

There's always room for a skyscraper career. Most men are planning shanty lives.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Take the lid off your imagination, take the hobbles off your pluck and take a chance.

Shakespeare

LITTLE squirt courtiers dared to patronize his genius. Doubtless he often cringed and shamelessly fawned before potent nobles. City merchants and goldsmiths vaguely held him in the contempt men universally bestowed upon all player folk. The Law co-ordinated him with thieves, vagabonds and prostitutes. He muchly lived in the half-world—mainly as it lived. Altogether, his estate was rather humble.

England was uncouth. Elizabeth herself, vulgar and nasty. Assuredly he knew nothing of nice refinements. Therefore it is exceedingly strange how sweet and clean he kept his quill.

A tower, a bridge, and a crazy old ramshackle or two are all that remain to mark his London. The last Tudor is gone. Of Drake and Raleigh and the proud companies whose exploits made splendid the virgin's reign, perhaps a score of dilute-veined collaterals still endure. We do not even know the names of the great dandies and haughty chatelaines who condescended to approve his mummeries.

Vanished dust, these. And all that was a mighty medieval city has long since been fed to wood-worms and broken into junk and carted away in rubbish. But his words are still golden on our lips. The mintage of his mind is universal coin—his phrases spent from Cape to Cape. Yellow and white man daily mine the treasuries of his imagination. His sentences are glib on clucking, hissing, purring tongues—are vernacular throughout the world. He put a girdle around the earth, and then around eternity.

"Thrones totter and empires fall, the tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears the fortress from the rocks, the rotting nations drop from off Time's bough and only things the dreamers make live on."

Equalization

WHEN the King's son was born, the fairy godmothers thereabouts dropped in and did the conventional thing. One left a little spell which made him suzerain of all the lands from the ice of the North to the ice of the South.

And one made him Lord of all the seas from the Islands of the Dawn to the Islands of the Dark.

And one heaped his days with the glory of brave emprise.

And one crowded his youth with the witchery of amazing women.

And one brought him a feather from the wing of fame.

Until with this and that his future was filled to overflowing and there was no place left for the wishing ring, which the oldest and wisest godmother brought. So she stopped at the cotter's hut and gave it to his baby.

And yet, there were those who envied the prince and pitied the pauper.

Muzzle the Pessimists

NOTHING is hopeless before imagination—no obstruction is invincible.

We have the tools and we have the rules and the rest is a matter of trying.

Knowledge is a relay race—Today takes up Yesterday's incomplete experiment and passes the record of its investigation to Tomorrow.

Span by span the bridge is built—link by link the chain lengthens—step by step the search proceeds.

Cures for cancer, consumption, Bright's disease are at hand; deferred, perhaps, by a year, maybe a decade—who can tell from what laboratory tube the fateful answer is about to speak?

Microscope and retort are fighting death for you. Hope. Keep up your courage while they keep up the battle. Every disappointment eliminates one more adverse chance and narrows down the field of potentialities. "Incurable" is a temporary word in every disease.

Old impossibilities are new whetstones.

If a wire, pole and a pot of acid can spit speech between islands—if a woman born blind can be made to see after 25 years in the dark—if astronomy can weigh worlds a million miles away—if a lamp can learn to sing—if an atom can be divided into demonstrable fractions—if trains can be driven over the Rockies by the power of waterfalls along the way—if the breath of a rose can be resurrected from the hunk of coal in which it was petrified an aeon ago—if a 10-cent store can be managed well enough to pay for a 55-story building—if life can be restored to a man dead from suffocation—if a skull operation can reform a criminal—if a sheep's shank can be mortised into a human shin bone—if a ship can be built to travel 4000 miles under water—it's about time to muzzle pessimism.

Give Ambition a New Bone to Gnaw

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN.

Arkwright, an illiterate little Cockney barber, found time between shaves and haircuts to discover the needs of the weaving trade and produced the spinning jenny, which completely revolutionized the manufacture of fabrics.

Morse was a portrait painter of sorts, but training for one vocation didn't absorb all his ideas, among which was the notion of communication by wire, otherwise we might have never had the telegraph.

Berliner, a young German from Hanover, began life keeping books in a two-by-four Washington dry goods store and employed his evenings puzzling out the transmitter upon which the development of the telephone is largely based.

