

Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

GOING INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

BY JIM NASIM.

EVER tried it? You fellows who are eating your bread by the sweat of your brow? And you who are earning yours by the skin of your teeth? If you haven't, I know you've got the germ of the disease sticking away down in the innermost recesses of your overworked system and gnawing at your vitals because there isn't a piker who is compelled to listen to the dictation of a "boss," and who lines up at the pay window each week to get his little manilla envelope, who doesn't dream of the day when he can go into business for himself and be his own "boss." It is a disease which we all get sometime or another in our lives before we get to be full-blown men. It's just like the measles and the mumps and the whooping cough. The kid who goes through his without catching all of them has missed something which is essential to the makeup of a successful man. It is sometimes contagious like the aforesaid complaints, too, but usually has to be cultivated like the booze habit.

The best thing to do when you feel this disease coming on is to go and get it out of your system, because it doesn't run its course like scarlet fever, and if you don't do something for it your life will be an empty husk. After you have succeeded in getting rid of it you come back and devote the rest of your life to making a living with contentment and satisfaction. You will thereafter go through life with the deepest feeling of gratitude for the privilege you enjoy of lining up each week to get your little stipend, and you will give due credit to the genius who invented manilla envelopes.

I caught this disease once in its most acute form. I had waded through every other disease named in the almanac when I was a kid, but I never had anything quite as bad as I had this Demerol. But my own boss-ness. I just had to do something for it. I took the only cure that has ever been discovered by going into business and being my own boss. Now, I am happy to say, that after taking one dose of that valuable remedy I am completely cured. Any person selling this remedy can use my name in their testimonials and go as far as they like. Before taking this remedy I had no appetite for work, but now I am hungry for it. I did not relish the small amount of filthy lucre in my weekly envelope but now I gleefully get half the amount. I find myself ravenous for anything that even looks like coin of the realm. I was formerly apt to grow peevish and say nasty, mean things if the "boss" told me to clean the cuspidors or scrub down the staircase, but one bottle of Going-Into-Business has made me so docile and accommodating that I will gladly, nay, even hilariously, jump out the sixth-story window if the boss only lets me keep my job. Where I was formerly dissatisfied with my little niche in life, I now feel perfectly safe to say that I will go through life feeling perfectly happy and contented as long as I have a job. Even picking warts in a pickle factory will do; any old kind of a job, just so it's a job.

There is nothing like this great remedy of going into business to make one appreciate the small things of life.

There is nothing so minute and valueless that you will not learn to cling to it with a grip that never relaxes, like the peach-bloom on a Kentucky Legislator's nose. You will be able to see the true value of those small things after one dose of going into business, as it is a great remedy for the eye-sight. You will be able to see that the small particles of legal tender which you once handed to the waiter for logging in your porterhouse steak were really intended for the purpose

credit is getting frayed around the edges. But you are your own boss, anyway, and that is your whole interest in business, for so your enterprise is a howling success if the Sheriff doesn't butt in and spoil things. The dream

hits when they come into your possession and your Mister. They may soon be calling you something else if you don't soon pay them, but for the present, at least, you are Mister. Your name is on the sign outside, and you are known as a man of business.

It is a great thing to be a business man and have your name in the papers every morning in large, black type as long as you pay your monthly advertising bill. I tell you, you don't know what a clinch the boss has until you put yourself in his place. That is the best way to find out.



WATCH WHEN NOBODY IS LOOKING AND PLAN YOURSELF ON A PEG IN FRONT OF A PLATE OF BEANS.

No more worrying about holding your job for your Mister. You've got your clinch. You can't lose it. Occasionally you may be overwhelmed with a feeling that you'd like to lose it, but you can't. That's the beauty about being in business for yourself, you've got a job that you can't lose. It's just like going to jail. And you don't have to even work. The only thing you have to do is to see that your slaves attend to their various duties, and see that they get their pay every payday. That's all. You don't even have to worry any more about what you are going to eat for lunch. You can generally tell the minute you feel in your pocket. While your poor slaves are worrying as to whether they will eat porterhouse steak or canvas-back duck, all you have to do is to watch when nobody is looking and slip in a joint and plant yourself on a peg in front of a plate of beans. Beans are the healthiest food for a man who does brain work and aspires to be a captain of industry.

It's a great stunt, this going into business for yourself. But I believe that the right there is the solution to all labor troubles. Let all disappointed employees, instead of forming labor unions and going out on a strike, all quit their jobs and go into business for themselves. It doesn't matter what kind of a business, if he isn't got money enough saved up to become a steel magnate let him start a shoe-making factory or invent a new style in liver pads and put them on the market. Any old thing, just so it's a business. Let every mother's son who is being ground down by the iron heel of a boss become his own boss, and then there will be an end to all this trouble between capital and labor. That's the way I did.

