

There are no free passes to Success.  
Fortune has an interstate commerce law of her own—she won't deadhead any one.

# Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Only the very busy are very happy. Industry is a talisman against worry and want. Occupation sweetens even the rich man's loaf.

## At the Field Hospital

**H**UMAN lives on the bargain counter. Horse flesh dearer than man-meat. Death served by twenty million assistants. Packing-house efficiency translated to the battlefield. Mile after mile of hospital trains. Ambulances, careening at break-neck speed. What a scarlet harvest!

Shattered skulls, broken faces, brain wounds, lung wounds, spleen wounds, groin wounds.

This poor devil won't live—that tattered carcass can't.

In normal times one might save the old peasant yonder, but such a laborious operation is out of the question, with a thousand other cases demanding instant attention. Percentage outweighs individuals—the greatest good for the greatest number is the supreme law.

So many dead—so many dying—and so many guns still pounding battalions to pulp! Life grows cheaper every day and death more commonplace. Few mysteries here. Among this groaning multitude, what curiosity may not be satisfied.

Try that experiment—it may work. In normal times you wouldn't dare, but there are so many thousands of them that one mischance won't count.

Besides, if there is any human reason that can justify annihilation by platoons, then let a few serve future generations and die to save a myriad to come. Take that tendon or, better still, transplant the shin. Quick! Clamp—clamp—clamp—suture! If it works, an illustrious page has been added to medical history! The other one? Oh, he was already doomed. Anyhow, he was an enemy.

## Believe Me, Bo

(The Rough-Neck Speaks on the Japanese Question.)

**I** BEEN readin' by the papers that the busy little Jap wants to tell us how we ought to run our corner of the map; We have trampled on his dignity and hurt him in the hide; We have mused his tender feelin's and forgot he has a pride; He's insulted, and he makes no bones o' mentionin' the cause, And the reason is a section of our immigration laws, Claims he's better than the Hindus and Chinese—they're not his class.

Says he'll stop his dealin's with us if we let the statute pass. With a million soldiers ready, and they're there—BELIEVE—ME—BO—

And a fleet that always occupies a front seat at the show, He don't have to wait outside the gate while others get the door; And he ain't above remindin' us that he won't sidestep war. Judging from my experience, and hopin' you'll excuse A rough-neck like Yours Truly givin' folks like you his views, Certain people are about to get a chance to prove their case; Mr. Trouble's in the neighborhood and shootin' off his face. I'm a hick, I don't know nothin', and it may be they are right, These gents who say a Nation never has a cause to fight, That the gift of gab is worth as much as forts and air machines,

And a peaceful disposition just the same as submarines; Howsoever, if you ask me, I believe they're off their nut, And if you will take the viewpoint of an ordinary mutt, When a battler gets his Dutch up and he makes his little say, All the boys without their hardware let him have his own sweet way.

## Rifle Bullets and Bird Shot

**T**HE profuse seldom perfect. Excess and excellence are never found in the same production.

Carelessness is a spendthrift. Hazy and lazy writers are word squanderers.

Charles A. Dana once begged to be excused for the length of a letter, "but," he added whimsically, "I haven't time to write a shorter one."

Exactness requires care. The price of good aim is heavy with practice ammunition. One rifle bullet will penetrate farther than a wagonload of bird shot. A single well-considered, briefly expressed sentence will explain a situation which a page of hit-and-miss argument obscures.

A long-winded talk or message indicates that you are not well posted on the subject.

A fumbling narrative leaves a jumbled impression.

Smooth performances are impossible without adequate preparation. You can't interpret yourself or anything else before you thoroughly understand what you intend to do.

A great picture is a mixture of inspiration and art, and art is a tedious process, an elimination of confusion.

Paderewski's soul is filled with genius, but don't forget that his message would not carry if his fingers were not filled with training.

Every unpracticed hand is certain to strike false notes.

This is a basic principle in all transactions. It applies in selling a bill of goods, composing an opera, erecting a skyscraper and performing an operation—it is a truism in all activities from fiddling to financing.

When you really know it you can quickly show it.

## Cards and Chips

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

Play your cards, not your chips. The size of your stack can't reduce their value. The best hand sweeps the board.

