to one out of fifty where the product was put on sale and the effort to establish it was being made. This principle is peculiar to THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE as compared to a combination of other kinds of magazines, and when the cost is considered, one as against the *others*, advertising ceases to be such a risk as many are wont to assume.

Dovetailing of magazine and newspaper advertising is a principle of great power; it is from twelve to fifteen years

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old, grows stronger every day, and will not be superseded so long as both maintain their advertising values. Select a list of six or possibly ten magazines for copy requiring thoughtful reading attention which preferably lends itself to illustration and good printing. Now select if you can a list of newspapers to fill out the campaign and give it the very necessary local "punch," to reach your magazine readers. Is it possible? No. Is the attempt worth while? In a small degree. Is it desirable? Yes, absolutely. Is it expensive? Exceedingly. Take THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE for the desired magazine service alone, use the eleven great dominant daily papers which positively reach every one of the magazine readers. Can this be done? Easily. Are there any weak spots? None. Is the plan practicable? More: it is complete! It combines every good principle in modern advertising and raises them to the highest power. The cost for the size of the effort is minimum. We have held this plan up to the public for five years; its value has been proved.

Since all magazine value is dependent upon the character of the editorial pages, we have done everything possible to make each issue of some particular interest to each person it reaches—sound editorial comment on the livest subjects of the hour by a great list of renowned people in every walk of life. Fiction, clean and wholesome, by the best known and ablest litterateurs as well as by countless lesser lights; special articles by competent writers which would add strength and interest to any publication; illustrations by artists who know how.

And all this going to the people the advertiser wants to reach in the most forceful manner in their homes, and they cannot be reached in any other way.

Millions of them!

These readers constitute a greater purchasing power of high-class articles and the necessities of life than it is possible to gather in a 2,000,000 circulation by any other publication.

Such sound information is worth knowing by any intelligent person, and one cannot tell when it will be useful to them or to us; I have much more to tell you and as I do so in other issues I believe the logic of the whole subject will impress you.

ADVERTISEMENT

LYNN S. ABBOTT

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AMERICANS FIRST

WITHIN a comparatively brief period of time this country of ours has taken a place among the world-powers, and is evincing a potential strength that will prove, almost before we know it, greater than that of any of the older countries on earth.

It is a crisis that calls for the highest human capabilities, the loftiest morals, the most distinguished material in men —loyalty unquestioned.

Not long ago the Atlantic coast was our cradle, then the banks of the Mississippi were the border lines of our ambition, and finally the Pacific marked the farthest field of our nationality. After a fleet sailed over the hidden mines and past the slumbering fortresses of that far-off island, a greater power was loaned; and now that the impulsive nations of the Old World are destroying one another, America stands out politically, commercially and morally with an influence of almost incalculable importance.

Wise men change their minds, but fools never. Politicians have a purpose, and cling to it.

My suggestion would be to the true Americans, to forget the traditions of the past, to renounce any allegiance to any class or clan that will attempt to crib, cabin or confine the spirit of Americanism. I say this in defiance of my party, or any man's party, be it political, social, fraternal or church.

The very form of our government is made after the fashion of humans. It is in close accordance with the laws of nature and of human nature. The plan of our government contemplates what is best for man. It is dedicated to mankind. For these big and humane reasons, we can reach the souls of men on the other side of the world and bring them here and benefit them. And this is why we are a great country. It is our national duty, our moral obligation, our great human object, to hand these men passports to prosperity.

But, they must remember, in coming to our great Republic, under these most favorable circumstances, that there is an obligation that they owe, and must respect.

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These new-made Americans, or the older but excitable Americans, must not forget that they are Americans first.

The flag that floated over Valley Forge is the emblem of the most masterful race in all the world. The stars and stripes that was unfurled at Saratoga, the colors that clung to the flag mast at Buena Vista, the red, white and blue that floated at Gettysburg, the flag that symbolized freedom at Santiago, the civilizing banner that brightened Manila Bay, represents a race that is self-disciplined by early want, long hardships. It represents the New World of men and women, who are schooled in the equity and fairness of life—people who are rapidly winning the confidence of the better class of all the world.

Should any set of men so far forget themselves as to fail to respect our flag, our country, I am persuaded that it would be well to let these traitors go the length of a reasonable leash, that we may know just what to expect of them in the future.

If these men do not represent the sentiments of their own tongues, then we shall expect, and very soon, too, their condemnation to be universal. We are waiting.

□

MONKEY SHINES

THERE are a lot of young monkeys who live in this wilderness of want, in this jungle of woe; and these monkeys never take any time off. You never see them swinging by the tail from a tall limb and doing monkey shines. They are always busy shipping cocoanuts.

Then again you see other monkeys, even as old as sixty or seventy, that get on all fours when the wind blows for fear they will miss seeing the sights on Broadway. These old apes usually have a few carloads of cocoanuts. They are almost always rich.

The time to gather cocoanuts is when you are young. The time to play is when you can afford to.

□

YOUR capacity to do, your ability to achieve, your power to make good, depends largely on your concentrated efforts to win whatever you decide to do.

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FAR-AWAY FRIENDS

THERE are those who cannot keep Christmas in the home, and to these far-away friends I would send this little message of good-cheer to help keep Christmas in their hearts.

I would invoke Heaven to drop from the sky its best blessing on these far-away friends. I would hope that the shadows of their lives will be made lighter, brighter, by the reflection of their own good deeds; that each shooting-star will be too slow to get ahead of their own best wishes; that the gladness and good-will in my heart toward them will help them over some hard spot.

At this hour, I would say to these far-away friends the things that I would say before they go.

In this little magazine, and at this time, I would send a bouquet of forget-me-nots; for the lilies that lie on the caskets only carry fragrance for the ones for whom they are not intended.

It is here in life that we want the symbols of sympathy. Post-mortem sentiments are often evidences of obligation, of regret; but the kindness done today is the currency that helps to sustain.

In the school of life, the greatest lesson that I have learned is to have and to hold friends.

During the dying hours of this year, I would clip the thorns from the roses that I send to my far-away friends.

□

THE BRASS RAIL

THE man that spends his money, time and energy in a certain class is very foolish to expect this bunch to do business with him, when the business is considered of importance, and depends on intelligence, conservatism and reliability.

Business is not done at the brass rail. Confidence is not found at the round table. The social side of life is not the business side any more.

□

OVER there, the shells shriek, the guns roar, men shout, and the rivers are frozen in human blood. Men have gone back to the caves to fight and to kill.

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UNTIL IT CLOUDS UP

HIS mother was putting him to bed, when all at once there was a loud clap of thunder, and it almost scared little Willie to death. His mother said: "There, there, don't be afraid; God won't hurt you." And just as she finished these words of assurance along came more thunder that fairly made the windows rattle. The lightning played through the room and almost blinded little Willie. The lad covered up his little head until the thunder ceased to roll, and then he faintly whispered to his mother: "Yes, I know, Dod is a dood man, but I want to do downstairs an' stay with Daddy. Daddy doesn't act this way."

Now, that boy lacked faith in what was told him. He only half believed his mother's assuring words. His confidence was not complete. Confidence is necessary for any complete success, and the kind of confidence that most concerns us is self-confidence.

Often you say to yourself, I am a good man. I am a better man than folks think I am. The boss doesn't seem to realize what a good man I am. You say this, and many other things about like this. You do not say this out loud.

When things go wrong, when everything looks discouraging, you want to go downstairs and get with some one in whom you have faith. You are a little coward when the crash comes.

You talk big, but you are only willing to accept a certainty in the envelope Saturday night. There is no desire, no ambition, to take a risk, to assume some real responsibility. You are full of plans on better ways and means to make the business pay, but one thing you are not willing to do, and that is, to take a chance with your own time and effort, to make it pay. You are a brave man until the clouds come up. □

INVERTED HAPPINESS

THE playground of a man's inverted ideas of happiness is the stubble lot of lust, over by the edge of the swamp, where he wanders at times alone and in his memory lives over again his escapades and conquests.

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A CYCLE IN LIFE

THE curtain falls on a happy day, and lying on the old lounge in "the boys' room," fast asleep, you will find little Tom. On little Tom's face you can see a sermon more eloquent than words. He sleeps, he smiles, and yet there are traces of tears.

On one little finger there is a rude bandage of his own making, and the strings in his shoes are tied in a shapeless mass.

All day long he has builded with his Christmas blocks. All day long he has marched the little tin soldiers up to victory and down to defeat. His little lips are crimson with the color from the paint on the wild animals.

He has had a season of happy hours, with all his wealth of Christmas gifts, until at last his restless hands fall by his side, and again he drifts into wonderland—the wonderland of dreams.

No pen can portray a boy's Christmas-night dreams. No vision wrought by the strange, wearied power of hasheesh, no ghastly specters that dance in the mind after a big piece of mince pie, can compare with a boy's Christmas-night dreams. The marvelous, terrible, wonderful, beautiful, enchanting things of the older-grown are but commonplace as compared with the dreams of little Tom.

He will be a fireman some day. Then his ambitious dream rises to the lofty pinnacle of beating a bass drum in a circus band. Fame, wealth, power—all follow the vagaries of little Tom's dreams. In his sleep, the sun of his success climbs above the mountains, and just as its bright rays melt the mists, he feels that he is standing above the world; and it is then that his mother hauls him off upstairs to bed.

Years later, in this same love-locked home, another little Tom plays with the same toys, and then falls asleep and dreams the same Christmas dreams. This little Tom lives in a home that has been marred by human mistakes—a home that has had its rifts of human troubles, and its scars of trials; a home where the older Tom sits in a peace that comes with the backward dreams of age. And the father, the older Tom, picks up a toy, and lives over

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a life in one short moment—brings back his Christmas-night dreams of long ago, when he was little Tom.

Some day, in the summer's calm, or in the winter's cold, the older Tom will stand right in the row, amid the golden corn, and the noiseless scythe of Time, that never turns its edge, will leave room for the younger Tom; and then the cycle of a life will have been completed.

□

MY SUGGESTION

NOW that The Silent Partner Scrap-Book is out, and is going through the mail by the hundreds, I feel it my personal opportunity, my obligation, to suggest that my friends buy the de luxe edition, the price of which is two dollars.

To the unfair mind, this suggestion might savor of selfishness, commercialism—more profit to me; but this is not the reason that prompts me to suggest buying the better book.

The cloth book at one dollar is worth the price, but there is something about that beautifully bound, limp-leather deckle-edged gilt-top elegant book, printed on select paper, and in two colors, that makes me proud of the job, and I want you to have it.

□

PUNCHES

WORDS with the soft pedal on—well-rounded and well-sounding words—are fine; but occasionally a man puts in a crude adjective for the sake of emphasis.

One of the forms of preparedness in this country is to have a smokehouse full of hams for winter.

I hear a lot about invasion. When a country like this has a man selling booze on about every street corner, you can make up your mind that we have been invaded.

□

NOT TOO HEAVY

A LITTLE girl was carrying across the street a crippled boy, when a man of middle age said to her: "That boy is too heavy for you to carry. Let me help you."

"Oh no, sir. He is not too heavy," promptly answered the little girl. "You see, he is my brother."

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REASON TO BE PROUD

THE eternal substance of this nation's greatness is not wholly wrapt in memories. There are men at the moment, and plenty of them, who deserve to stand out in history. There are men of today who will stand out in time like the pillars of the great capitol building at Washington.

I do not believe it necessary to study the hieroglyphics on buried monuments of an old world to find the only proofs of great men.

The image of death, as pictured by the Northmen, is said to be finer than that of any other clime, but I can find no word in the history of humans that more reasonably evokes the sentiment of pride than the name "America."

In this country we have millions of true-blue Americans, men who would loan the last drop of their heart's blood for the Stars and Stripes, men who appreciate the fundamentals of this country, which are the value of everlasting truth, the sweet sentiments of domestic happiness, the good in a government of the people, and the immortal hope of Christianity.

We have millions of men who have been instructed and sobered by the mistakes of an Old World, and after all this world-schooling, we are destined to play a high part in human affairs.

It was Daniel Webster who saw, with the vision of a prophet, that if we could only hold our system of popular government together until maturity, we would be a country to triumph over the world in the things that are best.

□

CERTAINLY

THE best tip on salesmanship that has come to my personal notice for some time is the one about the man who studied the wants of his customer—found out how to help the customer sell goods. When he got all these suggestions together he called on his customer and told him of his plans, and the customer was convinced that the plans would work—that the salesman had a way to sell goods.

And what do you suppose happened? Why, the customer bought a bill of goods of the salesman.

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INFLUENCE OF CHRISTMAS

WE are rapidly approaching the season of religious suggestion, the hour of domestic happiness, the great Christian event—Christmas.

Men who move the wheels of the world with the force of their influence, men who delve in the mines, the doers of the world—all preserve childlike thoughts at Christmas time.

The man who cannot see the powerful lessons in Christmas living and in Christmas giving is either envious, sad, or overweighted by the sense of his own importance on earth.

When we feel that Christmas life is in the air, we are, ourselves, in the atmosphere of wholesome thoughts.

When a man sets the hands on his heart with the dial of Christmas time, he is pretty nearly right.

When we put our duty ahead of us, and our faults behind us, we are holding out our hands to help others.

My suggestion to you is to put your book of complaints away, and begin today a new page, a new set of rules on how to be happy.

One man whom I know very well started out not over four years ago to treat others right, and long before he suspected it the world began to pay him in his own coin. He does not wait for Christmas to be generous with the faults of his friends, or to be generous with his gifts of good-will. He finds so much satisfaction at Christmas time that he keeps up the spirit throughout the year.

□

TWO MORE THOUGHTS

GLADNESS often grieves for the want of some one to express it to. And here you have another good reason for Christmas.

I have held the friendship of some folks in my heart for years, and during all the time I have not heard one word from these friends. But I've noticed that when I take these friendships out and examine them they do not seem to look just the same.

□

WHEN you want to cure the politician, just give him a few horse-medicine doses of printer's-ink publicity.

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A TRIBUTE TO GRASS

ON the winding shores of a beautiful river that flows by my home in the country, you will find, if you know where to look, a bed of violets, banks of four-leafed clover, and myriads of wild flowers thrown together in a harmony of fragrance; and out of all this wild garden of sweet-smelling flowers there is a perfume of happiness that the wind seems to spray everywhere, for it's home, sweet home.

Few of my neighbors know so much of the externals of life, but many of them enjoy the lasting worth of eternals. These neighbor-friends of mine work with the sod, and they believe in God.

It is a typical American community, up in the country where I live. The young folks build nests of pleasant thoughts, and the old folks are reaping the rewards of right living.

I do not refer to this particular valley because it happens to be my home, but because we are all so tired of reading of the rise in riches and the fall in humanity. We are all worn out with the news of war, war-brides, and war stocks. We are all sickened by this murder of millions, and surfeited with the stories of the making of millions. The papers are crowded with accounts of the power of capital and the punishment of crime.

The thoughts of the people in the larger cities seem morbid, while the country folk up-state have little time for treason and tango-teas.

I often wish the address of this little magazine was up in Pleasant Valley, Quiet County, in the State of Simplicity—back where John J. Ingalls paid his tribute to grass; back where the wild flowers grow; back where the snow-drifts are five rails high in winter, and the big log burns till midnight.

It was back in the country where Ingalls was a boy—where he was wont to lie in the sunshine, among the dandelions and buttercups. He has told his recollections of those boyhood days, and this is a part of the telling:

"And when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals

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over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world."

Some day, we of the "select set" here in the city, we of the refined manners and of commercial greatness, shall wake up to the fact that one big failure in crops in this country, and the catacombs of steel and stone, in which we do business, will be but the homes of bats and owls.

□

JOLTS

WE often hear the remark, "I would not trust a rich man to get the control of my business"; and I want to ask you what advantage it would be to have a poor man in control—that is, if you're looking for money.

A store can be filled with goods, but the next thing is to market them. A man may have plenty of ability, but the next step is to sell it.

Your mind can create thoughts, and these thoughts can radiate a dark and melancholy world if you don't watch out.

□

SENDING this little magazine to a friend means a message of good-will and good cheer twelve times a year.

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THE BITING COLD

DID you ever drive through the deep snowdrifts, over the bleak hills in winter, with your best girl—over past the State Road schoolhouse, back on Hemlock Hill—back where the Methodists were giving a donation to the minister?

The world seemed to wait for your arrival at the parsonage, and, to you, the whole world arrived when you brought your best girl.

Clean and as sweet as the smallest silver bell that mingled its slender voice with the bigger bells, was the voice of that one best girl. In the night sky, the stars seemed to shine the brighter; the moon whispered its soft nothings, and you were, in your own estimation, a man of destiny.

Lillian Russell in her palmiest days never sang "Come Down, My Evening Star," as did that one best girl.

You felt that the angels looked down in amazement and marveled at her beauty. You were not driving, nor were you cutter riding; you were just floating far above all other humans in the unreal realm of first love.

When suddenly old Kit left the road, the right runner slipped into the ditch, and you and your best girl were dumped into a deep snowdrift—into the cold, disconcerting snow that sifts through the woolen stockings of a country girl, chills the fever in her young heart, and causes her to exclaim: "You big fool! Can't you drive?"

And I want to ask you if a feller is a fool under these circumstances? I want to ask you if you expect a boy to drive well when he is in his dream of first love? Certainly not!

□

PLUM PUDDING

A TIME-HONORED dish is Christmas plum pudding, which, after all, is nothing more than a new form of the plum porridge of more ancient times. To be properly made, each guest should help to stir it before it is boiled, and the hostess adds the seasoning.

□

WHEN you get a few real responsibilities on your shoulders you begin to forget about the faults of others.

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To My Friends



THE SILENT PARTNER SCRAP-BOOK in cloth, price $1.00, is the *handsomest* book on the market today for the price.

THE SILENT PARTNER SCRAP-BOOK, done de luxe, price $2.00, is the most *magnificent* remembrance for the money that you can buy.

I am saying this without hesitation, for I am only speaking of the mechanical make-up.

The editorial contents, the mental make-up, comprise a selection of the best things that have been said in this magazine for three (3) years.

I unreservedly recommend my friends to secure one or more copies of The Silent Partner Scrap-book *now*.

The cost of printing the Scrap-book has been more than I first figured on, and I must print, of the *second edition*, which is now going to press, *only the books that I have orders for*.

Please do me the favor of mailing your order today, and perhaps do yourself the favor of insuring yourself against disappointment at the very last moment; for some one is sure to be disappointed if he puts off ordering until later.

Sincerely yours,



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THE MEETING ADJOURNED

A UNIVERSITY of learned men, a bunch of brainy fellows, met recently, and these students, these professors, these scientific older men, debated and discussed the real secret of success. The meeting lasted until after midnight. There were fifty or more elaborate plans laid down for success before I fell asleep.

When they finished they were tired out, or they tired themselves out in trying to finish. But out of compliment some one asked me to give the secret of success, and without wishing to prolong the meeting, or stir up any more "research," I simply remarked: "Gentlemen, you are right—quite right! And after we have done all of the things that you suggest, why not go to work?"

Then the meeting adjourned.

□

I SAW HIM THEN

A COUPLE of years ago a well-groomed, well-mannered man applied to me for a position, and I gave it to him. He got the job and I got a lot of excuses—that's all.

One day I charged him with indifference. I asked him if he was inclined to be a bit tired during working hours, and he went up in the air and resigned.

Later he got a job where the pay is certain, for he insisted upon a contract before beginning. He knew. His job pays well, and when I met him he was swelled up like a poisoned pup. He was smoking, and in his chest-measure way he alluded to the days when he worked for me.

He told me that he was tired. In fact, in an outburst of confidence he said he was born that way. He claimed it was a good scheme always to smoke a couple of hours after lunch. He inferred that it was a good idea to get a job and clinch it with a contract, and then smoke afterward.

This man has got me going. I am wondering how many more men there are who have "worked me," or rather worked for me.

□

LAST summer, lightning struck the barn on my farm, killed the live stock, burned the other buildings, the hay, grain and farm utensils, but it never touched my home.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

TO be able to put pleasant pictures, agreeable visions, into words; to write in a witty way; to have a prompt memory, is not always evidence of the deepest reason or the clearest judgment.

Ready wit, smart similitudes, touch the harmony in the human heart, and are almost always acceptable to the reader.

To lace a subject up into a short epigram is to try to put one's plans and purposes into two-line formulas, and this idea is essentially repressing. It often takes out the practical scheme and leaves the epigrams sounding well, but not working well.

To create a wide fraternal feeling for humans, there can be no set of rules. One can only suggest those things that start others thinking in the right channel and in big units.

The vivid, intense individual does not need a guide. Men of strong minds and well-balanced brains do not rely on the editor's opinions for their own opinions, but they often find editorial opinions helpfully suggestive.

The object of the editor of The Silent Partner is to go about and shake up the sleeping. It often calls you a name, but it always smiles like the Virginian.

□

HISTORY OF WAR

YOU frequently hear some one say, "After this terrible war is over in the Old World we shall certainly have a long period of peace."

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the world had lost seven billion lives in war. It has had, from the beginning of the Christian era, 240 years of peace.

□

TRUE DEMOCRACY

WE often, in this country, call the cabin of the "Mayflower" the cradle of true democracy.

When the Son of a Nazareth carpenter brought to this world the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the spirit of caste, the ennobled individual, was destroyed and a Christian democracy created.

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A Frank Confession

Written by F. D. Van Amburgh

THIS is *not* an advertisement: it is an explanation that does not explain. Some folks would call it a confession, but to my mind it is just a plain statement of fact—proof that a loose thread will often start a run.

Last month this magazine printed in two colors the correct corset style from 1896 to 1916, and by some unaccountable bobble, blunder or botch, a certain style in vogue in 1914 was made to represent the corset of the spring of 1916.

This flagrant misprint has caused the editor of this magazine no end of trouble. The oversight has proven that his undersight is defective.

It was an unforgivable stumble on styles, a *lapsus calami* in his lingerie knowledge; and just to think, he has passed his silver-wedding anniversary.

It now seems such a silly thing to do—so stupid, so asinine, so inconsistent as not to know figures, particularly when they relate to the feminine.

But you can readily see, by referring to a back cover-page in this magazine for November, the measure of my child-mind when it comes to corsets.

Since this mistake in print, I have studied every corset (in the shop windows) and have come to the sane conclusion that for sappy, shallow knowledge on what women wear or should wear I'm a beetle-headed boob. Some say that advertising does not pay, but this sun-kissed mistake of mine has brought more laughs (at my expense) than anything I have done where the world knows it.

I have written copy enough for corsets—been doing enough corset publicity to know better than this, and I do.

And what is more, this blunder in advertising has proven that advertising is not only read, but it's understood, by women, and understood by some men who have no legal or moral right to know so much.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI JANUARY, 1916 NUMBER 3

TWINS

THERE are so many "rules" for winning out that will not work well; there are so many "keys" to prosperity that fail to unlock the door; there are so many thousands of "secrets" on success that only reveal failure—there are so many theories on how, that the safe course in suggesting a way to win health, wealth and happiness is to call for some example, some individual inspiration, some life that will loan to each and every one of us that individual impetus we all so woefully need.

And in order to impress you with the infinite importance, the incomparable importance, the indispensable importance, of doing your level best, I shall stand before you twins—Harry and Harvey Frey.

After reading The Silent Partner these young men came to my office for an opportunity. They had that look of persistency, that earnest politeness, that you recognize and like. Their very manners commanded my confidence and respect. They were not "nervy," not bold, but they had that vigorous, wholesome, self-reliant look, that unwavering enthusiasm, that carried them past the outer gate and into *my* room. Real men like them, and why shouldn't they?

These two young men have an object to accomplish and they have gone about it manfully. They know that their results will never be more than an answer to what they put into their trying. They are determined to be masters of the situation, and not slaves of the mat.

For eleven years the "Frey Twins" have entertained

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American audiences with their cleverness in wrestling, and now they are with this magazine wrestling for business.

It's the best example I can present to my readers of the power of wanting to do bigger and better things—after everything had been done in their profession.

Most of us have a wrong conception of wrestling. Many of us consider wrestling as jiu-jitsu, and we justify our claims that it is barbarous because of the Japanese idea of wrestling.

Jiu-jitsu is a semi-secret system that only a few acquire a complete mastery of. It is extremely difficult to comprehend fully the higher plan of this great game owing to the jealousy with which it is guarded by its professors. When it is realized that the master of this science can, by a slight, swift movement, benumb the victim's brain, dislocate a hip or shoulder, burst or twist a tendon or break an ankle, there are excellent reasons for confining this severe system to professors who only teach the men of personal command and good moral character.

The Frey Twins did not practice jiu-jitsu, but they believe in the modernized method of a combination of mental and muscular cleverness and ability. They are now wrestling with business on the same high plane.

These boys are at present selling The Silent Partner Scrap-book in bunches, the magazine in quantities, and they are incidentally developing into men who will manage their own business before many moons.

They work well together—no petty jealousies, no mean advantages. They are not competitors of each other; they are rivals of themselves. And this is not on account of any self-pitying solicitation, but because they know that in athletic training or business effort, mental discipline is necessary to win. They understand and appreciate the true value, the indispensable worth, of team play.

These men are hungry for self-expansion, for success, and what is more creditable and more essential, they are willing to work for the unfoldment of this success.

They have the faculty of gaining the best education that men can possibly get—the knowledge that comes from every possible source and at any possible opportunity—after we work.

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Nature needs these men in her business. They are so rugged, so strong, that we want them for living examples of energy, for blue-prints on purpose.

They are walking delegates of enthusiasm, ready for business service, and not ready for the scrap-heap of selfish practice.

They have three habits—the habit of working, the habit of studying, and the habit of conserving their health.

These boys give me a glimpse of Greece, of Athens, in ancient days; and I tell you it does me good every morning to see them come in with their fresh faces.

The Greeks believed that the human body is the servant of the soul, and for this very sacred reason they were always on good terms with any plan to promote physical strength.

They accepted the idea that the Divine Spirit dwelt in the human body, and for this reason they reverenced and protected all plans that guarded their health.

They believed in grace, in glory, and not in schemes that destroy.

Out of their great love for the development of the human body grew that wonderful ancient inspiration for art, grace and speech. They were always considerate of others, for they knew their advantage physically, and they felt chagrined at the necessity for relying on their muscles, save in a contest of sport.

Every morning the spirit of ancient Athens comes into my office, and I want you to compare these specimens of virile manhood with the walking wax-faced figures on Broadway.

These men are an inspiration, or at least one of the inspirations that I find worth while. I'm just twice their age.

They are not body bullies, muscular gods; they are strong physically, well balanced mentally.

Compare these men with the erratic, nervous, blear-eyed boobs who hypnotize themselves into the belief that they are big men. Look at these chaps, and then look at the man who smiles at himself in the big mirror back at the bar, and tells supposedly funny stories to the disgusted dispenser.

Compare these two chaps, these two live wires, with the swag-bellied, slouchy-shouldered semi-success who thinks he can sell on an old reputation.

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Watch these boys, and then look at the twitching, twisting victims who eventually reach the specialist—men who grow old disgracefully and not gracefully.

Strange dishes, stimulants, late nights, black cigars, novel sights, sounds, smells, sensations that bring every big man down to a level and eventually to the office of Doctor Bright's, or over on the hill to the house where they treat you for nervous prostration.

Nature makes the cider-apple, but man makes a pippin of himself. Nature makes the man, and then the man allows these plans to submerge his success in the mudhole of low living.

These Frey boys have "the spirit of the hive," as best described by Maeterlinck. It seems that a single bee, separated from all other bees, is a helpless, hopeless failure. It flies over the field, fills its belly with honey, but it never brings back for its fellow workers one morsel of food.

In every beehive there is a well-appointed committee that has charge of such situations. This committee decides promptly that a single honey-bee that sucks for itself is lost, that it has not "the spirit of the hive," and the committee sting it until it turns turtle. They consider this bee that will no longer coöperate as criminally insane, and they do what humans should do with human drones—sting them until they curl up.

The very fact that the Frey boys refuse to accept the failure-records of the men who have gone before them in selling shows that they are working over the obstacles of others, and not working under the influence of the failure of others.

When Harvey meets with a rebuff, a turn-down, an absolutely cold stare, he immediately thinks of the tremendous effort it takes to throw Harry on the mat, and he buckles in with all his brains and brawn to do the trick he set out to do—to sell.

He knows what it has cost in patience, in energy, in skill, in mental alertness, to reach an eminent position in the athletic world and to hold the position before a critical American audience eleven years.

When Harry snubs up against a stern "No!" he smiles that serious smile, and there is such a smile as a serious

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smile. It's the original smile that never comes off. A grin, a smirk, will fade away like dew before the morning sun; but Harry smiles like a good-natured bulldog.

His face seems to show that his soul is in communication with that recorded resolution to make good. His serious smile seems to open the way to limitless endurance, unbounded possibilities. You can't stop him.

Give these boys a lead in the office, tell them where there is a prospective customer, and out they go. They do not file the memorandum on the spindle. They come back with the answer, "Yes" or "No."

These boys have strangled everything that would hinder them in their work, that would stall their success They conserve their energies, discipline their habits, and make men of themselves. Things that would blot out their ideas of success, sap their strength, destroy their hopes, kill their purpose, are not in their way.

Among the magnificent conceptions of the Greek in Art, you will find, done in bronze, and in Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue—the "Frey Twins."

They are worth while.

It is astonishing how serious men regard other serious men; and after all, if you are not a serious man, how little frivolous men care for you! And how little does it matter!

The whole world will make room for you if you are serious, and have decided to do.

These boys are not puppets of circumstances; they are kings at trying. They do not know of the word "can't." They dress well, look well, and they wear well. They look to me like the Infinite idea of real men.

Interview the army of men who have failed, and you will find that most of them have never been thoroughly aroused. They have never had that dead-in-earnest desire to do something big. You will find these men have been indifferent, indolent, inclined to mingle with other men who have made a muss out of life. These two boys, when it comes to wanting to do, seem to have minds that run parallel with the things that stimulate, uplift and inspire.

Hundreds have told me that it takes experience to sell. I now know that enthusiasm is of equal, if not more, importance.

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Almost any man with enthusiasm will sell. There are thousands of men of experience who fail to sell well because they lack enthusiasm.

Experience without enthusiasm is an engine with its firebox full of the cold ashes of ambition. Give me the lusty-lunged cry, "Excelsior!" It is the rounded-out yell of the enthusiast.

Right living never signals a man downhill, but it whispers in his ear, "You can, if you will!"

□

BLUFFING THROUGH

WHEN the Tartars conquered the Chinese, they insisted on every yellow man wearing his hair long and in a braid so that they, the Tartars, might conveniently drag the Chinese by the queue, and cut off his head just as conveniently when the dragging process got tiresome.

Today this queue on the Chinaman is his most cherished possession.

Custom is a curious thing. We are all governed by custom. It is customary to consider what our neighbors would think of the thing that we are about to do, not what the thing that we are about to do amounts to.

Humans get in the habit of haunting themselves with the idea of what others will think. They will slave, spend and struggle to show off—to satisfy the opinion of others, when they really know, or ought to know, that the ultimate end of such senseless strife for position is flat failure.

A man's mental machinery is out of mesh when he buys White Rock for the family washtub.

□

PLAY SAFE

EIGHT years ago a man's wife asked him to watch the fried potatoes on the fire, while she went over to a neighbor's for a drawin' of tea. He watched the potatoes for seven years, and then it occurred to him that she had left for good. The man then applied for a divorce, and the judge told him it would take twelve months to get it; and again he showed his patience by saying: "Only one year? That's nothing." And just to play safe, he went back and watched the potatoes.

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FEAR

FEAR kills. It more than kills. It leaves the ghost of a man here to get in the way of others—frighten others.

This statement weighs two tons.

Fear has killed more men, tormented more millions, burned alive countless numbers. Fear deadens your will, squanders all possible success, cramps you into a coffin here on earth—makes a mummy of a man. Fear upsets your reason, breaks the contact in business.

Years ago man failed to understand so many things. Years ago man saw in the wind, the wave, the thunder, the earthquake, an enemy. Literature taught men to fear. Governments compelled men to fear, and religions hinged the hope of heaven on fear.

Fear can wreck a business or ruin a name. It is the thief that lurks in a man's conscience. It is the most destructive contagion, and more prevalent than most of us think.

What have you to fear? You can do what millions of other men have done, and perhaps more; but you will never do this until you throw fear overboard. You're a much bigger man than you think you are, and for the proof of this statement start out now, forget your fear instincts and work for all you're worth. You will win.

And if you should lose, you will have the satisfaction of being a man, and everybody else in the whole community will recognize this fact, and help you to help yourself.

□

OLD MEMORIES

WHEN some one sings "In the Gloaming," how old memories cluster! When you hear "The Rosary," what a heart-achy feeling comes stealing over you! Should some sweet singer touch the tender chords of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," what a wholesome sentiment we find in this world!

These dripping sweet songs of long ago bring back the dearest memories, and we of the older class are richer for once having had these songs in our soul—richer for having these sweet old songs anchored in our hearts and for being able to interpret clearly their true meaning.

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SACRED, NOT SECULAR

I DO not quarrel with men who have reason, perhaps, to believe differently than I do. It's not necessary for me to keep throwing my faith, my creed, my beliefs, into other people's faces.

Constantly opposing others is a condition of the mind that borders on what we call the crank, the bug.

Mind you, I believe that to act in a large capacity you must believe in a big way; that men who have no settled plans, beliefs or religion never settle anything worth while. But I do believe that it is neither thick, long nor broad to inflict your ideas on others in a way that stings.

I believe one good way to redeem the world is to get an army of good men actually, sincerely trying to help a lot of bad men keep out of jail, and this can be done best by starting while the mind is plastic—while the viciously inclined are yet boys.

I believe that with a little more of the sacred and a lot less of the secular we shall have more real religion in this good old world of ours.

When good men disagree on the route, on the way, do you wonder at us faithful failures getting off the trail at times?

□

THE THREE CLASSES

THERE are three classes of people—first, second and third class. In the first class you will find the first-class folk. They are cordial, considerate, and can be counted on to build a fire of friendship in every cold heart whenever they can.

Then there is the snappy, crusty, cranky grouch who is always against anything that you are for. He is the dog-in-the-manger man, and really cannot do much harm, for no one who has any sense gets very close to him if it can be avoided.

Then we have the third specimen, who is a confidence man. He wins your faith, and then stabs you between the shoulders when you turn to go. He is the double-dealing earthly devil who walks in patent-leather shoes as a rule, instead of crawling like the rest of the snakes.

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THE MIDDLE CLASS

WITH the exception of the field of literature and of art, the majority of Americans who have in the past risen to prominence in the business world or in the professions have been boys from families of modest means —not poor, nor what we call rich—the moderately well-to-do middle class; and this is the class that represents this country today.

Any analytical writer can find a lot of fault with the rich, and see a lot of wretchedness among the poor; but remember, the very poor and the very rich are the very exceptions that I am referring to.

This is contrary to the general or accepted belief, but you can rely on my statements, or you can review the histories of men who have made good and convince yourself.

A suitable environment does not mean depressing poverty nor does it mean unlimited wealth. It means that a boy can have the advantages that prompt energy and education.

A boy who is handicapped by early poverty and severe struggles for existence is up against a big task. Few come through as did Lincoln. But when they do come through, they are usually supermen; and this is probably why so many people think that all our great men were originally very poor boys.

Society wants to bring about a more even balance of wealth, and this can be done by teaching thrift—saving.

There is no subject of more individual interest in this whole magazine, this month, than this one word—thrift.

□

LET'S BE BIG

THERE are millions of acres in this country going to waste for lack of some one to work these acres. There are millions of humans in hall bedrooms going hungry for lack of the things that might be raised on these acres.

But you cannot send a man from a hall bedroom out on a farm and make him a successful farmer. This is unreasonable, and these hall-bedroom men know it.

I think about the best scheme is to let the present generation die off, which includes yours truly. But let's be big and broad, and help the younger generation over the hill.

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A WONDERFUL LESSON

THE truth is muffled in Europe. Not half of the hell has been told. The master writers of the various nations are censored, compelled to clip the facts. When the voice of the cannon speaks, the mouths of men must close. It's war! It's hell!

When Zeppelins soar in the stillness of the night, and strike at invalids, infants, women; when the master catastrophe in all its ghastly nightmare, when the diabolical game of gouging out the eyes and ripping open the belly, when all the nations of Europe pray to the same God to destroy all opposing humans, I ask you: Are they sane?

As they take out the dead bodies in the trenches, others fall in to fill up the pit. It is the greatest tragedy of all time, the incomprehensible proof of man's inhumanity to man. Man's stupidity and the rulers' cupidity have cost Europe a horror beyond the power to comprehend.

On the bloody chessboard of Europe, rulers are moving men into the hell row at a ghastly rate. My personal impression is that we are ignorant of the facts. One authority estimates that the killed and the wounded now amount to fifteen million. This estimate may be exaggerated, but I am inclined to believe that it is nearer the truth than we think.

The veil is being slowly lifted in Turkey, revealing to the world a tragedy without parallel. Nine hundred and fifty thousand, or nearly a million, men, women and children have been tortured by these hellhounds, driven into the desert to starve and to thirst and to die—butchered.

Over the city of Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Prince of Peace, one can see armed aëroplanes to destroy. Over there soldiers march up and down this entire stretch of the Holy Land, killing and maiming. Convents are turned into barracks, and at the Mount of Olives you will find a battle ground bathed in blood. Over the road to Jericho, where they packed by mules in the days of "Peace on earth," you will find that Arab peasants are driving long columns of pack animals hauling carts that are loaded with powder and projectiles that eventually reach the Turks to destroy the Christians of today.

Over there they are urging girls to marry at fourteen to

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repopulate their countries, and they are promoting plans where women will be used for breeding purposes.

In this country we have the machines that harvest the grain, while over there they have machines that harvest humans. Over there they are drunk with the craze to kill. Here we are intoxicated with the idea to create and construct.

True, we have had our wars; but they were for eternal principles—human life and human liberty. They were not for gain, for "balance of power," for resources, for religion.

In this supreme human struggle to strangle every man above the boy age, to destroy every industry, to rape, ruin and raze; in this slashing, poisoning, sinking scheme, brewed in the infernal regions, we find a loss of fifty thousand million dollars. And I predict that soon the United States will be called upon to fashion and to finance the Old World. Soon the people will fully comprehend what President Wilson meant when he said: "There have been other nations as rich as we; there have been other nations as powerful; there have been other nations as spirited; but I hope we shall never forget that we created this nation to serve mankind."

In this country and at Christmas time, you can find ten millions of unassimilated, unamalgamated, alien residents. And for the first time in their history, many of them will more fully realize the ideas and ideals of our American government. For the first time, many of these men will be fully converted to the advantages of this side of the world. For the first time, the full power of patriotism and the love of their adopted country will be quickened in them to a sense of civic duty—to reverence and respect for the laws of the land where they now live and make their homes and have their prosperity. It has been a wonderful lesson to the alien born.

And it is even a greater lesson to the American born. It is positive proof that while the temples of the world's highest civilization are falling; while good-will, peace and prosperity are lost in the depths of destruction, it first behooves us as Americans to thank God that He made the two oceans so wide.

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THE UNEVENNESS OF IT ALL

THERE are several thousand women who have a habit of hanging around the hotels in New York, and these women could get jobs as light housekeepers along the coast if they would only work. But even light housekeeping doesn't seem to appeal to them.

This is indeed an uneven world, and it always will be until more women get the thrift habit.

You cannot legislate these women, these hotel hangers. You have got to let this class of dolls die off.

But American mothers can teach their daughters that it is necessary to work and to save in order to meet life squarely—face to face.

Sit in the lobby of a big hotel and watch these women go by—these ultra-gowned, extravagantly jeweled women. They attract attention, invoke a peculiar smile. The well-dressed or modestly dressed woman commands that respect that is so well understood.

My sombrero is off to the modestly dressed woman who is willing to work. And when I see these bespangled, dyed-in-the-wool women who refuse to work, and then when I think of the poor, tired mothers who wash tile floors to get enough with which to feed their babies, I am inclined toward some scheme that will put to shame, or put in a class, women who refuse to work.

□

THE EDITORIAL AGITATOR

THE railroads are governed by public opinion, and the public-service board. Banks, industries, schools, churches, are all influenced by what the public want. Doctors, lawyers, barbers, jitney drivers, are licensed.

A theater can be closed, or a hotel shut up, or a business put on the blink; a crook can be put in jail; but the editorial writer who stirs up strife among honest workingmen, the agitator who agitates honest men out of a job, runs on forever.

There is tremendous responsibility resting on the shoulders of the men who talk to thousands of other men, and fortunately this responsibility rests on the shoulders of good men. But there are a few who should be censored.

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AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

IN 1815 there were no savings banks in this country. There are now more than eleven million people who have savings-bank deposits in this country, and they average around five hundred dollars each.

Putting a certain sum of money in a savings bank is bona-fide evidence of unusual good sense.

It is a duty, a privilege, a plan that will probably save you from getting wet and cold when that "rainy day" comes.

In 1883 there were less than one billion dollars deposited in savings banks, and now look at them—east or west of Pittsburgh.

There is another way of showing your uncommon common sense in saving, and this is when you buy bonds or securities in some reliable enterprise.

Now, reader, this is not a suggestion that savors of speculation, of "cats and dogs," of the tag-end idea of watching the tape.

To put some of your savings into a local business enterprise that is well managed is even more than placing money in a savings bank; it is a patriotic act, that carries with it the advantage of more than savings-bank interest, perhaps an equal amount of security, for most savings banks are run by local business men; and it carries this much more—the impetus of industrial gain in this country, which no man can doubt is before us now.

I am for savings banks first. The savings bank starts the idea of individual saving, of laying aside that nest egg which is necessary; but it remains for some one to show me why an individual should accept a small rate of interest on sums over the emergency line, particularly when this country stands on the very threshold of a prosperity never before known in its history.

JABS

BOOZE and business do not mix. The intelligent managers of the more important industries are hiring and firing men with this truth firmly fixed in their minds.

A fair-and-square-speaking tongue will increase your circle of reliable friends. A foul, unclean, unreliable tongue will often lose you a listener.

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JUST AS GOOD

A MAN named Moses—Bert Moses—who lives now, and evidently lives close to humans, tells how Jacob worked seven years to win Rachael, and how at the end of the seventh year the old man handed Jacob another daughter called Leah—handed him a substitute, something "just as good."

But this man Jacob was no quitter. He started out to have and to hold Rachael.

Jacob made a second contract with the father, and for seven years more Jacob worked like a slave to win Rachael. After fourteen years of the hardest kind of plowing, dragging and doing chores—serving the old man's individual interests—Jacob was allowed to annex Rachael.

Jacob got what he wanted, and wanted what he got; and most men do when they have the determination of Jacob.

The things in this world worth while have been accomplished by the stickers and stayers. The fellow who flips from job to job lacks one important element—to my mind the most important of all—the power to stick in the home stretch.

My suggestion is, first find what fits you, and then stick on the job and keep stepping up. You can't step up when you're off the job.

See that your contract calls for Rachael, and then go to work and win what you want, and after you win it, want what you win—if you want to be happy.

There are two suggestions here worth while.

□

KEEPING IN TOUCH

WITH all the years of experience at a man's command; with all the lessons that go along with successes and failures; with all the ability, capital, and with much of the energy of younger years—I say, with all these advantages, natural and accumulated, the man past middle age who refuses to adapt himself to modern circumstances, to changed conditions, and neglects to study and keep up with the times, certainly has lost what he can ill afford to be without —perspective.

A man past middle age evidences great wisdom when he watches the younger work. He is keeping in touch.

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TICKERITIS

TICKERITIS is a virus that you cannot get out of your system after it once gets in your blood.

Buying stocks on margin can be cured by bleeding the patient, but this old idea of treatment usually leaves the patient too weak ever to recover his full power of purpose.

Tickeritis is a malady that causes a man to stand and look at a lot of ever-changing figures over which he cannot hope to have the least control. It is a reckless way to try to win, with all the odds against him. It is proof that he is trying to get rich in a quick way, and it has been proven time and again that a man is sick in the head who thinks he can acquire riches in this way—and hold these riches long.

And what a devilish disappointment it is to have money and be unable to hold it! I would rather be in the deepest shaft on earth, where the fires are near, and without a fan or a blower, than to be busted after once having had money. I know.

Put your money, my friend, into some reliable investment, and do it now.

There is a time and tide in the affairs of men, and you can bet your bottom dollar that this advice is good. You may not reach the top, but if you can cash in, for the love of Mike, get your money while the gettin's good.

Take this money and put it into some local industry, some savings bank, some enterprise that will help to build up your town and your own resources permanently.

During the last few months the war situation has added more than a billion dollars' value to forty securities, and it is no wonder that men are mad. There must be an end. It is better to take profits now, than to try to reach the staggering heights.

No man can watch the tape and at the same time look after his own best interests well.

□

HOW TRUE

THERE is an appalling number of misfits, men and women who do not belong where they are. They do fairly well on the job where they are, but how much better they could do if they were only somewhere else!

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Proof—Get This!

THE two preceding chapters have dealt briefly with the construction of *The National Sunday Magazine* —its sound basic principles, unlike those of any other publication, and the analysis and logic by which its superior advertising value is readily recognized.

An all-round advertising medium pays two classes of national advertisers—the one appealing to men and the other to women.

Let's take the hardest first—the men—as we know the women read the magazine everywhere it goes. Many men read good fiction—some only care for well-written editorials on timely subjects by authorities of high standing, but most men like sound, well-written special articles.

Two years ago a certain large firm (name given on request) had spent a fortune in advertising in all the best-known mediums for six or seven years in space ranging from two-page spreads down to quarter-pages. They had not made any money. They studied *The National Sunday Magazine* and found a way to use it that was impossible with any other publication—a plan whereby the dealers everywhere saw the desirability of stocking up before the advertising appeared. They used five columns (a page and a quarter). They sold $100,000 worth of their safety razors before the issue was published, and afterwards their jobbers reordered eight and nine times, showing unprecedented consumer demand. This year they had a two-page spread, sold over $110,000 worth of their product in one of the five months preceding the advertising, and now they are preparing to build the largest razor factory in the world. *During these two successes there was no other advertising used than above stated.*

Three years ago the Hydraulic-Press Brick Company (Hy-tex Brick) had used all the leading periodicals of known quality, as their product only interested those of considerable means who build more or less pretentious homes or large edifices. The first issue of *The National Sunday Magazine* they used contained their offer of a catalog on brick for ten cents and another for four cents. Almost every reply they received requested *both books* and brought fourteen cents. They found that their cost per inquiry was reduced fifty per cent by comparison with any publication they ever used—that *The National Sunday Magazine* cost

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per reply was lower than the two leading weeklies *combined* and lower than the three leading monthly magazines *combined.*

I have never seen a finer, clearer, more positive vindication of any publication from the standpoint of all that is most desirable in national quality advertising.

A little more than a year ago the manufacturers of a shock absorber for Ford cars which sells for $15 per set had 5,000 sets to sell and $5,000 to spend. Naturally, wishing to reach the most automobile owners where dealers could best supply them, they took the back cover of *The National Sunday Magazine.* They offered the sets by mail and sought dealers as well. They soon had to ignore single orders and try to take care of the dealers. They took in $115,000 in cash and they could only fill in part orders for between 15,000 and 17,000 sets, which kept their factory working overtime for a year. *A rather short cut to prosperity.* Then came a man with capital who bought out the business.

Now the ridiculous thing about advertising is that ninety per cent of the business men who contemplate advertising will admit that they know all about it, and this is why so many advertisers fail—so few succeed, and so many who keep at it don't know whether it pays or not, and worst of all this is why the most brilliant successes are accidental.

An advertising agency man who handles several very large magazine accounts said to one of my solicitors: *"The National Sunday Magazine* has done the most remarkable things I have ever known of for advertisers. I am satisfied of the facts, and they are greater than the publications I am using for my accounts ever did. I am amazed at what has been shown me, but I am not sold on the magazine myself." This man, who advises his clients where and how to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in national publications, does not know how to analyze publications or the principles which are basic in making them profitable mediums. He never sold magazine space himself and in that way learned the rudiments in judging mediums. Otherwise, he would have judged *The National Sunday Magazine* logically, and the evidence would then have simply confirmed what he would naturally have expected. It is a sad fact that both advertisers and advertising agents are nearly all in the same boat, and such clean-cut unparalleled proof as we can show only confuses them.

I will tell the woman side of it in the next issue of The Silent Partner.

LYNN S. ABBOTT.

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TO CONQUER THE WORLD

SOME one asked somebody, somewhere, some time ago, to give some comparative definition of a pessimist and of an optimist, and this some one answered: "A pessimist asks if there is any milk in the pitcher, and an optimist says, 'Please pass the cream.'"

In this country we have a few, very few, of these skim-milk successes—pessimists—people who are always doubtful. They do not expect anything where anything is expected to be. They are not in the way of the world, because they furnish a comparison, an inspiration. When you look a pessimist over, you would not be one for worlds. For every unpleasant, unnatural human, we have hundreds who have faith that there is cream in the pitcher, and they ask for it out loud.

And now we have the announcement that Frank A. Vanderlip, Theodore N. Vail, Percy Rockefeller, James J. Hill, Otto H. Kahn and others are associated in an enterprise to conquer the world commercially while they of the Old World are trying to conquer themselves. To accomplish this international trick, they will employ fifty million dollars and the best brains of America. The corporation will represent the resources of our country, and is well calculated to win what this country richly deserves—international commercial supremacy.

This is a wonderfully important business move, and I hope these men will live to see its ultimate success. It is a patriotic undertaking. It is not philanthropy, but it is more: it is a pay roll that will reach around the world.

It is one of the moves that emphasizes the wonderful opportuntiy of living in America just now—the advantages you have as an American. I do not mean the money you may make in the market, the higher wages you may be paid, nor do I mean the profits that we may harvest from higher prices—war prices. No! Not these things!

These things are temporary, transitory. I mean that supermen will take hold of the present situation, and in their calm, farseeing councils will find a way to gain and to maintain this commercial supremacy. We have the capital, the courage, the field, the inventive and industrial ability to hold every position that we take in this battle for business.

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This is not bombast, brag or blow. This is a recital of facts.

Some one has said that the value of a statement depends on the importance of the author, and in order to support my statements, I will simply add that James J. Hill predicts even greater prosperity than I dare suggest.

When the Old World war is over, there will be great business animosity among the commercial countries of that continent, and naturally, the United States will receive more than its industrial share on account of this jealousy and hatred. One commission from France is in this country today, and it is said that France will place orders in the United States, as soon as the war is over, for iron, steel and machinery, amounting to one hundred and sixty million dollars. These orders were formerly given to Germany.

Since the beginning of the war, Europe has sent us back our securities to the tune of one billion dollars. And in exchange for these securities, we have sent them manufactured goods and foodstuffs, and at prices to suit ourselves.

In this country, railroads are being blocked with freight. The transportation of crops, of munitions and of manufactured articles has brought about a congestion that is really considered serious by the railroads.

Gold is piling up in enormous quantities in the banks of this country, even after we credit Great Britain with something like two hundred million dollars.

The golden fruits of commerce are coming in so fast that they have filled our horn of plenty, and the overflow is now piling up on the floor. We haven't bins big enough to hold the business.

During the next year, twenty-five million dollars will be spent in the vicinity of Pittsburgh alone, on enlargements of steel plants.

The American farmer is no fool, you bet your boots. He knows a thing or two, and as a result he planted more crops, and he harvested more—four hundred million bushels more —than last year.

Cotton mills, which at the start were almost put out of business by the war, are now thriving, and some of them are flush with orders. The same seems to be true of the

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woolen textile industry. These factories suffered heavy depression for a considerable period.

Europe is now borrowing from us on the basis of the American dollar, and not the pound sterling—a development which foreign banks would have considered one year ago as inconceivable.

The old adage, "In times of peace prepare for war," is nothing now but the ragged lining of the truth. The fashionable saying is, "In times of war prepare for peace."

The pessimists say that we shall soon be confronted with the peace situation on the other side, and this will leave at our door some grave problems in commerce. Soon we shall be compelled to change our commercial plan in making and in selling, so they say. But I want to ask you if our position is anything to be alarmed about, so long as we behave ourselves and keep right on producing? If we cannot compete with those poor devils on the other side when they have finished, we deserve to fail.

This is the hour for things of immeasurable proportions. This is the spawning season for success. The days of the old gristmill are pleasant memories. It is a time when the stage of today places before you more life, more action, more real scenes, than ever before. The conventional, ordinary things are crowded out with successes that seem so big that they are almost beyond comprehension.

As a nation we have exhibited something greater than German efficiency, something more wonderful than the sublime sense of England's justice, something decidedly higher than the heroic plans of France; we have held to ideals that the older rulers have no conscience to conceive.

As Americans we have everything in our favor, and every man should make a success now or never.

□

THOUGHTS

IF you have a friend, you are of value to the world. If you have a number of friends, your value correspondingly increases to the world.

Make mistakes, and then go ahead and prove how big you are by acknowledging your errors. This method will show that you know a mistake when you make it, and that you are determined not to make the same mistake a second time.

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ITS IGNOBLE RESULTS

WHAT started the Old World war is of comparatively small consequence. It had to come. The "balance of power" had to be settled. Tolerance had reached its limit. It is a war of more resources and more religion for some one. You may lay this war of the Old World to Russia for its secret mobilization; to Servia for the murder of the Austrian arch-duke; to Austria for her uncompromising ultimatum; to England for her hypocritical diplomacy; to France for her rekindled fire; to Germany for her insults, insolence and preparedness; but back of it all lies the one great impelling motive—"balance of power," resources and religion.

Washington said, "Form no entangling alliances," and he did not say this because he was a coward, but because he knew that there were countries that would be swayed by the shifting of the "balance of power," and he did not want to have this country shift with it.

When President Wilson said that we are too proud to fight, he probably meant that we would be ashamed to take part in a war that has so little reason for its ignoble results.

□

THE THINGS THAT WERE

THIS is the season for the big, red, spotless apples, the salted snow-white pop-corn, sweet cider, doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and the warm fireplace. This is the time when mellow memories paint the hills of yesterday with that beautiful glow we failed to see at sunset today.

This is the hour when the sharp, snapping sparks from the big back-log startle us into the full meaning of life. It's the end of a day, and perhaps near the end of a life. Who knows?

What a wonderful shrine to worship at—heartache!

A good heartache brings back the childhood scenes of long ago—the ice-pond, the long, steep hill, the sleighs, the skates; and we hear the jingle bells, and our hearts warm until we see the roses and apple blossoms, and smell the sweet-scented clover.

Beautiful dream of the things that were.

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PROHIBITION

IN London they recently proposed to prohibit the sale of beer during certain hours, and the trades-unionists raised this cry: "No beer, no work!"

When an experienced engineer sets the air on the engine, he does not use the emergency just to make a regular stop. He applies things in a practical way, and he stops without a wreck.

In some places prohibition works, while in other places it will not work. And why try to make a blanket rule after all this experience?

Sixty years ago the tidal wave of prohibition struck New York, Illinois, Massachusetts and eleven other important states, representing a very large per cent of the population of this country, and these states all went dry. Now we have nineteen states that have barred alcohol, and nine more that will vote on the subject within a year.

Years ago temperance was taught through the emotions. Today temperance is largely a question of individual efficiency, more than a moral excitement. And this is the one solid, legitimate reason for believing that temperance is here to remain.

A man is more often saved from within than from without. Spectacular undertakings, noise, display, are all means to an end; but there is a power in what is called the individual side of intemperance.

□

SELF-SMUGNESS

WILL you please describe to me, analyze for my personal satisfaction, the man who only gives consideration to the good things said about him, and is indifferent or ignorant of the criticism said of him?

Explain to me, please, what in Hoboken is the matter with this man.

In close contact with an individual recently I slammed him in print three times, and he couldn't see it. One day I said a very fine thing about another man in the organization, and the man whom I cannot quite understand entered the office soon after, smiled, and accepted the compliment intended for the other fellow.

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TOLERANCE

IN this trembling hour of human distress in the Old World; in the misery of those poor patriotic mortals who cling to the throats of one another; in the far-flung battle line of a world butchery; in all this unspeakable carnage, we approach the Christian event of the year with this proclamation: "Peace on earth!"

The measure of time is mechanical; the power of armies, mental and mechanical; the world, which is mad at the moment, seems to have lost its spiritual points of compass.

The world lacks the one big word today—tolerance, which is only another term for Christmas cheer, Christian charity, benevolence, good-will.

Tolerance is the bon enfant of life, the consideration of others, the brother of man. Tolerance teaches us to fraternize, to sympathize, to do as you would be done by. Tolerance is the merciful method of making men listen to you. It is an evidence of the very best intentions.

All of the persecution, the atrocities, the inhumanity, the tortures, the savagery, the violence, the wars of the world, can be traced to the lack of tolerance—lack of the Christmas spirit: "Peace on earth."

□

SAY, DAD

IN looking back over the past, it all comes quite clear to me now. If I could have had, at the age of sixteen, some one to guide me, for I was away from home and working among strangers!

When a fellow is sixteen he needs a friend, and the best friend is his mother, and the next best friend is his father. But a feller can't always have these friends with him.

Four-fifths of the criminals in this country are hatched at the age of sixteen. This is the time when father lets the boy go it alone.

Say, dad, how much time do you give to smoking your pipe and reading the paper at night, and how much time do you give to your boy? The war may be of interest, but the boy is of more interest.

Don't you think that a little less motoring in the car and a little more attention to the boy would come nearer doing your duty?

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A ROUND-HOUSE HOME

WHEN you believe in others, when you have faith in your friends, when you trust the public more, you will find this world a very good place in which to live.

When you distrust others, doubt folks, believe men and women are more or less crooked, you will be miserable, and you will be wretched.

There is more truth, more honor, more credit in this country today than at any time in its history. This is no reflection upon our forefathers; it is a recital of facts.

Contracts used to be pages long, even to do a little deal. Now men take a verbal understanding at full face for thousands. Goods are sold on credit. Money is loaned on character. A business man's word is often accepted in preference to a written statement, for it is expected now that a man will more than make his word good.

When you get on a doubting streak, when others look crooked to you, hire a round-house to live in, and then you can curl up and be as crooked as you like and feel comfortable.

□

HYSTERICAL HEROES

EVERY country on this globe has its full quota of fools, hysterical heroes, who would fight any other country on sight.

This country is littered with jingoes, pacifists, hyphenated humans and hysterical heroes, who would do all kinds of fool stunts; but they do not represent the solid, substantial American spirit by any means.

So long as the President of the United States keeps in the middle of the road and minds his business we are safe from any harm these hysterical heroes might bring about.

□

MORE PUNCHES

THE leading colleges will now fall back on straight education for a time. The football season is over.

In poker a man will wait two hours for a good hand. A man will fish three hours for a bite. But he'll be darned if he'll hold his wife's coat one minute, while she powders her nose.

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A SENSIBLE EDUCATION

IT has been observed that the rich, by endowments, now control the standards of education, so that the poor boy no longer has an opportunity with the son of wealthy parents in obtaining a professional education.

Some claim that we have an aristocracy of education, that this whole system has come about by the mistake of endowing our universities and colleges, and that these rich people dictate the standard and policies set by the State Board.

One writer goes so far as to say that it does not depend on what you know, but on how rich you are.

These statements may be or may be not true. They are sufficiently frank and reasonable to set us thinking.

These observations of course do not include the various educational opportunities afforded by the Alexander Hamilton Institute and other worthy enterprises—democratic institutions for doing things in a sensible, successful way.

□

PASTE THIS UP

OUT of every four men who enter business, one man comes out even or a little ahead.

Out of every twenty men who go into trade, one man comes out with a success—a real success.

Out of a thousand or more of these real successes, we find, perhaps, one big success.

Success today is not a one-horse affair—not a twenty-mule-team effort. Success today is enthusiastic intelligence working with modern methods and with other men.

Other men may work for you, but to get the best out of these men, you must necessarily work with them. This does not mean do their work, but it does mean that you must know when they are able, and when they are willing, to do your work.

You must be competent to successfully select your associates in business for their ability and energy—be able to analyze men. You must be prepared to pick out the right man for the right place—be able to deputize men.

It is necessary for you to govern your organization—to be able to supervise. And you must know how to save both time and money—know how to economize.

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AS IT SHOULD BE

EVERY summer evening when I drive by the Lady Jane Grey School, on my way to the farm, the thoughts of Jean Webster in "Daddy-Long-Legs" come to me with all their wealth of meaning: "Most people don't live; they just race. They are trying to reach some goal far away on the horizon, and in the heat of their going they go so breathless and panting that they lose all sight of the beautiful, tranquil country they are passing through, and then the first thing they know, they are all worn out, and it doesn't make any difference whether they've reached the goal or not."

This philosophy by a clever little woman who created an interesting character always helps me, on my way to the farm, to enjoy more fully that

> Beautiful river, home of the bark.
> Moonlit your ripples, they dance in the dark.
> Winding through velvety valleys of flowers,
> How we enjoy you, old friend of ours.

And then Jean Webster concludes her calculations like this: "I've decided to sit down by the way and pick up a lot of little happinesses, even if I never become great."

I told you that the logic of "Daddy-Long-Legs" inspired me while on the way to the farm, but when I'm rested, restored, and ready for more of the battle of life, do you think I fail to see the opportunities, or to hear the bugle call back to business? Do you think I'm willing to wink and blink at the wonderful chances in the City of Big Things—at the marvelous opportunities in America today?

Not on your tin cans along the shores of the beautiful Susquehanna would I remain after resting. And here is life as it should be.

□

DO YOU LIKE IT?

THIS magazine does not discuss people. It comments on things. It seldom says anything unless there is a feeling that it has something to say, and when this is said, it stops. If the editor gets excited, you don't know it. He does not print his ravings. He is not here to hinder, but here to help. Do you like such a magazine?

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ON PAST PERFORMANCES

YOU may own the rails that run to Denver, and have in your employ plenty of fast and powerful locomotives; you may have in your organization a lot of good firemen, engineers and conductors, and a side track full of coaches; but if the old engine on the head end lacks steam, you will never get to Denver.

You may have a change of clothes for every day, yellow gloves and a yellow cane; but if you are not fired with the ambition to want to do, you will never reach a point west of Poughkeepsie.

Good looks, some smooch, and the smug satisfaction of having-been-once, can be traded for the confidence of a good man, but not very long.

Until a man just simmers, sizzles, with the fire of wanting to do, all his knowledge, his experience, his past performances, are but handicaps.

What you have done in the past, and what you are willing to do in the present, are "hosses of a different color."

Past performances, past prosperity, are good things to think of, but present records are the only things that will help pay the pay roll. □

WHAT YOU WANT

YOU do not want the wealth of another man, for you would not want his age, his infirmities. You cannot consistently ask for his wealth, and not accept his other compensating failures and faults.

You want what you have, if you have sense; for you have health, youth and happiness. And when you have these three blessings, you have more than the old can have to save their lives.

□

AMERICA!

AMERICA! The land of a billion bushels of wheat—the corn-fed country.

America! The greatest garden in God's earthly empire.

America! The land where they pay more and play more.

America! With the best money, the highest ideals, the most human humans.

America! Thank God, my home!

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BY WAY OF COMPARISON

THERE is no doubt in my mind that a reasonable amount of poverty prolongs life, and, speaking from my own experience, life seems longer when I'm poor—and you have no idea how old I am at times.

The poor man must necessarily exercise, and this means more health. He must eat plain food, and this insures him against indigestion and insomnia. He has little, if any, knowledge of the unreal accompaniments of life, and therefore does not miss these said-to-be pleasures.

If he is fortunate enough to have a home, a family, and have the family healthy and well, he has a value that makes a man in a Packard look like a man with a peanut pushcart, as compared with this poor man's private car of happiness. I would rather be as poor as I am than as rich as some of these fathers of "war babies."

□

HE GENERATES GOOD

IN an annual address before an association of successful business men, Mr. G. R. Adams, of Samuel Sloan & Co., said everything from soup to nuts on the menu of good business logic—everything that a practical, sensible man might use to advantage in everyday business. It is evident to me that Mr. Adams weighed well what he was about to say, and what he said weighed a lot. Here's an example:

"Show me a successful business and somewhere in that organization you will find a man or men who are practically putting their hearts' blood into their work. We must forget self, if we reach the goal! We will never get anywhere if we are simply content to get by!"

Mr. Adams is one of those unwavering, enthusiastic men who generate good in whatever place you put them. He has been a wonderful help to me.

□

SOCIALISTS GOOD FIGHTERS

FOR years we have heard what the preachers of socialism would do in Europe toward a common ownership of property, a unity of men in brotherly love, and a complete revolution in society and systems of government.

Today these socialists of Germany are fighting the socialists of France, and they say they are some fighters.

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MY SHRINE

LAST year the reaper Death called within the Unseen Temple fourteen of my fraternal friends—fourteen members of my shrine.

"Some ships sail east, and others west,
While the selfsame breezes blow:
'Tis the set of sail, and not the gale
That bids them where they go.
As the winds of the sea are the ways of men,
As we slowly pass through life,
'Tis the set of the soul, decides the goal,
And not the storms or strife."

Samuel Johnson said: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair."

Here we have two powerful suggestions—two sermons that should reach the soul.

□

CIVILIZING INFLUENCES

WOMEN are the same the world over, only more so. They tell me that women of the Paraguay River are brave, industrious, and the most accomplished head-balancers on the globe. They frequently carry on the head a basket filled with farm products, and at the same time hold a youngster under one arm and a bundle of firewood under the other. They do not smoke cigarettes, but they smoke big black cigars and chew tobacco.

One of these Guarani Indian girls swiped an old canoe belonging to her dad and paddled downstream to a trading post, the other day, to do some shopping. She was dressed in a fiber-bark skirt and a smile. In the afternoon she paddled back up the Atrabo River—back to the wilderness—with two pairs of Interwoven stockings and a Bien-Jolie corset.

They say this chocolate-colored Hebe created some sensation in Swamp City.

Sewing machines, mowing machines, cash registers, open-work stockings and Bien-Jolie corsets, and we will certainly civilize the world.

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SHINES THROUGH THE SKIN

DO you want to help yourself? You do! Well, I'll tell you how. Any one can tell you how. It requires no superior knowledge.

Start out today to help some one else, some deserving man or woman; and when you get this worthy work well under way, take a little individual inventory.

You will find that the work has fitted you to do more work for yourself. It has made you bigger.

If you do not believe what I say here, I will tell you of another way that you can adopt; this way will not work well, but it will prove the other way right.

Go out and look for evil, the bad in others. Discount and distrust every one you meet. By and by you will begin to feel small, mean and miserable. By and by you will be in spirit, in mental attitude, just as small and just as mean as you feel.

Anything that you think, if you only think long enough, will shine through your skin.

□

A RESOLUTION

ENGRAVE this truth on your brain-box—a life of leisure will be necessary some day. If you work now while you can win, this certain-to-come season of slowing down in old age will not only be necessary but agreeable.

The enthusiastic, earnest worker is wanted. The saver, the thrifty man, is always wanted. Do you think that the boss only knows what you do while in the office, in the store, in the shop? He knows your habits perhaps better than you know them yourself. It's only the fool who tries to fool the boss. Bosses make it their business today to know.

Pitch in, my boy, and try to do your level best from January 1st, Resolution Day, to the end of the year, resurrection day for more resolutions.

If you fail to impress the boss with your results, look for another boss, or, look into your results. They may not be what you think they are.

Then again, you may get the spirit of wanting to do, and this spirit of wanting to do will carry you out of a job into a real position. It's up to you, my boy—up to you.

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CLOUD-BOUND

MEN get a little blue—get discouraged and worried; they get cloud-bound, just because they cannot see farther than their immediate future—than the very thing they are trying to do at the moment.

The salesman starts out in the morning and falls down the first thing, and this seems to stampede him for the rest of the day.

Another salesman sells the very first customer, and he continues to sell all day: it starts up success in selling.

Without any further comment, you can see where the trouble lies. One failure flags.

When business is dull with me, I hypnotize myself into the belief that business is good—actually deceive myself into the idea that things are not as they are; and before much time rolls by conditions seem to change. They do change.