The great trouble with the labor question now is that the man at the top has an unequal advantage over his employees. He has had a chance to look at the business both from the bottom of the ladder and from the top, but how many men do you find working for him who have had a chance to look at the business from the boss' chair. Not one. If the present state of affairs was reversed so that a man would start at the top of the ladder and work down, then we would have a world full of contented employees and just bosses, and an end of all labor disputes. I would advocate setting aside a Government appropriation for the purpose of starting every discontented employee in



DREAMS OF THE DAY WHEN HE CAN GO INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF AND BE HIS OWN BOSS.

business for himself. Then I would provide a law whereby the Government would settle up with his creditors and turn the business over to another discontented employe, and so on, ad infinitum, whatever that is. It's a

couple of hundred plunks a chunk isn't worth a tinker's dam. There are no bargain sales in experience, and you can't get it for a Christmas present, either. You've got to pay for it yourself, or else it's no good. So if you're dissatisfied with your job and pine to be your own boss and rise to fame in the business world, to dictate to others instead of being dictated to, to harvest the fruits of your own labor instead of selling them for a meager pittance, like a soulless hireling, just

for yourself. After you have thus figured up to your entire satisfaction, if you are a man of prudence and good judgment, you will figure out in advance the cheapest kind of fodder you can live on during the succeeding month without undermining your constitution. That is the plan I invariably followed, and from habitual practice I have amassed a fund of valuable information bearing on the price and digestible qualities of cheap provender. I will cheerfully place this valuable fund of information at the disposal of any young man who contemplates going into business for himself. This knowledge will prove a valuable aid to the young captain of industry, as it is a very delicate matter to preserve the dignity fitting your new position in the business world when your duodenum is trying to telescope your oesophagus in rebellion against the sinkers which you put away for dinner.

Then, too, it is so soul-inspiring, so ennobling and all that, and puts such a cute little kink in your confidence to come into immediate juxtaposition as it were with the business world. It is so pleasant to feel that you have to pay your obligations whether the customers who owe you pay theirs or not. It is such a delightful exercise for your persons which I learned before me from those who have built up such a high rating with the commercial agencies that they can afford to impose upon it, while your creditors are camping out over night on your front stoop, so that you have to soil your clothes climbing up the fire escape. It is such a delightful surprise to come unawares upon these various little snags that the "boss" enjoys, and when you go back looking for your old job again the fund of information which you have stowed away during your business career will be of great service to you.

I will never forget with what joy, and fond hopes, and rosy-tinted dreams and all that, I hustled out into the great business world to be my own boss and show some other people up. Neither will I ever forget the lessons which I learned before me from that great, warm, generous heart prompted me to turn my business over to the Sheriff, as he was a poor man and had a family to support, and hustle back after my old job. They are stamped on my memory in an indelible hand which time cannot efface. I can repeat the same words and backwards with my eyes shut. No educational institution has ever been invented that is so productive of results.

While the life of the soulless hireling, the man whose name is buried on the payroll instead of being splattered all over the sign outside and featured in the display ads, may not be so filled with fame and renown, with independence and puffed up importance and all that, yet it is comforting to know that you can drop into the pay line at the end of the week and get your little manilla envelope and keep on speaking in that confident, assured and grocer. I find that the friendship of these two men is a much more desirable and satisfactory feature in life than the importance of being your own boss. Great is the little manilla envelope.

MEASUREMENTS-CLERK ON BEING WEALTHY

BY IRVING S. CORB

"WHAT WOULD you do if you had a million dollars?" asked the House Detective of the Hotel St. Rockless, as he watches the Little Sisters of the Rich looking through the cross-lobbies in evening garb, filling the place with the glitter of rare stones and the mingled odor of those imported perfumes which cost so much and smell so bad.

"What would I do if I had a million?" echoed the Hotel Clerk. "Why, I s'pose I'd do what everybody else does that has a million. There's only two sets of things that anybody does under such circumstances, anyway. If a man got his million by working for it, he breaks down his health and his disposition trying to run it up into two millions, and if somebody died and left it to him he breaks down his health just the same—trying to spend it. Of course, there are a few exceptions to the rule here and there, but I'm talking the average run. The man who really enjoys having the millions dollars is the man who earns about sixty a month keeping books in a coal office, and knows that sixty a month will be the most he ever will earn, and has plenty of spare time on his hands, and just naturally lays back and blows that million in on mental automobiles and lucrative champagnes, and gets the wealth of his money every penny because that's the kind of automobiles and champagnes that never run over anybody and never leave that sealing-wax taste in a fellow's mouth.

"Yes, Larry, I make no doubt in my own mind I'd measure up to all the accepted standards if I had a million dollars. If I'd assembled that gratifying million together a dollar at a time by living on hydrant water and hickory nuts, by skinning my fellow-man down to his suspender-buckle, and by wadding my ears with cotton wool every time the cry of affliction happened along, I'd be like the others who got their millions the same way. I'd be desperately miserable because somebody else had done and took and harnessed up ten millions in the same length of time, and I'd be as close as a red ant on a hot rock trying to busy up the zap between us. And I'd die a disappointed man with my work still unfinished, and when I was buried the people that had rented houses from me and the people that had engaged in business undertakings with me and the people that had trusted my word would come on to the cemetery and gather about the family lot in great numbers and contemplate the tomb and give vent to the Persian sign of mourning, which is done by holding the thumb of the right hand to the tip of the nose with the fingers extended, and simultaneously crying 'Goodie, goodie, goodie!' in a loud tone and voice. My heirs would put a marble mausoleum over me about the size of a county jail and about



ATTRACT A LITTLE REAL ATTENTION ALONG OUR BUSTLING THOROUGHFARE

as graceful looking. The papers, with deep regret, would dig up all the careless details of my early life and print 'em in full. The regular relatives and the only family that always turns up in Oklahoma or Minnesota, would start a series of lawsuits over the will. The lawyers would in due time get everything pertaining to the estate except the core and pebbles; the world at large would call me an Old Slob, and all would be well.

