

*It's A Good
Old World*



Bruce Barton

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IT'S A
GOOD OLD WORLD

IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD

BEING A COLLECTION OF LITTLE ESSAYS
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF
HUMAN INTEREST

BY

BRUCE BARTON

Author of "More Power to You," "The
Making of George Groton," etc.



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BETWEEN OURSELVES

Magazine editors are genial gentlemen. They pay us for the pieces we write and allow us to gather them later into books. To Karl Harriman, editor of the "Red Book"; George Martin, editor of "Farm and Fireside"; Harford Powel, editor of "Collier's Weekly"; W. W. Hawkins, General Manager of the United Press Associations, and Frank Ober, editor of "Association Men," who have given their cordial permission for the republication of the little essays that follow, I express my gratitude and thanks.

The book is named in honor of our common friend, this Good Old World. I admire the quiet, patient fashion in which he goes around about the same old task, day after day and year after year. I admire his magnificent tolerance toward all sorts and conditions of men, many of

Between Ourselves

whom must frequently prove very irritating passengers. And I want him to understand that if he has no objection I plan to ride along with him for another seventy years at least.

B. B.

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IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD



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I EXPECT TO BE ENTIRELY
CONSISTENT — AFTER
NINETY

A READER writes to reprove me because a statement in a recent editorial apparently contradicts something which I wrote a year ago.

“A writer ought at least to be consistent,” he says. Which, of course, is the last thing that any writer — below the age of ninety — ought to be too much concerned about.

For it is the business of men, whether writers or not, to see truth and to express it in their lives. That a man should see more truth this year than he saw last, and should hope to see even more in the year to come, is a perfectly normal expectation. And inevitably the larger vision of this year will reveal the shortcomings of the past.

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I talked the other day with the president of one of the nation's greatest businesses. Said he:

“ I go down to my office these days with my mind absolutely open; I am prepared at a moment's notice to reverse our entire business practice, if the conditions demand it. With the world in tumult as it is to-day, the concern which says, ‘ We have always done it this way,’ or ‘ Such and such a course is not in line with our previous policy,’ is riding for a fall.

“ A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,” Emerson exclaimed. “ With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! . . . If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. ‘ Ah, then,’ exclaim the aged ladies, ‘ you shall be sure to be misunderstood!’ Misunderstood! It is a fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to

be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus and Copernicus and Galileo and Newton and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.”

The butterfly is not consistent with the chrysalis: nobody expects a frog to conform to the standards of the tadpole. Nature is herself the great parent of contradictions; and nothing in her universe is perfectly consistent but the eternal hills, and old dogs who lie all day in the sunshine, and men whose brains have hardened into shells.

A man owes this obligation to himself — that he should keep his vision high and his footsteps fixed in the path that leads toward the stars. Sometimes that path will lie straight and clear; sometimes it will bend to the left or right; and sometimes he may have to retrace his steps in order to fix his feet firmly upon it. When that necessity arises, there should be no hesitation.

I like to remember Dr. David Swing,

who was for many years pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue. Through a long lifetime he expounded the truth to his people as his spirit revealed it to him. And at the very end of his days new truth came to him, and he rose in his pulpit and confessed frankly that all of his previous preaching had been in large measure mistaken.

St. Augustine, toward the end of his career, published a good-sized book called "Retractions." Only a big man could have written such a book; for only a big man continues to grow straight up to the very last.

Be not too fearful of inconsistencies; for if you are growing as you should be growing, consistency, which is the hardening of the mental and spiritual arteries, ought not to set in

— until you are ninety, at least.

WATCHING THE PRINCE EARN HIS PAY

THE Prince was to ride up the Avenue, and we all put on our hats and went out onto the side-walk to cheer.

As he came along smiling, with his hat on the side of his head, I could not help marvelling a little at the changes time can work.

My first ancestor in this country, William, spent several of the best years of his life fighting the Prince's ancestor, George.

For many, many years dislike and distrust of the English were fed to us from the pages of our first readers.

Emerson's poem expressed the common American judgment about the gentlemen who sit on thrones:

God said " I am tired of Kings,
I suffer them no more.
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor."

Yet here was I, the descendant of a Revolutionary fighter, taking time away from the office to cheer for the son of a King, and an English King at that.

The explanation, of course, is simple. It is not we who have changed, but the kings. They have at last found a real job for themselves, and we respect them, as we respect any man who has work to do and does it well.

They are now the travelling salesmen of their countries.

Take the Belgians for example. Before the war we looked on them as a rather unattractive people inclined to squalidness both physical and mental.

Along comes Albert, their sales manager, with his sample case and opens it before us. He has a fine line of courtesy; something very nice in the way of true sportsmanship; a very superior article of good looks; and an entirely modern and up-to-date sense of humor.

After we have seen the samples it is no great task for him to sell us quite a different idea of the Belgians. We will be

much more inclined, in the future, to give them what every people have the right to demand — the privilege of being judged by their best rather than by their less attractive characteristics.

So with Edward of the firm of Great Britain and Co.

He knows well enough that our dealings with his House have not been altogether satisfactory in the past. He comes with the idea of straightening out all the old complaints and convincing us that this year's line is entirely unlike anything we have previously bought.

Are we too much stocked-up with the old style Englishman — side whiskers — prejudices — stodginess — lack of humor and all?

“That's our pre-war brand,” says Edward. “We've entirely discarded that. The House is under new management and we're putting out a very superior article.

“Here's a sample of our smiles — you never knew an Englishman could smile.

“Here's a choice bit of democracy which we've recently added to the line.

"Notice this patent bit of open-mindedness, an exclusive feature of this year's model."

He's a good little salesman with a winning smile; and I for one am all prepared to put the old prejudices aside and open a good line of credit with his House.

I know a man who has a curious job. He is paid just to visit conventions and banquets of his company's customers and tell funny stories.

No spasm of economy ever endangers his weekly envelope. He is one of the most valuable assets that the corporation owns.

That's the proper kind of a job for a king. Japan should send her Emperor sales-manager over as soon as possible. Alphonso of Spain would find this a very profitable territory. Italy's Victor Emmanuel had better pack his bag and get some expense account blanks printed.

And we, who have no kings, should elect a half dozen good looking chaps with a Roosevelt smile and a first class fund of funny stories to show our customers across

the two oceans what a fine lot of folks we really are.

The League of Nations will be successful just in proportion to the amount of intelligent high-powered salesmanship that is put behind it.

Every king should plan to live half the time in a suit case; and every Prince, no matter what his title, should consider that he draws his salary for being a Prince of Peace.

A GREAT LITTLE WORD IS " WHY "

A SUCCESSFUL man whom I know recently changed from a business with which he was thoroughly familiar to a business that he knew absolutely nothing about.

I watched to see what he would do.

For two solid weeks he did nothing but ask questions.

He took a train to Washington to learn what information the government had on trade conditions in the new field.

He visited around among jobbers and manufacturers: he even went to the company's strongest competitors.

Everywhere asking questions. It was simply amazing, the amount of useful data that he was able to dig out.

Curiosity is a human characteristic that has been much maligned. Men speak of it slightingly, as if it were something to be

ashamed of; a weakness to be repressed.

My own idea is that when a man gets beyond the point of asking questions, he might as well be dead.

Without curiosity there would be no growth, no progress.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,

may be a good enough motto for men who are on their way to be shot. But from such men expect no empires to be builded, no inventions made, no great discoveries brought to light.

Curiosity [the "Scientific American" once said] is the hand-maiden of Science.

No doubt many a man before the time of Columbus had remarked the exotic fruits and branches tossed up by the waves on the shores of the Canary Islands. The natives had gathered them for generations without ever so much as a thought. But to Columbus those strange gifts of the sea were messages sent from a land where no European ship had ever touched. Out of his wonder about them came his voyage to the New World.

Then we have Newton's apple. Things have fallen ever since the universe was created. And no man before Newton seems ever to have asked himself, Why?

Robert Meyer, a ship's surgeon in the East Indies, noticed that the venous blood of his patients seemed redder than that of people living in temperate climates. Doubtless other physicians had also noticed that fact. Meyer, pondering on it, reached the conclusion that the cause must be the lesser degree of oxidation required to keep up the body temperature in the torrid zone. That thought led to the discovery of the mechanical theory of heat, and to the first comprehensive appreciation of the great law of the conservation of energy.

If you have witnessed the gradual progress of the mind of a little baby, you have seen a miracle.

And what is the golden ladder on which the baby climbs out of mere consciousness into intelligence?

Curiosity — nothing else. The constant reaching out for the untried (even though the reaching involves much upsetting of flower vases, and many burned

and bleeding fingers), the eternal *why*: the unquenchable *how* and *what*.

Some men climb a little way up that ladder, and are satisfied.

They reach a point where the day's task becomes more or less automatic; where their feet follow easily along a familiar path. And they are content. They would not pay a nickel to see an earthquake: they would not open a new book, or stretch their minds in wonder at what lies even beyond the next desk above them, to say nothing of what lies beyond the stars.

Ceasing to be curious, they cease to grow.

For surely one secret of genius is this — the ability to remain interested in new things, even into old age.

The curiosity of Bluebeard's wife proved fatal, to be sure; and Lot's wife, yielding to her curiosity, reaped a bitter recompense.

One must use judgment in the exercise of even the divinest gifts.

On the other hand,

Zacchæus he
Did climb a tree,
His Lord to see.

And, braving the ridicule of the passing crowd for the sake of his curiosity, he was rewarded with the secret of happiness and everlasting life.

DON'T LAY IN A STOCK OF CA-
MOUFLAGE: IT HAS DEPRE-
CIATED BADLY IN VALUE
SINCE THE WAR

THE future of Germany, I presume, is no particular concern of mine. Yet I keep thinking what a tragic position hers must be for many years to come.

Some day, soon or late, Germany, with the others, will send out her ambassadors to the world.

He will come to Washington — Herr von Somebody, and, smiling graciously, will tell us how eager his government is to resume friendly relations with us.

And all the time he is talking it will be running through the back of our minds: “Yes, that is what Von Bernstorff said, at the same time when he was trying to blow up our factories, and league Japan and Mexico against us.”

Another German ambassador will go to Buenos Aires. “I present the compli-

ments of the German government," he will say.

And the President of Argentina will be wondering to himself: "Is this the same government whose envoy suggested that our boats be sunk so as to leave no trace?"

German salesmen will hurry out across the world with their sample cases, protesting the value of their goods.

And men will wonder whether the statements behind those goods are like the statements made by the German government to the United States when the *Sussex* was sunk.

Bitter as the days are for Germany now, the days to come will be more bitter.

For her government ruthlessly torpedoed the good ship *Faith*: it cut the cables of mutual trust by means of which men have been accustomed to communicate with each other. And the rest of the world stood aghast.

Few things in civilization are more inspiring than the slow increase of men's faith in one another.

When the Psalmist exclaimed, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," he was not far wrong.

To lie, to cheat, to get the better of a competitor by any hook or crook, was the standard practice of early business.

The Phœnicians and Greeks, trading with the tribes along the Mediterranean, used to land on the shore, pile up their goods, and then put out a little way in their boats again.

Out from their hiding place would come the natives to pile up beside those goods the articles which they offered in exchange, and having done it they would hide themselves.

Both sides wanted to do business, but neither party trusted the members of the other enough to appear beside them on the shore.

In religion as well as business the rule of fraud was the accepted rule.

"I will sacrifice ten heads to Zeus if I be delivered from this sickness," the pious Greek would exclaim.

And being delivered he would sacrifice

cabbage heads instead of heads of cattle, and receive the congratulations of his friends upon the cleverness of his ruse.

Little by little the world has grown away from this kind of practice.

As the coral reef grows by the addition of one tiny organism after another, so has Faith grown in the world — each generation raising it a bit higher by the addition of its honesty and trust, until all business has come to be done on men's confidence in each other's words.

That slow, painfully wrought creation, Germany with wanton hand demolished.

We have heard much talk of camouflage, which is a fancy name for lying. Be not misled by that euphonious term.

You will live to see a penalty visited on Germany for the slaughter of Truth such as has never been borne by any people before.

You will see men's word to each other take on a new preciousness in the years to come, because of the terrible price which they will pay who have disregarded their word.

In our generation it will be true as it never has been before that the highest honors will be reserved for the sort of man whom the Bible describes:

The man who "sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not."

WE 'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT: AND CAN'T GET OUT

AMERICA was founded by people who wanted to get away from other people.

The Pilgrim Fathers decided that they would rather run the risk of starving to death in a new, clean, unpeopled land than to live any longer with their neighbors.

After them came men of various sorts: political offenders; Quakers who would rather emigrate than fight; Irishmen "ag'in' the government"; roving sons of settled households.

All sorts of people, but driven by the same common motive — the desire to live their own lives in their own way, free from the restrictions of an older social order.

We are the descendants of those daring pioneers: their vigorous individualism flows through our veins.

If, before the war, you had put your

ambition into words, you would probably have expressed the wish to be *absolutely independent*.

I don't know what the war may have done to you, but to me it has revealed this one tremendous truth: that *there is not, and never will be again, any absolute independence; that I, in my little home, am absolutely dependent, to some degree or other, on every other man and woman in the world.*

In the Balkans, an Austrian prince of whom I never heard, and his wife, are murdered. A petty far-away event: what has it to do with me?

Nothing, of course. Nothing,—except to throw my life into disorder, and change the whole thought and current of my days.

In Russia twenty million men are taken from the farms; and, behold, the loaf of bread in my little home feels their leaving and fades away. Millions of shoes are ordered for the men of Italy: and the shoes I purchase for my baby cost four dollars now instead of two.

Absolute independence! What a fool-

ish phrase, indeed! The world has become a neighborhood, and the welfare of every single house along the street is conditioned by the welfare of every other.

There is hardly an item in the newspapers that doesn't, somehow or other, come straight home to me.

I read that the railroads are hard up and their stocks and bonds decline. I should worry: I own no stocks or bonds.

Ah, but don't I, though? The savings bank where my few dollars lie has invested them in railroad bonds; the life-insurance company that must look after my wife and family if I die has invested its funds in railroad bonds.

Whether I like it or not, the railroads can not be hurt without hurting me: for better or for worse, my prosperity is bound up with theirs.

When the Apostle Paul was being sent to Rome, the ship on which he sailed was tossed by storms.

At the moment of greatest danger Paul caught the sailors taking to the boats.

"Stop!" he cried; and to the Centurion he shouted:

"Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved."

To-day the good ship *World* is being tossed about by the greatest storm of its existence.

And now, in the time of greatest danger, I see some signs that are not good. I see some capitalists taking to the boats and saying to themselves: "We'll pull out and play safe, no matter what may happen to the ship."

I see some groups of labor taking to the boats and saying to themselves: "When the ship is sinking is a good time to strike for higher pay."

And if the lesson of the war means anything, it seems to me to mean just this:

That the time has passed in the world when any single group of men can advance its interests permanently at the expense of the common good.

Unless all of us, rich and poor, stick together in the ship, then all of us are lost.

Individualism, as we used to understand it, is dead.

“God hath made of one blood all nations.” The same great life-giving current flows through the veins of every class and race and people everywhere. And the only way to advance the interests of any class *permanently* is to purify and strengthen the stream of life that ministers to all.

That, it seems to me, is one great lesson of this war.

“WHAT! LITTLE JOHNNY
DUGAN?”

I VISITED once the boyhood home of a great man.

His name will not go down in the histories, but he has made a high place for himself in his profession; and in every city important people are glad to be counted among his friends.

I spoke of this to one of the residents of the village who occupied a reserved seat in front of the livery stable.

“It must be a matter of great pride to your town to have produced a man like that,” I said.

“You mean Joe Hinkle?” he answered.

I nodded, and he uttered a scornful little laugh.

“Folks hereabouts don’t think so much of Joe Hinkle,” he commented. “We never supposed he ’d amount to anything. Why, gosh, I knew him when he was run-

nin' around with his pants held up by one suspender."

I found more than one man in that community to echo the sentiment. They could not quite reconcile themselves to the thought that a boy who had been one of themselves should have travelled so far beyond them.

Some years ago a song was popular in the vaudeville houses. It recounted the achievement of a certain John Dugan; and after each stanza the chorus broke in with an incredulous exclamation, "*What! Little Johnny Dugan?*"

"Little Johnny Dugan—that little fellow who used to be around here—you don't mean to tell me that *he* has been nominated for Governor; or elected President of a Bank or called to the Pastorate of a great church. Not *our* little Johnny Dugan. It can't be. Why we knew him when —"

The song reflected accurately the attitude of too many home towns toward their boys. Many great men have suffered from that attitude: Jesus of Nazareth suffered, perhaps, most keenly of all.