I refuse to follow my mind when it is headed toward the dumps, the blues—toward failure. This may be a mild form of insanity, but it is infinitely better than being in the bug-house trying to catch your thumb.

□

WHEN IT HITS HOME

A DIVE-KEEPER in the far South, in a city well known, boarded up his place and left with his family in the night for parts unknown. The police broke in the front door the next day and found, on the large mirror back of the bar, a chalk-written message, which read: "It takes a mother twenty years to make a man of her son. It takes another woman twenty minutes to make a fool of him."

The business of the joint at the time of the sudden departure of the proprietor was said to be very profitable; but this man had a family of his own, and his methods for making money proved intolerable.

When a thing hits home it usually hits hard.

□

THERE are two million automobiles in this country, and the industry is certainly educating a vast army of mechanics to meet the coming competition of the world. Great country, this!

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

IN this old world of ours, every one, everywhere, seems to be more or less wrong but you—yourself.

You are a little grumpy, a little grouchy; but you have indigestion, and that's excuse enough. You are nervous and irritable; but you say you have a lot of cares and trials, and these responsibilities are reasons enough.

Somehow you do not seem to have as many friends as you used to have. Business only comes after a big effort. Competition seems to be keener now than it used to be. There is something wrong in your business, and you cannot quite comprehend the meaning of it all. Profits are not what they ought to be, and every day some one gets your goat.

When a neighbor says it's nasty weather, you agree with him. When he praises people, you fail to see it. When a friend calls it hot or cold, you incline your ear and agree again. You agree with everything that tends to knock, to discount, to be disagreeable. You are a full-fledged knocker, and you don't realize it.

Now I may owe you an apology. You may not be a knocker, but if your business is bad, and every one you meet is a grouch, and you seem to want to agree with a pessimist, and disagree with an optimist—if things are not going right, just you sit down by the side of the road and find out yourself where the trouble lies. The trouble will not lie to you.

□

STILL HERE

THERE is always that compensating element in life that we so frequently forget. Take the young man who goes a mile a minute. When he is old he will tow along like a bullhead boat, loaded with a hundred tons, against the current in Black Rock Creek.

It's exciting when a man is young to go at high speed, but it's a sad sight to see an old man shivering and selling newspapers on the corner—standing there over memories that burn but do not bless.

A man has just so many hours of fast going in him, and after this fast going is over he needs endurance—the power to go more. If he is compelled to watch others go by, this must be a terrible punishment.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI FEBRUARY, 1916 NUMBER 4

HIS MOTHER

EACH of us holds in sacred remembrance a glorious mother. Some of us are compelled to listen for the echo and the reëcho of her call—listen through the corridor of years for her sweet voice.

What a wonderful woman my mother was! Her silvery voice was a song in my soul, and her prayers a string of pearls.

When God opened the gates of heaven and gave to the world my mother, it was His greatest agency for my good in after years.

How well we remember this wonderful woman who hallowed our boyhood home!

Mother is the one, and the only one, who can divide her love with ten little children, and each child will still have all of her love.

Can you describe such love?

Brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, man and wife estranged; father may turn his back on the boy; but mother's love endures in face of the world's condemnation.

Mother's love is that indescribable something that tugs at your heart when all other influences fail.

Quite recently I sent The Silent Partner Scrap-book to Mrs. Ann E. Whipple of Pittsburgh—his mother. I received soon after an acknowledgment which I consider remarkable—remarkable for its fine diction, its lofty appreciation of my intended tribute to a grand old mother.

The letter is beautiful in style and sentiment, and all too

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sacred for me to risk changing or leaving out a line. For this excellent and almost reverent reason I beg my readers to pardon the reprinting of any part that might seem praise for my pen. The grand old grandmother did not mean praise; it's a prayer:

"My dear Mr. Van Amburgh:

"I feel that I need no introduction to you. You have heard of me through my son, and I know of you through him, but especially through my perception of your character and personality as reflected in your splendid Essays, which, while appealing to the understanding, grip one's emotional nature with such charm and force.

"In acknowledging your many complimentary references to me in the correspondence between you and my son, and especially in acknowledging the autographed copy of the beautiful book, I am not unmindful that my personality figures only indirectly; that the compliment is primarily to my son and to Old Age, Womanhood and Motherhood, and for this reason I am doubly appreciative.

"Even a small soul can apply its regard to an appreciative friend or acquaintance, but only big souls grasp the ideals as applying to Motherhood in the abstract.

"Mr. Van Amburgh, you have been endowed with the talent and spiritual force to do a noble and greatly needed work, and you are doing it in a most effective manner.

"May our dear Father continue to enrich your soul, and commission you to do His work for many more years!

"I am a very old woman, past fourscore years; but my heart is still young, and my interest in life and friends still active.

"I understand that you sometimes visit Pittsburgh, and if your business is not too pressing, when you next come this way, we trust you may find rest and relaxation by honoring us in making our home your home while in our midst."

After a long and beautiful life, and while sitting in the sunshine, sweet and calm, at the age of eighty-odd, a dear old mother proves her continuing "interest in life and in friends" by inditing the above epistolary classic; and to be the recipient of such an appreciative pen-written letter is not to have lived and worked in vain.

And now let us send this message on an endless errand to all men.

I doubt if the angels in heaven take much interest in the flattering epitaphs of tombstones, but I do know that the work-knotted hands, the faded old lips, the silver hair make the handsomest picture on earth.

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You, friend reader, are a member of some organization, perhaps some store, some place of business; and I would suggest that you go home tonight and bring down from the attic the old armchair that knew the lullabies in your baby days.

Go find this throne and place your dear old mother in it as queen.

Go put your big, strong arms about her shrunken shoulders and kiss her till the bells in your soul improvise some matchless hymn of devotion that only a love for mother can inspire.

Do this for me, and when the silent cortege bears her sacred dust to the grave, there will be a new sense of fellowship for other men, a higher and nobler appreciation of all women.

□

THOUGHTS

WHEN I find a moldy grape, one turning to decay, do you think I throw away the whole bunch? Not much. I throw away the moldy grape. Just because some man betrays my trust, must I be blind and fail to see the virtue in the rest of the world? Not on your old-fashioned daguerreotype.

Women have various ways of wearing their hair, but if some one will show me a way successfully to cover up a bald spot on the back of my head, around the forty-second meridian of my mental dome—a spot that covers an area about the size of Greenland on a country schoolhouse globe—I'll send a subscription to The Silent Partner for one year with my compliments.

□

GOOD MUD

ONE man gave him a door, another man made him a present of two windows, the third man loaned him a little land down in a back lot, on which he could build a shack about 8 x 10, and there he lives and studies over an old oil lamp while the wind blows through the cracks of that cheaply built cabin. He is up at five o'clock, and gets his breakfast, and then he walks to the mill, where they pay him twelve dollars for two weeks' work. Then he studies two weeks. His name is Cole. His age is eighteen. His prospects are as bright as Lincoln's were, for he is made of the right mud.

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KEEP QUIET

OCCASIONALLY we read in the public forum of the daily press the cravings and ravings of the crowd who would, if their wishes could do it, send every manufacturer of munitions to hell without fans. The fault with these tea-biscuit wishers is that they do not take in enough territory. Why not wish all of the munition makers in the world a front seat in Fiddlers' Green? And this is one station beyond the hot place.

You will find, if you examine these clapper-clawed critics, that they resemble very closely other men in physical make-up, but you cannot see inside their heads. We must listen to their tongues, and watch their pens, to know.

These damnatory denunciators, these vitriolic blow-ups, are not considered seriously by the level-headed citizens of this country. They are indications—that's all.

Do you think for one instant that during all these months my eyes have failed to see or my ears have been deaf to these excitable fanatics?

I am not an alarmist, but the dastardly work of Turkey and the proven power of the Japs suggest that the whole white race of Europe should stop, listen, and look where they are going.

The modern Japanese knowledge of war and of commerce will some day result in our seeing these fatalistic fighters at the head of a yellow army of countless millions, and then we shall reap the aftermath of it all. Some one suggests that we fight our white brothers on the other side now.

While Europe staggers, struggles, and clutches at the throat of life, we see the yellow race, with its hundreds of millions of men, watching, grinning, and learning the game.

Not long ago the Turks were considered merely a tribe. They have taught England something at the Dardanelles. A few years ago the Japs were paddling about in their bamboo boats; then they whipped Russia, and now they are a naval power of the first rank, with a back door that opens to all Asia. They are the aggressive leaders of the strongest latent power known—the yellow race.

The Japs have already landed on our pacific, peaceful Western coast and planted something that will startle the world some day.

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Mind you, I am far from being a fanatic, an alarmist. I walk straight in the middle of the road. My Western life of years taught me to keep quiet and saw wood, but the sure growth of this exotic that has been planted upon our shores will in time open the eyes of every man, and his mouth too if he is not careful.

The things that I do not say here I more than mean.

This country has no mania for imperial power. It will keep its pledges and always hold true to its traditions of a government based upon justice and equality. We do not want war, but we do want to be able to protect ourselves against those who have no sympathy, no tie, no faith with us or in us.

The ebb and flow of the terrible tide of war has left countless Jews homeless and hopeless. Their untold suffering in Poland is one of the darkest chapters in all the annals of this earthly hell. Drafted on both sides, one finds a Jew fighting a brother Jew, and sisters everywhere being sacrificed in the meshes of men who are mad. Fathers butchered, mothers maimed, babies starving at the breast, old men and old women left to die, destitute and in despair. This is one picture for the man who wants war.

I could, without exaggeration, tell you of a situation in Europe that would stagger the mind, cause the flesh on your bones to creep. But this magazine is to encourage, not discourage; to inspire, not inflame.

With the yellow and black fighting under the French and English flags; with the way now open to Asia for Germany to send her guns and bring back millions of fanatical, blood-thirsty Asiatic devils whose highest token of honor is a ghastly, bloody, mutilated human head on the end of a long spear; with three thousand miles hidden by a curtain of fire; with the seas red with the blood of men, women and children; with the whole of Western Europe threatened by the march of men who still live in the Middle Ages of awful revenge; with Civilization digging its own grave—you have the blackest orgy, the Hurlothrumbo of hell on earth. The terrors, the tortures, the harrowing things that are untold would unman any man.

And to fail to defend ourselves against the war's after-

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math of jealousies and animosities, to be unprepared to protect ourselves from the unconquered sons of old Asia, would be an unpardonable crime against Christianity and civilization.

There are countless men in this country today who want work, young men who need discipline; and by some well-calculated government arrangement, why not have them dig our ditches, irrigate our lowlands, build our highways, make boats for peace or for protection on the same keel, lay shore-line railroads, put wheels in the water for power, and wings in the air for passengers and protection? Why not learn from the efficiency of those who are doing things now?

Call this an army of achievers in peace, or an engine of efficiency in war; call it anything you like, but in the name of humanity let's call into action some power that will help prosper us in peace and protect us in war.

□

HOSS MEAT

OUT in the great open West, years ago, I would buckle up my belt two holes, and call it breakfast. At noon, we would warm our shins over a buffalo-chip fire, and at night we would sleep under the stars. Then a bowl of boot-top soup and a piece of wild-cat pie tasted pretty good; but somehow my stomach balks when they pass me, here on Broadway, a small sirloin from a cross-town street-car horse.

I can eat with the chickens, dine next table to a human hog, and talk above a tango band; but when it comes to enjoying a short rib from old Kit, the family carriage horse, I kick.

□

NOTHING NEW

THERE is nothing new under the moon, but there are many things that can be improved upon. Every thought is borrowed from some one else. Every book is a quotation; every tree, every rock, is a quotation. You yourself are a quotation from your ancestors.

□

THE pleasure of remembering our friends that we cannot see is a source of much happiness to you and to me.

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THE TRADE-MARK

THE trade-mark is the label that leaves no loophole for the seller. It is the cue for the customer, the pig-tail queue that will hold the retailer right.

The trade-mark is the coat of arms of the company, the signboard on shore and the lighthouse along the shore.

Goods that sell well, look well and wear well are entitled to a permanent position in the world of trade, and this can only be established by the trade-mark.

Nothing can fix things worth while more firmly in the minds of men and women than the trade-mark. But this fixing idea costs a lot of money and takes a lot of time. It is the answer to trumpet-tongued advertising.

The trade-mark is the symbol of success, a declaration to the world that the maker is willing to abide by the decision of public opinion, and you know public opinion is eventually right.

Only a fool or a faker would fly in the face of these facts.

The trade-mark is the imprint, the index, the hall-mark of industry. It puts the substitute seller where he belongs, and the just-as-good dealer in a class.

Goods that bear a trade-mark have the "Cravenette" credentials of the company, the seal, the signet, the water-mark of real worth.

Trade-mark goods are usually sold in large quantities, and can more than compete with the little things, the make-shifts, the stop-gap stuff that survive a season or two.

Herbert Kaufman says: "Crooked merchants and makers avoid publicity for the same reason that a thief doesn't leave a visiting card."

We do not respect an individual without a name, nor will we associate with men who are just numbered. The same sensible, respectable rule applies to merchandise.

A JOLT

IT is amusing to read the unlovely language of the various "bugs" that the Old World war has developed in this country. Most of these critics have lived lives so empty that the events therein would not make a moving-picture reel three feet long, and still thy know what should be done and how to do it.

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MY LAST ARTICLE

THIS will be the last article I shall ever write in the year 1915, and the first one with which to begin the year 1916.

It is now but a few minutes to twelve o'clock, midnight, December 31st. We are all near the grave of the most eventful year in the history of the world. And what a wealth of lessons we have learned from this old year—a year that will soon pass out forever! And still we shall all go ahead and continue to do over and over again the same fool stunts that we have done in the past—things that have caused us to fail frequently.

All of which prompts me to observe that we know enough, but blame few of us use the knowledge.

And right here is another reason for this little magazine. The Silent Partner is not a blue-print on ways and means, a North Star on which way to go. But it is a kick in the slats to get you to go.

I am a firm believer in the one big word "work." It's a part of my religion. I am a religious worker.

And right while I am taking this last look at the old year and listening to hear the howl, yowl, screams and screeches of the street mob—just before the deafening, ear-splitting racket to welcome the New Year begins, and right in the midst of all the clang of the river bells, the clatter, the whistles, and the noises from the tin-horn humans, I can hear the whispered, stifled resolutions of thousands of men who will turn over a new leaf very soon.

These resolution-resurrectors will begin the New Year, they say, right; and almost before their scuttled resolutions leave their lips they drink to the health and to the success of some friend, and they pay several times the price of a good meal. They blow their hard-earned money—for what? These misguided men and misprint women give the most flagrant example of extravagance in mind, in morals and in muscle.

Bing! Bang! Bedlam broke loose just then. It's 1916 now, and all of the disorder, yells, tumult, uproar, the Donnybrook Fair, the dislocated, disjointed, promiscuous, harum-scarum sounds you ever heard, were let loose. The sober,

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the sad, the young, the old, and the ones who will be sober and sad tomorrow, are celebrating with the wildest kind of enthusiasm. They are drunk with the delirium of a New Year, and intoxicated with the inspiration of false ideas.

Do you expect one of these temperamental resolvers to stick to anything that will call for courage tomorrow? They will regret, but this is remorse, and not the result of a resolution.

The man or the woman who must necessarily raise hell in order to settle down, the fellow who is foolish tonight, will be just as silly tomorrow.

Resolutions with these people are water-wagons filled with booze.

Contrast these effervescent, enthusiastic energy-wasters with the well-trained man, with disciplined mind, who will go to bed tonight and on all other nights in this year—the man who will live a reasonable, sensible life, and get up on the following day with a clear head, a strong heart and willing hands to work.

There is no man who can drink successfully very long. To be a success requires brains. Booze and brains do not work well together.

Your nervous force depends on your sleeping well, breathing pure air, and eating substantial food.

Your blood supply depends on your habits, which include drinking, exercise, bathing, breathing, and eating.

Your brain power depends on two things—your blood supply and your nervous energy.

You, young man, are measured by your mental faculties, and not by your machine power. A machine-man, an automaton, will not be reading this.

On the quality and the quantity of your mental make-up, depends largely the quantity or quality in your pay envelope.

And now to the point: Did you make a New Year's resolution, and if so, have you faithfully lived up to this resolution? Or, are you one of those steady, even-going chaps who went to bed early, or at a reasonable time, and conserved his energy, which is a mile and a half, or even more, ahead of the best resolution this side of the city that is paved with good intentions?

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PASSION

THE man with a strong character must be a man of live passions, of rich, red blood, and lots of it. And when this man has will power strong enough to govern and guide this tremendous force, you have the big man, the superman.

Some small men who get good near the grave try to put the cart ahead of character—the wild horse of passion behind the chariot. They masquerade as "good" men, when in reality they are pawns pushed about by a puny desire to be considered big through the inverted idea that lack of passion is a proof of their greatness.

Passion is a predisposition, a proneness, a bent, a bias for so many things. It is the thrill to win in business, the tremor of love. Passion is the soul-stirring, profound, impressive inspiration to possess. It is the thumping, throbbing melting-pot of all of the ambitions that are human. It is a much-misunderstood word.

Passion is that itching, restless, impatient desire to win some idea. It is a frenzy, an unquiet galvanic greed. It is a craving for sordid success and other failures. It is anything normal or abnormal.

And for these perfectly plain reasons, I claim passion is the magnet that a man needs and requires. It draws him past indolence, indifference and idleness, and these are the worst traits that can handicap a person—idleness, indifference, indolence.

Deliver me from the half-hearted, listless, lukewarm man, the cucumber-colored ape with this apathy streak.

When the mind of a man gets behind some big undertaking, gets turned toward work, he will forget, for a time at least, wine, women and song; girls, gambling and gin.

You cannot preach or teach men much about passion. Neither can you push nor pull them into line. But you can get a young man so interested in his work that the devil's favorite consort, Idleness, will have little influence over his plans for success. □

WHATEVER you undertake, do it exceptionally well, for some one may be watching—some one who has the power to promote.

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MY DOCTRINE

ALL of the academic discussions of a dozen years could not convince our men of commerce, our thinking people, as much as the experiences of the past twelve months.

Whether the outcome in the Old World is for or against any particular country, we know this: Each country will be compelled to pursue its foreign trade with unusual energy, and, due to their increased burdens, the peoples now at war will battle for business with all the ingenuity and commercial cleverness they possess. This means that they will reach out with jealous hands.

It was Governor Clinton who talked of peace and commerce, but this was before we sailed into Manila Bay. This was before we were an international cog in commerce.

We must not expect, when the Old World war is over, to have and to hold commerce that we cannot protect, nor shall we have peace while unfitted to defend what we have had thrust upon us—the bulk of the business of the world. It is worth business jealousy, and we must expect it. All of the dove talk, the white-feather work of the quitters this side of the river Platte, will never defend us while weak. (It's all I can do to hold in.)

My doctrine with reference to war is well defined. I would prevent others from wanting to war with us by first minding our own business, and then if this fails, I would have our nation so prepared that it might, if necessary, take excellent care of its own, which includes the dignity, the commerce and the homes of our people.

For years and years, and in common with plenty of men, I have drifted along too busy to investigate for myself the real truth, and now I find that we are confronted with the fact that this nation is woefully lacking in protection, in preparedness.

And for no other reason have I tried to help hold up the hands of our President, who has, so far, kept us out of trouble while we are unprepared.

□

ANY fool can win once, but it takes a smart man to make this winning last a lifetime.

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MR. FORD'S LESSON

HENRY FORD failed in what he seriously hoped to do for humanity simply because he did the wrong thing at the right time and in the wrong way.

His whole idea was an impulse of a generous soul, and not the meditations of a man of international experiences.

I can see no humiliation in his failure, but there are lessons that are worth all the effort cost.

Continue on, Mr. Ford, to make little wagons. This is evidently your business. Go right on giving labor its just share in your success. Ramble right along with your wonderful work as a man and a manufacturer. And always remember, Mr. Ford, that the best mousetrap makers in this country may prove poor boat-builders. While these mousetrap makers go sloshing about with their canoe building, the grass often grows over their reputations for making the best mousetraps.

The foothills of life are littered with men who mistake ambition for ability, impulse for intelligent action. The best suggestion I can crowd into these lines to you, Mr. Ford, is to "stick to your last." Do the thing that you can do well, and keep doing it. No matter in what uniform, excel.

And this advice has a silver lining. It is good for everybody, and this is what prompted me to say that the lessons learned from your trip are worth the cost.

□

THE POLITICIAN

THE political strength of the politician depends much on his holding office. His power, in or out of office, is always present, but more so in office. I mean power for good. When he is out of office, he's a knocker.

On what he says while in office depends much. Whether the people will reëlect him hinges on his promises, and for this reason he must say what the people from his neck of the woods want him to say.

But to expect him to do the things that he talks about, and in the way he says he will, is to discount his self-respect. And you know, this would hurt a politician's feelings.

Whatever you hear, for or against war, coming from a politician, just close your ears and open your common-sense box, and think for yourself.

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A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IN my position I have watched with increasing interest men who have made good—made what we call a success in life; and without one exception, these men have trudged over the trails that wind and counterwind past the points of self-sacrifice.

There is no easy way to win permanent success.

One can pyramid himself into prosperity by the ticker; one can bring about a big profit on a small margin; but this so-called prosperity is the most dangerous thing that can come to any man. It creates false lights, false hopes, wrong ideas.

For years and years I gave the best part of my life in an effort to find a short cut to great resources, and during all this time I wasted my best assets and resources.

I struggled harder to find an easy way than those who were willing to work in the slow but sure way. Then for a time money came without much effort, and it went comparatively much easier. I was honest then, but very few of my friends seemed to think so. I blamed them then, but I blame myself more now.

Briefly, my life is but a fair example of that of most men of energy, and it is for this very reason that I am referring frankly to its lessons.

At the age of forty-six I began all over again—began back where I started when a young man—began to work hard and earn what was wanted. And now the rewards are coming in bunches.

Not riches, but resources. Not wealth, but that lasting reward that comes from work well done.

In all the annals of American ambition, I know of no life that gives a greater number of lessons of a man making a first-class fool of himself than my own, up to the time that I decided four years ago that the only way to win permanently was to work.

If this frank acknowledgment will help to get a young man back on the track again, you will be compelled to consider me a member of the construction gang and not of the wrecking crew. □

SOME fathers refuse to give more than their consent.

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THE KNOCKER

THE knocker always saddles the wrong horse. The knocker knocks the props out from under his own prosperity. A man who will draw pay from another man and then continue to take frequent falls out of that employer is a coward and a cur.

The knocker on the pay roll is about the lowest creature that crawls, the slimiest sucker in the whole snake-wagon.

These defaming backbiters who step up to a new member of the organization and slip over some slur about the manager are sticks of dynamite disguised as co-workers.

Because the knocker is dissatisfied, disgruntled, he would upset the success of others. He bites the hand that feeds him, and he does more: he injects his venom in the new hand that is hired to help.

□

VERY LITTLE CALL

UNLESS you can coöperate with the man you work for, the honorable thing to do is to resign.

Few corporations will expect you to cauterize your conscience—do anything dishonorable. Big men in the big organizations know that the public cannot be fooled any great length of time.

Personally, I do not know of any large corporation that would want its employees to misrepresent anything at any time.

There must be managers who deal double, but my individual experience has missed this class.

And this leads me to observe that there is very little call for dishonesty in business.

□

NOT A SERMON

THIS is not a sermon; it is common sense, picked up by the side of the road. This is not moralizing; it is analyzing.

Every man writes on his body the life he leads, and the angels discover, without words, what he did while here.

But it is not necessary for a man to die in order to tell how he lives here. Just listen to his talk. His thoughts are inscribed on his brain, and his tongue is the tool that will spill his reputation if you wait a bit.

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WHO DID?

SCIENCE says gravely that your force is due to the "sudden production of a great volume of gas in a space too confined to continue it beneath the atmospheric pressure." And here you have your reason for being here, according to grave science.

It says that you are but an audacious loan from the subcellar of energy that supports this world in space. You are a flame from the great enigma of worlds. You are a part of the pressure that splits a continent and destroys by passion the stars at will. You are the result of things imprisoned since the beginning of time. You are some pebble.

But seriously, reader, we are gods of something, and it is much more convenient just now to expect us to be gods of war.

The incessantly renewed subject of war proves that civilization is really reflected bottom side up. Out from a long period of experiments come the things that prove that the battlefield is but the answer to the scientists.

But the schoolboy would ask, "Who created the scientists?"

□

WHY WORRY?

SIX thousand years of human history show that worry has never accomplished anything. In all this range of years, there has lived no man who had more to worry over than had Abraham Lincoln. He was often heartsick, frequently depressed, but he did not worry. When worry would signal him to surrender, he would say: "This too will pass." His position was trying enough to make him think, but he had before him the history of six thousand years, and he understood that the things that perplex men in all ages always pass away.

□

BE A BIG BROTHER

ONE of the most powerful forces known to help a boy is that of personal influence. A young boy will listen to an older boy—to his big brother. But a lot of little boys lack this real big brother.

If you want to be a big man, go out and find some little man who needs help, and be his big brother by adoption.

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They Say—

THE great bulk of buying in this country seems to rest with the women. The men buy their tobacco, wearing apparel, jewelry, automobiles, insurance, newspapers, shaving soap and innumerable things according to their tastes or fancies; but the inspiration comes from women, and *they* make local trade what it is.

The National Sunday Magazine, everywhere it goes, is devoured by the women. We make a strong effort to interest the men, but with the women we don't have to; they are devotees of fiction, and we have the best, and they generally like the things which interest men also.

Thus we have succeeded in making the best advertising medium published because our women as a class are above the average, and they are located most advantageously for the national advertisers.

The Pompeian Manufacturing Company, makers of Massage Cream and Night Cream, have been most successful users of our space for over five years. They use each year at least one back cover in color. They offer a sample jar of cream, a calendar and a reprint of some picture by one of our famous artists which has been published in *The National Sunday Magazine,* for ten cents. Our magazine regularly breaks all records of any publications used, and their list is a liberal one embracing all the recognized leaders. One year we gave them, from an advertisement, 54,000 replies with ten cents inclosed.

The California Raisin Association in 1914 selected this exclusive list:

Woman's Home Companion.
Ladies' World.
People's Home Journal.
Saturday Evening Post.
Ladies' Home Journal.
National Sunday Magazine.

They used full-page copy and offered on a coupon a recipe book on raisins free, and in another part of their advertisement a package of raisins for $1. For the free recipe book *The National Sunday Magazine* brought more requests than all of the other publications put together; but more wonderful than all else, this new great magazine sold by mail more packages of raisins at $1 each than all the rest of the list *combined.* Unanswerable, unprecedented in ad-

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vertising history, inconceivable so far as the judgments of most advertisers or advertising agents are concerned.

Would it be hard for any reader of THE SILENT PARTNER to admit or understand that *The National Sunday Magazine* would, in like manner, do more for advertisers of corsets, shoes, hosiery, dress goods, household articles, cereals, canned goods, flour, fruits, nuts, confectionery, chocolates, dentifrice, brushes, and especially baby foods bought by women, than any *known list of other leading publications?*

The Three-in-one Oil Company, in placing their order with us for 1916, very kindly stated that *The National Sunday Magazine* for the year 1913 stood third, in 1914 second, and in 1915 first, of all their mediums, and they used a large list of publications. This startling result was possible, for the magazine was built to be the last word in advertising values, and our editorial management has pleased and satisfied our readers. We have the magazine, we have the most desirable readers, and yet this remarkable publication has been almost strangled to death by the indifference of those who need it most.

The Sentinel Manufacturing Company, which makes a very superior gas range, which it installs in place of those commonly in use and which the consumer pays for, sent me the following unsolicited letter:

My dear Mr. Abbott: October 12th, 1915.

It will interest you to hear that from our last advertisement in *The National Sunday Magazine* we received 1,700 replies in fourteen days, and they are still coming in, and I sincerely think that before they are all in we will have reached a fifty-cent inquiry. Your cost per inquiry is already lower than any which we have as yet secured. It is too early as yet to give you a figure on cost per order, but we believe that the standard of the inquiries is sufficiently high for our purposes.

THE SENTINEL MANUFACTURING CO.

(Signed) Audubon Tyler, Assistant to Vice-President.

How can you or any one else account for an experience like the above, when a large list of publications (acknowledged leaders) was used at the same time? Analysis, logic, and common sense—rare qualities to be sure—but they can be acquired, and they should be by those who wish to spend advertising appropriations wisely. LYNN S. ABBOTT.

(To be continued.)

ADVERTISEMENT

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(To be continued.)

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MY RELIGION

IF we could but snatch away the bandage with which the Creator has covered our eyes; if we could understand the possibilities and the probabilities of here and hereafter; if we could prove by some messenger recently returned that because of our intellectual or moral acquirements we shall pass into some existence more perfect and durable than this life, we would all rush for the first boat.

And still, in all the common things of life, we accept circumstantial evidence, heresay, gossip, and often let petty jealousies mold us into foolish conclusions.

But when a man is called upon to accept a reasonable faith, a sane hope, he will paddle through the bayous of life, wade between the dikes of logic, dream any new dream, rather than clasp the compass of conscience firmly and let this guide steer him straight for the snug harbor of Right.

You can nickname this any creed you like, but this is my religion. □

KNEW HOW TO FISH

A COLLEGE professor is authority for the statement that the best lecture on fish ever delivered before the faculty was delivered by an uneducated fisherman whose qualifications for delivering such a lecture were simply his perfect understanding of fishing. He had the knowledge—the practical knowledge. He knew how to fish.

Hundreds of people discontinue trading at a store because the salespeople do not know the stock. They get disgusted waiting while the salespeople look.

The best salesman or saleswoman is not always handsome, but he or she has the knowledge of the stock.

You may not be a good talker, a good looker, in fact you may lack pretty nearly everything that is generally supposed necessary; but if you know your stock, and know it well, and if you treat your customers politely and courteously, they may forget just how you look personally, but will look for you individually every time they come to the store. They will look for you not because of your personal appearance, but because of something more—your individual service.

Not to know your stock is a woefully defenseless position.

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THINK THIS OVER

THERE were fourteen hundred applications for lodgings at the Municipal Lodging House in New York City the other night, and nearly every man admitted that whiskey brought him there.

In Kansas, the wealthiest state in the Union per capita, they have the lowest death rate and own the largest number of autos per family.

Kansas has eighty-eight empty jails, and forty-seven almshouses without an inmate. Kansas has twenty-eight counties where they have not had a criminal prosecution for a year.

Whiskey in New York or whiskey in Kansas works the same, when it works. Whiskey begins at the top, in a man's head, and it finally reaches his legs. The poison paralyzes his mental and physical powers, and makes him absolutely worthless and positively dangerous.

The subject is a serious one for the business man who hires and who fires. It is getting a more serious subject for the man who is hired and fired.

□

ARE YOU?

YOU work because you like to work and want to work—because you have work to do.

The man at your left—he works because he must work. He has a job, and he hopes there will be little work to do.

Both of you chaps draw the same pay. But do you think for one common-sense moment that they will pay you the same wages a little later? Are you going to let the habits of your south-paw friend hold you back?

□

PUNCHES

THE Christians in Armenia did not believe in preparedness.

It takes some tragedy, some calamity, some great loss, to make some men see through the fog-filled valley of what they call trouble.

A marshal in Minnesota warns the citizens through the enterprising local weekly that chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalks will be arrested.

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AND DO IT FIRST

THE cruel furrows in your face, the gray hairs, the uncertain hand, the slow step, the things that seem to hold you back, are all the results of the things you have worried over. And few of the things that you have worried over have ever actually arrived.

We would all be happier and healthier if we could but rid ourselves of these mental and physical pains that we bring about by expecting trouble.

The common enemy of us all is worry. Most persons are alive with these microbes of fear.

These phantom monsters of worry, these harassing and haunting ghosts that disappear when we confidently tackle them, these persecuting parasites, have linked more lives with failure than we think.

Solicitude, care, anxiety, interest, are sources of much concern, but I refer to the reign of terror—worry. It is the nightmare at noon and the misery at midnight.

Most men let this disease put them in a preface purgatory. They get lost and stranded over something that cannot come true. The vexatious plague that we look for, the aggravated, irritating things we expect, seldom show up. It is the unexpected that puts a lump over our left eye.

All the repellent, repulsive, abhorrent, hideous things that have cast their shadows over my path I have found, when they were overtaken, or, when passed by, to be harmless old hulks, big black stumps, or some human coward who would slink in a muskrat hole at the first shot.

The next time you expect a tragedy in trade, a calamity in commerce, some severe, sharp cut from some human with cloven feet, my advice to you is to march clear-eyed and confident into the fight, and do what Napoleon did: Do it first.

□

ENCOURAGEMENT

YOU are never old until you think you are. Gladstone at eighty-three was premier of England; Tennyson at the same age wrote one of his greatest poems; Cato at eighty became proficient in Greek; Socrates and Plutarch studied Latin when they were old men.

Do you find any encouragement in these facts?

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LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON

IMAGINATION, designing doctors and a disposition to play more than to work are what call for so many drug stores to satisfy the trade. The philosophy of health is never to neglect the marvelous influences of the mind over the body, to expect to be well, to work hard and worry little, to believe in reliable physicians, but employ them only when there is a real reason.

This subject is a comprehensive one, but, boiled down, we are sure to find that the oldest cure in all the world is the therapeutic agent called "suggestion."

And you know, this little magazine is long on suggestions, slams, and other harmless ways of getting you to want to think for yourself. You may not agree with me, but that's not the point.

The strongest medicine, the biggest pill, will have a hard time bringing back a constitution that has given up, while a bread pill and a glass of colored water have actually performed marvelous "cures."

Purple pills of dough and pink spring water will not bring back a lost lung, but doctors, drugs, nurses and the mind make a four-horse team with a little dog under the wagon.

□

A GOOD TIP

THE most dangerous position a young man can be in is to be out—of a job.

Dig up a job if it's nothing more than dumping ash cans. Do something. No man wants to hire another man when the other man is out of a job.

Get busy, young man, and then you will be in a position to find some better job at more pay.

There is no poetry, no lingo, nothing classical, in this advice. But it weighs more, in common sense, to the square inch than all the well-worded vernacular this side of the town of Down-and-out. □

A JOLT

ONE of the things that takes a man to the club, and away from his own home nights, is an open fireplace and companions who do not nag.

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TO FORGET

AFTER all, the very loftiest interpretation of life is to live in the truest way. The residue of all the wisdom furnished by the world; the dead-weight of all the years that are gone; the experience that seems so sure of its knowledge; the practical things in life that suggest such ingenious ideas for almost indefinite ends in success—all these things bring us back to the one great idea of being true to ourselves.

And when we are true to ourselves, we find a wealth of meaning in what Shakespeare said: "This above all: To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

The saddest spectacle to my mind is the man who is soured on the world. This get-back, get-even man will change the whole points of compass in an organization.

When a man sours on the world he is gone. He may have ever so much energy and a world of experience, good judgment, and all this; but he will fail just as surely as Adam ate the lemon.

He is unfitted mentally to meet and to beat a situation.

In this boundless night, where we poor beings move, grope about in darkness and lose our way, there is little excuse for harboring this spirit of revenge, of vindictiveness.

We all make mistakes, and it's a big man who can overlook them.

Few of us have any reason to strengthen our means of defense—this get-even spirit. All men seem to be able to look out for themselves as against others, and get back. But when this dull-finished picture of get-back revenge hangs too long before our eyes, we get warped as men.

What a blessing it is to be able to forget!

□

BRAINS

COMMISSIONER WOODS sent out his sergeants to talk to the young men who are about to leave the various reformatories and institutions for lesser crimes, and the Commissioner instructed these sergeants to tell the boys that they may expect the police to help instead of hinder—to be big brothers to them. This is brains.

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A SILENT PARTNER

SOME day some inquisitive person with a thirst for gossip—one of those curious newsmongers—will come into the office and meet you, Miss Young-Lady-Out-Front, and want to know the things that are none of his natural or artificial business.

But just you keep still, Miss Young-Lady-Out-Front. Just you look simple, and by and by this inquisitive person will feel sorry for you, and in an outburst of sympathy he will confidentially tell you how much he thinks of you or your boss—what a fine fellow your boss is; but before he gets through he will slop over and send one of those submarine knocks that will show him up.

But just you continue to try to look silly. Rest your eyes on some far-away object, have your ears inclined forward like those of a rabbit on an unknown trail. Hermetically seal your lips, but keep smiling that sad smile that the scandal-monger falls for.

Pretty soon you will know all he knows, and then is the time to get him out in the hall.

But don't you bother your head about "calling" him. Let the boss do this, if he wants to.

And then there is another feature about this Miss Young-Lady-Out-Front that is worth while, and it is this: When a real man calls the second time on business, he can almost always tell from his reception by the Miss Young-Lady-Out-Front what the boss thinks of him and his plans.

Oh, I tell you, the Miss Young-Lady-Out-Front is some silent partner.

□

ILL-NATURE

THE man who "flies off the handle" frequently is just as ready to forgive or to be forgiven. And this amounts to this much: Such a man's self-love is the cause of his temper, and this self-love is the only motive for his repentance.

The excuse that a momentarily ill-natured man offers is a poor one. He is good-natured when he is not ill-natured, and the trouble is, you can never depend on him, never tell when he is going to change.

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WELL FOUNDED

SUMNER wanted war with England over the Alabama claims. Grant, our President at the time, wanted a peaceful settlement, even if it took years.

Recently some men have wanted war, and have been so cowardly as to call our President "weak."

Several months ago this magazine had this to say:

"On the firmness, the absolute fairness of one man in this country to-day hinges the prosperity of the present, the prospects of the future, and much of the property of us all.

"On this one man's self-control, his moral poise, this country relies for peace—a peace that avoids a probable loss of millions of men.

"Surrounded by ex-leaders, would-be leaders, has-beens and never-wasers; threatened by cowards, criticized by cranks, blessed by words and betrayed by acts, held accountable by irrational individuals, the President is respected by most men who have no political ends to gain, and many things to lose, should he lose his self-control."

Events since these lines were published prove that they were well founded.

□

WATCH OUT!

IN the good old days of not long ago, men would quit at fifty or sixty, retire and give the young man a chance.

Not so now. The man at sixty plays golf, drives his car, rides his horse, does the things to keep him in trim, and if a young man expects to get the old man's position, he's got to go some.

The middle-life man has expérience at his command, and what is more than all else, the sense to know that if he stops work he will have every disease on the calendar, and, what is more, if he stops he will be most miserable.

No! Young man, there is no one ahead of you, but there is an army behind you. Watch out!

□

SUCCESSFUL men can afford to smile, and successful men often do. But success did not put the smile there; the smile put success there. A grouch seldom makes anything but a failure.

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COÖPERATION

THE worlds are safe from destruction so long as they coöperate in keeping their course. Everything in education, experience and in energy depends on co-operation—on the willingness and the ability to work out together the salvation we call success.

When there is conspiracy, deception and indifference in an organization, we have every rational reason to expect failure.

When there is team play, an alliance of ambition, a partnership in trying, you will almost always find success.

To conduct a business with minds banded together is the only way to win; therefore, why not get together and stick together and win?

It's the easy way, the sure way.

With coöperation we are coëfficient, and this is efficiency —plus.

Give me the long, strong pull together, and I'll show you a store with its aisles full of customers. Show me the log-rolling freemasonry of organized industry, and you will find them loading freight cars in a hurry at the back door.

□

WHAT IS IT WORTH

THE human mind is made up of hundreds of millions of cells, so the scientists tell us. I may be short a cell or two, but why spoil the scientific thought by splitting hairs over so small a thing as a cell?

When you want to get an idea through the crack in a man's cranium, you must remember that the man is tired of listening to so many ideas that are being presented, and the man will refuse to hold his head still very long while you tamp in the idea.

Ideas must be good and handed out quickly. The old plan of giving a man a whole page of print, columns of uninterrupted lines on some subject that might be handled in a few words, won't work any longer.

It is not the length of your argument, nor does it depend on your delivery. It is, What is it worth when it's said?

□

DOWN in Georgia they are selling snakes by the pound.

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HABIT A HALTER

THE effort that we put forth in the field of action is what we call work, but in reality it is execution. The things we think out while alone, and when we are able to concentrate, are the better plans for the following day.

My suggestion is that you never for one instant think of business when ready to go to sleep, for, be it remembered, the things you do at two o'clock today you will think of, and perhaps want to do, tomorrow at the same hour.

Habit is the halter that holds humanity at the post.

Think tonight of your business, while trying to go to sleep, and tomorrow night you will have the same nightmare while awake.

When you close your eyes for sleep, close the roll-top desk in your mind. □

WOOLEN-STRING MEMORY

WHEN I want something real bad, you don't think that I find it necessary to tie a string around my finger, do you?

It is the things that we think we want that we really don't want, that we forget.

When a man offers me an excuse for forgetting, I know he belongs to the memory-tickling crowd.

□

DON'T YOU CHANGE

WHEN you are driven to desperation, when all things that you have tried seem to fail, when the world seems to stop in its progress for you, this is the hour for you to stick. Everything now depends on you—just you.

Circumstances must change. The point is, don't you change. □

ARE YOU NERVOUS

IF you are nervous, try to find a pleasant occupation. If this cure fails, try to take a rest. If you are still nervous, and cannot find relief, have a talk with the doctor. Try mental diversion, physical exercise, or pills.

Sometimes it is necessary to call a surgeon, and have the surgeon cut out your habits.

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MISGUIDED ENERGIES

THERE are few lazy, indolent, idle, languor-loving men in America. The sedative suckers are almost all downstream. The lackadaisical, torpid, lumpish men will walk cross-lots for five miles to get around a real job.

The balmy, dreamy, hypnotic humans, the drowsy dubs who fail to find in work an inspiration to want to do more—these men are not lazy, they are just naturally no good.

These slumbering, lumbering dreamers who live in the Castle of Indolence are the lotus-eating slobs who get in the way of others in an organization.

You can hear them out in the hall whistling lullabies, or lovesick songs, when it's work you want. With their minds on tango tunes, they pretend to do what you want them to do, but they don't.

These humans are not lazy; they are lumps of misdirected energy. They will hang back, lag and linger around, and stampede the whole organization. It's too late to make these men over again, but never too early to fire them.

□

ABOVE THE HERD

THE large mind that is sane will remain both gracious and sober in success.

When you do something big and worth while, prove your sanity by retaining an open mind and a simple manner.

It makes living with you pleasant; it conquers hatred in others; it puts to rout petty jealousies in others; and finally, it brings you up above the herd.

□

THE THREE WAYS

THE car that spins through the valley with its ton of metal and upholstery, and sends the scampering stray hen in the road over the landscape like a scared cat; the pipes, wires and contrivances that carry man into the clouds; the motor boat that goes like a ghost through the tide, are three ways of getting there.

Then we have the slow but sure way.

□

DO not try to pass a grin for a smile.

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THE THREE BARS

CLIFTON MEEK in a clever cartoon shows three kinds of bar rooms, and they are all connected—the whiskey bar, the judgment bar, and the prison bar. It's a maturing miniature of the life of many a man who really meant well.

And here, right here, is the hurt. Drinking men, almost always, mean well. They are naturally "good fellows," and I like them.

There are millions of men who cannot drink successfully or be successful and drink. Unfortunately it takes some serious situations, like going to jail, to get these men to understand this truth. Being what they are, highly sensitive men, they cannot seem to recover from the chagrin, and between the appetite for booze and the humiliation of prison they seldom if ever "come back."

And the point is, does it matter much?

I hear you say, "Shame!" And I am ashamed to put this paragraph in print. But it is done to snub up the young man to a full sense of what I am saying.

Young man, let me talk to you straight from the shoulder. Do you know of any society that is making much headway in helping these poor old drunks who are before or behind the bars? Of course you don't.

The truth is, young man, the situation is all up to you. The world will not concern itself much with you, and in your drinking habits, until you get drunk and are no more accountable, and then the authorities will imprison you for the infraction of any of its set rules that govern good citizenship.

The world will license a man to sell whiskey to you on the most convenient corner, and unless you are beastly drunk, commit some crime, or become a nuisance, they will let you go. But the moment you misstep, or when you can't step, out comes the punishment to fit the crime—a Chinese idea.

I am with every boy who drinks, and I am against every man who sells the boy drink. I am with the boy because he needs me, and I am against the booze-seller because he is against the boy. □

BECAUSE a rule won't work your way, it may be that your rule is wrong.

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HOLDING THE BAG

SO long as we vulgarly measure men by their money, so long as we accept success by the tag-rag scales of what men actually own, what people possess, we must necessarily talk much of piling up property.

But always keep this compensating truth tucked near your heart: Men who acquire a lot of money, men who accumulate all of the abnormal requirements, are sure, in the end, to reap the rewards that follow luxurious living—the extremes. And you know extremes in anything are dangerous.

Money can only buy what can be bought, and the hellof-thisallis, it buys a lot of things that a cat would not think of fetching home.

My suggestion to the struggling young man is to get the capital of common sense in his skull, and save in a small way, but save. The speculators will some day awaken to find one or more war babies on their front stoop, and then how these bachelors will howl!

When these get-rich-in-a-hurry humans are compelled to hold the bag, you have the satisfaction, young man, of knowing that you have and hold something they haven't got—common sense. □

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

A SUCCESS that runs over others, a success that costs health, a success that is all money, is a mighty poor success.

When they lower you into the grave, what men think of you they will say then.

The things that they do not want to think of you they will leave unsaid.

Your responsibility to right is of more consequence to you and to your associates, and to the nation now, than any material success of the moment.

□

TWO THOUGHTS

WE could all do more good in the world if we were not so gosh-darned afraid of the other fellow getting the credit.

When your faith falters, when your weakness alters your plans, you will stop short of success, bet your boots.

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AN EXAMPLE

OCCASIONALLY we pick up some sense even a block or two from Broadway. Out in Denver, The Joslin Dry Goods Company publish each day an advertisement in the press that is not just a set of cold prices packed in cracked ice. Their advertisements are human appeals. Their advertisements do not look like the old auction bill that we poor printers used to get out twenty-five years ago—bills that saved our commercial life each spring.

These auction bills told of bargains in old hay riggin's, broken bobsleds, new-milch cows—other good and bad bargains.

True, there were bargains, but the buyer was left only to use snap judgment and the unreliable statements of the auctioneer. And this is at best an auction.

The advertisements of The Joslin Dry Goods Company handle a new subject each day. They are written in a way that reaches the homes and the hearts of the purchasing agents of Denver. Here is an example:

" 'The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was a creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. She has always been, and always will be, my ideal of a wife, mother, home-maker.'—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

"What a beautiful message to the world! Helen Hunt Jackson seemed to see life in all its naturalness, beauty, worth.

"It is the ideal wife, the home-maker, and the wonderful woman, the mother, that we are here to help in economies in home-building, in home-making, in home-keeping. This is a home store, and when these great women come here to trade, let us, each and every one of us, bear in mind the Golden Rule, and treat these mothers, these home-makers, good wives, as we would have some one treat the same wonderful woman that reigns in our own home. It is a beautiful thought.

"A woman may appear disturbed, perhaps annoyed, when she comes here to trade. She may have a great responsibility resting on her small purse. Treat her right. Treat this

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woman as you would have some other member of the organization treat your sister, your mother."

There is an optimistic thought in every line, an inspiring lesson in every subject, every day. There is not a good avenue in any argument that the advertising writer does not invade.

It is said that there are thousands of people reading these advertisements, because they are well written, well thought out, and well calculated to help financially and help mentally. These talks on subjects of selling, on the organization, on store service, styles and values, are all welded into the strong chain of confidence; and this is bound to pull big business, because the talks which form its links are truthful.

□

WATCH THEM FEED

WATCH a man feed, and you can almost tell how much work you can expect of him before or after lunch.

Tad says, "Some men and some pigs consider feeding time the only interesting break in life's monotony." Then Tad pictures a man yawning and stretching, and casting a shadow on the wall like a perfect Berkshire pig.

Get a double mirror and take a look at the back of your neck. If the meat rolls and your collar looks bigger than your hatband, Tad may mean you.

□

SISTERS OF HONOR

TWO sisters, Catherine and Julia Downey, sewed for a living for years. From the receipts they gave little gifts to children—celebrated Christmas and New Year's twelve months in the year.

Finally they grew old, their eyes failed them, and one day they were compelled to write to the Board of Charities to accept them; and they entered an institution for the very poor.

Just before Julia died she said to the nurse, "You please tell the world of its goodness, and I'll tell God Almighty."

□

A FARMER insists on putting the best apples on top. A woman will dress high or dress low, depending. A man will comb that one long, lone lock over his bald pate. It's perfectly natural to deceive.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

THE road to success is paved with cinders, and studded with cobblestones. It leads up and over some pretty narrow places. It's the hardest, most dangerous highway that humans have to travel—save one.

We hear so much about the genius, the wonderful man, that we sometimes get discouraged.

These abnormal individuals, these miracle men, these master-minds, are all hard workers. Their success is the answer to ambition, plus the knowledge that comes with hard work.

You have noticed that the sidewalks are cluttered with ambitious men looking for work; but they want a special brand of work—some soft snap, some dignified position to begin with. They want to start as president first. They don't expect to land as president last.

Young man, if you want success, get your mind securely settled on this truth: It will be a long, uphill pull over a rough road, and don't you forget it.

If you want to get by easy, you can, until you come to that turn in the trail of life that calls for responsibility, and then you can't. You will find millions of men at this halfway house—men who haven't the courage to go farther.

You often say to yourself, "I will be conservative and choose the middle course. I will compromise on the center path. I will not be big, nor will I be little." And this is exactly what these men said who are now at the halfway house.

Wake up! Nothing stands still. You are either on your way up, or on your way out.

□

THREE CLASSES

THERE are three classes of men. One class are mind-workers. The second class are machine-workers. The third class are won't-workers. This magazine is seldom, if ever, read by the automatic workers or the loafers. It is read by tens of thousands of men who work with their minds, perhaps on machinery, but always with their minds.

The main object of this magazine is to increase this individual, intellectual industry—to coax you, to jolly you, to jolt you into more action.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI MARCH, 1916 NUMBER 5

A TRUE STORY

A TRUE story came to me the other day that stirred the sentiments in my very soul. It is about a *bon-homme* banker and a bit of a lad—a half-fed boy. It is a short chapter in human history, which tells how a financier, a banker, opened an account with God.

The story as told to me has its heart-throbs, and is not without praise; for, be it known, even the prayer is not a prayer without praise.

It is an introspective view of life that reveals the only symbol of success, the only evidence of individual worth.

When we look for the finest roses, we do not look for the fewest thorns.

To me, and to most men who have lived in the West, and have mined for metals, nature and human nature seem so much alike. Mighty few metal mines "ship the scenery"; mighty few pay from grass roots. Few, very few men show more than a trace of values on the surface. You must dig down deep into the veins in Mother Earth, into the very souls of men, to tell.

It appears that Mr. Carter called recently at a big building where the stone columns hold up a big roof over a lot of currency. He called on the president of this financial institution that I have in mind, and was greeted by a pretty stiff breeze from Baffin's Bay. He almost met Peary at the Pole. It was a cold, very chilly, reception.

The president of the bank drew about himself the conventional cowl of the cold and calculating financier, and

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then, in his quick, rather impatient manner, inquired what the representative of this little magazine expected to get.

Carter told him, and he got it.

When the bout was finished, the banker invited the magazine man to listen, and Carter did.

Again it appears that the bank president lives across the river, and on this particular morning he met a boy, a mere lad of ten, a little man with an old-fashioned satchel and a smile on his face that softened into a beautiful blending of character and care.

"Where are you bound for, my boy?" inquired the banker of the boy who stood on the bow of that old ferry-boat.

"Well," replied the little merchant, "I'm not quite sure." Then the lad braced himself for his first business interview, and said: "You see, mister, it's this way. My mamma has made some very pretty handkerchiefs—hand-embroidered handkerchiefs—and I'm on my way over to sell 'em. But the truth is, I may not get very far, for I've just two pennies left after payin' my fare, and I'll have to sell handkerchiefs pretty quick, or I'll be late gettin' home. And that's why I'm so anxious to get off the boat ahead of this crowd."

"Where is your father?" bluntly inquired the banker.

"My father! My father! Oh, yes. Well, you see," and then the boy choked a bit—"you see, my father is a German-American." And then a half-smile and a half-regret stole over his face, for he continued: "My mother, she's a Frenchwoman—that is, her folks were born in France; and my mother and father quarreled over the war, and father went away, and he didn't come back. That's all.

"And—and—don't you see, I must sell these handkerchiefs today, for we haven't got—we haven't got much to eat, and mother is sick-like. She don't cry when I'm around, but she does cry, and I know it."

The scene was too much for the banker and he promptly handed the boy a two-dollar bill. Quick as a flash the boy opened the grip, selected some choice mother-made handkerchiefs, and with a very polite "Thank you" put the two-dollar bill in his little jumper pocket; then he actually looked—*looked*—in the direction of home and mother.

"No, no, my boy. I don't want the handkerchiefs. I just want to help you," said the banker.

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And here we find the little merchant towering higher than the Woolworth Building in his reply: "Sorry, sir, but I can't accept your money unless you take my goods."

Reluctantly, but proudly, the boy handed back the two-dollar bill to the banker, and as he opened the old satchel to put back the handkerchiefs, a little locket fell on the deck of the boat—the picture of the inspiration of his whole life—his mother.

To me this story comes like a great white bird. It is not well told, but it wells up in a man's heart.

There was not an effort on the part of the banker to tell of his own plans—of the eternal good this meeting did the boy and the banker.

Not one word did the banker say to Carter concerning the boy, after the locket fell on the deck. The banker simply told the story to Carter, and then watched to see if it had reached home. It had.

This is what I call heroic humanity. He did—of course he did—do something to help the little lad, and he did it in his own good way; but he failed to talk about it.

Believe me, friend reader, the universe pays a man with the coin of his own conscience.

When a fellow, big or little, goes into the dark alleys of the poor and picks out some sad, hungry soul, and whispers a word of courage, loans a helping hand, you will find, if you look closely, that this man is always in excellent company, even when alone.

True happiness corresponds with almost mathematical accuracy to our ability to help humans up the hill.

Genuine happiness is a by-product of self-forgetful service to others.

When your pulse quickens at the sight of sadness, when your blood courses faster in the presence of want, when your heart softens out of sympathy, you are a safe man to leave funds with.

Such a man has an active, intelligent, square-shouldered conscience. He is a human benefactor in disguise.

□

NONE more tender, none more true, than the wish I hold for you.

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HAPPINESS

THE world within is the life worth living. The world without is a bluff—that's all.

Keep company with your conscience, and always hang on your face a smile.

To most men, Happy Valley lies just over the hill. Then, when they get to the summit of Success, and look down at Arcadia in the realm of bucolic content, some stranger, some agitator, some prospector for prosperity, lays down his prospecting pick and whispers in the ear of the man looking for happiness about the bigger mines just over the next range; and he, poor prospector for happiness, mistakes the mines of prosperity for the wealth of happiness. He rushes past present pleasures, crowds his way through the cross-streets of real comfort, struggles out into the suburbs of satisfaction, and then on and on, up and up, over the crags, past the narrow trails, until he stands on the apex of the second range of success and views and reviews the valley below.

Then the greed for more gold that he thinks will bring happiness lures him on to the next gulch over the next hill—grips him, and he struggles, staggers, and finally falls on the foothills of Fate.

He has never known the happiness he struggled so hard to find—happiness that every man finds for himself and in himself.

True happiness does not lie on the other side of any mountain for you—until you reach the other side of the mountain; and then you will not find it there unless you take it with you.

Find what you can do best, then go about it and do it. Do it better than others. Deliver it ahead of others. And you will fine supreme satisfaction. And this is a state that borders on happiness.

Not to hate, not to fear, not to envy, are three other states where your mind can rest.

To live in a big way and be happy is to excel in some particular enterprise and in the meantime be a real man.

□

THE time to have your chest measured is before the boss raises your salary.

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MAN'S RIGHT

MAN has a right to be rich, but he is much better off wealthy. Some men are rich with a million, and others are wealthy with very much less.

Life has become so complex, and advanced so far, that man requires more money than he did once in order to bring out the best in him.

Men who make much money are considered abnormal. To my mind, men who make little money are abnormal.

Man has three motives to live for—his soul, his mind and his body. Not one of these should be sacrificed for the other, and all of these require a certain amount of money to maintain properly.

For a man to be denied money, he must often starve his soul—deny its expression by poverty.

For a man to develop his mind, he must surround himself with intellectual training; and this costs money.

To supply his physical requirements, a man must have rest, food and clothing; and these also cost money.

So you see, it is not wrong for a man to want money. It is of supreme importance that he get money. Man can render those dependent upon him small service without money.

It is not really a successful life to live without money, neither is life successful to live just for money.

Jay Gould once said: "I cannot remember ever to have had a good turn done to me. I am not surprised, for I have had to push down every man I ever met. I have made my own fortune, and in doing so I have had to ruin thousands."

I should like to know just how much of this statement is self-satisfaction and how much is penitential. One thing I do know, and that is that the Jay Gould idea does not represent the modern business man.

Getting rich is the result of doing things in a certain way, and not so much the result of environment or of opportunity. We frequently see two men in the same field, side by side in business, one getting rich, and the other getting poor. More frequently we find that the man who is unfair, who is unprincipled, is the one who is getting poor.

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HABITS

THE study of the habits of domestic animals and of domestic men is worth while. To observe from the treetops the practices and customs of wild animals and of wild men is interesting and very instructive.

Somebody charged me, some time ago, with the false indictment of being a preacher, as referred to elsewhere. My morals would not pass the church censor.

Then, as if to grieve me more, a critic called me a teacher; and even this title does not become me. I have too much to learn.

What is written here is not a moral measure. It is a physical and mental analysis of men and other animals.

You know, and we all know, that the Scrap-book tells us, "Habits are either bobs or sinkers, cork or lead; they hold you up, or hold you down."

Pathologically, we are largely parents of our own mental and moral diseases through the possession of some unnatural or unwise practice.

Recently a good friend of mine called into counsel the writer, and asked him what was good for a bad throat. He had used the usual gargles, sprays, lozenges, and about twelve big black cigars each day. My advice to the smoker was to smoke, if possible, six more black cigars each day, and then watch for results. He could then tell whether the cigars were hurting him.

How true it is that we are quite unconscious of the consequences of our own habits! Habits seem to simplify the system that we employ. They make a man more efficient in his efforts to acquire what he wants, or thinks he wants.

Habits seem to diminish the conscious individual attention with which we do things; and here, right here, is the crux of my whole thought.

Of all the creatures of habit, the monkey plays the most conspicuous part. Inasmuch as man makes a monkey of himself oftener than any other animal in or out of captivity, we must calculate that man is a creature of habits.

By some unseen method man's habits grow into brooks, the brooks into rivers, the rivers run into the ocean; and eventually the storm that is sure to come leaves him water-

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logged, with lights out; a floating human derelict; a menace to other men and of no possible service to himself.

There are statutes fixed for the habitual criminal with what we call a sliding scale, or increased penalty for each repeated offense.

We have rigid laws depriving the habitual drunkard from the responsibility of a contract, and even severe methods of punishment.

Then we have a higher court—man's own conscience; and it is to this great tribunal that I am leading you.

If your habits hug the hell-hot high spots in the eating, drinking and making-merry places, you are sure to go on the rack and be drawn and quartered. Insomnia will lynch you some day; dyspepsia will guillotine you; rheumatism will flog you; and gout will exile you.

Your nerves will be chained to the wild-horse of passion, and there you will hang with your head down until your brains spatter along the trail.

If I were a teacher or a preacher, this is what I might say with even more weight than now: Faithfully follow the path of bad habits, and you will some day reach the high-hinged gate of the city of Crime.

But this may be a moral measure that you may not like, and you know I am not running a moral school. I am trying to help you physically up the hill, mentally over the rough spots—give you an individual application, and here it is:

I. If I should play less would the boss pay me more?
II. If I should save more would I slave less?
III. If I should drink less could I do more?
IV. Are any of my personal habits hindering me?

Out on the farm in early spring we begin work by fixing fences. Fence-fixing in the spring is the first thing a good farmer does. Fixing fences keeps your own cattle from getting into your neighbor's garden—prevents your neighbor's stock from invading your own field.

We are approaching the season for fixing fences. Please don't ask me to help you, for I am too blamed busy trying to patch up a few lengths of my own rail fence.

□

GOOD-SOUNDIN' lies are getting harder and harder to find.

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SLEEP

SLEEP!—what a wonderful invention! Sleep!—that unconscious world where we knit up the raveled coat of care. Sleep!—the only way in the world that man can rest and restore himself. Still we poor pensioners of time look to the sable goddess, Night, as the extension on the limit—as an hour when humans hope to fool nature by making a fool of human nature. It can't be done.

The "best seller" in all bookdom tells us "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." The best writer in the history of humans says: "Macbeth does murder sleep."

And right here is the rub. If you do not sleep well there's a reason. The point is, find the reason.

If there is a hell on earth it's located in a sleepless chamber. If there is a bottomless pit of punishment this side of the river Styx, it's insomnia. If you want to see the fallen angels, watch the ghostlike figures as they dance before your tortured mind at midnight. Mephistopheles, Moloch, Shedim, Titan had nothing on the ghoul that invented insomnia.

Of all the dim, dark, unknown alleys; of all the haunted, hated halls on earth, it's the bedroom filled with the bugs of wakefulness.

Sleep!—the only sedative man takes for success.

And what is success? It is the answer to some superior way. I am speaking now of permanent success. There is no other success.

The world is crowded with able men, ambitious humans who are exercising every effort, all of their efficiency, to step ahead of where you stand. And here is the personal application: Do you sleep enough? Of course you don't.

Do you come to the store, the plant, the office, in the morning feeling fine, or do you drag in with an excuse on your tongue?

The man who would stand with his foot on the brass rail and look at himself in the mirror until midnight while he tells the dispenser all about himself is sure to bring to the office the next day a set of wool-gathering brains—the brand of brains that looks for the ass while actually riding the donkey—looks for an opportunity while standing on one.

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Men who do not sleep nights dream days.

Believe me, my boy, the spirits of the wise look down out of the night sky and smile at you when you try to cheat nature.

What you need, young man, more than all else, is sleep. Your success must come through your mental efforts; and a few hours of absolute forgetfulness, and you will bring to the office the next day a quality of brains and a quantity of energy that the boss is willing to pay more for.

Wake up!

□

JABS

I OWE an obligation to my neighbor to help him make good. He owes the minister for trying to help him be good. I am trying to get men on the job, so they can pay the preacher.

If your morals make you sad and dreary, do not give them up. They are probably all you have. If your morals make you morbid, if you feel that you're a sinner—bad, very bad—conceal them. It's not right that you should spoil simpler folks with the story of your own shame. I shall never forget how, when I was a boy, Hank Cross would shout what a sinner he was at the revivals, and inside of two minutes sing the roof off the church with hallelujahs. These prayers and praises alternating so rapidly did not seem to reconcile. They got my small brain warped into doubting Hank.

□

FRESH AIR

MEN have gone without eating for forty days, gone without drinking for six days, but when they go without breathing for four minutes, they are turned over to the undertaker.

You can eat a peck of dirt, drink a barrel of poison at certain intervals, but you cannot breath dirt or poison and continue to live long.

Without fresh air a man's vitality is reduced to a point where he will accept even confederate diseases, and old punched-out-meal-ticket troubles.

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THE TRUTH

IN the light of time we have had many religions, but never but one Truth. At present our religions either promise or threaten something beyond the tomb.

In this magazine you will not find me dwelling on our daily fashions, or on our current practices which we commonly call "morality."

A consideration of the great laws that are ordained to determine the religious course of a man here, and his condemnation or reward hereafter, is not within the province of this publication.

Your creed and your course in life are matters for your own determination, and not a responsibility that rests with me.

But beneath the ruins of so many, many religions of the past we always find the smouldering ashes of Truth. And it is a part of Truth to know that life is not an unjust or pitiless struggle; that the rich have their great responsibilities, insomnia, rheumatism and gout; while the poor have appetites, sound sleep and affectionate families. In fact, the Truth should act as an antidote in the poisoned minds of the poor who are jealous or envious of the rich.

The Truth finds that much of our flaunted "morality" has its foundation in the attic of a sick man's imagination. The fresh gravel at the grave sends him on his knees in prayer, but this is not morality. People with true morality seldom support their position out loud.

Let us find the Truth.

Reviewing the past through the accepted authorities, we find that men in the Middle Ages were much like the men of today, only more so. In that particular period in the past there were religious faiths as firmly fixed as the certainty of our sciences today. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of most men as to what would happen to them as punishment for any evil deed; and still, with the exception of a few saints who sacrificed themselves, we find foul men and wicked women galore—even worse than now. They stole, murdered, and built the great cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The truth shows that in the days of long ago civilization was at its low ebb in general intelligence and in individual

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activity. Men were idle, women indifferent, and hell was let loose for noon.

The religion that I am trying to talk of in this little magazine is that of Truth, and the Truth demonstrates beyond cavil that a man holding a good job, a big responsibility, or doing his level best on a smaller job, has little time to look for four aces; that all of the hellraisin' is when humans are out of work.

In the past, two or three predestined critics have called me a "preacher," and in all my editorial efforts I have disavowed this tribute.

If this little sermonette on Truth is objectionable to these critics; if they would have me say smart, sarcastic, cynical things in order to be admitted into the sacred realms of their smart set, call it off.

My honest opinion, publicly expressed, with reference to those three self-appointed critics, is that their hypothesis is in the east while their mental footprints show them on their way west.

□

PLAIN BUNK

THIS bunk that "beer is liquid bread," that the "brewer is brother to the baker," that the industry of making beer is administering to "human needs," is just the temperance talk that people want. This publicity campaign that "beer spells temperance" sounds well, but it falls flat to a parent.

There is one way to bring this booze business to a sober understanding, and the remedy lies with the business man. When the employers insist on hiring men unhampered by booze, then, and not until then, will some men reform.

It is a difficult thing to fire a man, but it is not so difficult to find out at first whom you hire. Men who drink a little seldom stop. Men who drink a lot can't stop. It's a habit, and habits grow. Why contract with a man who has a habit?

This article will make some men pretty sore at me, but before I finish they will have blisters on their tongues, trying to burn me up with words unprintable.

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HIGHBROW

THE elevated epigrams, the lofty logic of the tall-timber writers miss the mark. The distinguished, dignified, far-advanced thinkers ring the bell in the bull's-eye of some distant star; but to my mind it is far better to come down to earth, hitch all this ambition to a dirt wagon and help fill in some of the sinkholes where we poor humans have to travel.

Profound philosophy is for the professors. My simple thoughts are for common folks who are willing to mix a lot of work in their plans to win.

The secret of big men's successes, the open-Sesame to wealth, can be found along the same narrow pathway as that which you daily tread. The successful men are on this earth, and so are you.

In the days of Homer the demigods, the marvelous individuals, mingled with mortals on the plains of Troy.

Today we watch the men of millions and stand almost benumbed by their business success; yet these men live in the same world as we, with the same sealed opportunities. And still we dream our puny dreams of our own limited possibilities.

These men are where they are by what they have done. Frequently this little magazine has told you this: You are where you are by what you are.

Speculation, chance, fate, pot-luck, some game of cup-tossing, may have brought, to these money men, position, fame, or what we call success; but the same absence of purpose, the same fluke, turf-trick, blind bargain, can lower them again to their first level, and probably will.

The worm that a poor man baits his hook with may have just eaten the flesh of a king, but this does not improve the flavor of the fish.

Riches are not resources; they are added responsibilities. Wealth is a thing that you have and you hold in your heart. Position is a point on the end of a slippery plank.

If you have a palpitating void, a consuming desire to be as big as the boss, to be president of the company, to be manager of your organization, it is absolutely necessary for you to come down to earth and begin on a solid foundation—begin with a willingness to work.

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Until you are ready and willing to receive orders, you are not fitted mentally or otherwise to give orders. Until you know how, how do you expect to tell others how?

In all the heroic histories of man's success, you will not find a fact more patent, more imperative, than this: It takes work to win permanently.