Daniel Drew started out as a *cattle-driver* and wound up as a *railroad king*. Jay Gould was one of the most persuasive *peddlers* who ever sold *clocks* from door to door. John H. Patterson was a *coal merchant* until he began to think of *cash registers*. Henry Ford was still running an engine at *day wages* when *middle age* and the *automobile* occurred to him.

What are you thinking about besides your regular line of work?

The roomiest thing we know is a man's head. Columbus had space in his sufficient for a *new world*. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of *steel mills*.

Other men have sailed ships and built transportation systems in their brain pans. George Pullman, after carpentering hours, grew a *palace-car works* under his hair roots. Who knows how many possibilities are imprisoned in your brain cells—let 'em out.

Don't wonder how the other fellow managed to do it, but ponder *instead* what you may accomplish by tackling *another* subject.

The *outside* view point is frequently an improving *new* point.

Most men tumble *haphazardly* into the *first* job that presents itself, instead of *sifting out* the occupations best adapted to their bents.

If you haven't got anywhere—you're on the *wrong* road. Try *another* train of thought and keep *changing the route* until you *find* yourself. Give *ambition* a *shift of scene*.

Education helps, of course, but *determination* and *constructive curiosity* are first-rate *substitutes* for a college training.

Half the stuff in *text-books* was thought out by men who tutored *themselves* to *discovery*.

Study courses are mainly *reviews* of the *work* and *works* of *plodders* with *gumption* enough to look around *without a guide*. Illiteracy isn't necessarily *ignorance*.

The *graduates* of the *University of Action* have endowed civilization with *most* of its essential requirements.

Foundries and shipping-rooms, freight cabooses and car platforms, office desks and barn yards are lecture halls in which progress is *continually* presenting objects for study.

The men who produce the tools you use and the articles you handle in your daily affairs get *short-sighted* after a while and believe that they've accomplished the *utmost* in their lines; but you get an altogether *different* standard of measurement as a *handler* of their *product* and are quite *apt* to hit upon a *change in the shape or form* of an *implement or device* simply by giving your fancy free play and figuring out a difference from the *attitude* of a *user*.

Housewives, clerks, farmers, lawyers, even laborers are *daily* filing valuable patents on contrivances of their *own* conception. Stores secure some of their most helpful hints in management from the *suggestions* and *grievances* of their *customers*.

When you *next* feel like registering a *complaint* against a *public service corporation* or the *laundry*, or the *hotel*, or your *merchant*, pause first and consider the chance of instituting a *superior* method. If you're not satisfied, a great many *others* may not be, and *dissatisfaction* with *existing* conditions is just one of the ways that *fortune* has of *calling attention* to *opportunity*.

Remember the woman who *pricked* her *finger* until she saw the *point* of the *safety pin*.

It's a Warning From Headquarters

THE last place we look for a mystery is the first place. The burglar rummages through bureau drawers, turns carpets and moves furniture, searching for the box of jewelry concealed in the gas range.

The Lord only knows how many scientists scratched their mosquito bites as they delved for the cause of malaria.

A man who sold his farm to go hunting petroleum used regularly to skim the "scum" of a cattle pond so that his cows would drink the water, never dreaming that he stood near one of the richest oil wells in existence.

We generally know the least about the things right under our nose. Take teeth, for instance. Would you ever have guessed that any number of ailments which have been baffling the doctors for ages, originate in our molars?

The new dentists are wonder-workers. They've discovered and uncovered a whole brigade of diseases nesting in the gums.


Oral surgery is accomplishing marvelous cures in corners of the body that seem utterly disconnected from the masticating functions.

Lots of stomach troubles start at the front door. The pain in your toe may spring from a germ colony operating around the root of an indisposed eye tooth; so may certain types of headache and many varieties of eye pain, not to mention deafness and, mirabile dictu, liver complaints and kidney troubles.

No wonder toothache hurts so—it's a warning from headquarters.

V VERSES
by
Herbert Kaufman

Vim
Vigor
Victory



It never pays to pose a part, you're sure to be detected; The masquerade was never made That could be quite perfected. Pretenders all betray themselves, they're certain to grow careless; The best of wigs will slip a bit and prove its wearer hairless. While there are acts, there must be facts And nothing can erase them. The things we do Must come to view; In time we have to face them. If you would not be ridiculed and patronized and pitied Then always be yourself and play the role for which you're fitted.