After He had begun His ministry; after He had performed a few miracles in the cities near at hand and gained a considerable reputation, "He went back to Nazareth where He had been brought up."

One can picture the anticipation with which He turned His face in that direction. He could imagine the warmth of His old neighbors' greeting; the pride they would feel in His success which had brought credit to the town.

But there was no warmth. Only skepticism and jealousy and scorn. It was as if their faces cried:

"We know you. Why you 're only the son of the carpenter, Joseph. You may have fooled them in Capernaum, but you can't fool us."

And there were those among them whose envy and bitterness would have led them to hurl Him to death.

There are two ways to look at the folks around us, and particularly the younger folks.

One way is to get into the habit of regarding them as just common people,

destined to failure or to only mediocre things; and to be surprised when they exceed our expectations.

The other way is to form the habit of thinking of them in the biggest and best possible terms; of holding up the vision of large achievement before them and letting them understand that we expect them to climb high.

Whichever attitude we adopt we're bound to suffer certain disappointments; but personally I prefer to be disappointed by news of failure rather than by news of success.

When I hear that Johnny Dugan has been sent to jail for forgery I expect to exclaim "What! Little Johnny Dugan?"

But when they tell me that the Republicans have nominated him for Governor they need n't expect me to express surprise, even though he has red hair and never owned two suits of clothes as a boy.

Governor Johnny Dugan—"Of course: I always said you could n't keep that boy down."

FIRST HAVE A LOOK AT THE FIGURES

AT the very beginning of the war Lord Kitchener announced to his people that it would last for at least three years.

I can remember now the editorial that appeared in one of the most sedate and respected of our newspapers, taking him to task for his foolish statement. It was the one-sided view of a purely military man, said the editor. A three-years war was unthinkable: the common sense of the world would not permit it.

Kitchener is dead; but Kitchener was right.

He was not a very brainy man. On the contrary, his teachers found him rather dull and listless: men who conversed with him were embarrassed by his mental slowness. I will venture to say that the editor who wrote that article criticizing him was far more than his equal in all-round intelligence. But Kitchener's teachers noted

one bright spot in his otherwise indifferent school-record: *he was very good at mathematics.*

I sometimes think there should have been another Beatitude: *Blessed are the mathematicians, for they shall inherit the earth.*

It is the nature of us common folks to live on hope instead of facts. The eyes that we turn to the future are fitted with rose-tinted glasses. We see coming events shaping themselves as we would like to have them shape themselves. The thing that should be is the thing that will be, in all our prophecies.

Those cynical gentlemen who make their living on the stock-exchange recognize that quality in us and trade upon it. The public is always "bullish," in their parlance — by which they mean that every common man of us believes that the shares of stock which he has bought are sure some day to sell higher. We hold on to our shares, disregarding danger-signals, and long after the professional has begun to sell, we are buying still.

One reason why the prophet is never honored in his own country is that the true prophet must so often foretell unpleasant things; and the world does not like to face unpleasant things.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

No man among us would want to see that divine spark of hopefulness lost out of human character. Nevertheless in our optimism we would do well to remember this — that hope based on hard facts, *on a willingness to face the truth*, is a thousand times more useful than hope based on nothing but other hopes.

“Read Luke xiv: 31,” wired Cecil Rhodes to Dr. Jameson before the latter set out on his celebrated raid.

And Jameson, calling for a Bible, turned to that verse and read:

Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?

It is a good verse to read occasionally in days like these.

Apply it to your own affairs. Have you had occasion lately to take account of stock? Do you know in black and white just what the chances for you and against you are?

Suppose to-day you figure them up carefully and courageously, giving the odds against you full credit for their strength. If you are the man you ought to be, you will not be dismayed, no matter how strong the adverse figures may appear.

Indeed, you will find fresh courage in the fact that you have taken the full measure of your enemies — that the power which you present against them is made up not merely of hope, but of hope reinforced and made vital by fact.

WHY NOT USE OUR ISLAND OF YAP?

OVER at Ellis Island they are holding a big catch of anarchists and Bolsheviks, waiting for a boat to Russia whose owners don't care what kind of cargo it carries.

They are not an attractive looking crowd.

Most of them were poor, oppressed refugees fleeing from government or hunger when they came to us. We took them in, warmed them, fed them, gave them more money than they had ever had before; and while we were busy in the front yard, beating off a mob of Germans, they stayed behind in our home and plotted to destroy the furniture, turn out the members of the family and keep the house and all our possessions for themselves.

That sort of ingratitude — the utter

lack of any moral sense — is peculiarly irritating. So our government thinks it wise to send them back where they came from lest we might some day lose our self-control and be tempted to do them bodily injury.

It is one solution of the situation, but not a very satisfactory one. They will be just as bad neighbors in any other country and there is always the chance that they may escape and appear in our midst again.

A far better way would be to deal with them as Milton tells us the first Bolsheviks were dealt with.

Things in Heaven were going pretty well when a crowd of ungrateful spirits, headed by a gentleman named Satan, decided to overthrow the government and seize the kingdom for themselves.

They were defeated but no attempt was made to imprison them.

Instead they were given a secluded place all their own and allowed to do with it as they would.

It was an absolutely free place. No one had to work; all authority was re-

moved; there were none of the improvements that had existed in Heaven.

Of course they made a very distressing discovery: they found that the worst punishment that could be visited upon them was the necessity of living with themselves.

“Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell,” Satan exclaimed. He would gladly have made any surrender to get back to the Heaven whose government he had sought to overthrow. But the gate was closed.

I understand we received a prize at the Paris peace conference named the Island of Yap. I have never seen it; I do not know exactly where it is. But it sounds like a fine place to send Bolsheviks.

Why not buy out the present inhabitants and turn the Island over to the folks who don't like the way we run things here and are sure they could do it so much better?

Let them organize to suit themselves. Have no house-rules except the rule that no member may leave the island.

That seems to have been the divine plan of dealing with their forebears. When

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they rebelled against the Heaven God was conducting, He gave them a Heaven of their own.

And they promptly made it Hell.

THE SECOND MILE

THERE is a strange fact about business that I have noticed many times.

It may be expressed in this apparently senseless phrase:

A little too much is just enough.

A young man came to me yesterday to tell me his boss had been fired.

I was sorry for the boss; glad for the young man; and glad for myself. It proved me, for once, a good prophet.

For the same young man had met me three months ago and complained of his lot. His boss was loafing on the job, he said, leaving all the work of the department to him. "He gets the money, and I do the work," the young man exclaimed. "What shall I do?"

I told him to do more work.

"But I'm doing too much already!" he cried.

"I know it," I said. "Do more. Do so much more that everybody in the office

will notice it. Then see what happens.”

Well, it happened. The boss is fired: and he has the boss's job.

I read a great deal of biography: it is my favorite kind of reading. And nothing impresses me so much as to see how hard the great men of the world have worked.

Almost without exception, they have done more work than they needed to do: more work than the average man would have been willing to do: more than enough.

Take this extract from a book recently published — the life of Delane, the great editor of the London “Times.”

He read and edited himself everything that was to appear in the paper next morning — telegrams, correspondents' letters, the reports of Parliament. He selected the letters addressed to the “Times” that were to be published: he chose the books that were to be reviewed: he was scrupulous as to the way in which even small matters of social interest were announced and handled. This method of editing was infinitely laborious. Even when the “Times” was much

less than its present size, the task of reading, correcting, and controlling from forty to fifty columns of new matter every night was immense. But Delane never shrank from it.

I know editors getting fifty dollars a week who would consider themselves abused beyond endurance if any one suggested a day's work like Delane's.

Doubtless there were plenty of editors in London in Delane's own day who thought him a fool to work so hard. *If there were, we do not know their names.*

Posterity seldom does know the names of the men who are careful not to work too hard.

Dickens began life as a stenographer.

How hard I worked at that tremendous shorthand and all the improvements pertaining to it! [he exclaimed]. I will only add to what I have already written of my perseverance at that time of my life and the patient, continuous energy which then began to be matured in me, and which I know to be the strong point of my character, if I have any strength at all, that *there*, on looking back, I find the source of my success.

Bishop Butler worked twenty years on

his "Analogy," and then wanted to burn it because he thought it not good enough.

George Eliot read more than a thousand volumes before she began to write "Daniel Deronda."

Patient, continuous, ceaseless work. What the ordinary writer would have called too much the extraordinary writer thought hardly enough.

There is a verse in that great text-book on modern business, the Bible, which sums it all up:

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

Whosoever hires you to work eight hours, take advantage of him by working a little longer: whosoever compels you to do a certain task, do more than you contract to do.

It's the second mile that counts. All biography is a record of that truth: all business experience attests it.

The work that no man compels you to do is the work for which the world pays most.

A little too much is just enough.

“ WHICH KNEW NOT JOSEPH ”

IT'S a very old, old story; but it never needed retelling so much as in this present hour.

His name was Joseph, and he was carried away from home, and found himself in Egypt, a strange new land.

Because he was good-looking, and intelligent, and a hard worker, he rose rapidly until he became prime minister. Except the king there was no other man in Egypt more influential or more celebrated.

His relatives learned of his rise with interest. They followed into Egypt, and with his help they, too, prospered and were likewise influential.

It looked as though they were permanently provided for; as though nothing could happen to dislodge them.

But in a single generation; yes, in a little fraction of a generation, the unbelievable occurred. The people who were so contented, so free from all concern, were

hurled from their high position into the bitterness of slavery.

The thing that had happened to them is recorded in a single sentence. Joseph died.

“And there arose a new king in Egypt, *which knew not Joseph.*”

Only a few years since Joseph's death — and the new King knew nothing about him and cared less. His name had been a by-word in the ancient world: but a few people passed away, some new ones were born, and presto, he was as much forgotten as though he had never lived.

I would print that story large upon the office walls of thousands of men in these changing days.

On the walls of business men, for example.

Only last week I talked with a man who told me that his company controlled seventy-five percent of the business in its line a quarter of a century ago.

Today the company controls less than twenty percent. The men who owned it had grown self-satisfied; and almost over

night a new, virile competitor arose, and with advertising pushed the older company from its place of power.

Our fathers knew that older company well; but you and I have hardly heard its name.

A new generation has arisen, a new king, which knows not Joseph.

I would print it on the walls of writers, and of preachers, and of law-makers, and of every man who wants to see the race progress.

You think that you have told your story to the world, and that therefore your task is done. I tell you that over night a new world has been born that has never heard your story.

You think because the Gospel has been preached for 1,900 years that by that preaching the race must automatically be saved.

Every sermon preached as long ago as yesterday is already dead.

A little slackening of the effort; a little moment of self-satisfaction, and all the momentum gained by years of work is lost.

46 *It's a Good Old World*

For the world moves swifter today than ever before in its history. And even in the very instant of your self-content, the silence is shattered by the trampling of new feet.

Behold another generation has come, a new king who knows no precedents, in whose experience nothing is fixed:

A king in whose sight yesterday has been cold a thousand years; a king which knows not Joseph.

HE CALLED THE PRESIDENT " CHARLEY "

SOME weeks ago I left New York, where the talk was all of labor troubles and industrial unrest. Employers were locking the doors against their workmen; and labor leaders were calling out their followers on strike.

I went up into the middle of the State to an industrial city of twenty-two thousand people.

The vice-president of one of the large plants there took me around in his automobile.

" Any labor trouble? " I asked.

" Not a bit."

" Ever had a strike? "

" Not in seventy-five years. Why, if we did n't read the newspapers, we would hardly know what the word means."

Later in the afternoon I sat in the office of the president of another factory in the

same city. It is no small plant; the owners are just breaking ground for an addition that will cost more than a million dollars. Only one other company in its line does a larger annual business.

As I sat talking with the president, the door opened and the shipping-clerk came in.

"Shall we prepay that shipment to Louisville, Charley?" the shipping-clerk asked.

"We will this time, Al," the president replied.

I gasped. A concern whose goods are sold from coast to coast, a concern whose owners can build a million-dollar addition without asking any outside help! And the shipping-clerk calls the president "Charley!"

In that instant a big light dawned for me. I got a picture of a social organization far different from anything we residents of the big cities know.

Charley, the president, owns his own home; so does Al, the shipping-clerk. Charley raises vegetables in the back-yard,

to cut down his cost of living. So also does Al.

Charley's children go to the same school with Al's. Al's wife rides out occasionally with Charley's in the automobile. And Charley's wife calls on Al's when there is a new baby, or one of the older children is sick.

No jealousy, no suspicion. No profiteering on one side, or holding back on the other. The company is *our* company, not *the* company, to every man and woman in it.

From our present social troubles we are bound to reap some very large rewards. The troubles look black enough at times. It seems to have been decreed by Providence that the process of birth should never take place without the accompaniment of suffering and pain and tears. And it is a process of birth, not of death, that we are passing through in this reconstruction period. Out of it is going to come a new world — a world in which things will be better for the average man than they ever were before.

One of the developments, in my judgment, will be the removal of a good many industries from the smoke-laden air of the cities to the pure air of the country.

Where every family can have a home and a garden, and a man is a personality to his employer, not a number.

Where it is harder to forget that the business of industry is to create human happiness as well as to multiply wealth.

Where men stand side by side in mutual appreciation and respect —

And even a shipping-clerk named "Al" can call the president "Charley."

A COURSE OF READING FOR A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO RUN INTO DEBT

RECENTLY a young man wrote to ask me how he could borrow a sum of money for a certain purpose.

And I suggested that before he sought to borrow any money, he should read the biographies of Benjamin Disraeli and Balzac.

I would advise any young man who contemplates running in debt to read these two books.

Here is a note from Disraeli's diary, December 5, 1836. What a tragic vision it presents — one of the most brilliant men in England hesitating to accept a dinner-invitation for fear of being arrested for debt! He writes:

“Our county Conservative Dinner, which will be the most important assembly of its kind yet held, takes place on the 9th inst. I have been requested to move the

principal toast 'The House of Lords.' I trust there is no danger of my being nabbed, . . . inasmuch as, in all probability, I am addressing my future constituents."

In his later years Disraeli wrote these words:

"If youth but knew the fatal misery they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! How pale they would turn! How they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are disporting! Debt . . . hath a small beginning but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master, who haunts us at all hours and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. *Faustus*, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom more terrific."

How many hours of bitter agony and regret are mirrored in that paragraph!

Balzac's life is even more pitiable. I know of no more pathetic picture in all

history than that of this great genius, toiling relentlessly at his desk from two o'clock in the morning, adding story to story and novel to novel — afraid to pause for even a single hour lest his creditors close in upon him.

There are, of course, exceptional circumstances under which a young man is justified in running into debt. His debt may secure an education, for example, and so add greatly to his earning power. But be very slow to assume that *your* circumstances are exceptional.

Before you decide that *you* are justified in running into debt, read the lives of these two men, and the lives of Cicero, William IV, Bret Harte, Eugene Field and Mark Twain. They spent the best years of their lives in paying for dead horses. Each managed to be great in spite of constant, irritating financial worry.

But the world will never know how much greater they might have been had their minds been wholly freed for constructive work instead of burdened with the misery of debt.

ON MEETING AN INSIGNIFICANT MAN

WE had invited some friends to spend the evening with us; and when they arrived, *he* was with them. Rather short, and almost bald he was, and his hand, when he offered it, was soft and ladylike. Altogether, he seemed to me about as insignificant a bit of humanity as I had recently encountered.

I rather resented the fact that he had come along to destroy the balance of the party; and for some time we quite ignored him in the conversation. Then, out of common politeness, we addressed some question to him about the war. And an amazing thing took place. The little man spoke up with an amount of information and a calm confidence that were astonishing.

We led him on from point to point; and always he answered modestly, but with

facts that gripped our interest. From that moment the conversation of the evening centered about him.

“Who is he?” I asked my friend in a whisper as he prepared to go.

And he answered: “Why, don’t you know? That is Jones, one of the greatest chemists in this country. The Government sent for him when war was declared, and he probably knows as much about the real inside history of the past two years as any man in the United States.”

I only hoped, as I bade him good night, that he had not guessed, from my earlier attitude, how very insignificant and unworthy of attention I had considered him.

Once upon a time an efficiency expert boasted to me that a single glance was enough to form his judgment of a man. No matter what the circumstances of the meeting, he said, he could rely upon his first impression.

Perhaps he was right; but I doubt it. Would he, I wonder, have recognized in the shabby little lieutenant named Bonaparte, wandering the streets of Paris, the

man of destiny who was to conquer Europe?

If he had stood on the sidewalk of Philadelphia when a crude lad walked by with a loaf of bread under each arm, would he have seen beneath that rough attire the philosopher and statesman Franklin?

What about U. S. Grant, the middle-aged failure, delivering wood in St. Louis — unkempt, unshaven, regarded by his neighbors as a ne'er-do-well?