This plan may involve some special preparation with some national or international medium like the Alexander Hamilton Institute, like the high-day-night-school, or like the little red schoolhouse under the hill; but this all includes work, preparation. And you know what Lincoln said about studying and being prepared. He expected some day to be called into responsibility.

There is one thing certain: The lack of courage, the unwillingness to work is the block just ahead of the hind wheel of most men's chariot of progress.

□

DISCIPLINE

IT is a tried and proven rule that many American parents —more specifically, many recent Americans—are not prepared to discipline their children properly.

The necessity for discipline in early life in this country is the real cause of much of the idleness, indifference and crime.

Boys are not brought up: they come up. A certain amount of discipline does not subordinate the mind that has opinions of its own, nor does it have a tendency to humiliate or debase the body. On the contrary, proper subordination and obedience inculcate pride, honor, and prepare a boy for authority and command.

The universal testimony of men who know shows that one of the most difficult lessons the boy must learn is discipline.

I know of no place where discipline is more needed than here; and the military schools, the Boy Scouts, or anything that does not reach into the realm of militarism, brings the boy out in the open world for an incalculable physical improvement or a great mental advancement, and, if necessary, can be relied upon in times of trouble for both the boy and the nation.

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PERFUME

OVER on the sunlit hills in the older Hemisphere, you will find, in season, the poor peasants unloading carts filled with beautiful roses; and if you will watch the progress of the roses through some interesting processes, you will in time see, falling drop by drop from the bottom of the still into a glass tube, the crystal secret of the roses' hearts—perfume.

Just a little way farther down the hill you will see another old mill, where the lord high executioner, the perfumer, steals the confidence of the modest violet, and then crushes out its soul; and still farther down the hill you will find the bottler, who puts this liquid—imperishable, generous gift of the gods—into little carriers that come to this country.

And then—ye gods and little fishes!—the stenographer, the office girl, bathes in it preliminary to coming to business. She expects the dictating, disinterested, dignified boss to mind his own business.

Write this on the walls of Jericho: When reason bathes, you must not spray perfume.

The busy bee is attracted by the wafted breath of a beautiful flower; but it is the pollen, the honey, and not the perfume, that is taken back to the hive.

Perfumes are of no use in practical life. The joy of jasmine, the mignonette, the carnation, does not serve in success. It snares sentiment. And you know business and sentiment won't mix. It's the resources of Rose and not the resurrection of roses that balance the books, that run a typewriter.

Hand-painted, perfume-washed fashion freaks in a business office indicate which way the business is headed.

□

THE HYPHEN

WHEN the hyphen indicates individual allegiance to any alien idea, I am against it hot and heavy.

When the hyphen means ancestry, I am with the rest of the Adam family for all I am worth.

When men forget whence they came, and remember where they are, they are true patriots.

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NORMAL MINDS

THE normal man's mind directs his tongue. The emotional, the unthinking, the unreliable man talks, and then he gets his cue from his conversation.

Think what you are about to say and it's clothespins to hairpins you don't say it.

Thinking out loud is trying to make tongue-theory take the place of a well-balanced brain. Your individual success will not improve much through the methods laid down by the long talkers. You may depend on improving your own position in life by working for all you are worth.

When you sit down and hold a sympathy session with some failure fellow; when you tell him concerning your disappointments, your failures to make good, you are sure to lose in the telling some self-respect, some self-confidence; and you are certain to lose more—the confidence of your confidant.

What do you gain by telling your troubles?

Teach yourself to talk little and think much. Be up-to-date. Be sensible, which includes saving—thrift. Believe in the things that build, and forget the failures. Cancel the mistakes of yesterday. Blot out the blunders of today. Value men and not their creeds.

Regard the aisle where you stand as the only road to ownership.

Meet and greet others right, and the world will eventually hand you its reward.

In other words, and in plain words, shut up and saw wood.

□

CAN ALMOST TELL

THE failure fellow is always an unsafe man to follow. He has an unsolved problem in life, and he naturally daubs everything.

The successful man loans you that contagious ambition, that inspiration, that lesson that leaves its imprint.

There are two men or two classes of men in this world: One class you should let alone, and the other class you should associate with.

Run over the list of your friends in your mind, and you can almost tell your own measure.

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The Deadly Things

IF I should quote a hundred experiences such as I have published in issues of The Silent Partner, proving the superiority of *The National Sunday Magazine* as an advertising medium, it would not necessarily convince you if you for some one of fifty causes preferred to remain unconvinced.

Having carefully explained why the magazine was created, the principles and experience which guided its production; having argued logically, stated the truth carefully and furnished the proof of its superior paying qualities for reaching either men or women—buyers from the average to the very highest quality—our case should rest.

But there are so many serious difficulties sure to arise, especially if a magazine approaches the pinnacle of an ideal medium. Advertisers and advertising agents who need this value fortify themselves with excuses which have invariably been furnished to them by other advertising men who see the handwriting on the wall and hope to stem the tide which is bound to turn to so deserving a proposition. This contrary advice (commonly called "knocking") is fit only for the scrap-heap and has no place in the minds of intelligent business men.

While this state of things crops out in every line of business to some extent, in no other does it work such havoc, destroy such good values, or so defeat the best there is in advertising and publishing properties—because the advertisers so influenced never realize the mistake, and even if they fail, they cling to their absurd position.

The solution of the whole problem resolves itself with right logical thinking, and the story I have been telling is for the purpose of helping to establish better and safer lines of thought as applied to the placing of national magazine advertising.

In view of all that has been said, illustrated and proved, can you conceive of examples of such absurd

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thoughtlessness as these, put forth to counteract our advertising proposition?

"Your magazine is not read!"

"Your magazine is not bought for itself, therefore has no advertising value."

"You have shown remarkable proof of extraordinary value for safety razors, the highest grade of manufactured building-brick, you have proved on an automobile test 100% better returns than your competitor who occupies first place in the minds of nearly all manufacturers of that class, but you would not pay *US*."

"You carry considerable business from some few advertising agencies, therefore they must have better terms with you than our agent has."

"You have shown unparalleled direct responses accompanied by cash for numerous manufacturers of the most prominent and best-known advertised products, but we don't make the same offer."

"You have brought indisputable evidence of tremendous worth to many well-known concerns which market food products, including fruits, fish and baby foods; but we haven't raisins, oranges, dates, cocoanut, fish, baby food or what you have paid so well on." (The objector had a breakfast food, gelatin, a substitute for lard, a baking powder, grapefruit, tapioca, a substitute for coffee or some similar product.)

"You don't carry all of our competitors in your advertising columns."

(This is a vicious one): "I don't care to hear all these stories from the various publishers, but hire others whose time is less valuable to do it for me; then I cross off the list those publications I don't know about or which don't appeal to *me*."

"Your magazine has no selling price on it" (then he selects some which sell for 5c. a copy and includes others which sell for 25c. a copy). What has selling price to do with it?—*the real questions being: Where does it go? Who reads it? What class of people does it reach?*

"You have shown me better proof than any publication I know, but your competitor says you cut your rates."

These are a few, and there are countless more, of *THE DEADLY THINGS* which clog the wheels of advertising progress.

LYNN S. ABBOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT)

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WORK

I BELIEVE the biggest single idea in individual success or in industry is the one word "work." Any other idea will not work unless you work.

Craft, skill, expertness, are all the tin stars that are pinned on you after you pass a certain mark, and they are all essential emblems of energy that a man must wear to prove to some people that he has, in the past, been willing to work.

Any young man who expects to exchange the epaulets of education with the boss for the checks of the company better sew these shoulder-straps of learning on a Sweet-Orr jumper and go to work.

Education is the pasteboard that will admit you to the game. Work is the rain-check that will allow you to come back on the grounds.

Every day dozens of young men write me and ask me how to win, and I take each letter and write across it in red ink and in a bold hand this one word: "Work." At first they are disappointed, and finally they understand.

It took Pope weeks to write two lines, and Pope was a genius. He was without doubt the most polished poet of all time, but he worked.

It has taken Edison years and years, and it will take you a long time to convince the world that you amount to much unless you do what all other great men have been compelled to do—work.

□

SOME DO

THE physician of the future will treat the mind as well as the body. In a lesser or greater way, many of them do now.

What you think is telegraphed to every nerve center in your anatomy. What you think comes through every vein. What you think will send a chill to your hands and your feet, or make your head hot. Your thoughts can clog your stomach, irritate your bladder, put your head out of commission. The mind is a medium that should work with you, if you want to get well and stay well. And the doctor can direct your mind in his own peculiar way. Some do.

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BOOZE IN BUSINESS

THE du Pont powder people, of Wilmington, have put up the bars against John Barleycorn, and it will take a tall jumper to get over them.

For an employee to bring intoxicants into one of the plants of the Carnegie Steel Company means instant dismissal.

Managers of many large plants agree that the alcohol question, involving as it does the question of efficiency, has become a matter of dollars and cents, and they are handling it accordingly.

They have exercised every care and used every means of comparison between the abstainer and the tippler, and many have decided that the latter must go.

One large corporation has inaugurated, as a part of its efficiency system, a medical examination for every employee. It is understood that these examinations are for the eyes, the heart and the lungs; but the truth is, the drinking men must go.

At the Cramp Shipbuilding Company it was said that a drinking man would be incapable of performing most of the tasks connected with the shipbuilding and engine construction, and for this reason would be a menace to himself and those about him. Pretty plain where the drinking man will land here.

The situation seems to be, at the moment, about divided with reference to rules and regulations on drink; but when we consider the fact that the idea of temperance or sobriety is something comparatively new in factories, in plants, in business, there seems little reason for doubt as to the ultimate result with reference to drink.

I might mention a dozen more cities throughout the United States where this subject is being considered seriously, where men are being quietly slipped out on account of intemperance.

Some of the brightest men I know of in the world drink. Some of the greatest result-getters in this country do not drink.

I have never seen a man bright under the influence of liquor. I have seen men who thought they were.

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LINCOLN

LINCOLN!—a name that lifts humanity higher. Lincoln!—the one man who found in the course of human events his way. And his way is now the great highway. Lincoln!—the man of the hour; the man of simple truth, matchless foresight, sincere, secure.

Abused, maligned, murdered.

Lincoln!—he who in the beginning opposed war with Mexico; who did his level best in the beginning to save the Union, and fought to the end for the same patriotic reason.

Lincoln!—he who met all personal attacks and political slander with the one unwavering idea of right-doing.

I remember reading somewhere, some time ago, about some politician who would "take down" young Lincoln, and in his first speech Abe replied: "I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trade of a politician; but live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like my gentleman opponent, change my principles and simultaneously with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then have to erect a lightning-rod on my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

This was Lincoln's first speech, or a part of it.

This was the independent, homely, square-toed Lincoln, who a little later walked over to the Librarian Building, borrowed some books, tied them in his bandanna, stuck a stick through the knot in the handkerchief, then threw them over his big, broad shoulders and walked to his messroom. And again he resumed his studies and preparation for the tremendous responsibilities he already foresaw.

When we look back on the life and the lessons of Lincoln, I ask you as American citizens, and as compatriots, to weigh well with your conscience any criticism or condemnation that you may have in mind.

When sorrow sends a shaft in time of war, you will find the poisoned head in the heart of some lonely woman, in some lonely home.

It is possible that for every man buried in his blood-soaked rags on the hill, you will find a woman's soul submerged in tears in the home.

War, the Mars of murder, the cannon's mouth, the bayonet's thrust, the sword's sharp edge. War, the hell of the

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heavens, the gas ghoul of earth, the serpent that stings in the sea.

War, that maims men with melinite, blinds them with panclastite, seredite and roburite. War, that blows boys to atoms with dynamite, lyddite, ballistite.

War, you gigantic god of grief; you chemist's crime that crushes out the last hope of happiness in the home, and leaves as a legacy the wounded, the widows and the orphans.

War, you illusionary triumph of men who are mad; men who murder in hot blood and are wont to call it a divine mission; men who clutch in their death-blind grip the throats of corpses and tear, swear, struggle and twist, and call out the one word that they would have die with the drums of their own ears—Surrender!

But it's back home, where the dear old grandmother, the aged father, the mother and the babe are, that I would take you—back where the sorrow is deepest; where desolation and despair are blackest. Back in the homes they feel the soul-shock; back there you may find the hunted women heroes—hunted for the unprintable, unthinkable, unutterable shame that is yet to be told, yet to be born.

And you ask me if I am for preparedness, and my answer you will find in the great American chorus that is coming up from the desert homes and from the houses on the hill —Yes!

□

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

MUNICIPAL ownership is always tied down by red tape, hampered by the power to pay, hemmed in by rules and regulations that sound well in theory but won't work in practice.

For a man to work for a city-controlled plant means a fixed salary with no hope of an interest in the profits or in the business. His main object is to hold his job. But when younger men and their salaries grow with the prosperity of business, you may expect alertness, energy, efficiency.

□

THERE are two sad situations—a man without a country, and a country without a man.

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SO DIFFERENT

NO amount of money could buy or pay for an advertisement in the text pages of this little magazine without its being marked "Advertisement."

What you read on these pages is not for profit, save as it profits the reader from the application of practical ideas.

The place where men and women spend most of their money should be one of more than passing importance. The department stores of this country are the supply stations, the dependable depots, the most intimately interesting industry in any locality.

The plans, purposes and principles of the department stores should concern everybody, everywhere.

John Wanamaker of New York is, to my mind, the best advertiser for John Wanamaker in this country. What I have failed to say here you probably understand.

There are so many excellent reasons for recommending his methods in advertising—so many enduring reasons, for he tells the truth; and he tells it in a so-different style.

Then, if you like, you may skip over several states, and stop at Denver, and read another example in advertising—read what the Joslin Dry Goods Company have to say. Listen:

"Customers can easily compare the offerings of a store, and when customers take this precaution it always results in a benefit for this business—more trade here.

"It is only by comparison that one can measure merit, and this is our reason for inviting customers to compare. If we were not sure of our position, we would not make this suggestion. You can discover no flabby look here. This business is not held back by old ideas, by anæmia.

"There are certain characteristics about a business that stand out as conspicuously as the nose on one's face. A department store, to be successful, must have these characteristics—must have individuality.

"There must be a vigorous faith in integrity; an unyielding effort to please; unlimited, unbounded enthusiasm to lead. A store, to have success today, must be so different—must surpass.

"You can tell in a moment when you enter a successful store. There is distinction—class. Not necessarily the higher-price store, but the store that offers you intelligent attention, service that serves you best—the store that offers the most for the least.

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"It is doubtful if you can get more for your money anywhere in all Denver than right here under this roof.

"The other day two well-gowned ladies stood in front of our show windows on the corner. They were both admiring a certain display, when one of them said, 'Yes, they are nice people to trade with.'

"These women would never have said the nice things they did about this store unless we really deserved it.

"Women are the purchasing agents of the home, and in this important position, women are deadly serious about spending money.

"Intoxicated advertising, offensive, blatant trade-talk, is not advertising—it is an assessment. What this store has to sell is of more interest to customers than any advertising it can do.

"We would not think of asking the best people in Denver to go about and help advertise this store. What we might offer would only offend.

"But when our customers are kind enough to speak to friends of our efforts, we are certainly very grateful."

In business, the Joslin Dry Goods Company seem to think that truth in advertising, told in a frank and human way, wins the confidence of customers, the patronage of the public.

And then they have another idea, and this idea is a good one: They believe in serving customers faithfully.

Oh, I tell you, there is more than black ink and white space in advertising. □

ABOUT RIGHT

FRANK A. VANDERLIP began as a cub reporter, and is now the president of the National City Bank of New York.

Mr. Vanderlip says that there is a more insistent call for well-trained, energetic men of character, ability and initiative than ever before.

He says the world is eager to pay in rich rewards for these great human qualities. Mr. Vanderlip gave an address recently, and it closed with one sentence that hits home: "I once heard a statement to the effect that God had somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right."

□

IT is predicted that there will be no wooden passenger cars in twenty years from today. What optimism!

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A BUNCH OF BOOSTERS

SOME men remind me of the pendulum of a clock. They swing sideways, but they never swing toward you. Their real use seems to be to regulate the measurements of time, as they tick off in doleful sameness the seconds that are lost forever. Their very dangling, swinging, to-and-fro style suggests their oscillating natures.

Then I meet men constructed on the rotary plan—on the convolution idea, on the old-fashioned log-rolling doctrine.

And these two types of men have started up my mental motor on several occasions, and helped me to a conclusion.

The axis on which human nature revolves, the pivot on which progressive people rotate, is self-interest. Mind you, self-interest, not selfish interest; for there is a big difference between the two.

My respect, my higher regard, is for the man who looks me squarely in the eye and asks me for my patronage—the man who expects my help—the man who has self-interest developed to such a degree that he is prompted to solicit my trade, knowing he can return the favor.

I never did take to the scheme that a metal button on the lapel of a coat cut much congealed water on getting business. I find it pays me to wear my emblem in my vest pocket when I want a business favor. When I want business, I want it on the right basis—because I am a man and deserve it—not out of charity, fraternity, friendship, church, creed or religion.

Churches, fraternities, societies—all have their worthy objects, and I appreciate them, and occasionally enjoy them; but the only bunch of business boosters that I know who have the courage to come right out and say what they want, and why they want it—the only organization that is founded on my idea of self-interest, is a network of live wires throughout this country, known locally as a Rotary Club.

Personally, I only have a superficial knowledge of this organization; but I do know one thing: it is founded on the rock-grouted principles of right business.

I have never seen a flickering, floundering fellow in this herd. Every member that I have met seems to be a part of a circle that keeps humming, keeps rotating. Each member seems to be constantly boosting the others, who continually

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boost him. The members of the Rotary Club seem to get more speed, more endurance out of the same number of gallons of gasoline than any human engine this side of the birthplace of Hercules.

I am at present on the outside looking in, but if I ever get on the inside, looking out, I will write a prescription that will bring back to life some dead ones.

NO JOKE

ONE insurance company recently hit the rocks, and it sank from sight with a heavy load of obligations, just because the company tried to insure "moderate drinkers" on a temperance basis.

The drinking man from to-day on will be compelled to carry more than one "load," if he wants insurance protection; and this is no joke.

It would appear that the relatives of drinking men are about the only ones who will profit through "straight life" insurance, and this is no joke. It's a serious matter.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

THE telephone operator with a pleasant, animated voice, with a ready and cheerful reply, is more than a telephone operator. She is an important part of the institution. It is here where you give your signs, your signals, your rap to get in.

Did you ever notice that a fraternal society always has a cheerful, well-liked man at the outside wicket? It's something to think about.

OBSERVATIONS

THERE are a lot of fool-paid and non-accessible stocks being put on the market just now. Stop! Look! Listen!

Several he-animals have been backed into the corner and made to say "Uncle" since the first of the year. My advice to the unmarried girl is to improve the opportunity.

MOST men think they have all they can do, but they don't do all they can. This is as true as that the sun shines by day. And still some men write and ask how to succeed.

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SMITHS

WHEN I don't know a man's name I always call him Smith. This is not new. You see, we were all Smiths one day, and then they decided that when a man did something wrong, something unpatriotic, they would give him another name.

Perhaps this accounts for the strange names we read, or are unable to read in the list of rioters, agitators and trouble-makers.

You seldom see the name Smith on these calendars. You always find the unpronounceable names associated with the men to be found in our mines and in our mills.

Through the evolution of time, the revolution of events, through the reformation of wrongs, we are today the most favored nation in all the world; and still, there is a lack of Smiths.

The Silent Partner's plan is peace, commerce and an amicable relation with all countries; an exact and equal justice to all men of any name or nature; a freedom of religious views and of an honest press. But I do believe in a rigid enforcement of law and order.

As Americans we are approaching a period that will try men's souls—a time when capital and labor are sure to battle in a big way.

This prediction is not because of Solomonic wisdom on my part. The imminence of that contentious period is well understood by most farseeing men; but, manlike, we try to stave off the unpleasant things.

What we want in America today is the reviving influences of the Smiths—the Paul Smiths.

Webster said: "Justice, sir, is the greatest interest of man on earth." Should we fail to recognize the rights, the liberties, the equities of the alien-born Americans, or should we fail to value their resources, it would prove a serious mistake for this constructive country.

But they, as Americans, should be willing to guard liberty as we are ready and willing to grant them liberty.

As Americans, we owe it to ourselves to help these new Americans to understand. And some persons tell me that these recent Americans are unable to understand.

And here is my point: Are we to continue to give the in-

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comparable rights of American citizenship to men who are mentally incapable and morally indifferent?

We cannot legislate morals, but we can make men respect the law.

One of the duties of an American today is to encourage education, inspire patriotism—to help these new Americans to a better understanding of the ideas and ideals of this country.

There will be no engraved slab to bear the records of this little magazine, no sculptured block of granite reared to tell of my feeble efforts; but if you will look closely some day at springtime, you will see the slender spears of common grass that point piously to the God that gave me life and liberty in America—a home in the clear upper sky of Opportunity!

□

AT PEACE

THIS magazine has no perfumed lies of the flatterer to hand you. It does not offer candor as an excuse for saying mean things to you. It frequently calls you some pretty plain names, and tells you some very straight truths, but always smiles like the Virginian. This magazine does not want to say things to be smart, or say things that smart. It would honestly help you and not hinder you. The editor is at peace here, and hopes to be at peace hereafter.

□

NOT PROTECTED THEN

PLACE in your pocket a gold coin, and let this gold coin mix for several weeks with silver coins, and you will find that it will change its color and lose its weight.

The man who constantly mixes with bad men, poor company, must necessarily sleep with a club in his hand, and even then he is not protected from public opinion.

□

A MENTAL MISTAKE

IT is more important to increase the interest of the men in your business, to increase the loyalty of your help, than it is to reduce the apparent labor cost.

One method guarantees permanent satisfaction and ultimate success. The other starts something.

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MARS

YOU ask me when this mandate of Mars will end, when these hysterical, haggard messages of mothers will reach the great Throne of Peace; and I will, with one brief thought, suggest something for you to ponder over.

Napoleon believed in the "force of circumstances." His one-eyed Russian enemy, Kutuzov, sprawled on a bench in front of a hovel and left the great fight to the "forces of circumstances."

Both generals gave orders from a distance, and then awaited the fortunes of war.

And like the river that flows on its way to old ocean without heeding the cries of the men on the banks, both of these great warriors understood better, at the end of the battle, the fortunes of war.

Something, my friend, ordains our advance and our retreat. Something at this particular hour in civilization is working hostile to our destinies. Some power, some unknown impulse, some incomprehensible command, has summoned into action this appalling spectacle.

I cannot conceive it to be God.

Is it the god of war, Mars?

We are, in our little minds, but the ants of a virgin forest, and how can we hope to understand, to comprehend the Creator's plans, which move the seas, fix the stars, leave us with the great law of gravitation, and create countless worlds, in comparison with which this world is as a grain of sand? And still we pause in our human helplessness and marvel at these messages that are coming from—where?

When we consider Mars, the first of the superior planets, with a mean distance from the sun of one hundred and forty-one million miles, with its phenomena of seasons similar to those of the earth, and with its indications of the existence upon its surface of physical conditions not unlike those of our own world, and with its many more recent impelling developments before the searching eye of the scientist, we cannot but respect the Roman belief, centuries old, that this reputed son of Juno, reverenced by all Latins, above all gods save Jupiter, is, after all, the god of war. And

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can it be that this planet Mars is in competition with us, venting its vengeance on us?

The subject illuminates, interests, and I believe instructs, and is well worth the research, the study, the serious thought of serious-minded men.

When I fail to find, in this Hurlothrumbo of hell in the Old World, a civilized, Christian excuse, my mind unconsciously turns to Mars, and to the ancient and accepted belief which our modern science supplements with the seemingly irrefutable evidence that we are, as suggested earlier in this article, pawns of some unknown impulse, some incomprehensible command.

□

COÖPERATION

MAKE your appeal to the best side of a man. This is the influence that lasts longer. When you try to govern your associates, your help by force, you fail in the long run. Loyal, willing help is coöperation, and this coöperation counts more than extra cash in the envelope of an employee who is just working for you and not working with you.

The days of working to secure means to prevent hunger and poverty have passed. Labor works for more than wages. It works to advance in the estimation of the employer, and to save from the reward enough to bring comfort to the home and advantages to the coming generation. And what an American privilege this is!

Capital is compelled to rely on the intelligent coöperation of labor. The old-school discipline in business that was brutal will not work now.

The type of boss with a ready fist and a hot foot, the profane slave-driver, are on the calendars out of use.

Employers are experimenting every way to create pleasure in work; and labor is acknowledging this effort by being more efficient with even less exhaustion.

We can all get the maximum results out of machinery, but to get the best out of men is much more. It means more pay for the men and more profit for the management.

Coöperation between capital and labor should take its place alongside of chemistry, science, physics and the other factors in industry.

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CARELESSNESS

THE careless, want-of-thought individual, the heedless human, is the known unknown quantity in the organization.

The non-observer, the dull disregarder, the inconsiderate member of the Muddle Club, the chairman of the Careless Committee, costs a corporation his mistakes and the mistakes he causes others to make. And then see the room he takes up.

These preoccupied, brown-study, deep-musing men are always doing something to upset success. In one year these careless, unreliable misprints cost this country three hundred million dollars and no telling how many lives—more lives than the wars of the world, up to date.

These respectless, listless, hair-brained boobs bring sickness, death and degradation. They take everything and give nothing in their costly scheme of carelessness.

Careless people seldom have anything to give to make good for their brain-sick mistakes; so you see how explosive, how expensive, they are.

Careless people are always napping at noon, and the worst of it all is, their eyes are open, and somehow you expect them to keep away from the buzz-saw.

They will gloss over and putty up thoughts to fool you. They blink and wink at work.

The careless loom up on locomotives and on the ledger. They are found in factories and supported in stores.

The trance, the coma that steals over the careless proves a plague in the midst of prosperity.

You can watch the dishonest, guide the ignorant, coax or drive the lazy; but the careless man is the lukewarm loon that looks like a man, walks like a man, but he "ain't."

Every organization has the individual who "didn't mean to do it"—has the slob who "didn't think," and says so after he costs the company a lot of money, and perhaps a life or two.

Carelessness is a crime. Caution is a virtue that will find its reward in greater responsibility and more pay.

□

WHEN the millionaire sings "America," he dwells on the line, "I love thy rocks."

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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

TRUTH in advertising pays, and the incontestable evidence of the accuracy of this statement is found in the many honest successes and the many dishonest failures.

Since the eve of Adam's fall from the step-ladder while he was trying to reach the lower limbs of a peach tree; since the days of our first ancestors' ascension into the seventh heaven of happiness; since the brief period spent by them in that transplanted glee glade where they passed their honeymoon—I say, since the early era of advertising, when Adam and Eve engaged in their fateful experimental work in pomology—and their experience was advertised some—no man has been able to offer any valid reason for the existence of the liar in advertising.

The honest advertiser is the one who deserves success, and who eventually finds success, all other things being equal.

He is the ham and eggs of the publishing business, the pork and beans of public support.

Two thousand years ago Pilot asked this great question: "What is truth?"

Truth in private life is the only sun that will shine for you at midnight.

Truth in advertising is the only way in the world to win confidence, customers—success.

Truth in advertising brings back the customer as a customer, and not as a complainer.

Honest Abe was certainly right.

□

THE SMILE

WHEN you smile, others in the organization get their mugs full of smile molecules, and before you know it the whole outfit is infected with this contagion of construction, not destruction.

A smile is an evidence of a healthy mind. A smile increases the capacity to accomplish things, and it does much more—it gets everybody else doing it, save one or two perhaps. The smile is a system for telling where the weeds are.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

WHILE a blind member of the national House of Representatives was absent recently, his colleagues voted him the services of a personal page. It was a touching scene when Representative Schall returned, and in an impassioned acknowledgment we find thoughts that are the heart-throbs of eyes that cannot see even the gray days of life. Schall, in his full pride, then repeated:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

. . . . . .

"And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll—
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

Representative Schall finished with this significant sentence: "So long as a man has a friend, he is not useless."

□

MISTAKES

TO stumble into success means that you will eventually fall into a failure. The man who never makes a mistake seldom makes anything worth while.

Mistakes are steps in life, and did you ever notice they lead up, or they lead down, depending on which way you are going?

There is no precise plan, no mathematical method, for making a success in life or out of life. And here is a thought: Success in life or success out of life.

No school, no rule, can plant your feet on Prosperity Hill and glue them there.

My suggestion to you, young man, is to forge ahead. Work! Do! Dare! Better make a mistake, and then make the mistake good, than stand on your timid hind legs and look for some one to show you how.

Initiative, self-reliance, courage, and plenty of ambition, and the mistakes you make will prove but the dust you kick up on the highway to individual success.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI APRIL, 1916 NUMBER 6

THE OPTIMIST

WEBSTER defines optimism as "the doctrine that everything is ordered for the best."

Optimism is the old oracle who, according to the philosophy of the ancients, is supposed to give you the spoken word which commands success.

When a man tells you he is an optimist, believe him. He cannot offer better evidence of his lack of common sense.

An optimist is a wise old owl that sees only while the normal man sleeps. His golden dreams, his aëro hopes, transport him so far from the world of actuality that he is sure to have a rude awakening in the fools' paradise.

We have all paid for the optimistic partner, the optimistic stock seller. We have all given our confidence to the optimist who thinks he sees the gleam, the glitter, the colors in the slender trail of sand that follows the crimp in the prospector's pan.

The optimist unhorsed is at best an unbusted broncho.

The optimist is the biggest pile of smoke that comes out of the stack of business success. He is the result of a fire—the result.

He sees success in everything. You like him, and here lies the danger. You trust him.

You despise, you distrust, you dislike the pessimist; and here lies the greater danger.

You side-step the unpleasant, murky mortal for the man who is wrong in the head. Your sentiment crosses wires with your common sense, and you pay the penalty when

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the power goes off and your lights go out—when success is stalled.

The grouch, the fellow with cold feet, never has, nor never will have, much. He has no influence on my mind. He is just a live dead one.

It's this wild-eyed optimist who grabs for a straw and feels he has caught a St. Croix River raft of white pine—it's this buoyant boob who has always fooled me. This flush-up, easily excited, exultant, optimistic outfielder will strut in front of the grand-stand before the game and then in the ninth inning miss the great chance.

After all, optimism is founded on the belief that "everything is ordered for the best," and this is the belief of the fatalist.

So you see, according to Webster, we have not always used this word in its proper place.

Between the optimist, who feels that he is sailing in the safe channel, and the pessimist, who refuses to row—I say, between these two extremes in human nature we have the normal man.

The normal man is neither a pessimist nor an optimist. He is the person who can look a situation straight in the eye and meet it squarely. He sometimes swears, occasionally smiles, always works. He accepts defeat as a lesson which teaches a better way. He is absolutely honest, and when he is all this he is some man.

The optimist is always unearthing gems where the pessimist finds moss and mildew—where the normal man finds opportunities.

Furnishing smiles perennially through the holes of a well-worn meal ticket takes courage—more courage than the optimist has. He only sees, on the snow-capped peak of our northern mountains, millions and millions of uncut diamonds. He sees the things that are not so. He is almost always cheerful, but he never inspires the thoughtful, for he is not practical.

□

SHE accused him of not sending her any more roses since their marriage, but she forgot about the three tons of coal and the rib roast.

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SERVICE

SERVICE, store service, human service, should be of the higher impulse. It should be the natural expression of our better selves. Human service cannot drop to the level of mechanism. It is a mental and a moral plan; it does not mean pulleys, belts, shafts.

There is no class of service in this country that appeals to so many people as that of the department store. I am watching with unusual interest the daily advertisements of The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver on "service," on "selling," and the other human-interest ideas of interesting the individual customer.

Recently, in one of their advertisements, The Joslin Dry Goods people said: "When steel loses its temper it is of little use. When our salespeople lose their temper, they can be of small service to this store."

They acknowledge in their advertising that there is always room for righteous indignation, for a little dissatisfaction; but there is seldom, if ever, real reason for a member of their organization losing his or her temper.

This store is working with all its best energies to get the best results. They say, "There can be no good, but there can be a lot of evil, resulting from the loss of temper in store service." And then they add this significant sentence: "Hot words only add fuel to the flame."

In concluding one of their advertisements The Joslin Dry Goods people say: "Customers who trade here will have little if any reason to complain of the temper of our salespeople. The whole organization has the spirit of our slogan: 'The Store Accommodating.'

"Customers who come here will receive that genuine courtesy, that consideration, they so thoroughly understand and so thoroughly appreciate.

"Our salespeople coöperate with us on this plan of making friends. No sale is successful until the customer is satisfied. No trade is honest until the customer is treated with genuine respect." □

THE world wants you—provided you are willing to wait, and willing to push a little too.

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ART AND ACHIEVEMENT

YOUR knowledge of art may lack a fineness of finish. Your appreciation of Chopin may be out of harmony. But don't you care. Keep right on working at your regular trade in the shop, in the store.

Some day you will be able to buy the works of art and the music of Chopin, and appreciate them too.

Not long ago two of "us" were watching two of "them," and they seemed to be very much bewildered over a magnificent painting in this city. These two art lovers were raving over the beautiful blending of colors—over the marvelous masterpiece on the wall. Finally they passed on.

Presently the janitor, the caretaker, the keeper of the inn, discovered the picture upside down, and when he reversed the beautiful painting we could see—"we" two could see—the simple scene well done.

Let me give you a picture, a simple picture, to look upon. Here it is: A man who has produced enough in the past week to make a profit for the boss. A man who has given his loyalty and his best efforts in the interest of the business that pays him at the end of the week.

This is the picture, the simple picture, that I would like to paint. You may not know all about art, nor much about the peek-a-boo drapery in the dragoons' dance; but this matters little in making a success out of the position you hold with the boss.

□

WANTED

WANTED: The industrious individual who believes in the brand of results that come after a man has done his level best.

Wanted: The man who has confidence in himself, in his business and in humanity.

Wanted: The man who will help his superiors carry their burden when things go wrong.

Wanted: The man who can obey the commands of common sense and respect the laws of discipline.

Wanted: The fellow who will encourage others, who will work with others—the loyal man.

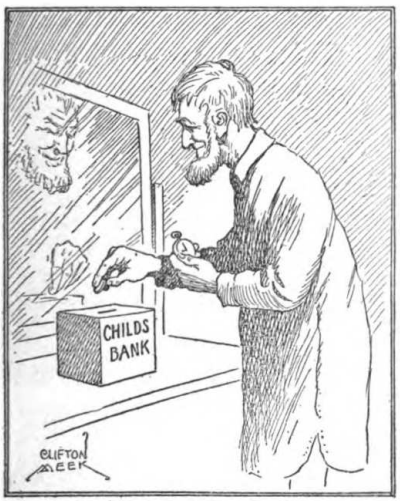
Wanted: The man who believes that downright honesty is upright living; that ideas and ideals are necessary to win.

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SAVING

THE average parent gives a child a dime to spend and not to save. The child-mind accepts the money as a medium, as a means of acquiring something to satisfy appetite or desire—toys or candy.

Generously, lovingly, and with the best intentions in the world, the parents point the child's mind in the wrong direction. The indulgent father and the loving mother furnish funds to satisfy an ever-increasing idea of wanting more and more expensive toys, more luxuries.



Finally the child grows into manhood, or into womanhood, and the fatal habit of spending, not of saving, grows correspondingly. Let me ask you in perfectly plain English, Who is to blame?

Paint this picture on the wall in front of your desk. Paint it in your imagination. Paint sixty-four men all at the even age of sixty-five.

Now picture one rich, four of these men well off, five of these men self-supporting, and you will have fifty-four left—fifty-four men who are dependent upon public charity or friends.

And still you ask me to tell you what is needed in this country for success. I'll tell you again. I will tell you in unmistakable language. I have a child-mind, and so have you. The other day I bought a child's bank, and every night when I wind my watch I drop a nickel or more in the slot, and the habit has got me—got me to saving. It's a little scheme and sounds silly, but, like the mighty stream, it took some small scheme to start me on the way to save.

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LIFE

WHILE I am writing this article it is night—midnight; and in the rayless majesty of my surroundings, I am impelled to concentrate my thoughts on the one great problem that concerns us all—life.

All nature now has paused. Even the earth seems still, and the mortal breath in my body mocks me as it carries my flesh and bones past the portals of death.

Life!—you marvelous opportunity! How hell threatens you and how heaven invites you!

Life!—you little gleam of time; you one thing that we cannot exchange for a new model.

Life!—you unseen hand that holds us from the deep, damp vault; you lonely hour just now that would shrivel the soul of an atheist and make him see the necessity of God.

Life!—you actor of all ages—of the seven ages: you "puking infant in the nurse's arms"; you unwilling pupil on your way to school; you furnace-heated lover of youth; you bubble-seeking soldier at the cannon's mouth; you wise and otherwise older man; you shrunken, senile human with the treble pipes in your voice; and last, " sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Life!—the season that has loaned us in the last few months its ignoble farce.

Life!—the physical immorality that is more often responsible for our physical immortality.

Life! —we see in your lengthening shadows our own sunset, and still we go on and on, unmindful of the upset, the calamity our death will cause in some circle, be it big or small.

On Wednesday, April 5, 1916, the author of this article will have rounded out a half-century of life. According to the official map-makers, my "expectation of life" is growing beautifully less, and the saddest part of it all is that I am not alone. The actuary has made me see quite clearly, with his mortality table, that there are, in the group where I am supposed to stand, 70,731 men, and during the year 962 of this group have got to go—go without return tickets. They never will come back.

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It's a subject that sobers a man.

And now I am wondering if I am to be one of the members of the class that must go this year. This may set you to wondering too. It is an intimately personal subject.

And if I go, will my near ones and my dear ones be able to pick up the tangled ends of my business life? The answer comes back in its echo: "No!"

And I find my hand unconsciously clasping the telephone, and I call for the one who can reach farther into the future for me and for my family than any one else—the persistent, polite insurance man.

□

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THERE is something serene, secure-like in the fastness of the forest.

There is a fadeless picture of the old picnic grounds in the grove, back in the valley where you were a boy, years and years ago.

You can recall—of course you can—the little creek that curved, crooked, and ran with laughter through this little grove—this little grove where you and your best girl held private picnics.

What a wonderful place it was, lost to the profane eyes of the world! There you would sit and whisper and woo.

And it was there, in that heaven of lonely happiness, that Bill Barrows's Holstein bull would discover the crimson cap on your nut; and then for the rail fence for you and Flossie.

And thus ended one chapter in the book of life, "It Might Have Been."

□

LINE-UPS

THERE are two line-ups in New York that tell more than words. One is the bread line-up of the hungry, the homeless, the dejected; and not far to the north you will find the bank line-up of the poor but provident people—working people who are waiting to put away a part of their meagre savings—people who are poor in pocketbook as compared with the rich, but wealthy in common sense.

Ask the bread-liners what brought them there, and they will tell you—booze. Ask the bank line, and they will tell you the babies at home.

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WHY NOT YOU?

SUCCESS is at the other end of the line. Failure is always close at hand. Think this over. Failure you can experience without effort. Success requires courage, training and hard work.

One is worse than worthless. The other is very valuable.

Your life is an individual affair. It is your own. You may make a success out of it, or a failure out of it. Suit yourself.

But there is hardly a limit to your possible achievement provided you will plug along and work for all you are worth.

Success is its strongest support in success. Work is never work when you are willing.

Until your mind and your body are on fire with the eagerness to want to do, you will remain a common, ordinary man—that's all.

You are a much bigger man than you think you are. Your greatest fault is that you probably don't think so. Few men with bumpitis will read this, but there's little chance to save them anyway.

My advice to you is to build a big fire under your boiler of self-confidence.

When blind men, sick men, boys and girls, and even physically weak women, win, in a big way in this world, why not you?

□

SELF-EXAMINATION

HOLD your opinion until you know. Suspend your judgment until you understand both sides of the case.

Men take decided positions, contend with authority, or align themselves with their friends, failing to review the facts or to consider the equity.

Protest less over your neighbor's predilections. This will give you more time to examine your own prejudices. This plan will save you a lot of annoyance and many quarrels.

□

TWO-YEAR-OLD

TO most men there is something objectionable about this two-year-old talk some men try to hand out. But did you ever think that this is the product we need in the spring?

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HISTORY

IT is not my ambition to rob history of its privilege—to paint a word-picture because it seems to visualize accurately the trend of the times toward a broad liberality; but when I hear the few men left who lose no opportunity to condemn the Jews, it fires me to fire these few shots.

The original name of Columbus was Colon, and this is a Jewish name. His voyage of discovery was arranged and actually financed by a Jew.

His mother was a member of a well-known Jewish family. Two of his uncles were burned alive for being Jews.

His skilled men, his translator and his chief navigator were all Jews. The sailors who mutinied and nearly made a muss of the enterprise were what we call Christians.

There is a type of Jew that all Americans would like to ignore. He is that sociable member of society who always creates a panic among patriotic minds. He is full of words that are as empty as the walls of a thermos bottle.

Recently one of these inflamed individuals asked me, after my lecture, "How to Fail," this question: "Can a man be honest and succeed?" My reply was short, but not sweet: "A man will not mount higher than the level of his mind."

My true regard for the Jew was established long ago. My natural disposition to despise the heaviest handicap that the honest Jew has to carry should now be well understood.

□

THE UNDERSTUDY

THERE are three classes—the leader, the lieutenant, the common soldier; the uncommon man, the understudy, the usual fellow.

To which class do you belong?

The understudy is always interesting to me. The understudy is not expected to lead, but he is expected to be able to lead when necessary.

The point for you to consider, to determine, young man, is this: Could you step into the leader's shoes? Do you know what is going on about you?

Somebody, sometime, is sure to be taken sick. Can you take this somebody's position and make good?

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RISING HIGHER

IT requires a big man to rise above the imperfections of his partner—to see in his friends their shortcomings, and then, fully conscious of these faults and foibles, put them in the background and quietly survey the better qualities.

An otherwise pleasing personality has been soured while finding fault with an associate.

If you constantly complain of your associates in business, by and by your friends will begin to suspect your own virtues. The constant complainer is an unprofitable, unpleasant, unhealthy human to have in any organization.

Pension him if necessary, but get him out of the organization—out of the way of others who want to speed.

I know a man who, down deep in his heart, hopes to find failure following every effort of the other fellow. He hopes this way with the one hope that he may mount one peg higher himself during the process of elimination.

If you know such a man, you know the most expensive, dangerous individual in any industry.

□

PASTE THIS UP

EVERY organization has its practical joker, its buffoon who bothers the other boys. You may find him wearing a cap and bells, and sometimes you will see him with a sad, submerged smile. He has that cynical, unhealthy tone in his laugh.

He wastes his energies trying to carry out some "clever trick" on the other fellow. He calls himself funny. Others call him a fool.

Making merry at another's expense is unharnessing organization; it is undignified, unnecessary. And it is the unnecessary things that cost the company a lot of money.

The playful, practical joker is, after all, but the joker in the pack. The game can be played without him.

Comicality cuts little figure in business.

Cut this out and pin it up where the practical joker can see himself as others see him.

□

THE handsomest crystals are the intellectualized emotions that assume the shape of sentiment.

Digitized by Google

VILLA

THE writer lived for some time in old Mexico and is pretty well acquainted with that country, or with those parts of it that are fit for a white man to exist in. And if I give you a picture of Villa, you will have a photograph of the entire population, with few exceptions; and these exceptions are Americans.

Villa the bandit! Villa is what we used to call in the West, years ago, a — — — —. (The postal authorities compel me to stutter here.) He is a living example of the lowest type of border ruffian. He is a murderer, a robber. He is as cunning as a coyote, as treacherous as a hyena, as ravenous as a wolf, as servile as a jackal.

He is a peon by birth, and the pages of his life are blotted with the blood of the innocent, of invalids and infants. He was born in the sagebrush hills of that hell-ridden ranch, the Mexican Republic.

He looks and he acts like the slippery rattler that he is. His venomous face and his full-bellied frame bring out conspicuously his mental and moral defects. He is at the head of an army of scavengers in a country of degeneracy and despotism.

It may take months to cover his carrion with quicklime—this imp of hell, this greaser; but the American boys will get him yet. □

HOT STUFF

DO you try to live up to the ideals you set for this Government? You are a part of the Government, and the question comes point-blank to you like this: What have I done to compensate the Creator for the boon of my coming here on earth?

Your liberty, your life, your present prosperity, you owe to America, and to American ideals and ideas.

What have you done individually to help support America?

Now get mad if you like, and call me names if you want to; but if I can fire you with the sentiment of patriotism, of loyalty to this country, you may call me anything you like. I have served my office. Good night!

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THE UNEXPECTED

CLOSE your eyes and open your hearing channel. Listen! You can hear them calling—Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

Shove open the slide on your mental camera and focus your lens on this scene: Your home or your business place is on fire!

How this excitable cry, how this picture, palls on the mind!

Can you afford to have a fire now, right now?

You say, in your smugness, "Fire won't hit me," or, "I'll take the chances." And still you know, or ought to know, it is the unexpected that always happens.

Build in your mind's eye a row of houses, closely placed, that would reach from San Francisco to New York, and you have an accurate mental picture of the number of buildings damaged or destroyed by fire each year in this country.

I am just jolting you a bit, jarring you a little, not for my individual benefit, but for your personal good. This magazine is published to prod people into protecting themselves against loss of time, loss of energy, and loss of property. This is a big work for a little magazine.

Last spring they telephoned me in a hurry, and told me how lightning had struck my farm barns—how this unbranded agency had destroyed the buildings and killed the horses and cows.

Anything worth having is worth having insured. Anything insured you can better afford to have.

□

LOYALTY

LOYALTY is deference to discipline, devotion to organization, allegiance to associates. Disloyalty is rebellion, revolt, mutiny, treason.

Loyalty makes a man a superman. He can do the kind of work that counts.

Loyalty to the foreman does not mean playing second fiddle. It proves that you can be a leader when the leader is sick. Some violin.

The impatient, insubordinate individual is of no value anywhere, at any time.

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A WELCOME VISITOR

A MAN who knows the first name of each and every one of his twelve small children came into this office the other day with a well-written article on the high cost of living.

This fellow could tell the date of his mother-in-law's birthday—that's how much he loves her.

In confidence he told me that the ultimate aim of all girls is to get married, but I could not see an excuse for the use of the word "ultimate."

He said, in the course of his conversation, that he seldom spoke of scandal, but he wanted to tell of a particular case in his town where a woman sued for divorce, and the defendant declared they were never married. "And this," said he, "started up some scandal, believe me."

He told me all about his business back home. He is a chicken raiser; but this bow-legged, brindle-colored bewhiskered fixer did not know a white leghorn when he saw it on Broadway.

He confidentially told me there was just as much sensation, equally as much fun, in holding a handful of curtain rings as there is in holding the hand of a handsome girl, with a couple of cut carbons set in. But don't you believe it.

□

BOOZE

NOBODY wants a boy to be a tightwad. Nobody expects a boy to be a man in a minute. Boys will be boys, and out of just such boys we get the better men—get the genius.

The dead ones go over the dam, and it's a darn good thing that they do.

The boy who buys booze at night, expecting to have some fun, will get up in the morning with a big head, a bundle of regrets and an empty pocketbook, and, what is worse, he will be disqualified.

But you cannot make a boy see this through a sermon.

When the employers of this country put a ban on booze, and on boys that drink booze, then, and not until then, shall we be true friends of the boy.

□

YOU are given a tongue to say something pleasant, hands to help other humans. How do you use them?

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TOMORROW

THE word "tomorrow" to most men means the remote future. It is not a measure of time to them; it is an expression that frames an excuse.

Tomorrow is the hereafter of all hope.

Tomorrow is the refrain in the chorus of the failure-fellows. We all remember the little girl who awakened in the night and wanted to see Tomorrow.

Contrast this thought with that of the unwilling clerks, the business associates who come to the store, the shop, the office, and yawn and say, "I hope business won't be so heavy today, for I'm tired."

What a disloyal, disinterested, disgraceful statement to make, when the owners are struggling so hard for success! What a damnable idea!

Tomorrow is a season that most men depend on, but today is the hour they live on.

Tomorrow is a by-product of the present. Tomorrow is the day when you propose to start that bank account, take out that life insurance, fit yourself for a higher position—change your course.

But some day you will awaken suddenly, Mr. Man, to this situation; it will be your last chance, and you will, from force of habit, inquire, "Is this tomorrow?" Fate will reply, "No, you big whimpering idiot, this is today!" And then the door of opportunity will slam shut in your face.

□

CRITICISM

ABOUT the best way to get out of a man the best that is in him is to treat him as you would have him treat you. This is an old, familiar rule, but the better business men know that it is gold all the way through.

If you want to criticize a man, take him into your confidence, and in confidence give him the necessary constructive criticism. Then when you have finished, talk it all over again with him in another tone. Then see that you help him get on the right track. This will prove what you said was well meant.

When you criticize a man and then fail to prove to him that you want to help him, you have lost one valuable asset —his confidence.

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MAKING VICE PAY

THE most inspiring lessons we can learn are those that we need to know now. Everybody seems to have a hat full of troubles. Everybody seems to delight in jabbing everybody else with a hatpin.

There are countless vice societies in this country. Why not start a virtue compaign? This city and all other cities in this country are peopled with thousands and thousands of honest folks, right-minded men and respectable, home-loving women.

One would think this old world had gone to the dogs; that business has boils, achievement an abscess; that all the good in the country is but a festering pimple.

We have had a season of old-time galloping consumption. Everybody has had a rash or breaking out around the mouth with reference to our wickedness.

The truth is, this world where we live was never so clean, so prosperous, as now.

This idea of showing up so much of the seamy side of life results in filling the slumming autos with the curious, and this of course makes vice pay.

□

THE JARVIS FAMILY

A PIONEER paper from down in the Southwest, somewhere, tried to set things right concerning the Jarvis family. The paper tells how Jim Jarvis got blown up while kindling the morning fire with kerosene. The editor explained that it was the worst bobble the paper ever made; not that Jim Jarvis took any exception to the item; in fact, he rather felt proud of it; but his wife was peeved. She said that in all the years she had lived with Jim, he had not once got up and built a fire; and even if he was her husband she was not going to let him get away with glory that belonged to her. The kerosene-explosion incident did not take place in their home at all; it was at the John Jarvis home, and John was the one who was singed. □

LIVING today and trying to live tomorrow at the same time wears out a man. If you manage to live out one day at a time, you will probably survive a long time.

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Doctrine

I HAVE been preaching the up-to-the-minute advertising doctrine in the last five issues of The Silent Partner. Let me explain why I told my story here.

Publicity is a most difficult thing to secure for a magazine. The trade papers are indefinite, and so crowded with publishers' announcements that they are a burden.

Circular letters generally arrive in a heavy mail and have a poor chance of reading attention.

Of all the magazines I receive, I found The Silent Partner was the one I *looked* for. It occurred to me that the real advertisers and advertising agents of the country at large would at least enjoy it. So I selected a list of 800—secured their home addresses, where they would have a chance to enjoy its monthly visits—and subscribed to The Silent Partner for them.

The publisher very kindly announced the fact to each person in a personal letter. At the same time I contracted for this two-page spread in each issue at the publisher's rates.

I reasoned that the recipient of this fine little magazine, filled with such good material and mental stimulus, would, when reading the magazine, come upon the story I had to tell all intelligent, truth-seeking advertisers and be benefited thereby.

There is a strong analogy in this, and the point should stand out distinctly.

Six years ago I succeeded in procuring an arrangement from the leading newspapers of our great cities to include, as a regular part of their Sunday editions, the magazine now known as *The National Sunday Magazine*—a semi-monthly section thereof.

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These great newspapers, reaching the cream in and about their cities, announced the coming of the magazine in a large advertising campaign daily and Sunday for a goodly period before its appearance in their editions.

We have made and are making a magazine which is interesting serious-minded men and women everywhere, and it is entertaining at least to all classes, which thus receive it in their homes when their minds are receptive, and there the magazine lies and fulfills its perfect mission.

This is, therefore, the advertisers' greatest opportunity in magazine publicity value.

I made our own advertising medium by the use of The Silent Partner, and it has been the best I ever used. In like manner, we made the best medium for the better grade of advertisers when we secured the best circulation where they most want it and thus produced a better service than other magazines could render.

We have amply proved our claims in this respect to advertisers—general and particular. We have taken our own medicine and proved the theory. If you read this advertisement we have *proved it to you.*

If all the advertising men I sent The Silent Partner to don't make use of the opportunity thus afforded them, still our proof is just as positive, because no other publisher ever tried our plan of reaching advertisers under such favorable auspices, and we stand behind the experiment.

Hundreds have proved the effectiveness of *The National Sunday Magazine* and its patronage is increasing.

It is time that every advertiser should have the advantage of the one great medium built to order for him.

(Advertisement) LYNN S. ABBOTT.

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A PICTURE

THERE they lie—nine thousand humans, either dead or wounded. Think of it—nine thousand bodies torn, ripped, smashed.

One fellow is lying on his face, his eyes are gouged out and his lower jaw is shattered to a pulp. The one next to him has his skull smashed in, and his brains are oozing out.

Ten feet away you will find two men stark in death, clenching throats.

Then there is another poor wretch near them, a mere lad, with his bowels dragging in a stream of blood that flows from the deep wound of a cavalry horse.

Everywhere, anywhere you go, you see smashed guns, broken bayonets, struggling horses, staggering humans in one bewildered mass—all in blind agony, confusion.

Couple with the supreme suffering of these poor patriots and their faithful compatriots, the animals; tie to this terrible thought the mental anguish that comes stealing over the man who is wounded—the death-dreams of humans when they think of home, and you have a picture of pathos no painter can duplicate.

Physical pain, mental torture, epidemics, filth, vermin, the smell of gangrened flesh, the insane cries, the infidel oaths, the pleading prayers—no hope, no help; and at last the silver moon shines and you see that feeble smile that steals over a soldier's countenance as he sleeps his last sleep.

No man with a love of home, with a wife, or with little children, can look upon this picture and want war.

This country is not for conquest, nor does it want war. It wants peace. My candid belief, my firm conviction is, that with the whole world mad we must be prepared to make others respect us.

I believe it is the patriotic privilege, the Christian duty, the great family obligation to help this country get prepared—not preparedness for makers of munitions, but to protect our homes, our honor, if need be.

□

WHEN a patient begins to look longingly at the nurse and wants to kiss her hand, it's time to send him home. He is as well as the average man.

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TWO PICTURES

THE total wealth of the United States exceeds two hundred billion dollars. Can you—of course you can't—comprehend this? But, plainly speaking, it is two thousand dollars per capita. Compare this with any other country on God's green earth, and then yell.

We are worth double the wealth of the United Kingdom. We are worth, or nearly so, the combined wealth of England, France and Germany.

We are four times wealthier than France, eight times as rich as Austria, and ten to one better off than Italy. And we are on the way up, and they are on the way out.

The truth is, we are gaining at the rate of five billion dollars a year. This country never had such an income as at present. Throughout the West, the Northwest and the South, the reaction that followed the first few months of the war is now lost in the shuffle of success.

And still, notwithstanding this tremendous trade, notwithstanding that we are receiving incomparably high prices for all our products, and that unprecedented commercial advantages seem to be coming our way in bunches, we have, at the moment, one-sixth of our railroads in the hands of receivers. We have 41,988 miles in bankruptcy. And still we haven't a mile too much.

We may have too many churches in any one community, or too many plants of a kind in one town; but we can never have, in this big, broad, marvelous empire, too many ways to get men and material back and forth.

Railroads are economically managed, notwithstanding the froth of the fixer, the political plumber, the tit-man who would starve without his natural bottle—a public trust.

The question that confronts the citizens of this country is this: Do the railroads get a fair show?

When we injure the railroads we do not harm any one so much as we hurt ourselves. □

PLATONIC

THE vegetarian's idea of platonic affection is the cabbage growing old gracefully by the side of a cucumber vine and never once letting his clinging neighbor turn his head.

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No man with a love of home, with a wife, or with little children, can look upon this picture and want war.

This country is not for conquest, nor does it want war. It wants peace. My candid belief, my firm conviction is, that with the whole world mad we must be prepared to make others respect us.

I believe it is the patriotic privilege, the Christian duty, the great family obligation to help this country get prepared—not preparedness for makers of munitions, but to protect our homes, our honor, if need be.

□

WHEN a patient begins to look longingly at the nurse and wants to kiss her hand, it's time to send him home. He is as well as the average man.

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TWO PICTURES

THE total wealth of the United States exceeds two hundred billion dollars. Can you—of course you can't—comprehend this? But, plainly speaking, it is two thousand dollars per capita. Compare this with any other country on God's green earth, and then yell.

We are worth double the wealth of the United Kingdom. We are worth, or nearly so, the combined wealth of England, France and Germany.

We are four times wealthier than France, eight times as rich as Austria, and ten to one better off than Italy. And we are on the way up, and they are on the way out.

The truth is, we are gaining at the rate of five billion dollars a year. This country never had such an income as at present. Throughout the West, the Northwest and the South, the reaction that followed the first few months of the war is now lost in the shuffle of success.

And still, notwithstanding this tremendous trade, notwithstanding that we are receiving incomparably high prices for all our products, and that unprecedented commercial advantages seem to be coming our way in bunches, we have, at the moment, one-sixth of our railroads in the hands of receivers. We have 41,988 miles in bankruptcy. And still we haven't a mile too much.

We may have too many churches in any one community, or too many plants of a kind in one town; but we can never have, in this big, broad, marvelous empire, too many ways to get men and material back and forth.

Railroads are economically managed, notwithstanding the froth of the fixer, the political plumber, the tit-man who would starve without his natural bottle—a public trust.

The question that confronts the citizens of this country is this: Do the railroads get a fair show?

When we injure the railroads we do not harm any one so much as we hurt ourselves. □

PLATONIC

THE vegetarian's idea of platonic affection is the cabbage growing old gracefully by the side of a cucumber vine and never once letting his clinging neighbor turn his head.

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REVENGE

REVENGE reeks with the slime of retaliation. To be able to make allowances for another, to let bygones be bygones, is to be big. To let the wound heal is natural.

The stony-hearted human may make a loud noise about the place, but he is, at best, a half-breed who only lives on the border of civilization.

The man who packs about an unforgiving, unrelenting heart—a heart that beats with malice—cannot mount to the summit of success and stay there. He is a Navajo Indian, and not wanted among white folks.

There is something despicable about this unforgiving, cursing, dank dastard who poisons the whole organization. The very best he can do is to tell of the unflagging faithfulness of two or three friends. This is the way he squares his shoulders against the world in support of his own lonely position.

He begins an acquaintance with you in a frenzy of protest and finishes in a fight. His plans prove a rope of sand, a house of cards because he totters at the top. He has that delirium to want to "do" somebody.

My suggestion to a man is to kick the gravel over the grave of yesterday, forget the individual injury of last week long enough to get at least a meal ticket for tomorrow.

Poor Tom Lee said, "All the world is crazy, and all the world say I'm crazy. But, confound it, they outnumber me."

It must be a great drag on a man's mind to think that the whole world is wrong, twisted; that it is suffering from the spell of the Sioux; that everybody is unhinged, untamed.

Keep this constantly before you: Your life is reflected in the number and quality of your friends.

□

BOUND TO LEARN

A DEAF and dumb man applied recently to a penitentiary for admission. He wanted to learn a trade to fit him for an honest living.

This man can do several things fairly well, but no one thing specially well. He wants to be a specialist, and is bound to be one even if he has to go to a state's prison to be taught.

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CARELESSNESS

THERE is a headsman less noisy, much less theatrical, but infinitely more costly than war, and his name is Carelessness.

The laws that preside over the individual genius who gets the wires of an organization crossed, who causes the current to burn out all possible harmony, are as unknown, uncertain, as the laws that create a polecat.

And the disquieting part of it all is, that this careless cuss cannot be approached without your wanting to bury your clothes.

Carelessness marks the shipment with the wrong address. It fails to do anything right, any length of time.

It is a huge monolith of injustice to ask careful, painstaking, willing people to carry the load of a careless member of the organization. It's unfair.

Pity, philanthropy, goodness of heart may hire and may tolerate a careless clerk, a careless anything; but upright intelligence knows that it is not business to carry this careless cipher at the expense of the efficient and willing.

□

CONCENTRATE

THE man who makes good today is he who can bunch all his best energies into one business and not spread and sprawl over a half-dozen semi-successes. Concentrate. Specialize. Do.

When we divide our energies we multiply our chances to fail.

I hear some one say, "Why put all of our eggs in one basket?"

My answer to this is, "Why not make a success out of one thing, and then put in cold storage, in the savings bank, a few cases of hen fruit?" It's even safer than a basket.

□

NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE

THE jury asked to see the bottle in a Western booze case, and a half-hour later they returned and announced a decision: "Your honor, we, the jury, find that there is no case against the defendant, as there is not enough evidence to go around."

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THE EFFECT

UNPLEASANT environment or the pangs of poverty —these are the two things that men say "drive" them to drink.

No man is driven to drink. He walks up willingly and puts away the poison for the effect it will have on his mind.

His courage may be strong in most things, but he has reached a point where his conscience is weak, where his manhood is lame, and he wants to forget, for a time, the things that trouble him.

Not one man in a thousand starts out deliberately to get drunk. He just wants to forget—that's all. He wants to feel the effect that whiskey has on his mind and on his body, which, after all, as you can plainly see, bear close relation to each other.

He is unmindful of the eventual effect. He wants the temperamental, temporary effect.



THE EFFECT

And this prompts me to observe that he who laps up a lot of liquid hell at night, and then tries to see the trade the next day, is a half-brother to the bird that hides its head in the sand and imagines that you cannot see its body. Some bird!

Business today calls for better ball, better players, than it did in the older days when Jefferson said: "Whiskey kills a third of the people in the United States."

Years ago, and within reach of my memory, all classes of men held themselves within calling distance of something to drink. There were few exceptions. True, many of

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them only drank old-man cider, but did you ever see a man get sober inside of six days after getting drunk on old-man cider? There is more kick in this old-man-cider substitute than in anything I know of in the drink line. Everybody, years ago, was brought up on the bottle or the barrel.

Contrast yesterday with today. Big-league ball players are nearly all teetotalers, for they know that whiskey paralyzes purpose, deadens courage, kills pride, poisons the morals and makes them muff the real opportunity.

Booze is the greatest individual curse in this country today. Do you drink for the effect?

□

IDENTIFIED

THE bank teller in a snippy way said: "But I don't know you, madam!"

The woman was red-headed, and she got "red-headed" in a minute. She said: "Oh, yes, you do. I don't need any one to identify me. I'm the 'red-headed hen' next door to you whose 'imps of boys' are always running across your garden. When you started to town this morning your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't keep this house on Christian Science.' "

"Here is your money," interrupted the paying teller very faintly.

□

RESPONSIBILITY

THE greatest chance you will ever have in life will be given you through the lessons you learn from necessity.

There is no growth worth while without the teachings of necessity—without responsibility.

You are where you are by what you are.

Why ask any one to help you? Why not put yourself into a position that compels them to pay you? No one can hand you a chance that you cannot handle and be sure that you will hold it long. When you create a chance are you big enough to hold it—handle it? Think this over.

□

THE only remedy for jealousy is to dwell on the faults, and even magnify them if necessary.

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EUGENE ICKS

WE examine the pedigree of a pup, we study the genealogical history of a horse, we investigate the records of the lineage of our four-footed animals with great care; but when the higher animal comes along, with the advantage of a tongue to tell of his troubles, we take him in, and then he takes us in, nine times out of ten.

Eugenics is a subject that splutters and splatters on my pen. It is so gosh-darned interesting and so wonderfully instructive that I usually let it alone. But I do believe in blood, in human heritage, in dogs, horses and men.

And still we let our feeble-minded men, our blunders-at-everything-else, go right on with their propagating plans.

Out in Ohio there are fifty-eight blood relatives confined in penitentiaries, jails and infirmaries. In West Virginia there are 261 members of one family scheduled as follows: 77 immoral, 74 criminals, 55 feeble-minded, 23 alcholics and 12 public women. The balance have fits.

□

REAL INTEGRITY

IT is important that you be honest with yourself, that you be true to your own interests; and this can only be done by playing honestly with the man who pays you.

Service is worth all that it is worth; but it is never worth what it gets until it is honest, free, faithful.

The man who nails his eyes on the wages and not on the nature of his service steals the confidence of his employer, and you know what they think of "confidence men."

A real hold-up is a gentleman in evening dress as compared with this cayuse, whose hoofs are good for glue—that's all.

□

HOLD YOUR HORSES

HOLD your horses, keep your temper, remain pleasant until 9.26 in the morning. After this, things will generally go along all right.

Get all of the left-over poison out of your system, dictate all of your cranky, grouchy correspondence early in the day, and then hold these get-even letters until 9.26 tomorrow morning, and you will not mail them.

Make 9.26 in the morning the critical hour.

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THE POCKETBOOK

WHEN a man steals, when he murders, when he commits a crime, he is taken from the ranks and the great army moves on.

There is little, if any, lasting lesson taught by telling of the wretchedness brought about by drunkenness, which is the cause of so many crimes.

Men do not depend so much on what they read as on the lessons learned—acts that are brought home.

This world of men is the result of the survival of the fittest. Success comes to the clear-headed sooner than to the booze-befogged. The ultimate result of a booze fighter is known now.

The economic loss to the employer, and the loss to the employee, are the two factors that will prove fatal to the saloon.

The greatest sermon to the greatest number is the talk that hits the pocketbook.

□

WOULD STAGGER YOU

MANY of the banks of this country have made profits beyond all previous records. One bank in this great city has netted over 71 per cent during the fiscal year; another, 62; the third, 37; the fourth, 34; and so on down the line. Banking does pay.

Figures do not signify much, save in the mind of the analyst; but the sum total is told like this: The trade balance of this country, the wealth of the crops alone, the income of the railroads, the money made from manufacturing, would simply stagger you.

□

PERSONAL

SEVERAL years ago there was a vulgar practice in the smart set in my town up-state of giving away a few shares of Steel, common, as a booby prize. Now one of my nearest neighbors is rich from a reward that he honestly earned years ago.

□

FOUR-LEAF LUCK

ABILITY and will, courage and skill—these are the component parts of the four-leaf clover we call luck.

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A SIGN

SOME active-minded citizen in some big city in the South posted this significant sign, suggestive of self-analysis and self-help, on the most conspicuous corner of the city: "After all, wasn't it your own fault? Take heart and try again."

Thousands and thousands of men and women passed this sign each day, and, it is said, these twelve words proved a marvelous agency for good.

Some saw it as a sign, some read it as a rebuke, while others accepted it as an indictment. A few took the thought home with them, and were benefited greatly.

Now I am wondering how many readers of this little magazine are big enough to shoulder the blame for their own failure.

You may excuse yourself, but others will not excuse you. You can blame others, but this will not help you.

□

NEVER TOO LATE

AGE may mean stronger glasses, stiff joints, and a desire to think more and to tramp less.

Age is an advantage when man has physical force to back it up.

Age does not prevent a man from changing his course in life, for it is never too late to mend.

There are countless broken pocketbooks, bent wallets, "busted" men in this country on account of the lack of thrift. And still they cannot seem to understand that it is never too late to mend. □

NEED DIPPING

THERE are in this country thirteen million persons who are foreign-born or of foreign parentage—one-seventh of our population. Some of these people need dipping into a vat of red, white and blue. □

THE STAR STORE

STAR salesmen can sell customers things they don't want, but a star store gets along a little better on the plan of letting the customer buy what he thinks is best.

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THE MISREPRESENTATIVE

HE came into the office at ten—at ten in the morning. He was due much earlier. His face was yellow, his eyes swollen, and his mouth would gin two bales to the acre. His tongue was covered with a white spawn, and from the way he worked his mouth we knew he wanted to talk. He was a sight as he settled down in an office chair. He was talking, evidently talking; but no one sentence bore any relation to the others; no one could understand him. He was trying to tell how pleased he was with his work on a customer the night before; that is, this is the impression we gleaned from his frothings.

After mixing two quarts of liquid lava in a pint of prussic acid and spilling this over with cayenne pepper—after screening this hellish cocktail through a barbed-wire fence, our misrepresentative started to do business at the club the other night.

But he didn't.

