

Charity Not Only Begins
at Home But Hates
to Leave the
House.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

The Man Who Uses His
Tongue Oftener Than
His Ears Soon Runs
Dry of Ideas.

Give Your Second Wind a Show

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Every day is a grab-bag, with at least one grand prize; try for it. Each twenty-four hours presents another opportunity; watch for it. Providence is always experimenting with new combinations of circumstance—search for them.

The forces of growth and displacement never stop; why did you quit? Nothing stays put. The unexpected is an absolute certainty. Events do not repeat themselves in the same sequence—so don't discount your prospects.

There'll be a fresh lay-out in the morning. A lot of people began to lose their grip yesterday and will start to make blunders destined to affect your chances tomorrow.

Firms will fail; men will fall; a given number of folk will go to bed in obscurity and awake in success; shifts will occur in organizations which will alter policies and require a different outfit of employees.

This concern will conclude to enlarge its plant and that manufacturer will decide to reach for further markets.

Maybe conditions weren't ripe for you, but that state of affairs won't persist if you do.

Read the want pages; they tell where the yeast is working. Business is incessantly firing and hiring help.

Payday is the last stay-day for thousands.

Going concerns weed incompetence and need efficiency straight through the year.

You may possess the very requirements for a situation which you haven't happened to contemplate.

How do you know that you're best qualified for your present occupation? Few jobs are really suited for their holders. Most persons jump into the nearest opening and stick to it without regard to temperamental fitness for the task.

Careers are seldom intelligently surveyed. If you behold no promise ahead, it's probably because your head holds no purpose.

Wait a reasonable stretch of time, and if you don't progress, turn to something else.

Experiment—what's the good of owning a variety of mental tools if they're left to rust in idleness?

A carpenter unfamiliar with the resources of his kit isn't much of a builder. Neither will you be until you become an adept with your various faculties.

It takes quite a while to learn the full range of one's ability. We frequently discover what we do best after a reasonable period of hit-and-miss. No invention would ever come through if the preliminary discouragements were taken seriously.

Big achievements don't happen; they represent patience and enthusiasm. Moving up front isn't easy, but staying back is harder.

There are few trials worse than the struggle for a living wage.

Of course you're disappointed, but not half as much as we are in finding you a habitual under dog.

You hadn't exhausted resource when you surrendered ambition. That was a mere try-out. You were just limbering up.

Will you ever give your second wind a show?

A Basket for Poverty Lane

IT'S sharing season—Winter and the poor are here. Prosperity hasn't rapped at every door; it never knows the back streets.

The price of coal appais even your income—how will they make out with their meager pence and the cruel profits at which little bucketfuls are peddled out?

Food never cost so much. Mighty little meat and potatoes will reach the tenements this year—most of 'em are lucky to have bread and milk for their babies.

You're apt to forget and the charities never have enough to remember all; especially the proud and silent derelicts who would rather die in cold and hunger than list themselves as paupers.

Many a gently born old lady has drifted to the ramshackles. Penury is doubly bitter where memory caresses dear and happy years.

Here's a chance to lend to the Lord at compound interest—to lay by a bit for the hereafter; to play the raven; to give a pittance from your plenty and let pride hold its white head high.

They're easy enough to find. Take care of one—at least. Fill a cupboard and a stove. Thanksgiving won't count for much if you haven't earned a little thanks-getting. Pack an extra basket for Poverty Lane.

Surgery's Splendid Hour

DEATH alone reveals the secrets of life—medicine has always been a very heavy debtor to war. Therefore this colossal slaughter, at the very perihelion of surgical progress, is furnishing a clinic of incalculable value.

Future generations will trace immeasurable benefits from the experiments now taking place on European battle-grounds.

It is impossible to estimate the significance of the operations performed in the field hospitals. The biggest men of every country are with the armies, working under conditions that peace cannot parallel, fortifying their skill by incessant practice on living subjects; handling more cases per hour than they normally dealt with in a day; forced by the demands upon their attention to move with lightning rapidity; to take chances impermissible under standard circumstances.

We already hear of incisions, stitches and methods of drainage which promised unbelievably to reduce certain mortality figures. Amazing antiseptics have been discovered. The application of anesthesia has been reduced to a certainty. Bone mortising, skin-grafting, the restoration of destroyed features are so completely accomplished that nothing seems too miraculous for expectation. Fevers are understood as never before. Pus and gangrene have been robbed of their terrible power.

Strange instruments are being constantly invented and appliances for the straightening of crippled limbs and the restoration of vitality to salvaged members.

The vast number of maimed and blinded soldiers has appalled the economists. For the first time in history, a thorough attempt has been made to plan special occupations for these unfortunates, so that they may become self-supporting. The vision of a million legless, armless, sightless men wandering over the continent has stirred ingenuity to devise mechanical and magnetic limbs with which they can take their place in the ranks of wage-earners and remain contributing members of society.

Thank God there are a few credits to be entered upon this awful ledger page.