God sends great souls into the world clothed oftentimes in curious attire. And one misses much good-fellowship who thinks that from what men seem to be he can determine offhand what they are.

Along a country road in Palestine a group of tired men walked one afternoon toward sundown.

“Go ahead to the next village,” said their Leader, “and see if there we may find a place to sleep.”

After a little time they returned to say that the village would not receive them.

It was a busy day in the village; the inhabitants were preoccupied and proud:

what were a few travel-stained pilgrims to them! They trusted their first impression; it was a group of weary fishermen whom they supposed they had refused.

And so they lost for themselves and their village forever the opportunity to entertain His disciples and their Lord.

IT 'S A MOVING PICTURE WORLD,
AND THE FILM CHANGES
EVERY FEW MINUTES

IF some one had asked me on a certain day in 1915 to name three permanent human institutions, I might have answered:

The Papacy: the Bank of England: the Czar of Russia.

Maybe, on consideration, I could have given a better answer; but offhand that sounds fairly reasonable.

At nine o'clock that morning, so far as we knew, the Czar of all the Russias was as firm on his throne as Gibraltar. In my morning paper at least, there was no hint to the contrary.

And at six o'clock we opened our evening papers to discover him a prisoner, and Russia on the threshold of immediate democracy.

It was the kind of mental shock that is good for us: the war was full of such shocks.

We learned from it, in more dramatic fashion than ever before, this very necessary truth — that nothing is fixed, nothing is sure, nothing is changeless, in this whole wide world.

A man told me the other day about a conversation he once held with Jay Gould.

Gould got up from his desk, walked over to the wall, and pointing to a map of the United States, put his finger on the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

“There,” he said, “is the finest railroad property in the United States.”

That conversation took place only about a quarter of a century ago. A few months ago the common stock of the Missouri Pacific sold down to something like four dollars, and the holders of it paid an assessment of fifty dollars a share to rehabilitate the road.

So confident were the shrewd investors of New England in the everlasting prosperity of the New York, New Haven & Hartford that they invested the funds of widows and orphans and institutions in its stock. Ten years ago there was not a

banker in the United States who would have believed that stock could ever crumble away.

But the impossible happened: the change came.

Suppose a man graduating from college at any time in the past twenty-five years had wanted to pick out an absolutely safe profession,— one into which no unexpected change could possibly enter,— what profession would he have chosen?

Teaching in a college or university, probably.

University professors are almost never discharged: they are sure of work as long as children continue to be born into the world; and in old age they are taken care of by Carnegie pensions.

So he might have argued to himself.

But, behold, there comes a world war, taking away from a quarter to two-thirds of the students of our colleges with their tuition fees. The war ends; the students return; but the dollar has so shrunk in purchasing power that every college professor

in the land finds his secure living made suddenly precarious.

When Darwin was making his studies in evolution, working out the law by which lower forms changed through the ages into higher, he came across certain forms of life that, for some reason or other, had been incapable of change.

Their environment had shifted, but they failed to adapt themselves to the new environment.

So the tide of progress moved on and left them, stranded wrecks on the shore.

The business world is full of men of that sort. They say to themselves: "I know this job well enough to hold it the rest of my life. I can afford to take things a little easier. Nothing can happen now to change my life."

So, gradually, they lose the power of adaptation, which is the power of growth.

They are perfectly typified by the man described in the Bible, who said to his soul:

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease."

That night he died.

The one change which he had not foreseen came to him — and found him unprepared.

ARE YOU INDUSTRIOUS, OR MERELY BUSY?

I PRESUME the stage is partly responsible for it. Or perhaps the earnest young novelists who live in small towns and write novels about American business.

Anyway, some one or something has given us a portrait of the Successful American Business Man that is unlike any successful American business man whom I have ever happened to meet.

Our portrait represents him as snapping orders through a telephone while he munches his breakfast, stopping his automobile half way downtown to get off a couple of telegrams, rushing through a breathless day at the office, and dictating letters in his limousine all the way home.

As a matter of fact, nothing has impressed me as more characteristic of really big men than a certain suggestion of leisure, a kind of elevation above the lit-

tle maelstrom of detail in which the average man is caught up and whirled through the day.

He does big business without appearing too busy. You know, from the record of his achievements, that he must get through an enormous amount of work in a day: yet there seems to be nothing on his mind, when you meet him, but the subject you have come to discuss: and he apparently has all the time that is needed to discuss it.

I talked one day with President Wilson. His desk was piled with commissions and bills waiting to be signed; it was a time of great perplexity in foreign relations. I had rather expected to be warned by his secretary that I must leave in ten minutes, and to have those ten minutes frequently interrupted.

But the President talked for forty minutes. He pushed back from his desk and spoke of this thing and that, with no evidence of preoccupation, no more sign of being rushed or ridden by his job, than as if we were out fishing together, with the whole day before us.

Lincoln, of course, is the supreme example of the really great man's ability to carry his burden easily, with no suggestion of desperate haste.

The members of his Cabinet never grew fully reconciled to his habit of stopping on his way to Cabinet meetings to play a moment with Tad and his goat.

They were so terribly busy themselves — they could not understand a man who could carry a greater load, and yet have plenty of time to be friendly and good-natured and sympathetic.

Extreme *busyness* is a symptom of deficient vitality [says Stevenson]; while a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There are dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring those fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They can not be idle. Their nature is not generous enough, and they pass in a sort of coma those hours which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold mill. When they do not require to

go to the office, they are not hungry and have no mind to drink; the whole breathing world is a blank to them. This does not appear to me as being Success in Life.

Life is a good deal like a journey on a train.

Most of us go through with it huddled in the same seat, our noses buried in our work.

And once in a while we glance up rather enviously at the big, genial-looking man across the aisle.

He, too, works. But every time the train stops to change engines, he seems to find time to get out for a little stroll on the platform. His work has not prevented him from having some fun with his kid, and learning a good deal about the country through which he is passing, and making some good friends on the trip.

We ask who he is, and learn that he is a Captain of Industry.

It is an appropriate title. He *captains* his industry — commands it: it does not command him. He organizes it, and fits it into its proper place in his scheme of

life. He does not let it interfere with the important business of being sometimes idle.

He has learned to be effective and still unhurried.

To be industrious without being busy.

IF YOU ARE NOT TOO CAREFUL
WHO GETS THE CREDIT

YESTERDAY a man travelled two miles out of his way, and wasted two hours of his time, in order to call on me and make a complaint.

We had published a photograph taken by him, and had failed to put his name as the photographer in little type underneath.

It was our mistake, and I told him I was sorry about it: but as he left I thought to myself, "My dear sir, I have your measure to a quarter of an inch."

And I felt like warning him to be careful, in walking over the subway gratings, lest he should drop through one of the cracks.

For it is only little men, as I have observed, who are so tremendously concerned about the precise allotment of credit in this world.

I can not imagine Lincoln walking two miles out of his way to protest because his name had not been printed in little type.

He formed a Cabinet of men better known nationally than himself: four of them were sure that they were far greater than he.

Seward wrote to his wife: "Only one man can save the Union, and I am the man."

Stanton said to a friend who asked him what he was going to do in the Cabinet: "I am going to make Abe Lincoln President of the United States."

Chase from the Treasury Department conducted an open campaign for Lincoln's defeat and his own nomination to the Presidency.

Yet Lincoln — aware of it all — pursued his quiet way untroubled. He meant to save the Union; and if he could do it by submitting to Stanton's abuse, he would submit gladly.

If he could do it by suffering some personal humiliation at the hands of McClel-

lan and Fremont, it was a price he was glad to pay.

If Seward or Stanton or Chase were to have the credit when the thing was done, he did not care. The important thing was to get it done, let the credit fall where it might.

Have you read the story of Harriman's fight to save the Imperial Valley, as told by George Kennan?

In 1907 the Colorado River overflowed its banks, and threatened to destroy the valley. Though Harriman's railroads did not own any of the land in the valley, Harriman jumped in and spent \$1,500,000 to stem the flood.

When it became evident that another million or more would be required, he telegraphed President Roosevelt, and the President told him to go ahead, and practically assured him that Congress would reimburse him.

Harriman saved the valley; Roosevelt recommended his reimbursement; but Congress never acted on the recommendation,

and Harriman's roads have never to this day been reimbursed.

Shortly before his death, Harriman revisited the valley, and was met by a reporter.

"Mr. Harriman, the Government has n't paid you that money," said the reporter, "and your work does not seem to be duly appreciated; do you not, under the circumstances, regret having made this large expenditure?"

"No," replied Mr. Harriman. "The valley was worth saving, was n't it?"

"Yes," said the reporter.

"Then we have the satisfaction of knowing that we saved it, have n't we?"

Not much reward, you say, for the expenditure of two or three million dollars. But it's the only kind of reward that big men really value.

There is a wise old saying to this effect: "A great deal of good can be done in the world, if one is not too careful who gets the credit."

If your object in life is to get credit,

you 'll probably get it, if you work hard enough.

But don't be too much surprised and disappointed when some chap who just went ahead and did the thing, without thinking of the credit, winds up with more medals on his chest than you, with all your striving, have collected on yours.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A GRIZZLED VOTER

I WENT down to the fire-house in my precinct on the first Tuesday of November, and voted for woman suffrage, as has been my custom all these years.

And, to my astonishment, the next morning I read in the newspaper that it had carried.

I say astonishment, because almost nothing that I vote for ever does carry. On the day after election I look over the papers, and if a single Road Commissioner or Supervisor of the Poor on my ticket has pulled through, I consider that it has been a successful election for me.

Like Truth, I have grown accustomed to being crushed to earth. It doesn't worry me as much as it used to.

For, having watched many elections and listened to many campaign promises, I have noticed this — that the progress of

the world is n't permanently affected very much by turning one set of politicians out and putting another set in.

I continue to vote, as intelligently as I can; but I have ceased to feel as enthusiastic as I used to feel about the power of votes to usher in the millennium.

Maybe it's old age creeping on me; maybe I'm just plain old-fashioned. But I just can't believe that anything is finally going to turn the trick of saving the world but *simple individual goodness*.

It was Napoleon — a very successful politician — who said:

Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon sheer force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire *upon love*: and at this hour millions of men will die for him.

The empires, with all their machinery of election and of legislation, have passed away, leaving hardly a trace behind.

The Carpenter held no elections: He was president of nothing; secretary of nothing; He formed no committees, made

no stump speeches, cast no vote. Yet the influence of His simple goodness has outlived all the empires of the earth, and stands to-day the most potent force for righteousness and progress in the world.

I lunched the other day with a celebrated war correspondent, just back from Europe.

“There’s just one thing I’m sure of,” he said. “Everything else about the war and the future of the world is problematical. But this I know — *the world must be run by heart power after this*. We’ve tried brain power, and it does n’t work. The Germans developed it to its highest point of efficiency, and we have the results to-day. It’s got to be heart power from now on, or we’re all in; that’s all.”

And the home is the dynamo out of which heart power flows.

There were thousands of agitators and reformers at work in the United States in the days before the Civil War. They doubtless did much good work. But all their influence added together did not equal that of the simple woman in a log cabin

who gave us Abraham Lincoln, with a heart power great enough to reunite his fellow countrymen.

I welcome my sisters to the ballot-box. They will clog up the polling place a little more, and make me a bit later in getting down to the office on election day. But I'll forgive them all that, and I'll vote for all the reforms they think are going to do any good, so long as they will continue to give us sons like the Carpenter and Lincoln.

Meantime, when their pet reforms and candidates are defeated — as often they will be — let me commend to them Sam Walter Foss:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Reforms will come and go: Truth will

keep right on being crushed and rising again. Politicians will promise and fail to make good. Movements will wax and wane. But if enough of us build our houses alongside of Sam's, we 'll gradually turn this old alleyway of a world into a nice, respectable street, no matter who carries our precinct for alderman.

“THEY SAY” HAS MADE MANY
A GOOD MAN GOOD FOR
NOTHING

THE first steamboats built in America looked like wooden boxes with pointed ends.

Colonel John Stevens, their designer, concentrated his attention on his engines.

One day his son Robert conceived the notion that the boats would make better time if their bows were longer and more sloping. He designed a false bow of this sort, and built it on to a ship called the *New Philadelphia*, which slipped through the water so much more easily thereafter that it attained the great speed of thirteen and a half miles an hour.

Robert had to build his bow almost with his own hands.

He took it to his ship-builders, Messrs. Brown & Bell, and asked them to do it for him. But Mr. Bell declined.

“ *That bow will be called Bell's nose,*” he said, “ *and I shall be a general laughing-stock.*”

So a man who might have played a worthy part in the development of a great industry in America lost one big chance because he was afraid of the possible ridicule of people whose opinion, one way or the other, was worthless.

How many utterly drab and uninteresting people are there in the world who might have developed real personalities if they had only had courage to do and be something different from the crowd.

Every single forward step in history has been taken over the bodies of empty-headed fools who giggled and snickered.

Fulton, needing a paltry \$1,000 to complete the building of his first steamboat, at length managed to secure it. But the friends who lent it asked that their names be withheld from the public lest it should be known that they had any connection with so foolhardy an enterprise.

As I had occasion daily to pass to and from the ship-yard where my boat was in progress [he

says], I often loitered near the groups of strangers, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses or expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of "Fulton's Folly." Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, a warm wish cross my path.

Governor De Witt Clinton, pushing through the construction of the Erie Canal, which was so important a factor in the early upbuilding of the country, was hooted with cries of "Clinton's Big Ditch" and "Clinton's Folly."

Alaska, which has paid for itself so many hundred times over, was derisively referred to as "Seward's Ice-Box" when that courageous statesman negotiated for its purchase from Russia.

Remember this if you would accomplish anything worth while: *The crowd is generally good-natured, but its judgments are seldom the judgments of history.*

If you have anything really valuable to contribute to the world, it will come

through the expression of your own personality — that single spark of divinity that sets you off and makes you different from every other living creature.

A noted English schoolmaster used to have as his motto :

Never explain, never retract, never apologize. Get it done and let them howl.

It is a motto not altogether to be commended. He who governs his life according to it will not be an agreeable companion or accomplish the largest service under a government where the will of the majority must finally prevail.

But there is a rugged spirit of independence embedded in it that many men would do well to adopt.

You can afford to have a decent regard for public opinion : but you can never afford to let yourself get into the pathetic condition where what *they say* or may say will keep you from doing what ought to be done.

It's a hopeless condition to be in, because what *they say* to-day is not what *they said* yesterday or *will say* to-morrow.

“ For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine,” said Jesus, “ and *ye say*, He hath a devil.

“ The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and *ye say*, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.”

YOU HAVE KNOWN ABOUT HIM
ALL THESE YEARS: BUT HAVE
YOU REALLY KNOWN HIM?

SINCE we stand upon the threshold of His birthday, let me introduce you to the most attractive, most delightful young man in the world.

You have never known Him as he really is: all the pictures ever drawn misrepresent Him. They have made Him out a weakling, a woman's features with a beard — He who for years swung an adz and drove a saw through heavy timbers, who for long days tramped the borders of His loved lake, and would not sleep indoors if He could slip away into His garden.

An outdoor man He was, a man's man who could stand watch when all His friends deserted Him in sleep, and could face the tempest in a little boat calm-eyed and unafraid.

They have called Him a pacifist. How could they forget that day, I wonder, when in the midst of the hard-faced crowd He stood, and braiding a little whip, drove them out before Him?

Think you it was only the glance of righteous anger in His eye that sent them scurrying? I tell you that behind that little whip were muscles of iron, made strong by many years of labor, and a spirit that never once knew fear, not even in the presence of the cross.

I have met men long-faced and sorrowful, wagging their heads bitterly over the evil of the world, and by their very joylessness adding to that evil. And in their hearts they supposed that they were representing Him.

Think of it — representing Him, to whom little children flocked with joyous laughter, and men, beseeching Him to have dinner with them in their homes.

You remember the first of His miracles — or perhaps you do not. Too often those who claim His name have preferred to forget that miracle. It does not fit in

with the picture of Him that they have wrought.

He was at a wedding party with His mother and some friends where the merriment ran high. In the midst of it they came to Him in consternation. The wine had given out.

So He performed His first miracle. Just to save a hostess from embarrassment — and He thought it worth a miracle. Just to save a group of simple folk from having their hour of joy cut short — it was for such a cause, He thought, that His divine power had been intrusted to Him.

No one ever felt His goodness a cloud upon the company. No one ever laughed less heartily because He had joined the group. His was the gospel of joyfulness; His the message that the God of men would have them travel happily with Him, as children by a Father's side, not as servants shuffling behind.

They killed Him, of course, in the end, and sometimes I am almost glad — glad that He died at thirty-three, with youth still athrob in His veins, and never an

illusion lost or an ideal dimmed by age.