He just showed up the next day, as we state above, to explain, but he could not explain. His veins seemed filled with hot oil, his lungs with hot air, his head was bursting with pain, and his throat felt as though a red-hot poker was on its way to his stomach.

Finally he fell asleep and snored successfully—the only really successful thing he ever did for his office save draw his pay.

□

HIMSELF

WHEN you advance you take on more responsibility. When you are doing the task in hand better than just well, you are ready to be advanced, fitted to be promoted.

The man who has his mind on the size of his pay envelope and not on the results he is getting for the boss has one man in his way, and this man is himself.

□

QUALITY

EVERY quality that you recognize as good in Washington, in Lincoln, in Grant, or in any other man, dead or alive, is a quality that you possess. The only point that concerns you is this: Have you developed this quality?

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PREPAREDNESS

UNPREPAREDNESS rests its hope on the assumption of absolute security, and if this assumption is not well founded, we, as a nation, are destined to disaster. Are we not?

We do not contemplate war, we do not want war; but in the world there is just now a chaotic condition that may ultimately involve us in war without our wanting it.

We cannot prepare for war in a few weeks, or in a few months, for it takes time to make a soldier.

The question comes up again, Is it better to begin too early or too late?

A nation is either prepared or not ready. A navy that is not quite good enough will prove in the end all this.

When Washington said that "the most sincere neutrality is not sufficient guard against the depredations of nations at war," he said something worth the serious consideration of every man in this country. And you know Washington had some knowledge of war—knowledge of what this country needed. He was perhaps better posted than you or I, Washington was.

I can conceive of no real reason why any American of today should object to preparedness in proportion to our resources and responsibility.

The most efficient means, the most practical way of bringing about this natural necessity may be beyond my full understanding; but the plan that will work out can never get by the patriotism of America, even though we stumble a bit while getting into line.

□

JUST THINK SO

THE man who prefers moving pictures to a regular show is the fellow who has a Ford machine, pays alimony, owes a mortgage and carries an idea around that he is actually living.

□

THE remorse representative who has put another overcoat in the expense bill of the night before always begins the next day by telling how much he thinks of his wife and home.

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THE VOICE

PUBLIC sentiment is of two different kinds. The voice of the people is often hurried, and brings on untrained, unrestricted emotions. Then we have the voice that is heard often after much thought and careful consideration by the experienced; and this is the solid, enduring basis for human action.

The ocean is often tossed by gales until its surface is a menace to small boats, and even to the greater craft; but beneath the wild waves of the surface is a tremendous agency, aided by the genius of man, which transports the trade of two hemispheres.

We will always have the emotional, temperamental, clannish class; for this is a cosmopolitan country.

Variety in individuality is a big advantage industrially, intellectually, morally, provided it is directed in the right course, in the right channel.

We will always have gales, squalls, storms and rough weather. We are no longer a country that fringes Boston Back Bay.

We will always have the bum-boat captain who blows his whistle continuously—who whistles until his engine runs out of steam. You know Lincoln spoke of this captain.

But don't pay so much attention to the alarmist, who would get all excited over the warped headlines. These headlines are the hurried, untrained voice of public sentiment.

You, Mr. Reader, can rely on this fact—that the mob does not represent the true American. Pin this truth in your fez: The principles of American patriotism depend on the solid people of this country, and no country on earth can compare with our people in allegiance to the principles of right.

It is on this solid, enduring basis of our true Americanism that we fix our future.

You are not the President of the United States, nor are you in a Cabinet office, nor do you know the situation. All you know is what you read. The old helmets of hell let loose in the Old World have not taken us into their confidence as yet. I assume that Mr. Wilson knows more than any of us.

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THE SILENT PARTNER

IT is the things that are left unsaid in this magazine that make it so different. You find plenty of criticism, sarcasm, pessimistic muckraking elsewhere. It takes a long time for the army of grouches to march by.

The Silent Partner comes to you with nothing but the things that help. The things that hinder are left out.

It comes to you in plain overalls and jumper—clothed practically. The editor might throw in a few mythological names, to make the magazine sound brainy, and look like a high-brow; but men and women to-day want the lessons that fit into regular practice, preferring to leave these mummy talks for the tombstone maker, the etcher of epitaphs.

I'm not trying to eulogize the dead, with this magazine. I am trying to energize the living.

To go over into the catacombs of Europe and haul out some historical mummy, and try to tell you what he would do now, is theory—just theory. It's guessing.

To tell you what you can do, is the point. And you can do almost anything that you think you can, if you just think hard enough. What you do depends on the mind, the quality of the mind, the energy of the mind, unless it be stubbing your toe, or doing other things that require no mind.

I am not trying to prove to my readers that I'm smart. I'm not smart. In common with most men who have made good, I am an everyday plugger, willing to listen to the prattle of babes and the words of sages—willing to work long hours.

My one great object in publishing this little magazine is to help men up the hill. I would rather have the approval and the confidence of my readers, and feel that I have helped them, than to be called smart, a genius or a freak.

This magazine has a set of principles that will be carried out to the letter, and these principles do not conflict with the ideas of fair-minded men. The route chosen by the editor has been a rugged one—all the way uphill; but the magazine has at last arrived—arrived. It is no longer an idea. It's an institution.

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And the credit for this success is all due to a lot of right-minded readers who have loaned this magazine liberal support. There is no credit due the editor, for he has worked; and that's what any man should do—work. It is no credit to be clean, and do the right thing, for that's what any man should do. The real credit is due the people who read it. And it is positive proof that a clean, wholesome magazine of inspiration and human interest will live. It refutes the claim that such a magazine is predestined to fail.

It is the highest tribute possible to pay to the people of this country—the majority of people. They want inspiration, enthusiasm; and they want the smut left out.

This little magazine is not sold on the news stand. The subscription price is one dollar a year, cash in advance.

This plan has special advantages for the advertiser, for he gets what he's paying for. The idea has particular advantages for the publisher, for he only pays for what he gets.

The whole scheme takes more time, more patience and more money, but it leaves the publisher independent and in position to give more for the same money. A magazine that readers will recommend to friends, a magazine that is built on the idea of friends endorsing it, loans pretty good proof that the magazine is what folks want.

□

LIFE INSURANCE

NINETY-FOUR per cent of American women die poor. As a rule they live longer than men, work a shorter season, and are handicapped in many ways.

I am wondering if women fully appreciate the advantages of life insurance as compared with being compelled to rely on some life partner who is lame in his result-getting.

□

MODESTY

SOME people are called modest when they appear to think but little of themselves.

If you will take pains to observe them closely, you will find this modesty is really nothing but good judgment.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

THERE is no value in The Silent Partner to the man who is not hungry for help, who lacks an appetite for knowledge. Not high-brow teaching, not psychological research, not science, not astronomy, but just plain, everyday knowledge—the knowledge that a man needs to get a living.

The more you know, the more this magazine will tell you; for it is founded on nothing but the things tried out in the regular routine of daily work.

There can be no superior knowledge in the possession of an editor, unless it is knowledge that will work out in regular practice. Book knowledge is what we acquire from reading. Experience is more than knowledge.

That editor is most successful who can say things in a simple way, with the fewest words—things that will set the reader to thinking. The magazine that rounds out all subjects, and goes into minor details, leaves nothing for the intelligence of the reader—for the reader's imagination.

You will note that this magazine is made up of short, paragraphic punches. I do not expect you always to agree with me, but I do expect you to think four times as much as you read. □

IN THE MORNING

THE man who stands with his foot on the brass rail has his hind hands on the third rail. He tells the "man" of his own greatness, and the "man" seconds the motion. And then he buys again.

In the morning, at the office, he brings his bunch of woolgathering brains into business, and begins to look for the donkey while actually riding the ass.

□

DID NOT CALL

THE world did not know that it wanted the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless. The people did not call for the locomotive or the electric light. In the imagination of some man each of these ideas developed. The world did not call for them. And this is proof that the world is not ahead of you.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI MAY, 1916 NUMBER 7

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

THIRTY-FIVE years ago my teacher told me to write two compositions, one on the subject of "Sentiment" and the other on "Saving." On one subject my mark was 98, and on the other it was an oblong circle.

And now, after all these years, I am going to the night school of thrift, to the day school of saving. It is pretty late, but I am nothing if not plucky.

Just think of it: thirty-five years of principal and interest lost—irrevocably lost!

It takes courage to face this situation—genuine courage.

The greatest wisdom the teacher could have handed me was a pass back to my parents with this significant sentence: "Sentiment present; sense absent."

There were thousands of boys in my class then, and there are millions of men in my society now.

Thrift teaches a boy more ways of making a man of himself than all the tom-tom talks of the Greek professors. Had my teacher taught me to save the pennies as a kid, I would have been inclined to save my dimes as a boy, and my dollars as a man.

Saving is a habit that grows upon you. I had the energy and industry, but lacked the habits of economy and thrift.

So you see, my early education, my teaching, was at fault.

You say this was a responsibility that rested with my parents. Perhaps so; perhaps not. Let us see.

What do we most need in this country today?

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stuck a few pennies, then dollars, in the grated window, the amount to my credit would support me now, and I would have more than a sufficiency: I would have the habit of saving. And you know, saving is the open-all-the-year route to responsibility and resources.

The captains of industry, the men of business acumen, tell us that we are prosperous now. No nation can be prosperous until it is taught to save. Thrift always has had hard sledding in a period of great prosperity. The temptation to spend is stimulated by the presence of plenty. The sense of cost is dulled by the bulging banks. People play more and pay more.

My claim is that it is not necessary to be rich to be happy, but it is necessary to be freed from the grind, the worry, the rigidness of want, in order to be half happy.

If you fail to save a little today, you will probably fail to save a lot tomorrow. It is not the amount of the principal that you save; it is the principle of saving an amount no matter how small.

I have personally reaped the results of a lack of thrift for a period of thirty-five years, and my suggestions should have some weight. My rules are simple, understandable, plain.

First, begin to save today.

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NOISE

THE blunt-nosed bullet speeds on its way to the skull of a soldier, and does its deadly work without noise.

The world revolves in breathless silence.

It is Niagara going to waste that fills the ear with sound; it is the cannon's mouth that thunders; it is the artillery of the heavens that tells that lightning has struck somewhere.

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The most powerful force in all the world is as silent as the tomb.

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THE woman who has four gowns will not go to the summer place where they support six or seven.

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Some day I propose to tell them in this magazine, and it is doubtful if any chapter ever written will be of greater benefit to young men.

The other day I asked Mr. Janowitz this question: "What is education?" and he replied:

"To memorize what other people have written and created, and be a walking dictionary, is not education.

"The man who studies a science is not a scientist; he only becomes one when he contributes something new and original of his own creation towards science.

"College education is a wrong term also. College instructions only form the foundation for an education, and only a small portion of college graduates acquire real education. On the other hand, many educated men and women have never seen the inside of a college.

"Anybody who knows one thing well, has studied and acquired that knowledge and the art of applying it intelligently to actual work, is educated.

"Intelligent work after all is the real creative power that produces results beneficial to mankind. Such results are the direct production of real education.

"Any man or woman who leads a useless life is not educated, no matter how much book learning he or she may have acquired."

Mr. Janowitz is enthusiastic in his efforts to help young men—to educate young men by work after they have been instructed in schools. And to show you his practical side, he generously donates to the schools.

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We shall soon be the biggest factor in trade in the known world, and we must remember that, occupying this tremendously important and enviable position, we are sure to become the target for the most shots.

There is a preparedness that we must consider other than that of fleets, flying machines and machine guns. It is the preparedness for the fight that we must have when the battle for business begins.

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But the word painting of the poet puts no maple syrup on your griddle cakes. The things that will make up for the many years that are being lost over in the Old World are what we want in this country today.

We want the potential energies of this country put up in packages and then advertised all over the world.

The Indian watched the wonderful waterfall, then the more modern man measured its possibilities, and finally arrested this giant of power for the good of humans.

Poems and pictures are national necessities, but power put to the purpose of helping humans is the practical thing, the call of the hour.

I can see no real reason for committing to memory some Latin verse before we are able to order intelligently a plate of ham and eggs.

It is up to us to harness our energies and make use of our mechanical and mental power in every way.

This is the hour that calls for special training, for pluck, for position. Every individual or every community is threatened unless he or it is using every ounce of power to the best advantage.

The very fact that a man is willing to train himself for a higher position, to take some special course like that of Cornell, Columbia, or even the practical course of The Alexander Hamilton Institute, is to my mind the best evidence in the world that he has harnessed what means more to him than the falls of Niagara.

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No opposition, no wind at all, and you are at the mercy of the ever-changing tide.

It takes opposition to jolt you into thinking along constructive lines.

Put the man who knocks you on the pay roll. Add the name of the man who opposes you to your list of friends.

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THE BOY HEADED HOME

IT is not a question of individual rights; it is a matter of personal interest or corporation protection.

The enforcement of the new workingmen's compensation act virtually compels a corporation and should inspire the individual to think seriously over the question of temperance.

A man who drinks multiplies his possibilities of injuring himself or of hurting others. And for this, and for so many more good reasons, my ambition is to talk temperance and not preach prohibition.

The sociologists, the moralists, may not agree with me, for they will claim that drink is drink. My position is that the pocketbook or the man's position seems to preach louder and longer sermons than the minister, the moralist —the man whose principles no one can doubt. But principles are not always put up front in battle, and this is a battle.

When we consider that the earning power of the drinking man is decreased each day; that the restraining influence of the churches of the world could not hold mankind from self-destruction; that even armies have volunteered to join the ranks of abstainers in the hope of more efficiency—when we take into consideration these facts, we must see that temperance in the use of alcohol is the safest and surest way.

But somehow, I have always thought it best to apply the brakes in a safe and sane way, when going at a too rapid rate. It does not upset the beans.

When we hear the radical who cries, "To hell with the Stars and Stripes!" we know that he does not harm America; he kills his own cause by contempt.

The reformer, the revolutionist, has little if any room in this country with sane people, safe people, sure people.

The plan that prospers a man, protects his home and puts money in the pay envelope Saturday night may not be the big highway that leads to the right way, but it will bring the boy, the man, back home—snub him up to his self-interest. And after all, this is what will cause him to listen—self-interest.

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"There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory are rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil of clamor."

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But the word painting of the poet puts no maple syrup on your griddle cakes. The things that will make up for the many years that are being lost over in the Old World are what we want in this country today.

We want the potential energies of this country put up in packages and then advertised all over the world.

The Indian watched the wonderful waterfall, then the more modern man measured its possibilities, and finally arrested this giant of power for the good of humans.

Poems and pictures are national necessities, but power put to the purpose of helping humans is the practical thing, the call of the hour.

I can see no real reason for committing to memory some Latin verse before we are able to order intelligently a plate of ham and eggs.

It is up to us to harness our energies and make use of our mechanical and mental power in every way.

This is the hour that calls for special training, for pluck, for position. Every individual or every community is threatened unless he or it is using every ounce of power to the best advantage.

The very fact that a man is willing to train himself for a higher position, to take some special course like that of Cornell, Columbia, or even the practical course of The Alexander Hamilton Institute, is to my mind the best evidence in the world that he has harnessed what means more to him than the falls of Niagara.

□

OPPOSITION

ENEMIES only energize a man worth while.

Opposition is the head-wind which can be used to great advantage by a real sailor who knows how to "tack."

No opposition, no wind at all, and you are at the mercy of the ever-changing tide.

It takes opposition to jolt you into thinking along constructive lines.

Put the man who knocks you on the pay roll. Add the name of the man who opposes you to your list of friends.

□

IF you want to get back, to be real cruel, tell your wife of the days when she was trim and slender.

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ETCH THIS IN

THE Old World has retarded its progress, paralyzed its efficiency, and left the whole world a legacy of a century lost—left an appalling debt, toward the payment of which we must all contribute.

Conditions in this country at the moment are abnormal, unnatural, unreal. While we are ready and willing to accept the advantages in commerce caused by circumstances over which we had no control and for which we are not morally responsible, we must all be equally equipped to meet the corresponding disadvantages that are sure to follow.

We shall soon be the biggest factor in trade in the known world, and we must remember that, occupying this tremendously important and enviable position, we are sure to become the target for the most shots.

There is a preparedness that we must consider other than that of fleets, flying machines and machine guns. It is the preparedness for the fight that we must have when the battle for business begins.

Etch this truth in: Every million that we make from the sale of munitions will later prove a temptation to the other nations. They will naturally seek to recover the millions that are now being shifted from the coffers of Europe to those of America; they will want to burst the iridescent bubble of wealth now floating before our eyes.



THE BIG BUBBLE

When we have great wealth and are unprepared to defend it, we furnish two impelling motives for the aggression of those who want what we have.

We want to insure peace in this country. We want to pro-

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voke possibilities and not other nations. We want an army of a million men or more to build dams, dredge rivers, irrigate lands, construct canals, lay railroads, plant trees, improve highways.

We want an army of constructionists and not destructionists.

This army can be fitted for wonderful work. And here you have the tremendous value of discipline, experience and the habit of work—not "soldiering."

These men would be exactly what we need, for they would be builders—battlers if need be.

They would be mentally, physically and morally fit.

Such an army would inspire the individual soldier to be a true patriot, and often true patriotism is more than just wanting to war.

The greatest patriots in the known world have wanted peace—before war and at the close of war.

□

The man who lives in the wilderness without friends has a conscience that is as clear as mud, has habits that are as pure as those of a polecat. To him, friends are but a galaxy of "good things" to "work."

□

PUNCTUAL, POLITE, PRACTICAL

THE infallible individual will be over on the next boat. He has not arrived yet. No one is perfect, flawless.

Every individual has his handicaps to carry. But when you do find the dependable, reliable individual, you have discovered the highest type of human help.

If you never "lie down," if you always "keep your nerve," if you are punctual, polite, practical, you will have two important jobs waiting for you all the time—perhaps more than two.

□

COMMON SENSE

DO not demand success of any occupation, any calling. Command success, and this you will find in yourself and not in your profession. Big thought here.

□

ALL the world loves a lover, but who in the world has failed to love his mother?

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THE BOY HEADED HOME

IT is not a question of individual rights; it is a matter of personal interest or corporation protection.

The enforcement of the new workingmen's compensation act virtually compels a corporation and should inspire the individual to think seriously over the question of temperance.

A man who drinks multiplies his possibilities of injuring himself or of hurting others. And for this, and for so many more good reasons, my ambition is to talk temperance and not preach prohibition.

The sociologists, the moralists, may not agree with me, for they will claim that drink is drink. My position is that the pocketbook or the man's position seems to preach louder and longer sermons than the minister, the moralist—the man whose principles no one can doubt. But principles are not always put up front in battle, and this is a battle.

When we consider that the earning power of the drinking man is decreased each day; that the restraining influence of the churches of the world could not hold mankind from self-destruction; that even armies have volunteered to join the ranks of abstainers in the hope of more efficiency—when we take into consideration these facts, we must see that temperance in the use of alcohol is the safest and surest way.

But somehow, I have always thought it best to apply the brakes in a safe and sane way, when going at a too rapid rate. It does not upset the beans.

When we hear the radical who cries, "To hell with the Stars and Stripes!" we know that he does not harm America; he kills his own cause by contempt.

The reformer, the revolutionist, has little if any room in this country with sane people, safe people, sure people.

The plan that prospers a man, protects his home and puts money in the pay envelope Saturday night may not be the big highway that leads to the right way, but it will bring the boy, the man, back home—snub him up to his self-interest. And after all, this is what will cause him to listen—self-interest.

□

WOMEN are the founders of the sanctuary of the church, of the home, of the soul.

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bid feelings that stimulate the great majority of diseases. When "hypo" passes beyond the control of the will, when the whole mind is centered upon the state of the system, or upon one's beauty or bumps, you will find that the mind often misinterprets the truth; and then all the physicians this side of Puget Sound will help little.

A man or a woman with "hypo" actually suffers even though the errors of mind are absurd, even though their apprehensions are groundless. These patients do not want what they find in bottles, pills or powders. They want to get out in the open and be treated in various ways.

"Hypo" is a distinct and independent affliction, traceable generally to disorder of the digestive or assimilative apparatus, or to some habit.

The high-strung human is more often the "hypo."

There are several forms of "hypo," and these forms work in various ways—sometimes on the bump of beauty, and then again on the condition of the body.

Have you "hypo"? □

IT'S A MAN'S GAME

TWO centuries ago Walpole advised the speculators of the dangers of the South Sea companies that were being fostered in England. In this country, the conservative publications are warning the public against inflated stocks. But these preachments will have little effect. Each generation must pay the price of knowledge. Each child must carry the scars of a hot stove.

American ambition runs blind-eyed after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. This is American ambition, and I'm proud of it. It's willing to take a chance. But I have little use for the man who will whine when he takes the "chance."

This passion for more money is inborn, and one might as well try to dam up the Mississippi River with a coal sieve as to stop speculation in America.

But don't play the baby act if you lose. Be game, for it's a man's game to gamble. □

FEW, very few real Americans are against preparedness—preparedness in its true meaning. They are opposed to militarism. And here is where we get our wires crossed.

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WANTS AND WISHES

WHEN you understand the other fellow, you are well on the way to getting about what you want. And how true this is in salesmanship!

The physician cannot cure the disease until he is able to diagnose the case intelligently—unless he has a streak of luck; and who wants to depend on luck?

The salesman cannot sell the customer unless he understands the wants and wishes of the customer.

Good goods, right prices and seasonable styles are important in salesmanship. And then comes delivery, which seems to me rather important. And then comes the other factor, the big factor—the buyer's mind.

When you are able to read what the buyer thinks, you are able to present your proposition intelligently.

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THE MASTER-WORD

THE master-word of the world is "w-o-r-k." In the grasp of all great successes, you will see the rod of energy and efficiency.

Work is the schoolmaster of success. Education is bound in textbooks. Knowledge is education melted down into the button of experience. And you know it is experience that men want and are willing to pay for.

Without work, study is a fluke.

The mentally slow man will be quickened by work. The common, everyday man will develop into the big man through work. The brilliant mind is made steady by work. Work fits all classes to be more fit.

When a piece of gold is rubbed across the touchstone, it leaves a streak which is more or less reddish, and by comparing the streak with alloys of known composition, the expert can determine approximately the value of the metal.

When a man rubs elbows with other men who work, you can estimate his value—the mettle in him.

When he refuses to work, he is what we would call, out in Colorado, "country rock"; and the place for him is over the dump.

The master-word in every degree of life has something to do with carrying the hod and laying brick—real work.

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YOUR GOAT

EVERY time I get mad it costs me money. Anger impairs my judgment, upsets my nerves, and actually ends in real regret.

This does not mean that out on the rocks back of my cabin you will not find a goat. I have a goat, and every time I lose him the loss makes me sick.

You can tell when my goat is lost. My face is ashen pale, my hands cold, my heart thumps, and somebody gets hell.

Not long ago, a man got my butting beast and got my whole system deranged for three days. I was morbid, nervous, sleepless—a physical wreck, a mental mutt. My services to myself were worth two dollars a day in counterfeit money.

□

GOING AND COMING

WE start out with the exaltation of hope and the enthusiasm of youth, and for a time we feel that this is the happiest season in all our lives.

By and by we start back. On the way back we prolong the pleasures, we devour the hours, for they must necessarily be short.

Going out, we tasted the things of life and found them good, and we found them also bad. And I ask you in all sincerity, Where is the greater fun—going out or coming back?

We filled our hands on the way out, and we emptied them on the way back. We were eager to go out, and we are equally eager to get back safely.

There are those who reverse this natural order of things and find no happiness in youth on the way out, and these people certainly find no fun on the return trip.

It is a beautiful thought to want to go out full of hope, energy, enthusiasm, and it's just as beautiful to grow old gracefully and want to come back to your own.

□

SLOW AND LOW

JUST the moment you begin to talk loud, you begin to show signs of anger.

Talk slow and low.

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THE NORMAL WAY

THE normal, natural way is about the best way after all. This plan of chasing to the foothills of the rainbow, of consulting some new cult, some new fad, some sand-eater, some sun-worshipper, some wonder-working physician, only helps to establish the sane ideas more firmly.

But to say there is no foundation for the various forms of old and new thought, for the scientific Christians, is to my mind an evidence of personal prejudice, indifference or ignorance.

To tell you the truth, I can see so much good in most of these new wrinkles that are made out of old cloth—so little benefit, at times, in all of them—that I am inclined to consider what appears to be the common-sense course; and this is what prompted me to say in the beginning: The normal, natural way is about the best way after all.

□

The greatest gift, outweighing every other,
The perfect love, surpassing father, brother,
Deeper than that of sister or of lover,
The one great gift—the sacred love of mother.

□

SOON

SOON the warm spring evenings will invite us on the porch, and the perfume of the lilac will loan its influence. And then the hammock—that wonderful hammock. And then a pretty girl, and a love that will lie its head off.

□

NOT EXPECTED

YOU are not expected to travel beyond the limit of human endurance in your efforts to win; but you were called here to sink or swim.

□

IT IS NATURAL

YOU think more of a man who is honest and reliable than you do of him who cheats your confidence by slighting the many little duties that are better understood than explained.

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COMPETITION

ONE of the things that you should be thankful for is competition. You will find no competition of any consequence in the lowlands of life. Neither is success to be found in the swamps of despair.

Competition is proof of the presence of a real opportunity.

Every time you try to knock a competitor you hit the nail on your own thumb.

Competition will show you up, and this is the greatest study in all the world—thyself.

The success or failure of your competitor has little if any bearing on your own business success.

□

IF YOU CAN

DIVIDENDS are paid from net profits. Bankruptcy costs are settled in advance by the buyer who thinks he is getting some special advantage in trade from a man he knows to be dishonest with others.

Tell me, if you can, why a reputable concern will continue to buy of some unreliable, limited maker, when the commercial world is well supplied with manufacturers who only expect a fair, uniform margin of profit, who do business enough to live on a small margin of profit, and who sell some well-advertised, well-known trade-mark brand of goods?

□

NOW AND THEN

THE dresses that I wore then, at the age of two, would about fit the maid of twenty now. It doesn't take much of a skirt to satisfy the big girl now—nor the big boy, so far as that goes.

□

SOME TRICK

IT is quite a trick to be able to fool yourself into the belief that you have fooled your wife, and then have her fool you into thinking that she doesn't know it.

□

THE peach crop will soon be reported short, and now I am wondering how the wild-oat crop will be this year.

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TWO MIKES

IT is now nearly thirty years since little Mike McGowan asked if he could study telegraphy at my old table in a small station up State, and the agent said "No."

Not that the agent didn't like little Mike, but he was averse to helping Irishmen, even deserving little Irishmen like Mike.

Little Mike McGowan, twelve years old, courteous, conscientious, and as clever as a clip, caught the morning freight for Rock Cut each day, and almost before we older chaps knew it he was a train dispatcher.

I know so many struggles, hardships and handicaps that this little Irishman went through that when I see him over in Hoboken, as the big chief of the Lackawanna train service, somehow I just don't want to think he was ever little Mike. And the strangers spoil it all by calling him Mr. McGowan.

Then there was another little Mike, and his name was Mulligan—Mike Mulligan. He was a water-boy at sixty-five cents a day, and he worked seven days in the week. He was the Gunga Din of the Lehigh Valley. He is now "Super," but it's all a shame, for strangers call him Mr. Mulligan.

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THE BIG-SALARY LIE

IT is a mistake, it is misleading, to publish lists of high salaries that are paid men, when in truth those lists are half lies. Almost all men are willing to be credited with drawing twice what they actually get or can really earn.

Big pay comes automatically with big results.

If a man has nothing but the figures of a salary in his head, he is not trying to earn his salary: he is trying to get it.

Get the results, and some day you will be the one who pays the salary.

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THE movies claim that they pay Charles Chaplin something less than one million a year to be "funny." Then why not be funny?

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THE man who invented interest was no slouch.

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To set your standard too high, beyond your capacity, only means that you discount the situation, instead of adding a stimulant.

There is a popular impression that success implies the possession of some exceptional talent. This impression is all wrong. Some of the greatest achievers have been the hardest workers for success. These men liked what they were trying to do, and in liking their work they won. Unless you like what you are working at, you are backing up.

The man who constantly refers to some other line of business, some competitor, is with the house that pays him only on pay day.

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SOME INCOMES

THE Czar of Russia is actually worth more than any man on earth in real money. His private income is $25,000,000 a year.

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JOHN R. ROSKOB is a man of about thirty-five, a little more or less. He was a stenographer in a small town in Ohio but a few years ago. Today he is treasurer of the du Pont Company, and is said to be worth millions.

When a stenographer he tackled Mr. du Pont for a job, and got it. The job did not tackle Roskob.

When Roskob got the position with the du Pont people, he worked for all he was worth to win.

It's a simple story, short and right to the point. Roskob got results for his employer and results for himself.

There are several stories told concerning his career as a street-car conductor, and how he handed back to a passenger $4.95 after a lapse of a whole year, and how this passenger happened to be Mr. du Pont. But this is romance. I am trying to tell you of results.

Mr. Roskob believes that the rapidity of a man's advancement depends on his integrity and industry. The man who masters the details of his job and then puts the employer's interest ahead of his own will get results; and results are what the big men are willing to pay liberally for.

□

MUCH BETTER

IT would be eventually better to put off until tomorrow what you should do today, if in doing today you are compelled to undo it all tomorrow.

□

TWO CLASSES

THERE are two classes in this country. One class is afraid to stand still, and the other class is afraid to go ahead. And these are the people who are in the way.

□

THE KICKERS

WE men kick about women painting their cheeks, and then some of us work for ten years and spend a fortune trying to get a good color on our noses.

□

GARDEN seeds that come from Washington are all well enough, but what we want is more statesmanship from this source.

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□

MUCH BETTER

IT would be eventually better to put off until tomorrow what you should do today, if in doing today you are compelled to undo it all tomorrow.

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TWO CLASSES

THERE are two classes in this country. One class is afraid to stand still, and the other class is afraid to go ahead. And these are the people who are in the way.

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THE KICKERS

WE men kick about women painting their cheeks, and then some of us work for ten years and spend a fortune trying to get a good color on our noses.

□

GARDEN seeds that come from Washington are all well enough, but what we want is more statesmanship from this source.

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bid feelings that stimulate the great majority of diseases. When "hypo" passes beyond the control of the will, when the whole mind is centered upon the state of the system, or upon one's beauty or bumps, you will find that the mind often misinterprets the truth; and then all the physicians this side of Puget Sound will help little.

A man or a woman with "hypo" actually suffers even though the errors of mind are absurd, even though their apprehensions are groundless. These patients do not want what they find in bottles, pills or powders. They want to get out in the open and be treated in various ways.

"Hypo" is a distinct and independent affliction, traceable generally to disorder of the digestive or assimilative apparatus, or to some habit.

The high-strung human is more often the "hypo."

There are several forms of "hypo," and these forms work in various ways—sometimes on the bump of beauty, and then again on the condition of the body.

Have you "hypo"? □

IT'S A MAN'S GAME

TWO centuries ago Walpole advised the speculators of the dangers of the South Sea companies that were being fostered in England. In this country, the conservative publications are warning the public against inflated stocks. But these preachments will have little effect. Each generation must pay the price of knowledge. Each child must carry the scars of a hot stove.

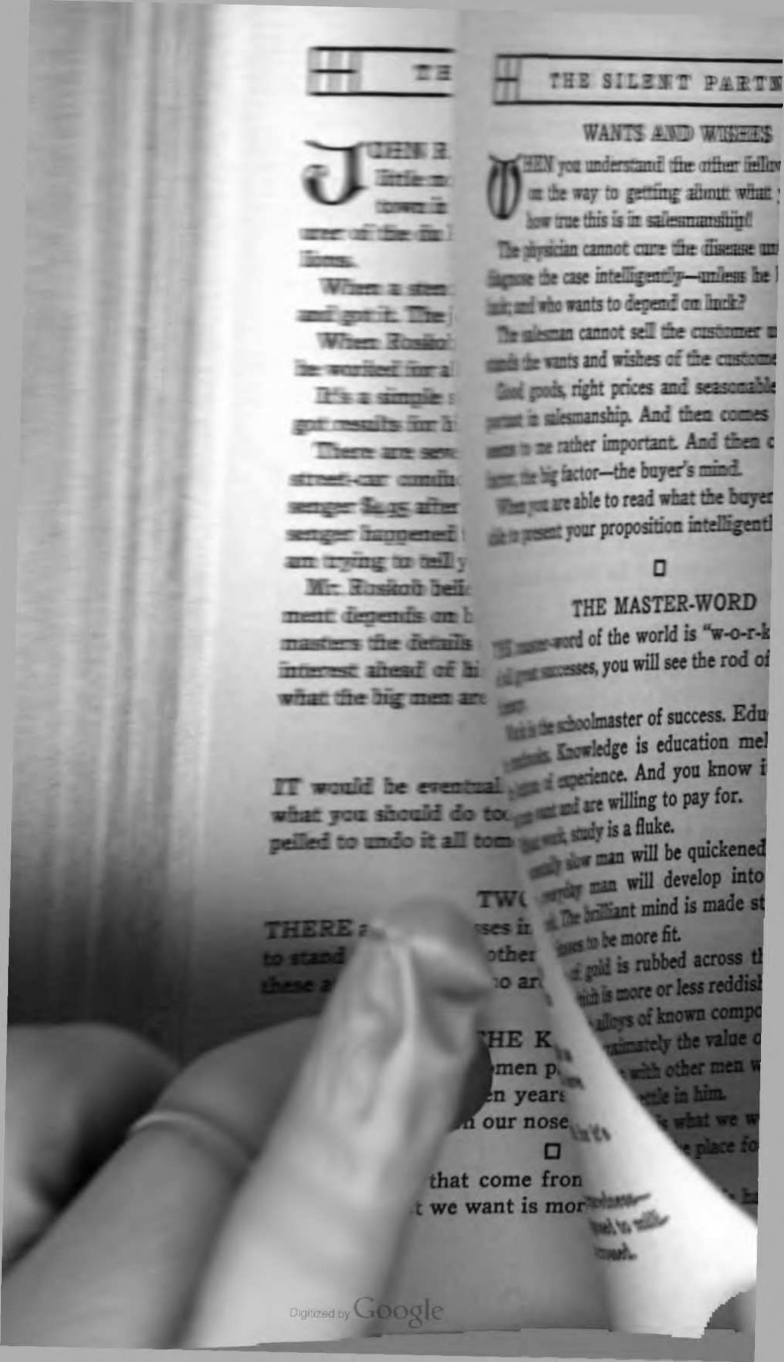
American ambition runs blind-eyed after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. This is American ambition, and I'm proud of it. It's willing to take a chance. But I have little use for the man who will whine when he takes the "chance."

This passion for more money is inborn, and one might as well try to dam up the Mississippi River with a coal sieve as to stop speculation in America.

But don't play the baby act if you lose. Be game, for it's a man's game to gamble. □

FEW, very few real Americans are against preparedness—preparedness in its true meaning. They are opposed to militarism. And here is where we get our wires crossed.

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YOUR GOAT

I get mad it costs me money. Anger im-
dgment, upsets my nerves, and actually
regret.
an that out on the rocks back of my cabin
goat. I have a goat, and every time I lose
me sick.
n my goat is lost. My face is ashen pale,
heart thumps, and somebody gets hell.
man got my butting beast and got my
ged for three days. I was morbid, nerv-
hysical wreck, a mental mutt. My serv-
worth two dollars a day in counterfeit

ING AND COMING

he exaltation of hope and the enthusi-
r a time we feel that this is the happi-
ives.
rt back. On the way back we pro-
ve devour the hours, for they must

d the things of life and found them
em also bad. And I ask you in all
greater fun—going out or coming

n the way out, and we emptied
We were eager to go out, and we
back safely.
this natural order of
on the way out, and
the return trip.
go out full of hope,
eautiful to grow old
your own.

W

d, you begin to show

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WANTS AND WISHES

WHEN you understand the other fellow, you are wel on the way to getting about what you want. An how true this is in salesmanship!

The physician cannot cure the disease until he is able t diagnose the case intelligently—unless he has a streak o luck; and who wants to depend on luck?

The salesman cannot sell the customer unless he under stands the wants and wishes of the customer.

Good goods, right prices and seasonable styles are im portant in salesmanship. And then comes delivery, whic seems to me rather important. And then comes the othe factor, the big factor—the buyer's mind.

When you are able to read what the buyer thinks, you ar able to present your proposition intelligently.

□

THE MASTER-WORD

THE master-word of the world is "w-o-r-k." In the gras of all great successes, you will see the rod of energy and e ficiency.

Work is the schoolmaster of success. Education is bour in textbooks. Knowledge is education melted down in the button of experience. And you know it is experien that men want and are willing to pay for.

Without work, study is a fluke.

The mentally slow man will be quickened by work. common, everyday man will develop into the big through work. The brilliant mind is made steady by w Work fits all classes to be more fit.

When a piece of gold is rubbed across the touchst it leaves a streak which is more or less reddish, and by c paring the streak with alloys of known composition, the pert can determine approximately the value of the met

When a man rubs elbows with other men who work, can estimate his value—the mettle in him.

When he refuses to work, he is what we would call, in Colorado, "country rock"; and the place for him is ov the dump.

The master-word in every degree of life has somethir to do with carrying the hod and laying brick—real work.

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YOUR GOAT

EVERY time I get mad it costs me money. Anger impairs my judgment, upsets my nerves, and actually ends in real regret.

This does not mean that out on the rocks back of my cabin you will not find a goat. I have a goat, and every time I lose him the loss makes me sick.

You can tell when my goat is lost. My face is ashen pale, my hands cold, my heart thumps, and somebody gets hell.

Not long ago, a man got my butting beast and got my whole system deranged for three days. I was morbid, nervous, sleepless—a physical wreck, a mental mutt. My services to myself were worth two dollars a day in counterfeit money.

□

GOING AND COMING

WE start out with the exaltation of hope and the enthusiasm of youth, and for a time we feel that this is the happiest season in all our lives.

By and by we start back. On the way back we prolong the pleasures, we devour the hours, for they must necessarily be short.

Going out, we tasted the things of life and found them good, and we found them also bad. And I ask you in all sincerity, Where is the greater fun—going out or coming back?

We filled our hands on the way out, and we emptied them on the way back. We were eager to go out, and we were equally eager to get back safely.

There are those who reverse this natural order of things and find no happiness in youth on the way out, and these people certainly find no fun on the return trip.

It is a beautiful thought to want to go out full of hope, energy, enthusiasm, and it's just as beautiful to grow old peacefully and want to come back to your own.

□

SLOW AND LOW

JUST the moment you begin to talk loud, you begin to show signs of anger.

Talk slow and low.

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THE NORMAL WAY

THE normal, natural way is about the best way after all. This plan of chasing to the foothills of the rainbow, of consulting some new cult, some new fad, some sand-eater, some sun-worshipper, some wonder-working physician, only helps to establish the sane ideas more firmly.

But to say there is no foundation for the various forms of old and new thought, for the scientific Christians, is to my mind an evidence of personal prejudice, indifference or ignorance.

To tell you the truth, I can see so much good in most of these new wrinkles that are made out of old cloth—so little benefit, at times, in all of them—that I am inclined to consider what appears to be the common-sense course; and this is what prompted me to say in the beginning: The normal, natural way is about the best way after all.

□

The greatest gift, outweighing every other,
The perfect love, surpassing father, brother,
Deeper than that of sister or of lover,
The one great gift—the sacred love of mother.

□

SOON

SOON the warm spring evenings will invite us on the porch, and the perfume of the lilac will loan its influence. And then the hammock—that wonderful hammock. And then a pretty girl, and a love that will lie its head off.

□

NOT EXPECTED

YOU are not expected to travel beyond the limit of human endurance in your efforts to win; but you were called here to sink or swim.

□

IT IS NATURAL

YOU think more of a man who is honest and reliable than you do of him who cheats your confidence by slighting the many little duties that are better understood than explained.

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COMPETITION

ONE of the things that you should be thankful for is competition. You will find no competition of any consequence in the lowlands of life. Neither is success to be found in the swamps of despair.

Competition is proof of the presence of a real opportunity.

Every time you try to knock a competitor you hit the nail on your own thumb.

Competition will show you up, and this is the greatest study in all the world—thyself.

The success or failure of your competitor has little if any bearing on your own business success.

□

IF YOU CAN

DIVIDENDS are paid from net profits. Bankruptcy costs are settled in advance by the buyer who thinks he is getting some special advantage in trade from a man he knows to be dishonest with others.

Tell me, if you can, why a reputable concern will continue to buy of some unreliable, limited maker, when the commercial world is well supplied with manufacturers who only expect a fair, uniform margin of profit, who do business enough to live on a small margin of profit, and who sell some well-advertised, well-known trade-mark brand of goods?

□

NOW AND THEN

THE dresses that I wore then, at the age of two, would about fit the maid of twenty now. It doesn't take much of a skirt to satisfy the big girl now—nor the big boy, so far as that goes.

□

SOME TRICK

IT is quite a trick to be able to fool yourself into the belief that you have fooled your wife, and then have her fool you into thinking that she doesn't know it.

□

THE peach crop will soon be reported short, and now I am wondering how the wild-oat crop will be this year.

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TWO MIKES

IT is now nearly thirty years since little Mike McGowan asked if he could study telegraphy at my old table in a small station up State, and the agent said "No."

Not that the agent didn't like little Mike, but he was averse to helping Irishmen, even deserving little Irishmen like Mike.

Little Mike McGowan, twelve years old, courteous, conscientious, and as clever as a clip, caught the morning freight for Rock Cut each day, and almost before we older chaps knew it he was a train dispatcher.

I know so many struggles, hardships and handicaps that this little Irishman went through that when I see him over in Hoboken, as the big chief of the Lackawanna train service, somehow I just don't want to think he was ever little Mike. And the strangers spoil it all by calling him Mr. McGowan.

Then there was another little Mike, and his name was Mulligan—Mike Mulligan. He was a water-boy at sixty-five cents a day, and he worked seven days in the week. He was the Gunga Din of the Lehigh Valley. He is now "Super," but it's all a shame, for strangers call him Mr. Mulligan.

□

THE BIG-SALARY LIE

IT is a mistake, it is misleading, to publish lists of high salaries that are paid men, when in truth those lists are half lies. Almost all men are willing to be credited with drawing twice what they actually get or can really earn.

Big pay comes automatically with big results.

If a man has nothing but the figures of a salary in his head, he is not trying to earn his salary: he is trying to get it.

Get the results, and some day you will be the one who pays the salary.

□

THE movies claim that they pay Charles Chaplin something less than one million a year to be "funny." Then why not be funny?

□

THE man who invented interest was no slouch.

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TWO KINDS OF SUCCESS

THERE are two kinds of success. One kind you get, and the other kind you get and hold. Any man can make a success in life, do anything that he hopes to, provided he does not expect unreasonable things.

To set your standard too high, beyond your capacity, only means that you discount the situation, instead of adding a stimulant.

There is a popular impression that success implies the possession of some exceptional talent. This impression is all wrong. Some of the greatest achievers have been the hardest workers for success. These men liked what they were trying to do, and in liking their work they won. Unless you like what you are working at, you are backing up.

The man who constantly refers to some other line of business, some competitor, is with the house that pays him only on pay day.

□

SOME INCOMES

THE Czar of Russia is actually worth more than any man on earth in real money. His private income is $25,000,000 a year.

The Kaiser takes down $25,000 a year as Emperor of Germany, but Prussia pays him in income something like $4,000,000 a year, and this does not include his interest in the Krupp Steel Works.

Emperor Francis Joseph collects $4,500,000 annually from his dear Austria, and this has nothing to do with his regular investment income.

The King of England gets $550,000 a year, but this is only a small part of what he really gets from personal interests inherited or acquired.

The more I hear about the Old World, the more I respect my birthplace. The farther I get from the Duchy of Lancaster, the happier I am. When I think there is an ocean between me and Germany, my happiness increases; and to know that the Holy Synod of Moscow is on the other side of the earth, I am more than elated. I am enthusiastic over the fact that I am an American.

□

WHEN a woman tries to tell a man what she thinks of him, it doesn't take much of a mental effort to get the job over.

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THE UPLIFT PAGE

JOHN R. ROSKOB is a man of about thirty-five, a little more or less. He was a stenographer in a small town in Ohio but a few years ago. Today he is treasurer of the du Pont Company, and is said to be worth millions.

When a stenographer he tackled Mr. du Pont for a job, and got it. The job did not tackle Roskob.

When Roskob got the position with the du Pont people, he worked for all he was worth to win.

It's a simple story, short and right to the point. Roskob got results for his employer and results for himself.

There are several stories told concerning his career as a street-car conductor, and how he handed back to a passenger $4.95 after a lapse of a whole year, and how this passenger happened to be Mr. du Pont. But this is romance. I am trying to tell you of results.

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The
SILENT PARTNER

VOLUME XI JUNE, 1916 NUMBER 8

ROTARY

A READER requests me to define "Rotary"—to enlarge upon the Code of Ethics of this very worthy Order; and my answer, as usual, will be brief—the one word "conscience."

This one word, "conscience," seems to comprehend about everything in the Code of Ethics of Rotary.

"Conscience" is a term that is often used with various shades of meaning. Ethically, it is the process of the mind surveying any contemplated action with the one thought always uppermost: Be a man.

Conscience is the corner-stone of character, and without this indispensable individual asset a man can be of no real service to society—of little, if any, real service to himself.

At the sixth annual convention of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, held last year in San Francisco, they adopted the Rotary Code of Ethics, and here it is:

"My business standards shall have in them a note of sympathy for our common humanity. My business dealings, ambitions and relations shall always cause me to take into consideration my highest duties as a member of society. In every position in business life, in every responsibility that comes before me, my chief thought shall be to fill that responsibility and discharge that duty so when I have ended each of them I shall have lifted the level of human ideals and achievements a little higher than I found them. In view of this, your committee holds that fundamental in a code of trade ethics for International Rotary are the following principles:

"First: To consider my vocation worthy, and as affording me distinct opportunity to serve society.

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"Second: To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle of Rotary that he profits most who serves best.

"Third: To realize that I am a business man and ambitious to succeed; but that I am first an ethical man, and wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality.

"Fourth: To hold that the exchange of my goods, my service and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby.

"Fifth: To use my best endeavors to elevate the standards of the vocation in which I am engaged, and so to conduct my affairs that others in my vocation may find it wise, profitable and conducive to happiness to emulate my example.

"Sixth: To conduct my business in such a manner that I may give a perfect service equal to or even better than my competitor, and when in doubt to give added service beyond the strict measure of debt or obligation.

"Seventh: To understand that one of the greatest assets of a professional or of a business man is his friends, and that any advantage gained by reason of friendship is eminently ethical and proper.

"Eighth: To hold that true friends demand nothing of one another, and that any abuse of the confidences of friendship for profit is foreign to the spirit of Rotary, and in violation of its Code of Ethics.

"Ninth: To consider no personal success legitimate or ethical which is secured by taking unfair advantage of certain opportunities in the social order that are absolutely denied others, nor will I take advantage of opportunities to achieve material success that others will not take because of the questionable morality involved.

"Tenth: To be not more obligated to a brother Rotarian than I am to every other man in human society; because the genius of Rotary is not in its competition but in its coöperation; for provincialism can never have a place in an institution like Rotary, and Rotarians assert that Human Rights are not confined to Rotary Clubs but are as deep and as broad as the race itself; and for these high purposes does Rotary exist to educate all men and all institutions.

"Eleventh: Finally, believing in the universality of the Golden Rule, *All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,* we contend that Society best holds together when equal opportunity is accorded all men in the natural resources of this planet."

My membership in the Rotary Club of New York, as you can readily see, calls for a constant survey of any contemplated action with the one thought always uppermost: Be a man.

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THE SILENT PARTNER

My biggest dividends are sure to come through the channel of friendship. And do you realize that friendship is stronger in faith than in sight?

Meeting men frequently gives us a better understanding of their accomplishments, their ways. And in after hours, even in after days, we can then more accurately weigh the true value of these friends. And here you have my thought: It is the faith that we have in friends that is a mighty important factor in Rotary.

Sight is society. Faith is a fraternity.

Out West we used to measure a man in this way: "Will he stand without hitchin'?"

Meetings with men at the Rotary Club magnetizes. The bold become becoming, the lazy active, the shy confident. The impetuous are taught peace and prudence.

Rotary pays big dividends in discipline, encouragement—in honest help.

Often the distrust we have for others is but the doubt we entertain of ourselves. Many of us are inconsolable at being betrayed by a friend, and still we continue to serve ourselves in the same unbecoming manner.

My suggestion to a man who would become a member of Rotary is first to practice being a true friend, and then, in the event of his acceptance into some local Rotary Club, he will have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that he has gained for his friendship the friendship of many men worth while.

Epic poetry or religious thought can hardly be said to exist without the expression of the final necessity of a man having more than one friend.

Friendship is a mere projection of self. It is the silver lining of the Golden Rule.

Immortality and friendship are two things in which a man must believe in order to be a man.

I am not speaking of the frost-work friendship, the flatterer that hugs, but the man who has in his heart room for your sorrows, your faults.

When a man can call into confidence, into conference, his "conscience" with a few true friends, he has touched the goal of fortune.

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TELEPATHY

TO receive an impression from a distance without the normal operation of the recognized sense organs is what they call telepathy.

The actual evidence upon which telepathy now rests is purely fragmentary, and science says it has yet to be proven.

Still the adherents of telepathy lay claim to this statement —that 440 times more cases of impressions are made by telepathy than where one is made by mere chance.

Now let us see. When a man does some terrible crime, the first face to appear before his mental eyes is that of his dear mother. When the dying soldier lies utterly helpless, he is heard to moan a prayer for mother. When a man is delirious from some disease, and the nurse touches his hand, he instinctively calls "Mother."

The fact that your nerves are of the same substance as those of your mother may be the reason why you are more often in mental telegraphic communication with her than with any one else on earth.

Wireless will not work until in tune. The telegraph will only sputter when out of adjustment. Humans will not work together when not in harmony. Everything is discord when not properly tuned. And so it is with a mind with that of another. When minds are in harmony, attuned, you can almost communicate. Sometimes you can. There is a missing link here, somewhere, and it will be solved some day.

□

WHILE THE WORLD SLEEPS

GENIUS is plenty of perspiration, a few drops of heart's blood, a long line of years mixed with hours and hours of self-sacrifice, and all stirred in with the hardest kind of hard work.

Genius is the answer you get to the things you do while the world sleeps.

□

FAST COLORS

IN the basement of success, you will find a square chest, and when you pry it open you will find it filled with common sense, commercial energy, and a few well-worn pieces of integrity in fast colors.

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PASTE THIS UP

OFTEN we wonder just who will take our place when we pass out. Time and again we have weighed this thought with great precision. Frequently we have been convinced by our own reasoning that no one can successfully take our place.

What an absurd idea! If this were true, there would be thousands of failures every day, for so many pass out each day.

It is an excellent idea to feel your own responsibility, to appreciate your resources, and to have self-confidence. But don't you believe the mistake that there is no one to take your place.

There are men, and plenty of them, that can improve on what you are doing, and the quicker you acknowledge to yourself this fact, the sooner you will reach a loftier mental position and a more substantial footing.

Don't get stuck on yourself.

□

IT'S A GOOD THING

A HAND grasps yours, eye lights eye, and then the heart expands. You lunch each Thursday together, and they call this the Rotary Club.

Riley, the homely Hoosier poet, paraphrased:

When orders ain't a-comin' in, and the sun is shinin' too,
When a man ain't makin' money—when he's feelin' kind o' blue,
It's a great thing, O, my brethren, for a feller just to say
'Here, Witte, take this order, and come and get your pay.'"

□

ABOUT AGREEING

WE do not always agree with others, and for this very reason we should not expect others always to agree with us.

The average quarrel or misunderstanding is not on account of man's inability to understand, but because of his disposition to disagree with any one that disagrees with him.

Most of the complaint, almost all of the big noise, in this country is caused by the man or set of men with the smallest individual interest in anything.

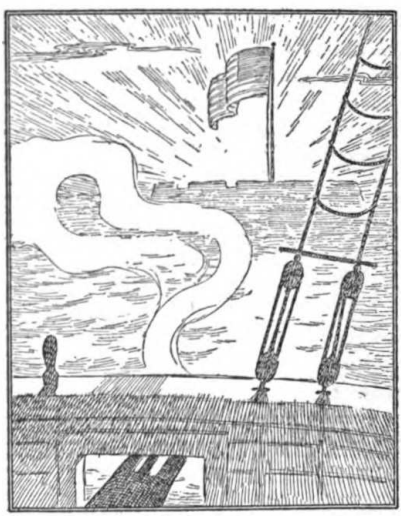
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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

A HEARTLESS wanderer in a foreign clime called into life the beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home." It was a poet and not a warrior that wrote the sublime refrain of our immortal anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

What a wealth of memory in these two lines, when we go back to the corrupt adventurer, the traitor who would lead our forces at Valley Forge; when we go back to the time when this man of treason would have betrayed his adopted country for the coronet which Washington despised.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

And it was out of this glorious inspiration that the author seized upon the hearts and the minds of men, and wrote his noble, natural, simple song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is the child of battle. It was rocked by the cannon in the cradle of the deep. It was born on old ocean, where we shall find our peace and our protection.

Philosophers may argue as to their plans, and the wise ones draw their conclusions; but there is something in the Declaration of Independence that now proves it to be more than the establishment of a new nation: it is the set of principles out of which a new world will be created.

When this nation was in its mental eclipse; while even

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the Capitol at Washington lay smouldering in ashes; while the English were in undisputed possession of the most important positions; while they, the enemy, held Francis Scott Key as a prisoner on a British ship; while the guns of our country were silenced and the thought stole through the brain of Key that our forts had surrendered, it was at this agonizing moment that Key saw through the morning light that "the flag was still there." And in the heart of this hero's soul this powder-stained song was born, to tell the world of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Key needs no mausoleum. His song is mingled with the heart-throbs of the nation. His epitaph is engraved in the soul of his song—"The Star-Spangled Banner."

□

A TRIBUTE

WHEN God, the eternal dramatist, handed a role to Madame Virginia Gritton, the part called for the acting of a soldier in the battle of business. And how well, how courageously, this woman fought!

In referring to her death, Mr. Johnes of Benjamin & Johnes said: "Madame Gritton was a woman of marked ability, distinguished personality, and forceful character—a woman that will be greatly missed by the thousands who knew her so well."

It would be vain for me to gild grief with words, to try to praise this woman, who always had so much help for the living and so much hope for the dead.

While kings, republics, emperors are making such a noble farce in their tragedy of life, this faithful woman made so much out of what the world would call so small a part.

Madame Virginia Gritton. Alone! Away from home, and still her last words ring out like an echo in their loyalty to those who trusted her with a business responsibility.

Could a pen trace a more magnificent tribute to the woman in business—this woman in business?

□

THERE are now over one hundred thousand Girl Scouts in America. The organization will grow rapidly this summer.

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MR. BANFIELD CALLS

RECENTLY a stocky-built man called at this office, and almost as soon as he entered the place he began to take off his coat and push back his boiled-shirt sleeves. But all the time he was smiling like the Virginian.

My mountain life, that took me North and South so many years, furnished the cue to this man's character, and I smiled back at him and said: "Pard, I'm glad to see you." And I was.

William H. Banfield is a man any one could see to advantage. His age is somewhere between forty and seventy-five. (You can't tell by his looks how far he can jump.) The first figures are based on appearances, while the second on my knowledge that he is a grandfather.

Instantly we both began using a choice line of unused adjectives, and finally the interview centered on the one word "w-o-r-k."

Mr. Banfield convinced me that few of us work. He is a worker, and is on my wire, and what he had to say about work is instructive and interesting. He told me there were 365 days in the year, and that we sleep 8 hours each day, which equals 122 days, and this leaves 243 days. Then he told me how we rested 8 hours each day, and these hours equaled 122 days, and this left but 121 days. Then he referred to the 52 Sundays, when we are supposed to rest, and this left but 69 days for work. Then he told me how we have one half-day off each Saturday, or 26 days in a year, and now we have but 43 days left to work in. Then he referred to the 1½ hours each day for lunch that we take in New York, which totals 28 days in a year, leaving 15 days for work. "Then you New York chaps," said he, "take two weeks' vacation, which leaves just one day in all the year to work."

Seriously, Mr. Banfield showed me so many things of interest—of human interest. He is a man with a mind that sets you thinking. He has several hundred men thinking and working for him in Toronto, and they are all working with him. I might say many things in praise of Mr. Banfield's personality, but I am trying to show you the inside workings of his dome. □

GOSSIP is not strictly a feminine asset.

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WANTED— A SKULL

I WANT to buy your life! Will you please state your price? Will you please tell me what you will charge for your left lung, a pound of flesh right over your heart, and the upper part of your skull? You may have the rest.

You say you won't sell. Why not? You say your life is too precious to sell at any price. You assure me there is not money enough in all the world to buy your skull, before death.

You tell me all this, and from your talk I am inclined to believe you value this precious thing you call your life.

Notwithstanding these protestations of value, you continue right along to misuse your mental machinery, and poison your physical make-up.

You waste your best energies, flit away many hours, and make a muddle out of life, and still you won't sell it to me. You prefer to throw it away. Think it over.

□

THE EXTREMES

POVERTY may be an incentive to the individual that is born under its ban, but it cannot be expected that the lack of reasonable funds is a real advantage.

Nor can we consider riches a help. Too much money often proves a handicap.

When we develop a national plan of saving something for a rainy day; when we, as a nation, get the thirty-third degree of thrift firmly fixed in our minds, well established, we shall have a bigger and a better country in which to live.

Personally I do not distrust the poor nor despise the rich. I would not care to be immensely rich, nor do I want to sleep in the park. The extremes of poverty or of wealth—the extremes of anything—do not represent any one side to be letter-perfect. □

THE stranger will not worry over your overhead charges. You must. The good fellow you meet at night doesn't give a tinker's dam for your fixed expenses. You are compelled to consider them if you want to win. This "blowing" idea seems to be a personal matter after all.

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON

RISING before the whole world like an immense column is the human history of America. And on this monument, in memory of the men who helped to make this country what it is, you will find the name of Alexander Hamilton.

It is to the name of Hamilton that we must attach the most farseeing plan and the most permanent principles.

No authority could add more dignity, more reliability to the real worth of this man than that of the New International Encyclopædia, and this work declares Hamilton to be the man who put the nation on a firmer financial footing, and who restored greater public confidence than any other man living. In fact, this unbiased authority concludes: "His service to this country cannot be overestimated."

From the first drum-beat of the American war, we find him a mere boy and a volunteer, whose name was the only means of identification, save his statement of birthplace in the West Indies, and that his father was a Scotchman and his mother a French Huguenot.

Later it was Washington who called this young soldier to second in command. Washington knew that on peace and order our security and liberty must come through the hearts of men like Hamilton.

Washington felt that he might soon be removed from the scenes of battle, and that even after war comes the crisis that calls for higher patriotism—a time that teaches that the lessons that are won in war must be worn in peace.

Washington knew that in the master mind of Hamilton there was a source of national prosperity, that in the heart of Hamilton there was a shield of defense against anything that did not ring true.

When compared with other men of his time, of political prominence, we find in Alexander Hamilton less of the fanfare, but always that fervent effort to save us as a nation, at times, even in spite of ourselves.

He never courted favor at the expense of judgment, or on account of any advantage that might loan him greater prominence in the eyes of the world. He began poor and died in poverty. He left a legacy that money cannot purchase. Hamilton was not a political leader. He was a national builder.

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In the battle of patriotism, and on the field of personal honor, Alexander Hamilton gave to the world two of its greatest lessons in genuine heroism.

Emulating the honor of their great leader, the soldiers of Hamilton refused to strike the blow at an enemy that could no longer defend itself. The uplifted sword was checked; the heart of Hamilton held the striking arm in the air, until the men marched by unharmed, unarmed, into captivity.

This was in the battle of patriotism.

On the field of personal honor, he answered reluctantly a challenge, based on the ground of an alleged insult, and when the signal came to fire, his heart held again the arm toward heaven—discharged the weapon of murder, while he left his breast as a big, broad target for the practiced aim of one who died years later in obscurity—a remarkable example of the mutability of political policies and not national principles.

Alexander Hamilton calmly, consciously measured his responsibilities to this nation at a time which he considered a crisis, and sacrificed his life for the best interests of the country he loved so much and had served so well.

Hamilton College and the Alexander Hamilton Institute are living tributes to this dead martyr.

One is an institution of the higher education at Clinton; the other an institute for the incorporation of ideas that work out well in commercial life.

With the name of Alexander Hamilton ahead, the mind is attached to a great object in life.

□

DEPENDED ON HIS TICKET

A CLERGYMAN riding on the Erie lost his ticket between Binghamton and the third seat back. Twice the conductor came through, but the minister failed to find the "Old Reliable" transportation emblem.

"Never mind," said the conductor; "when you find the ticket, just send it in. We know you are honest. So don't bother about it."

"But it does bother me," insisted the ministerial individual; "for without the ticket I don't know whether I'm to preach tonight in Great Bend or in Greater New York."

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ALL WE ASK

AMERICA!—the country that shares with others its incomparable opportunities, that opens the door to its marvelous industries, that deeds a farm, a home for almost nothing, that shares with every one equally in citizenship, that provides a universal tax for universal education, and does so many more things; and all it asks of you is to behave.

Your parentage, your birthplace, concerns me little. If you are willing to abide by American principles, ready to help enrich and enlarge our present possibilities as a nation; if you are grateful for the gift of citizenship in this country; if you remain true to this country as against all other nations, the way you spell or pronounce your name is of little consequence to me.

All we ask of you is to behave.

□

WELL MEANT

A DOZEN times a week, and sometimes more, young men will call to talk it over with me, and frequently I go without my lunch to hand these young men something to think about. Sometimes I "get in Dutch," get these young men pretty angry, but before they leave the office we put on the soft pedal, smile, and say something that rings with that human interest; and do you know, they keep coming back for more. We all like a jolt that is well meant.

My work could never be a success founded on the spirit of trying to injure another's feelings. But you've got to jolt them—yes, jolt them.

□

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

THE woman that will waste good food within the hearing of the cry of hungry babies, the "lady" that will take champagne baths while gowned in dresses that have the life of some poor seamstress stitched in every hem, the lucky "Lillie" that slurs her unfortunate sister after she "nails" down a job, does not represent the world of women. She is a representative of the underworld, whether she occupies the home of title, or lives in a pile of marble with flunkies or butlers.

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LAFAYETTE

IN Rome's best days, when the invincible leaders of the Eternal City returned with their captive kings bound to the chariot wheels; when the triumphs of the days of the seven-hilled city were in their wildest enthusiasm; when the endless multitude were marching under the banner of victory—I say, all these ancient achievements cannot compare with the return to this country of Lafayette.

Lafayette, the man who fought with and for us. And it was to this patriot that ten millions of people paid their tribute. It was a wonderful demonstration, and how vividly it brings to mind two great men who belonged to the same nation and the same age—Lafayette and Napoleon!

Lafayette, the volunteer of freedom, the advocate of human rights, the defender of civil liberties, the philosopher, the patriot. Napoleon, the child of destiny, the victor of a hundred battles. Napoleon, he who scaled the Alps and reclined at the foot of the pyramids.

Lafayette, the one man that even now excites men to deeds of daring and work of worth. Napoleon, the wild beast of battle, the hunted and at last the caged exile, mourned by a few scattered rulers of the memory of Marengo.

My thought here is to show in vivid contrast the true regard for a benefactor as compared with that for the conqueror.

□

YOU CANNOT ROB ME

YOU may whisper to my weary soul at sundown to expect God to mock my one great hope. You may tell me that this world has gone murder-mad and no longer deserves Divine love.

You may never pay me in the coin of commerce, nor the tongue of my townspeople praise me; but you cannot rob me of the memory of my mother, nor can the world take away this love. Mother left this love with me.

□

THE pessimist is now suffering mental torture over the prospects of a cold winter that he predicts is sure to follow this hot spell.

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CHARACTER

IN one of their regular daily editorial advertisements, The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver has this to say with reference to character:

"A reputation often depends on the length of time some folks have for gossiping and the amount of integrity they have on hand.

"Character is your own. Character is the biggest possible store asset. It is cash on hand. Character is credit.

"Reputation has been known to come to a business on account of extravagant advertising. Reputation is transitory in trade.

"This store is not trying to win a reputation, but it is working each business day with all the determination at its command to establish more firmly its true character.

"And did you ever stop to think that a store can have character just the same as the individual can have individuality?"

Just a few days previous to this editorial advertisement on "Character," The Joslin Dry Goods Company had something to say about the customer and service, and here it is:

"As a customer of a store you desire to meet pleasant people, able and efficient sales folks. You do not come to this store to hold a sympathy session. You come here to find true values, the latest styles, and to get good service.

"Frequently the management of this store holds what might be called an individual conference with the sales people, and here are some of the suggestions that are left with them:

"The world has plenty of sadness of its own.

"Nobody cares a rap about your troubles, save, perhaps, your intimate friends.

"Sentiment, woe, sadness, are home affairs, and not business liabilities.

"Strangle your worries, your troubles, and pin a big smile on your face.

"These suggestions do not mean for one instant that we are not in harmony, in sympathy, with our sales people. It is doubtful if any store could be more so.

"In this organization we try to get fun out of the greatest game in all the world—business.

"Service that is willing is the only service. Service that is smiling, cheerful, smooths out the wrinkles and helps all concerned."

Recently this store celebrated its forty-fourth anniversary, and during the eventful week they received many congratulatory messages.

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PRACTICE THE PRACTICE

PRACTICE the practice of looking. The best pupil you have is in your eye. Look into things, not just at them.

What a marvelous man you would be if you would only practice what you preach; if you would only telegraph to your brains the things you see, you read! But you don't.

You go along lippitude-like with your albino-eyed mind winking and blinking at what other men might call an "opportunity."

We all see chances enough. The trouble is, we see too many. We get confused, actually overwhelmed with opportunities.

America is literally alive with live chances where you can make good, provided you will only see them, and then, after seeing them, realize their value. Then realize on their value. If you are a failure, and your eyes are good, who is to blame? Your brain may not acknowledge the fault, but this only discounts your brain. Think it over.

THE CLOCK WORKER

TO lay down your work at exactly five o'clock, to quit right on the hour, is pretty good proof that your work can be picked up by almost any deck hand.

The hour hand cannot tell you the time to knock off. Your conscience, the satisfaction of work well done, the interests of the boss, are the things that tell you when to go home, when to quit.

True, the boss does not hire you to work overtime, but he can fire you if he wants to. He won't want to if you hang around later than the rest of them. There's something very attractive about a man that shows this little special interest after hours and finishes up the unfinished work.

SOME MAN

WHEN a man can see the possible and discount the impossible; when he has common sense enough to discriminate between right and wrong; when he has imagination, initiative, this man is well on the way to a permanent position. He is some man.

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THE CURSE

ANY enterprise that will set before a boy a liquid poison that will bloat his body, corrupt his morals, cloud his mentality; that will make him steal, rape, refuse to work; that will cause him to do the things he would not think of doing while sober, is the crime of crimes.

Whiskey is the sum total of most of the villainies of this country. It destroys home, drowns honor, and fires a man's brain into getting fired. It curses the things that are good, and then laughs at the ruin.

Our prisons, poorhouses, electric chairs, our cradles and our graves, are filled with the mistakes it has made.



ONE FIELD ALWAYS OPEN
—THE POTTER'S FIELD

Where there is whiskey, there is one more field open for the drinker—the potter's field.

Whiskey violates virtue, scorns at the helpless; it brings to every man the very things that he least wants. It fetches to woman the things she cannot discard.

Fathers are made fiends by it, mothers are made widows, and children orphans.

It is the greatest enemy of God, and the devil's very best friend.

King Booze takes from the state a hundredfold what it gives. It kills in the individual what it can never bring back to life. It is supported by those who can least afford its cost.

Not one young man in fifty can continue to hold a good position while he drinks. Responsible jobs call for a perfectly poised mind. The managers are seeing that these positions are filled by clear-headed, competent men.

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A young man cannot afford to drink on account of his position, his job, if for no other one of the many more good reasons.