"Or let us assume, Larry, that my uncle in California should die and leave me a million where I could get it. Not that my uncle in California will ever leave me a million; from the present outlook all I'll get when he dies will be his walking stick that was cut from a tree on Andrew Jackson's birthplace, and a chance to attend a G. A. R. funeral; but assuming that he did leave me a million, Larry, just assuming that he did, can't

you see what would happen? I'd start gently. During the first week I'd probably buy not more than two or three of the largest size touring cars and only about a couple of those zoological overcoats that have fur on the collars and cuffs. But after that I'd catch my stride and begin to attract a little real attention along our bustling thoroughfare. To be sure, a man has to burn up quite a lot of money in this town before they turn in the third alarm, yet I flatter myself that the pleasant odor of incinerated dough would be plainly perceptible all over the island as I passed along. At length, when the bankruptcy courts and the sanitarians and the sheriff's officers and the hopeless ward of the parais department got through with me, I'd move out, leaving behind me a record that would be a shining mark and an example for all the other young idiots, Larry, just assuming that he did, can't

a large parcel of money without working for it.

"After all, Larry, when you come to figure it up, it's astonishing how many things there are that money won't buy. They say John D. Rockefeller had five hundred millions the last time he took the sock down off the kitchen rafter and counted up. Well, that don't impress me so much, because when you get above forty-five dollars a week it all sounds alike to me anyway. But for the sake of argument, we'll say Uncle John D. has got five hundred millions scattered around the place in fruit-jars and butter-crocks and lard-cans and things.

"That's a fine, large, nutritious sum of currency, but while you and me, Larry, are sitting down of a morning to a stack of buckwheat cakes as tall as the Soldier's Monument, and a few inspiring stanzas of country sausages, the senior Mr. Rockefeller is gazing

sourly at a breakfast consisting of several pepain tablets and something in a saucer that looks like a disheveled poultice with hot milk poured over it. He's got five hundred million dollars' worth of negotiable money, and I've got five hundred dollars' worth of durable digestion, and I'm not on the market for a trade with him, either. A genius like Rockefeller could always get more money—he could sit on a barren rock and draw from 6 to 8 per cent interest, depending on what the legal rate was—but if I ever parted from my digestive apparatus, I'd bet you I'd be seven or eight years finding another that fitted me as cosy and snug as this one does.

"My heart goes out in pity for a whole lot of these old gentlemen who haven't got a thing in the world except money. This hotel is extensively populated by poor, old Mr. Notwith But. You see him yonder at the door climbing labor-

by a big halo and a fumigator. And just about that time, dyspepsia claims him for her own and thereafter, when meal time rolls round, he's the original Human Haugrahl.

"He builds himself a stone residence as big as a Carnegie Library, and almost as comfortable to live in, but every time a frayed stranger, bearing the outward marks of a process server approaches the front door, he is moved to drop the coal hole and be a brother to the anthracite. A United States District Attorney gives him the same sort of feeling that a congestive chill would give you or me. As for his sensations at the sight of a Federal Court summons—well, I guess Asiatic cholera hasn't got much the best of it.

"His daughter is usually an angular lady with a face shaped like a nose bag; His son is either a mollycoddle, with a goldfish intellect, or a mollycoddler whose openhanded way of spending the old gentlemen's coin makes it possible to operate those all-night cafes at a profit. He dies and his sprightly widow, aged 57, promptly marries a youthful art critic who knows the old paintings back of every bar on Broadway. Larry, as I have already remarked there are quite a few things you can't get for money."

"Well, gittin' back to the original subject, did you ever know a guy that had a million saved off on him, sudden-like?" asked the House Detective.

"Yes, once, said the Hotel Clerk. "He made a great showing with it, too, considering that he only lived a few months after he got it. As I recollect, he left behind 87 different suits of clothes, no two alike, and the record of having made the best standing high jumps that were ever pulled off in the Plumb Bug Ward at Bellevue by anybody wearing a strait-jacket."

Superstitions of Thieves.

The pickpocket is superstitious. He will rarely rob a person who squints, this being accounted a certain sign of disaster, and if it happens that the purse he steals contains a large sum of money it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future; but whether in the company of a couple police officers or not there is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are significant events for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster; but many of them think that if a purse stolen at a wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief during the ensuing six months.

Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet, and if they are not arrested while they are wearing them they cut the boots up into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to their friends.