Claim Him, you who are young and love life; let no man dispute your claim.

For He too was young and is; He too loved laughter and life.

Old age and the creeds have had Him too long: I offer Him now to you — not in creed but in truth — Jesus of Nazareth, the joyous companion, the young man whom young men can love.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT — AND
THEN DON'T DO IT

IN Washington the other day I called on a high official of the Government, whose department has come in for a great deal of praise in the last few months.

I found him in his office, well and happy. And I said to him:

“When I called on you three years ago, you had just made a move that everybody thought was absolutely indefensible. In the Senate and House they were calling for your resignation. Various cities sent resolutions to the President demanding that a fit man be substituted in your stead.

“That was three years ago — and now you seem to be in danger of becoming a really popular character.”

He laughed.

“One thing a man has to learn in public office,” he said, “is that criticism is inevitable. The man who lets his judgment be

deflected from day to day by what the people think or say, will go on the rocks as sure as shooting.

“A man must trust his own judgment and conscience, and go ahead. Some day, if he has been true, the facts will come to light and justify him.”

Coming back on the train, I picked up Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," and read again the story of those bitter years of Civil War.

In the West was Fremont, brilliant, impetuous, conceited — the popular idol. Without consultation or authority from the President, he issued in his own name an Emancipation Proclamation. It was immensely popular in the North. Newspapers and public speakers hailed it as a stroke of statesmanship, and its author as the man of vision who *dared* while the President weakly hesitated.

The country did not know the full facts: Lincoln did. He knew that such a proclamation, issued at that hour, would do far greater harm than good. It would not help to save the Union; and it might throw

into the arms of the Confederacy those border States which had it in their power to win the war.

So he modified the proclamation.

When his order was made public, says Miss Tarbell, "a perfect storm of denunciation broke over the President. The whole North felt outraged. There was talk of impeaching Lincoln and replacing him with Fremont. Great newspapers criticized him, warning him to learn where he was tending. Influential men in all professions spoke bitterly of his action.

" 'How many times,' wrote James Russell Lowell, 'are we to save Kentucky and lose our self-respect?'"

And all the time Lincoln, knowing better than any of his critics, having in his own mind his own plan for an Emancipation Proclamation, held his peace, enduring the criticism, waiting for the proper hour.

Passages like that make me feel very reticent about exercising my divine right, as an American citizen, to denounce the Government.

So often, in our history, the events have

proved that those who were criticized had all the facts, and the critics only part.

So often men have slain the prophets and then erected mausoleums to them afterwards.

Criticism is an intelligent service in a democracy: but it is a very specialized job; and I, for one, am willing that it should be somebody's else job.

Generally speaking, there is safety in this rule, and a lot of solid sense:

Don't criticize until you're sure you're right.

Then don't.

Usually by the time you're absolutely sure, it will be too late, anyway.

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT
SPOT IN MY HEART FOR
JOSEPH

I HAVE always had a soft spot in my heart for Joseph, the true-hearted carpenter of Nazareth.

To Mary, his wife, the mother of Jesus, the world pays generous homage, and well it may.

Her faith was firm at the end; she was one of those who stood brave and trusting even at the foot of the cross.

The world remembers that; and generously forgets that there were times when her Son was too great a mystery for her. Times when she and His brethren would have locked Him up as mad, and when He spoke of them almost as though they were hardly worthy of Him.

We forget all this, and remember her at her best, and she deserves to be remembered.

But Joseph we remember hardly at all. Yet he must have been a wonderful man.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me”—Jesus said, holding out his tired arms, and smiling; even as His patient carpenter-father had opened his arms to his own children at the close of the wearying day.

Remembering such a scene as that I stand reverently before the memory of Joseph. This is his distinction—he so represented fatherhood to his own Son, that the Son could conceive of no more splendid title for God than the single title, “Father.”

There is no reward of riches for successful fathers; no distinguished service medal; no Victoria Cross.

We reverence Washington and Lincoln, Luther and Phillips Brooks; but the men who gave them birth and training have disappeared from our remembrance.

Yet I know of no business of greater compensations than the business of successful fatherhood.

Recently I was a visitor at two homes.

The first was a home of abundance; we ate on rich china, and sat afterwards amid expensive surroundings. I wondered that a man who had so much should seem to find so little satisfaction in it.

Late in the evening I discovered the truth.

“Men call me fortunate,” he said to me, “but they do not know what they say. I have made a failure of the only thing in life that counts. My son is worthless — and I let him drift into worthlessness.”

The other home was modest. The man who dwells in it will never be heard of beyond the limits of his own small town. But he has put humanity in his debt. The lives that he has brought into the world will shed glory on his name long after he has passed beyond.

He has paid the price, of course; he might perhaps have gone farther in business if he had been content to sacrifice everything to business.

But for years he has made it a rule to take some regular time each day to be a

comrade to his boys. Their reading, their sports, their problems are a first consideration on his calendar. In business he makes only his living; at home he is guiding and molding lives.

“Do not be concerned at my death,” murmured Samuel Wesley on his dying bed. “God will then begin to manifest himself in my family.”

The world has erected no monument above Samuel Wesley: he has been forgotten — as completely forgotten as though he had been a king of England or a millionaire.

But the influence of his character will not perish. His is the proud heritage of the friends of Joseph — the unobtrusive, unremembered fellowship of men who lose their lives in fatherhood

— and losing them, find an immortality in the undying influence of their sons.

“AND HE GOETH”

SEVERAL years ago when I had just been promoted to my first real job, I called on a business friend of mine. He is a wise and experienced handler of men; I asked him what suggestions he could make about executive responsibility.

“You are about to make the great discovery,” he said. “Within a week or two you will know why it is that executives grow gray and die before their time. You will have learned the bitter truth that there are *no efficient people in the world.*”

I am still very far from admitting that he was right, but I know well enough what he meant. Every man knows who has ever been responsible for a piece of work, or had to meet a pay-roll.

Recently another friend of mine built a house. The money to build it represented a difficult period of saving on the part of himself and his wife; it meant overtime work and self-denial, and extra ef-

fort in behalf of a long-cherished dream.

One day when the work was well along, he visited it, and saw a workman climbing a ladder to the roof with a little bunch of shingles in his hands.

"Look here," the foreman cried, "can't you carry a whole bundle of shingles?"

The workman regarded him sullenly.

"I suppose I could," he answered, "if I wanted to bull the job."

By "bull the job" he meant "do an honest day's work."

At ten o'clock one morning I met still another man in his office in New York. He was munching a sandwich and gulping a cup of coffee which his secretary had brought in to him.

"I had to work late last night," he said, "and meet a very early appointment this morning. My wife asked our maid to have breakfast a half hour early so that I might have a bite and still be here in time."

"When I came down to breakfast, the maid was still in bed."

She lives in his home, and eats, and is

clothed by means of money which his brain provides; but she has no interest in his success, no care whatever except to do the minimum of work.

“The real trouble with the world to-day is a moral trouble,” said a thoughtful man recently. “A large proportion of its people have lost all conception of what it means to render an adequate service in return for the wages they are paid.”

He is a generous man. On almost any sort of question his sympathies are likely to be with labor, and so are mine. I am glad that men work shorter hours than they used to, and in certain instances I think the hours should be even shorter. I am glad they are paid higher wages, and hope they may earn still more.

But there are times when my sympathy goes out to those in whose behalf no voice is ever raised — to the executives of the world, whose hours are limited only by the limit of their physical and mental endurance, who carry not merely the load of their own work, but the heartbreaking load of carelessness and stolid indifference

in so many of the folks whom they employ.

Perhaps the most successful executive in history was that centurion of the Bible.

“For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me,” he said. “And I say to this man go, *and he goeth*; and to another, come, *and he cometh*; and to my servant, do this, and *he doeth it*.”

Marvelous man!

The modern executive also says “Go,” and too often the man who should have gone will appear a day or two later and explain, “I didn’t understand what you meant.” He says “Come,” and at the appointed time his telephone rings and a voice speaks saying: “I overslept and will be there in about three quarters of an hour ”

They hoped it would be a King
to raise their hopes and comfort
But that did not come a little boy
that made a woman cry

“IN A MANGER”

JUST a group of simple shepherds they were: going about their jobs as usual, with no suspicion that this night would be different from any other.

And to them, of all men in the world, the heavenly vision came.

In *their* ears, mingled with the noises of their daily toil, the angel voices sounded.

Thousands of men were looking eagerly for the appearance of the Messiah that night — as they had looked for His appearance every night for years.

Surely with great acclaim He would come: in a King's palace, with signs and wonders to restore His chosen people.

And while their eyes were fixed on high to see the great event, lo, the great event took place at their very feet; and they never saw it.

He came to the world out of the depths, not on the heights. They found Him “lying in a manger.”

It often happens so in life.

There is in the world to-day a man who has toiled terribly that he might achieve a vast success.

He has piled dollar upon dollar and business upon business. Mounting to the top of the great pile which he has made, he has looked longingly for a glimpse of the thing worth while; and he has not found it.

While, only one short block from his home, in a little cottage, surrounded by his red-cheeked children, a man who will never have ten thousand dollars to his name looks out on life through reverent eyes, and finds it wonderful.

Not in the palace on that street will one find the Kingdom of Happiness: but in the little cottage.

Even as they found Him, years ago, lying in a manger.

There is another man who cherishes in his heart the vision of a reconstructed social order.

He hopes by laws and ordinances, and by this and that, to hedge the people in and

mold them so that they must be good in spite of themselves.

His mind is full of social betterment: and in his heart is no appreciation whatever of the people whom he seeks to better.

He has no confidence in them.

He forgets that it was from them Lincoln sprang.

He forgets that it was the French Revolution, in spite of its violence, and not the thought and plan of statesmen, that started the modern world on its great roll toward democracy.

Almost every great movement has grown up from below. Yet he does not understand it. He thinks to hand improvement down, like old clothes, from above.

He seeks the millennium from on high: and behold, at his very feet, the millennium is slowly working itself into being.

Even as the great beginning of the millennium came, not in a king's palace, but in a manger.

It is an easy thing to fix one's eyes on the distant splendor, and, pressing toward it,

lose the nearer splendor that lies everywhere about.

It is a temptation to say, "I am so busy with the great work I am doing, my activities are so important, that I can not be bothered about little things."

He who was born in a manger was never busy. With the burden of the world on His shoulders, he was not too preoccupied to hear the cry of a single blind man.

Wearied by anxious hours of toil, He was not too weary to open his arms to little children.

"Take time to live each day in simple friendliness"—this would be His message to you.

"The Kingdom of Happiness lies, not far off, but close about you."

It was thus that the shepherds discovered it.

In the midst of their daily job the heavenly light broke around them: with the noises of their *regular, routine labor* in their ears, the voice of the angel sounded:

"Ye shall find Him . . . *lying in a manger.*"

WHY YOUR EYES ARE IN THE FRONT OF YOUR HEAD

IN 1833 a clerk in the patent office at Washington handed in his resignation.

It was an interesting document, touched with pathos. He had found the work congenial, he said; he was sorry to leave it. But his conscience would not allow him to continue to draw pay under false pretenses. There was no more need for a job like his. Every possible invention had been conceived and patented; there was nothing left to invent.

In 1833 — and nothing left to invent! Before the railroads had spanned the continent! Before electricity lighted our streets and moved our cars! Before the telephone, or the wireless, or the steamshovel, or the dynamo! At the very threshold of the greatest period of mechanical advance that the world has ever known, this young man threw up his hands.

A large section of the human race, in

any age, belongs to the class of that mistaken young man. You find men at every period, their eyes gripped by the past, looking forward, when they look at all, only to shudder and to fear.

They were the people who criticized Jefferson bitterly because he paid the enormous sum of 60,000,000 francs for the worthless tract of land beyond the Alleghenies. Fortunately he withstood their criticism and persisted in his extravagant, high-handed course, and the richest agricultural empire in the world was added to our territory at a cost of less than four cents an acre.

They sneered at Fulton when his steamship lay building in the dry-dock. The idea of a fool supposing that he could run a boat without the aid of wind or tide!

And the children of these men of little faith stand to-day aghast at the prospect of what may happen to the world in the months that are before us.

I met a few days ago a rich man who shook his head lugubriously. "I am turning everything I can into gold or Govern-

ment bonds," he said, "and I am not so sure about the bonds. We are going to have terrible times; mark my words."

The same day a laborer spoke to me, nodding sagely. "I tell you we have no idea of the troubles that are coming to us," he said. "Europe is bankrupt, and we are on the way."

They did not need to tell me that we are to have some trying times: I know it as well as the next man. You cannot shake the earth from its very foundations, and expect to set it back in place again without a jar.

But I know this — which they do not know, or do not believe, at least — that the world, with all its times of trouble, still moves ahead. No man can play a big part in the world who does not believe in the future of the world.

There is a thrill in the thought of the days ahead — with the rising of peoples long oppressed, and the overturn of customs long outgrown. Suppose it does cost us part of the money we have saved; we're young and can make some more.

Suppose it does throw some of us into new jobs; there 's joy in a job that is new.

It is pleasant to read the history of the past — but the wise man does his historical reading at night when the day's work is done. During the working hours he keeps his eyes on the great and glorious and thrilling future.

For eyes were made to look forward; that 's why they 're placed in the front of the head.

WOULD YOU BE GREAT? THEN
EXPECT SUFFERING: FOR IT IS
THE STUFF GREATNESS IS
MADE OF

I HAVE been reading the tragic, inspiring story of a great man.

His work has enriched the life of every generation since his own: but his life was a long, dark day of suffering.

This man was Ludwig von Beethoven.

He was born in a humble cottage in Bonn in the year 1770. His parents were poor, but that is a minor matter. The parents of most great men have been poor.

Tragedy entered Beethoven's life not by reason of his parents' poverty, but because they were utterly incapable of appreciating the fine spiritual gift that was in the boy.

His father had no thought but to exploit the son's musical talent. At the age of eleven he was playing in theater or-

chestras and carrying burdens far too heavy for his young shoulders to bear.

His health was poor: there were none to appreciate his genius: and in the glory of his young manhood, when he was just beginning to feel his power, his life was clouded by an irremediable calamity. He began to lose his hearing.

Think of it!

A musician, dependent on the fine harmony of sounds for his success — and deaf at twenty-six.

Poverty-stricken, unloved, betrayed and flouted by the nephew for whom he had sacrificed everything, this unconquerable spirit yet gave to the world music that has gladdened the hearts of millions of men and women in every land.

I have no friend; I must live alone [he said]. But I know that in my heart God is nearer to me than to others. I approach him without fear; I have always known him. Neither am I anxious about my music, which no adverse fate will overtake, and which will free him who understands it from the misery which afflicts others.

And at another time:

I want to prove that whoever acts rightly and nobly can by that alone bear misfortune.

No man can read these words, remembering Beethoven's life, without feeling his own soul enriched and strengthened.

It is a significant thing that a large proportion of the great lives of history have been conceived in suffering and nurtured on disappointment and pain.

We think of Lincoln as the great storyteller. But if you would know the real Lincoln, look at the deep lines in his face.

Napoleon conquered the world; yet he almost never laughed. He was never really well; never rose from his bed feeling rested; he was so depressed as a young man that he seriously contemplated ending his life.

It was a famous writer who said: "What has been well written has been well suffered."

"The lives of the great heroes were lives of long martyrdom," says Romain Rolland in the "Life of Beethoven" from which I have quoted. "A tragic destiny willed their souls to be forged on the anvil

of physical and moral grief, of misery and ill health."

There is this consolation to you in your hours of disappointment and distress — that suffering is the stuff out of which true greatness grows.

Yield to it weakly, and it will destroy you. Rise a conqueror of it, and by that act you become a finer spirit, a greater man or woman.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," said Jesus of Nazareth.

By "lifted up" He meant "lifted up on the cross"—crucified. Only by His suffering and death could He become the Cure and Saviour of the world.

There was no short cut, no easier way, to greatness and glory for Him: and there seldom is for any man.

IF THERE WERE ONLY A TAX ON TALK

AT a public dinner some weeks ago five speakers were scheduled. It was agreed that each would speak for twenty minutes — a hundred minutes of oratory, all that any patient audience ought to be called upon to stand.

The first man spoke twenty-two minutes.

The second man spoke twenty-five.

The third man stood on his feet and rambled along for an hour and forty-four minutes!

The other two speakers, with an amount of Christian charity and common sense not often found among platform habitues, had meanwhile folded their tents and gone home.

The speaker has an unfair advantage over a writer.

Any reader of this piece can, at any moment, decide that it is not worth reading, and move on (as doubtless many do).

But no man rises in the middle of a public address, jams on his hat and stamps down the aisle.