The man who would try to reform this world will be a busy bunch. He will need to have his time extended on earth in order to get even a start. I am no reformer.

When all men are moral, after all women are virtuous, when we get pure in politics, have clean plays, bring about prison reform; when we arbitrate everything, we shall have reached a time when wings will be worn. And who would be an angel before his day?

Trying to teach old dogs new tricks is a waste of time. It is not my profession. To go out in the park and pick up some old bum and reform him, or at least try to, is beautiful sentiment. It requires courage, a big heart, and all that; but—

I'm for the boy. The coming generation is what interests me—the young man who has his to learn. It is on the morals and the manhood of the boy that this country hinges its hope.

I'm not so much concerned in the manners of older men, or in the habits of grass-widows. They can all go to hell or to heaven in their own way, and this probably expresses their sentiments toward me.

This paragraph is put here for a punch—just to contrast the boy with us older boobs.

The boy owes me nothing, but we owe the boy everything.

It appears to be unpopular to try to close the 250,000 licensed saloons. Then there are those who would sprinkle the perfume of high license on the corner polecats to make them respectable. Then there is another class that claims we can increase the income by lowering the tax and multiplying these mills of hell.

Then we have the liquor interests, that attempt to show that where women vote there is just as much vice. But did you notice this liquor army is solid against placing more power with mothers, sisters and sweethearts?

I am not advancing the idea that "votes for women" will stop the sale of whiskey, but it is evident that the drink-makers think it will injure their interests.

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KEYS TO SUCCESS

OUT in Kansas, some time ago, they took Hank Hill to the poorhouse—over the hill to the poorhouse. Before they got him in the buggy he raised merry hill. He wanted to wait two more weeks to finish a book he was writing on "The Keys to Success."

And this reminds me of the many men who are clever word-joiners—men who write books on "The Way to Win," and lecture on the subject, "Keys to Success."

Most of these writers and speakers have either lost their way or dropped the bunch of keys.

Until recently we were overstocked with what they called efficiency engineers—men with one meal-ticket left; and this pasteboard resembled a worn-out nutmeg grater. In one hotel, where I lived for a long time, there were several professional fixers, ten or nine experts on how, when and where; and every dog-gone one of them was bent double with financial cramps.

These wise and otherwise men were from the West; these experts from the East; these know-alls were from the North, and some smooth ones from the South. Every one of them could tell the Government how to run things, or give the Standard Oil tips on making millions. But we, every one of us, at that time, were living in inside rooms of the pitcher-and-bowl type. □

SELLING SUBSTITUTES

THE impostor, the imitator, spends much of his time defending his own position and praising his own product.

Why refer to some reliable, well-advertised article as a medium to measure the excellence of your own substitute?

The substitute seller frequently saves a margin of profit, but he is sure to lose the confidence of a customer that is particular. □

HATE

OFTEN we feel it our duty to hate some one, when, after all, we have little reason to be so small with ourselves. Hating the other fellow only harms the hater.

□

IF you know how, and you do it now, your skin is full of real man.

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EMPIRE OF GRIEF

WHILE writing this article, God Almighty is sending one of His spring storms, accompanied by terrible thunder and ball-like, zig-zag and rockety lightning. The night is black. The wind is a gale. The sharp-carved cold chunks of hail hit my window, and my heart steals in sympathy away—away to the soldiers that lie wounded tonight somewhere in the older world—somewhere in that great empire of grief.

And while the artillery of heaven and the most violent power in the known universe play their role, my mind in its feeble effort tries to understand how in all sincerity, how in the violence of their devotion, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Jewish, and the other higher religions, cannot see for themselves what will happen to civilization, to the white race, if this unpronounceable slaughter does not stop soon.

□

DAD

WHEN you were a kid how very, very old your "Dad" seemed to be! And when you did some kid caper and got caught, how well your "Dad" seemed to understand even the most minute details of your little game!

And now that you are a man grown, your "Dad" seems to be younger than years ago—seems to be the boy of the family—even younger than you used to be.

Dads are funny fellows; fathers are not the same.

When a boy's father has money he is called "Father." When he teaches Sunday school, we call him "Papa." If he shops with mother and wheels a baby carriage, we call him "Pa."

But if he goes to the ball game and stands on his hind legs and yells "Slide, you suckers, slide!" and then quietly slips back on the bleacher boards and smothers a groan, we honor him with the title "Dad."

□

CHALLENGED

THE Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver advertised "the prettiest things ever shown in shirt waists." I challenge this statement. The prettiest thing in shirt waists is not far from this office—just across the hall.

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THE JEW

PRIMARILY the word "Jew" implies those who profess the Jewish religion.

The secondary use of the word "Jew" implies that the person belongs to a particular race of people, quite apart from his religious beliefs.

Then there is the third use of the word "Jew." The medieval church purposely shut out all responsible callings to the Jew, in order to impress upon Christians the superiority of their faith. And it is this suggestion of opprobrium or contempt which I would respectfully call your attention to.

However obsolete, unjustified, this third application of the word "Jew" may be, it is an expression that should be molded into different form. All fair-minded individuals of whatever creed or station will like to see this common error done away with, because of a spirit of fairness and on account of other good and sufficient reasons.

The word "Jew" is a noun, and should never be used as an adjective or verb. It is both objectionable and vulgar to speak of "Jew girls," or "Jew stores." The phrase, "to jew down," is a slang survival of the medieval term of opprobrium.

However, the words "Jew" and "Jewish" can never be objectionable when applied to the whole body of Israel or to whole classes within the body; as, for instance, "Jewish wives," "Jewish children," etc. Also, when contrast is being made with other religions; as, "Jews observe Passover and Christians Easter."

Then again, the word "Hebrew" should not be used instead of "Jew." As a noun, it connotes rather the Jewish people of the distant past; as, "the ancient Hebrews." It is also used as an adjective; as, "the Hebrew language," "Hebrew literature," etc. But it is historical rather than religious, for one cannot say "the Hebrew religion," for it is "the Jewish religion."

A people that have passed through the fires of centuries, unscathed, trampled into dust, and yet never combining with the dust into which they were trampled—you must see in such lives a witness and a warning.

Finally, I ask you in a spirit of fairness, in the serene region of human sympathy, if you know of the generosity, the

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graces, the virtues of the oldest people on earth, or have you measured their moral worth by the latitude and longitude of a certain class of huddled humans on some particular Side; or, are you measuring the bloodless slave drivers who thrive on child labor, convenient fires, frequent failures, or continuous lying and deception in business?

Some day this magazine will publish several pages of human history that will show up this lower human stratum which is largely in the minority, and show it up all to the credit of the respectable, the high-class Jews.

□

LACK OF SLEEP

IT is while you are sleeping that the food you ate is digesting and being transformed into new tissue, new blood, bone, nerve, muscle and brain.

Lack of sleep is one of the greatest reasons for retarding individual growth. Few men sleep enough.

Forget the story about Edison, about Napoleon. They are exceptional stories. You are not Edison, not Napoleon.

You know why you feel "all in" in the morning, and you know it is, nine times out of ten, a lack of sleep that brings you to the office like a runt.

□

SIZE OF THE JOB

DETERMINATION, enthusiasm, education, are but empty words unless these essentials are directed in the right course. Plans without a definite, reliable purpose are motions with nowhere to go but on their way.

My suggestion is that you adopt some practical, persistent method for making more of yourself. And as you rise individually, your job will get bigger.

So many men get the size of the job in their head and forget about their own dimensions.

□

THERE are over two hundred million lead pencils used that have rubbers on the end just because we make so many mistakes.

□

THE "grave rumors" of Villa's death will be dug up about every day from now on.

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WANTED—SILENT PARTNERS

SINCE taking over this little magazine several years ago, it has made its way in the world without philanthropy, endowment or political support. It will continue this course to the end of the present editor's life.

Twenty thousand letters—yet, thirty thousand letters or more—are on file in this office from friends that have written a tribute to the principles of this publication—principles that you may find always printed on the front cover of the magazine: "A Clean, Wholesome Magazine of Inspiration and Human Interest."

There are countless young men and many boys in this country that no one can drive into line. Neither can any one coax them into church. Good boys too. Some of them the very best man-timber on earth.

I like boys, and the older we grow the more we should like them.

You have in your acquaintance some young man, some boy, perhaps more than one, that you want to help up the hill. Be a silent partner and send this magazine for a year to some boy, some young man. I will write the chap a heart-to-heart letter that will help him, help you, and help me make a better magazine.

This is practical philanthropy. This is universal benefaction. This is a way to send 150,000 words in a year—words of good cheer, good will, inspiration and encouragement, and all for a total cost of one dollar.

Some say the letter I write the boy is worth the dollar. Give me the boy's name and the dollar, and watch my work.

A QUESTION

THE odds are against most men, and still they go out and spend their time, money and their best energies increasing the odds.

Are you so smart that you can afford to speculate with success by dealing in the small margin left you? The biggest men, the best men in America, are all hard workers.

Tomorrow may prove the biggest day in all your life—the opportunity you have waited for so long. If you abuse your body, misuse your mind tonight, how can you hope to play big-league business tomorrow?

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LITTLE ROUGH, BUT—

I WOULD be willing to freeze my feet next winter while warming my soul over the satisfaction that every carload of coal for the next six months may be sent to hell in order that the furnaces may get good and hot for the he-hordes that say contemptible things about young girls.

Not with words do they say these things, but with that unprovable wink, with that look, or that shrug of the shoulder.

There is but one animal that squeals without reason, and this is the mire-wallowing, slime-wading hog. Every town has one of these human hogs, has a humbug or two, has the pig-eyed pimple with the Judas kiss.

The next time you hear a human hog "squeal," take him out back and thrash hell out of him, and call on me for the fine.

□

WORTH REPEATING

PUT a perfectly healthy right arm in a handkerchief sling, carry this member in one position for two weeks, and you may as well be paralyzed so far as your arm is concerned.

Carry your thoughts around with you for a few weeks—thoughts that are swimming in slime—and you paralyze all purpose worth while.

You have been given certain mental and physical powers. Just how you exercise these powers will tell the story that is worth repeating.

□

THE UNCOMMON MAN

ARE you a common man, a regular fellow, or are you an uncommon, well-regulated individual?

Most men seem to know enough until it comes to a pinch, and then they fly off the handle, get rattled, or just naturally quit.

Plenty of men have ability, but it is the brand of cleverness that we cannot commercialize.

□

WHY worry over it? Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance, and this chance is coming if you live. Thank your lucky star for the lesson.

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CO-OPERATION

THERE is a tremendous trade power in coöperation. The getting together of salesmen at some convenient place, or at some convenient time, while these salesmen are on the road, or at headquarters, and to have these sales people exchange experiences, is sure to enthuse, energize, and end in more results for the house.

Mr. F. A. Jennings, representing James R. Keiser, Inc., cravats, is a quiet, consistent, persistent plugger for the idea of coöperation. At present Mr. Jennings is working on a plan to get together a certain set of salesmen on the road in a semi-fraternity in a coöperative organization.

This is a very commendable job, for business on the road or off the road will never grow bigger than the men who cooperate to make it.

Coöperation is multiplied individual impetus. It's the culmination of more brains, more experience, more courage.

Where would a manufacturer land without the intelligent, hearty coöperation of the men on the road? How far would the salesmen get without the financial and moral help of the house at home?

□

AFTER CENTURIES

AFTER centuries of wandering about, woman, in order to protect her young, persuaded man to settle down in some camp, some cave, and stop traveling.

Her next step was to teach her cannibal partner to eat of the wild beasts of the forest, and let her babes grow up.

Finally women were chosen by men to do the work while the men battled. History is repeating itself. In Europe today the women are working in munition plants, on street cars. They are sweeping streets, nursing, cooking, in that enthusiastic old-time woman's way.

□

IN ancient Egypt they would build a case of cedar to fit the outlines of the corpse, and on this case they would paint the good deeds done in life.

□

PEELING potatoes with a safety razor may be a system of saving, but how like the "Old Harry" the husband looks after he tries to save the price of a shave!

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THAT IS

THE other day a prominent individual consulted an equally prominent physician. The individual was sixty-three years old, well, strong, and had just retired from a successful business life.

The man gave the physician a handsome sum to tell him how to prolong his life. He wanted to live to be a hundred.

The doctor advised him to go back into business and to continue to work just as long as he could pull a stroke. "For when you can no longer work," said the doctor, "you will think you have all kinds of diseases and eventually be sick."

The man that is careful of his diet, sleeps regular hours, and works several hours, should be a happy man. That is, if he has found his work.

□

STRICT ACCOUNTABILITY

IT is with a sense of special satisfaction that The Silent Partner calls your attention to the class, to the variety, to the character of the advertising carried by this magazine.

On the "Contents" page you will find, alphabetically arranged, with one in a line, some of the best-known manufacturers in America.

Preceding the list you will find this paragraph:

"No magazine of mental or moral worth can afford to admit in its advertising pages any announcement that does not carry with it the indorsement of the editor—a guarantee of the publishers."

This magazine represents years and years of conscientious building of a paid-in-advance circulation, and at last has won the confidence and the patronage of some very successful manufacturers, who appreciate what it means to be represented in a magazine that holds its advertising pages to a strict accountability.

□

IN HER QUIET WAY

A GOOD woman can turn the tide of affairs for any man. By her confidence and affection she can inspire the man with more hope, more heart. She can get him to go farther and fight longer. She can, in her quiet way, be his biggest asset. And sometimes the less the world knows of the woman, the greater her real strength to the man.

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WHEN WE REFLECT

SIX hundred and sixty years before Christ the Japanese began their history, and up until your day and my time, there is a lot of legendry, and a lot of loyalty to the Mikado, and an overwhelming belief in Buddhism.

Buddhism is the doctrine of transmigration of the soul, and according to the Japanese belief it is this: When a man dies he is immediately born again, and to die in a patriotic cause like war is to be granted a selection in the next life—a choice selection.

The basis of Buddhism is the assumption that human existence is, on the whole, miserable and a curse, rather than a blessing. Therefore, the punishment of death has little or no terror for the Jap. In war, it comes as an iron cross of fate.

When we reflect what the Japs did to Russia not long ago; when we consider what they can do to almost any navy; when we contemplate that their commerce in the past twenty years has caught up with centuries; when we know that they are a patient people, but must soon move into larger quarters; when we understand that they often covet death in war as an honor, as an assurance of the instantaneous transmigration of the soul into a better body, with bigger chances; when we take a look at the map of our own country and its relation to Japan from the Coast side—I say, when we think of these things and of the many more things that are not wise to print, we are compelled to see something ominous in the fact that Japan has more trained soldiers in this country than we have.

When we establish in our minds the historical fact that the Jap is a forefather of the Mexican, we have enough to make us sit up and take notice.

□

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A YOUNG man in Memphis courted and won the promise of a young girl in marriage; but, exercising her right, at almost the last moment she declined to hitch up. The chap was game. He sued the girl for the cost of the wedding ring and his courtship expenses, and he got a court decision in his favor. Business is business.

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HORSE SENSE

MANY men mourn because they are compelled to work for a living. I can conceive of no greater punishment than to be placed in a position of forced idleness. Work is never work when we are working to win.

There must be some self-interest involved to bring out the best in any individual. Selfish interest is slavery. Self-interest is service.

Men worth while can be inspired, enthused, encouraged. Mules and the other men can be driven until they balk.

You recall the miser who put green goggles on his horse so the horse would think he was eating green grass when in reality he was grinding nothing but oat straw. The horse was fooled, but nature never. The horse died, and the man paid the penalty of trying to fool a part of his help.

Fortunately there are few men of money today that lack horse sense.

□

ANSWERED

FORTY-SEVEN years ago, up in Canada, a newcomer was named Thomas, and a little later they called him Tommy. While he was a kid his parents moved to Chicago. Just as soon as the boy was big enough to get a job he went to work. Today they pay him, as president of a meat-packing company, $125,000 a year, and make him presents of houses and other things. One house was worth $250,000. They value him. These presents don't spoil him.

Some one asked Mr. Wilson how any man could earn, each year, such a big salary, and he smiled, and said a few things in his own way. What he had to say seemed to satisfy everybody.

It is necessary to establish the principles and plans of a big corporation, organize its various departments, and have the work work in harmony.

A man is paid for what he knows, and for the number of men that help him, when they know.

□

A FARMER writes and asks what is the matter with his chickens when they stand around days and want to sleep all the time.

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DREAM OVER THIS

MORE often my suggestions in this little magazine are addressed to the employee, because it is this man or this woman that I would help. The rich boss can beg.

It is this "rich boss" that is compelled to meet and beat competition, that is forced to harmonize a bunch of humans that want to live in order that he may live—compelled to suffer the losses and the crosses of business, and to face a pay roll every week, and do many more things that go to make his life a merry-go-round.

Should this "rich boss" fail to pilot his old boat of business in the right channel, down goes the boat, and you know captains have a way of sticking to the boat. The sailors scramble, as they should, for the lifeboats.

You say the boss does not work as many hours as you do. Perhaps not. Neither does he sleep as soundly as you. Dream over this.

□

THE COMBINATION

THERE are no set rules for success. The old-time twaddle about the "secret of success" is all bosh. Success is not a secret, not a patent, nor can it be copyrighted. Circumstances may put you into the grand circuit when you really belong at the county fair. Naturally you will be distanced.

The combination that will unlock for you the place where opportunity hides is this: First turn the knob to the right eight or ten hours a day, then to the left six or eight hours, and then go to sleep, and get up strong enough in the morning to pull open the doors.

□

THEY NEVER WASH

THE price of soap in Mexico has advanced to sixty cents a bar. But what difference does this make to the Mexicans? They never wash in water, but frequently bathe in blood.

□

FROM now until next November we shall hear nothing but the prattle of politicians. People will be so surcharged with this fault-finding bunch, this criticizing, condemning lot, that they will, for a long time, actually forget that this is the greatest country in the whole world.

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THINK FIRST

MOST of the complaint, almost all of the big noise in any community is caused by the man or set of men with the smallest individual interest in anything, anywhere, or at any time.

The doers, the builders, the city constructionists, the big taxpayers, put their capital into the local electric-light company, the local street-railway corporation, into local banks or local business. They are the builders.

And then there are the tin-horn politicians, the small, miniature men and the knockers.

Unfortunately, the politician depends on the number of votes, and this often influences his individual course, his official movements.

The needs of the people should come first, but it is pretty plain to me that a community needs a street-car company, an electric-light company, or any local enterprise of merit more than it needs the individual office-holder who is not willing to see such service, such enterprise earn and pay a fair reward to the men who are responsible for the success, and to the stockholders who have invested their money.

There is a surprising number of people who would have our government take control of the railroads, the electric-light plants, the electric street railways, the petroleum wells, the mineral mines, the steel plants, the government ships; and eventually this idea would be enlarged upon until almost everything would come under the head of government ownership. Instead of governing the present situation, these people seem to think the government should actually become a competitor of its own people.

There is danger in some well-sounding theories—theories that will not work well in regular practice.

□

YOUR constitutional right to do as you please is all right, so long as you do nothing to spill the other fellow's beans. It takes a strong constitution to back up a bad break.

□

MY suggestion to the man that would cause other men to consider him a philosopher is to get a dictionary and read it backward.

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THE REAL WORKERS

THE late J. P. Morgan did his best brain-work after midnight. While Andrew Carnegie was still a bachelor, he could always be found in his room at the old Windsor Hotel working very late or very early. Russell Sage would work until long after midnight.

Should the boss say to you, "I wish you would take this problem home with you tonight and work it all out for me; it may take you until two or three o'clock in the morning, but it will be a big help." What would you say? Would you consider this an opportunity, an obligation, or just a time to kick?

It's hard work to hold a second-class man up, and it is equally difficult to keep a first-class man down. Give a good man a hard task and a poor man an easy one, always.

If the boss puts a problem up to you that is difficult of solution, accept it as a compliment, and show him your class. And as you walk in the still night to the far red lights of home, your heart will sing and your mind meditate over the truth that success is largely an individual affair.

□

COAXING OR DRIVING

YOU can coax a good man. You can club a mule, but it is even better to do this last act by long-distance telephone.

Finding fault before others in the organization humiliates a man. It advertises a fellow and his shortcomings. It gets his mule nature aroused.

Complimenting a man for some commendable service will get him to do things. Even higher wages may lack the charm.

□

THE stock market can make a certified check look like a phony promise, and in the next half-hour it can take thirty cents and convert this cash into a balance big enough to balk a twenty-mule team. □

A CERTAIN commander lashed himself to the mast, lest something unforeseen might induce him to turn back. If you have a quittin' streak in you, get some one to tie you to your position.

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THE INSURANCE SOLICITOR

MOST men have an idea, before they undertake it, that soliciting life insurance is about the best way and the easiest way to win. They seem to think it is a calling with perhaps less work and more possibilities than any other.

In life insurance the possibilities are all there, but there is no work in all the world that requires more tact, more courage, more faith, than that of life-insurance soliciting.

The tenacity that never quits, the courage that never fails, the energy that never tires, and the tact that knows how—these are the passports to victory in life-insurance soliciting, and they come pretty near being the ticket, the rain check, that will let you into any big game.

□

HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS is more a mental attitude than a material achievement.

Money more often adds responsibility, influences the imagination and creates unnatural ambitions.

Adam and Eve lived in what was called a Paradise. They had no great amount of money. In fact, they lived before money was invented, and they lived in Paradise.

□

MY TIP TO WOMEN

SENTIMENT sings its song in the chamber of a woman's soul. A well-cooked dinner seems to find its way to a man's sense of satisfaction.

The cynic says that satisfaction is all there is to a man's sentiment. If the cynic be right, my tip to the woman is to feed the brute what he wants.

□

TRY THIS ONE

IF you want to see the most deserving man in all the world, take a look in the mirror.

When you stop to think of this statement it may sound rather silly even to you. But do you know, most men feel this way about themselves until they get a good square look.

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FRIENDSHIP

SOLITUDE is sweet, but much sweeter when we have some friend to whisper it to—to tell how sweet life is.

"My 'friend' you signed yourself, but did you think
Of all that such a friendship means to me—
To me, who needs a true and faithful friend
More than the weary river needs the sea;
More than the fair roses need the fresh'ning rain,
More than the daybreak needs the sun again?

"Say, did you pause and strive to comprehend
Each thought that lingers in the words 'your friend'?
Are you prepared to suffer any pain,
By which your sacrifice may prove my gain?
Would you believe in me, should Slander's sword
Be the strong weapon 'gainst my simple word?

"Are you prepared to stand by me through ill,
And in misfortune be my true friend still?
Or, are you but a friend while fair days shine,
While happiness, and love, and youth are mine?
Nay, I must plead, if even such you be,
'I greatly need your friendship; give it me.'"

In the hours of happiness, or in distress, we turn to a friend. In gladness, or in sadness, the friend is sought. It is not good for any one to be alone.

□

GOOD FOR NOTHING

A LITTLE girl told her mamma that some day she was going to marry a minister or a doctor. "Because," said she, "the doctor will get me well for nothing, or the minister get me good for nothing."

□

YOUR LAST DOLLAR

A WESTERN judge has decided that poker is not gambling, and the judge is right. Poker is philanthropy. It is giving the other fellow your last dollar.

□

IF possession is nine points of law, self-possession is the tenth point in individuality.

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH. Editor and Manager

VOLUME XI JULY, 1916 NUMBER 9

GRAFT

TO my mind, "graft" is the sale of anything that you do not own.

No man can "graft," no one can get money without earning it, unless some one else earns money without getting it.

"Graft" is delivering your boss, your employer, into the hands of unfair competition.

"Graft" will hurry a man into the mistake of trying to be happy with a conscience that will not sleep. It is a distemper, a frenzy, a consuming fever.

"Graft" is the rust that weakens the chain of confidence. It is a confidence game.

In this article I am not trying to insert a theological plan, or build a platform of moral principles. I am going to try to show that "graft" is the surest and safety way to individual failure.

If you are retained, if you are employed, if you are associated with some one else, your biggest individual asset to yourself and to some one else is your reliability.

The whole world is littered with men of marked ability who have failed.

It is to be regretted that space here will not allow the painting of a larger canvas.

"Graft" is the arbitrary tax the "trusted" employee puts on the seller, before he, the seller, can hope to get a favorable hearing with the buyer.

Do away with "graft," and you can compel men to com-

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pete in a way that is endlessly interesting and perpetually useful in the mastery of art—in the survival of the best in business.

Ten years ago we recovered from a municipal, state and national "graft" epidemic. Today I am told by clear-thinking men that there is a contagion among a certain class, each of whom always wants to know, "What is there in it for me?"

It is not my hope here to establish a code of moral ethics. This magazine is not a spiritual messenger. The age-long conflict between right and wrong will go right along. The ground swell of "graft," the undertow of bribery, will continue to drag men down.

My object is to catch the young man before he begins to accept this quiet influence.

I'm not trying to reform any one, but I do want to impress upon the young man's mind the tremendous importance of individual reliability.

□

SHE'LL VOTE

MRS. TILFORD MOOTS, who has contributed more sons to this country than any woman in her county, and who has always been closely affiliated with the champion checker player, stopped playing long enough the other day to write me a letter; and in it she said: "I only know what I have heard, but I have always felt there is something unequal about this voting." She said that she never found time to look into things, and that her husband was always too busy defending his checker title to help. "However," said she, "if ever women do vote, I shall vote; that is, if it is ever too wet to plow, and I can get off." □

FOLLOW-UP LETTERS

SOMEBODY has asked me to furnish him with a few follow-up letters. This request has been granted.

About the best follow-up system that I know of is to find a lot of old letters that you used to write Dad when you were expecting more money.

□

A MUNCIE paper says it is not only willing, but it is "anxious to publish the obituaries of our friends."

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THE PHILIPPINES

A SMALL statesman from a small settlement back in suggests to me that we surrender the Philippines to the Japs and save trouble. Why not cede California and insure peace for six months more?

When the opportunity arrived, when Russia was in a pocket, Japan compelled Russia to do her biding. When Germany recently was hedged in by the British fleet, Japan took back a chunk from Germany. A few months ago, while the European nations were warring, Japan made an unreasonable demand on China, and got it. Just about the time we had our hands full with Mexico, this kimono kingdom put some pretty straight talk up to Washington.

Some folks begin to see the wisdom of being prepared—not to battle with our German brothers, not to fight with our English friends, but to keep off a nation that wants what we have—the Philippines. □

SLIPPING IT OVER

DO you make a living, or are you earning a living? Would you hire yourself?

Do you ever think that the boss may find you are not making good? Are you trying to slip it over on the boss?

These are the questions for you to answer in all candor and in all confidence.

If you are fair to yourself, fair to the boss, these questions will come up in your mind, and depending largely on the attitude of your mind, your individual success hinges.

You may not think so, but this is where you are slipping it over on yourself. □

LIFE

HE was born on a farm sixty-six years ago. For twelve years he enjoyed life. Then he left the small farm, and started in the great struggle of life. He worked early and late until Tuesday morning at 11.10, when his Packard turned turtle. The funeral will take place tomorrow at 12.30.

□

YOU must work for others, therefore work with others, and eventually you may expect others will work for you. You must learn to take orders in order to be able to give orders.

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JAMES J. HILL

JAMES J. HILL, the superman, is dead! Who else is dead?

Accustomed as we are to the tragedies of life, there is something in this death that tugs at my old heart.

When you tell me of the death of this man, this superman, my mind reels, my hand falls to my side in palsied pity; and with my eyes closed I can see so very clearly the only way.

James J. Hill! You once physical structure of perfect manhood! You once moral constitution of rugged honesty! You once mental monument to sagacity! You farseeing empire builder! How your stubborn, powerful physical force blended with your well-poised brain! What a wonderful lesson we see in your simple early life, and in each added year, in which strength and value emphasized each year that had passed!

Your power of doing and of enduring was thoroughly in sympathy with the dignity of work. You were a creator of an important part of a new nation. Your birth, your youth, your manhood, made you one of the biggest factors of this union of States. The yet unmeasured results of your active life cannot be considered as irregular or exceptional; they were the normal conditions that developed out of a new and simple country in the hands of a master who was a part of the times in which he lived.

You spread before the great Northwest a great feast of duty and a lesson in doing this duty. In wresting from a wilderness sixty-five million acres of land and subsequently creating out of this reclaimed area six wealthy states—I say, when you set in motion wheels that carried profits of sixty-six million dollars a year to your one enterprise; when we recall that you were but a boy woodchopper in the fastness of a Canadian forest, and heard the call of "American Opportunity"; when you cut in that stump this significant signal to all the world: "The last tree chopped by James J. Hill," you left in the white sunlight of that fresh wooded opening a slogan of success beyond even your most ardent dreams.

It has been said there must be a great occasion, some great theme, that man may trace in a tribute imperishable thoughts for the inspiration and betterment of others. In

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the life and the death of James J. Hill we have the occasion and the theme.

Out of the clear upper sky of American authorship some master mind will mold a page that will be a part of the history of the whole world, and it will tell of this superman—James J. Hill.

□

THE COMPENSATING ELEMENT

MY suggestion with reference to an education is that when in doubt you should get more of it than you think you will need. Get all that you can pay for, be it culture, common sense or mechanical training; but get some, even if you have to go in debt for it.

If you must be self-supporting at an early age, do not let this apparent handicap hold you back, for there is always a compensting element in life.

Perhaps in after years you will develop that gift that you never would nor never could develop in younger years, and by this unhappy delay you may inherit even a better opportunity to make a real man of yourself.

Modern education means specializing, and the boy does not always find his calling while young.

□

RATHER ENCOURAGING

MAN'S body is seven times the length of his head. In the days of Phidias, the body was nine times as long as the head.

In the British Museum there are a lot of squat-looking armor-plate suits used five hundred years ago, and they show that man then was four inches shorter than now.

During the past forty years the average length of life of man has been increased four years.

These facts should go to show that man's life is longer and his brains better. Rather encouraging for some of us.

□

AN UNLUCKY LUNCH

THIRTEEN men met at a luncheon recently and some of them got very much excited over the superstitious number at the table, until it was found that one man wore white-silk socks and his pants short, and this left only twelve.

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THE OUTSIDE LEAGUE

DRESSED in his brief authority and in the cunning livery of earth, the ears of the young man turn truant when we talk of death. He will not hear the story of how his skin and bones are to be kneaded into a cold clod of clay, and then left to rot with the worms. He doesn't want to hear it.

Even the older man will willingly suffer poverty, age and aches, and call this place a paradise, rather than risk what we seem to fear in death.

But in after years, when man has been blown in restless violence about this pendent world, the corporal suffering we mortals seem to want to shunt is often welcomed by him.

Thus we find time and circumstances level us all to the inevitable end on earth—death.

What a wise Providence! What an Infinite idea!

My suggestion is that if we cannot preach young men into pews, why not get them interested in business success, and when a young man is successful he will have little room for roaming about? Idleness is the devil's special partner.

I often wonder if it would not be better to let out a hole or two in the religious belt, and leave more room for some of the not-half-bad boys. I am wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan to start a bush league for boys who are not quite good enough to join the pennant winners.

One could get a million boys in this outside organization.

The drowning man would give a thousand furlongs of the sea for a half-acre of dry land. The dying man would willingly sacrifice his earthly possessions for a few more days in which to live. It takes the fresh gravel at the edge of the grave to make men think.

The question comes up in my mind frequently: Aren't we expecting too much of the boy?

We do not put the third coat of paint, the piano finish, on first. My idea is to use a filler first. My scheme is practical, because it begins at the beginning.

□

THEY PASS THROUGH

THEY say that several thousand passengers pass through Buffalo every day, and here you have one reason why there is so much to be seen in Buffalo as the train pulls in and pulls out.

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YOU MUST PREPARE

THE common man cannot expect to do the uncommon things in life unless he takes plenty of time to prepare.

So many men seem to think genius is a fluke. So many seem to think they can get along without work.

Demosthenes would refuse to address an audience even with the fewest words until prepared to handle his subject like a master.

Ole Bull claimed that by practicing one day he could see the results; by practicing two days his friends could get the answer; but by practicing three days the public accepted his work.

Webster was asked to say a few words to a small audience, but he refused. "But," replied his friend, "we must hear from you, even though you say only a few words." Webster answered: "Very well, I'll go and prepare these few words."

It was Alexander Hamilton who declared all the genius he had was this: "When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I consider it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought."

□

WHAT AGE BRINGS

TO grow old gracefully is the test. Age means less struggle, but more real satisfaction in life. A sensible man does not whine or repine over age that comes creeping on. He knows that age is an advantage. By age we are able to look back and tell what actually happened, and then apply this knowledge to the needs of today.

Age brings peace, human harmony, and proves that nothing matters much.

□

THE TIME TO BE

THE way to have friends is first to be a friend. The place to be a friend is here. The time to be a friend is now. The fellow who wants your friendship is the man you meet every day. How much more agreeable and pleasant it is to be pleasant and agreeable!

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CONTROL YOURSELF

ALEXANDER wept when he had subdued the world, and in his tears we see the involuntary tribute to a memory over which he had no control—that of himself. The national pastime, and what we call individual success, are both interesting games that depend so much on "delivery."

The man who lacks control in pitching ball, the man who lacks self-control in playing the game of life—these men are quite sure of hearing the manager call to another pitcher to "warm up."

The man who has lost his goat, his self-control, hasn't sense enough left to pound sand into a rat hole.

When a man gets angry, you will find but one element to combat; when competition gets rattled, there is but one situation to meet, and this situation is easy if you know how to handle a mule.

The man who can master his moods is a powerful factor in any place or at any time.

The man who flings away his ambition in a rage, in a temper, is spending the best part of his vital force in the wrong direction.

Until a man can control himself, he is not safe; nor do level-headed men consider him perfectly sane.

□

THE GROUCH CLASS

HANG a mirror near the door where they come in in the morning. Hang it so that each and every member of the organization will get a good look at himself or herself before entering his or her respective department.

Then put in a conspicuous place this sign: "Smile!"

It is a pretty mean man, it is anything but a pretty woman, who will not smile at himself or herself—smile back in the mirror.

After your face is cracked, after the corners of your mouth curve up, things seem to go better. Always remember that folks meet you as you greet them.

□

IF the conduct of some friend or set of friends is not according to your personal, set rules, it is a much safer plan for you to shut your mouth and mind your own business.

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SOME MAN

HE may wear a last year's straw hat; his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose, and his pants bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second-day's growth, and the tin dinner bucket that he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't you call him "the old man." He's your father.

For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you do plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and a life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother. He is some man, and not "the old man."

If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some, my boy—go some. □

SMILE

A CERTAIN nerve specialist compels his patients to sit in a room and continuously smile for thirty minutes. The result is that the corners of the mouth get turned up, and at the end of the smile season the patient has recovered from the morbid, gloomy, despondent mood. You say this is silly. Try it five minutes.

The black devils of despair strike terror to a man's stomach and put his nerves out of commission—or, rather, in commission. Brooding over trouble will kill your ambition, your ability. When your mind is warped, it is a good plan to find the cause; and after you find the cause, treat it.

If you think you are having a hard time of it, take a trip to the Post-Graduate Hospital, and visit Rotarian Wood of Nova Scotia. This trip will make you feel like twenty-nine cents. When you see Rotarian Wood, you will be ashamed of yourself for not having more courage, more common sense. □

MY mind works better between eight and eleven at night, unless I get caught out without the keys; and then it works pretty fast while I'm trying to get in without letting the folks know it.

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EDITOR AND LAWYER

A CERTAIN counselor of this city attempted to enlighten the editor of the *Evening Journal*—started to show what distinguishes a man from the lower animals. Here is his start: "A cow in a yard surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence is 'virtuous.' Does she deserve credit for her 'morality'? Are men who are compelled by law to be 'good' any better than the 'virtuous' cow?"

Arthur Brisbane answered the dairyman who lives on West End Avenue. Let me quote the finish: "The cow did not make the fence that holds her. Men did make the laws by which they are bound.

"If the laws are good and produce good effects, men are entitled to praise for those laws.

"If the cow had her choice; if she could tear down the fence or jump over it, follow her own free will, and race up and down the streets, thus diminishing her milk supply; and if she chose of her own free will to stay in the pasture and be good, she would deserve credit.

"The cow is entirely lacking in free will, and man has it. His laws are of his own making; he sets a limit to his own desires; he is 'more virtuous than the virtuous cow,' for he builds his own fence and voluntarily remains in law's pasture."

Evidently the lawyer left the bars down in his logic.

Some say that Brisbane does not get the big salary. Perhaps not. But he earns it. □

LAUGH

THE diaphragm beats a tattoo on the stomach when you laugh. Every time you let go a good, hearty laugh, this diaphragm pops up and down on your liver, and helps to drive away the very thing that gives you the blues—biliousness.

Laughter is the best brand of pills on earth. Laughter strikes in when it comes from without, and instantly comes to the surface when it starts from within. Laughter penetrates.

You may laugh because you are happy, and you may be happy because you laugh. It is the one thing where the cause is the effect, and the effect is the cause. Any man can be a millionaire of good cheer.

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SHAME ON YOU

WHEN the Centennial was held in Philadelphia in '76, this country was more than celebrating its birth as a nation: it was bringing into the world and developing some of the most wonderful men of all time.

Forty years! How short a season this seems, and how comparatively great the results!

It was along about Centennial time that John H. Patterson and James J. Hill were selling coal. Daniel Madole was making hammers by hand. Oliver Ames was making shovels in a blacksmith shop, and making them so well, so uniform in quality, so regular in price, that they were accepted in the West in preference to the wildcat money of that day.

Daniel Drew graduated from a cattle driver and became a railroad king. Andrew Carnegie and John Wanamaker were coming into prominence. George Pullman was considered a good carpenter, and Marshall Field a good clerk. Edison, Morse, McCormack, Morgan, were here, but comparatively few knew it. Huntington, Harriman, Hearst, Haggin, had predicted and performed. They dreamed it could be done, and they proceeded to do it.

And even now, right now, this country is bringing up more good men. You may be one of them. Who knows?

Only a few years ago Frank T. Hulswit landed in this country with a handkerchief trunk. The Wrights were looked upon as dreamers of dreams lighter than air.

Philip Koehring was a bookkeeper. The tubes, tunnels, and the things sky-high were yet to be born.

But you say to me, "These were the yesterdays." True, they are our "yesterdays," but they prove the possibilities of today.

You say you want success. Back up, man; you are standing on the greatest success in the known world—America. Stop looking so high for the things close by.

Success is in you more than in time or the thing. And even if you should happen to hit a streak of good luck and make a success, how embarrassed you would feel to find yourself incapable of handling this success!

Are you willing to acknowledge that, with all the present advantages, and with your natural advantages, you cannot make good? Shame on you!

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DON'T GIVE UP

THE history of the world is one page after another, and all of these pages tell of lifelong invalids who have conquered some physical trouble, or rather prevented some bodily suffering from conquering them. Robert Louis Stevenson, Dr. Kane, Dr. Johnson, Pope, Spencer, Darwin, Napoleon—these men never allowed their moods, their physical sufferings, to stall their success.

Do you sympathize with yourself? Do you let your thoughts dwell on your aches and pains? By this morbid mental process you are liable to fix upon yourself what people are pleased to call "disease."

And now I hear you say, "The Silent Partner has been turned over to the New Thought set, to the Christian Science doctrine."

It could do many things much less dignified. This magazine is not talking theory or theology. It is a scientific fact that by firmly holding in the mind thoughts of health, of success, one is more sure to steer clear of many unhappy hours, and frequently to avoid failure.

When a general gives up he is whipped, and his army is licked too.

□

IMAGINATION AND INDUSTRY

WHILE an employee was making excuses for not doing a certain thing, the employer said: "There is another reason why you did not do it: You did not expect to."

The man who can think out a plan without a chorus of minds to loan approval; the man who has imagination, and can couple this necessary power with determination, will eventually reach a position of prominence or prosperity.

You might as well try to dam the Amazon River with a scoop shovel; you might as well try to stop the even flow of a Waterman fountain pen by some unnatural stroke, as to stop the steady climb of the man of invention and inspiration, the man of imagination and industry.

□

WHEN the surgeon finishes the operation, he has some valuable inside information on what you had near the opening and what you haven't in your bank at the closing.

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KNOW THYSELF

THE fear of things, the fright at people, the loss of self-confidence, are binding many a man hand and foot. There are books, blue-prints, charts, wise and otherwise authors who are in possession of the secrets that put "backbone" in men after they are born. But all of these inconsistent ideas have always seemed to me like cast-iron rules—easy to break.

My suggestion is to read inspirational writings, rather than adopt the plans of inspired authors. Use your head and not their "how."

Every man knows enough when he thinks of it. The trouble is, he doesn't always think of it. This magazine tries to help you think of it.

The rhinoceros is a genus of the undulate mammals, and his thick rind has nothing on the genius of the man-family that would teach the world the only way.

This magazine is to intensify your individual interest in success—merely to point in the direction of achievement. It will never try to make a poor minister out of a natural-born plumber. It will not tell you of just the one way, for that way may be closed for repairs, and a sign up: "Detour."

You have health, common sense and the opportunity, for you live in America. All of the straight-edged advice this side of Hillshole will never get you going right unless you work it out yourself and in your own way.

Don't take the author of any book too seriously. Take yourself out on the woodpile and whittle away on these two words—the wisest words ever uttered: "Know thyself."

The author of a good book may help you; the editor of a well-thought-out magazine may suggest, may start up your think-tank; but to know yourself is your knowledge, and not the author's, and this is the only knowledge you will probably be able to apply successfully.

Given two words in which to tell the world my most sincere, and perhaps my most practical suggestion for success, and these words would be my choice: "Know thyself."

Given a second choice for a suggestion on individual success, and these are the two words I would employ: "Help thyself."

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THE BLACK ART

THIS article deals with theurgy, second sight, sorcery, mesmerism. It will tell you how to make good by means of the occult art. It will prove to be the necromancer's blue-print on how, the conjurer's chart on where. If you follow out its bewitching charm, you will find your way through the world without work—"like Old Nick kept tavern."

Charles Goodyear was condemned by his neighbors for neglecting his family, and finally they put him in prison for debt; but he made rubber without any knowledge of "mesmerism."

Elias Howe was very shamefully treated and criminally cheated, and still he left the world its great legacy without the slightest dream of the "occult art."

Marshall Field converted his clerkship into ownership, and still he claimed no knowledge of "necromancy."

Robert Fulton blushed when they scoffed at him. His face flushed because he was angry at the insults. Later it developed that he was not mad. And still Fulton knew nothing of the "conjurer's tricks."

And so it is. One might recite here hundreds of the obscure beginnings, and tell of their triumphant endings—might illustrate the trials of those who have made their own way in the world, beginning without finance, without any friends, or without what we call a fair show.

My advice to you, Mr. Thinker, is this: If you want to win, if success in life is a part of your program, if the story of the long waits and of the ultimate rewards are fascinating, learn your lesson from the man who knew nothing of "the black art."

Perhaps the best way to help you win is to disarm you at once of the thought that it takes a genius to beat in business or in anything else.

If you have a strong, steady mind, and it accidentally turns you toward doing some one thing better than it can be done by any one else, then they will call you a "genius"—provided, of course, that you do what Field, Howe, Goodyear and the rest of the worth-while men did.

The "genius" is self-made as well as born.

Without the slightest doubt you are a genuine "genius,"

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but you don't seem to know it, nor does the world recognize it. And here is the trouble. You either refuse to do the thing that you can do well, that will distinguish you, or you fail to find the calling that you fit.

Shakespeare, Dante, Rubens, Goethe—these men all advocated the idea of taking special pains to excel. They were self-made after they were born.

Huxley said that he attached more value to industry, to physical endurance, than he did to cleverness.

Carlyle defined "genius" like this: "The capacity for taking infinite pains."

Do you want me to tell you in perfectly plain English why you are not accepted as a "genius"—why you are not more successful?

You know it takes a "genius" to be successful. But don't get your wires crossed on this word "genius."

When I tell you why you are not a success, you will probably say, Mind your own business, or some other nasty thing. But what do I care? If I get you going, I shall have earned my dollar; and whether you like me, or whether you don't, matters little; I shall have been at least honest with you, and of special service, and you ought to like a man for this. It is my methods and not my manners that I ask you to accept.

And now for the answer: You are not willing to work alongside of the records of the men mentioned.

□

YOU YOURSELF

IF you consider yourself a small man, you may expect to fill a small man's position. If you feel you are just common clay, you may expect others to walk on you.

Your success will never rise above its source, and the source of your success is in your self-confidence—the faith you have in your ability and ambition.

Friends, influence, money, seldom remain long with a man who lacks faith in himself.

The slogan of your success must be "Quality," otherwise your success will never rise above two or three dollars a day. What you do in life is an expression of you, yourself; and others will pay for this expression exactly what it is worth, and no more.

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MY COUNTRY!

MY country!—the greatest of the good and the best of the great. My country!—the land where the love of liberty and the imperishable thought of union lift each and every citizen above the powers and principalities.

My country! How this thought soars—lifts my soul higher than the dome of St. Peter's or St. Paul's!

The loftiest, most imposing structure that man has ever reared is now the work of our statesman-soldier-patriot Washington, and in this one word we mean—"our country."

In order that history may unfold to us the solid moral and material masonry of Washington, we are compelled to let another century comprehend it all. You and I will never be able to weigh the worth of Washington and his work.

The panorama of our struggles, our achievements, our progress, proves that only great problems develop great principles, and it is out of these great principles that we as a nation stand unchallenged, unscathed.

When my thoughts dwell with the Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Alexanders, the Fredericks, the Napoleons, the dandled crowned heads of Europe, there seems to come an onrush of instinctive patriotism.

Washington! You drew your sword without ambition, without malice. You wielded it without vindictiveness, and shielded it without reproach. You welcomed peace, and was at last claimed by England as a scion of her own stock.

In your life there were no dark recesses of intrigue, no taint of selfishness, no conduct over which Charity must fling her veil. Your life was a simple, natural, noble one; and in this mold the world should see a suggestion of strength—an army of men who know the blessings of peace, who know the rights of man, and who may be depended upon, if need be, not to shrink from their assertion.

□

SOME TRIP

A YOUNG man writes of a recent trip that he took over a route well known to most of us. He says: "We left Friendship, N. Y., and drove direct to Love, Va. From there we took the train to Kissimmee, Fla. Then we drove to Ring, Ark., and then we rushed to Parsons, Ky. We are now 'at home' with Pa and Ma. It's some trip!"

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SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE

SIMPLICITY converts a flickering paragraph into searchlight language. Simplicity concentrates, intensifies, magnifies. Simplicity lets a man see for himself; and this is the only evidence sensible men will accept.

If they were to ask me to write an elevated, lofty epic on "The Way to Wealth"; should they tell me to prepare a brief, some set of specifications on "Success," my story would be told in perfectly plain but understandable language.

It would be simplicity itself, for it is the energy of thought, and not the beauty of words, that we want.

Simplicity will survive because it is best. Lincoln was plain but practical. Simplicity reduces what you have to say to language that cannot be misunderstood. Let me give you here an example in simplicity.

Go to bed early tonight and get a good sleep, a long rest. Get up in the morning full of vim, spunk and aggressiveness.

Decide on the thing that you feel you can do well—the job that seems to fit you.

Then start out with all your determination, all your energy, to do this job.

But just before you begin, I want to call you back and whisper several volumes of knowledge in your ear; in fact, I would pour into the cracks of your cranium all of the knowledge of the world—"Know thyself." For what will it avail you to be able to do a job, when in after hours you find other men can do this particular job much better than you? What chance have you?

Life is a survival of the fittest, and you can survive by doing the thing that fits you best.

□

ARMY OF ACHIEVERS

LET us organize the potential energies and abilities of our men into one grand army of achievers. Then if we need these men as soldiers, they will be filled with the fire of wanting to be soldiers, because they are healthy and well in the mind and body. In the meantime we shall be making tradesmen, craftsmen, of them, and when they do return to the regular, private life they will have the advantage of knowledge, experience and—what is more—discipline.

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THE TRAIL WE WALK

STANDING in the shelter of a Sixth Avenue station and at the foot of the stairs was a woman, one of those emaciated, half-dressed, skeleton creatures that look pinched and weak. In her arms she held a babe, which was partly covered with a piece of old rag carpet.

Now, boys, I was satisfied, from the very first, that the woman was a pan-handling pirate, a first-class faker, and not the mother of that starving babe.

But I just naturally slipped back six stairs and handed her a dime. This was all wrong, all wrong, so they say. My gift was an encouragement to a crime against charity, and you know the greatest of these is charity.

But, fellows, you men out in the great open West—what would you have done? I'll answer. You pals would have pulled up, got down out of the saddle, and given her a dollar. I gave her only a dime.

There was that pale-faced, blue-eyed, purple-fingered little lump of life, too small even to smile. There he was, tugging away at an empty milk bottle, on a cold, rainy spring morning.

Say, fellers, it's been years since I wore the red bandanna and the belt, but even today I'd rather be a common coyote out on the plains of western Kansas and there sit and howl at the cold moon, than ride in a Packard and miss some of the things on the trail we walk.

□

THE ROTARY ROSTER

THE roster of a Rotary Club is an alphabetical list of real achievers, a scroll of actual successes.

There may be bigger financial balances to the credit of some classes, but, taken in their entirety, you will never find another organization of men who have the idea of "service" so firmly fixed.

There seems to be a prevailing idea among the individual members of a Rotary Club that only the best is good enough.

□

THE EYE-OPENER

OUT in Ohio a blind man got married, and in a week he recovered his sight.

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WHISTLE

EXCUSE me when the "honest" man appears, when the fellow arrives who is always afraid of letting the "control" get into the other man's hands.

Deliver me from the man who is always asking an outsider's advice, and then, just to show his superior self-knowledge, goes and does the very opposite thing, and thereby proves his lack of confidence.

Then there is the man who considers anything you offer him as worthless—who always refers to a friend who once lost money in about the same way.

These hindsighted, backboneless human humps on the surface of the earth go on asking fool questions and bothering busy people, until they reach the age of common sense, but they never celebrate a birthday over the occasion. They never seem to quite reach this birthday.

Just about the time they have accumulated a lifetime of savings—savings that represent sacrifice and scrimping—along comes a crook, a real crook with a world beater, and this world beater looks so good that the "honest" man, the selfish Shylock, even refuses to show it to his closest friend, and, sucker-like, he swallows hook, line, bob and sinker.

The world has its share of these punic people, these folks who work a lifetime to get good and ripe and then let some rank unknown pick them.

Either trust your doctor, your lawyer, your broker, or go it alone. If you do go it alone and get lost, strayed or stolen, whistle, and then folks will know exactly where to find one first-class second-class man. □

WHY SHOULD YOU TRY?

THE only sound system of happiness, peace and health is the perpetual habit of work.

And this does not imply hard work. When you like your work, it is not "hard"; it is a passport to the satisfaction that you find after work well done.

Oceans roll their waves from shore to shore; forests put forth their foliage, and the fields ripen. There can never be a live thing in all the universe that is idle. Why should you want to try it?

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THE THREE PARTS

IMAGINATION is thinking in images. The power to image, to imagine, is absolutely necessary in individual success. To idealize is not always to realize. The dreamer, in a broad sense, is not the doer. Somnambulism and success are not synonymous. The tourist in trade, the adventurer in achievement, the alpine climber in business, is very much awake.

Imagination plays three parts—the past, the present, and the future.

The memory-image brings back the scenes of childhood, and can only appeal to the sense of pleasure and satisfaction.

The expectation-image is a review of the individual experiences within that part that exists only in what we expect now.

The constructive-image in your mind is what measures your permanency as a man.

The dreams of yesterday, the nightmares of today, and the visions of tomorrow—these are the three conditions of the human mind.

In the fertile mind of Field we found the way to the Old World through a wire. In the inventive brain of Hill, the great Northwest was made a warehouse. In the ardent, daring, bold mind of merchants like Wanamaker, the "business zone" proves but a theory.

Herbert Kaufman says: "If one per cent of the people would ever think for themselves, their combined effort would bankrupt prediction."

Until you have decided firmly to do something, how on earth do you expect to do it?

Build in your brain the image of success—the particular thing you want to do. Then get all excited, enthused, worked up over this one particular thing. Then do it.

Your yesterdays are dead. Your today is dying. Your tomorrows are all that you have.

The man who lives on the sentiments of yesterday is a poet. The fellow who only sees today is selfish. The superman is the individual who can, in his imagination, build for tomorrow.

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PROHIBITION

GOVERNOR CARLSON of Colorado spoke before the Swedish Noonday Club of Omaha recently, and he had this to say: "The West is solid for national prohibition, which is the best medium for the settlement of labor difficulties."

Then he proceeded to show how the Leadville strike was settled without violence, a thing that could not have been done with the saloons open.

He said the Pueblo city jail was empty last month for the first time in history; that the number of arrests in Denver had been reduced two-thirds; that 2,600 savings accounts showed during January of this year an increase in deposits of $578,000 over those of the same month in 1915.

Similar testimony comes from Iowa, where the saloon was banished the same day it was put out of Colorado. Figures, some time ago presented for the first month's operation under the new law, showed that in the large cities of the state arrests for drunkenness were reduced from forty to fifty per cent. Des Moines business men declare that collections are much better than they were, that savings accounts are increasing rapidly, that many kinds of legitimate business are improved by the transfer of patronage from the saloons to them, and that general conditions are better.

□

OLD GOLDBERG

GOKEY GOLDBERG sat in his leather-lined private office cutting off coupons with a pair of solid-silver manicure scissors, when a messenger rushed in and said: "Oh, Mr. Goldberg, I am so sorry for you! Your charming young wife has eloped with the office boy." Old Goldberg kept right on clipping coupons, and never once raised his eyes, while he half-whispered: "Never mind, kid; he wasn't much of an office boy anyway."

□

IN 1873 James McDowell graduated from Washington and Lee University. Now at sixty-four he proposes taking a course in law at the same institution. He says that when he graduates he will hang out a shingle in New York. McDowell claims that a man is better fit after sixty.

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ARE YOUR WIRES CROSSED?

FIFTEEN centuries before Christ they would treat bodily ills with medicine, but most of the cases were "cured" by incantation or by magic.

Then it was the practice to meet in public market-places where the groups of the afflicted would assemble and furnish advice to those who were suffering from a like "disease."

In a modified manner, we of the moment find men and even women in every calling of life recommending to other men and other women some sort of treatment, some science, some system for saving or prolonging life.

And for this ancient practice of offering advice, with reference to medicine or methods of "cure," it would appear that my crime is at least an old one.

My special friendship for certain members of the medical and surgical profession; my particular favoritism for a few dependable druggists, and for the great drug interests of this country; my knowledge of the results obtained by mind over matter, must form a convincing preface that I am at least unprejudiced, fair.

Not long ago they took away my breakfast food, then my coffee, and now they are telling me that fried eggs are invitations to insanity. Had they kept this up, had I failed to find the virtue of osteopathy, this is what might have happened. They might have come to my stall some morning and yelled, "Get over, Fred," and then pitched in a few forkfuls of hay, slapped me on the hip, and said: "Now I'm going to feed the pigs." They would have had me eating with the horses by this time.

This individual reference is made simply to intensify my suggestion—that's all—and not to impress you with the fact that I had been taken for a street-car horse.

First, if my mind was morbid, if I should fail to appreciate the tremendous influence of the mind over matter, of the mind *versus* medicine, of the mind over the body, then this little magazine would fail to fill its function.

Second, should my ignorance lead me so far as not to appreciate the indispensable worth of the medical profession, of the dependable druggist, of the trained nurse, then this article would have small weight.

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Druggists, doctors, surgeons, scientists, nurses, and the cold compress are all necessary at times.

In 1874, when osteopathy was discovered, its founder said: "The function of the artery must be absolute, universal and unobstructed, or disease will be the result. The moment of its disturbance marks the period when disease begins to sow the seed of destruction in the human body, and in no case can it be done without a broken or suspended current of arterial blood."

I know from personal experience that it does not pay a man to whip a tired horse with drugs, or try to put an overtired horse to sleep with some sedative.

In my present position as a plain workingman, pretty well worn out at times, I am at best a horse—some would say an ass for working so hard; but I am not alone. There are other donkey engines of ambition in America that are working overtime, and this is exactly my point. It is to these donkeys that I would address this message.

If your nerves are on edge, if you are "all in," if you are not up to standard, there's something wrong.

If your veins and arteries are out of place, if your muscles are abnormal, and some bones out of plumb, you will get a telegram telling you of pains, aches, fatigue—you will know that your wires are crossed and the power is off.

Now, this is not the language of materia medica. It may lack in the mysterious elements of Latin, and look like a poor prescription; but it's plain English, and you know exactly what I mean without a salve or a poultice to draw out the point.

When I'm "all in," worn out, irritable, cross and crabbed; when my mind runs down and by body balks, I just hike up Fifth Avenue to Dr. Clinton E. Achorn, 6 West Thirty-seventh Street. He doesn't massage me; the barber does.

Any good doctor of osteopathy has a knowledge of anatomy and of pathology, and begins by finding where your wires are crossed. With his scientific and practical training, this good doctor of osteopathy will very quickly remove the cause—mind you, remove the cause—of the diseased condition. And when the cause is removed, I find the current, the power in my old body and in my old brain comes back with apparently renewed force.

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ALL REACH HOME

ON Thursday an editorial appeared in the page advertisement of The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver—"The Rainbow." Here it is:

"The rainbow is an arc of prismatic colors, a reflection of the sun or the moon through the mist. It does not direct the hunter to the pot of gold.

"The rainbow is a mirage in the heavens—that's all. It's the false light of the luck-chaser. It is the hope of the swivel-eyed believer in fate.

"Life is real, and the consequences are sure. The ignis fatuus of good fortune is not looked upon as a monument to the cleverness of ancient fable builders, or a monument on the grave of mythological gods.

"People today insist on the Davy Crockett plan of being sure they are right before going ahead.

"The old idea of shopping about, looking and looking for some unreal bargain, is a waste of energy, and eventually brings the customer into the presence of disappointment.

"This store offers no false promises, holds out no glittering rainbow.

"What we say in our advertising you will find on investigation to be the undressed truth.

"What you see in our advertising is so, and this is a big advantage to all concerned."

The following day a so-different editorial appeared—"Good Place to Trade"; and here it is:

"When you come to this store it is like coming home. You will be received at the door with a welcome, treated courteously, and on leaving, an impression will come over you to call again.

"Trading is a duty—more often a task.

"Here you will find sales people who take every caller seriously. They expect every caller to be a customer and not just a 'looker.'

"Our sales people would feel deeply chagrined, really defeated, if they could not, with all our excellent display of real values, interest you. They would consider it a lack of individual efficiency. So you see, there is a real responsibility left on the shoulders of our sales people.

"They know we have the styles, the values; and they realize that if the sales are not made, it is probably from the lack of attention, enthusiasm, or the other factors that go to make good sales people. This is our idea of service.

"It's a good place to trade."

Comment seems unnecessary. These advertisements have been running daily for over two years. Some touch the heart, some the pocketbook; all reach home.

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ARE YOU?

THE power of prophecy is not given this magazine. Yesterday we thought we knew something. Today is but the stage setting for the drama of tomorrow—a play that perpetually begins.

And still if we did not contemplate the future, ambition would pale over with a sickly cast.

Could we know the future, the world would stall and stagger. It is that everlasting hope which keeps springing up that spurs us on.

The alluring occupation of predicting future events, of forecasting, is fascinating, and I am convinced it can be done with considerable accuracy by certain standards, certain laws, that are given to govern this planet. But discarding these scientific, these astronomical rules, it would seem to most of us that this particular period is a wonderful hour in which to live.

How does it strike you?

There will be very soon many social, national and international changes of incomparable importance. There will be entirely new furniture for the world to be made, and by us. And now the point is, Are you going to get in on the making?

□

THE WOULD-BE CRITIC

THE would-be critic is a born backbiter. His sire is a son of a pessimist, and his dam is a darn sight worse.

Each village has one, every small town two or three, and all cities support a small army of these backbiters, these would-be critics. They apparently see but little good in anything, unless they have their own hand in the job.

The knocker is a bird of paradise as compared with this would-be critic who sails under false colors. The knocker knocks, and you expect him to; but the would-be critic would have others believe that his knowledge is superior, and that anything he opposes is of no account.

□

YOU are not the potentate of the universe. You are not the worthy master of other men. If you think you are, you are without doubt a very small potato—not even master of yourself.

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COLORADO

COLORADO!—you glorious gift in the galaxy of states! Colorado!—you typical American empire of wealth; you garden of the gods where men actually live!

My mind can recall no more inspiring hours than the years spent in the cooling shadow of old Pike's Peak.

Life could loan to me no greater advantage now than to go back once more—back to your rock-ribbed heart, to listen once more to the bell that signals to real men on the rim of the bucket—real men coming up out of your treasure vaults.

We read the railroad laureate's tribute to the "turquoise sky"; the tenderfoot's poem to the "rushing mountain stream"; the sweet girl graduate's story of your "peaceful valleys," your "wonderful sunrises," your "starriest heavens," your "violet evenings" and "incomparable sunsets"; but this is beauty of language. And the beauty of it all is, it's the truth.

But what I like about you is your rugged individual integrity. You represent that which is best of the East, that which is ambitious of the North, the courage of the Coast, the worth of the South. You are the center of Americanism, and my sombrero is off to you.

□

THE EMPTY BOARD

IT was the excited kid at the ball park who yelled: "Hey, Larry, hit it out to the fence where the empty board is!" What a pity it is that we older ones can't get excited and hit it out where the "empty board" is! But no; most of us just bunt and then run. We almost hope to get hit with the pill rather than take the kid's advice and get a new suit of clothes.

If it's team play to bunt, why, bunt; but if it's your turn to make the bases, for the love of Larry, swing!

□

EVERY European soldier will have gone through this trouble, this terrible war, with some woman as his ideal; and for this reason one can quite well understand what place women will hold in the hearts of men when this terrible war is over.

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DO THE FAILING FIRST

IN my time I have met a lot of men, and at one time or another so many successes and failures that it makes my head swim now to think of them.

Out in Colorado, in Nevada, they taught me in a few years the things that it would take a lifetime to learn in the East. They couldn't be learned here.

And now the things that I don't know give me a headache from just plain emptiness. The truth is, there are black-and-blue spots all over my body where I have pinched myself to know whether I am awake or sleeping.

The consensus of opinion is that what I don't know would fill Mammoth Cave.

Strangers pay me two hundred for a thirty-minute talk on "How to Fail." Why? Because I am an authority on the subject.

I can tell you more ways to fail than almost any man on earth, and when you get this information from first hand, and well fixed in your think-apparatus, why should you deliberately go out and fail?

And still, what I am doing now is a success, and herein lies the value of a life that has hit both trails but did the failing first.

□

WATCH OUT

THERE are three million people on the sick list in this country all the time. It costs this country each year one and a half billion dollars for its sick. This does not take into account those who are below par, fagged out.

The normal condition of man is to be well. Almost all of the sickness can be traced to getting an overload of food, an overdose of drink, or too much overhead fun.

Work will eventually tire man. Nature will compel him to sleep, rest and restore himself. Work is an opiate.

Food, drink, fun, are stimulants, and more often incite the individual to overtrain. Watch out.

□

SOME men are so lucky! One just fell out of an aëroplane, struck on the skylight of a hospital, and eventually landed flat on the operating table. Others are born rich.

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POLITICAL HONOR

POLITICAL honor is as insecure as the position of an intrepid flea that would breakfast on the lip of a lion. Political honor is at best a symptom.

The man who looks in any one party for a monopoly of what we call "political honor" has a reason-box so small that you might scour it with perpetual motion for a number of years and still fail to find a bright spot.

Political honor is a shield, a coat-of-arms, a crest, that may be lost in any battle of votes. Political honor is the escutcheon of success at the polls—the answer to a pull or an appointment.

My intimate, individual knowledge of the honorable politician is limited—very limited. My only measure of him is based on the things each says about the other on the eve of election; and these stories have that fish-like ancient smell that sickens.

And still some good men would put even more power in their outstretched, itching palms.

Give the government over to them? We have. But to give them the power to manage our public-service plants, our railroads, our other industries, that represent the coöperative ability and ambition of our best business men, would be throwing pearls.

Political honor is one thing; business acumen quite another.

Take from our supermen the individual incentive for achievement, and you actually remove from them more than the value of dividends, for it is this personal pride of achievement that made them what they are. Without this, they never would have started.

Politicians know that they are essentially unfitted to manage our mills, our plants, our industries—industries that have called for a lifetime of special study, and, what is of even greater importance, individual fitness for the work on hand.

This government is a trustee for the whole people, and the rate of pay is fixed for its employees; and this rate must be regulated by a due consideration of the people at large, who are, after all, the employer as well as the legal demander of its civil servants who are its employees.

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And the manner in which the pay of these government employees is distributed is a travesty on the thought of justice.

Offices that involve great responsibility and much individual ability are paid mere living wage, while offices created by politicians for their henchmen are fat jobs that call for no special training or knowledge.

And still, some unthinking people would jump from the frying pan into the fire.

□

HIGH LIVING

IT is not the high cost of living; it is the love of high living. It is not the lack of good pay; it is the abundance of just play.

The man with a modest income insists on having the things that the rich have been educated to demand.

This country gives more to men in pay, in play, in profit, than any country on the face of the earth—bar none. And still we kick on dry land. It's all right to kick in swimming.

Just as long as men and women live beyond their means, we shall have reason to complain over the high waste of living.

□

ENTRIES CLOSED

ENTRIES of ignorance and of negligence in this organization closed yesterday. The race for preferred positions began this morning at nine.

The contestants, the strugglers for success, will find the management with them always. The bloodless, indifferent individual may as well retire with what small record he has left.

□

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ABOUT the last letter in the pile of mail Monday read: "Dear Editor: Like many girls of seventeen, I married the only man I thought I could ever love, without looking around a bit. I have no profession or other means of livelihood, and it has worked a hardship on both of us. If I wuz single again, I believe I could do better. What do you think of second marriages?

DAISY."

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WHY NOT?

ARE you the man you think you are? You say you are. Let us see. Perhaps your conscience is asleep. You may have taken the opiate of indifference. You probably mean well, but hell is paved with poor brick that can be no longer used here.

That's right, old top; get mad at me. Get angry. Call me anything you like, but listen! It takes pretty good mud to make a man, and you know mud makes brick, and I told you what they did with poor brick.

There are five factors necessary to make a good man—mental, moral, physical, social and financial.

Now I will ask you again, Are you the man you think you are? Do you expect success, and if you do, what reason have you to expect it? Are you mentally strong, morally fit? Have you money?

What thing do you really lack, for there must be some weak link in your chain of success? The point is to find out, right now, where your roof leaks.

Do you attract people, or do you repel them? Are you saving money now? Do you have some responsibility, or are you just drifting? Are you willing to be shown? Are you willing to let others judge you by your present position? And here I have you right where I want you. The answer comes back: Certainly not! No man is willing to be measured by his present position—no poor man, no good man.

Do you realize that other men have your measure?

True, you may fool a few friends for a little while, but why try to fool yourself? Why gloss over your own faults? Why not meet them and defeat them now?

□

PUNK

SIXTY-SEVEN letters were sold the other day—letters written by Charles Dickens; and the whole lot brought three thousand dollars. Punk! One letter written by a much smaller man to a marriageable widow started up a dickens of a time and cost the author ten thousand dollars.

□

THE sign "Welcome" on an old doormat is more pleasant to me than to live among flunkies.

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TO BEAT BOOZE

THE best way to beat the booze game is to give your wife, say, a couple of dollars, and let her buy a gallon of booze. If she is a good mixer, she will set up sixty-nine four-finger drinks out of each gallon, and should make eight dollars net on the poison.

If you would increase the daily profits, bring in your men friends. By starting a saloon in the home, you will save being arrested on the street, for your wife can take care of you. She won't kick you out after you are full up.

By starting the saloon in the home, and by patronizing your home saloon always, at the end of ten years you will probably die with snakes in your boots, and your wife will have enough money to educate your children, buy a little home, and after a while get married again to a real man, and eventually forget you were ever on earth.

Gee! But you're sore on me now.

□

IS THAT SO?

A NUMBER of working girls were asked recently what they expected to do after they left the store for good, and they all replied, "Get married."

