

Watch the little screws
and the big wheels
will take care of
themselves.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Those who do not wel-
come you for what you
are, tolerate you for
what you have.

The Pass Keys to Opportunity

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

When you feel blue see red. Despondency is a signal to battle. The fight won't stop running against you while you're running away from it. All contests, even war, are determined by will. The farthest reaching weapon won't serve a wobbler.

Nature forces every creature and thing to compete for survival.

The sapling that can't push into the sun dies under the shade of sturdier trees—the herd obeys the bravest buck—the best type shoves to the front.

There are only two classes—leaders and followers; you belong in one or the other and through your own decision.

You surely didn't expect that any place-holder would step down and out because you aspired to his post.

All jobs are plainly marked; pay the price and take your pick.

You can't drive a bargain while the demand for success exceeds supply.

Meet the market or deal in a cheaper one.

But don't reduce your ambition without first calculating your available funds; you aren't broke 'til your heart breaks.

Keep believing in yourself and we'll come round to your way of thinking, provided vanity has not filled your imagination with counterfeit abilities.

Rights are permanent merely so long as shrewdness and competence protect them.

Except in those countries which subscribe to the privileges of birth, wealth and eminence regularly shift to strength and genius.

It is impossible to estimate who will have the most ten years from now, because we cannot guess who will do the most or what forces he will employ in the achievement.

The bootblack at the corner may have sired a Napoleon of finance; it is not improbable that your scrub-woman's son shall give orders where she now takes them.

Time alone can tell if that patch-sleeved office-boy of yours will succeed to control of the concern which you plan to reserve for a kinsman.

Most of the Presidents of these United States and its industries sprang from obscure and handicapped surroundings.

America mainly serves masters who once served hardship and hope.

Strugglers are credulous, eager and investigative; those who have not yet found themselves are most apt to take stock of changing conditions.

It's a tremendous asset to have lived close to the mass—to understand their attitudes and to have shared their needs.

It enriches experience with fundamental facts and only those who know the multitude viewpoint can deal with it.

Minds are testing laboratories in the period of un-success. Originality has freest swing when it is not curbed by routine tasks.

You've tried one pass key to opportunity and it didn't fit—but what of that? The rest of your brain is an unexperimented key-ring.

Keep trying them and unexpected doors may open to you.

Few great men have gone straight on to a goal.

Your trials and disappointments can be matched in a thousand careers now tongued by tradition.

You were either too big or too little for your last undertaking. Confidence knows your real size and will finally prove it.

Profit and Loss and Duty

NO PRESIDENT can accomplish more for America than its own citizens will permit.

The team demands a Captain; the Captain must have the confidence of the players—it's his function to plan courses of action and coach their execution.

The man about to be elected Tuesday will find his purposes thwarted, his ideas handicapped and his wisdom discounted if the majority of the people do not, for the next four years, continue their present interest in National affairs.

Campaign excitement and consistent citizenship are two distinct matters.

The successful candidate will not be able to put his policies into sufficient practice if he is not sympathetically supported throughout his entire term of office.

Your ballot is a solemn promise that you will do all that lies within your power to promote and fortify the principles you indorse at the polls.

You are not fulfilling your pledge to prosperity or posterity by merely indicating your preference of leaders.

The privilege of the franchise is predicated upon the assumption that you will remain loyal to your vote, respond when called upon to defend and extend the measures which your party chief considers essential to progress and security.

The White House job grows increasingly difficult. There are 48 states in the Union and each is peculiar in its problems. The immediate necessities of one coast strikingly differ from those of the other.

We are theoretically divided by boundary lines—actually by climate, natural resources and racial preponderance.

Here is an area of farms and there a stretch of factories. Some districts are solely industrial, others depend upon their mines; the territory that produces the raw product and the section which transforms it into articles of commerce, however distant they may be in miles, are side by side in practice.

East and West hold divergent views from each other and neither can agree with North or South upon the most vital local procedures.

Other occupations and surroundings are opinion moulds; every man, inevitably biased by vocation and investments, instinctively weighs values on selfish scales.

We compete strenuously with each other and the rivalry is incalculably beneficial, but we must never forget interdependability—the relation of the link to the chain and the super-position of the chain.

There are certain enormous institutions, organizations and bodies of workers in whose fortunes the community is deeply concerned, but the interests of no one type of business or set of men can be as important as sound government.

Nations cannot score without sacrifice hits; the game itself takes precedence over individual records.

When the Republic wins, so does every part of the continent; the opportunities that enrich specific groups are indirectly shared everywhere.

When labor has a fat purse it likewise carries a full market basket.

When farmers are making money, so are merchants in all wares.

In hours of peril there is a universal willingness to stand united.

We are equally obligated to common sense, personal advantage and patriotism to support certain broad principles in peace.


Every road leads to the National highway and branches from it. There is one big path along which we must all travel—the path of duty.

If we keep it clear and guarded, prosperity will always manage to get around.

Now put your political convictions on the stand and give them a thorough cross-examination—then VOTE RIGHT.

VERSES
by
Herbert Kaufman

Vim
Vigor
Victory



Tomorrow is a promised land,
Upon whose shores you'll never stand.
Time, master of the years,
will die
Before Tomorrow's reached.
So try
The utmost now—this is the day;
Do what you can while yet
you may.
Decide your course and then
proceed—
Postponement is a weakling's
creed.
Delay will not reduce the debt
You owe yourself—it must be met,
Else other men will seize your
share
And Destiny will put you
where
The spendthrifts of the clock
belong.
Your daily chance dies with
the gong.

The Strangers in Our Midst

YOUR grandfather ran a boarding-house and so do you. If germs were the size of buffaloes, the infinite herds now victualing on your vitals would require several states as big as Texas for a grazing ground. No one can estimate how many millions of 'em call you "Home."

But we know that within twenty-four hours after the pioneer disease-bringer locates favorable quarters and settles in your anatomy, offspring begin to appear in batches of millions. Even in health there's a multitude of dormant germs scattered over your person simply waiting until local conditions are satisfactory for business.

Fortunately they can feed only on dead matter. One authority describes them as "the good angels of nature, constantly reorganizing constituent materials—in other words, messengers of life as well as death."

And to think that old Noah went to his grave convinced that he carried only two of each living creature aboard the Ark! Why, by the time the voyage was over there was a coccus aboard for every drop of rain that fell in the forty days.

But Noah wasn't alone in his ignorance—the doctors themselves didn't know that microbes existed until the last century. Pathology really dates from Virchow's amazing discovery (in 1850) that man is a community of living cells. Then Pasteur came along and demonstrated that the cells had friends and enemies, since when medicine has accomplished more definite results than in all preceding centuries.

No malady is hopeless after we find the causes. Give the microscope a little time—think what has been done in half a century and despair of nothing.