We are held by a certain convention of courtesy: and nine speakers out of ten presume upon that fact.

Only once in a blue moon does a man arise and, without palaver, drive right to the point, making his statement in a few crisp words, and sitting down before we are ready to have him stop.

Such a one leaves us gasping with relief and admiration: we would with the slightest encouragement, shout for him for President. He glistens in our memory; and we mention his name with a certain awe when the names of speakers are told.

Brevity is so popular a virtue that I cannot understand why more speakers do not cultivate it.

It is one of the keys to immortality.

Two men spoke at Gettysburg on the same afternoon during the Civil War. One man was named Everett, the leading orator of his day; and he made a typically "great" oration.

What reader of this page has ever heard it referred to; or could repeat a single line?

The other speaker read from a slip of paper less than 300 words. His speech — Lincoln's Gettysburg Address — will live forever.

Greeley used to say that the way to write a good editorial was to write it to the best of your ability, then cut it in two in the middle and print the last half.

When a reporter complained to Dana that he could not possibly cover a certain story in six hundred words, Dana sent him to the Bible:

“The whole story of the creation of the world is told in less than six hundred,” he exclaimed.

Everything is taxed these days except talk: and no tax could be more popular from the standpoint of the patient consumer.

The tax should be graded, like the income tax. Let speeches of five minutes or under be exempt; from five to ten minute speeches, ten per cent; ten to fifteen min-

utes, fifteen per cent. Over thirty minutes, sixty per cent; and over an hour 100 per cent, with double taxes on all speeches in Congress.

Only by some such rigorous treatment will the spoken word regain a position of respect; and silence receive the honor that is its due.

There is one historical character who has fascinated me. His name was Enoch: the honor conferred upon him has been enjoyed by no other; yet his whole biography is written in less than twenty words.

“And Enoch walked with God: and he was not: for God took him.”

So far as we know he was the only man ever selected by the Almighty as a walking companion.

And there is every indication that he was a man of very few words.

THE GREAT GOD "MUST"

A FEW days ago a successful man sat in my office discussing his business.

"Our organization is all right; we're showing good profits," he said. "The only thing we lack is a boss that can make things hum as they used to in the old days when we were poor and struggling.

"The best thing that could happen to the business would be for me to lose all my money. I don't have to worry any more; I don't have to work — and try as he may, the man who does n't have to work can't put the same fire into it as he did when his living and his future were at stake."

The next afternoon at the club I ran into a college mate whose father left him plenty of money. He had as much ability as any man in his class; and he has worked at one job and another after a fashion. No one could accuse him of being shiftless.

But always in the back of his mind was the consciousness that he did not need to work. If he lost the job, if it proved unpleasant and he quit, nothing vital was sacrificed. He still could live and wait to look around for something more according to his fancy. So while some other men, who have had to hustle from commencement day, have made real places for themselves, he still is holding jobs — none of which seem to him quite worth holding.

There is something in all this worth remembering in days when the air is so full of schemes for reorganizing the world on an easier basis. All the socialistic systems I have ever heard of, all the plans for substituting governmental ownership for private ownership, break down when you ask this impertinent question:

“But how are you going to get men to work?”

William James, the psychologist, pointed out long ago that even the most ambitious of us live at about half our actual capacity. It's only when we are stirred by a great demand, an insistent ne-

cessity, that we accomplish the sort of things that make us proud of our humanity.

The war proved that to millions of men.

We subscribed for Liberty Bonds away beyond our capacity to pay; we didn't see how we could possibly work our way out. Yet we did work our way out. We did because we had to.

I have seen writers become so well fixed financially that they could take things easy.

"Now I can do really fine work," they say. "I have leisure, and can wait until I am fully rested and then produce a masterpiece which will show no trace of pressure or necessity."

And usually they produce nothing at all.

Most of the great works of art have been the creation of men who needed food and drink and room-rent. Old Mother Hubbard when she went to the cupboard and found not even a single bone, was then in perfect condition to sit down and write a first-class novel, or carve an immortal statue or start a beauty parlor that would have made her rich.

We need a little more clear-thinking

these days — a new gospel of work, and a new definition of independence. We have talked about independence as though it meant leisure, freedom from responsibility, the opportunity to loaf.

But real independence is mastery — the proud consciousness of being able to do a task a little better than the average, and the assurance that the task itself will provide the reward of every legitimate desire.

We want the world to be every year an easier and happier and more comfortable place. But our progress toward that end will be mightily diminished if we ever institute a social system that banishes the iron mastery of the great god "Must."

PUT GREAT MEN TO WORK FOR
YOU: IT DOESN'T COST
ANYTHING

CONSIDERING that it costs nothing, I am surprised that so few people have the great men of the world working for them.

Personally I should hardly know how to get through a week without their help.

I am in a business that has no office hours: there is no one except myself to assign my work and see that it gets done. And frequently there are days when I kick against my boss and do not feel like doing any work at all.

For such days I have discovered a remedy. I go to my desk a little early, and instead of starting at once to work, I pick up the biography of some great man and read a chapter out of the most interesting portion of his life.

After half an hour or so, I am conscious of a new feeling. My spiritual

shoulders are straighter, my reluctance has disappeared. I say to myself: "How trivial is my task compared with the marvels he achieved." I am on fire with his example, eager to make the day count.

The discovery that great men can be drafted for help in even the humblest office is not original with me. Many another has profited by it; Emerson, for example:

"I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution," he says. "We are emulous of all that men do. Cecil's saying of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'I know that he can toil terribly,' is an electric touch. So are Clarendon's portraits of Hampden; 'who was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts'; — and of Falkland: 'who was so severe an adorer of truth that he could as easily have given himself leave to steal as to dissemble.' We cannot read Plutarch without a tingling of the blood; and I accept the saying of the Chinese Mercius: 'A sage is the instructor of a hundred ages. When the manners

of Loo are heard of, the stupid become intelligent, and the wavering, determined.' ”

There is in biography an antidote for almost every mood.

'Are we discouraged? A half hour with Lincoln, carrying patiently his great load, never once losing faith, makes me properly ashamed of myself.

Are we inclined to be afraid? It stirs new depths of courage in us to read of Stonewall Jackson, whose motto was: "Never take counsel of your fears."

Do we vacillate between two courses of action? There is in all literature no such warning against vacillation as the pitiful uncertainties of poor Cicero.

I would commend these willing helpers to every man who finds his task sometimes heavy beyond his individual strength.

There is no limit to their service. The fact that I employ them does not keep them from working with equal efficiency for you. They answer at a moment's notice, and may be dismissed peremptorily without the slightest hurt upon their feelings.

In their companionship is the secret of mental and spiritual growth. It is fairly easy to be as great as our contemporaries. It is hard to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps to distinguished effort and achievement.

But these great men, any one of us may make his own contemporaries and companions if he will; and there is no danger that we will outgrow them.

They are a daily stimulation to that which is best and most effective in us — they stand out like golden peaks of achievement along which even the least of us may climb a little nearer to his best ideals.

HEZEKIAH IS DEAD: BUT HIS FORMULA STILL HOLDS GOOD

THERE is a certain man among my acquaintances who, with a little less ability, would have made a splendid success.

That sounds strange; but employers of men will understand it: they will have a picture right away of the kind of man he is.

In his boyhood he mowed lawns, like the other boys: also he ran a lemonade stand, and managed a newspaper route, and was forever figuring out a new scheme.

He graduated from high school and entered business with great promise. But he had not been at work three months before he was running a couple of little private businesses on the side.

So he has continued through life — cursed with the unhappy gift of being able to do three or four things at once.

He ekes out a very fair income to-day,

drawing it in little bits from half a dozen different sources.

But he is getting along in life, and there is no one single business of which he can say: "I made it." He has scattered himself so widely that there is not one spot in the world's life that bears the permanent imprint of his effort.

Twice he has almost broken down from overwork. And four of the men who were his boyhood play-mates — men who were satisfied to mow lawns and attempt nothing else — have plugged along, each in a single business, and with far less ability than he, have reached a higher place in the world.

I was reminded of him last night, in running across a reference to Lord Mount Stephen, in the new biography of James J. Hill.

George Stephen — he became Lord Mount Stephen afterward — was the son of a carpenter in Dufftown, Scotland. He worked for a time in a shop in Aberdeen, but was brought to America at an early age, and became one of the makers of

Canada, and a power in the British Empire.

In 1901, visiting Scotland, the carpenter's son was presented with the freedom of the city of Aberdeen; and this is what he said:

Any success I may have had in life is due in great measure to the somewhat Spartan training I received during my Aberdeen apprenticeship, on which I entered as a boy of fifteen. To that training, coupled with the fact that *I seem to have been born utterly without the faculty of doing more than one thing at a time*, is due that I am here before you to-day. I had but few wants and no distractions to draw me away from the work I had in hand. It was impressed upon me from my earliest years, by one of the best mothers that ever lived, that I must aim at being a thorough master of the work by which I got my living; and to be that I must concentrate *my whole energies* on my work, whatever that might be, to the exclusion of every other thing.

Concentration — with the exception of *honesty*, it covers a larger measure of the secret of success than any other word.

I once asked a very successful man how

he was able to get so much done and still have leisure time.

"I pick up only one paper from my desk at a time," he said, "and I make it a point not to lay that paper down until I have settled the business that it involves."

I was present in his office when a friend came to offer him a participation in an enterprise that promised to be very profitable. He answered:

"I can't do it, Jim. I don't need the money. And no amount of money could possibly compensate me for the nuisance and inefficiency of having to carry two things on my mind at the same time."

If you want a very good example of how big things are done, read the description of the creation of the world as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

It is a fine little treatise on efficiency.

An enormous job, but no hurry, no rush, no confusion.

One day the creation of light — nothing else. The next day, the firmament. The third day, the creation of land and its division from the waters.

One thing each day, followed by a good night's sleep, and a full day's rest at the end of the week.

The world has never improved on that formula for success.

It was the formula of Hezekiah, who refused to dally with side-lines or attempt more than one thing at a time.

“And in every work that he began he did it *with all his heart — and prospered.*”

THE FINE RARE HABIT OF
LEARNING TO DO
WITHOUT

CURIOS things come to light when men are dead and the lawyers are busy with their estates.

Some months ago, in New York, a bank president died. I had never seen him, but his name was familiar enough, and I supposed that of course he must have left a considerable fortune.

Apparently every one else was of the same opinion, including even the business associates who knew him best.

Imagine, then, their surprise when it was discovered that, instead of an estate, he had left debts of thousands of dollars.

Had he lost heavily in the market? No; apparently, he never speculated at all. Foolish investments? No. Women and wine? No.

Incredible as it seemed, this man whose income was more than a hundred thousand

dollars a year got rid of it all, not in gambling or dissipation, but in the everyday expenses of living.

He had come up through the various stages of bank employment to the presidency of a great institution; and at every point in his career his expenses were in excess of his income.

Even when the income crossed the hundred-thousand-dollar mark, it was still a few steps behind. Never for one moment had he been the master of his life. At a hundred thousand a year he was as much the slave of circumstance as any twelve-dollar-a-week clerk whose expenses are fourteen dollars.

An extraordinary case, you exclaim. Yes — but extraordinary only in the size of the figures involved. In all other respects the gentleman was typical of a large percentage of his fellow countrymen.

A general, he was, in the unfortunate army of those who take orders of their fears, and march day after day to the music of a piper whom they can not afford to pay.

What a curious phenomenon it is that you can get men to die for the liberty of the world who will not make the little sacrifice that is needed to free themselves from their own individual bondage.

All of us are born into the world free: and immediately we begin to get ourselves into slavery to things.

We let the number of things that are necessary for our daily life multiply to such an extent that we have neither time nor money for the things that really count.

I stood the other night in a big store, looking around at the shelves. And it came over me with a sudden shock that, of all the hundreds of articles displayed on the shelves around me, hardly a single one was considered a necessity by my grandfather.

None of them were included in the lives of the ancient Greeks, who gave birth to more great men than any similar period of history has been able to produce since.

Once a year at least I like to get down Thoreau's "Walden" and read it over again: and I pass on that good tonic to

any of you who may not have discovered it.

Thoreau was a Harvard graduate who built a hut for himself on the shores of a little lake near Concord, Massachusetts, and lived in it for two years and two months.

For eight months of the period he kept careful financial records; and in that time his total expenses, including the cost of his house, were \$61.99, of which he earned by raising vegetables and by occasional day labor more than half.

He threw worry out of the window; reduced his living expenses to a point where he could provide them with the labor of a very small part of his days; and so freed the remainder of his life for reading and writing and tramps through the woods — and useful thought.

We can not all do what Thoreau did; but, at least, the war helped us to learn the lesson of his example.

It set us to questioning of each element in our lives, Is this worth what I have been paying for it?

And to pondering on the important truth that no man is so independent as he who has learned to do without.

IT RUINED MICHELANGELO: AND IT CAN RUIN YOU

LINCOLN said a wonderfully wise thing one day.

“I have talked with great men,” he said, “and I cannot see wherein they differ from others.”

Too many of us have a distorted notion of great men: we see them only on their successful side, and imagine that they have no other. As a matter of fact, the great man is precisely like ourselves, a mixture of success and failure, of joy and deep depression. And very often if we would study him upon the side of his failures, we might learn more useful lessons than those that his successes teach.

No greater genius existed in his generation than Michelangelo. With such magnificent abilities he should have been a happy man: yet he was of all men most miserable. His letters abound in melancholy laments.

What was the secret of his misery? Failure to apply himself? From boyhood into old age he worked incessantly.

Extravagance? He denied himself even the ordinary comforts, to say nothing of the luxuries of life.

No, his tragedy lay within himself — partly in a pessimistic temperament inherited from his father, but chiefly in this fatal weakness: *he never had the spiritual courage to say "No!"*

Before he had well begun one work, he allowed his patrons to force other commissions upon him. He undertook too many things. And as a result, in agony of spirit over promises unfulfilled, over work begun and left half done, he passed his miserable days.

Modern society is in a conspiracy to ruin men as Michelangelo was ruined. It comes with a thousand conflicting claims.

"Be chairman of this," it asks; or "Go on this committee"; or "Leave what you are doing and tackle this new job."

And no man accomplishes anything really worth while unless he learns early

to harden his will and to utter that little word *no*.

“How did you come to discover the law of gravitation?” a pretty woman asked Sir Isaac Newton.

“By constantly thinking about it, madam,” the great man replied.

Newton might have served on a hundred committees; he might have invented a patent churn; he might have made some money in the stock-market in those years when he was “constantly thinking” about gravitation. But he held himself firm to his single purpose, and did the great thing, resolutely refusing the thousand tempting diversions.

It's a curious fact that most children learning to talk can say “no” long before they can utter the syllable “yes.” Yet men find it so easy to say yes and almost impossible to say no.

In that fact lies the secret of many failures. It ruined Michelangelo — that fatal inability to say “No!” And it will ruin any man who does not set himself resolutely on guard against it.

DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING
VERY STARTLING FROM
AN ORACLE

IN his home one evening I talked with a successful business man; and he said to me something like this:

“ Each year in business I learn a few new things; and each year I discover that a few of the things I learned the year before are not so very true, after all. So when I come to strike a balance the annual increase in wisdom is n't anything very great. But of four truths I am entirely sure.

“ Very early in my business career I learned that it is never wise to say: ‘ I will never work for so and so,’ or ‘ I will never live in such and such a place.’ Youth sets out with a good many such prejudices which it regards as convictions. But as time goes on, one discovers that ‘ no man ever had a point of pride that was not

a weakness to him.' I will work for anyone to-day who is honest and who has something to give me in the way of advancement or knowledge that I do not already have; and I will live anywhere that my work calls me.

"A little later I added this second bit of knowledge. I quit trying to tell other men what they ought to do with their lives. A man's career is a matter to be settled by himself, his wife and his Creator. I will help when my help is asked, if I can; but I will not take the presumptuous chance of sticking my finger into the wheels of any other life unless I am specifically invited.

"Later still I concluded never to say to any man, 'If you don't do so and so, I'll quit'—because one day one of them answered quite properly, 'All right, then quit.'

"Fourthly and finally," he said, "I have learned never to slight a young man. There is a double reason for that, of course. In the first place, it's good religion. Every older man ought to be a

kind of unofficial trustee for youth. But in the second place it's good business. It may be an exaggeration to say that any boy can become President of the United States. But it's certain that any office boy may be purchasing agent or general manager or president of his company ten years from now. And when he arrives, I want him on my side."

Nothing very startling in all this, you say; not a very imposing array of knowledge for a man to have gathered in thirty-five or forty years. Very true; but the more you listen to successful men, the more you are impressed by the fact that the only bits of truth they value are truths so old that most of us learned them all in Sunday school.