In response to a second question, "What do you expect to do after you get married?" there was a chorus of answers in one word—"Nothing."

Is that so?

□

DON'T SPEAK OF IT

WHY build a fair house on the other man's ground? Why slave and rave over your being crossed with adversity? Your skin is whole, your heart pumps red blood; and if you live here in America and on American soil and you are not making good, don't speak of it.

□

THE UPPER BERTH

YOU have probably noticed that the thoughtful almost always get a lower berth. The improvident, the unprepared, trust to luck, and land on the upper shelf, and then kick, roar, beef and make a lot of noise so other folks can't sleep.

□

THE best fortune teller is the bank teller.

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KEEP THE FIRES UP

YEARS are not the things that count. Old men are young at sixty-five; young men are old at forty.

The moment a man consents within himself that he is old in age, he simultaneously begins to get ancient in ambition. Many men with wrinkled skin have a soul as smooth as velvet.

Desert your ideals, and you will grow old. Fear yourself and fear others, and life naturally is not worth living. It is a form of slavery, and disappointing enough to make any man grow old.

So long as you keep the central fires of love and affection burning, life will hold for you that lure—that unfailing youthful appetite for more.

Man is as young as his love and as old as his lonesomeness. Keep the old fire burning.

□

ON GETTING FIRED

THE boss can fire you, and if you are a man of sense, this will fire you.

He can discharge you, and hire some one else; but you cannot hire yourself.

So you see, at present he has the edge on you. The only way you can come out on top is to get out from under yourself.

□

CANNED

BURBANK, Bell, Edison—these are three great men. But with all their greatness, they cannot compare with the little woman who does fifty-two washings a year, bakes 29,876 pies in a lifetime, successfully stands the trials of housekeeping, and lives with her husband. She has the telegraph, the telephone and all the Burbank ideas "canned" for winter.

□

FULL-BLOODED CUR

THE assessor asked the farmer's wife: "What breed is the pup?" And hoping that her answer might lower the tax rate, she replied: "He's just a common cur." But the eight-year-old boy wouldn't have it that way. He patted the dog on the head and said: "Yes, and he's a full-blooded cur, too."

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, Editor and Manager

VOLUME XI AUGUST, 1916 NUMBER 10

Helping Humans Help Themselves

IT has been said that a wise man never repeats. It might be added that we seldom say anything worth repeating.

Last November The Silent Partner published an article on "Thrift," which is probably one of the few things worthy of repetition. I will compromise by only repeating a part of the article:

"If I could megaphone to every man in America today, I would shout at the top of my lungs, Save first!

"This is the hour of industry that gains; make it the season of saving which preserves.

"The workingman will never witness a greater hour for reward, nor will he have a better time to save than now—right now.

"When we teach all of the people thrift, when we educate them in economy, when we encourage them to appreciate productive industry, we are building securely.

"With the possession of property come the conservative social instincts and a disinclination for rash and reckless schemes. When we know this, we are occupying an intelligent and a permanent position.

"We have plenty of night schools and day schools on how to earn more, but where are the night schools or the day schools on saving—on thrift?

"The greatest promoter of crime is poverty. The knife that stabs the honest heart is want. The biggest burden in America, at the moment, is the improvident poor.

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"If I could record a resolution for the New World and for the New Year, I would paint on the noon-hour sun, in big, black letters, this sign that could be read by the whole universe: Save for a Happy New Year.

"This would be a wonderful slogan. It expresses an imperative demand—a resolution of intense and individual interest.

"We are now earning enough, every one of us, but we are not saving as we should. We know this, and in knowing it, the crime is none the less."

Before me at the moment is the announcement of another "Poor Man's Bank" in Youngstown. You ask me where is Youngstown, and I answer you: Ohio is in Youngstown.

Most of my readers are familiar with the Morris Plan bank, which was explained quite fully in this little magazine some time ago.

To loan to the worthy poor, to the workman or woman, for the absolute needs, is a work that passes the pale of philanthropy, and soars higher in its human aims that that of charity. It is not just a local banking business—it is a national benefaction. It does more than temporarily help—it teaches the permanent principles of thrift.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan testified on his oath that credit is more a measure of a man's moral worth than his financial soundness.

We might look a long time for higher authority.

Inasmuch as there are now in this country thirty Morris Plan banks—inasmuch as these banks have proved that the confidence and credit extended the laboring man or woman has been justified by results—inasmuch as these banks are successes in every particular, it would appear that hundreds of other cities throughout the country might take a tip.

The moral plan of banking does not seem to appeal to the thin-lipped, bloodless banker, more conspicuous years ago. It is an institution that inspires individuals who have the Ben Abou spirit.

Clarence J. Strouss, of The Strouss-Hirshberg Company of Ohio, which is in Youngstown, says:

"Honesty and character, plus earning capacity, will be the basis of loans in the Morris Plan bank of Youngstown.

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"The idea is to offer credit at legal rates to persons who need money for personal or business reasons, but can give little or no security. Their own honor will be their best collateral.

"The new bank is a public enterprise. Suppose a man suddenly finds himself in debt, as through sickness, or birth or death in his family. The banks will not lend him money, and he goes either to friends, or to his employer, or to the loan shark. In any case, he is bound to worry about it, and worry will decrease his efficiency and usefulness. In nine cases out of ten he will have difficulty in repaying the debt, for most people who go into debt find it hard to save more than five or ten dollars at a time. But the Morris Plan bank changes all this. He gets the indorsement of two of his friends, and makes his application for a loan of fifty or a hundred dollars. His application is investigated, and if he is found to be an honest, industrious man he is given the amount of the loan less six per cent interest and two per cent for investigation. The next week he begins to repay the loan, and he pays one-fiftieth each week until the entire amount is returned. Experience has proved that when men are put on their honor this way the loss to the banks is almost nil.

"When accounts have been squared, the bank suggests that the borrower become a depositor. It is pointed out to him that in this way he will have money on hand the next time he is in need, and will not have to pay interest on a loan. The Morris Plan banks have a system of investment certificates bearing interest at five per cent which borrowers are urged to buy. When a man has paid off his debt and bought such a certificate he is generally well started on the road to thrift. And this is an essential part of the Morris Plan. First the bank extends a friendly hand in time of trouble, then it tries to teach men to take care of themselves."

My observations are that we accuse men for not knowing their own weaknesses, when as a matter of fact, few men know their own strength. Men and mountains are very much alike—some tower higher than others. Some have veins of gold hidden.

Our American birthright calls for the enterprise that will

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help humans to help themselves. We are willing to dig for values in mountains; why not in men?

This Morris Plan of banking makes a man the agent of bettering his own condition. Philanthropy, charity, cannot accomplish this.

Debt often carves the frank, open face of the poor man into wrinkles. It makes invasions on his self-respect, and it does more—it leaves a legacy for his children that frequently borders on a tragedy.

Theology is the science which treats of God and of man's duty to Him.

Thrift is the practice which helps humans to help themselves, and this is man's duty to God.

There are so many worthy and excellent men in the field of theology that my plan personally has always been to jump the fence and do the practical work in the rugged field of the pioneer. Pioneer work seems to be my religion. Getting young men ready is some job. Heading folks right is a big task.

A man's mind will not grasp the higher ideals of life while his family is in want, while he is hungry, himself. A young man can be shown the way, but it's hard to push or pull him into line.

Poverty and want lead to ignorance and crime, and if this subject is not of interest to each and every individual, I miss my guess.

If I were to select a set of directors for a universal bank—a board of benefactors—I would suggest the names of Ed. Sinclair, George C. Warner, Frank T. Hulswit, H. M. Stoll, and I would round out the board with the ripened experience of George J. Geer, who believes that charity is a crutch. I would have Clarence J. Strouss active manager.

The institution that teaches thrift is of imperative importance. The Temple of Thrift should stand on the campus at the left of the college and at the right of the chapel. Thrift is the half-brother of mental training and the big brother of moral support. □

SOME men marry women for money, others marry for love, some hitch up for position, and some marry for a little while.

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THE BASIS

THE basis on which this magazine hopes to continue its success is that of service to others. To make others happy is enough to make any ordinary editor happy, any magazine a welcome visitor.

The ruling passion of this little publication is to inspire the individual to want to do more for himself and for others.

Its doctrine is to accept a situation without complaining. When the wind blows from the west, it is not your right to find fault. Should the current change, who knows but that it would drive some frail friend upon the rocks?

Out of all the crosses, the losses, the ruin and the wrecks, this little magazine helps create for you a castle of happiness by always showing the silver lining to every cloud.

It's a pocket edition that you can pick up and carry with you as a companion—as a friend in need.

In memory of dear old days it will fill your cup. In sorrow it will sit down by the side of the road and mourn with you. In the spirit of fun, it is your jester. But, best of all, it will always look up, think up, and try to mend your disaster.

□

THE SONG OF SONGS

MODERN music is made for the heels and the head. Somehow I do not seem to catch the spell.

My idea of real music is that which produces a state of thought, a sense of sentiment—that which floods the heart with perfect June.

It is my purpose to tell you here, in the smallest possible space, of the song of songs—tell you of the one song that will give wings to your soul, and, like an eagle in the heaven of sound, you will follow it, even forgetting the things of earth for a time.

If you would be carried with one single song to the sacred palms on the desert's edge, if you would hear a voice from the fountain of melody, if you would hear the language of love in symphony, listen to a mother's lullaby.

□

ONE pound of preparedness, one ounce of getting ready, one grain of good, sound thinking, are worth a ton of correcting mistakes. Think ahead of your work.

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MY PARTNER

MY business partner, my special partner, my best banker is candy—just candy. It frequently makes me a new and valued friend. Candy puts energy and courage in me. You will always find a few boxes of candy in my office desk.

Do you realize that we use in this country each year 7,650,000,000 pounds of sugar?

Sugar, so the doctors say, is the secret of our strenuous lives. For one to go over to the sugar barrel and dip up a handful of sugar would be inconvenient and not altogether so palatable as candy. But it would be necessary in the absence of candy to eat sugar some way.

Candy has the advantage of common sugar. It has so many styles and such a variety of flavor that one scarcely knows where to begin or where to end while eating it.

Aside from the appetite one has for candy, there is the æsthetic appeal. What is more bewitchingly beautiful, more delightful to the eye? The violent pleasure candy gives to the palate, the particular twang you find in certain creations, the whole plan of a pretty box of candy, is in answer to a universal demand.

A prominent physician told me once that the heart and the muscles require candy. I find when exercising regularly and strenuously that my muscles require more sugar. The way I know this is so simple. My stomach telegraphs the fact to my brain. It beats all of the indorsements or recommendations of science, for my stomach is intimately acquainted with myself.

The more exercise, the more sugar required. Proof: the armies.

The big brewers in St. Louis are going into the candy business.

Whenever I want to make a friend or remember a friend —want to be sure that my remembrance will be acceptable—I send this friend a box of candy. It's a sweet thing to do.

□

FREQUENTLY we read of some old warrior, some Civil War veteran, who walks into town from 'way back and offers to enlist as a wagon blacksmith. It's enough to send a patriotic thrill through a wheelbarrow.

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DOWN-DEEP AFFECTION

THE fact that forty-four families in this country have incomes of fifty million dollars a year, and that this is the richest and most resourceful country on earth, may prove misleading to the man who does not think.

Poverty is a crime, and one of the big crimes of this country. In fact, most of us are criminals. Take this big city for example. Every twelfth burial is in a potter's field.

In our six largest cities they estimate that about sixteen per cent of the children are underfed and half clothed.

Do you realize that old age, sickness, and perhaps the loss of your job is headed your way; that the pay stops and the doctor's bills start when you get sick?

If you should meet with an accident today, what protection have you against the loss of time or the loss of pay?

There are three million women in this country who have been left without money to battle alone for themselves, oft-times for a family of children. One-third of this number actually lack the necessities of life. The balance, with the exception of about two thousand, are compelled to work for a living.

It requires a little moral strength to save money enough to keep up a life-insurance policy for a wife, but it is a pretty good proof of your down-deep affection.

□

TIMES CHANGE

IN 1619, "ninety agreeable persons, young and incorrupt," and in 1621, "sixty more maids of virtuous education, young and handsome," were sent out from London on a marriage speculation.—The New International Encyclopædia.

Had I said this, you would have marveled at my nerve.

About the first lot of ladies in the land were bought by the colonists of this country on a basis of 120 pounds of tobacco each. The second lot brought 150 pounds each.

Many of our worthy great-grandmothers were purchased with tobacco, and this is no reflection upon the woman; but it does serve to illustrate that times change, and things that are conventional now will look very much out of place a century from now.

□

DOLLS are made to say "Papa" and "Mamma." Now give us the golf ball that will cry out "Here!"

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OLD FORT SCHUYLER BOYS

THE true American is first to perceive and swift to point out our defects. The honest pen, the virtuous tongue, will not uphold a special wrong; but every American's concern should be the Union.

After the tempest of war, and while the anarchists of this country would erect a triumphant arch of destruction over all that we had fought for; while the nation lay bleeding, torn, exhausted, it was at this hour that Washington rose to his highest rank—that of a private citizen, pleading with his neighbors to do their part.

The rarest manifestations of patriotism are often shown by the private citizen. We must look to the private citizen for right, duty, and for destiny. The hope of this Temple of Independence, of this Union of states, lies in the individual citizen.

Imagine the surprise when it was flashed across the country that two-thirds of the First Iowa Cavalry had refused to take the federal oath, and that Captain J. C. McGregor had been warned not to come back to town, as he had tried to take "our boys to war."

Immediately upon hearing this Robert D. Fraser, secretary of the Rotary Club of Utica, telegraphed Captain McGregor, and wrote him too.

The last paragraph of the letter reads:

"Our boys have gone to war. We're proud of them. We are proud of you, and there isn't a better place on this footstool in which to live than Utica, N. Y. Come here and we'll show you real Americanism and as loyal and as patriotic a lot of men as ever stood by the Stars and Stripes, and the brave men like yourself who are off for the front that the flag may remain unsullied. You'll find a royal welcome in Utica, N. Y. Come."

"Bob," old boy, I'm proud of you, and I'm equally proud of your patriotic fraternity and my particular friends.

You have the right to be patriotic, for every member of the Rotary Club of Utica lives in a valley of patriots—you fellows from old Fort Schuyler, you men who are still defending the work of Washington.

□

HOW fortunate it is that some moving pictures cannot talk!

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LEAVE DRUGS OUT

THE poisoned bag of a reptile's belly will not grow hair on a man's head. The minerals of all the mines in America will not grow a third set of teeth. The vegetable kingdom has no king-of-all-cures. Muscle, mind, nerve or flesh cannot be created by powders or pills.

This statement may startle you, but it's a fact that drugs do not build tissue. When you swallow a prescription, you are probably helping nature a little; but my candid belief is that we are more often drugged to death.

The tissues of the body are made from the fluids of the body, and the fluids are made from food and not from drugs.

Years ago a fire company was supposed to act only in case of fire. Today the fire department is always on the alert to prevent fire. This preventive plan is of much more importance than the extinguishing idea.

If you are feeling "all in," find out, if you can, what the cause is, and if you can't, any able-bodied doctor ought to know. Then proceed to correct the cause, and this correction can be made often without putting poison in the stomach. Try osteopathy, exercise, and the many more methods. Leave drugs out if you can.

□

OFTEN IT OCCURS

THE man who starts out deliberately to do a good turn for some other fellow will return with a heart that is light, and often it occurs that he makes money.

The moment a man lets his habits run rampant, that moment he starts to slide on the slippery plank.

When I waste time or thought on my enemies, I find the exercise costs me more than one would think.

The plan keeps me from dwelling on some one who might help. In other words, my prospects for progress are being stalled while "mulling" over my enemies.

When I turn to help a friend, I find my work much easier, and this helps some.

□

IF you want to locate an ambitious young man, some chap whom you would make foreman or manager, go over to the poolroom about two o'clock in the afternoon, and find him—not.

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OUR ASSIMILATED DUTCHMEN

WE have heard so much of our German-American, our Scotch-Irish, and our Anglo-Saxon, that it would appear quite appropriate now to speak of our assimilated Dutchmen.

When old Amsterdam sent her sons to settle in New Amsterdam, this part of the world was much the better for it.

The word "American" means the blendings of all that is best from anywhere. The "hyphen" implies all that should remain anywhere but here.

And now I think you understand me when I use the term "our assimilated Dutchmen."

The American ambition is to climb, to make money, to be pointed out; and who would destroy this enterprise? Frequently we find, in this hard scrabble for success, men who are unmindful of others; and it is doubtful if any particular nationality, or any particular set of foreign-born people, can successfully lay claim to a corner on having access in their ambition to the most cruel way of putting the weak out of business.

There are certain characteristics, however, that relate to certain countries, and these characteristics are as plain as the nose on your face.

And at the moment, and while making this statement, my mind seems to be centered on Holland—dwells on the Dutch.

The "assimilated Dutchman" is an American through and through. He does not make his money here and send it there. His heart is on the left side of the ocean as you look at the map of Europe.

He is a peaceful man until you call for a show of Dutch spunk. He fails to see the fun in a toboggan, as described by the Chinaman: "Whiz! Walk a mile."

No! This is not his idea of enjoyment. He is a dependable, sober man, who prefers to ride in a street car and pay his fare, rather than ride in a taxi and get trusted. He sticks to the old way until he finds the new way safe and better.

He is a builder of public-service plants, local indus-

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tries—a model citizen. He is an organizer of men, a manager. He is a natural-born banker, financier.

The entire map of this country is dotted with his deeds well done. You seldom hear of him as a Dutchman, for he is assimilated.

The "assimilated Dutchman" loves our liberty. It is a passion with him, for the descendant of the old Batavian is bound to be free at any cost.

There are humorous things about a Dutchman, too. Give him a chance to march in a parade, and he will be ahead of the band before you know it. Take him to the opera, and he will want to play the big fiddle. Let an Englishman tell of America's common stock, and the Dutchman will immediately refer to his preferred stock.

He often has his wooden shoes, and frequently appears to have a wooden head.

The moral side of the Dutchman is conspicuous. When he landed here he established a commercial community with religious principles. The Puritans founded a religious community with commercial principles. We all know the happier country in which to live.

"They held their faith without offense,
And said their prayers on Sunday;
But they never could see a bit of sense
In burning a witch on Monday."

The Dutchman is reared on a religion of the soul and not of the senses. Hall speaks of the Dutchmen as those who have poured happiness into the laps of the people.

We love the assimilated Dutchman. His willingness to become true to us, his belief in American liberty of mind, warms the heart and animates the courage of us all.

America is a grand theater of wonders, and its making can be traced in no small degree to the Hollander who left his home over there and brought his heart over here.

□

HERE'S A TIP

IF you want to get the best service, the best steaks, the best of everything to eat at a country hotel, insist on having the head waitress locate you with the traveling men. Don't take a chance at the table where the regular boarders chew.

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THE UNIVERSAL FRATERNITY

IN the exact ratio that the intelligent man investigates the fraternity of Masonry; in proportion to his study of the history and of the philosophy of this institution—just in proportion to this investigation will he become interested, enlightened, benefited.

It is not my purpose in this small space even to try to establish the importance of the Order, but I do hope to hint at the value of what might be called "the universal fraternity."

Hiram, the widow's son, the King of Tyre, brought to King Solomon his "cunning workmen" to erect the Temple dedicated to Jehovah on Mount Moriah.

During the work of these "Dionysian architects" they communicated a knowledge of the advantage of Masonry to their Jewish neighbors, who were neither architects nor artificers. Solomon himself admitted that the Jewish people were not skilled enough in the art of building even to cut and prepare the timber in the forest of Lebanon, and for this reason Solomon was compelled to employ the Sidonians to do his work; but it is to the credit of the zealous Jewish people that the stupendous edifice was finished.

Even the Temple at Jerusalem was built on the same plan, by the same architects; also the Temple of Hercules, and the Temple at Tyre.

Fifteen hundred years before Christ these "cunning workmen" introduced the Dionysian mysteries, and three hundred years later the emigrants carried with them from Greece to Asia Minor the mysteries of Dionysus. In a very short time the Asiatic colonies even surpassed the mother country in science and prosperity.

Soon these builders monopolized the making of churches, cathedrals, temples; soon they resembled the mystical fraternity now called Freemasons. They allowed no strangers to interfere in their employment; they recognized each other by tokens and signs; they professed certain doctrines and many mysterious methods. They supplied Ionia and the near-by territories with theatrical properties by contract. They also practiced their art in Asia, Persia and Syria; and about three hundred years before the birth of

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Christ a number of them were incorporated by command of the king, who assigned them to a settlement in Teos.

Whether you call these fraternity fellows Phœnicians, Tyrians or Greeks matters little. It is probable they were Phœnicians. And it is to this fraternity of builders that we are indebted for the stupendous work, under God, of the Temple at Jerusalem.

It might be said here that a thousand years before the coming of the Son of Man a little company of "cunning workmen" from the neighboring city of Tyre were called together by the King of Israel, and there they built with great skill the mighty edifice which stands unrivaled in perfection, unparalleled in grandeur and sublimity, and has been the admiration of all authors and the theme of succeeding sages.

Long before the advent of Christianity we find the plains of Syria, the deserts of India and the valley of the Nile were cheered by these "cunning workmen."

It is to the craftwork of this fraternity, to the genius of their discoveries, to their matchless ability and skill, that the wisest men in all ages have bowed with respect.

These members of a constructive fraternity finished their great work in the fields at Judæa with palaces and temples. They enriched beautiful Palmyra, Gozarra and Azor. Finally, issuing out of the mystic halls of the Collegia Artificium of Rome, bursting upon the Dark Ages of the world like a bright star peering through a black cloud, and under the patronage of the Church, they produced those splendid monuments of genius which set at defiance the highest attainments of modern art.

From the island of St. Helena to Melbourne; from Tunis, in the empire of Morocco, even to Spain; from the Sandwich Islands to the last point of land—wherever Christianity has erected the banner of the Cross, even where men chatter in an unknown language, you will find the Work. From the icy regions of the north to the sunny everglades of the south; from the wild and unprotected west to the sun in the east, you will find the Work. It is indeed a universal institution—a fraternity that is so far-reaching that no man is allowed to explain.

My interpretation of "the universal fraternity" cannot be

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encompassed here. The institution implies everything that is contrary to bigotry.

Few writers have the temerity to approach the subject, fearing they will offend. If by what I have said here some small man seems to see a reason for offense, it is because of his lack of knowledge, of understanding of this fraternity that was rocked in the cradle of our liberty by Washington.

Even the superior claims of religion have failed to reach the outposts of Masonry. In the remotest regions of earth, back and beginning with the period of time that has been lost in mythology, we find the unbroken history of Masonry. And it is my firm belief that this fraternity will stand the tempests of all time.

Should the will of God destroy its pillars; should they fall, posterity is sure to find around the marble base the growing ivy of fraternity and affection. And this vine will forever mantle with its verdure the ruins of a Work that in all history has no parallel.

□

PLAIN LANGUAGE

IT would appear that many writers are ambitious to string it out, to make it look long, and thereby create an impression that what they have to say is important.

Most mortals are "bugs" on some subject, and they think every one else is equally interested, or should be after being instructed.

In a case of type, the most important instrumentality is the period. The composed word "and" is of the least importance.

One stops you; the other keeps you going after you have nowhere to go.

This is a rapid-fire age, and if you are compelled to write it, make it short and to the point. Boil it down; shrink your story; compress, condense. Squeeze in the sense and squeeze out the bloat. Scrape off, file down, shear and shave what you have to say, and then go ahead and say it in plain language.

□

THEY are offering seven hundred feet of Billie Burke. Will some one quote me a price on a ton or two of Marie Dressler?

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WATER

WATER! Pure, clean cold water! What a merciful gift from God! In you we find no hell on earth. There are no poisoned beads in your foam. You do not drive men to madness and to murder. Tired, pale women and half-starved children do not find in you their punishment.

Water! I can see you steal from the highest crag on the summit of some magnificent mountain peak, where the granite glitters in the sunlight. I can see your beautiful crystals that glisten and gleam on the grass—that shine in the ice-gems of the great river gorges.

Water! Your warp is the rainbow, your woof the sunbeam; and the tapestry they make is the work of the Mystic Hand. You fold your soul in such marvelous ways, and wrap the cold world in that soft curtain of snow. At night the silvery moon leaves a light on you that will last with me to the end of memory.

If the Infinite were to deny the poor this greatest gift—water—the punishment would mean the extinguishment of the human race.

If the rich were compelled to pay for water the price they pay for wine—were compelled to pay for this health-giving, thirst-satisfying draught, they would abandon the corruption of the distillers and go broke buying water.

□

MY SCHEME

MY scheme in life is to expect two or more disappointments every day, and then when these disappointments arrive, I'm not so much surprised.

But I do not accept the arrival of a disappointment as the end of all opportunity. A disappointment to me is a test of my ability to overcome a situation.

I always keep constantly before me the encouraging thought that I have survived so far, and that I am, perhaps, better equipped now to meet disappointments than in the past.

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PERSONALLY, I'm for painting barns red; but as far as stump fences are concerned, or girls' lips, give them to me in the natural.

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FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

YOUR little magazine for the month of August has taken a vacation—has stepped to the side of the road and picked a few flowers for the living. It has gathered together a garland of sentiment. It has tried to bring out the beautiful forms in the story of life.

All of which prompts me to say that it is not the song: it's the singer. It is not so much the magazine as it is the mental attitude of the reader.

Let me see if I can cause you to assume the right mental attitude.

Time and again you have heard some girlish voice, some maiden, sing "Rock of Ages"; but the old song by the young singer did not seem to reach your heart of hearts.

Occasionally you have heard a woman sing the same song; and she, the woman, seemed to give more life to every line.

By and by some dear old soul sings "Rock of Ages"—some woman with a voice that is weak, with a heart that is storm-tossed; and for the first time you can more fully understand, by comparison, that it is not the song: it's the singer.

Do you recall the last verse?

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrow hid.
Never more a storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll,
Wilt thou ever need to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleasing prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be:
'Let me hide myself in Thee.'"

And now you understand my meaning when I say: It is not the song: it's the singer.

□

SERVICE that creates confidence, that acts in the interests of another, and that profits after the fulfillment of this plan, is Rotary service.

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THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

LIFE is made up of the little things, and the magazine that is true to life is small, very small.

When nature would make anything beautiful, create anything rare, she places before us a diamond, a pearl, a glistening dewdrop.

Little farms are best tilled. Little hearts are best filled. Little songs last longest. Little books are read most. Even the little lakes are the restful spots, and little words sound sweetest.

The Sermon on the Mount was short.

The day is brightest when made up of little things, and the night most glorious when studded with little stars.

The world is weary of the long waits and tired of the long talks. There is an appetite for sensible, suggestive thought done in miniature—a pocket edition of enthusiasm.

It is the big things, the big noise, that are left out of The Silent Partner that make this little magazine so different.

□

WILL POWER

WITH the hope that this will fall before the eyes of some poor boy.

If you are poor but healthy, remember that you are wealthy and "lucky," for history unfolds this fact: The employees of this generation are the employers of the next.

The things that seem to oppose you, young man, are but the creatures of circumstances. They are really to help you up the hill.

Above and beyond all of the environment that seems to surround you is your own will power, and this is the agency that can and will, if you will only will hard enough, raise you to almost any level in life.

□

THE MEANEST DEVIL

THE meanest devil on earth is the squaw man in society who attempts to betray a woman. The lowest living snake is the slimy, crawling society cad who would kiss and tell.

A Georgia editor advocates burying these slander-mongers alive, face downward, that their voices may never be heard again on earth.

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

THIS world was made for poor people, and for this very reason the best things of all the world are left out of doors.

You can own the beautiful things you see without the burden of supporting them.

When the Great Artist fills the sky, the hills, the valleys with His paintings—paintings that no canvas can equal—who owns these pictures?

Sometimes it seems necessary to go back in memory's hall and take down a picture of the past.

Don't you recall that old story in verse! "Which Shall It Be"? It is the story of rich Robert who wanted to make his poor brother John a present of a house and lot—a home—and take for pay one of the latter's seven small kiddies.

"First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John said, 'Not her—not her.'

"We stopped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
'He's but a baby, too,' said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

"Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
'No, for a thousand crowns, not him,'
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? 'Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so,' said John, 'I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer.'

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"Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
'Perhaps for her 'twould better be,'
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. 'Nay, love, not thee,'
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. 'No, John, no;
I cannot, will not let him go.'

"And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We cannot give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven."

And, now that I have touched another chord in your sentimental soul, I want to ask you, Who owns the beautiful gardens, the magnificent, stately homes, that we see in the country? Why! the poor, of course. The rich only possess them.

Your happiness is a matter of the mind, and your misery is mind-made too. The happiest men I know are not rich. They have small kiddies, small, intimately personal homes. The most miserable men in all my acquaintance have plenty of money.

□

CALLS FOR THE SINNERS

A MAN who gets fifty cents in cash from his wife every week, and carries this amount in full in his little leather purse, is always present to tell the big, broad-shouldered, square-jawed rough diamond of the great out-West the way to get good. Then when war breaks out this withered-up, shrunken-souled hypocrite, who worships God because he fears any other course, shrinks into some dug-out and calls for the "sinners" to save the women and children.

□

YOU may have your Packard, your painted lily, your gilded gold; but give me a two-mile drive with an old-fashioned girl on top of a load of new-mown hay.

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DRINK

DRINK does three things. And a lot more things. Drink lèssens accuracy seven per cent, muscular energy seven per cent, memory fifteen per cent.

When the blood surges to the brain with increased velocity, men mistake this for increased vigor.

Does a prize fighter take three or four drinks just before entering the ring? This is your physical answer.

Does the wise student of some difficult problem fill up on booze just before he begins to investigate? This is your mental lesson.

Does the champion shot throw in a couple of cups before taking the test? This is your accuracy evidence.

The common man considers a few drinks each day harmless because he is a common man. The specialist, the expert in anything, knows that he cannot take booze in his system and remain up front.

The common man is not up front, and for this reason figures that it won't make any noticeable difference if he does drink some. What reasoning! If the uncommon, the unusual, the expert cannot afford to drink, I want to ask you, Mr. Thirty-dollars-a-week-man, what right have you voluntarily to lower your already low standard?

This is about enough on man's responsibility to himself. Let us see what drink means to others.

Drink will waver a man's response to colors thirteen per cent, and when color-blind, when uncertain, he runs by the signals and wrecks the lives of hundreds. And here you have the responsibility to others.

The drinking man is a menace to other men, and the management that retains the boozer is unmindful of the best interests of the employees generally. Booze has got to go.

Doctor Bowers, who has made a business study of booze, says: "Every pint of whiskey a man drinks shortens his life by eleven hours, and every pint of beer he drinks steals twenty-five minutes from his life."

But it takes a judge of the municipal court in Chicago to put on the finish. Listen:

"Every bandit crew that goes forth to murder starts from a saloon; every panderer has his rendezvous in a grog shop; every den of thieves makes its victims drunk before it robs

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them; every gambling den either is in a saloon or sustains a close relationship with one; the pickpocket trust is housed in a saloon; the pay-off joint for the crook and the crooked policeman is in a saloon; the booze business has caused two hundred thousand divorces in the United States in the last twenty years and adds twenty-five thousand to the number every year. It divides more homes, empties more churches, and fills more jails than all other influences combined."

Alcohol is neither a medicine, a food, nor a stimulant. In large or in small amounts, it works measurable and definite harm.

□

WOULD YOU?

THE SILENT PARTNER has something to sell to business men—something of more interest than just advertising space. It has what is called "The Silent Partner Service," conducted by Mr. Van Amburgh.

There are now over three hundred corporations, organizations, using "The Silent Partner Service." Some of these customers of Mr. Van Amburgh are manufacturers, some bankers, others business men. These men have employed Mr. Van Amburgh for several years.

Would you like to know something about "The Silent Partner Service"?

□

IT FIRES HIM

THE small man attempts to walk from success to success upon the shoulders of his friends. The big, broad, aggressive man selects his success from a route that leads him past criticism and antagonism. It fires him to find opposition.

□

FROM THE CHIN UP

THE man who can submit to injustice and remain silent, who can make good use of leisure, who can find satisfaction in keeping a secret, is six feet tall from the chin up.

□

WHEN you find a man who delivers a little more than he agrees to, who performs even more than he promises to, who serves you better than his bill of particulars, you recognize in this brand of service something that sounds like Rotary.

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THE TRUTH NOT TOLD

WAR is the diabolical invention of progress or the lamentable plan of the pitiful peon. War in the Old World is a mirror of madness in which Christian civilization is reflected upside down.

War in Mexico is an entirely different proposition. It is ignorance and indifference on the one side, patience and principles on the other.

War today in the Old World is all of the hell of things improved since the beginning of time. War in Mexico is a chase after snakes.

War in the Old World is a great eruption of hatred, in which the rifles of our granddad's day were but good-natured old women.

War in the Old World is an indescribable spectacle where ballistite, lyddite, cordite, roburite, melinite, maim and murder; where panclastite and dynamite destroy humans by hundreds at one blast.

All of the gods of war in the past have been dethroned by the devilish cleverness of science. The monstrous, gigantic greed of the rapid-fire gun is enough to cause any one but God to pause in helplessness.

This world is not only a victim of war, but we are slaves to the hour of conquests.

The intelligent, practiced pen is reluctant to tell of the terrible things that are happening in war.

To war with the ignorant, the villainous, the wretched; to be compelled to chase Mexican brigands, the blood-poisoned peons, back into their inhuman haunts is a task that is regrettable, repulsive. It carries with it the far-reaching "unexpected" that always happens. This is the thing I fear.

No mother can charge me with wanting war, with inciting war. This crime cannot be laid at my door.

Neither can the mothers of American soldiers say that I have tried to smooth over a situation with the shallow reasoning that preparation for war means war.

Lack of preparation is a Christian crime that reeks with deception, that clutches at the very throat of the soldier boy and pierces the very heart of a mother.

Each night as I lay on my pillow my mind in pity turns

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to our American soldier boys, for now they know, now they understand, the meaning of the things said or suggested in this little magazine with reference to preparedness.

Frequently we are compelled to pause and wonder how some of the professional soul-savers feel when they realize that they are in part responsible for our patriotic boys going to the front minus the many advantages afforded by preparedness. It is a crime that would leave my conscience very much alert.

With every ounce of courage, with every pound of thought, with each and every succeeding number of this magazine, I have tried, in my small way, to prepare the people for war.

If I were to tell you the truth here with reference to our lack of preparedness, my reputation as an alarmist would be well established. It would be no difficult task for any analytical mind, any experienced writer, to bring himself prominently before the public through this subject—lack of preparedness.

Sometimes I wonder which would be the better course—to be conservative and constructive, or to blast my way into prominence by telling the truth.

□

SELF-RELIANCE

MILTON, Moses, Plato told what they thought.

Often you have been forced to adopt with shame the things you have thought—been forced to accept these things as the opinions of another. My suggestion to you, young man, is to speak each syllable of your thoughts yourself.

Put your heart into your work and think for yourself. Go ahead in your own way. There is one thing certain: You will soon find out what best fits you, and when you have this knowledge you have arrived at the gate of self-reliance, which is the route to success.

Rely on yourself to open this gate, and you are on the inside looking out. □

UNTIL Erzerum was captured and the town taken, it was pretty generally suspected that this name stood for some skin disease.

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TWO MORE EXAMPLES

IT would appear that many of The Silent Partner readers are following, with no little interest, the editorials of The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver, which appear in their advertisements in the newspapers of that city. Here are two more examples. The first one is on "Economy":

"The good housewives of Denver realize the necessity of economy. They all take a special interest, a particular pride, in buying the things that are really and truly bargains.

"A bargain is never a bargain until it represents the saving of money, the guarantee of values, and the presence of style—until it proves satisfactory in every particular.

"Then it is a bargain, and not until then.

"Many a man in Denver can trace his success to the very door of a saving, economic wife.

"The chief aim of this store is to teach thrift—to tell the truth in advertising—to make friends for the store.

"To do all this requires an unwavering set of principles, and not ever-changing policies."

The following day The Joslin Dry Goods Company had a talk on "Courtesy." Here it is:

"Courtesy is the outside evidence of inside individual appreciation. Courtesy is worth more to us than any other one thing in trade, and still we probably give more away than any other store in town. We can better afford to give it away than to keep it away.

"See what courtesy has done for the railroads. Years ago a good woman was treated discourteously by a railroad employee. Eventually her sons grew to be men, and eventually they were land appraisers, legislators, jurors, and so on. Eventually the railroad paid the penalty for the lack of an employee's civility.

"Today railroads are the greatest advocates of courtesy. Railroad employees are almost always courteous and considerate. They are thrifty, steady people in any town.

"And so it is with our employees in this store. You will always find them courteous. They have this ingrained individual idea of treating others as they would have others treat them. They have been selected for this dependable quality—courtesy.

"We are building a business on the lines that will hold the coming generation."

It has taken a lot of pains on the part of The Joslin Dry Goods Company to keep these heart-to-heart talks going for years; but the people seem to appreciate them, and respond to them. They believe in them, and this is the secret of success in advertising—confidence of the customer.

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THE BIG GAME

BASEBALL is one game you can enjoy even without being able to play. It is an adjunct to anything that is progressive, profitable. It is school, a business. It is more fun to the square inch than any game I know of.

Golf is popular because it is everybody's game—at least the eight hundred thousand players in this country would make it appear so.

Tennis is exercise and recreation combined.

Motor boating is some sensation. It's the thrill of thrills to shoot through the water a mile a minute.

Polo is the race track brought to the diamond.

Football demands brains and brawn. It's a man's game, and it kills selfishness, teaches self-control.

Horse racing will bring any kind of a crowd, any time.

Boxing compels the champion to live a clean life.

Business is the biggest game of all, and calls for every big element that you find in the other games.

THE WAY

WHEN the sun goes down, how natural it is for man to reflect!—that is, the reflective man. We can all carry the burdens of a day; but at night it is quite natural for us to want to forget the fight, and to call into our presence the many pleasant memories.

This method of making ourselves happy at night leaves the mind and the body prepared for a rest at night, and prepared for the battle of business the next day.

If, on the next day, we start out in earnest, and with energy, and are willing to make self-reliance the rule, and reliance on others the exception, we shall find the way.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

TELL me why the socialists make so much fuss over some rich man spending a hundred thousand dollars for a picture. Does it hurt the artist? Does this putting a hundred thousand dollars cash into circulation harm the poor? Mind your own business and some day you may have a business of your own worth while, and then you won't want to be a socialist.

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MR. ADAMS, THE MAN

PATIENT, untiring energy, combined with the common sense that is willing to substitute determination for any lack of that quality which we call brilliancy, and you have the mud that makes a man worth while.

Henry Clay was molded after this fashion.

The boy who has the ability to see, and the courage to seize an opportunity gives promise—great promise.

In other words, and in perfectly plain words, the difference in boys, after all, is in energy of mind, energy of body, energy of character.

Boys, as a rule, do not lack brains, but they often lack a particular brand of brains—brains big enough to see that permanent success must necessarily begin at the beginning.

The boy who is willing to begin at the beginning is well on his way toward the top. When this old world puts a boy on the market, it undertakes a big job. And this is why this little magazine is always trying to help the boy—always giving some good example of the man in his maturity who began to make good while a boy.

Did you ever see a man who did not eventually make good if he started right as a boy? He may have been side-tracked, shunted this way or that, but, being made of the proper mud, nothing could stop him save death. Paralysis, blindness, and the other physical handicaps often serve to emphasize a boy's possibilities.

Colleges report wonderful results from boys and girls who are blind—physically handicapped.

I have in mind at the moment one man who has made good from a small beginning, and it is not my purpose here to overpraise this man. He is not blind, neither are you. He has gone along in that plain, everyday, plodding way and made a success from the smallest kind of beginning.

It is not necessary to be conspicuous to prove very valuable to any community—to yourself.

The biggest successes in this country today are the quiet ones.

Guilford R. Adams began his business life with Sibley, Lindsay & Curr in Rochester, at two dollars a week; and this money went to help support his mother in their little home, sweet home.

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His last day at the dry-goods business was that memorable one—July 2, 1881—the day that President Garfield was assassinated.

His next day was spent in a new business—that of wholesale plumbing; and each succeeding day, and for thirty-five years, Guilford R. Adams has been identified with or has been a part of the firm of Samuel Sloan & Co.

But this is not his big accomplishment. He is a man—a man highly regarded in business, social and fraternal circles. He is a member of the Universal Fraternity referred to in this little magazine. He is vice-president of the Eastern Supply Association, which includes all plumbing supply houses east of the Alleghenies.

But, best of all, he is a real man. Every boy in this country can well afford to take the measure of Guilford R. Adams. His life is devoted to the upbuilding and uplifting of others. He is one of the staunch supporters of this little magazine, and if this magazine has been of any benefit to the boys of this country, you may thank Mr. Adams in part for the work.

While Mr. Adams has exhibited a genius for building a business, he has not lost track of the sentimental side in this success, and often refers to his present position as a result of the help he received from his partners.

Whenever his activities appear, you will seem to understand, without the words, that you are in the presence of right principles.

Let me tell you a boy story: Years ago six lads applied to a dry-goods store for a position. The manager requested that each lad take six tries at throwing a ball at a bull's eye, and, strange to say, they all missed the mark.

The manager told them to go home and come back the next day and try again. Three boys returned; three gave it up. The next day one of the boys hit the mark every time he tried. The manager was surprised. He asked the boy how it happened, and the lad said: "You see, my mother and I are alone, and I just had to have a job, so I got up early this morning and practiced three hours throwing the ball at a mark."

□

IT is better to live quietly in the heart of a friend than have your name painted on the billboards of fame.

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TO THE PREJUDICED

WHY did they crucify Christ? Because it was a custom in those days to put "agitators" out of the way, and Christ was considered an agitator by the wealthy.

Who crucified Christ? Your answer comes in common with most answers: "The Jews!"

The Romans ruled in Jerusalem, and it was their custom to set free some condemned prisoner just in order to please the people. That was a Roman practice.

Pontius Pilot and the Roman law put Christ on the cross, and not the Jewish people. The Jewish people never destroyed in this way, but the Romans frequently celebrated a victory by some crucifixion.

To the student this is ancient history. To the prejudiced, this should furnish food for reflection. To the tolerant man it is a sermon.

□

SMILES HER APPROVAL

MOST men can write a prospective customer into buying more than the customer really should buy, provided the writer keeps his mind on the customer and on the goods he is selling.

But how in blazes do you expect a man to dictate a selling letter to a stenographer who is wearing a silk bathing suit under a half-portion gown?

The robin is after the early worm. The cat is after the robin. The dog will chase the cat. And man, the beast, is always after the prospective customer until his eyes rest on the rose-tinted, hand-painted stenographer. Then and there the letter fails to sell. But how smart it sounds to the stenographer, and how pleasantly she smiles her approval!

□

AS A BENEDICTION

IF we do not live for ourselves alone, opportunity stops knocking at death and not before.

If you are living for the good that you can do, opportunity is often greater in the lesson you leave behind.

If a man lives for a real, good purpose; if his influence has been for good, his life will live on after his death as a benediction on the generations to come.

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SENTIMENT

SENTIMENT and emotion are closely related. One contains more of the intellectual element, while the other is distinguished by its frequent abruptness.

The highest functions of both feeling and intellect, the true form of sentiment, can only be found in highly developed minds.

This statement will be challenged by some, but the challenge will go unheeded by me, for the fact remains there is little or no foundation on which one can base the proof of my position. A man who lacks sentiment lacks the power to understand.

Sentiment may be logical, and deal with some form of intellectual process as in argument, reasoning or thought.

Sentiment may be social and include innocence, vanity, pride, trust or forgiveness.

Sentiment often is moral, and attaches itself to the ideas of right, duty or conscience.

Sentiment may have religion for its base, and deal with faith, sin, reverence and repentance.

Sentiment may be æsthetic, and center about beauty and ugliness, love and affection.

So, you see, sentiment is of great human interest; and this is, perhaps, why this little magazine often deals in sentiment.

Let us see if we can touch the lost chord in your soul with a bit of sentiment:

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight."

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Yes, there is sentiment in your soul, and there is sentiment in every soul worth while. And now that our hearts are attuned to this wonderful word "sentiment," let us read these lines from Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl":

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
A recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

"When coldness and deceit shall slight
The beauty they now prize,
And deem it but a hollow light
That beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment; I but ask
That you'll remember me."

But the beautiful poem, "Alone," by the late Robert J. Burdette, is to my mind an epic. The lines were written by the humorist after the death of his wife. They are worth reading:

"I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

"I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you
And all but your presence forget
In the hush and the happiness given
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

Sentiment is the summit of an ideal life. When we do not look for anything in another world, sentiment means more than all else.

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"I call you, my darling my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

"I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me,
Old doubts makes my spirit their own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
For I am alone."

This little magazine maintains that sentiment is a powerful factor for good. Sentiment clothes in unchangeable garments the thoughts that become us all.

The tragic lives of even the trail blazers were filled with sentiment. The word "sentiment" is too big and too broad to imply weakness. The loftiest interpretation of sentiment is invariably the truest.

The man who is sentimental is more normally human.

Shakespeare always achieved his end by the aid of a subterfuge. He recognized that a character could not remain human and probable on the stage except the character be made in real life; and for this reason Shakespeare unsettled the reason of his characters when he would let loose the floodgates of sentiment.

In the drama, in the comedy, in the tragedy of life, the greater men, the greater characters are sentimental, though they dare not speak their lines above a whisper, lest the world call them mad.

□

RESOURCES AND ROMANCE

THE accumulation of property, the making of money, is a man's job. Romance, marriage and children are the average woman's lot. Is it any wonder that men and women drift apart after the man gains more resources and the woman fails to hold the romance?

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INSTITUTION OF HUMAN INVENTORY

THE child is but a cradle in which its ancestors have rocked. So many people seem to lose track of the fact that a newly born child is not an original creature.

The newly born child is ignorant of anything in the past, and for this reason is compelled to carry a terrible handicap.

His health, his happiness, his future, are left to the experience and to the knowledge of others. Finally, by tumbling downstairs he learns to care for himself. By placing his hand on the fire he is taught that the fire will burn. He learns that the only way to ascend the stairway is in the regular way. Thus, by physical injury, by stumbling and scorching himself, he learns the laws of things and then learns to obey these laws.

The child does not come into the world with an itemized statement of his natural bent. This advantage is not afforded him. All of this help is left to others, who are usually woefully lacking in knowledge as to the child's capabilities.

And here is my point: If we could only understand the strong and the weak points of the child's mental, moral and physical make-up, what a wonderful knowledge we would have!

The average child is loaded down with a mass of misinformation that must be unloaded before the child can progress far in practical life.

The idea of a poor working girl wasting her time on French, on Latin, when she knows little of common English—when she does not know a washtub from a finger bowl! The plan of sending a boy to the studio when he should be hanging onto the handles of a side-hill plow, is beyond my comprehension.

There are specialists in this country who are capable of weighing the "natural bent" of the boy, and such an agency is of great service to the child in years to come. Knowing that there are, in this country, institutions of human inventory, the responsibility rests on the guardian or the parent to look promptly and carefully into the requirements of a child.

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG. IN U. S. PAT. OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH. Editor and Manager

VOLUME XI SEPTEMBER, 1916 NUMBER 11

War That Is Coming, Unless—

WHAT is true of the fiendish festivals of butchery in the Old World, what was certain of our Civil War in this New World, will be equally true of our industrial war that is coming, unless——

In one conflict we find the sea of blood and a desert of dry bones. In the other battle, one finds an ocean of tears and plains of poverty.

War with bullets, bayonets, gases, means cripples and corpses. It means heads and hands scattered on the blood-drenched earth.

Industrial war strikes the innocent, invades the homes. It is a blow at the sick and the helpless—at the innocent children and the working women.

In nearly every instance in the past, industrial war has ended with the rich increased in power, and the poor persecuted and made poorer.

Please note my qualifying phrase: "in the past." The sentence in which it occurs is a suggestive one, and seems to contemplate a statement made in the October number of The Silent Partner:

"Labor must necessarily in the near future become a partner with capital. This statement does not suggest any false light, any chimera, any radical reform, any high-tensioned socialistic idea. It does weigh well the closer relations of the man with money with the man with muscle.

"When the world stops to bury its dead; when the remaining very old men and very young men begin to rebuild on the ashes of the unspeakable waste; when the patriots who are left struggle and stagger under this fearful weight

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of debt, disease and disaster, we are bound to reap in this country the aftermath, the recoil, the reflex of dissension, disturbance, distrust—bound to have big bowlders in the way, unless we have the commercial foresight to get the laboring man a partner, unless we give him his share of the success he helps to build."

The man who would attempt to stop all strikes, to put down all differences between capital and labor, is at best a dreamer. Capital and labor will always have more or less conflicting desires, and vastly different capacities. Any plan that intends perfect peace for all indicates perfect slavery for one or imperfect socialism for the other.

A few conscientious friends are what capital and labor need most at the moment.

Capital needs to understand the value of mutual dependence, the worth of profit-bound help—the doctrine that the true condition of commercial success is mutualism; that men are more than galley slaves; that they are the pillars of prosperity in any enterprise.

What labor needs is more of the bench and less of the bar; more judicial judgment, more judicious judgment; less of pettifoggery, less fanfare.

Should the writer of this article attempt to tell the best business brains of this country how to stop all strikes, he would only succeed in justifying the world in classifying him as a solid bonehead.

I am not a reformer, nor a revolutionist, and it is hoped that I am not a "nut." Neither do I want to let my dignity lose me my standing in the minds of common-sense men. I have mucked in mines, driven on the Erie Canal, and am working for wages today.

I have many others working for me, or, rather, we are all working together and making a success.

In my circle of acquaintances there is a very successful business man. This friend of mine, who has the confidence of capital and of labor, has worked out a moral, legal and financial plan, and has put it in practice; and it has proved, after a long time, to be a success in stalling strikes.

The success I refer to in solving the problem of strikes reinforces my belief that this article can be of great service to both capital and labor, if these important factors will but deign to listen.

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I shall be very glad to give the name of my friend, who is not looking for any personal gain, but for the good of all concerned. He is a practical philanthropist, and not a crutch-giver.

When the war in the Old World is finished, this country will be thrown into a trade conflict of even greater bitterness than political war.

They do not know, over there, what they are fighting for; but they will know in a commercial battle, and then watch for some fight.

The United States will soon prove to be the envy of all Europe. If you weigh this statement carefully, what can we expect?

If we are to war among ourselves, have strikes and differences between capital and labor at a time when we have all of the advantages in the business world, it will hurt. We shall miss our opportunity. □

A CERTAIN CLASS

THE base ingratitude, the annoying ignorance, of some customers of a store is enough to make the sales people who are schooled in patience go jump off the dock.

Managers of stores are compelled to constantly warn their associates in business to be considerate of customers. These suggestions are really for the best interests of the sales people, but they often sound unfair.

If some one could endow a college to teach a certain class of customers how to be civil—women in particular; women who happen to be long on money and short on sense—this some one would go down in history as the great humanitarian of the twentieth century.

This of course does not apply to readers of The Silent Partner. If it should happen to hit a guilty reader, he or she may have the satisfaction of stopping the magazine.

□

JOLTS

THE average man wants to be saved in his mistakes, and he wants more: he wants to be saved from them. He wants too much.

I received a crusty letter from a man recently, and on inquiry they told me it was the way he was bred

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MEMORIES

TWENTY years! That's not so very long ago. Let's see. There was "Jim" Parker. He drove into camp with a Herring safe. There was Larry Maroney. He rode in on a load of lumber. Later there were A. E. Carleton, who traded us in and transferred us out, and oh! so many more Colorado bankers whom I can recall; and do you know, they were an obliging, approachable, aggressive bunch, so different from many bankers who want all they have and all that you've got.

To tell you the truth, there are a lot of bankers in this country who need mending around the heart and fixing about the head.

Recently Mayor Speer of Denver handed out a few hunks of good advice to the bankers of Colorado in convention. He gave them a few buttons of common sense from the retort of an honest assay.

"A banker looks on life through glasses which appear clear to him, but upon which the dollar mark has been pressed in the making and enlarged by constant use. He weighs men and enterprises with gold weights in one hand and an interest table in the other.

"A natural banker loved money when a boy; courted it in his teens; married it in manhood, and lived with it until death, when a kind Providence stripped him of it all in order that what was left of him might be fit to associate hereafter with those who had been disciplined by bank balances in the red.

"Few men can handle money for a lifetime without becoming more or less a slave to it. There are two kinds of money—hand money and heart money. One is based upon gold and silver, and the other on kind acts and good deeds. Many are rich in the one kind of currency, but are paupers in the other. Hand money will buy material things of life and pass at par to the grave, but from that time on it is valueless. Heart money is indestructible, and when mixed with a limited amount of hand money will produce more true joy and happiness in this life than anything else, and then pass at a premium beyond the border. You all publish statements of your hand money, but some of you would not want to make public your heart-money transactions. These moneys are not interchangeable, and some people are continually making the mistake of trying to pay the debts of one with the money of the other."

At the finish Mayor Speer put on the pedal, and the convention closed. The bankers acknowledged the value of truth.

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TOMORROW

TOMORROW is the progression of time loaned us to be able to surpass the results of today.

There is no royal road to success. The path to real success leads through a wilderness of experience.

If you can eat sawdust without butter, if you can stand your ground with dignity when others are losing their heads, if you can see over the mountains of trouble today down into the valley of prosperity tomorrow, if you do not let some little setback drive you off the trail, you are made up of good material.

No legacy, no broadcloth, no luck, will help you to hold a position that demands practical application. The point is, then, to fit yourself for a higher position.

Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, is the nation's inspiration for those afflicted with physical infirmities. In 1900 she graduated from college, and is today regarded as one of the most intellectual and best-educated women of America. Men with perfect eyes and ears, with perfect health, and with all physical advantages, stand in rows and complain, almost weep and wail over their lack of opportunity.

□

NOT WORTH THE DAM

THE reformer is always trying to fix up the other fellow's failure. He seldom sees his own shortcomings. He repeats, with mechanical precision, his prayer for preparedness in everything. In the meantime he neglects to improve himself.

This magazine is trying to help every man get a good job, and then to help him hold it. A responsible position will reform any man worth while. This magazine would let the other men go over the dam, for they are not worth the dam they go over.

□

MR. VAN AMBURGH, editor of The Silent Partner, announces his new book, "By the Side of the Road," ready for mailing October 15.

□

WE go to the restaurant and study the catalog of fish, flesh and fruit, and then we begin to fill up with the things that would spoil swill.

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JUST A THOUGHT

THE fact that I cannot see a certain thing is quite conclusive evidence to me that the thing exists. Strange statement! I cannot see pain, smell it, taste it or hear it, but I know it is pain.

Some say a man knows nothing of the hereafter, of the immortality of the soul.

First, let us find out what the soul is. The soul is that which loves, thinks, and seems to see so far ahead. And as the little girl said, "It aches too."

Many Rotarians stood on the River Styx at Mammoth Cave recently, and not one of them could see past the point where the swift current had disappeared; and still they all believed that the river continued on. It required no theology to teach them their belief.

The fault is that most of us want to see some one who has returned from hell or heaven, in order that we may be convinced.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

Just read the word "hath" over again, and you will find a present possession and not a future continuity.

But let's leave the Scriptures out for a moment, and look about and find some one who is living in hell here, and then ask him with reference to this one word "hath."

If there is a heaven, there must be a hell. If there is a hell, there should be a heaven, for there is a distinctive difference between men and women. They are not all going to the same place; if they are, please excuse me.

I would rather be a man with a soul than a dog with the bone of "death" which means destruction forever.

Now, friends, this is not a sermon. It is just a thought.

HOPE TO BE BIGGER

THE big business man has little to do with details. I have a great many details before me, and this lets me out as a good business man.

Often I am called into conference with smaller men, and sometimes with the larger men. The smaller men are always telling me how very, very busy they are; but their efforts remind me of the goldfish in the jar.

I am trying to educate my organization to do the details, and when this is accomplished I shall be a bigger man.

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OPPORTUNITY

WE can all testify to the truth that opportunity knocks more than once. Opportunity is often present, but few men are prepared to receive this great and welcome guest.

My opinion is that we expect too much of opportunity. Most men are looking for a full-fledged Standard Oil to call on them, unannounced.

The biggest business in all the world had its beginning in a very small way.

My measure of the word "opportunity" is simple and quite easy to explain and equally easy to understand.

At the rising of every sun we are afforded another chance, and out of these chances we must make our own opportunity.

Reasonable people are taught by a long line of experiences to wait the development of things worth while. Rational folks should remember that the greater measure of prosperity and success lies in them and not in the empty word "opportunity."

The saddest sight in all the world is to see a man with a lap full of opportunity and spilling it.

Nearly all the big enterprises of now were but the small chances of then.

Almost all of the flat failures of the present are by men unable to handle a real opportunity—if there is such an animal.

□

DON'T LOOK BACK

THE hypothetical "if" starts your mind into supposing, and this is where your success stalls.

The contingent "if" gets you to feeling uncertain; and this unnerves you, and then you hesitate, halt, and get stuck.

"If" is so small a word, and still it is the biggest bowlder in the path of any man's mental make-up.

The moment the little word "if" comes up you acknowledge weakness, and a weak man cannot hope to win today in face of strong competition.

Strangle this word "if," then screw your courage up to the sticking point, and don't you dare look back.

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Reasonable people are taught by a long line of experiences to wait the development of things worth while. Rational folks should remember that the greater measure of prosperity and success lies in them and not in the empty word "opportunity."

The saddest sight in all the world is to see a man with a lap full of opportunity and spilling it.

Nearly all the big enterprises of now were but the small chances of then.

Almost all of the flat failures of the present are by men unable to handle a real opportunity—if there is such an animal.

□

DON'T LOOK BACK

THE hypothetical "if" starts your mind into supposing, and this is where your success stalls.

The contingent "if" gets you to feeling uncertain; and this unnerves you, and then you hesitate, halt, and get stuck.

"If" is so small a word, and still it is the biggest bowlder in the path of any man's mental make-up.

The moment the little word "if" comes up you acknowledge weakness, and a weak man cannot hope to win today in face of strong competition.

Strangle this word "if," then screw your courage up to the sticking point, and don't you dare look back.

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SAVING—SPENDING

ON my desk lies a line-drawing—a picture of a provident man descending the stone steps of a savings bank. Evidently this man is of middle age, of moderate means, healthy and honest. His head is erect, his shoulders square, and his general appearance indicates individual worth. The suggestion in this picture is that this man has just left a certain sum in the savings bank.

At the foot of the stone steps, and in the shelter of the great granite pillar, stands a cringing, half-clad, pitifully poor man. His eyes stare, his face is haggard, and he looks cold and hungry. Poverty has snuffed out every spark of success in this man, and made him desperate. He is a rudderless, hopeless, helpless derelict.

And the interesting part of this situation is that both men started out in early life with equal advantages; both men came from the same little town.

One began to save, and the other began to spend. Both, for a time, earned the same salary.

Finally the spender was compelled to dodge the tailor, the grocer and the butcher. Eventually this man began to lose self-confidence, later he lost his pride, and then he lost his position.

How he spent his money or where he spent it is not my point. He spent it, and that is enough.

The other man continually saved a little, and then a little more; and finally this saving habit was permanently formed. Eventually this man placed a little money out at interest, and his money began to work for him. At last the man with the saving habit got what we call "comfortably off."

Now, friend reader, there is nothing sensational, nothing unreasonable, nothing uncommon in a man getting "comfortably off." Nor is there anything uncommon in a man going broke.

This picture is not overdrawn. It is not necessary to overdraw a picture of this character.

There are millions of them—clever men—who are mentally unfit, physically unclean, and morally out of position, due to improvidence.

Money is the measure of food, of clothing, of the necessities of life; and the man who fails to look out for tomor-

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row is dishonest with himself, unfair to his family, and will eventually fail.

Saving is more than saving: it more often proves a saving grace.

Too much money, or too little money, is a sorry situation, that can only be successfully met by sensible men.

Give the average young man plenty of money to start with, and you handicap instead of helping him. Give a young man with ambition an opportunity, and then teach him to save money, and you have laid the foundation for a permanent success.

Success all depends on how you start. If you begin at the bottom and build on your profit, on what you save, you are creating a combination of character, capital and commercial worth that is of tremendous importance.

If you begin at the top of the ladder, without experience, but with plenty of inherited capital, make up your mind that sooner or later you will see the box where they mix the mortar.

Personal extravagance has encompassed more defeats than anything I know of. Prudence points the way to prosperity.

The improvident, careless, reckless, thoughtless man is a personal failure, and a tax on others.

Show me the man with the "saving" habit, and I will point to you an honest man.

If the night courts and the day courts are crowded with men charged with all the crimes of the calendar, and if nine men out of ten in these courts are poverty-poor, broken in pocketbook, broken in spirit, what does this situation suggest?

Men are naturally honest. It is the spur of old Necessity, the poverty-prod of Want, that prompts men to take chances. Want and Necessity are not the natural offspring of habits of saving.

Poverty lashes a man to the wild horse of Don't-Care. Want whispers in the ear of a weakling and tells him to take a chance.

Money in the savings bank gives a man credit in a community—self-confidence.

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Ownership multiplies ambition for more. Poverty paralyzes purpose. I am always stronger with, than without, money.

The individual in an organization who is forever borrowing money is constantly exhibiting a lack of that something which made the boss a success.

The mind cannot work well fearing failure or seeing sickness and the dreaded doctor's bill. The mind, to do its best work, must be free from fretting and the frenzied attacks of want.

Take two men. Give them both an equal chance. Have one save money each week. Have the other spend all that he earns, and perhaps more. Which man will produce the better results?

The man who saves a little money each week also saves his energy. He comes to the store, to the plant, or goes out on the road, with his mind right and his body right.

The man who is compelled to rob a child's bank for car fare is committing no crime, but he is skating mighty close to a bad habit—robbing a bank.

Men are creatures of habit. They are addicted to a certain way. They contract certain customs. They get in a groove, a rut. They keep on in the old jog-trot way until they get seasoned to failure.

□

MAKE MISTAKES

MEN who make frequent mistakes prove that they are moving up.

The fellow who claims that he seldom makes a mistake demonstrates he is moving out.

Make mistakes, my friend, for the men who make mistakes rule the world. Accurate, methodical men run automatic machines and run errands.

Make as many mistakes as you like, but don't make the same mistake twice.

Experience is education, and the only knowledge that can be counted on comes from practical test.

Go ahead! You can hire the perfect man.

□

GRABBING the two horns of Johnny Bull, the German barmaid asked of the farmer: "Which handle for the milk and which for the cream?"

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BENDING HIS BACK

IF the young man who bends his back over a billiard table; if the chap who tramps for two hours around the pool table, in a cloud of cigarette smoke—if these young men would take a trip out in the open fields, with the oxygen of hope surcharging their souls, they would see opportunities ahead that they cannot hope to understand in the presence of a pool table fringed with good fellows.

If a man of money should step into a pool room and pay the proprietor five hundred dollars in cash for five games of pool, the press would herald this man as a crazy, extravagant loon.

When a young man pays fifty cents for his part in the evening's game, nothing much is thought of it.

The fifty cents to the poor boy is comparatively much more than the five hundred dollars to the rich man. Few poor boys have one hundred dollars in the bank. Plenty of men have five hundred thousand.

You see, this is one thousand to one, and so is five hundred dollars to fifty cents.

But I have not made my point yet. The man with the big money did not waste his time playing pool when young.

The marvelous mystery of success, the hidden secrets that lurk in "luck," are all found in this fact: Get started early. □

THE WELL-BALANCED

THERE are two classes of men who can afford to be untidy in their personal appearance—the geniuses and the tramps.

Clothes reflect the man's mind. Some of the most threadbare clothes I have ever seen were powerful evidences of a great personality. A silk shirt is often the covering for a skin that needs a coat of tar soap and a rough brush.

It is the refinement of clothes and not the richness of dress that indicates the individual worth of a man.

The barber shop reveals the brown streak just above the silk-shirt collar.

To put the situation perfectly plain, the fancy-dressed fellow has a fancy mind, more often than not. The overdressed man has his finicky flights, his feverish fancies. The well-groomed individual is orderly, efficient and well-balanced.

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OPTIMISM

THE best you can say about the word "optimism" is that it is largely selfish. Optimism means to take a hopeful view of things that concern one's self and to hand out to others a line of "con" that won't work.

The true definition of the word "optimism" is this: "A disposition to believe that everything is ordered for the best."

Now, in the name of common sense, I want to ask you, Do you think an optimist can do you any good? He will lead you into the ditch if you don't watch out. The optimist is largely op.

The word "optimism" is a modern term. The greater writers, the older thinkers, seldom had use for the word. Few knew of it.

To be called an optimist is anything but a compliment.

To be regarded as an inspiring individual is to have all of the better qualities of the optimist, if there be any (read the definition again), plus the tremendous advantage of not only helping yourself but of helping others.

The truth is, the optimist has all of the contortions of the sibyl without the practical power to be of any real use.

"Inspiration" is a theological term, but often used to define knowledge that is not openly declared to be authoritative. My use of the word "inspiration" is with reference to practice and not to theory or theology. To "inspire" is to excite others to greater energy of purpose and principles. You see, "inspiration" is a big word.

There is always a real reason for any success that has the power to stay a success. The Silent Partner is not an optimistic hand-organ to exercise the editor's unused adjectives. It is exactly what it claims to be on its front cover—"A clean, wholesome magazine of inspiration and human interest."

Inspiration is bigger than the empty word "optimism" or "uplift." A clean, wholesome magazine is slow but sure. Human interest will always appeal.

Every week there are a great many so-called house-organs that come to my desk published by important concerns throughout the country. Some are not entitled to be called

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even a hand-organ. Others are better than many magazines published.

The best magazine, the best-balanced editorial effort to entertain, enthuse and instruct employees, that reaches my desk is a publication called "Keeping in Touch," published by Shuster Brothers in Milwaukee.

There is another little magazine for employees published in Sioux City by Davidson Brothers that is designed to help humans up the hill, and it does.

And there are other good publications of this character—several of them; but these two messengers of good will, good cheer and good advice are always acceptable.

Thoughts put on paper must ring true to be of any value to any one. Trying to fill employees with a lot of optimism that will not work is evidence of poor judgment or insincerity.

Loaning to humans a higher inspiration is a work well worth the attention of the best thought.

□

WILL PROVE EMBARRASSING

IF the editor of The Silent Partner should walk down the aisles of a department store and take, without paying for it, something he considered valuable, there would be trouble aboard.

If some of the admiring friends of this little magazine will please give credit to The Silent Partner, instead of trying to sail under false colors, they will get along much better, and so will their friend, the little magazine.

I have before me several articles that have been printed in various house-organs and credited to the editor of the house-organ or to some contributor. These copyrighted articles were taken bodily from The Silent Partner without a change of word. This sort of thing will be embarrassing when we reprint the collection a little later.

□

A SO-DIFFERENT BOOK

ABOUT October 15, 1916, the new book by Mr. Van Amburgh, editor of The Silent Partner, will be out and ready for mailing. Title, "By the Side of the Road." This book will be a so-different work. There is no book like it in all bookdom.

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BARNEY

SEATED in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car, one night, over two years ago, a lifelong office-holder in the political pool said: "I fear for this country. We have no patriots left."

The things that we passengers said and the things that we did to this titman gave him a new angle on true Americanism.

Great deeds do not stop in their growth. The work of Washington, the struggles of Lee, the victories of Grant, expand in their influence as time moves on.

The bequests made by our great men of yesterday are but obligations on our young men of today—obligations that are sacred and binding.

The early Americans, in building this great empire of opportunities, left as a legacy, with each and every young American of today, a chance, a privilege to perfect and preserve—left an exacting and solemn duty that the young American of the present is taking care of.

Somewhere on the border are thousands of brown-dressed young Americans, making immortal the privilege for which the Americans of an older generation fought.

Somewhere along the coast are the blue-dressed boys ready to go down with the ship.

William McKinley said: "Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law, and for the law and by the law."

Perhaps I can best illustrate the meaning of our martyred President by letting you read a letter from Barney.

