

Wells Are Only Holes in  
the Ground if They  
Don't Reach  
Water.

# Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

The Head That Rises the  
Highest Must Expect to  
Become the Target  
for Fools.

## You Stopped Too Soon

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN.

It's all very well to censure a man for his insignificance, but once in a while there's an excuse and a valid one for failure; for instance, there's your own case.

You were delayed at the outset. Poverty tugged at your very kilts. Fortune passed the house where you were born and hasn't looked up your address since.

Your parents were toil-dulled—their enthusiasms blunted by early privations—unlettered, hand-to-mouth strugglers, who never found the open road or saw the Dawns of Promise break beyond.

Since you remember, you were a Little Brother of Hardship—a bit wearer and burden bearer from childhood up—driven by needs that would not be refused—yanked out of the classroom while your mind was still fumbling fundamentals.

You were a wage-earner in the first teens, forced to do the best you could with what you had—so what wonder that you didn't get as far along as men who teathed on silver and topped off the advantage of gentle breeding with an academic training?

You realize what you lack, but now that you appreciate the handicap, you're too old—why, you're past twenty, and even if you wanted to take a course of instruction that would qualify you for broader utility, it's too late—the youngsters who already possess the knowledge you crave would meanwhile reach the bourne of your hopes.

You're a diamond in the rough who could be as brilliant as any, if you were but polished.

You've estimated the capacities of countless people in more responsible positions and are sure that you are not basically inferior. Given the same colleging, you'd climb as high.

But what's the use of bucking impossible odds? Fate short-suited you. "Ifs" halt ambition at every turn; therefore you accept your lot and stay in your own sphere.

BUT—

—suppose Carnegie, whom circumstance stuck into a cotton mill at 12, had subscribed to a similar laissez faire philosophy—or Edison, self-supporting in knickerbockers, had rebuffed aspiration—or Lincoln had surrendered to his environment and stifled the valorous dreams which led him to the Presidency; suppose half the leaders of this Nation, sprung as they are from laborer and peasant stock, had listened to the cowardly voice of Doubt—then the boldest chapters in American History would still wait for writing.

And further to shame your weak surrender to a few initial adversities, there's Eberhard of Minnesota, three times Governor of his state and today hardly in his forties, who didn't see the inside of a schoolhouse until 21 years old.

What did you suffer that they did not experience? What did they possess that you do not equally share?

You, too, are an American, heir to the all boundless reaches of possibility, but you're yellow—you threw up the sponge in the first round. You didn't try. You wouldn't dare.

Henry Ford, John and Horace Dodge, Luther Burbank, Jacob Epstein, the spirit of Nelson Morris and of Jim Hill deny that you have had no opportunity—you stopped too soon.

## Your Money or Your Life!

IF you harbor the notion that superior numbers are alone sufficient to smash Germany, please refer to the career of a certain Bonaparte, who so successfully undertook to thrash all Europe single-handed that it required the pooled armies of seven great powers and some 20 years to defeat him.

The Teuton war machine is incalculably stronger than Napoleon's. Half a century of ceaseless, brilliant, foresighted, conscienceless preparation is behind the organization and all the fealty and intelligence and wealth of the German people, who have been bred for and led to this supreme moment by the cunningest polemicists the world has yet met. They count no cost too heavy for their cause and will not submit until the last levies have died in the last ditch.

Optimism is blinding folly when it underrates difficulties. Confidence without justification is first aid to the enemy. Success is still in Germany's cards and the manner in which we play our hand will determine her destiny.

Don't let anyone tell you that the Kaiser is not holding his own and many another million Briton, Frenchman and Russian will be maimed and slain in the interim even if the Allies do eventually gain the whiphand.

And Death has marked an untold number of American boys for his own upon the reeking fields where Liberty and Autocracy have met to settle their ancient quarrel.

The dearest bought rights of mankind, the fundamental principles of civilization are at stake.

We are not fighting to gain something, but to retain everything holiest to Republics.