Honesty is the best policy; no hard work is ever lost; what a man sows, that shall he reap — these are about all that the average wise man is sure of. And they are enough.

The Greeks had an institution which they called an oracle — a place where the voice of the gods might be heard. Usu-

ally the utterances of the oracle ran somewhat after this fashion: "Go at the enemy as hard as you can, and if you fight better than he does, you will win."

Millionaires are the modern popular oracles; a good many men gather around them, thinking that some day the great one will give them a tip by means of which they may succeed. I have listened to several millionaires; and what they say is usually very sound and true — so sound and true, indeed, that it has been long ago accepted by the race and may be found in any good first reader.

ON HEARING FROM MANY UNHAPPY HUSBANDS AND WIVES

IN an unguarded moment, when I was the editor of a magazine, I invited letters on the subject "My Marriage"; and the letters came, not in hundreds, but in thousands.

I confess that the reading of them left me with a certain sense of depression — so large a percentage were from wives who do not like their husbands, and from husbands who wish they had never married their wives.

Of course, I might have expected that, if I had thought about it in advance; and there is in it no real cause for discouragement.

Happy nations, according to the old saying, have brief histories; and the same is true of contented couples.

"Oh, nothing ever happens to us," the

happy wife or husband says, a bit wistfully. "We just float along from day to day; we hardly know where the time goes."

But the individual who is not happy supposes himself something unique in the world. He broods over his troubles; he wonders why Heaven has set him apart from all mankind to bear so great a disappointment. And, feeling thus, he embraces every opportunity to ease his spirit by complaint.

There are many men and women in the world, of course, who have no right to expect to be happily married.

They misinterpret marriage. They embark upon it as if on some sort of picnic; whereas a single moment's serious thought ought to convince them that it is the greatest and most difficult profession in the world.

They remind me of the man who was asked if he could play the violin, and answered: "I don't know; I never tried."

Marriage is not a pleasure excursion. It is a business to be studied; a kingdom to be conquered; a mine of precious treasure,

which reveals itself only in response to patient work.

Men who study years to master the comparatively simple professions of law or medicine or journalism suppose that the mere accident of their being males is all that is necessary to make them successful husbands.

Girls who have never learned to carry through capably the simplest operations of life dance blithely into the most intimate and subtle and baffling of human relationships. And, naturally, there are wrecks.

Sorrow and disappointment in some degree come to all of us, deserving or undeserving: no couple can hope completely to avoid them. But there are certain rocks in the channel of the good ship *Marriage* that ought to be cleared away at the very start. The rock called Money, for example.

"I hate to ask John for money," said a wife to me last week, "because if I don't ask him I'll probably get more."

No woman ought ever to have to ask her husband for money.

She ought to have a *salary* — a fixed, regular part of her husband's income, deducted *first*, not last; and apportioned to her with the understanding that it is hers, not because he gives it to her, but because she has earned it by her contribution to their common life.

Until the world recognizes that the business of contributing children to the race and training them is the most splendid of all professions, far more important than anything that any man does in any office, and ought to be paid for accordingly, we shall continue to have wives "asking" their husbands for money, and marriages going into the discard on that account.

Most of all, no man or woman can be permanently happy unless each has within himself some green pastures on which his soul can feed; some reservoir of contentment and self-sufficiency, created by himself for his own refreshment.

The restlessness of the modern woman that we read so much about, the envy of men and women toward people who seem better off, rise largely from the false as-

sumption that what is outside a man or woman has the power to create or destroy happiness.

Nothing outside yourself can make you happy, if you are barren inside.

“The kingdom of heaven is within you.”

On that great undying truth successful marriages always have been and always must be built.

WHAT MAKES MEDIUM-SIZED MEN GREAT?

A MAN had died, and the whole city mourned his going. At a club we were discussing him, reminding ourselves of one characteristic and another that had endeared him to us.

Finally a man whose name is famous spoke.

“You know our friend hardly had a fair start,” he said quietly. “Nature did not mean to let him be a big man. She equipped him with very ordinary talents.

“I can remember the first time I heard him speak. It was a very stumbling performance. Yet, in his later years, we regarded him as one of the real orators of his generation.

“His mind was neither very original nor very profound; but he managed to build a great institution, and the imprint of his influence is on ten thousand lives.”

The speaker stopped, and we urged him on.

“How then do you account for his success?” we asked.

“It is simple,” he replied. “*He merely forgot himself.* When he spoke, his imperfections were lost in the glow of his enthusiasm. When he organized, the fire of his faith burned away all obstacles. He abandoned himself utterly to his task; and the task molded him into greatness.”

A few days afterward I spent some hours in the home of a very wealthy man.

“Young men come and ask me to use my influence in their behalf to secure them this or that promotion,” he said. “And I am amazed, not by their requests, but by the attitude toward life which prompts them.

“I feel like saying to them: ‘The very fact that you spend your time and thought campaigning for another position proves that you are not worthy even of the position that you now hold.’”

Then he went on to speak about his own career, which started with the salary of

an office boy and has carried him so far.

“I never asked for an increase in salary,” he said; “I never asked for promotion or even thought about it. I had only one single thought — how to make that company as great and as influential as it possibly could be. I believed that by extending its influence we were extending human happiness; more than anything else, I wanted to see it reach people in every corner of the world.

“We made that vision come true; and those of us who achieved it discovered that the company to which we had given our lives, had given them back to us a hundred times richer than our own selfish thought and planning could possibly have made them.”

It is Emerson who somewhere says that the average run of men fret and worry themselves into nameless graves, while here and there a great unselfish soul forgets itself into immortality.

Many hundred years before, a much wiser Man had said: “For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whoso-

ever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

A rather cryptic utterance; so contradictory in sound that the majority of men pass it by unheeding.

But now and then there comes a man who, sensing its truth, harnesses his life to it, forgetting every selfish thought and purpose.

Often he knows himself to be a little man; or, at best, only medium-sized.

But the world, beholding the marvel of his influence, remembers him and calls him great.

THE GREATEST SPORTING PROPOSITION IN THE WORLD

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was one of the ablest and most attractive men of his time. Yet he made this fundamental mistake: *he picked out the wrong thing to live for.*

Looking about to see what was most worth while in life, he decided for fame and fortune and thought they might most surely be secured through the favor of Queen Elizabeth. For her favor he demeaned himself, and neglected his wife, and was constantly in petty intrigues unbecoming his talents.

At the end the fickle queen turned upon him and cast him into London Tower. And her successor sent him to the block.

Every age has its quota of Sir Walters: strong men who trade their lives for this or that, and at the close have traded themselves empty-handed.

✓ And no man has more important business than to determine very early what is really worth having — being sure that the object he selects is one that can be depended upon to satisfy him not merely through his full-blooded years, but up through the testing hours at the last.

What is such an object? Money?

I wish that every young man in the world could see, as I once saw, a man who had bartered his soul for money, and who woke one morning to discover that it had vanished overnight. Surely a possession that can so quickly fly away, and that leaves such shriveled souls behind it, cannot be the supreme good.

Fame? Political preferment? Horace Greeley was as famous as any man of his period; he let his ambition carry him into the race for the Presidency, and losing the race, died of a broken heart.

There is a finer formula than either of these. Plato stated it, centuries ago:

I therefore, Callicles, am persuaded by these accounts, and consider how I may exhibit my

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soul before the judge in a healthy condition. Wherefore, disregarding the honors that most men value, and looking to the truth, I shall endeavor to live as virtuously as I can; and when I die, to die so. And I invite all other men, to the utmost of my power; and you too I in turn invite *to this contest, which I affirm surpasses all contests here.*

A great game in which the player is a man's best self on the one side, and on the other all the temptations and the disappointments and the buffeting of circumstance.

The game of making yourself the best you can be, let Fate say what it will; of so investing the years and the talents you have as to cause the largest number of people to be glad, the fewest to be sorry, and coming to the end with the least regret.

"Be diligent," wrote Polycarp to Ignatius. "Be diligent. Be sober as God's athlete. *Stand like a beaten anvil.*"

I do not know how any man can stand like a beaten anvil who has only money to stand upon; or only a reputation that may vanish as quickly as it came; or a

ribbon which is pinned on his coat to-day and may be taken off to-morrow.

But let him have invested his life in the mastery and the cultivation of his own best self, and he has laid up riches that cannot be lost.

Whatever obstacles, whatever disappointments may come, are merely added chances against him, contributing to the zest of the contest.

And in the end he has this surpassing reward, a clear conscience and a vision unafraid — the prize of the victor in the greatest sporting proposition in the world.

TO A CAN OF BEANS — PLANTED AND CANNED BY OURSELVES

IT is five o'clock on a winter afternoon. Looking out from my office on the fifteenth floor, I see thousands of lights in the offices all about me. Thousands of offices, all full of people.

And I wonder again to myself, as often before, how they all live. Through what intricate stages of evolution have we come from the days when our ancestors raised their own food, made their own shoes and clothes, and lived their simple, self-contained and self-supporting lives!

What millions of artificial wants we have created to support this vast organization of modern business!

Thousands of people — packed into great hives, one tier above another —

Retailers living off wholesalers; wholesalers living off manufacturers: and all living off the farmer.

What would happen if for one single year the farmers should decide to quit work and come to town?

I watch the lights flicker out as one man after another closes his desk and starts for home.

And in my heart I can not repress a slight feeling of superiority toward them — poor dependent folk. They are going home to meals that come to them only by grace of the good nature and effort of honest tillers of the soil.

Part of my meal will come to me in like manner. But part of it —

Part of it is beans. Last summer I delved in the earth and raised them with my own effort. And in the kitchen of our little white house we imprisoned their flavor and fragrance.

Only food raised by one's own toil is perfect food.

All beans have strings — all but the beans that we raise on our own place.

I have eaten in the homes of the mighty, and never yet have I encountered sandless spinach. But the sand in the spinach that

we raise — ah, just a trace of sand. A superior, far more edible sand. A kind of healthy sand, to give strength and fiber to the system.

As a favorite melody played in the evening brings back the memory of glad days, so those melodies in cans — our beans and corn and spinach — carry to us, even into the twilight of winter, the summer hours that were, and are to be again.

Hours when we woke up with bird notes in our ears and the fragrance of the rambler calling to us. And after breakfast, taking our hoe in hand, we went out to the little plot of land which a few weeks ago had been nothing, and which by our effort had become a part of the battle-line of Europe, a feeder of the world.

The winters no longer have any terror for me: I cut them short at either end.

For the beans of last summer's canning carry the sunshine of that garden clear into February: and in February the seed catalogs arrive, with the scent and sunshine of the garden to come.

I commend to you that system of rob-

bing winter of its terrors: I counsel you to start to-day to warm the shaded places of your soul with the thought of next summer's garden.

There is greater need for food this year than ever in the modern world — so you shall have the satisfaction of those whose duty is well done.

There will be better health for you in the digging — and that alone is reward enough.

But, more than all, you shall have that special sense of independence as you walk among the mass of your dependent fellow men — the proud elevation of one who needs not to ask of any man, since in his own cellar he hath beans, raised on his own good soil, canned by his own right hand.

LINCOLN PULLED THROUGH, AND SO SHALL WE

ONE of the wisest observations in the world was made by our old friend Mr. Dooley.

“Lookin’ around me, I see many great changes takin’ place,” he said; “but lookin’ back fifty years, I see hardly any change at all.”

Unless one gets a certain perspective on what is taking place about him, his life will be one succession of panics.

It is necessary to take a long look; to realize that human nature does not change; that in any age the same set of circumstances will produce about the same results; and that, slowly but surely, certain great principles are working themselves out in the world.

This is the value of reading history. And right now is a good time to do a little

reading of history; a few hours spent with a *Life of Lincoln* will be especially reassuring.

You are worried because the Government at Washington seems so dawdling and ineffective.

See how Lincoln dawdled with the rebellion: postponing the relief of Sumter until it was too late; allowing things to drift while the South armed itself with government equipment and gained the advantage of superior preparation.

It depressed you to see a United States Senator making a vulgar attack upon a man like Herbert Hoover, who sacrificed every personal interest to serve the nation.

All right. Before you give up hope, turn back and read the attacks that were made upon Lincoln.

Our enemies of the late war were three thousand miles away; but the enemies of 1861 were at the very door of the Capital; and still Congressmen talked and Senators worried about their patronage.

Your faith in democracy is shaken because it seems impossible for the politicians

to put aside their petty interests even in the face of national emergency.

Lincoln, wrestling with the problem of saving the Union, was so besieged by office-seeking politicians that he exclaimed: "If the twelve apostles were to be chosen again, I suppose they would have to be distributed according to geographical divisions."

And at another time he burst out upon a delegation of Senators who wanted Seward's head:

"You gentlemen, to hang Mr. Seward, would destroy the government!"

If the state of the public mind for the past few months were to be represented by a chart, the line would look like the record of a fever patient's temperature.

One day we were excited by reports of German weakness and Allied success; and up went our hopes of early peace. The next day, with no special developments, our thoughts turned to the inefficiencies of Washington, and we were thrown into deep despair.

A long view is necessary: the sooner we

train ourselves to take it, the happier and more effective we will be.

The war was won by the Allies, because democracy fought on their side, and the whole trend of the world since the Reformation has been toward democracy.

But it had its ups and downs: there were days of good news and days of bad. The wise man held his spirits in check on both days, looking toward the final result, and allowing himself to be neither unduly elated nor unduly depressed.

A monarchy, as some one said, is like a trim, tight yacht. It is easily handled, and those on board are dry and warm. But once it hits a reef it is a total loss.

A democracy is a raft; those on board have their feet in the water most of the time, but they can not sink.

The very things that serve to make us inefficient in war — free speech, unlimited debate, a government organized for peace instead of war — are the very things that make life worth living for us in normal times.

And one reason why we pray for the de-

mocratization of the world is *just because* democracies make war so ineptly. Our hope for the future is founded on this — that before two democracies can get in shape to hurt each other very much the passions of their people will cool.

Be patient with the ineptness, the inefficiencies, and the extravagances of democracy. Lincoln pulled through in spite of them; and so shall we.

—

“ THEY WHO TARRY BY THE
STUFF ”

LOOKING back over the history of some of the previous wars in the world, I came across the campaign which David waged against the Amalekites.

They had swarmed down upon his home district during his absence on important business, and had burned his city, Ziklag. When he returned, it was to find smoking ruins, and the women of the city gone, including even his own wives.

So he set out with six hundred men, to seek revenge. Four hundred men he kept with him to do the fighting, and two hundred he ordered to “ tarry by the stuff.”

The battle was fought, the Amalekites defeated, and the victors returned laden with their spoils.

They were flushed and greedy with their conquest: they looked with scorn upon the two hundred men who had not fought. Why should they who had risked their

lives divide with those who had remained behind?

But David, looking at both groups of men,— those who had borne the burden of battle and those who at home had kept the country and its possessions safe,— replied:

“As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike.”

And the account continues: “It was so from that day forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day.”

I am thinking of those men who wanted to go to war and could n't; of those who were compelled to “tarry by the stuff.”

I know how they feel: I have talked with dozens of them.

They read the stirring news of war in every paper: they heard the bands play and saw the flags wave: one after another, their friends appeared in uniform.

And inside themselves the fight went on — the call to the colors against the call of the duty that lay at home.

I wish I might point out to those men this one great truth:

Wars are full of curious phenomena: and one of the most curious is this — *that often the nation that wins a war really loses it.*

Germany won the war with France in 1870. Her troops marched home triumphant: out of Paris rolled a great train loaded with the indemnity of millions of marks.

And what happened?

The prosperity that followed that indemnity corrupted the moral fiber of Germany. The flush of conquest made militarism the national god. Out of that ill-gotten victory grew all the crassness that has had its final fruitage in the war just ended.

And France, shorn of her egotism by defeat, forced by her indemnity to practise thrift, grew stronger and firmer and finer than she had ever been before.

The years that followed our Civil War make up the least attractive period of our history.

Go through the country and you can pick out almost unerringly the houses that were constructed in that period — ugly architecture, mirroring ugly thoughts.

Politically it was the period of the bloody shirt: spiritually it was noisy with agnosticism: financially it saw speculation and corruption, ending in the panic of '73.

We won the late war on the battle-field.

The question is, shall we win it also at home?

Shall there emerge from the war a thriftier nation, living more simply and more wholesomely; a more unselfish nation, trained to sacrifice; a more spiritual nation, dedicated to a great ideal?

The man who could not go to war, but who devoted himself unselfishly to service here at home, need not feel that he had no part in the great conflict.

Let him not for one moment forget that he was helping to make America's military victory a moral and a spiritual victory as well.

Helping even while he "tarry by the stuff."