Now, Barney is but a boy—that's all. The letter was written to his parents, and not for publication. And for this very excellent reason, and for other good and sufficient reasons, I will not print the letter—because Barney is a true-blue soldier and would not like it.

It appears that Barney resigned from his company recently, but in January he reënlisted, "simply because there was a war-cloud hovering." And to use his words, "I could not see how it was fair to my government to have taken all the training and instruction and then have it wasted when my country needed me."

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I wish I could print the letter.

What bothers Barney more than anything else is to have some one write him and praise him. He says there are men who have left their wives, children and needy families behind; and you know Barney is well provided for. And here is the point: He didn't have to go to war, but he went because he is an American.

In his simple, virile letter to his father we find the enthronement of conscience, the exaltation of true patriotism —the establishment in my mind that there are more patriotic Barneys in America than political barnacles; and for this one fact alone America has reason to rejoice.

□

INITIATIVE

GIVE a man character, and he will win moral confidence.

Loan him courage, and he will command commercial credit.

Give him energy, and enterprises will call for him.

Grant him perseverance, and trade will come to him.

Add to these essentials initiative, and you distinguish the man from a machine—from most men.

There are three classes of workers. One class must always be told, then shown, and then told again. The second class expect to be told once at least. The third class have initiative. They go ahead and do the right thing at the right time without being told, and this is initiative.

Every organization has plenty of individuals who are morally and physically competent.

Initiative is a mental factor in success. We are all paid for our proficiency by the individual with initiative.

□

TAKE THIS ONE

HAVE you ever lived out in the country on a party line? The wire tappers of New York are nothing as compared with the individual insects that fly to the telephone at the sound of your call. The other day I told some neighbors the truth, and they rang off.

A man or woman who will take down a telephone and listen to another's conversation will do other things not prescribed in respectable society.

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HE GAVE TO EARTH

YEARS ago, while the world was full of flowers, while the sun shone in all its blaze of glory on the crest of the hills, while the wild birds were singing their sweetest songs, I know God must have pondered deep on what would be the sweetest thing He could send to earth.

Finally the gates of heaven moved, and He gave to earth my mother.

And now, in after years, how my memory steals over space and brings back again the time when, in the calm of a summer Sabbath morn, I walked with my mother slowly to that little church in the Valley of Long Ago!

You can remember—of course you can—how sweetly soft your mother's lips grew in her prayers for you.

Every good and wholesome trait that you hold—your devotion to right, your love of liberty, your affection for the home—is the happy result of the forceful lessons, the kindly sympathy, of this wonderful woman—your mother.

Happy is the man who has a quiver full of arrows with which he can hit the hearts of humans. Great is the genius who can send his sentimental thoughts into the very soul of the thoughtless. Big is the work that teaches us to reverence and respect the name "Mother."

I would willingly give my remaining days if it were possible for me to write a song that would ring with some soul-inspiring theme of mother.

□

OUT OF A JOB

ONE big object of this little magazine is to get men onto jobs, to get them to want to work, and then to get them to like their work.

A job is a man's true friend. It helps him to help himself. A job does not flatter nor deceive you Saturday night. A job pays the price, and leaves the gate open so that you may advance farther.

A good job holds your attention, and holds you away from making many mistakes that you might make if you were idle.

□

MAKING money is a part of success, but it proves a very small part when the profits we bag bring each night the unlaid ghosts of a crooked deal.

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THE FIRST TIME

RAPID heartbeat, due to excessive cigarette smoking, caused over forty-six per cent of the rejections at the United States Marine Corps recruiting station of the City of New York. I am wondering if cigarettes have the same effect on young men in other localities.

This little magazine is devoted to the battle of life, and here we have pretty good proof that cigarette smoking is not conducive to physical preparedness.

It is not my purpose to reform any one. This is not the object of the magazine. Some smoke here. Others will smoke—hereafter.

The Silent Partner is far removed from the spiritual side of any argument. There are men more qualified to preach the gospel of good, and to point the way that leads to hell.

It costs this magazine a lot of money each year to refuse to carry cigarette advertising. Not that it is wicked, or that it is wasteful, to smoke cigarettes. This is not the point.

Cigarettes certainly stand in a young man's way, and I am trying to remove anything, at any time, that stands in the young man's way. You see, this is not trying to reform the young man.

These remarks remind me of a patent fact: This is the first time in the history of this little magazine that I have ever used the word "wicked."

□

THE BRAG

A REAL man grows with responsibility. The imitation man just swells.

Having confidence in yourself is a big plan, but getting all swelled up over a small success is sure evidence that you are shrinking in intellect.

Self-confidence is a big, very big individual asset; but it is an individual possession that you cannot personally refer to with words.

Reserve, preserve, can the talk of what you can do, and go about and do it. By and by your results will bring you so much prominence that it will not be necessary to brag.

□

THE man who marries an economical wife will have more money to spend.

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ALCOHOL

ALCOHOL murders more men, impoverishes more women, starves more children, fosters more failures, paralyzes more purpose, and brings more ignorance and insanity into the world than all of the other deplorable agencies on earth.

Alcohol demoralizes every one that it comes in contact with.

The convenient swinging screen door in a saloon lets in youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and, later, lets out old men, weak and wan, dazed and discouraged.

Alcohol is legalized riot. It supports strikes and loans courage to the highwayman. It slanders innocence, blights confidence, and brings more unwanted children, with the mark of ruin, than we think.

May I ask you to read this over again?

Alcohol is the moonshine parent of the miniature intellects left on the front stoop.

There is scarcely a family in America that alcohol has not harmed. There are millions of men and an equal number of women that alcohol has wrecked. But the worst of all is the crime against children.

This article does not concern you now. Of course it doesn't. But let your brother come home tonight drunk, let your sister pay the penalty, let your father lose his job, or your mother lose her faith, and then you will know what the agency of alcohol can do directly or indirectly to you. Then this article will have some weight.

It is doubtful in my mind if you have not already paid the penalty directly or indirectly.

□

YOU POOR BOOB!

THE sound of the artillery fire in the Old World, if it travels at the speed of light, will, in forty-five years, be heard by any one who may be on the North Star.

When man contemplates the immeasurable distances, how small he must feel! This very fact alone is enough to make a man feel that his soul stands alone; that it is about as near lost as it can be and be saved. It's some distance from the North Star to heaven, too.

When some meager mind, some miniature man, tells me that he doubts the Authorship of the world, or that he must be shown in order to understand, I feel like saying to this comparative atom, You poor boob!

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CARELESSNESS

ALMOST all of the accidents are avoidable. Out of a million accidents that occur each year, it is safe to assume that a very large per cent are traceable to nothing but carelessness.

With signs here, signs there, signs everywhere, still the humans stick their heads into wheels and their hands into cogs.

With physicians and the press constantly talking on the laws of health, with employers doing their level best to protect employees and to provide safety devices, still we find a great many people crippled or sick all the time.

If the individual would be careful for a single year, if every home would heed the well-understood laws of sanitation, if every workman would pay attention to the instructions concerning safety—if all of this were done for a single year in this country, a billion dollars would be added to the total wealth, a hundred thousand homes would be saved from total wreck, half a million homes would enjoy peace and plenty instead of having to get along on the most niggardly allowance. □

THEY STILL LIVE

THEY called her an ignorant, insane slip of a girl. She had no knowledge of saddles, spurs, sabers, and still she imparted courage to a pack of whipped, whining men, and finally led these self-styled critics, these cowering soldiers, to a great victory. Then they burned her to death, and they threw her ashes in the River Seine; but the whole world had learned its lesson from Joan of Arc.

A plowman of Kansas decided that slavery was wrong, and he led a small band of brave men unto death, but his soul went "marching on." □

FOUR REASONS

A WELL-POSTED individual took a trip recently—investigated four fairly good department stores. These half-hearted successes, these semi-failures, he accounted for like this: Indifference among sales people, and errors of employees, on the organization side; selling substitutes, and stretching the truth in advertising, on the employer's side.

Four reasons, and enough, to make any house flag.

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A COMPARISON

THE unspeakable lessons of the Old World war prove to the unprejudiced mind that the rulers cannot recall their responsibility because they wear a crown, that it serves no future protection to be a king or emperor.

In the colossal crime now being committed on the Continent—a crime greater than the combined crimes of centuries—we see this patent fact: We see that the blackness of night comes from the throne. We now know that they must look for light out of the tombs they are making.

The Old World war shows in vivid contrast our own moral strength; demonstrates the power and the glory of democracy; reveals the still, small voice that speaks to the common conscience of our people and prompts a wiser and wider humanity.

It is customary for our people continually to complain about our Government. Why? The very strength of the American Constitution is in its ability to survive the quack political doctors it has tried.

We do not want to suppress these criticisms, otherwise this country would fall into indifference and smug satisfaction.

But we do want to know, and understand, that all that is said by the political opponents is not so. They tell the dark side of everything. Conditions are much better than they paint.

As a nation we are critical, and this makes us all the more correct. Don't let the croaker, the complainer, the political parasite, see for you. Appreciate this wonderful opportunity called America. You only have to look across the ocean to understand my meaning.

While in the shadow-haunted hills of the wildest West, I have seen the chaotic clouds gather in the evening sky, and then my eyes have been suddenly blinded with a bolt from heaven. Almost without warning, a mountain of ice and snow has swept past my cabin door; and to me, it was a marvelous sight.

I have stood on the quarter-deck and watched the sea-born storm come up out of the lazy darkness, just before dawn. In this danger and uncertainty of the ocean's uproar I have not failed to find the grandeur.

But the biggest moment in my life was that in which I beheld the beautiful stripes and glorious stars of the American flag in a foreign harbor, the grandest sight that ever floated before my eyes.

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THE SELFISH WOMAN

PERSONALLY I would rather be in Fiddler's Green without cracked ice than live in the presence of a selfish woman.

Selfishness is self-love, and this brand of fake affection is incapable of real regard for anything but "it."

Selfishness is the dog in the manger, the charity that begins at home.

Did you ever cross wires with a mercenary, ungenerous, covetous woman? Did you ever have an experience with a narrow-minded, illiberal, self-centered she?

The egotist, the selfish person, has all of the immoral afflictions. She will betray your confidence with a Judas kiss—teach you with her treason.

Selfishness is the distillation of double-dealing, the Punic faith of the deceitful.

There is not a clean, honorable, honest thought in the mind of a woman who is selfish.

□

LET US ASSUME

JUST before you start out tonight to spend some of that hard-earned money, spend some of your time—and you know this is money. Just before you let a lot of your energy go for the fun of it, and wind up by knocking the varnish off from your pretty good reputation, let me push time ahead ten years, and have a talk with you. Let us assume that it is now 1926—that you are ten years older.

If you are spending more than you are earning now, or as much as you are earning now; if you are not saving your money now, what do you think will happen in ten years from now?

□

A POWERFUL BLOW

THE saloon is often offered as the "poor man's club."

Drink is the vice that is social. Few men drink alone.

Any enterprise like the moving-picture show that offers an opportunity for the poor man to be amused or entertained at a small cost is a powerful blow at booze.

□

MR. VAN AMBURGH promises his best work in his new book, "By the Side of the Road." Ready for mailing October 15.

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THE BUBBLES

TAKE over your old clay pipe and with it blow a big soap bubble. Grab this bubble with your strong right hand, and now you hold, or at least you think you do, about all that will be good in some of the securities you probably own, after the hell is over on the other side.

My suggestion to you is to close out your holdings of soapy water, and put the profits in some solid security that has to do with the community where you live—some public-service corporation that is really your silent partner.

Convert your munitions, your chemicals, your motors, your petroleums and the many more creations of abnormal times into the securities of some public-service corporation that serves you and your interests in more than one way.

I wish I had a thousand tongues to talk on this subject. My advice, if acted upon, would save to many of my friends the cost of subscriptions to The Silent Partner five centuries long.

□

THE OLD POSTMAN

THE other day I met my old postman—met a letter-carrier who served me faithfully and well almost twenty years ago, and the most agreeable tribute that has been paid me in years was his greeting.

The postman I have in mind is old in the service, and getting old in years. He has carried untold millions of dollars in and out of one of the biggest buildings in Wall Street. He is punctual, ruggedly honest, and always civil.

Judging from his appearances now, he will soon be compelled, by old age and infirmities, to quit the route—to quit an honest life of useful and hard work—work that has not paid enough for him to save enough.

The big corporations of this country know that it is to their best interests to arrange some pension plan for their employees, and they do, as a rule.

It is to my individual interest to reduce the price of postage all that we can, consistently with a broad and generous consideration of the men who make this service so valuable to the whole world.

And still, I would not treat an old, worn-out horse the way the Government treats the boys in gray.

□

WHY find fault with your wife's cooking? Take her to a restaurant and both find fault.

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SIT ON THIS ONE

THE young man writes and tells me that he has no chance where he is. The young man is right. He is standing at the foot of a ladder, and there are a million more in his way.

Another chap says he can begin to see bigger chances. This fellow is standing on the tenth rung. He can see over the heads of his friends.

The third boy writes me that he can see marvelous opportunities ahead. This lad is higher up the ladder—that's all.

Here is a simple comparison that shows the secret of success.

The whole point is, can you climb the ladder of life without getting dizzy? And still, the point that I would make is not exactly as you expect it.

When you are up a tree you are not necessarily a success. Your elevated position merely signifies that you are a climber. Climbing to a certain height loans to you the advantage of seeing farther on. It gives you an opportunity to see, with your own eyes, where the crowd is. And it is necessary always to keep out of the crowd.

Here you have the point, and I hope you sit on it long enough to have it prick you into action.

□

COMING AND GOING

WHEN the cash changes hands, when the customer pays the price and starts to leave the store, do you say "Thank you" as pleasantly as you said "Good morning" when the customer came in?

It's the going out and not the coming in that tells of the true salesman.

Get them coming, but be sure to get them going—right.

□

THE KNOCKER

WHEN the Maker completed His work there were a few hours left over, and this accounts for the poisonous reptiles, the vicious beasts and the vultures.

Unthinkingly Noah let these mistakes, these low-crawling, high-flying misprints, mingle together. And now we have the outcome of Noah's carelessness—the knocker.

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IDEALS OF LIFE

THIS magazine can find no institution of greater interest than the department store. Here is what The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver have to say on the "Ideals of Life":

"Humans are ready to pay with their lives for the counterfeit coin called riches, but few are attracted to the incomparable worth of wealth.

"Riches cost effort, while wealth is cheap enough.

"Riches are the world without. Wealth is the world within. Riches represent money. Wealth is the reflection of happiness.

"This store might make more money if run on the narrow-gauge road that leads to riches.

"This store is not a soulless, heartless corporation: it is an institution made up of individuals in harmony with humanity and the laws that govern true happiness.

"We believe in economy, careful, intelligent buying, hard work, and in all the other factors that help to build a permanent and profitable business.

"But in all of our scramble for success we never have forgotten, nor shall we ever forget, the ideals of life. Profit is not all."

Almost every day The Joslin Dry Goods Company have something to say worth while on the subject of a store. Listen:

"The science of our success as a department store—the science that some are pleased to call efficiency—is nothing more, nothing less, than accurate knowledge of what the people want, born of long experience, and managed by human hearts.

"There is little ability in a department store that gives the public only what they require today. A department store, to be a success, must anticipate, and give the public what they require next week.

"We anticipate, we work, and we are willing to make any reasonable sacrifice to please you at any and at all times.

"To be a success as a store, the organization must regard store service, store employment, as something besides work." □

EVERLASTINGLY AT IT

THE shortest day in all the week is the one that finds us working with all our physical and mental energies. The longest day is the day that finds our heads and hands empty.

If you would shorten the hours of work, if you would lengthen your salary at the end of the week, keep eternally and everlastingly on the job.

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A SIMPLE ANALYSIS

TO be self-confident is to have a firm belief in one's self. It is to be self-reliant, bold and brave.

To have self-conceit is to overestimate one's self—to have a pleasant but fantastical faith.

If a young man goes ahead and makes a failure, he is charged with self-conceit. If he continues on and creates a success, he is credited with self-confidence. And this makes the situation all the more confusing.

The moment a man seems to be satisfied with himself, you have what I call self-conceit.

When a man feels that he can accomplish more and must accomplish more, you are in the presence of self-confidence.

You can readily tell, dear reader, whether you have a bump of self-conceit or a bump that comes from getting there.

□

MY AMBITION

IT has been my ambition for a long time to write a book that will truly represent my various moods and methods. The book is about finished, and will be printed, bound, and ready for mailing October 15, 1916.

The title, "By the Side of the Road," does not hint of its methods and moods.

The title simply suggests that the author is having a heart-to-heart talk with his friends. The book is more: it's a personal prod, a confidential interview with you, yourself.

"By the Side of the Road" is a work that will faithfully represent my ambition to write a book so different.

□

THE WORLD DO MOVE

IN 1855 there was a book published in America that endeavored to prove that the colored people of this country did not have souls.

Soon after this date an enterprising author endeavored to show that women were not possessed of souls, that the great gift of immortality was not to be granted women.

These books were read, and created considerable attention at that time.

Today there are twelve important states in this Union that allow women to express their political preferences.

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A SMALL PRAYER

GIVE us, O Fate, the hired girl who will at least try. Loan us the housemaid who has the common sense and the willingness to work part of the time.

Send us, O Providence, at any price, the servant who can cook, wash dishes, and hold her temper two hours.

Grant us, O Faith, the female of the species who will not spill the beans.

Protect us, dear Agency, from the cranky kitchen mechanic, from the striking dishwasher, from the woman without sense enough to know that she can rule the roost without wrecking it.

This world lies under a necessity, and the only bright star that we can see in all our destiny is the hired girl who will stick for two weeks at a stretch.

□

YOU PAY

YOU must pay for what you get, either in work, in loyalty or in cash. Confidence is gained by earning it. Friendship is acquired by loyalty. Goods are bought with gold.

You have something to sell and you have many things to buy. We are always selling and buying. The important point is, are you competent to get the right price when you buy or sell, and can you buy or sell at the right price?

There are skilled physicians who are as poor as Job's turkey. There are learned lawyers without money enough to cover their meal-ticket expenses. Genius starves in a garret.

Machinery can make tools, schools manufacture rules; but a house full of tools and a head full of rules are sure to go rusty if you cannot market them, if you cannot use them.

Study the way to sell. The world will want you and pay your price, if you can trade wares for wampum, merchandise for money.

□

THE average man is looking for two things—success and safety. He wants to get a bank account, and then wants to get where they won't run over him in the grand procession of success. He wants other things, but they are secondary, and not good for him.

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THE STREET CAR

PUBLIC sentiment is surely swinging toward the public-service corporations of this country, with few exceptions.

The people are slowly but surely learning to rely on the willingness, to recognize the eagerness of the street railways to render satisfactory service.

The public and the public-service corporations are almost inseparable. Injure one, and you inflict punishment on the other.

I know of no agency in any community in all the country that contributes more to the comfort and to the convenience of people than the surface lines. Tie them up and how soon you understand.

The improved and the cleaner cars, the present-day courtesy of employees, the frequent schedule, the suburban accommodations, the evident improvement in so many ways, and the proof that the companies know it pays better to serve than just to save, have brought about a great change in public opinion.

One street-car line has been of great value to me personally, for it has made a small property look three times as valuable to those who would like to buy it. And I am wondering how many more people have been benefited daily in accommodation and directly in finance by some street-car company. I can get more for my nickel on a street car than anywhere else.

□

"BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

MR. VAN AMBURGH, editor of The Silent Partner, has written a new book that will be out and ready for mailing October 15, 1916. "By the Side of the Road" is a work that will open the door of your own life wider and admit all the life-giving oxygen of opportunity. It will throw open the windows of your soul and let the ventilation of vim in your make-up. It will show you the best in others, and point you to the things that need mending in you. It's a help that does not hurt. The book is a heart-to-heart talk by the side of the road.

□

A WOMAN thinks so because she thinks so; and do you know, this intuition is more often right than man's marvelous intellectual faculties and world-wide experience?

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THEY REDEEM THE SITUATION

THERE is a class of tea-house women in New York City, with their perfume and pearls, who drink cocktails in the afternoon in order that they may be braced for the evening. These pouter pigeons are powdered and painted until they look like and smell worse. They drink cocktails until four in the afternoon, and then start for the cage.

In the morning, at eight o'clock, the cross streets of the city are crowded with poverty-poor working girls wearing silk stockings and high fancy shoes that represent their net earnings for two weeks or more. The question is often heard, "How do they do it?" This question is a very comprehensive one.

There are freaks and flivvers everywhere. New York is not alone.

Then there are millions of great and good women at home, working quietly, continually battling to save. In fact, there are fifty—yes, five hundred—true-blue women to one of the female failures mentioned above.

New York has its morning-after breakfasts in the famous all-night restaurants, and this is the part of the great tragedy that they call comedy.

But the country generally is what we must measure, for there are tens of thousands of home-makers, business women right here in New York—women who are worth while, and whose virtues redeem the situation.

□

THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL

RAILROAD managers have shown quite convincingly that railroad employees are generally well paid. But when a railroad official is transported over the tracks in luxury, there is an atmosphere of impudence that is more disturbing to the employee than the lack of a few extra dollars on pay day.

The imaginary line where dignity begins and where duty ends, for the railroad official, is a line quite as important as the main line.

I know what I am talking about, for it is easy to recall the days when I walked the track to put out the switch lights, and was compelled to get out of the way of the president's special. They were paying me forty dollars a month.

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THE PRICE

TO the man who has taken the wrong fork in the road; to those who have wandered into the cemetery of lost hope, looking for the marker of an almost forgotten friend; to the dried, cold hearts of men who have failed, I would point to Tarkington's "Land of Beginning Again."

The puny problems that seem to stand in your way should be knocked into the middle of next week.

The world knows but little of your failure, and cares less. The world only watches the successes.

Stop worrying over things that can't be helped, and go and do things that can be done.

Few people care a continental for you as a failure. Few, if any, will help.

You may sit and magnify your mistakes, mourn and go mad over your blunders; but man will only smile that cynical smile and say of you, "He's no good."

Self-pity, sympathy-soliciting, wishing and wailing, will only let you down lower.

Brace up. Brush up. Think up. And you will get up. Think down. Look down. And you will stay down.

Paint your face with a smile. Advertise that you are a success. Then think and work for it.

Whatever you think you are is the price they will pay.

□

SURE TO PAY

THE security of this country, the responsibility of citizenship, the national virility, in combination, depend on some effective measure for the common defense of our rightful position on earth, politically, commercially, morally.

Some form of universal physical and military training must be devised not inconsistent with our ideals, otherwise we are sure to pay a fearful price for our prominence and for our indifference. □

IT DEVELOPED

WHEN the State of Washington passed its "dry" amendments, hundreds of persons left for Idaho, where booze is unrestricted.

The saloon people featured this fact, and for a time had a very effectual argument against prohibition or temperance.

Later it was shown that the ones who left the state either walked out or rode between box cars.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Indian poet, received the Nobel prize for the best work in literature. The story, in brief, tells of a wandering madman seeking the touchstone along the surf of the sea. Before the madman is the endless ocean, and these garrulous waves, in their ceaseless talk, seem to mock his insane ideas.

With matted locks, a dust-laden body worn to a shadow; with lips tightly pressed like the shut-up doors of his heart; with burning eyes like the lamp of a glowworm seeking its mate, this madman, bent and old, searches and searches for years for the touchstone that will make him rich.

This man has no hope remaining, yet he will not rest, for search has become his life.

Just as the ocean forever lifts its arms to the sky for the unattainable; just as the stars go in circles, yet seeking a goal that can never be reached, the madman looks and looks.

One day a village boy came up and asked the madman how he got the golden chain about his neck.

And to the surprise, the astonishment of the madman, the iron chain had been converted to gold by the magic of the touchstone. He struck his forehead wildly. Where, oh where had he, without knowing it, picked up the touchstone and converted the chain to gold?

Work had become a habit with the madman. For years he had picked up the pebbles on the shore, touched the chain with them, and thrown them away, without thinking, without mental effort.

And now he must return to seek anew the lost treasure.

With strength gone, body bent, and his heart in the dust, this madman began his search—began life all over again.

How many of us, like the madman, on the shores of the Sea of Time, look for the touchstone, and how many of us have picked it up without knowing it?

How many of us have been compelled to go back on the beach and look, and look, and search for years for the lost magic stone of success?

What a powerful lesson in the parable of the madman!

When the madman began to look for the touchstone, he was careful, and examined closely each pebble. Finally he

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grew careless, and did his task mechanically and without mental effort, until at last he actually found the philosopher's stone—without knowing it.

He had changed from a thoughtful man to a mere machine-man—from a man actually looking for something to a man mechanically going through the motions without employing his mind.

In old age we all find that we have held the touchstone sometimes in our lives, and let the precious magic touchstone of opportunity fall back on the sands of Time—without knowing it. □

ON THE SQUARE

YOU ask me to tell you what plan will result in teaching the most substantial system for saving, and I will answer you.

You inquire of me what institution will generate the unselfish impulse and make men better citizens with truer character.

On the very heels of these two questions you tell me, with your own words, that savings may be withdrawn for this or that; that to accumulate a balance in bank only invites the cleverness of the confidence crook or the stock seller; and what you say is often true.

If you would save regularly and have this thrift idea taken into all of your calculations, my suggestion is a simple one: Talk over the situation, the subject of saving, with some competent, reliable life-insurance representative.

Life insurance has that steadying influence, that driving influence, that brings the best out of man. It is a system of saving that borders very close to the sacred, because it deals with those who are nearest and deals on the square.

□

ASKING people how their health is often gets you in a peck of trouble. Out of courtesy you are often compelled to listen to stories of their different diseases; and how they can string out these stories! □

A FEW colored soldiers in the Tenth Cavalry did more to establish the negro race as worth saving than the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the life of Jack Johnson.

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AUTOMATIC SUCCESS

SUCCESS from strength of body is measured by the machine that competes with your hands and your feet. And such a success weighs about two dollars a day.

The body tires. The mind tires. The body wears dull. The mind wears bright. One decreases in possibilities and in values; the other increases in power and in worth.

The man who depends on his body for success must, sooner or later, take account of stock—must discount his physical machinery on account of depreciation; while the man who depends on his brain may expect his stock in trade to increase, his mental machinery to improve constantly in efficiency.

Fulton narrowed the seas with his steamship. Morse tied the ends of the earth together with a telegraph wire. Howe lifted the burden from the backs of tired women. McCormick's genius is reaping the reward of our great grain fields. Bell brings to you the voice of a distant friend. Edison has added incomparable comforts to home and inestimable advantages to commerce. And all these men began at the bottom.

The graduates of the University of Hard Knocks are the men who are making good today. Poverty is a fortune in overalls. Poverty starts a man to begin at the bottom, and when he graduates his sheepskin is branded "Practical."

The practical man who has the grit, the pluck and the perseverance to work his way up is always ready to reach out and help the other practical man who is on his way up.

□

WE OBJECT

ANY American citizen, twenty-one years old, white or black, native-born or foreign-born, except a monkey; any animal that pays a poll tax and can temporarily conceal his insanity, is entitled to a vote in electing the ruler of a hundred million of people.

And still, we perfectly sane men are opposed to intelligent, industrious, moral women voting.

□

A MAN with a white vest and a spotless reputation is kept pretty busy.

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, Editor and Manager

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE life of Abraham Lincoln is the prelude and the epilogue of the greatest theme of modern times. From the day when a little heart-broken boy wept by the bedside of a dead mother, until the hour when he was intrusted with the destiny of a nation—through all these comparative ages of accomplishment and brevity in time, we find evidences of a career that might be the base of the best textbook ever written for the American student on the subjects of thrift, honor and personal courage.

On many occasions I have referred, in this little magazine, to Lincoln as the genius in thought, in action; and now it seems appropriate to refer to him in an intimately personal way—to reproduce a confidential page in the life history of this greatest American.

The page is an example of the man's peculiar, practical cast of mind. It is a letter to his step-brother—a boy named Johnson.

The letter seems to show this stalwart, full-grown man as having a full-grown heart. The letter illustrates his disciplined mind and his practical horse sense.

This step-brother of Lincoln was one among a world-full of semi-failures. But Lincoln's letter reveals my point without the necessity of comment.

"Springfield, January 2, 1851.

"Dear Brother: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times I have helped you a little you have said: 'We can get along

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very well now,' but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen through some defect in you. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I saw you you have done a good, whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you you get enough for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty. It is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you break the habit. . . .

"You are now in need of some money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work, 'tooth and nail,' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages you can get, or in discharge of any debt you owe, and, to secure you a fair reward for the labor, I promise you that for every dollar you will get for your labor between this and the first of May, either in money, or in your indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself for ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten dollars more, making twenty dollars. . . .

"In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis or the lead mines in Missouri, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. If you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have acquired a habit which will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of all debt, next year you would be just as deep in debt as ever.

"You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work.

"You say if I will lend you the money, you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it?

"You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you but follow my advice, you will find it worth eighty times eighty dollars to you.

"Affectionately your brother,

"A. LINCOLN."

Can't you see, can't you understand the full meaning of this marvelous letter? Of course you can. It is so simple, so practical.

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What a wonderful knowledge it is to be able to know when, how and where to draw the line on what we call charity! Can't you see the sentiment, can't you feel the heartache in Lincoln's letter? Of course you can. And still, Lincoln did not let his sentiment wire get crossed with his common-sense wire.

When the sentiment wire crosses with the common-sense wire, everybody concerned is injured.

You will never find me overcome with emotion or acting like a sentimentalist in the presence of poverty. I know how it feels to be poor, and the truth is, I was never happier in my life than when I had the least. The best dinner I ever ate was on the hump of a log in the woods. And this dinner was "pot-luck," politely called in the East "panhandling," commonly known as a "hand-out." But it wasn't. I worked for it.

There are a great many things worse than being poor, and the man who constantly doles out help to those who will not help themselves is not right at the last stop of the elevator on its way up.

Sentiment has no place in charity work. Giving to help the forever-wanting undermines the independence of the individual you intend to help, and tends to make this individual not only perpetually poor, but a parasite.

When children, old men and dependent women are hungry, it's no hour to ask questions.

If you want to get a pretty good line on my logic, go to a bread line. Ask these soldiers of fortune in the army of the aimless to come out of the ranks and take a man's job. Then listen for the answer. Watch the look on the faces of the fellows who never intend to work.

Out of a bread line of over two hundred, a friend of mine found five men willing to take a job.

The charity that we want, in this country, is some compulsory scheme that will put the incompetent and indifferent to work in some capacity that will develop their moral and physical strength.

It is always a good plan to pay out your last dollar for wisdom. But if you will listen to Lincoln, you will find a hunk of common sense that will cost you little and save you much.

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LEARN TO BE POOR

ALL Europe must learn to practice economy, thrift—must learn how to be poor again. The United States, in its marvelous prosperity, must be taught, by a very bitter experience, how to be rich.

It is perfectly plain to thinking men that this country of ours is, at the moment, and will be in the future, in the most precarious condition.

Almost every individual is strong in adversity. Few people can stand prosperity.

And you know, a country is made up of individuals. What is true of the one is multiplied, in fact, by the many.

Men who work machines are now coming to the factory in their own machines. They have almost forgotten how to be poor. The tremendous successes in this country have been made, not by saving, but by genius—by automatically creating more and more.

Instead of intensifying, we have simply spread out. The result is, millions of acres are being sacrificed for the first few crops; years of the very best part of the young men's lives are being thrown in the hopper of present pleasure.

The workingman of today carries his change in any old pocket. The old-time wallet is almost unknown.

And did you ever notice that the way a man carries his money is a true indication of his habit of spending or of saving?

□

CUT THE BUTTON OUT

WHY try to use the button of some fraternity to make friends? Be a man! And when you make a friend worth while, show him your button. It may help. In distress, it probably will.

If you are selling goods, sell goods. Do not try to trade off some sacred obligation for merchandise.

□

THE REST CURE

ONE or two pieces of candy, say in the middle of the afternoon, will often prevent fatigue—do away with that tired feeling. There is more real nourishment in two small pieces of candy than in a small potato—more stimulants than in a cocktail.

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OUR AIM

UNDER this heading, "Our Aim," The Joslin Dry Goods Company of Denver have something to say worth while:

"Our aim is always to strive to secure the satisfaction of every customer.

"Our object is to win confidence by meriting it.

"Our efforts will always be along the line of creating a chain of friendship between store and customer.

"Our best business brains will be devoted to building this business bigger, but we shall always understand there is room to advance.

"Our fixed faith is shown by the large stock we carry.

"Our slogan will always be 'Satisfaction.'

"If this declaration of principles pleases you, we respectfully solicit your trade."

This is a direct talk to the public.

About every other day The Joslin Dry Goods Company have an editorial talk to their employees, and here is one on the "Law of Sale":

"When you start to sell, bear in mind one fact—the prospective customer has a mind, and on this mind depends much whether we do or whether we don't sell. The mind of every customer runs through the same process before the sale: first, attention; second, interest; third, desire.

"Almost any one can attract attention. Plenty of people can create interest. Lots of folks can bring about desire. But the essential thing is to have the customer satisfied after the goods are bought. It is expensive to sell customers goods they do not want.

"You cannot treat all customers alike. To some customers you must smile, to others you may speak freely. A firm, fixed rule cannot be laid down for selling. One thing is certain: All customers are attracted by a face that does not frown."

It will be observed that this is a talk to the employees, and is of equal importance to the individual customer of the store.

An organization that will continually strive to improve its selling service has The Silent Partner spirit.

□

KID LOGIC

A LITTLE boy was playing in the street the other day, when some one inquired of him: "Say, boy, don't you ever get angry?" The lad looked up and replied: "I try not to get mad, for when I do I don't have so much fun."

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EDUCATION

THE great highway to a complete education leads to the grave. Years ago a boy had two lives to live: one his school period, the other his life work.

When a boy left school or college, years ago, his education was considered finished.

We now see how artificial this plan has proven to be—how harmful.

The old-fashioned idea of separating the periods of training and of work was faulty—very faulty.

We now hold that work should begin in the period of training, and that training should continue throughout the period of actual work.

If you were to ask me to indorse some universal plan of education, it would be necessary for me to acknowledge my inability.

If you were to ask me to point the nearest way to permanent success for a young man, this would be my reply:

First, learn to do the smallest thing in your business, then work to get yourself in position to have some one do it for you.

No man can afford to do details after he has proven his patience and demonstrated his ability to conquer them.

Neither can any man successfully deputize, nor can he supervise, until he himself knows how.

And this snubs us up face to face with the fact that a man must be educated in practice, and practiced in education, to compete with himself or with others.

And here you have the bigger thought: "compete with himself." We are not in competition with others so much as we are in competition with ourselves.

College education is not a sure road to success. There is no such road anyway.

My impression is, the talk we occasionally hear by those who seem opposed to a college education is unconsciously based on the fact that the college often develops the remittance man.

But when you find the boy who is willing to take part of his salary and put it into a correspondence course, willing to study on the side, willing to probe, dip, delve and dive into the lessons that he can work out in regular practice,

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you have more than a college education: you have found a boy who will eventually develop into a big factor in any community.

This self-bought, self-acquired education cannot be overcomputed.

No one believes it to be necessary in general business practice to take several years in Roman terseness, French clearness, and in all of the graces and elegancies of literary style.

We all know that the liberal education is seldom possible to attain.

Getting a special training, and paying for this training while getting it, is the sheepskin that will attract the attention and command the confidence of any good business man.

There is no present system by which a college can supply common sense or furnish a boy with brains.

There is a test that will prove the damascus in a boy, and this test is when he is compelled to get an education that is bought and paid for by his own hands.

□

WHY?

PERSONALLY, I believe in letting the boundary line between this country and Mexico remain right where it is.

We might carry this boundary line on our backs as far as the Panama Canal, but it would break the backs of probably a hundred thousand young Americans; perhaps more. And what would this profit us?

My life in Mexico teaches me that we might as well start to settle a part of the republic of hell, without cracked ice, as to reform Mexico or take any part of it.

War is getting so common and so despised.

My humble suggestion is that we mind our own business, if this be possible.

Why should we extend our lines to profit the rich? Why should we want to enter this pest-ridden, snake-crawling, sun-baked dug-out?

□

IF the downhearted poor would only take a little time off and live with the idle rich, they would go back to camp perfectly satisfied with their own situation. God bless the rich, for they need it! The poor can work.

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SHAKESPEARE

SEVENTY-TWO years after the discovery of America, a father and a mother, who could neither read nor write, gave to England Shakespeare.

Now, when we speak of Shakespeare, we feel that the hand has grasped the globe.

Surrounded by poverty, ignorance, little "Billy" grew up—grew up without education; or at least his education, or lack of it, shed no light on what he did.

"Billy's" father was a very common man, and his mother, Mary Arden, an uncommonly pretty woman. And this is about all that can be said in praise of his parents. I say this is about all, for three hundred years ago little was ever said of women, save that they were born, married, had children and died.

Later in life, and while Shakespeare was yet a young man, the law described him as "a sturdy vagabond."

His position socially was two steps lower than that of the common servant. His personal peculiarities were little known, and those who did know of them recorded the fact that this was fortunate for Shakespeare.

One thing we do know of Shakespeare: He was a manager or part owner of a theater in London, and made some money. This gave him a chance to write. But before referring to his writing, let us bury him in London on the anniversary of his birth, and at the age of fifty-two.

They have Shakespeare laid away under this epitaph:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Did you ever see in all your life so weak an effort, so small a pebble laid at the base of an intellectual pyramid?

This epitaph has excited the curiosity and caused the comment of many thinking men, and can best be explained by the fact that Shakespeare's son-in-law wrote it.

You see, Shakespeare was an actor, and this was considered (in those days) a disreputable business. But he made money, and this made him reputable, and for this very reason they buried him in holy ground.

Years after, the church people felt that they had been pro-

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faned, and the son-in-law, fearing they would invade the tomb, wrote this absurd, rude, ignorant epitaph.

Strange, isn't it, that a man who reared the many-colored domes that filled the intellectual heavens should lie under such an epitaph?

And stranger than all is the fact that this winged god of thought never bowed to a professor at Oxford—that for generations before him there was little trace of what we call knowledge. This small knowledge must have been hungry, and in after generations we find the appetite appeased by the brain of Shakespeare.

And what seems stranger still, Shakespeare never mentioned, in all his plays, or in his writings, the name of one person whom he had known. Nor did he leave a letter or scrap of paper addressed to a friend.

All of his writings were creatures of his mind. He did not speak as people of his time; he caused his creatures to talk with the tongue of Shakespeare.

He believed that all realities lack dramatic force or poetic vision—that the real sustains the same relation to the ideal that a stone does to a statue, or that paint does to a painting.

And this illuminates the fact that the realist is but an imitator, a copyist.

Every day we find writers stealing the stones from some temple of thought with which to adorn their own lives, and this is plagiarism.

But the writer who takes the thoughts of another and puts in these thoughts heart-throbs, gives to them intensity, poetic form, and practical uses, is in the highest sense original.

□

THOUGHTS

A MEAN bachelor observes that women's complexion and their lives are largely as they make them.

The sanitary engineers of this country, called the plumbers, can separate you from your filthy lucre without a pipe-wrench.

They say color has a lot to do with a man's mental attitude. When my pockets are lined with the long green I am usually happy.

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THE ENVELOPE

DID you ever seriously consider the importance of the envelope—just a small sheet of paper folded and pasted together—how this little paper pod carries within its walls the heart-throbs of the world?

The envelope carries the cash, and it carries the counsel of two continents. It is trade, sympathy and love in all languages.

And on pay day—O you marvelous, O you wonderful envelope!

On my desk at the moment is an overgrown envelope, and it is chock-full of common sense and practical ideas. It's from the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences. The address of this institute is immaterial. This is not an advertisement.

I think it was Booker T. Washington who used to tell of the most eloquent speech he ever heard. The short talk was delivered at a farm institute by an old negro who could neither write nor read.

Holding up a stalk of cotton with two bolls on it, the old colored man said that that was the way he used to farm; "but this is the way I farm today," he added, holding up another stalk bearing fourteen bolls.

And it is easy—very easy—to understand why Dr. Washington commended the address for eloquence.

This comparison may seem a bit out of place while dealing with so delicate a subject as a woman's education; but here is my point exactly: A woman without a practical education today certainly occupies a very delicate position in life.

It is not my intention to slam young men by this significant remark; neither will you find me dodging the fact that there are many—very many—unsuccessful marital unions, to say nothing of the tragedies caused by the loss of health and by death.

The envelope before me carries within its walls more sound sense. It has an object as high as human aims and as broad as the ocean of opportunity. It is a practical lesson in helping humans help themselves.

It is the Emancipation Proclamation, the Widow's Pension, the Declaration of Woman's Independence.

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It is the little red schoolhouse brought from Missouri—brought to the Bryn Mawr plan of actual accomplishment.

The Director of Instruction of this Institute, Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, is a woman of rugged health and of a much more rugged experience. She is a woman of sympathetic understanding, and seems to see miles ahead of any one in this particular work of educating women to be industrious and independent.

When the history of American achievement is being written for the first quarter of this century, its author will find an unusual opportunity to pay a high tribute to the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton for having loaned the moral and financial support necessary to make the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences one of the greatest agencies for the advancement of the home and home economies in America.

□

TAKE THIS ANY WAY

YOU would not allow another man to snub you, to be discourteous to you, without resenting it.

Neither will the other fellow permit you to treat him shabbily, without letting you know what he thinks of it.

Some days you feel cross, cranky and irritable. And did it ever occur to you that on these very days you seem to see others as others seem to see you?

Did it ever occur to you that others are bound to treat you as you treat them?

Take this any way you want to, but take it.

□

HATS OFF!

THERE are many men and women in this world—fathers and mothers—who are dependent; but can you say that these parents are actually poor? They have worked six or seven days every week for years to rear and educate a family. The boys and the girls that they have brought out, or brought up, are fine specimens of industry and integrity.

The industrious fathers and the loyal mothers of this country have to their credit more than money—more than stocks and bonds.

They are not poor, but the country would be poverty-poor without them.

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THE PRIESTHOOD OF MEDICINE

MOST of us are pleased to call this vast planetary ambulance where we live "earth." But the world begins to look to me much more like an operating table or a traveling-in-space hospital.

In the shortest possible time, I am going to pay my sincere respects to the unpurchasable service of the priesthood of medicine, to the indispensable value of the profession of nursing, and to the much-misunderstood skill of the surgeon.

You notice the remark: "priesthood of medicine."

You know, and we all know, that the sick man's faltered blessing reaches heaven, through the imperfect roof of his hovel, long before the Te Deum that reverberates in the great cathedrals.

For years we have listened to the slurs and the slams of the sarcastic, with reference to the doctor, the surgeon, and even the nurse; but these knocks, these kicks, have only resulted in developing in the appreciative, intelligent, constructive class of this country a respect that increases with each hour.

True, there are a few remaining doctors who still practice "bleeding" the patient, who "nurse" their jobs—surgeons who murder and maim, and declare their operations successful; and the undertakers agree with them. But you seldom, if ever, hear any one speak otherwise than in praise of a nurse.

Where you find one crooked physician or bent surgeon, you will find an army of ungrateful, unprincipled people who refuse to pay a part of the bill for an honest service—a service that saved their worthless lives.

The circle that includes the greatest factor in individuality will be found to include the first principle in the profession of medicine and surgery; and this wonderful world-circle is drawn by the one word "duty."

All forms of quackery reverse this rule.

Last week I was shown through the Allentown Hospital by Dr. C. O. Henry, Rotarian, and by the Directress of Nurses, Alma M. Viehdorfer; and if it were within my power to reach out, through the medium of this little magazine, and compel people with money to do my bidding, what I would say to them is this: Support the hospitals.

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AMERICA'S ADVANCE

IT is common for an American to refer to our resources—our advantages of soil, mountains, rivers, lakes, our natural resources in climate, our national advantages in commerce.

But the biggest factor in the present success of America is couched in the one word "Constitution."

Americans are under the only government ever framed for the unrestricted and deliberate consultations of the people. Some Constitution!

It is the first time in history—the only time when the people have been considered.

While our position, as a people, is vastly more to be desired than that of any other nation on the face of the earth, we must remember that we are in the hands of humans—that's all.

And in criticizing these humans, who have the destiny of this country in their hands, I want to ask you this question: If these humans make mistakes, who put them there?

The best men, as a rule, do not offer themselves for office. There are three reasons for this: There is little demand for a good man to serve in politics; to a good man, office holding is distasteful; to the average business man, holding an office is comparatively unremunerative.

This magazine has frequently roasted the professional politician. And it will continue to do so.

The officeholder is usually a professional politician, and this is the part that hurts.

There must be some plan devised to get good business men into office.

□

WAKE UP

THE United States requires more than a navy. Our physical and geographical position requires two navies.

We are proud to say, "There is no East, there is no West"; but what would we do on the west coast with our navy in the Atlantic?

You say, "Go through the Panama." Joke!

The Panama would be a military liability in the event of war. It might be a good trap—probably would be.

Will somebody wake up America?

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MY FRIEND'S BOY

NATURE made the world of beautiful flowers, of fields, and of woods; and nowhere do we find two of her gifts alike.

Everything on earth seems to be stamped with individuality, including men.

And at the moment, the midnight sun in the little glass globe before me causes a shadow on the far study wall; loans there, in my imagination, a picture—a particular individuality that has made a simple life great.

It is seldom that I make the subject of individuality in a friend a matter of public reference, but I do wish more men were rich with the acquaintance of my friend.

One night not long ago a physical affliction laid a cold hand on my tired body, and hurriedly my friend was called. Soon my mind escaped its fractures of fear, my body the dents of pain; soon I was resting in that suggestive stillness only known in recovery.

I felt, like most men who have been helped by some human, thankful; and as the tinge of new courage came back to my mind, there was gratitude—that gratitude that comes to all patients when they get better. It is then we appreciate the value, the almost sacred service, of the doctor. It is then that we should pay our bills, but we don't.

To me, human nature seemed closer, particularly my friend, when suddenly, in the next room, the telephone bell rang long and loud. The doctor answered the phone, but I could not hear his low, measured tones.

On his return to the slab-like table he turned to me and said, as he continued his professional work: "My boy is dead."

That long-distance call was the vesper bells that tolled—that told of the passing out of Kendall, by an automobile accident.

Now, I never knew Kendall, but Dr. W. Banks Meacham, president of the American Osteopathic Association, knew Kendall well, and this is a part of the tribute he pays his memory:

"Never but once before in my life has the passing of a friend been such a profound shock, such an intimate loss to me. Just a few weeks ago, at Kansas City, my friend stood

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up and fought for me because I stood for the things he thought right. I am sure he would have fought just as hard against me had he judged my stand to be wrong. He was no trimmer or time-server. He was a man of principle, a man of strong convictions, a man of action."

This was the son of my friend.

"No organization can afford the loss of such a spirit and such a worker. In spite of the fact that I know he is gone beyond human touch, next year, at Columbus, I shall look for his face in the crowd, and constantly in mind I shall have problems that I want to talk over with Kendall."

And here you have the point that I want to make.

It is on this brand of individuality that the New York Rotary Club depends for finding the stronger links in the living chain of humanity.

It is to the unselfish best in an individuality of this character that members of the New York Rotary Club look for even higher levels in associated accomplishment.

The professional virtues of Kendall are but the inherited individuality of his father, Dr. Achorn, for the past two years chairman of the membership committee of the New York Rotary Club.

This tribute is bigger and broader than just laying a memorial wreath at the base of a monument for Kendall.

And you ask me of this monument, erected so soon; and I point you to Kendall's host of friends.

You speak of the men who are trying to take humanity, en masse, up the moral elevators, and I will point you to this sermon in silence when they told my friend his boy was dead. And it is on these unflinching, courageous men, whose heads have been bludgeoned by bitter experience, that we rely for the safe guidance of the order of Rotary.

□

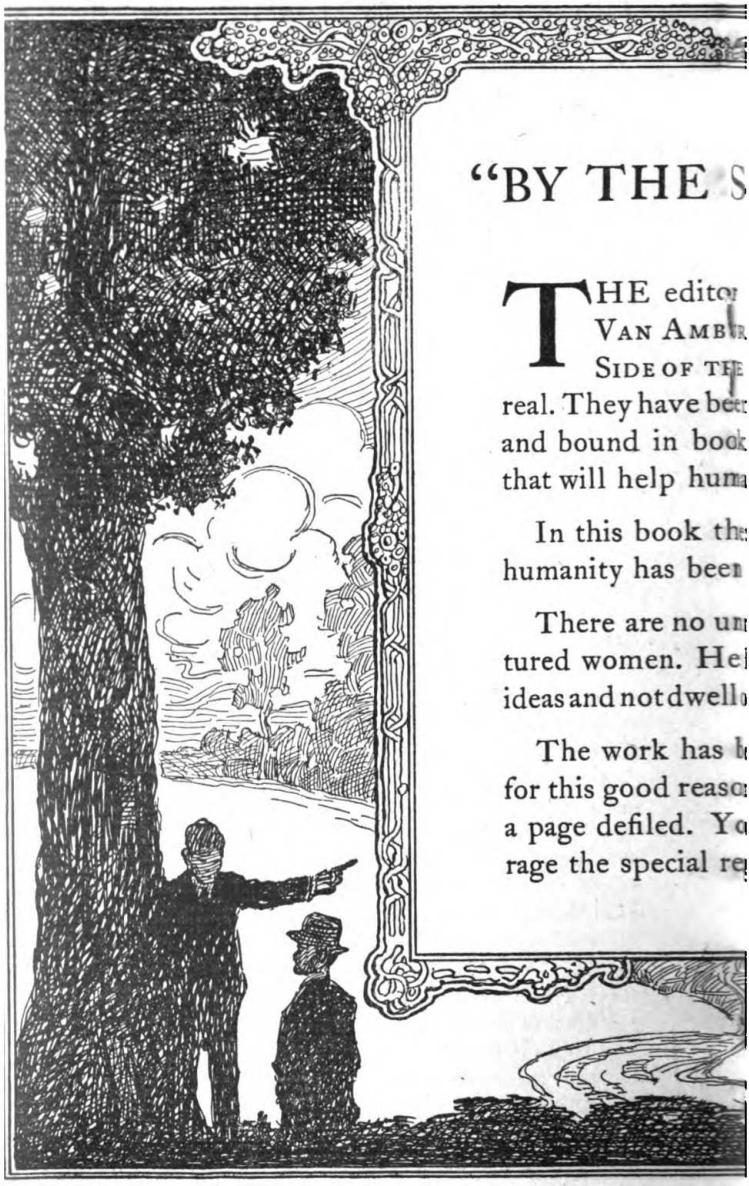
A PREVENTION

THEY tell me they are wearing derby hats and modern-cut clothes out in the mining camps of Colorado. They just had to do it to prevent the summer folks from taking them for moving-picture actors. □

THRIFT

A FATHER advised his son to practice thrift, and the boy asked the father for the tools—five dollars—to practice with.

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SIDE OF THE ROAD"

of THE SILENT PARTNER, MR. F. D.
RGH, has written his new book — "BY THE
: ROAD." The materials for the book are
n gathered from the field of human activity
: form by a close observer of the things
ans to help themselves.

:re are no personalities photographed —
painted.

natural stories of monster men or carica-
has tried to give a book with individual
n the single thought of an ideal individual.

:en dedicated to his faithful friends, and
ı, if for no other reason, you will not find
ı will not find one thought that will out-
:ard he holds for these "faithful friends."



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PREPAREDNESS

WHEN Fate lined Lincoln up against one of the sternest necessities a man could know, Lincoln ranged himself—staunch heart, spacious mind and noble soul!—behind one of the greatest military movements in history.

Lincoln did not want war, but when it had to be, his big frame, his clear intellect, his firm purpose confidently pushed the issue to a finish.

Lincoln always endeavored to dissociate Abraham Lincoln the man from Abraham Lincoln the selected representative of the great American people.

Lincoln recognized that force without morality is undependable and temporal; that the things unseen are eternal. Lincoln recognized that Liberty must be armed to protect herself from despotism. He recognized the fact, after a bitter experience, that we must provide at all times for the common defense, and that unless we provide adequately we do not provide at all.

And I hear you ask, Provide against whom? Let me tell you a story.

An ultra-pacific lady asked General Wood, not long ago, this question: "General, against what particular war are you asking us to prepare?"

The General replied: "Madam, would you mind going down to an outgoing steamer and ask the captain what particular storm he has his lifeboats ready for?"

This country is not preparing against any particular nation. But in the language of President Wilson, it is preparing against a spark that may fly across the ocean from the European conflagration.

This country should prepare the spirit and the purpose of the American people—prepare itself for itself.

The insurance system of this country is quite complete. We insure against burglary, fire, life, and everything else, save the health of our men. And do you know, this is one of the big factors in preparedness.

The greatest disaster that could happen to this country would be to put its unprepared men into battle.

There should be a Muldoon chair in every college—a throne of physical preparedness.

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If the Anti-Preparedness Committee want to harm this country effectually, let them arrest and put in chains William Muldoon. Even this drastic measure would not discount the work of men of the Muldoon stamp. Their work will live in history.

In a recent interview, this rebuilder of men said:

"I was taught in early manhood not to throw my shoulders back, stick my chest out, draw my stomach in, or hold my chin down like a goat preparing to butt, but always to try to touch some imaginary thing with the crown of my head.

"If one tries to do that—first understands how to try and then tries—he doesn't have to pay any attention to the rest of his physical being; that effort to touch something above him, not with his forehead, but with the crown of his head, will keep every particle of his body in the position that Nature intended it should be.

"And as a boy I was advised to back up frequently against the wall and make the back of my head, my shoulders, hips, heels, all press against the wall at the same time, and in that way to get an idea of what was straight, or, in other words, how crooked I was becoming by drooping.

"Where can you find a better, cleaner, more wholesome, self-respecting, bright-eyed, clear-complexioned, well-mannered, self-governed young man than you will find at our West Point Military Academy? I believe every youth from seventeen up to the man of forty who is taking advantage of this great and wonderful country of ours as his home, his government, and all of the privileges, pleasures and advantages that it offers, should feel that it is his duty to make some sacrifice in payment for what he is receiving; and that sacrifice should be to serve his country in some way, shape or manner—the army, navy or diplomatic corps. He should be perfectly willing, and even glad, to be made into a soldier, which means that he will be made into a real man and allowed to go about his profession or business until such time as his Government calls him to defend and uphold the dignity, respect and property of our nation."

Rome did not fall to the Goths. Rome fell to typhoid, malaria, and to its weak men. It took centuries to build the greatest men in all the world, and they finally fell to themselves.

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Disease fairly rotted Grecian civilization.

Then the Teutons and Goths assumed the patronage of the world, and again disease left civilization hanging as if by a thread.

The history of the whole world is illuminating, for it teaches that it is not the wars that destroy: it is the lack of preparedness—the loss of health after enlistment and in peace.

Further, any people who persist in ignoring the fundamental requirements for keeping up the efficiency of the human mechanism will become subordinate to or dependent upon another wiser and stronger and more efficient nation or group of nations.

Let us look to our own country for proof. Of the men drafted in the Civil War, over forty per cent became a burden rather than a help, partly from their own inferior physique and vitality, partly due to the ignorance of their officers and to their own ignorance of how to live.

Our army must be made up of the men we have. Military training, as all training and education, must be built on a physical basis, and you cannot make in a day a soldier of an office boy.

Military training, with proper limitations, is the most valuable education a young man can receive in his preparation for life. It develops his bodily powers and shows him how to preserve them; it teaches him self-control and order, and trains him for coöperative action.

It so extends his period of active industry as to more than make good the time occupied in military training. And this increases his earning capacity, which is a big factor in any life.

Alfred Bryan, the man who wrote the ill-fated song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," did raise his boy to be a soldier, and his boy is now in Mexico.

Twice since this song appeared, Bryan has apologized for it, or explained that his song or the spirit of it has been misrepresented. Now he goes the limit by repudiating it with these words: "Whenever America is invaded or threatened by a foreign foe, I want to see my boy shoulder a gun in her defense."

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A CORRECTED CURRICULUM

THEY teach in the schools of this country the long method of the greatest common divisor, cube root, troy weight, the objective complement, conjunctive adverbs. They do not teach thrift.

The ultimate utility of thrift means more to the pupil or the parent than all the "nominative absolute" and the other folderol which is seldom, if ever, used in the regular practice of business.

Not being a member of the high-brow society, clan or class, I am naturally not qualified to suggest the proper elements that go to make up a modern education; but in place of "aliquot parts," my plan would be to introduce a ten-cent child's bank. Instead of the "unreal fractions," I would recommend that the public-school curriculum call for an evidence of fitness for the future in the form of a savings-bank book. □

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

THERE is a force going to waste every day in this country that, if harnessed, would support the worthy institutions, the widows, the orphans, the aged and the infirm.

I refer to the undeveloped water power.

This direct economic waste is a political crime, and only seems to illustrate the importance of having more men of business acumen in control of the government and fewer fellows with political pull in power.

Government ownership! Here you have an illustration of political paralysis. □

NOT BAD AT ALL

THEY were watching the sun go down from the veranda of a little hotel in western Ohio—watching the splendor of purple and gold.

Suddenly the stranger cried: "By George! that's a gorgeous sunset, isn't it!"

The native, who seemed tied to the post, looked critically at the glowing west, and drawled out: "Not bad for a little place like Kinkville." □

THE politician does not always vote as he promised his friends back home, but he often votes as he promised some of them.

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THIS PARTICULAR MAGAZINE

READERS accustomed to this little magazine will at once recognize in this particular October number a so-different style. The magazine, like most men and like all women, has had a mood—passed through a chorus of undertones.

This October number shows the unhappy, dissatisfied, ironical mind of a man who clearly resembles a river sponge which is saturated with the passing stream of ridicule, sarcasm and irony.

Some articles in this magazine will tell you of things that sound smart, but are, after all, shallow and meaningless. Clothed in fun, you will often find the things I really mean to be mean.

It's a magazine that I have had in my system for several months, and, now that the thing is vomited up, let's forget it.

My idea of publishing this number is to establish a belief among some North American Indians that it is possible for me to say more than just "Fudge!"

This magazine, after all, reminds me of a hornet. It is sudden in its impressions and hasty in its conclusion, or end. It's a stinger.

This sort of magazine is not a producer of honey, unless it be the bumblebee brand.

There are short articles in this particular number that will enter your skin through the pores, like the javelin that lies at the suburban end of a wasp.

There is no intention of bothering your intellect, getting in the way of your industry, or interfering with your individual integrity. The thoughts are expected to enter your pores as silently as a hornet's stinger and to convey as much melancholia.

Few people will take the trouble to tell other people about The Silent Partner for October, for what will it profit a man to pass out ninety-nine poisonous stingers and get one in his first finger?

There is not a lazy loafer hanging around the cider mill this fall that cannot be worked in somewhere, even if only to help swell the death list. And so it is with this particular number: it helps to make out the complete volume.

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There are lines in this magazine that have cost me years to understand. They are ironical but true. These lines remind me of the mysterious hen's eggs. The mother of the chicken does not deposit her fruit in your hand, but she sneaks off under the old barn, and there you have to search, on your hands and knees, for the thing that made Columbus discover America.

There are thoughts in this little magazine that will cause you to get down on your marrow bones.

In fact, the editor has made every effort to put before you, this month, an unsociable magazine; and he has evidently made a success. He has tried to place in your hand a publication that is dissatisfied with itself and with most folks.

□

PERSONAL

WHICH way are you headed? Are you on the way up or on the way out? Would you like to know? Very well; here is the true way to tell:

Write on a piece of paper the things you have been thinking about during the past few hours. And remember, when you finish, this fact: A man travels in the direction of his mind.

More often he takes this trip unconscious of his course, but he takes the trip nevertheless.

And here lies the great danger: he takes the trip unconsciously.

Many a good man is on his way out, but doesn't seem to realize it.

Asked suddenly, and without time for consideration, this question: "Which way are you going?" and your conscious brain will form a favorable reply.

But go back over the thoughts that have been traveling through your subconscious brain during the past few hours, and you will find on recalling these thoughts, and particularly after placing them on paper, that you have been off guard and have allowed your mind to dwell on the very things that will eventually put you down and out.

□

A NEAT little tombstone tells of a one-day-old boy who was always good.

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WELCOME AS A CLOUDY DAY

SOME writers can cause you to see on the surface of every page a reflection of yourself. Other writers can lead you out to the lane, back of the barn, and teach you to scare the bull back while the milkmaid passes on her way unharmed, unafraid, into the cowshed.

Some writers will take you with their pen pictures out into the hills and let the sunshine sift through the low-hanging limbs. With their imagination, they can show you the rising sun as it emblazons the sapphire battlements with banners of flame.

There are writers who can take you, in a mental trip, to the very heart of nature, and there bring before your vision the bright, gorgeous colors of earth and heaven, as though a great battle had stained with blood the very ground on which you stand.

But this entertainment in words will do for the hanger in a hammock. It will never explain to you why a cockroach has so much waste stomach. It will never put a pan of beans to soak for a big family.

Eloquence of the pen and summer complaint of the tongue will never pay a pay roll.

Wise words, big, beautiful adjectives, and poetry that fits, will never unscramble an egg or open the doors of a busted bank.

If this October magazine proves of any advantage to any one, it will be because it is based on the scheme of not taking itself too seriously.

And still, this very procedure, in its various moods and forms—in its distinctive difference from all other efforts on the part of the editor—may serve to sandwich in enough of the serious, in the garb of the silly, to make it as welcome as a cloudy day in sunny Southern California.

□

THERE will be no landslides this fall north of the Panama, but we are sure to have considerable mud out of place in November. Some prominent people are beginning to sling it now. And did you ever notice how nasty their hands look?

□

A REAL vice is a virtue carried too far.

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THINGS YOU HEAR

WE were riding along at about twenty-two miles an hour in a parlor car on a road the name of which I would be ashamed to mention. Above the noise of the moving train could be heard the ever-increasing tones of two perfect ladies who were evidently at odds with reference to women. This was the finishing speech of one: "The only thing that reconciles me to the fact that I am a woman is the reflection that it delivers me from the necessity of being married to one."

Then the other woman cried "Cat," and I, like any little, well-behaved mouse, sneaked into the smoking compartment and joined a bunch of men.

One of the gentlemen was telling of Boggs. Now, it appears that Boggs was not on the very best of terms with his wife, and she was homely anyway—that is, she was not a woman who would be selected in a dance. To make it short, Boggs was bantering with his friends, when some one blurted: "Say, Boggsy, old boy, who is that man who is talking with your wife so confidentially back in the car?" Boggs took a peek in a half-hearted way, and replied: "Oh, I don't know; some member of the Humane Society, I suppose."

There were two parlor cars on the train, and I ventured ahead.

Seated next to a friend of mine, in the car ahead, was a perfect lady and an imperfect gentleman, and they, too, had the mittens on. The finish was interesting. A question was asked of the lady, with reference to woman suffrage, in these words: "What would you do if you were a gentleman?"

The very perfect lady looked daggers, and then replied: "I'm not so sure. What would you do if you were one?"

It was plain to be seen that I was in the right church but in the wrong pew, and this prompted me to go ahead into the day coach or smoker. Here it was a little rougher—not quite so pussy-foot-like.

The lean, lank, Cassius-looking traveling man had called the fat fellow the meanest man in ten states, whereupon the well-fed knight of the grip calmly replied that in making so impolite a remark his fellow traveler had undoubtedly "forgotten himself."

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MARRIAGE

THIS marrying for position or for pelf is sure to get you a punctured tire halfway between Nowhere and Somewhere. Getting married, to get rid of one's self, always results in the knowledge that two can play at the same game.

Getting hitched up because you think there will be a shortage of women next year is another mistake.

I know of one man who married recently just to be happy, and now he is wondering when or where the happiness escaped.

Some folks marry in haste and then sit down and think it all over carefully. Others take their time, and after marriage hike to Reno. Either plan is right if you happen to hit the mark.

Some marry a flirt to reform her or him, and this is like buying a farm with a heavy mortgage and a big back lot of tall timber, and then working all your life to get it cleaned up.

Some missionary maidens, who have responsibilities here and assume responsibilities on the hereafter, marry a man to stop him from drinking; but I am authorized to state that this is inviting hell at home.

There is one big satisfaction to the man who never gets married: he can soak his own feet.

If the marriage for love is not the Simon-pure scheme, then matrimony is a gold brick.

□

LEFT JABS

IT is now admitted that Cain married his stepdaughter.

The army cook doesn't quit every time there is company for dinner.

There are a lot of men in this country who give a good example of petrified motion.

The prospective crown, the future harp that some women hope to have and to hold cannot compare with the importance of her complexion at the moment.

□

CONFIDENTIAL THOUGHTS

AN actress, they tell me, looks different in daylight.

We know more than we used to know about the ladies, because we see more of them.

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BACHELORS

THERE is no more reason for a man being a bachelor than there is for a fellow to quit all kinds of manual labor just out of spite, and then join a poorhouse, because he can't lift two tons at one try.

I tried being a bachelor until I was past twenty, and my temperature was constantly above a hundred.

This brag stuff about being independent on the part of the bachelor is all bluff. Every bachelor in my circle of acquaintance paints, in his day dreams, charcoal sketches of a girl on a rainy day near the Flatiron Building. He waxes his grizzly mustache and is generally a grouch.

It's a common thing to see a bachelor make plans to catch a girl, and just because the bachelor fails to travel as fast as the modern female—just because he fails to overtake her, he concludes that all girls are flirts and swears off marriage.

Bachelors look upon marriage as a put-up job, and as old as the pyramids and equally as full of hieroglyphics.

But, down deep in the top bureau drawer of each bachelor apartment, you will find a pin cushion perfumed and well filled with beautiful wings of butterflies.

Bachelors declare that marriage is the mortar that holds the social bricks together, but they refuse to carry the hod.

□

THREE MORE

THEY are taking the hammocks in, and the spiders have stopped spinning their webs.

Married men are willing to go to war, and they make the best fighters. Explain this if you can.

A friend sends this magazine a poem that he claims is the child of his own brain. Immediately the pen-pusher of this publication advised the author to send his next intellectual baby to a reform school. □

COMMON SENSE

GIVE an individual more knowledge of medicine, a better understanding of surgery, and you will find this individual constantly fussing about his health. A prominent physician claims that there is danger in allowing the mind to dwell too much on matters regarding one's physical condition.

There is a big thought here. It's the inside lining of a man's intellect.

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COURTSHIP

THE man who has never had a courtship is as blind as a bat, while right before his sightless eyes you will find running a beautiful river, and on its banks you will see long-stemmed American beauties all blushing because they cannot conceal their bare feet.

If you get a chance to court a girl, by all means court her; don't flunk.

If you stand on the bank and shiver, you will be twice as cold as the chap who takes a deep dive and later tells you the water is warm.

Courting is like the dry-goods business. Next season the entire color scheme of dress goods may change, and who wants to wear a remnant?

Always court a girl as you eat ice cream. Take your time and get the full flavor.

Fail to enjoy a couple of seasons of courting, and you can never hope to know what heaven is until you go hence.

Courting a girl reminds me of two rivulets that come dancing down the mountain side, side by side. They dash along, dance and murmur, sing and splash each other. They go foaming, frothing, cascading, hiding here and there; and all the way, to them, it's down hill. It's first shadows, then sunshine, until at last they meet and join, and then they go slowly.

And here is the crux of this chapter on courting: Don't tell the present girl too much about the past ladies. She may give you credit for knowing too much.

□

THE BEST COUNTRY

WHILE Jefferson Davis was in England, after the Civil War, he was shown much attention by the nobility. On one occasion a very high nobleman expressed to Mr. Davis his indignation at the treatment that Mr. Davis had received after his capture. The Englishman added some bitter slurs upon the United States.

Mr. Davis very courteously checked him, saying: "My lord, I was very unkindly treated by the Government of the United States; but, sir, that country is my country, and it is the best country in the world!"

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QUITE UNNECESSARY

THERE are now in this country hundreds of the largest corporations, the most important industries, that instantly "fire" a man who drinks, while on duty or off duty.

When I took up the question of booze, in this magazine, about three years ago, some one charged me with good moral intentions. My mind was not on the moral feature of this curse.