Ability creates capital. You are your own mint. Resolution plus ideas equals money.

It's nonsense to believe that you are handicapped by empty pockets.

Inherited assets sufficient to permit dawdling stifle initiative and make a cipher out of many a man who, under the spur of necessity, might otherwise have developed into a big figure.

When you are unpracticed in the processes which produce riches you are not qualified to protect your holdings from those who have been trained to take advantage of every weak opening.

A bank roll is not a substitute for wisdom.

If you have brains enough to conserve wealth you possess all the qualities necessary to secure it.

There wouldn't be nearly so many new millionaires if the old ones had educated their children to be as alert and as energetic as they were.

There isn't a private trademark on a dollar in the land—every penny in the country will ultimately drift to capability.

There is no enduring poverty except lack of character, purpose and determination.

Subnormals are the only logical paupers.

The frequent quotation of a few parasitic fortunes exaggerates their actual significance.

Superficial folk are prone to believe that there exists a static class of plutocrats who control all the chances to make good.

Such a notion is a ridiculous fallacy.

In some European countries the continuation of noble orders and pernicious laws of entail centralize the ownership of vast holdings and natural resources. But no such system exists on this side of the Atlantic.

Here any man can become as great as his will.

Ninety-nine per cent of the country's potent figures are, as yesterday and as they will be tomorrow, exemplars of the possibilities always open to earnest ambition.

Those whose prominence is a hang-over from previous generations are hardly worth figuring—they represent so small a fraction in this or any community.

The great financiers, manufacturers, merchants, professionals and artists of our time trace their careers back to humble and penurious beginnings.

They enjoy no favors or advantages which you cannot obtain.

They thought hard, fought hard, and achieved.

You face no greater discouragements than their rebuffs.

They simply had your advantages—the early realization of their inevitable course. They knew that they would have to help themselves, and while they were at it they took a liberal helping.

No false ideas of pride or privilege obscured their vision. They began upon a rock bottom basis and built from the outset on a firm foundation of realities.

They tumbled to themselves while still young—before they got far enough to be hurt, and there-after proceeded without any hampering delusions.

They count for something because they could count on nothing but their personal efforts.

A keen man with a clean plan must succeed.

## You Can't Do As You Please

**W**E can't attend to our business without minding yours—you can not do as you please. Every piece of the world's work relates to another action. Civilization is organized effort. We are all parts of one machine, and no single cog can run amuck without disturbing the section to which it belongs.

You are entitled to equal rights, but that does not signify that you are independent. Justice is standardization of privilege: Democracy a banding together of individuals for the promotion and safeguarding of mutual interests—a license to liberty as emphatically opposed to the liberty of license.

A state of society in which every one could act as he liked would be intolerable and impose constant hardships upon the majority.

Fair government insists upon the restraint of selfishness and demands the observance of very definite laws of conduct and procedure—without which conscienceless ambition would ride roughshod.

Within these reasonable limits of action you are a guaranteed free agent with all the power of the republic to warrant the exercise of your franchise. But when you exceed the set bounds you must submit to the same correcting forces you stand ready to evoke when others outrage your rights.

The terms under which you are permitted to operate your affairs possibly block your plans at times and inflict a personal disadvantage, but remember they express the will of the Nation which stands ready in turn to grant you security against those who seek a proportionate disadvantage over you.

**V**ERSES  
by  
Herbert Kaufman



Vim  
Vigor  
Victory

There's room enough for all of us,  
but not in every place;  
There's chance enough for every  
one, but not in every race;  
They may not have a job for you  
in town just at this minute,  
But there's a nearby city with far  
better prospects in it;  
Your trade is overcrowded? Well,  
new industries are starting,  
A driver out of work can take to  
other things than carting;  
Ambition does not fold its hands  
and quit at one sound thrash-  
ing;  
You aren't worth a tinker's dam if  
you can't stand a smashing;  
We don't pronounce the P in luck,  
but Pluck's the way we spell it.  
If you are worth your salt, your  
future course will quickly tell  
it.  
Adapt yourself to circumstance and  
seek a new location.  
You aren't forced to stick to one  
spot or vocation.