THAT FINE OLD FAKE ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS

SEVERAL years ago I had a talk with a veteran of the Civil War.

I can see him now as he sat on his piazza, stroking his white whiskers and talking to me lugubriously.

A crowd of high-school boys passed us, shouting and jostling each other: and the old man, watching them with sad eyes, made them the text of his dissertation.

“The moral fiber of our youth is deteriorating,” he said sorrowfully. “Why, at their age I was carrying a gun in the defense of my country. When I look at those thoughtless boys and think what might happen to our country if another war should come, I give you my word, sir, I shudder.”

The good old man is gone beyond all shuddering: but I wish so much he might have lived.

For another war came.

And the poor old country that he worried about had nothing but those thoughtless boys to depend on.

Nothing but those thoughtless boys — indeed. One day I picked up the local paper from that town, and there were their pictures — hundreds of them, all in uniform.

Transformed overnight from thoughtless boys into men by their country's need. Just as he and his companions were transformed, fifty years ago. The same sort of crisis, the same boy-stuff, and the same glorious result.

Of all the fine old fakes that have enslaved the human mind, there is none greater than the myth of the "good old days."

The Greeks were subject to it, looking back always to their fabled "Golden Age."

The Hebrews had it also. They worshiped the memory of Abraham who was dead, and made life miserable for Moses who was alive.

"Woe unto you! because ye build the

tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous," said Jesus, "and are yourselves the children of them which killed the prophets."

We Americans are subject to the same delusion.

We look back to the great departed days of the Revolution, when every man was a patriot, and nobody thought of anything but the glory of his country.

Yet only the other day, in the letters of one of the founders of the Republic to another one, I read this sentence:

"What a lot of scoundrels we had in that second Congress, did n't we?"

A successful man recently said to me: "My partner is very gloomy about the national outlook. He thinks that the government is in the hands of fools, and that we face very disastrous times."

And I said to him: "I have never met your partner, but I will describe him to you. He is about fifty-five years old, and his health is not as good as it was, and he has quite a good deal of property."

My friend acknowledged the portrait.

“ But how did you know? ” he asked.

And I told him that you may guess a man's age by knowing in what direction his eyes are pointed.

Youth looks straight ahead into the future, firm-eyed and confident. Middle age is likely to look to the side, saying to itself: “ So-and-So, who walks beside me, seems to be better off than I.”

But this is the sign of old age — that it looks behind and talks sadly of the “ good old days.”

Let not that baneful sign be fastened on you: let no one convince you that the world does not progress.

For we live, as President Wilson says, in a time that calls for “ forward looking men ”—men who, looking through the eyes of faith and confidence, can see the *coming* of the “ good old days” just over the next hill-top — straight ahead.

EVERYBODY HAS SOMETHING

HERE is a passage from a very discouraged man:

“If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell. I awfully forbode I shall not. To remain as I am is quite impossible. I must die to be better, it appears to me.”

Another man equally spiritless wrote this:

“Why, forsooth, am I in the world? Since death must come to me, why should it not be as well to kill myself. . . . Since I began life in suffering misfortune and nothing gives me pleasure, why should I endure these days, when nothing I am concerned in prospers?”

Poor miserable failures. When the price of white paper is so high why should I be allowed to soil a page with the outpourings of such incompetents?

Well, the author of the first passage made a considerable reputation for himself in later life; his name was Abraham Lincoln. And the other cry of defeat was uttered by a gentleman named Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is a very popular notion in the world that men are divided into two classes — the fortunate and the unfortunate.

In the one class are those to whom every good gift has been given. They have health, and joy in living and the natural capacity for achievement.

The other class includes those who, by some handicap beyond their ability to conquer, are kept from being the successes that they ought to be.

This is the popular notion, I say, a notion invented by us ordinary folks as an alibi for our own short-comings. We like to assume that the reasons for our mediocrity are beyond our control — that if only we had been given more health or more money or more education or more something or other, we would have been something very different. It pleases us to in-

dulge ourselves in envy toward those who just could n't help succeeding.

But what are the facts?

If any man ever lived and attained remarkable success who did not have some serious handicap to contend with, I have failed to discover that man in my reading.

Beethoven could not possibly become a great musician. He began to grow deaf at twenty-six.

Pope had a wonderful alibi for not trying to amount to anything. He was a hunch-back.

Demosthenes stammered; Julius Cæsar had fits; Lamb was tied to a clerk's desk; Byron had a club foot; Dr. Johnson was a constant sufferer.

Whether success is worth the effort and sacrifice to attain it has been much debated. You and I may, if we choose, decide that a comfortable mediocrity is the most satisfactory answer to the problem of living.

We have a perfect right to that decision.

But let's not fool ourselves with the idea that some handicap is responsible for our mediocrity. The difference between great

men and the rest of us is chiefly a difference of spirit — of determination and the will that refuses to recognize defeat.

Nature is a very jealous distributor of gifts. Nobody gets a 100% equipment for life. The game is to see how much we can do with the cards we have to play.

The real good sports do not talk about their handicaps; but you can depend on it that if you knew all the facts you would discover that every one of them has something.

WORKING FOR IT — AND MAKING IT WORK

THIS is the tale of two farmers, both of whom are dead. As a youngster I visited one of them. He and his wife were earnest folks, who worked hard every day and saved money. The world thought them honest and thrifty.

But *honest* and *thrifty* are better words than either of them deserved; *penurious* and *sordid* describe them better. Never in all my life have I entered a home where the worship of money was so constant and oppressive.

At meal time the talk was all of the cost of food, until the lettuce looked like dollar bills to me, and the butter gleamed like gold.

For money the woman denied herself every comfort and satisfaction, dying dried-up at forty-five. A little money spent for medical care would have saved

the life of the son of the house, but the family debated the expenditure until it was too late, and sacrificed the boy.

So for the last twenty years of his life the old man lived alone, figuring over again the hoard that might have represented so much in happiness and growth and love.

He told me once that he had more than \$16,000 in the bank; and even then he did not understand that the \$16,000 was the price of his soul.

The other farmer left a good deal less than \$16,000 when he passed out; most of the money he might have hoarded had been invested in things more enduring than stocks and bonds.

Some of it went into the education of his children, who are the finest, most progressive citizens in their county to-day. Some of it went into books and into trips, while he and his wife were still young enough to get the largest enjoyment out of the trips.

He had no slacker dollars which moth and rust corrupt; every dollar that passed

through his hands had to do its maximum work in buying happiness and friendships, and family pleasure and growth. So, open-heartedly, he lived, and died as one who knew full well that life had withheld no good thing from him.

John Ruskin tells this incident:

“Lately, in the wreck of a Californian ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with two hundred pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterward at the bottom. *Now, as he was sinking, had he the gold, or had the gold him*”?

We are all passengers working our way on a ship that is destined in the end to sink.

Some of us work for money, some make their money work — and in the difference between those phrases lies often the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful trip.

For real wealth, as Ruskin says again, “is the possession of the valuable by the valiant.” It may consist in gold and silver, or in books, or a home, or the love of little children, or the capacity to laugh.

But it is never mere money, hoarded at the sacrifice of life.

Such money no man ever owns: it owns the owner, works him pitilessly, robs him of the joys of life, and in the end destroys him.

WHEN MEN COME UP TO THE END

A VERY prominent manufacturer of pianos and pipe organs died some years ago. And this is the story that is told of him.

He was very near to the end; the family were gathered about, when a maid entered the room hesitatingly and announced that Joe, the organ tuner from the factory, was at the door.

“Send him up,” said the dying man; and Joe came up.

“Joe, I want you to go down stairs and put the organ in first class condition,” he commanded. “We expect to have a large gathering of people here in a few days, and every note must be right.”

Can you picture the scene? Does n't it make you a little prouder of belonging to the human race, when you think about it?

Some weeks ago the directors of a na-

tional institution held their annual meeting in New York. The President, who has been kept alive for the past five years only by the power of an indomitable will, addressed them:

“In order that the interests of the institution may be conserved, I feel that you should at this time consider who is to be my successor,” he said. And with them he discussed quite impersonally various candidates who might fill his place when he should be dead.

The doctors have told him that he cannot possibly live more than another two years, and may die at any moment. He knows their verdict: it affects him not at all. Up to the last breath he will keep going, all thought of himself buried in his devotion to his task; and he will die as he has lived, fighting to the last breath.

There are those who run from the thought of death, as children run from the dark. No magazine should mention the word, they say; it is an “unpleasant subject”—morbid and depressing.

On the contrary it seems to me that there

is nothing more inspiring than to see the way in which the brave men and women of the world have walked unflinchingly to the end.

“My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness toward all men,” said Robert Emmet, the great Irish patriot.

With those words he shook hands with some persons on the scaffold, presented his watch to the hangman and assisted in adjusting the rope around his own neck.

“Carry my bones before you on your march, for the rebels will not be able to endure the sight of me alive or dead,” Edward I instructed his son.

Even at the end of the path, his eyes were fastened on the future and fear was swallowed up in his determination for the success of his enterprise.

Draw a line through human history at the time of the birth of Christ, and compare the last words of men who died before that date with the words of those who passed on afterwards. The contrast is illuminating.

Before He came men went shuddering into oblivion. After Him the great souls of the world passed through the gate as conquerors, merely changing their armour in preparation for another and more glorious crusade.

Sir Henry Havelock, approaching his last hour, called his son to the bedside:

“Come, my son,” he cried, “and see how a Christian can die.”

The object of Christianity is to teach men better how to live; but it would have justified itself a thousand fold had it done nothing except to teach men how worthily to die.

Not as victims; not as baffled players in a game where all must finally lose; but as men — a little lower than the angels — faithful, self-confident and unafraid.

IF YOU CAN'T FALL IN LOVE
WITH YOUR JOB, FOR GOOD-
NESS' SAKE CHANGE IT

A YOUNG man writes me this letter :
“ I am employed in the post-office
at \$100 a month. The salary is sufficient
to keep my family comfortable, but I sim-
ply loathe the work. I see no chance of
promotion in it, and it demands so many
of my evenings that I have practically no
home life at all. Don't you think that
under these circumstances I am justified in
looking around for something more con-
genial? ”

My answer to him is: Every day you
remain in that post-office is a day lost out
of your life. You are to live only once.
What is the very best thing a man can get
out of life?

To be happy in his work and at home.

You are happy neither in your work
nor at home. You are wasting the only
existence that will ever be yours in this
world. You will come to the end of your

road and, looking back, will say to yourself: "I was cheated. Other men had life and happiness: I had only life."

No matter what the immediate sacrifice, find your real place in the world — the job that will call out your whole best self.

For until you have found it you bear on your forehead the mark of discontent that employers shun. The stars in their courses fight against you.

"No matter what your work is, let it be yours," said Emerson. "No matter if you are a tinker or a preacher or a blacksmith or president, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, *and you open the door by which the affluence of heaven and earth shall stream into you.*"

I know of nothing so inspiring as to read the lives of men who were in love with their work.

Agassiz, the great naturalist, used to say that he believed "the fishes would die for him just to give him their skeletons."

Edmund Halley, the astronomer, was another happy workman.

Finding, in his youth, that other astronomers had undertaken to catalogue the stars of the northern hemisphere, he loaded a telescope on a boat and started to the southern hemisphere. On shipboard he was busy every minute, and made important discoveries.

Then it occurred to him that if one could study the transit of Venus — that is, observe Venus at the time when her orbit crosses the orbit of the sun — one could gather data from which to figure the weight of the sun, its distance from the earth, and many other important facts about the solar system.

But the next transit of Venus was not to occur until 1769. It was almost certain that Halley could not live that long.

As a matter of fact, he died in 1742.

But when 1769 rolled round, the astronomers of that day found all ready and waiting for them the formulæ which Halley had prepared.

The man who had loved his work so whole-heartedly in life lived on triumphant

over death. His devotion had won him immortality.

I should want to be paid at least \$50,000 a year to be president of a brewery or a civil engineer. Because I hate beer and mathematics.

But I write editorials at a few dollars less a year, because I love it.

And, loving it, I know that I shall some day make a comfortable living.

For there is a competency for any man in any job in the world into which he can put his whole self enthusiastically.

“He did it with all his heart,” as I have quoted of Hezekiah before, “*and prospered.*”

THE BUSINESS OF DISTRIBUTING
MEDALS HAS RATHER GOT
INTO A RUT

I MET him in the smoking car, and he told me he was a steel worker, on his way to find a job in one of the new shipyards. I remarked that the wages must be very large in the shipyards.

“On the contrary,” he answered, “I shall be making less than I made at home — and I’ll be away from my family besides.

“But I *had* to do it,” he continued, and his eyes flashed as he spoke. “It’s my way of doing my part — my contribution to the men that are fighting to make this a safe world for my kids.”

When he left the train I reflected that this is one of the unfortunate facts of war — that it calls forth the sacrifice of the whole nation, and honors the sacrifice of only a very few.

We have the Congressional medal for the man who, in one moment of valor, hurls himself over the trench; and nobly, in truth, does he deserve it. But where is the medal for the man who, day after day, quietly, unobtrusively, does his job, as conscientiously as if the very safety of the Republic were dependent on it?

The farther I go in the world the more I distrust the mere outward signs of greatness—the titles and the bank rolls and the popular applause.

More and more I pin my faith to the spirit in which a man's life job is done.

"If God were to send two angels to earth," said Stephen Tying, "one to sit on the throne of England and the other to sweep the streets of London, the service of the two would be equally honored in His sight."

I am not writing to reconcile men who have failed, to failure; I have no sympathy with any man who weakly contents himself with being less in the world than his best.

But I grow very impatient with the kind of talk and writing which would make us

believe that there is only one sort of courage — the courage of battlefield; and only one sort of success — the success of money, and fame.

Every man has in his heart the seeds of courage; and every man the possibilities of success.

It may be success in finance or in brick-laying; in government or in gardening. It matters not: the measure of it is the same.

And that measure consists not in wealth or titles, but in a man's own self-respect, his own deep-lying consciousness that he has, with the tools that were given him, done his level best.

There lived one time a man named Moses whose experience with democracy was not altogether encouraging.

He saved his people from slavery; and a good part of the time they grumbled at him for doing it.

“Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets!” he exclaimed one day. By which I take it that he meant, “Would to God there were a spark of divinity in them that would make them

capable of wider vision, a larger measure of self-sacrifice."

Had he been able to see a little deeper, Moses might have discovered that his wish was fulfilled: that there is in every man precisely the divinity for which he yearned.

War discovers that divinity as no other great experience can. All around me I see merchants, and day laborers, and farmers who have risen to a height of self-sacrifice which is a revelation to themselves and to all who know them.

It is our misfortune that there is no outward symbol with which to reward that splendor. The business of awarding medals has fallen into certain well-defined ruts.

Perhaps some day we shall see more clearly and reward with greater wisdom, honoring equally the sacrifice of the battlefield and the sacrifice at home.

For both are sparks of the same divinity — twin manifestations of the presence of the same great Oversoul.

THE FINEST INVESTMENT YOU
CAN MAKE IS TO HELP THE
RIGHT YOUNG MAN FIND THE
RIGHT JOB

IN an office not far from mine is a man thirty-six years old whose title is "Office Manager."

So far as salary is concerned he is not a failure. He makes a living for himself and family; he carries a little life insurance and saves a little money.

But in his heart he knows he has failed; he is a woeful, pathetic misfit.

Nature intended him for a farmer: he wanted to go to an agricultural college, and his father sent him to a business school instead. The call of the soil is in his ears, and he must stifle it with the click of a typewriter.

He is one of the vast army of those whose brief time on this earth has been largely lost because they never found the work for which they were made.

When I consider how vast that army is, and the bitterness of its tragedy, I marvel that fathers do not consider the question of their sons' careers with prayer and fasting.

Instead of which there are many men who treat the lives of their sons as though they were mere pawns in the game, to be moved lightly here or there.

Michelangelo wanted to be an artist: from his earliest days in school he neglected everything to be busy with his pen. Yet his father and uncles, far from welcoming his interest as a direct gift from Heaven, "beat him cruelly, for they hated the profession of artist, and, in their ignorance of the nobility of art, it seemed a disgrace to have one in the house."

John Adams's father tried by main force to settle the boy at a cobbler's bench for life.

Handel's father despised music and would not have a musical instrument in the house.

Tennyson's grandfather, tossing the lad ten shillings for an elegy on his grand-

mother, remarked: "There, that's the first money you ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."

When Lowell's father learned that his son had won the prize offered by Harvard University for the finest poem written by an undergraduate, he received the news in sorrow.

"I had hoped," he said sadly, "that under the steadying influence of college James would become less flighty."

Lowell spoke out of the depths of personal experience when he wrote:

"It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough."