When over two hundred employers of some of the biggest plants in this country write me and declare that drink increases accidents, decreases efficiency and demoralizes workingmen, why is it necessary for any man to bolster an argument against booze?

The edict of the Czar on vodka is saving more men than the war is wasting.

England is being forced by the inexorable demand of efficiency to stop drinking.

The drastic measures adopted by France will not be abandoned after the war is over, for France now understands.

Germany has put down her brewery production to about forty per cent, for they need the grain for food. This effectually explodes the food claim made in behalf of beer.

Some one has said that this is just a wave. It's more: it's a tidal wave that touches both continents.

□

PRODS

THERE are a few Mexican-Americans.

Since the Hudson began running downstream men have had reason for swearing. The automobiles are helping the Hudson.

A little girl will often behave for a stick of candy, but a grown-up woman wants a sealskin. And they say women don't know the value of money.

□

ADAM

ADAM began life too late to be a boy, and I always said his son Cain would turn out bad.

Dads are the greatest institutions in this country. The right dad can help a boy so much. Adam didn't know.

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THE NOON-HOUR TALKER

WITHIN my memory we have had three great lecturers—Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and Henry Ward Beecher. The lecture platform has loaned us many more remarkable men—men with the finest expressions of thought, the noblest reforms and the happiest translations of humor.

Wendell Phillips, through his intellect, reached the conscience of his generation.

Henry Ward Beecher seemed the nearest and dearest to most men—and some women.

John B. Gough was the most supremely popular. He appealed to the largest number of people.

The lecture platform has let in many classes, and most of the classes who lecture fill the field they occupy well—very well. Some of them fill the field from an hour to an hour and twenty minutes better than they ought to. In fact, some men who talk, who lecture, take themselves too seriously. Others recite.

Few men have the courage to point the finger of ridicule at themselves. They criticize, they scold, they show the way to others; but they have lost the way for themselves. When they finish talking after a full hour or two, you often wonder what it's all about.

Somewhere in their word-wandering they seem to reach a climax and get a good hand; and if these string-it-out talkers could be automatically stopped at this juncture, the profession of public speaking would be greatly improved.

It takes a smart man to talk one hour. It requires a much smarter man to talk twenty minutes and get away with it.

The man who says something that will cause you to think, compel you to remember, has inspired, instructed, and probably benefited. The language-joiner has entertained you—that's all.

The man who can come down, or who can go up, to his audience, is in demand.

Out West, years ago, there were several cities that were located in the desert regions where water was a luxury. It was customary in those days, and it is customary now, to bring from the far-off hills a supply of water, and alongside of each street can be seen running, sparkling streams, that

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the thirsty roots of the flowers, grasses and trees may be nourished.

Occasionally we have a man who can talk—who can bring from the far-off experiences of a big and broad life the dancing streams of wit, the delicate thoughts, the practical ideas of life.

It is, of course, a common right to criticize a lecturer, and most folks do, just the same as the canal mule criticizes. They close both eyes and let go both hind legs.

I think it was Billings who joshed us in his own way of spelling: "The only reason why a monkey creates a sensation anywhere is simply because he is a monkey."

A man who will selfishly hold an audience of business men, at noon hour, is sure to create a sensation.

And this snubs me up in memory. A mule is very dear to me. It was while riding on the hurricane deck of a big bay mule on the Erie Canal that I got my first lesson about keeping to the right while going east.

There is something strange about the man who talks and the mule who tows. They are both always ready for use just as soon as they are ready to abuse.

You can't tell a mule's age by looking into his mouth. Neither can you tell how long a man is going to talk before he begins.

The only way you can keep a mule in a certain pasture is to turn him loose over in the next lot. He will jump the fence all right.

The only way you can stop a talker who loves the sound of his voice is to— It can't be done.

And this brings me back to my familiar and favorite subject—the mule. The reason a mule balks, stops, never goes too far, is this: He is half horse, half jackass, and when nature discovers her mistake she just naturally balks, stops. And this is more than some noonday speakers can do with all their accredited horse sense.

OBSERVATIONS

THE bedbug always knows in advance when I am going to take a sleeping car.

The truth can be told in one minute, but it often takes two months or more to get a lie that will stick.

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COURTESY

COURTESY helps others to like us, and this helps us to like them.

Courtesy is the Standard Oil of lubrication, and the currency in cash. It makes the machinery run smoothly and keeps it running.

Courtesy in business is the modern incubator. Lack of it is the old-fashioned hen sitting on six eggs with three shells cracked.

Courtesy will outwear any other plan; and then again, it produces so much more net profits within a given length of time.

Courtesy will even sell a substitute with more satisfaction to the customer than a grouch can dispose of the genuine.

Courtesy is ten thousand dollars in additional salaries for the bosses, twenty thousand dollars in future pay for the ones on the pay roll, and it's the only thing that the customer will accept today. □

THE LAV

MRS. MAKEUP, the new designer for the firm of Feather & Flower, manufacturers of millinery, has just returned from Paris. She took me into the bosom of her confidence the other day and told me all about Paris. I asked her if she spoke French, and she said "Yes; but the people in Paris don't seem to understand it."

Being able to place a feather at the right angle on a new bonnet will not create a linguist, but they don't seem to realize it—do they? Did you ever talk to a lav?

□

THREE STRIKES

EACH person is supposed to have $39.26. I am short $39.

The girl who studies to make you miserable still has a lot of love left for you.

The man who claims to smoke twenty black cigars each day is not a heavy smoker. He's a weighty liar.

□

WORK hard during the day—so hard that you are too busy to worry. Then when night comes you will be too sleepy to think. And this reminds me of a card posted in a prominent place by Fowler of Allentown. The card reads: "The stork has long legs, the duck short legs. Why worry?"

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THE SILENT PARTNER

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

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ALBERT TURNER, *President* L. WALLACE HOPKINS, *Manager*

Contents for November, 1915

SAVE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR - - - 1
DELIVER US - - - - - - - - - 5
AFTER-LIFE - - - - - - - - - 6
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY - - - - - - 8
WORK - - - - - - - - - - - 9
THE CRITIC - - - - - - - - - 10
PAID THE FIDDLER - - - - - - - 12
ONE RAINY DAY - - - - - - - - 13
MENTAL SUGGESTION - - - - - - 14
ADVERTISING TO ADVERTISERS - - - 16
YOU'LL LOSE - - - - - - - - 18
HOMEMADE AMERICANS - - - - - - 19
HIGHER EDUCATION - - - - - - 20
LAZINESS - - - - - - - - - 21
IT'S NOT THE INCOME - - - - - - 22
ARMENIAN ATROCITIES - - - - - - 23
RILEY - - - - - - - - - - 24
GET YOUR NUMBER - - - - - - - 26
WRONG LOCATION - - - - - - - 27
DEFENSE - - - - - - - - - 28
TRUE CHARACTER - - - - - - - 30
JUNIOR PARTNER TIPS - - - - - - 31
THE UPLIFT PAGE - - - - - - - 32
(To Help Men Up the Hill)

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS SHORT ARTICLES

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year, 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company. ADVERTISING: Orders, copy, final instructions and cuts for advertising must be received on or before the 15th of month preceding date of issue.

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FINANCIAL

L. WALLACE HOPKINS

NOTE.—THE SILENT PARTNER has a *paid-in-advance*, nation-wide *subscription list* (no news-stand *circulation*).
Its readers are serious-minded, substantial, well-to-do people, perfectly able to pay in *advance*.
Its subscribers have *confidence* in the editor, who pledges on the front cover—"a clean, wholesome magazine of inspiration and human interest."

THE unexpected almost always happens—almost always. Just when this side of the world was worried over the outlook, Fate took a hand in the game of big business, international business, and transferred our competitors into customers.

And now the joy-riders in the stock markets are 1,200,000,000 miles ahead of last year at this time, provided we accept or calculate each mile as representing one dollar.

Just think of it: $1,200,000,000 greater in market value as compared with a year ago!

But about the best way to get this fully in our think-tanks is to spell it—*one billion, two hundred million dollars.*

True, we are sending almost everything to the Old World in the line of supplies, but I want to ask you in all seriousness, How long will it take us to make even ten per cent of this stupendous sum—even five per cent?

The present situation in the stock market reminds me of men on a delirious spree. People are drunk with speculation, and when we sober up there will be the usual regrets and the unusual remorse.

We must all give credit where credit is due. Many of the officers of the important industries that have been caught in this craze of speculation are averse to these high prices. They know that some day the situation will change, that recoil will slap them in the face.

The better bankers, the reliable business men, the conservative citizens, realize all this, and are acting accordingly.

I was quite impressed with the words of J. Frank Howell, a broker of 52 Broadway, New York, who has made permanent progress, and is not in the pyrotechnically prosperous class. Mr. Howell began life on the farm, and even to this day he keeps his feet in the furrow. His ideas of making money are not *via* the aëroplane route. He believes that it is an excellent hour to *revise holdings.*

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F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

Contents for December, 1915

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD 33
THINK THIS OVER 39
GOOD COMBINATION 39
OLD FRIENDS VS. NEW 40
JUDGE NOT 42
REASON TO FEAR 43
BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP 44
I ASK YOU 46
THOUGHTS 46
DON'T GET PEEVISH 47
YOUR LEVEL BEST 47
AMERICANS FIRST 50
MONKEY SHINES 51
FAR-AWAY FRIENDS 52
THE BRASS RAIL 52
UNTIL IT CLOUDS UP 53
A CYCLE IN LIFE 54
REASON TO BE PROUD 56
INFLUENCE OF CHRISTMAS 57
A TRIBUTE TO GRASS 58
THE BITING COLD 60
THE MEETING ADJOURNED 62
THE UPLIFT PAGE 63
(To Help Men Up the Hill)

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS SHORT ARTICLES

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year, 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company. ADVERTISING: Orders, copy, final instructions and cuts for advertising must be received on or before the 15th of month preceding date of issue.

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Brass

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

DO you have anything to do with brass? I do not mean "impudence," as defined by Webster. I mean brass, the alloy of copper and zinc.

Over in Pottstown, Pa., there are two live wires — George T. Jacocks, M. E., and Lawrence P. Kellogg—who are responsible for a process that will *immediately revolutionize the brass industry.*

This process produces solid-brass shapes *of heavy section* by a single press operation, with steel dies in uniform finished dimensions, thereby practically eliminating all machine work; and any one who *knows*, knows what this means.

Mr. George T. Jacocks has explained to me what this means in the following technical terms:

"Brass is ductile, and can be formed with suitable dies to shapes and to close dimensions.

"The method of working brass in the man-

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THE SILENT PARTNER

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

Contents for January, 1916

TWINS 65
FEAR 71
SACRED, NOT SECULAR 72
THE MIDDLE CLASS 73
A WONDERFUL LESSON 74
THE UNEVENNESS OF IT ALL 76
THE EDITORIAL AGITATOR 76
AN IMPORTANT QUESTION 77
JUST AS GOOD 78
TICKERITIS 79
TO CONQUER THE WORLD 82
ITS IGNOBLE RESULTS 85
PROHIBITION 86
TOLERANCE 87
A ROUND-HOUSE HOME 88
A SENSIBLE EDUCATION 89
AS IT SHOULD BE 90
ON PAST PERFORMANCES 91
BY WAY OF COMPARISON 92
MY SHRINE 93
SHINES THROUGH THE SKIN 94
CLOUD-BOUND 95
THE UPLIFT PAGE 96
(To Help Men Up the Hill)

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS SHORT ARTICLES

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year, 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company. ADVERTISING: Orders, copy, final instructions and cuts for advertising must be received on or before the 15th of month preceding date of issue.

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Your Own Cigars

DO you smoke cigars?

Don't you want to smoke the best cigars your money can buy?

They are made in Pottstown—of course.

While journeying from Cleveland, Ohio, on business of the International Forge Company —another Pottstown industry—I met a very courteous gentleman in the Pullman smoker.

He was smoking a finely flavored cigar. I sat up and took notice, for I am an inveterate smoker and like good cigars and many of them. "What brand is that?" I asked. "Where are they made?" "Make them myself in Philadelphia," he answered. "Try one." I did.

HELLO, BILL! It was a real old-fashioned Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper.

Smooth as silk and mild as the kiss of a babe.

Then we talked about cigars. He makes and smokes good cigars and certainly knows.

David Miller is the man. Bowen-Miller-Schwartz Company is the firm.

At my invitation they are removing their factory to my home town—Pottstown—to make even better cigars in a brand-new factory—built to their order—financed by me.

Several prosperous industries have come to Pottstown on my invitation. All concerned are content.

But this cigar factory particularly pleases me. As has been the experience of all smokers, I am frequently handed cabbagero imperfecto in strange places and get a disappointment instead of a smoke.

Bowen-Miller-Schwartz Company propose to specialize on individuality.

Every smoker likes a certain strength or mildness in his cigars; but above all, he likes

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F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City
by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

Contents for February, 1916

HIS MOTHER 97
KEEP QUIET 100
THE TRADE-MARK 103
MY LAST ARTICLE 104
PASSION 106
MY DOCTRINE 107
MR. FORD'S LESSON 108
A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT 109
THE KNOCKER 110
WHO DID? 111
MY RELIGION 114
THINK THIS OVER 115
AND DO IT FIRST 116
LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON 117
TO FORGET 118
A SILENT PARTNER 119
WELL FOUNDED 120
CO-OPERATION 121
HABIT A HALTER 122
MISGUIDED ENERGIES 123
THE THREE BARS 124
HOLDING THE BAG 125
AN EXAMPLE 126
THE UPLIFT PAGE 128
(To Help Men Up the Hill)

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS SHORT ARTICLES

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year, 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company.
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Let Come What May

By F. D. Van Amburgh

Vogue la galere! I have attended the annual banquet of the Eastern Millinery Association.

Measuring all other events in my earthly career, this *affaire de* eat, drink, dance and be merry will prove to be the *pour comble de bonheur* in my whole natural life, for they listened to me talk.

If you want to have a man think well of you, flatter him, and I'm a man.

There are real reasons for most dinners, most associations. Some are liquid reasons, others hinge their hope of permanency on the annual square meal. Some societies seem to have no tangible reason. But the milliners of America have reason to believe me when I say that the Eastern Millinery Association have included in these once-a-year meetings *raison d'etre,* and this is not said to exercise my dormant French.

A day previous to these dinners, these fraternal family reunions, the business heads of the millinery trade get together and cuss and discuss subjects. Some of the subjects are men and their methods, while other subjects relate to millinery and modes.

When the Old World called the millinery creators along the river Seine and put them in the trenches, there was a call in this country for American genius in millinery.

At a meeting held in Atlantic City shortly after the war broke out, it was suggested that the milliners of America start a Style Congress where the fashions might be set.

On reflection, and due perhaps to the suggestion of Mr. J. M. Moorhead, this plan of a committee composed of many who were supposed to co-operate was abandoned and the enduring, permanent idea of the survival of the fittest was adopted. Today New York milliners are conjuring, are creating, dreaming new dreams *a la mode.*

American milliners are not relying upon the

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F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

Contents for April, 1916

THE OPTIMIST 161
SERVICE 163
ART AND ACHIEVEMENT 164
SAVING 165
LIFE 166
WHY NOT YOU? 168
HISTORY 169
RISING HIGHER 170
VILLA 171
THE UNEXPECTED 172
A WELCOME VISITOR 173
TOMORROW 174
MAKING VICE PAY 175
A PICTURE 178
TWO PICTURES 179
REVENGE 180
CARELESSNESS 181
THE EFFECT 182
EUGENE ICKS 184
THE POCKETBOOK 185
A SIGN 186
THE MISREPRESENTATIVE 187
PREPAREDNESS 188
THE VOICE 189
THE SILENT PARTNER 190
THE UPLIFT PAGE 192

(To Help Men Up the Hill)

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS SHORT ARTICLES

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First Impressions

Advertisement written by F. D. VAN AMBURGH

SINCE the river Nile started to flow downstream, humans have stuck to the simile, the allegory, of—*first impressions.*

Man is measured, appraised, surveyed on sight. Few men wait awhile to put the foot-rule, the callipers, the gauge on other men.

All successful men seem to understand this situation, and nearly all take advantage of it by dressing well—by presenting a good *first impression.*

The trappings of the liveried, the tail-coat of the society man—from his fez to his footwear, we get the first impression. Irrespective of what men may say, the clothes tell the story first.

Mr. Turner, president of The Silent Partner Company, tells me that he has tried a number of tailors, and he gets more genuine values, more real class, from clothes made by Davis than from those made by any other tailor in New York.

The other day Mr. Turner took me to the *smart shop* of Davis, 546 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Instantly I took the left-hand side in meeting Mr. Davis, and he, Mr. Davis, assumed from my highway manners that I was from Missouri. (You know they take the left-hand side down there.) And he, Mr. Davis, began to show me—began to "show me" that Mr. Turner was right. He covered my physical imperfections pretty quickly, and he did it without daubing me with the usual conconnie.

The average tailor "cooks his goose" with me by making the first suit look fairly well and then making the next suit look like ——.

If you have had this usual experience, try this *unusual tailor*—Davis.

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F. D. VAN AMBURGH, *Editor*

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

Contents for May, 1916

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS 193
WHAT IS EDUCATION? 195
NIAGARA 196
ETCH THIS IN 198
THE BOY HEADED HOME 200
THE TROUBLE-TELLER 201
ARE YOU UNDECIDED? 202
QUESTION OF ROOM 203
HINTS ON HEALTH 204
PERSISTENCY THE PRICE 206
ON MY HONOR 208
TRUE PREPAREDNESS 210
THE SOONER CLASS 213
THREE LESSONS 214
CAPITAL AND LABOR 215
THE HYPO 216
WANTS AND WISHES 218
YOUR GOAT 219
THE NORMAL WAY 220
COMPETITION 221
TWO MIKES 222
TWO KINDS OF SUCCESS 223
THE UPLIFT PAGE 224
(To Help Men Up the Hill)

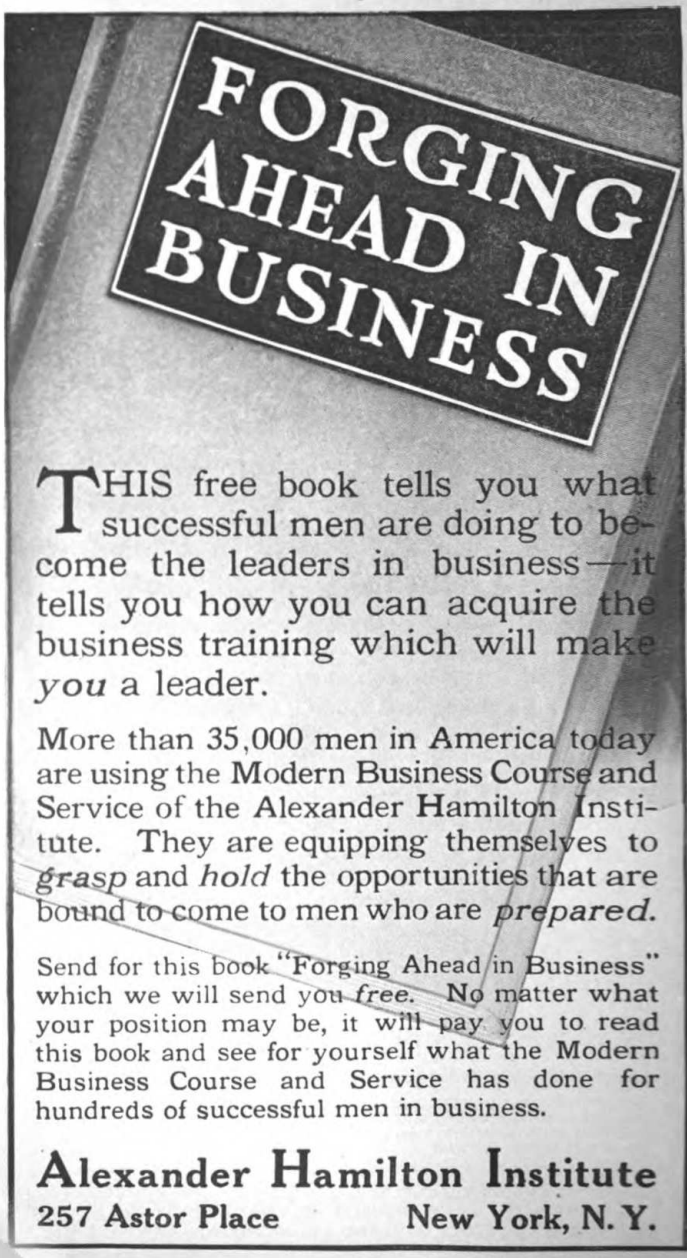
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THIS free book tells you what successful men are doing to become the leaders in business—it tells you how you can acquire the business training which will make *you* a leader.

More than 35,000 men in America today are using the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. They are equipping themselves to *grasp* and *hold* the opportunities that are bound to come to men who are *prepared.*

Send for this book "Forging Ahead in Business" which we will send you *free.* No matter what your position may be, it will pay you to read this book and see for yourself what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for hundreds of successful men in business.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
257 Astor Place **New York, N. Y.**

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JUNE, 1916

ADVERTISING CONTENTS

No magazine of mental or of moral worth can afford to admit in its advertising pages any announcement that does not carry with it the indorsement of the editor—a guarantee of the publishers.

Candy . . . . . Park & Tilford
Corsets . . . . . Benjamin & Johnes
Corset Boning . . . . . Walohn Manufacturing Co.
Cravats . . . . . James R. Keiser, Inc.
"Cravenette" Proofing . . "Cravenette" Co. of U. S. A.
Educational . . . . . Alexander Hamilton Inst.
Electrical Appliances . Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
Fabrics . . . . . B. Priestley & Co.
Fire Insurance . . . . . Fox & Pier
Infants' Novelties . . . . . Joseph H. Joseph
Infants' Wear . . . . . Stern, Heineman & Herff
Millinery . . . . . Moorhead & Jardine Co.
Paper . . . . . L. L. Brown Paper Co.
Public Service . . . . United Light & Railways Co.
Shades . . . . . Jay C. Wemple Co.
Silks . . . . . H. R. Mallinson & Co.
Veilings . . . . . Hydeman & Lassner
Women's Knit Vests . . . . Boyce, Wheeler & Boyce
Women's Neckwear . . . . Timothy F. Crowley, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year. 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company. ADVERTISING: Orders, copy, final instructions and cuts for advertising must be received on or before the 15th of month preceding date of issue.

Entered as second-class matter August 29, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by
THE SILENT PARTNER COMPANY, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Look At Your Window Shades

Are They Satisfactory?

Jay C. Wemple Company's EMPIRE Window Shades have given satisfaction since 1845 because they are manufactured up to a standard and not down to a price.

The United States Government after several tests adopted Wemple's EMPIRE as the window shading in all its buildings.

The seven largest office buildings in the world, the Woolworth, Equitable, Municipal, Western Union, Adams Express, City Investment and Hudson Terminal, are shaded with Wemple's Shade Cloth.

Thousands of buyers who stocked their departments with Wemple's EMPIRE Window Shading have been enjoying perfect satisfaction for years.

JAY C. WEMPLE COMPANY

35 East Twentieth Street, New York

Factories: Brooklyn, N. Y. Chicago, Ill.

The oldest window-shade manufacturers in the United States

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG IN U.S. PAT OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, Editor and Manager

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

JULY, 1916

ADVERTISING CONTENTS

No magazine of mental or of moral worth can afford to admit in its advertising pages any announcement that does not carry with it the indorsement of the editor—a guarantee of the publishers.

Candy	Park & Tilford
Cigars	Roi-Tan
Corsets	Benjamin & Johnes
Corset Boning	Walohn Manufacturing Co.
Costumes	Lahm & Deutz
Cravats	James R. Keiser, Inc.
"Cravenette" Proofing	"Cravenette" Co. of U. S. A.
Display Fixtures	Charles R. Frankel & Co.
Educational	Alexander Hamilton Institute
Electrical Appliances	Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co
Fabrics	B. Priestley & Co.
Fire Insurance	Fox & Pier
Infants' Novelties	Joseph H. Joseph
Infants' Wear	Stern, Heineman & Herff
Millinery	Moorhead & Jardine Co.
Paper	L. L. Brown Paper Co.
Public Service	United Light & Railways Co.
Shades	Jay C. Wemple Co.
Silks	H. R. Mallinson & Co.
Underwear	Delpark
Veilings	Hydeman & Lassner
Women's Knit Vests	Boyce, Wheeler & Boyce

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BIEN JOLIE CREATIONS



For the attention and information of discriminating buyers in the corset trade, I wish to announce that they will see a new fabric in the BIEN-JOLIE Grecian-Treco line for the fall season. I feel sure that this new fabric in the family of Grecian-Treco cloths, already unanimously accepted as the newest and the best corset material that has ever registered in the corset industry, will prove a winner equal to its predecessors.

ALFRED H. BENJAMIN

Benjamin & Johnes

NEW YORK OFFICE
Centurian Bldg., 1182 Broadway

CHICAGO OFFICE
Hunter Bldg., 337 West Madison Street

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, Editor and Manager

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

AUGUST, 1916

ADVERTISING CONTENTS

Candy	Park & Tilford
Children's Dresses	Paramount Mfg. Co.
Cigars	Roi-Tan
Corsets	Benjamin & Johnes
Corset Boning	Walohn Manufacturing Co.
Costumes	Lahm & Deutz
Cravats	James R. Keiser, Inc.
"Cravenette" Proofing	"Cravenette" Co. of U. S. A.
Display Fixtures	Frankel Display Fixture Co.
Educational	Alexander Hamilton Institute
Electrical Appliances	Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
Fabrics	B. Priestley & Co.
Fire Insurance	Fox & Pier
Infants' Novelties	Joseph H. Joseph
Infants' Wear	Stern, Heineman & Herff
Lamps, Statuary, Art	L. D. Bloch & Co.
Millinery	Moorhead & Jardine Co.
New Victrola Records	Landay Bros., Inc.
Paper	L. L. Brown Paper Co.
Public Service	United Light & Railways Co.
Shades	Jay C. Wemple Co.
Silks	H. R. Mallinson & Co.
Underwear	Delpark
Veilings	Hydeman & Lassner
Victrolas	Landay Bros., Inc.
Women's Neckwear	Timothy F. Crowley, Inc.
Women's Knit Vests	Boyce, Wheeler & Boyce

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STYLE 30CCO

BIEN JOLIE BRASSIERES

They Radiate Beauty

When a BIEN-JOLIE Corset is supplemented with a BIEN-JOLIE Brassiere there is a complete fulfilment in detail of beauty that cannot be questioned.

BIEN-JOLIE Brassieres express not alone exclu*sive*, but they express exclu*sion!*

Think that over!

Marked individuality is shown, yet these garments are widely varied in their many new and striking models.

They combine loveliness with practical wear.

They are cut upon the latest and most correct figure lines.

They meet not only the requirement, but the fancy of the most exacting and discriminating women.

Some are unboned, being soft, silk and lace combinations for show only.

Some are boned with Walohn, a non-corrosive boning which allows washing of the garment without removal of the bone.

They are manufactured and sold by

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
NEWARK, N. J.

At prices to meet all and sizes to fit all

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(REG IN U S PAT OFFICE)

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ALBERT TURNER, *President*

SEPTEMBER, 1916

ADVERTISING CONTENTS

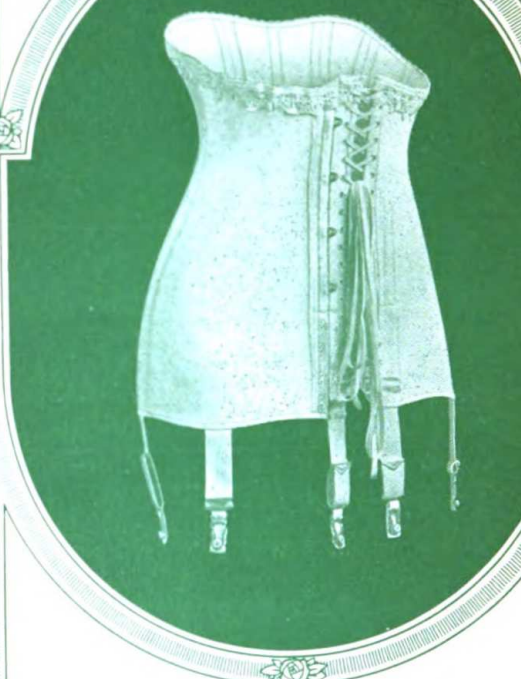
Brassieres	Benjamin & Johnes
Candy	Park & Tilford
Children's Dresses	Paramount Mfg. Co.
Children's Garments	Stern, Heineman & Herff
Cigars	Roi-Tan
Coats and Suits	Moyses & Dreyfus
Corsets	Benjamin & Johnes
Corset Boning	Walohn Manufacturing Co.
Costumes	Lahm & Deutz
Cravats	James R. Keiser, Inc.
"Cravenette" Proofing	"Cravenette" Co. of U. S. A.
Dress Shields	C. E. Conover Co.
Educational	Alexander Hamilton Institute
Electrical Appliances	Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
Fabrics	B. Priestley & Co.
Infants' Novelties	Joseph H. Joseph
Ladies' Waists	American Lady Waist Co.
Lamps, Statuary, Art	L. D. Bloch & Co.
Needlecraft	Will C. Izor
Novelties	Samstag & Hilder Bros.
Paper	L. L. Brown Paper Co.
Public Service	United Light & Railways Co.
Restwel Pillows	Robinson-Roders Co.
Shades	Jay C. Wemple Co.
Smart Clothes	Stein-Bloch Co.
Underwear	Delpark
Utica Sheets	Utica S. & M. V. Cotton Mills
Women's Knit Vests	Boyce, Wheeler & Boyce

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STYLE 3129

ONE OF THE NEW LACE-FRONT BIEN-JOLIE GRECIAN-TRECO CORSETS

A front-lace corset has many advantages. In doing away with the old-time back lacing, the smoothness, the fit of the gown is not hampered with knots and ribs of the lacers. The wearer can adjust the corset to suit her own proportions.

The model developed in this illustration is a perfect Bien-Jolie Lace-Front Corset.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES

NEWARK, N. J.

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1852

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

SIXTY-THREE (63) years of conservative business, constructive building, and still progressive—even more painstaking than ever with each individual account.

A house with all of the advantages of age—with all the ambition of youth. *High-grade service—high-grade securities—high-grade results.*

Write for booklet on bonds yielding 5%—especially secure.

These initials K., N. & K. interpreted mean

KNAUTH, NACHOD & KUHNE

NEW YORK

THE THING THAT MERITS YOUR SERIOUS consideration in buying or in selling securities is experienced execution of your orders—conscientious service.

"The oldest curb house in the country"

CATLIN & POWELL COMPANY

15 Broad Street, New York City

respectfully bid for your business on the grounds of good business.

DRIGGS-SEABURY

A strongly managed company that is getting an enormous and steadily increasing war business. Although its stock has recently recorded a big advance, we believe that it is still much below its inherent worth.

Our special circular No. 76 gives full information.

Write or telephone for it

HARVEY A. WILLIS & COMPANY

(Established 1901)

32 Broadway, New York. Tel. Broad 127-8-9

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JUDGING THE TREND

is the title of our new BOOKLET S. P.-1, illustrated by a chart of the average prices, both Industrial and Railroad, since last December.

It Will Be Sent You Upon Request

CARPENDER & McCLAVE

Members:
New York Stock Exchange New York Cotton Exchange
67 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK. Telephone 2810 Rector

UPTOWN BRANCH: Hotel Ansonia, 73d & B'way. Phone 1615 Columbus

MEN, METHODS and MARKETS

Advertisement written by F. D. VAN AMBURGH

JUST how to earn a living, be useful and independent, is the duty nearest you. To accumulate the ambition required—to gain the knowledge necessary in success, one must know successful men and learn of their methods. Success today is not a game of solitaire.

THE WALL STREET MAGAZINE, 42 Broadway, New York, specializes on MEN, METHODS and MARKETS. Send One Dollar for eight acquaintance issues.

O. J. BRAND W. R. THURSTON W. M. WADDELL

O. J. BRAND & CO.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Telephone, 750 Rector 74 Broadway, New York

AM. TEL. & TEL.
B. R. TRANSIT
AMERICAN CAN
BEET SUGAR

4 Stocks Equally Interesting in their respective **Investment and Speculative** aspects. A special letter was issued on each recently which is as important and timely today as when originally published. Write for copy of the particular letter which interests you.

J. FRANK HOWELL, 52 Broadway, New York

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

IF it were possible for this little magazine to raise the rod of universal power, I would, with one imperial, kingly gesture, so cluster the stars in the heavens that they would spell out the words,

"Peace on earth!"

DECEMBER · 1915

ELEVENTH YEAR

0 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YEAR

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YOU enter your records in books to preserve your records. What do you do to preserve your books?

Specify that your ledgers and record books be made of the ledger paper that defies time —that never weakens or yellows from age or exposure—Brown's Linen Ledger Paper.

Write for Sample Book

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS USA

The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

America! The land of a billion bushels of wheat—the corn-fed country.

America! The greatest garden in all God's earthly empire.

America! The land where they pay more and play more.

America! With the best money, the highest ideals, the most human humans.

America! Thank God, my home!

JANUARY · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YEA

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Figures don't lie; but they sometimes vanish.

And figures have a disconcerting habit of vanishing from ledger and record books made of cheap, inferior ledger paper because the paper has grown yellow from age and exposure.

Specify that your ledgers and record books be made of Brown's Linen Ledger Paper. This famous paper stands the hardest usage and exposure for ages without signs of deterioration. It costs only a few cents per pound more than the unsafe paper. And remember it has wonderful writing and erasing qualities. ***Write for sample book.***

L. L. Brown Paper Co. Established 1850 Adams, Mass.

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN LINEN PAPER CO. LEDGER

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS. USA

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

My doctrine with reference to war is well defined. I would prevent others from wanting to war with us by first minding our own business; and then if this fails, I would have our nation so well prepared that it might, if necessary, take excellent care of its own, all of which includes the dignity, the commerce and the homes of our good people.

FEBRUARY · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

O CENTS A COPY $1.00 A YEA

Digitized by Google

Mother and Daughter

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

THE DEEPEST, tenderest sympathies and sentiments in the whole world are the ties that bind a mother to her young daughter.

The greatest gift to the young girl is the superior strength of her mother—this influence to guide right.

Mothers have been known to love intensely, devotedly, sacredly, and still lack the power to step down and see things as the Miss must see them today. Good mothers have failed to be able to leave their grown-up altitude and walk through the winding lane with a daughter of today.

A mother is appointed by the Lord to stand in His creative place, and in this great responsibility to the present generation and to the human race, mothers, to my mind, are worth taking into our confidence, and being told by men and in only the language a mother understands, what is best for her daughter today.

You notice I have repeated this word—"today"? For these are not the days when "mother was a girl."

It is from the rough quarry, from the outside world, from men like you and me, that the mothers can gather the truth. This does not imply for one instant that the daughters of today are one bit better or one bit worse than those of yesterday, but it does mean that there is more society freedom, more latitude, more margin for the waltz in Liberty Hall.

The unhindered dance of today is certainly not intended to promote modesty, and even a comparatively small thing like a corset is worth considering from a question of comfort and grace; and for the girl, for the Miss, a *Grecian-Treco,* with its freedom and still the lack of another *freedom,* is worth serious consideration by mothers.

A mother knows the pleasure of the dance, of skating, of bowling, boating, hiking and the other perfectly natural and normal ways of promoting health and happiness. And to repeat, the mother knows that a *Grecian-Treco* corset carries with it the freedom of the wearer and protects from the *freedom of wrong.* It's a perfectly plain subject, but well worth while.

I have purposely left out in this article, the name of this *Grecian-Treco* corset—*Bien-Jolie*—in order to bring it out more conspicuously in this last paragraph.

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST



CARELESSNESS

The careless loom up on locomotives and on the ledger. They are found in factories and supported by stores.

(See page 158

MARCH · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YE

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"I want Brown's"

THIS is the demand of everyone who knows paper, of every bookkeeper who has ever used it, of state, county and city governments, of the leading banks and insurance companies, and of big business interests generally.

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper is universally preferred because it is unfailingly reliable. It never grows yellow or deteriorates from age. It gives perfect preservation of records for ages. It makes for better bookkeeping because its perfect writing and erasing surface and clear color encourage neatness. It pays to specify "Brown's" for ledgers, record books, and important documents. *Write for sample book today,*

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

ESTABLISHED 1850

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS. USA

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

¶ In all the annals of American ambition, I know of no life that gives a greater number of lessons of a man making a first-class fool of himself than my own, up to the time that I decided four years ago that the only way to win permanently was to work.

¶ If this frank acknowledgment will help a young man back on the track again, you will be compelled to consider me a member of the construction gang and not of the wrecking crew.

APRIL · 1916

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L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

ESTABLISHED 1850

Brown's
Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS. U.S.A.

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

¶ To stumble into success means that you will eventually fall into a failure. ¶ The man who never makes a mistake seldom makes anything worth while.

¶ Mistakes are steps in life, and did you ever notice they lead up, or they lead down, depending on which way you are going?

¶ There is no precise plan, no mathematical method, for making a success in life or out of life. ¶ And here is a thought: Success in life or success out of life.

MAY · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YEAR

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"Brown's"—the Safety word.

"Safety First" for your valuable business records. This means ledgers and record books made of Brown's Linen Ledger Paper. Cheap ledger paper yellows with age and your records become illegible—lost.

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper never deteriorates with age and will make your record books as enduring as your business. It will improve their appearance because it has perfect writing and erasing qualities. Specify books made of Brown's Linen Ledger Paper. Write for Sample Books

L. L. Brown Paper Co. Est. 1850 **Adams, Mass.**

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

Brown's
Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS. USA

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

It was not what your mother said in her fervent prayer at parting. It is not the grace of the language in her old letters. It is the affectionate response in your own heart that often makes you a man when all other influences fail.

JUNE · 1916
ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY $1.00 A YEAR

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FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN LINEN LEDGER PAPER CO.

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS USA

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(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

The true use of this space is not so much to express my approval of John Wanamaker as a merchant, as to conceal my disapproval of some store organizations in this country that seem to lack the capital of courtesy.

JULY · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YEAR

Digitized by Google



Past Secure—Future Assured

YOU want the records of your business to last. Past records have all the bearing in the world on your future business.

They won't last if written on cheap ledger paper. Poor ledger paper grows yellow and illegible with age.

Your records *will* last if written on Brown's Linen Ledger Paper—last everlastingly. Brown's never deteriorates from age, usage or exposure. It's made of pure white rags without the use of strong bleaching chemicals. Its writing and erasing qualities are perfect and an aid to neat work.

It pays to specify Brown's Linen Ledger Paper. Most makers of ledgers and record books use it.

Write for Sample Book today

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS USA

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST



GUILFORD R. ADAMS

AUGUST · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

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$1.00 A YEAR

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L. L. Brown Paper Co. Established 1850 Adams, Mass.

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L.L.BROWN LINEN PAPER CO. LEDGER

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

¶ The institution that teaches thrift is of imperative importance.

¶ The Temple of Thrift should stand on the campus at the left of the college and at the right of the chapel.

¶ Thrift is the half-brother of mental training and the big brother of moral support.

SEPTEMBER · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A YE

Digitized by Google



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They won't last if written on cheap ledger paper. Poor ledger paper grows yellow and illegible with age.

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Write for Sample Book today

FACSIMILE OF WATER-MARK

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO.
LINEN LEDGER

Brown's Linen Ledger Paper

L.L.BROWN PAPER CO. ADAMS MASS USA

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

A CLEAN, WHOLESOME MAGAZINE OF INSPIRATION AND HUMAN INTEREST

¶ A job is a man's true friend. It helps him to help himself.

¶ A job doesn't flatter, nor will it deceive you Saturday night.

¶ A job pays the price, and leaves the gate open so that you may advance farther.

OCTOBER · 1916

ELEVENTH YEAR

10 CENTS A COPY

$1.00 A Y

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THERMOS

and the Noon-Hour Lunch

An appreciation by F. D. VAN AMBURGH

With the exception of Thursdays (Rotary Day), my lunch is served in the privacy of my office. Some say it is a mistake to lunch this way. Let us see if it is.

By this procedure, I am able to leave my place of business one hour earlier each afternoon—leave at the hour when my brain and body are tired—when they most need a rest—when it is impossible to do my very best.

My plan prevents the restaurant pirate or *table solicitor* from butting in and boring me with his selfish plan, which usually spoils my meal.

"Yes, but you are not considering your health," some unthinking friend might say.

This is exactly what I am doing—*considering my health*—and my time, too—two important factors.

Take my tip, Mr. Busy-particular-man, and buy a THERMOS AUTOMAT LUNCH KIT.

Say "Good day" to the tantalizing, tip-taking waiter. Say "Good-bye" to the restaurant nuisance who insists on catching you at the table, and who talks his business when you don't want to talk. And remember this advantage: You get home one hour earlier at night. You can ride in the park, take a walk, or do some agreeable thing that you can't do at noon, in your office.

The THERMOS AUTOMAT LUNCH KIT has saved me much money, conserved my health, and gives me each week five and one-half hours additional for home and recreation.



Salesrooms—New York Factories—Norwich, Conn.

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Planning Ahead

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

A depraved mind could not paint the face of a Madonna, neither can a management of a business make a commercial success thinking failure—without planning ahead, thinking ahead, and keeping ahead. Briefly, much depends on the *head* in business.

The commercial success of Stern, Heineman & Herff, 71 Fifth Avenue, New York City, the largest manufacturers of Children's Garments (2 to 9 years) in this country, is no surprise to those who know.

The tide of this big trade organization has never risen beyond what they planned themselves.

The business of this large house did not come by chance. It is the result of the hardest kind of hard work, a long line of years, and *intelligent planning ahead.*

Messrs. Stern, Heineman & Herff have a clear understanding of what is required today to make a preferable place to buy—a permanent market. And the requirements are these: *good deliveries.*

It is here that you can find the *largest assortment*, dependable men and merchandise.

This is the house that endeavors to give good service during this period of uncertainty.

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Keiser Cravats

A National Standard

Business Continuous Since 1867



Keiser Barathea

50 Novelty and Staple Plain Colors

Made in the U. S. A.
Made in the Keiser way
Is all bright silk

In three standard honest qualities. Retailing from 50 cents to $1.50 according to shape, size and quality.

No gum on back, no cotton filling. Is smooth, pliable, firm and lustrous. Is less liable to crease, fray and string out than ordinary cravattings.

Slips easily through fold collars. For fifteen years the recognized pre-eminent plain weave.

James R. Keiser, Inc.

Fourth Avenue, Cor. 28th St., New York

San Francisco: 154 Sutter Street

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The SILENT PARTNER

(REG IN U S PAT OFFICE)

F. D. VAN AMBURGH, Editor and Manager

Published Monthly at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City by The Silent Partner Company, Inc.

ALBERT TURNER, *President*

OCTOBER, 1916

ADVERTISING CONTENTS

Brassieres	Benjamin & Johnes
Candy	Park & Tilford
Children's Dresses	Paramount Mfg. Co.
Children's Garments	Stern, Heineman & Herff
Cigars	Roi-Tan
Corsets	Benjamin & Johnes
Corset Boning	Walohn Manufacturing Co.
Costumes	Lahm & Deutz
Cravats	James R. Keiser, Inc.
"Cravenette" Proofing	"Cravenette" Co. of U. S. A.
Dress Shields	C. E. Conover Co.
Educational	Alexander Hamilton Institute
Electrical Appliances	Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
Fabrics	B. Priestley & Co.
Infants' Novelties	Joseph H. Joseph
Ladies' Waists	American Lady Waist Co.
Needlecraft	Will C. Izor
New Victrola Records	Landay Bros., Inc.
Novelties	Samstag & Hilder Bros.
Public Service	United Light & Railways Co.
Shades	Jay C. Wemple Co.
Silks	H. R. Mallinson & Co.
Smart Clothes	Stein-Bloch Co.
Suspenders	Knothe Bros., Inc.
Thermos Bottle	American Thermos Bottle Co.
Underwear	Delpark
Veilings	Hydeman & Lassner
Victrolas	Landay Bros., Inc.
Women's Knit Vests	Boyce, Wheeler & Boyce

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Dollar per year, 10 cents a copy. Advertising Rates on application. Address all communications to the Company. ADVERTISING: Orders, copy, final instructions and cuts for advertising must be received on or before the 15th of month preceding date of issue.

Entered as second-class matter August 29, 1913, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by

THE SILENT PARTNER COMPANY, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York City

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BIEN JOLIE
Brassiere
STYLE 30015

Price $3.00

A beautiful Bien-Jolie Brassiere made of
Old Rose Point Lace and
Pink Pussy Willow Taffeta Silk.
Medium V front and back.
Neck ribbon-run with soft ends to tie.
Armholes trimmed with dainty lace edge.
Sizes 34 to 48.

A dainty beauty characterizes this model. The garment is made of Old Rose Point Lace and Pink Pussy Willow Taffeta Silk. These delicate fabrics are arranged into a soft combination of color and effect that immediately appeals to the artistic eye. The neck and shoulders are ribbon-run and the wide scallops of the Old Rose Point Lace finish the neck, while the armholes are finished with neat lace edging. Hooked front with tab to keep in place.

The combination of materials chosen for this garment makes a most effective model.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES

NEWARK, N. J.

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Advertising Ethics

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

Higher advertising ethics call for the *truth*, and nothing but the truth, in print. The management of a business that will publish misleading statements in advertising is guilty of taking money under false pretenses—nothing more, nothing less.

Buyers are beginning to understand that *truth in advertising* is the incentive to trade at the place where the truth is told.

Business economists are studying the situation with great profit, and even the moralists find satisfaction in truthful advertising.

PARAMOUNT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

302 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

tell the truth in advertising. They recognize a relative difference in advertising adjectives.

Some manufacturers make a statement and they mean it—live up to it. Others are not so particular.

The big point for the buyer is to make sure of the advertiser before buying much.

The Paramount Manufacturing Company have the *confidence of the trade*. They are frequently given open orders—the Paramount people are left to select the styles, and this is about the highest compliment that one can pay the manufacturer in this particular line.

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Zones

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

A young student in a little red schoolhouse under the hill got his geography a bit mixed. On examination day he wrote: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine either torrid or frigid."

There are two zones in the manufacture of dresses and in the selling of them to the retailer.

In one *zone*, the manufacturer puts himself in the other fellow's position, and does exactly as he would have the other fellow do by him.

Then there is another *zone*, and most buyers know something about it.

I want to call your special attention, Mr. Buyer, to Lahm & Deutz, 35 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, Manufacturers of Dresses.

This house, it would appear, have created a *zone* of their own. They have that individuality, that integrity, that attracts attention and holds trade.

They are a house that you can send your *open orders* to with *perfect confidence*, for two good reasons—they are *absolutely reliable* and they have the *assortment* to select from. My suggestion is this: If you are in a hurry, in a tight place and want *service*, *style* and *right prices*, wigwag, telegraph, write or call on Lahm & Deutz.

Digitized by Google

A little novelty that's become a big fad



Two months ago, our Jewelry Department presented an early conception of the Perfume Ball. That it should make an instant appeal to Milady was a foregone conclusion.

Here is a dainty, scent-bearing novelty, charmingly and delicately enameled in the most appealing shades and colors. Simply constructed, so that the wearer, by unscrewing the ball at the center, is afforded an opportunity of using her own favorite perfume or sachet.

Perfume Balls are seen everywhere. Fifth Avenue and Newport, at the theater or dance, at the athletic meet—*everywhere*. *Our* styles of the Perfume Balls are popular-priced but possess the appearance of the far more costly ones.

This is the *best buy* in the jewelry line today.

Number One retails at 50 cents, and is on a black ribbon sautoir.

Number Two retails at $1, is hand-painted, and is on a soldered link roll-plate chain.

Number Three retails at $2. Beautifully constructed, with finest quality gold-filled chain with alternate enamel sections.

You had better write for *full* details.

Receive our wholesale price list and see why this *is* the best buy.

Samstag & Hilder Bros.

IMPORTERS MANUFACTURERS EXPORTERS

Broadway and 29th Street New York

Digitized by Google

ARE YOU SHOWING



FUR-TRIMMED VEILS and SCARFS

THAT RETAIL
AT $1.00 AND UPWARDS?

WOULD IT NOT BE
ADVISABLE TO
SEE WHAT THEY ARE LIKE?

DO YOU KNOW THAT
A SAMPLE COLLECTION MAY
BE HAD SUBJECT TO
APPROVAL?

MAKE YOUR WISHES KNOWN
TO

Hydeman & Lassner

VEILINGS—NETTINGS—CHIFFONS

105 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK

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Stouts

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

A manufacturing concern is a success, *a permanent success*, in the ratio of the service rendered—just in proportion to the *dependableness* of the merchandise made and sold.

Last week I took a trip through the executive headquarters, the assembling, shipping and general headquarters of the American Lady Waist Co., 514-516 Broadway, near Spring Street, New York.

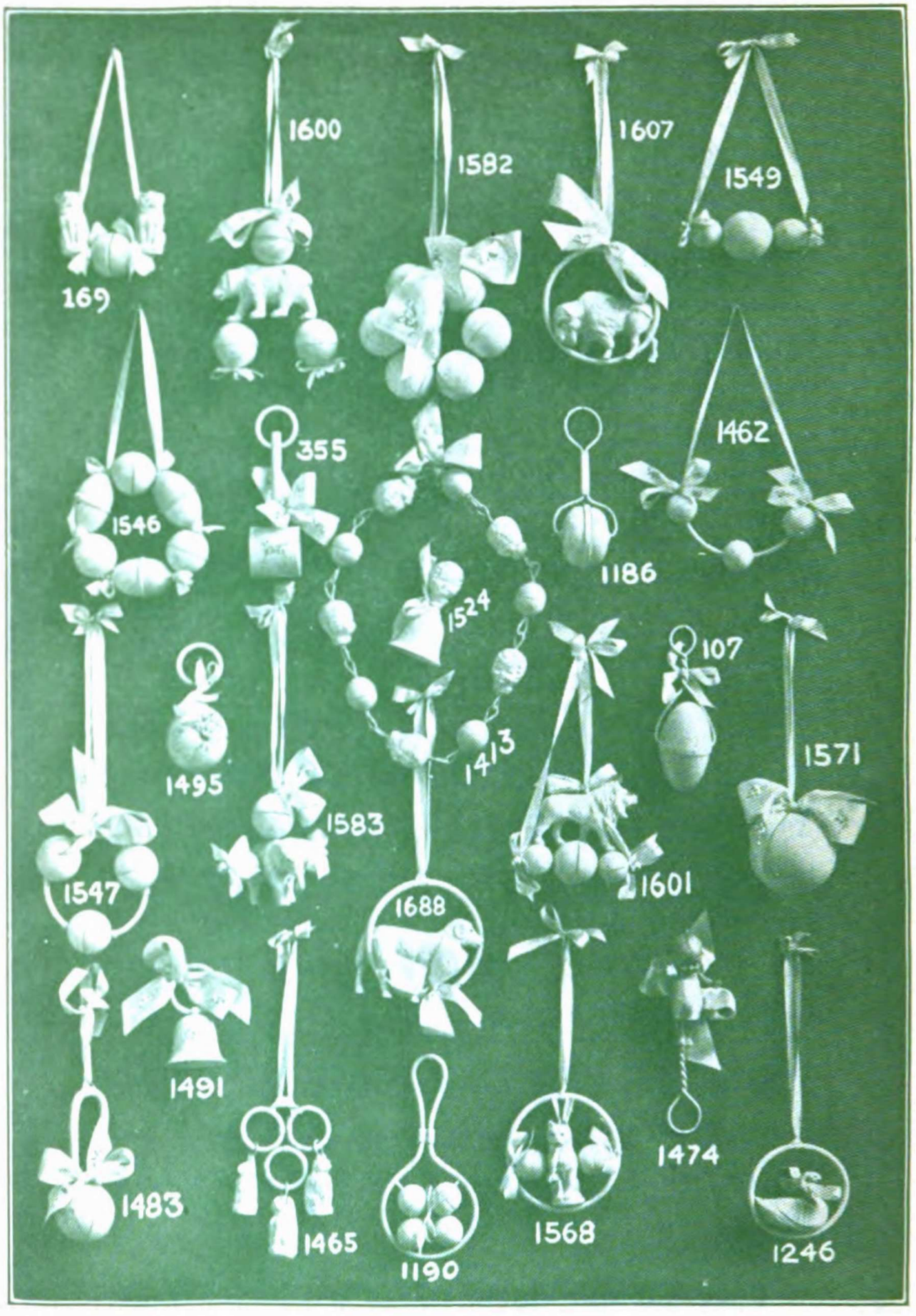
And then I took a trip up to the Waldorf Building, 2-16 West Thirty-third Street, New York, and there I saw some of the most magnificent "Lady Waists" ever presented before my eyes. I'm getting to know, as they would say out West, something about wholesale prices and values too.

If there is a concern in New York City that can serve you *faithfully* and *well* in the "Lady Waist" line, I believe it's the American Lady Waist Co.

They do not do business with everybody, but I find, on investigation, that they do business with most of the people worth while.

On my desk, this moment, is a letter from a *buyer* telling me of their *special attention* and exceptional service on a *rush order in Stouts.*

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A few numbers of Rattles
from our complete line of Infants' Novelties

Assortments at $25, $35, $50 and $75

ARTIST'S WORK

JOSEPH H. JOSEPH

31 West 31st Street New York

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MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe



A PRESENTATION of Mallinson's Silks for Fall in your store is an exhibition of textile art which will inspire many purchases and many beautiful gowns.

It is the silk for retailing profit and prestige.

Pussy Willow
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Indestructible Voile
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Georgianna Crêpe
Trade Mark

Will o' the Wisp
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

H. R. MALLINSON & CO.
"The New Silks First"
NEW YORK PARIS

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The Hammer

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

The hammer has wood in its head, and the best thing you can say for it is, that it's a *tool.*

The hammer is a poor platform on which to hope to stand and expect any measure of success.

The hammer can only be used to drive your own business. When used to hit another business, it often occurs that the hammerer *hits the nail on his own thumb.*

There seems to be a lull in the anvil chorus.

Where are the human hammerers that started out to clinch business for themselves, by trying to put a dent in the business of Jay C. Wemple Company, 35 East Twentieth Street, New York, *established in 1845?*

I was over to see the Jay C. Wemple Company, who are the oldest, and I believe the *best* window-shade manufacturers in this country, the other day, and the truth that the knocker is but a booster came home to me in evidence.

Jay C. Wemple Company are not only doing a very much larger business, but they are in position to *deliver goods when, and as promised.*

Digitized by Google

A Revelation

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

Recently I took a trip into the country—back several miles from the farm where I live (a man only exists in New York), and do you know, I was very much surprised at what I saw. The results of my trip were a *revelation* to me, and should prove a profit to *national advertisers.*

The trip was made among some family friends, and nearly every woman and many of the girls had taken to *knitting, crocheting—using the needle.*

To the unthinking, this may mean little. To the *national advertiser who thinks ahead, who wants to reach the eye of the women of America,* the results of my observation mean much.

In one home where I visited, there is an invalid aunt, and the family doctor insisted that she occupy a part of her time by using the needle, crocheting or knitting.

Lying on the table, and just before this "shut-in," there lay NEEDLECRAFT, and the interesting part of it all is, NEEDLECRAFT will remain in that family for months, perhaps years, because—NEEDLECRAFT is a textbook on the very things women want to know today.

The coming long evenings should suggest to the national advertiser something worth while.

Digitized by Google

Show Me

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh



Show me the long-sleeved underwear on a man—underwear that is turned over at the wrists, bungled, puckered in pleats at the belt line—underwear that hampers a man's elbows and hinders his knees—underwear that irritates the surface-nerves and suffocates the countless pores—underwear that gathers at the ankles, above the shoe-tops, and looks like a bandage on a wounded leg, and I'll show you a *supernumerary*.

Underwear that settles down, bunches and bags, is worn by the *super*.

The best underwear is worn by the superman, and it's always Delpark—almost always.

Supernumeraries appear without even a speaking part. *Supermen* have something to say, and this is what they say: "*I want* Delpark *Underwear.*"

The ancient athlete was a huge mass of flesh and muscle. The modern mental and physical leader is a combination of brains and brawn. He is *educated*.

There are countless men who require *educating* in the advantages of wearing Delpark *Underwear*.

Rotarians, supermen, spread this Delpark ***news!***

Digitized by Google

Last Line a Punch

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

The karat on gold
—the sterling mark on silver
—the duty stamp on imports
—the official notarial seal
—the artist's signature on canvas
—the name Stein-Bloch on clothing
—these are the hall-marks of reliability that experienced people insist on seeing.

Smart Clothes, made by Stein-Bloch, retain their *individuality* much longer than other clothes; and this is *economy*— plus *style.*

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are authorities in style—they are trustworthy—*perpetual reminders of good judgment.*

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes serve best—therefore profit most.

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W
WA
WAL
WALO
WALOH
WALOHN

The six steps in spelling the word "Walohn"

W
WA
WAL
WALO
WALOH
WALOHN

Done to fix in your mind permanently that "Walohn" is a ***boning***, used in the perfect corset of whatever make, name or style.

ADVERTISING MANAGERS

find in "Walohn" a powerful publicity factor.

BUYERS

are sure to win permanent customers for the store when they buy corsets ***boned*** with "Walohn"

SALES PEOPLE

find in "Walohn" a big talking point.

MERCHANDISE MANAGERS

approve of buyers buying corsets ***boned*** with "Walohn," and

THE CUSTOMER

is sure to come back—an important consideration for the store

OWNER

Six excellent reasons why you should insist on having "Walohn" in the corsets you buy or sell.

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Bien-Jolie Custom Finish
Style 2670



Style 220



Style 3148

Three Interesting Bien-Jolie Corsets

BENJAMIN & JOHNES NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

MR. F. D. VAN AMBURGH

Editor OF THE *Silent Partner*

WILL CONSIDER ENGAGEMENTS FOR HIS SUCCESSFUL ADDRESS

"HOW TO FAIL"

THIS lecture is designed to make men think more—to think more of themselves—to make men worth more to themselves—to others. It is peculiarly personal, and hits the hearer squarely between the eyes without bruising.

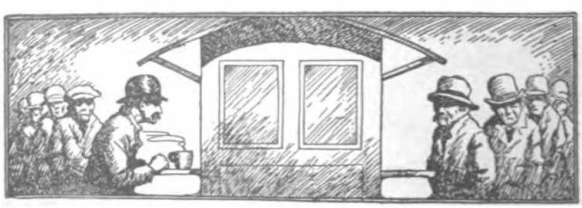
"How to Fail" is of special interest to members of business organizations, fraternities, clubs, associations.

The plan under which Mr. Van Amburgh works is not new. In the fewest words it can be explained like this:

The employer, the club, the fraternity, the organization, engages Mr. Van Amburgh to deliver this lecture, "How to Fail." A few days previous to the address—"How to Fail"—Mr. Van Amburgh writes a letter to each and every one expected to be present—writes them a personally signed letter, and accompanies this letter with a copy of The Silent Partner. This plan increases the individual interest and helps to make the meeting a big success.

The employer, the club, the fraternity, the organization, then subscribes for a certain number of magazines, and The Silent Partner is sent to the individuals for one year—those who have heard this lecture, "How to Fail."

For lecture engagements, rates on subscriptions in quantities, and for the cost of the personally signed letters, please address personally, F. D. Van Amburgh, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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An Event

Advertisement written by F. D. VAN AMBURGH

The year 1888 marks an event in my life, and this is of small consequence to any one but me. And still, it fixes a date in the mind—1888, which is twenty-eight years ago—not long, but long enough for any one to prove up in business.

It was in 1888 that Knothe Brothers began business—began making *suspenders*. They took but one step at a time, but were sure of that step.

The fault with many of us is, we plan too far ahead—we are over-anxious with reference to the future—we often fail to take care of the present.

The future will take care of itself when we take care of the present. And here is the punch in this little talk: Knothe Brothers, Inc., 122-124 Fifth Avenue, New York, manufacturers of the *Kno-the-Suspenders*, take care of their trade today.

Next month this little magazine will have a commercial talk on the Kno-the-Suspenders.

I might write several pages recommending Knothe Brothers to the trade, but the trade generally understand the permanent and prominent position of this house.

Knothe Brothers, Inc., rely on the *quality* of their merchandise for future orders, and this is why we selected them as our suspender advertisers.

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Friendship

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true: friendship has never inspired a great poem.

Sentiment has had the attention of the whole world in both prose and poetry.

Friendship usually limits itself to lamenting over the loss of some one, or grants itself the opportunity of saying or doing something substantial.

Friendship is seldom expressed by a gift, by a remembrance.

The man who stops in his success in life to make a success out of life, by sending a choice box of candy, usually gives an evidence of *Sentiment*—something more than just *Friendship*.

If the box bears the significant brand—Park & Tilford—you may rest assured the gift expresses the finer *Sentiments*, and not just *Friendship*.

The man who sends a choice box of Park & Tilford candy need not write a line of *Sentiment*—the very excellence of the package suggests the *purest Sentiment*.

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History of Rubber

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh



Christopher Columbus, on his second voyage to America, found the inhabitants of Hispaniola amusing themselves by playing with rubber balls. Charles Goodyear was born in 1800, and this was the year that some unknown brought rubber to the United States.

Rubber was first used to rub out lead-pencil marks—to *erase mistakes.*

Rubber is a milk, before scientifically treated. It is collected by a machine similar to the cream separator. By an accident, Goodyear dropped upon a hot stove a rubber mixture containing sulphur, and discovered, to his amazement, the method of *vulcanizing*, which is largely mixing *sulphur* into rubber.

The modern makers of Dress Shields, that is, the NAIAD makers of Dress Shields, are gradually but surely *erasing the mistake of using rubber*—vulcanized rubber.

There is no rubber in a NAIAD Dress Shield. This means there can be no odor from rubber, and rubber will smell when warm. And oh, what a smell!

Do you think it a good plan to put anyth ng that contains sulphur at your armpits? Ask any physician.

The NAIAD Dress Shield can be washed *clean*, and it will look *clean*, and you can *iron* it into presentable shape. A big advantage.

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Buy an Audience

of your own. Any one can spend money for advertising space. Talk to those who are your *prospects* or *patrons*. The others don't count.

Mr. Van Amburgh

(Rotarian, New York Club)

Editor THE SILENT PARTNER

&

"Bill" Gettinger

(Rotarian, New York Club)

EATON & GETTINGER, *Printers*

are prepared to *write* and *print* for you a

HOUSE-ORGAN that will bring you more business, *cost considered*, than any other form of advertising.

The undeniable success of Mr. Van Amburgh as a business writer of national reputation *guarantees superior service.*

The unwavering belief of "Bill" Gettinger, a real printer and a successful business man, is this: *The reward of service is more service.*

Here is a combination of known ability with that of established reliability.

Can you afford to let the other fellow get this *service* in your town?

Telegraph, telephone, write or call "Bill" Gettinger

EATON & GETTINGER, Rotarian Printers

263 Ninth Avenue, New York City

Phone Chelsea 8680

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"How I Saved $7,000 a Year"



"A FEW months ago our company was getting ready to build a new factory. The plans were prepared and the officers seemed well satisfied with them. Somehow I felt that there was a flaw in the arrangement of departments, but I could not place my finger on it. But I got the officers to wait one more day before giving their approval.

"That night I went over in my mind the ideas about factory organization I had gained from the Modern Business Course and Service. I worked with my brain and my pencil until after two o'clock. At last I was ready.

"When I brought in my criticisms and suggestions next day, the officers pooh-poohed them. But I knew what I was talking about. I had the principles and the facts. Finally they were won over.

"Now they estimate that the changes suggested are saving them at least seven thousand dollars a year. And you can believe that a fair slice of that goes into my salary.

"You have the right idea in telling a man to know more about every department of business. If I had just stuck to my own specialty, *I could not even have seen this opportunity.* It certainly paid me to reach out."

This is the true story of the assistant treasurer of a New Jersey soap manufacturing concern of a country-wide reputation.

The Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Advisory Council includes **Frank A.** Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, statistician and economist.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
262 ASTOR PLACE NEW YORK CITY



Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name_____

Business Address _____

Business Position_____

Digitized by Google

The Calumet

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

The calumet or pipe of peace has a powerful place in the history of America.

From the remotest Indian summer, tobacco has been the indispensable factor in the ratification of all treaties, in the councils of great men. It is the peace agency.

Smoking together has more significance in friendship than eating together. One is an evidence of companionship—the other, a command of the stomach.

On several occasions I have known an expensive, extravagant dinner to be virtually spoiled by the introduction of a poor after-dinner smoke, an inferior cigar.

Not that the host had the slightest thought of economy, nor did the host practice it. The generous entertainer did not seem to know which cigar would give *universal satisfaction.*

Frequently, and without offense, I have suggested a selection of smokes, and the choice always includes the Roi-Tan cigar.

My reason for recommending the Roi-Tan cigar is based on the contrary-to-custom grounds—I do not smoke.

But I have been able, by this *impartial position*, to canvass carefully the various fraternities, clubs, and my personal friends, and I find that *particular smokers*, the *unprejudiced smoker*, is quite willing to concede that the Roi-Tan cigar is *first choice.*

Digitized by Google

Contentment

Advertisement written by F. D. Van Amburgh

It was an old writer who said: "Happiness is the absençe of misery." Another writer said something like this: "Happiness is the legal tender of the soul."

Contentment is a big word—much bigger than the word "happiness."

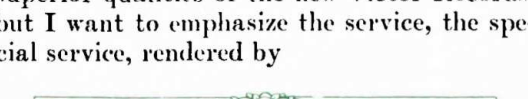
Contentment is a condition of the mind, and not a situation of the purse.

Things like autos, motor boats, all loan excitement—all appear to be encrusted with happiness, but none of these excitable situations can compare with *contentment.*

No happiness, no excitement can bring home to a man or to the home of a woman quite so much satisfaction—*contentment*—as the new Victor Records sold by Landay Brothers in their four stores.

Four stores suggest *convenience,* and the name Landay Brothers *guarantees service.*

Every one, everywhere, understands the superior qualities of the new Victor Records, but I want to emphasize the service, the special service, rendered by



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Every Woman Who Sees

the patented "Can't-Slip" shoulder-strap feature in

Cumfy-Cut
TRADE MARK

VESTS & UNION SUITS

realizes this big advantage over ordinary underwear.
That's why a CUMFY-CUT garment is *sold* the moment you show it to a customer.
Nationally advertised.



All leading jobbers carry Cumfy-Cut

BOYCE, WHEELER & BOYCE
346 BROADWAY - - NEW YORK

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"By the Side of the Road"



—the beautiful new book written by Mr. Van Amburgh, editor of The Silent Partner, will be out and ready for mailing about October 15, 1916.

"By the Side of the Road" will throw open the windows of your soul and let the ventilation of vim in your make-up. It is a work that will open the door of your own life wider and admit all of the life-giving oxygen of opportunity.

It will show you the best in others, and point to the things that need mending in you. It is a help that does not hurt.

The book is a heart-to-heart talk by the side of the road.

A Magnificent Holiday Gift

printed in two colors, deckled edge, silk book mark, beautifully bound in *limp leather*, with a *photogravure of the author;* mailed anywhere, $2 00.

The same handsome book, bound in *cloth*, mailed anywhere, $1.00.

Digitized by Google

A Seasoned Public Utility Investment

FIRST PREFERRED 6% CUMULATIVE STOCK

of the

United Light & Railways Company

This stock has paid regular dividends since the incorporation of the Company in 1910 and always earned these about twice over.

The increase in the Company's size, the important improvements and extensions to its properties, and the diversified service and territory must eventually be reflected in the market for this issue.

Yielding almost 8% at present prices, we consider this stock an attractive purchase.

Booklet and earnings upon request

H. F. McCONNELL & CO.
25 Pine St., N. Y.

LAMARCHE & COADY
14 Wall St., N. Y.

ROBERT C. MAYER & CO.
120 Broadway, N. Y.

A. H. BICKMORE & CO.
111 Broadway, N. Y.

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