There isn't room enough on one earth for progressive America and reactionary Prussia. She cannot find "her place in the sun" without shoving us into the shade. If we are to grow, Kaiserdom must go. This war must be fought to a finish and the issues involved settled forever. There can be no compromise between the sword and plowshare—between justice and brutality—between the defenders of Tyranny and the champions of Freedom.

By the blood of their martyrs, our Allies are sworn to prevail or perish and however much we suffer in assisting them to overthrow militarism, it will be as nothing compared to the ghastly reckoning that faces us should Germany prove the mightier and unimpeded by other foes, be able to devote her full energies to the degradation and despoliation of the United States.

The possibilities of the next few years cannot be painted too darkly. Words fail the emergency. There are no superlatives too exaggerated for the gravity of the situation.

It will be God's mercy if only our young men are drawn into the conflict.

If we save money we can't save time and the more time we lose the more men we lose.

Your sons have already been called to the colors. Don't sentence them to death by battalions for lack of proper equipment and adequate munitions.

The Government needs billions.

Why are you holding back? Do your dollars mean more to you than your country? Are they more precious than your children and your brothers? If you don't send your check to the firing line, sooner or later you may have to stand there yourself.

We must strike promptly and heavily and our mightiest weapon is the Golden Sword. In God's name, speed the forging of the blade. Buy your bond—NOW.

## The Battler vs. the Bottler

HE lurched into Jack's at midnight, stumbled along the lane of crowded tables and sprawled into a seat—a sodden, glass-eyed, pulpy parody of the superb creature whose clean fists once held a championship. Then he was without peer—invincible. Man after man, the shrewdest pugilists of America vainly contested with him for the title. The prides of England's ring and the best talent of Australia fell before his incomparable science.

His was the keen vital strength that surges from uncontaminated sources. In a day of brawling brutes he stood apart, a class unto himself. Then suddenly he rotted at the core. In Old John Barleycorn he met his master. What no arena ever saw, pot-house and the sample-room soon beheld—"the best of 'em all" reeling and rocking in defeat. It's a sure bet when the battler meets the bottler.

## Cold Storage Plants and High Prices

THE cold facts of recent food manipulations are set forth in the books of the storage plants. These records tell who is cornering necessities and the dates of entry establish the prices paid at time of purchase. A thorough examination of such establishments by Federal authorities will produce abundant and incontestable evidence that there is a widespread and ably executed conspiracy in restraint of trade. Without such facilities, corners in perishables would be utterly impossible. Refrigeration is first lieutenant to extortion. When Congress can be made to appreciate that truth and when proper laws are passed in defense of the National market basket the average income will again purchase indispensables on reasonable terms.

We are a sad collection of cravens, if we continue to suffer exploitation at the hands of rascals whose methods prove that their greed would feed upon the pennies in a blind man's cup. In the present extremity excessive profits border upon treason. We will cheerfully bear the cross which war has thrust upon us, but the descendants of Colonists who shed their blood rather than submit to George of England's outrageous taxations belie their ancestry if they meekly submit to the double cross.

## Don't Play the Silk Worm

THE danger of specialization is its narrowing influence. It is an extraordinary man who can continue to concentrate upon a single objective without losing his sense of proportion. Brains, as farm lands, are enriched by diversification and deteriorate when devoted too long to the same purpose. Efficient thinkers revitalize their minds with a variety of interests. Their intelligence remains symmetrical. When a subject especially appeals to you, beware lest you become so wrapped up in it that, like the silk worm, you shut yourself off from all the other wonderful things in view.

**V**ERSES  
by  
Herbert Kaufman

**Vim  
Vigor  
Victory**

YOUR time will come, so prepare for it;  
Plan in advance to care for it.  
Decide just what you wish to do  
And make it a living part of you.  
Study the subject at every chance;  
You can't learn to govern or doctor or dance,  
Build bridges, plead causes or even cut pants  
Unless you have studied the game in advance.  
You're drifting and shifting and trusting to luck;  
You haven't acquired the slow plodding pluck  
That sticks to a purpose until it wins through;  
You haven't a goal—that's the main fault with you.