Not all fathers, by any means, have been shortsighted. A great majority, fortunately for the world, have considered the selection of the right career by their sons as the most important problem of their lives.

The business world is full of kindly, big-visioned men who have given time and

thought, not merely to guiding their own sons' careers, but also to setting the feet of other men's sons on the path of success.

There can be no more satisfactory employment. No man could have a finer epitaph than this: "He was the friend and helper of young men."

Organizations fail, stocks prove worthless, the most carefully made investments too often leak away. But a young life fitted into its proper place in the world is an investment whose power goes on through the years, and even into eternity.

"Blessed is the man who has found his work," said Carlyle.

And thrice blessed is the man who helped that man to find it.

THE WORLD IS OWNED BY MEN
WHO CROSS BRIDGES BEFORE
THEY COME TO THEM

A YOUNG man came one day to Lorin F. Deland, that wise adviser to business men, and said this: "I have been three years in the same job, and I feel that I am entirely lost sight of by my employers. There is no future ahead of me; I am discouraged and hopeless. What shall I do?"

Mr. Deland answered: "I will undertake to help you, but you must promise to do exactly as I say." The young man promised hopefully.

"For thirty days," said Mr. Deland, "I want you to concentrate every working minute on the following problem: 'What suggestion can I make to my employer by which he can in the next calendar year increase his sales \$50,000, or \$5,000, or \$500, or \$100?'"

At the end of thirty days the young man

returned crestfallen to report that he had not been able to think of one single suggestion.

Mr. Deland then gave him this problem for the second month:

“Devote every energy to discovering some way by which your employer can in the next year save \$5,000, or \$500, or \$50 in the cost of conducting his affairs.”

At the end of the second month the young man was back again with a second confession of failure. He said also that he had decided not to ask for any further help.

Then Mr. Deland spoke his mind:

So, Mills, you don't care for any more of my advice [he said]. Well, this time I am going to give it to you without your wanting it. My boy, just realize a moment where you stand. With the enormous amount of clothing business that is being done, you are not able, though you have been three years in this house, to increase the volume of business \$100 a year; with the elaborate and necessarily wasteful methods in which that great business is transacted, you are not near enough to it to point out a better system in any

department whereby the small sum of \$50 a year may be saved.

My boy, lie low! Attract just as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the manager remember that you have been three years in his employ if you can help it. If he knew how incapable you are of development or progress he would change you off for some young man of greater promise. Lie low, my boy, lie low.

That young man was typical of thousands — the great unimaginative horde who have never in the slightest degree developed their imaginations.

I do not like the phrase "never cross a bridge until you come to it"; it is used by too many men as a cloak for mental laziness.

The world is owned by men who cross bridges on their imaginations miles and miles in advance of the procession.

Some men are born with more of imagination than others; but it can, by hard work, be cultivated.

Not by mere day-dreaming, not by lazy wondering, but by hard study and earnest thought.

You and I said to ourselves idly: "I wonder what is going to happen when the war is over."

But one day during the war I had luncheon with a group of men who said: "At least a thousand different developments are coming at the close of the war, each one of which will make men rich. *Beginning to-day we start to study.*"

I met another man who has recently been added to the staff of a great concern engaged in exporting goods to South America.

That man has never seen South America; but on the day war was declared in Europe he said to himself: "Europe's trade with South America is coming to us. I am going to learn everything there is to know about that continent."

He crossed his bridge four years in advance.

Looking into the future, what bridges do *you* see?

WE SHALL WIN — IF
OUR SENSE OF HUMOR LASTS

A SERIOUS minded reader took me to task because a remark in an article of mine during the war seemed to him too facetious.

“In ordinary times this might be all right,” he reminded me; “but we are in the midst of a great war, and it is no time for jokes.”

To which I replied that we were in the midst of a great war — therefore we should have twice as many jokes and they should be twice as funny.

Only yesterday I was reading about a Cabinet meeting held at the White House in one of the most critical hours of our history. The incident was recorded by Secretary Stanton, not a particularly sympathetic reporter.

Around the table the various Secretaries gathered, solemn-faced and silent. To their amazement, the President, instead of

turning to the business in hand, began reading aloud a chapter from the humorous works of Artemus Ward.

The Cabinet members were too astonished to speak: Stanton was tempted to leave the room in angry protest.

The President, unheeding, read the chapter through. Then, laying the book down, he heaved a deep sigh and said:

“Gentlemen, why don’t you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die; and you need this medicine as much as I.”

So saying, he turned to his tall hat, which was on the table beside him, and drew out what Stanton described as a “little white paper.”

That little white paper was the Emancipation Proclamation.

The members of the Cabinet never could fathom the mingling of laughter and tears that was the secret of Lincoln’s greatness.

They were afraid of laughter: they regarded it as dangerous and — in times like those — almost immoral.

But Lincoln knew better. Humor to him — as to many another overburdened man — was the great shock-absorber of life: without its kindly ministrations, the hard places of the road would have wrenched his soul beyond endurance.

Napoleon seldom smiled; Cromwell had little sense of humor. Either of them would be a dangerous man to handle our affairs in times like these.

Such men become too profoundly impressed with their own importance. And in the critical moment their self-importance often betrays their better judgment.

Give us, rather, men like Washington, who, as Irving writes, frequently leaned back and “laughed until the tears ran down his face.”

Men like Lincoln, whose point of view is so detached that they can laugh even at themselves.

A saving sense of humor is the fourth great Christian virtue, says A. C. Benson. And that is so true that I wish it had been written in the Bible instead of in one of Mr. A. C. Benson's books.

A man may have faith and hope and charity, and still be a prig and a bore.

Jesus was none of these. He was the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem.

No one ever criticized Him for being too serious minded and respectable. Instead, He was criticized for dining out too much, for not compelling His disciples to fast, and for being too much with the loud laughing crowd of "publicans and sinners."

I have some righteous friends who are going to feel greatly shocked at the conduct of the saints in Heaven.

They have never read that verse in the Bible which says:

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

With all my heart I would urge them to begin right now — even in serious days like these — to cultivate that fourth great Christian virtue.

Lest perchance they die, and — in a heaven presided over by a God who dearly loves a laugh — shall find themselves lonesome and ill at ease.

LIVING IN A LIMOUSINE AND LIVING IN A TUB

THERE was quite a little group of people on the curb-stone, waiting for a break in the stream of passing automobiles: among them two shop-girls and I.

The girls recognized a woman in one of the limousines as the wife of a very rich New Yorker; and their comments were distinctly envious.

I smiled to myself as I listened.

For only a few days before I had been at a party where the lady in the limousine was present: and I wished that the girls might have been there too, and heard the remarks she made.

She came dressed in a thousand dollars' worth of clothes, with five or ten thousand dollars' worth of jewels sprinkled over her. And, from the minute of her arrival until she left, her conversation consisted of nothing but cynicism and complaint.

She had just moved into a new apart-

ment: it was noisy, she said, and she hated it already.

The limousine her husband had given her as a birthday surprise — and he ought to have known that she loathed upholstery of that color.

She had seen all the new shows, and they bored her to death.

Of all the bitter, soul-sick people whom I have ever met she takes first prize: *and the little shop-girls envied her.*

What feelings would have been in their hearts if they had lived in Athens about 400 B. C., and had seen a poorly dressed man living in a wooden tub?

Pity, probably: perhaps contempt.

Yet, when Alexander the Great visited that man and offered him any favor in the world, the man replied that he wanted only one thing — that Alexander should step out of his sunlight.

A curious old world, is n't it, where a lady in her limousine, possessed of everything, is still dissatisfied: and Diogenes in his tub, owning nothing, can be so content?

We are on the threshold of a period

when the struggle to *get things* is going to take on a new, perhaps more bitter, phase.

The men who have carried the hard, unpleasant burdens of the world learned, during the war, their power over the world.

They have learned from Russia that the most strongly entrenched government can not stand against them.

They have learned from England that Labor can dictate to Cabinets; in America, as Samuel Gompers says, they have made in three years a generation of progress.

I do not see how any real lover of the race can fail to find satisfaction in this great forward movement of the common man.

The movement will have its excesses: but has capitalism had no excesses? It will frequently prove expensive: but so has every previous régime.

My fear for the common man is not that he will cost the world too much, but that, when he gets what he wants, he will find that he has still somehow failed of happiness.

I would have him study a little the

strange case of Diogenes, and of the limousine lady.

Before he sets forth on his journey to the top, I would have him cut out these lines of Milton and paste them in his hat:

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Be-nighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

From the dungeons of poverty and hunger and want the common man is going to be delivered: I would put him on his guard, lest, in escaping from these, he be plunged into the worse dungeon of spiritual death.

His mind is filled now with the thought of a day when every one will have his own limousine.

I ask him to remember that a world in which we all lived in tubs would be a first-class world, if we all had the spirit of Diogenes:

And that where there is no vision the people perish just as surely as where there is no food.

DEMOCRACY IS A NEW SHOW,
AND EVERY CITIZEN IS THE
STAGE-MANAGER

A VERY patriotic citizen came to me during the war, much perturbed.

“These investigations in Washington are outrageous,” he exclaimed. “Suppose there *have* been mistakes; is that any reason why we should advertise them to our enemies?”

“Is there any sense in crying from the house-tops that we have only nine Browning machine-guns, and that our men are inadequately clothed and equipped? Such matters ought to be kept secret.”

And I remarked to him that in Germany such matters *were* kept secret.

There are only two families living on the world's Main Street, I said to him.

There is the Autocracy family, who keep the front gate locked and the front curtains drawn. The lawn looks tidy and the

house is well kept; but no one knows what 's going on behind those curtains.

It may be only a friendly game of pinochle: but it may be counterfeiting, or a bomb plot, or murder.

And there is the Old Widow Democracy. Her lawn is covered with tin cans, and the children are scrapping all over it, and she does her washing right out on the front porch.

But she 's in sight every minute, and she has to be pretty honest, whether she wants to or not.

One of the reasons we were fighting, I said to him, was to make the Autocracy family pull up those curtains, and bring their corn-cob pipes and their laundry out on the porch.

And while our boys were over in Autocracy's front yard, breaking the windows and letting sunlight into the back rooms, we did n't want anybody — the President or anyone else — to be staying at home and locking our doors or pulling our curtains down.

Public criticism is always noisy, some-

times unpleasant, and frequently mistaken: but it is an inseparable feature of democratic control. And, in the long run, it works well — even for the men who are criticized.

And now, my dear Morley [wrote Gladstone to John Morley], there is one more thing I wish to say to you: Take it from me that to endure trampling on with patience and self-control is no bad element in the preparation of a man for walking firmly and successfully in the path of great public duty. Be sure *that* discipline is full of blessings.

It is a good thing also for business.

One of the great captains of industry of the old school died a few years ago. A little while before his death he attended a meeting of the directors of one of the country's largest industries. There he said something like this:

“I am convinced that I have been wrong, and that you younger men who have stood for full publicity have been right. I am too old now to change: but if I had my life to live over again I would

take the public into my confidence straight through."

Most of all, publicity is a good thing for governments.

In the first place, it is necessary to open up the processes of our politics. They have been too secret, too complicated: they have consisted too much of private conference and secret understandings. If there is nothing to conceal, then why conceal it? If it is a public game, then why play it in private? Publicity is one of the purifying elements of politics.

The gentleman who made these remarks is now President of the United States — the same gentleman whom many tender-hearted people are seeking to shield from the publicity in which he so thoroughly believes.

Autocracy is a very old performance. When the curtain of history rose six or seven thousand years ago, kings were playing their part in the spot-light, and they have been on the stage ever since.

Democracy is a new show, still in rehearsal. Every individual citizen regards

himself as the stage-manager, with full liberty to shout directions at the actors, or protest at the top of his voice that the performance is rotten.

The result is noise and confusion; but there is no doubt that gradually the show is getting better, just the same.

IS YOUR CONVERSATION A
GOOD ADVERTISEMENT
FOR YOU?

AS we rode up from Washington together a man who is a personal friend of President Wilson talked to me about him.

“One thing that always impresses me,” he said, “is the wonderful precision of his speech. His mind seems to reach out and grasp the needed word with unflinching accuracy. I have never known him to hesitate for a word, or employ one that required the slightest modification or explanation.

“I once asked him to what he attributed this power.

“He answered that it was due to the early training of his father.

“‘My father never allowed any member of his household to use an incorrect expression,’ said the President. ‘Any

slip on the part of one of the children was at once corrected; any unfamiliar word immediately explained, and each of us encouraged to find a prompt use for it in our conversation so as to fix it in our memories.' ”

As we stepped off the train and walked through the station, we passed a group of smartly dressed young women. Their conversation, as we caught it, was somewhat after this fashion:

“ Not re-eally? ”

“ Sure. I thought I 'd die.”

“ You don't mean it. Not re-eally.”

“ Sure I tell you. I thought I 'd die.”

An unjust prejudice has grown up in the world against the man who talks well, and in favor of the wise-looking individual, who sits stolid, saying nothing.

My observation is that, generally speaking, poverty of speech is the outward evidence of poverty of mind.

The individual whose communication is confined to half a dozen worn expressions, has a mind that is not working. It is merely sliding along in well-oiled grooves.

A mind constantly reaching out along new paths of thought, will of necessity find new language with which to clothe that thought.

There is a certain New York business man among my friends who makes it a rule to ask every applicant for a position "Can you write well?"

A strange question, one would think, to put to a prospective elevator boy. Yet the man has a reason for it.

"No man can write clearly," he says, "who does not think clearly. I want to see a man's mind at work before I give him a place in my organization."

A mastery of good, clean-cut English is possible to anybody.

One very good way to acquire it is by reading aloud. Select some author whose work is worth reading, and keep your mind fixed not merely on the meaning of the words but on the words themselves.

Another good exercise is the one that Benjamin Franklin used. He would read a page from some English classic, and then, putting away the book, seek to reproduce it

in writing. By comparing his own version with the original, he learned wherein he could improve.

Emerson said that Montaigne's words had so much vitality that if one were to cut them they would bleed.

Daniel Webster used to study the dictionary as other men study the financial page.

It paid him; it will pay you.

For good or ill, your conversation is your advertisement.

Every time you open your mouth you let men look into your mind. Do they see it well clothed, neat, businesslike?

Or is it slouching along in shoes run down at the heel, with soiled linen and frazzled trousers, shabbily seeking to avoid real work?

AND A DOG RUNS OUT AND BARKS

STRANGE how a sound will sometimes set the chords of memory to vibrating.

It may be a woman's laugh, or a snatch of song, or even the barking of a dog at twilight.

The other night I left the train two stations away from home, and started to walk the rest of the way across the hills. It began to snow after a little. From the houses along the road lights flickered through the haze; and as I rounded a curve, a little dog ran out and barked.

In an instant my mind leaped back twenty years or more, to the days when I carried a newspaper-route in Boston. I remembered how long the way used to seem — two miles out and two miles back — and how dark it was, in winter, when the sun had gone. And how I hated one newspaper that used to issue a great edi-

tion of twenty-four pages on Saturday evenings. The editors must be heartless creatures, I thought to myself; surely they had never been boys and compelled to travel a paper-route.

In a big house up on the hills, in the district where rich men lived, there were two dogs that every night barked at me.

"Oh, they won't bite," said the owner. "They bark, but they're perfectly good-natured."

How serenely confident every man is that *his* dog is perfectly good-natured!

Every night I had to gird up my courage to start out on that route, thinking of those two dogs that would run out and bark. I was just a little fellow, in short pants, and the space between my knees and my ankles seemed pathetically unprotected — just made for dogs to bite.

The owner caught them snapping at me one night; and I remember yet how he laughed. It seemed to him a bully joke — a little boy worried by two big barking dogs.

I shall never forget that owner — nor

the man whose house stood next to his.

It was the night before Christmas. Snow was coming down, and it seemed more dark than usual, and the papers were heavy and the route more long.

I had just come out of the yard of the man with the dogs, and as I stepped onto the porch of the next house, suddenly the door opened, and a big jolly-faced man stood smiling in the lamplight.

“Hello, kid,” he cried jovially. “I’ve been waiting for you. Do you know what day to-morrow is?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered. “It’s Christmas.”

“Right you are,” he shouted. “And here’s something from Santa Claus.” He opened his hand, and there was a big silver dollar.

I do not know his name; I have not seen him in twenty years; but last night, walking home in the snow, I remembered him with a warm feeling around my heart. And I fell to thinking that I must be pretty nearly as big now as he was when he gave me that dollar, and about as old.

And I wondered how I look to the kid that brings my paper and the other kids I meet, and whether I am the kind of man that is always too busy to take time to be kind to them — or whether I am the kind that they would sort of like to run into, when it's cold, and the route is long, and the burden is heavy.

And a dog runs out and barks.

THE END

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