Fear and Fact

WALK up to your worries and smash them. They'll shrink if you won't. Absent treatment never cured a trouble. The longer you postpone an issue the stronger it grows. Dread is an inventor of racks and thumb-screws. Cowardly minds are never free from suffering. When imagination becomes a torture chamber, men die a thousand deaths.

If the fools who fled from ghosts had investigated the cause of their terror, flapping wash lines would not cause so much ridiculous agony.

If you're due for a trouncing take it promptly. Fate usually backs down when she sees your back up. Half the threats of fortune aren't fulfilled. Fear strikes oftener and harder than reality.

The Way to Win and Lose in Business

THE best pitcher can't win without a reliable catcher to hold his curves. Teams, not stars, pile up the telling scores. Single-handed games are only for the arts and professions. Commerce requires organizations. When groups strive for one purpose, make sacrifice hits when and where needed and forget individual records to remember mutual welfare, they are invincible.

But employers will not receive the loyalty and support they require if earnestness and honesty are not constantly recognized and promptly rewarded. Esprit de corps disappears the instant one faithful helper is denied his due. Nobody will do his best except with the understanding that he is serving himself in fulfilling his duty.

Inappreciation fathers competition. Every city in America is filled with monuments to the obtuseness of firms deluded with the notion that they could pay talent less than its market value.

Most men would never think of going in business for themselves, if their old bosses didn't suggest the idea, by making it plain that there were no partnerships in the future.

A Searchlight to Timbuctoo

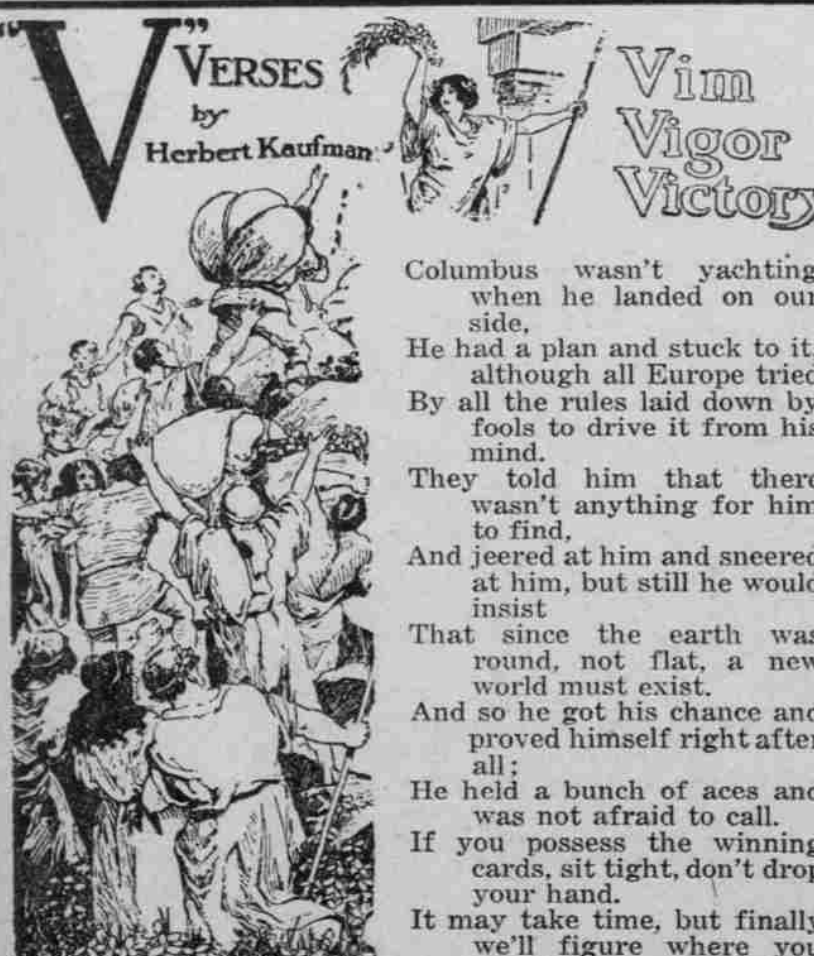
WITHIN the next decade you'll cross the ocean in 24-hour Zeppelins. The trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast will be reduced to two days. Wireless telephony will be universal—any spot on earth within call.

We're still in the primary class of accomplishment. Fifty-mile howitzers and 24-inch guns are mere matters of development. Inpredictable performances are waiting behind the dawns. Humanity is equipped for any stunt it is able to consider.

With a battery of brain-cells, man can generate sufficient power for a searchlight to Timbuctoo.

VERSES
by
Herbert Kaufman

**Vim
Vigor
Victory**



Columbus wasn't yachting when he landed on our side. He had a plan and stuck to it, although all Europe tried by all the rules laid down by fools to drive it from his mind. They told him that there wasn't anything for him to find. And jeered at him and sneered at him, but still he would insist. That since the earth was round, not flat, a new world must exist. And so he got his chance and proved himself right after all. He held a bunch of aces and was not afraid to call. If you possess the winning cards, sit tight, don't drop your hand. It may take time, but finally we'll figure where you stand.