

Only ideas and ideals survive. Stone and metal and wood are but tidbits to the teeth of time.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

You can't spend your way into better circles. Houses with admittance prices are business offices, not homes.

YOUR JOB'S TOO SMALL

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

What did you learn today that you didn't know yesterday? There's but fool room on this sphere for any man who believes that education can only be had in a schoolroom.

More knowledge is gained from looks than books. Colleges deal mainly in second-hand information.

All the really new things—the upsetting ideas—the original methods that teachers expound, had first to be discovered or formulated by some pioneering intelligence.

Inventing isn't a profession, but an inclination. Efficiency is just common sense under a fancy alias.

There are a few professions which require exact training along specific lines, but the whopping opportunities of every generation are within reach of all hard-thinking and foresighted folk.

Ambition doesn't quibble with circumstances. Sharpen your wits on a makeshift hone, if Destiny denied you a ready-made one.

Universities merely arrange the contents of heads in proper order—they put nothing extra into 'em.

Civilization is the product of five senses and a pair of hands. You have a duplicate of the kit with which the raw, unorganized terrain was transformed into factories, shops, railroad and telegraph lines, hospitals, laboratories, mills, farms and cities.

Imagination bred the means of achieving the miracles in steel and stone and fabric which serve universal comfort and convenience: shrewd eyes and nimble fingers built the revolutionizing tools and machines.

Men who gleaned their surroundings for inspiration led the race from brutedom to its present estate and men of similar type will confer commensurately important benefits upon the future.

Fame is no snob. She weighs merit from behind a bandage.

Native talent, the kind of competence that Arkwright had and Mergenthaler possessed and Edison boasts and Cyrus McCormick owned and Marshall Field evinced and Collis Huntington displayed and Commodore Vanderbilt demonstrated has an edge that will cut any knot which the hardest problem can present.

Yours is an inferior prowess solely by consent and surrender.

There are no purposes too high for audacious persistence.

There are better ways to do everything now accomplished. The simplest device can still be simplified; the speediest engine quickened; the sanest system convicted of waste.

Revalue yourself. Consecrate the coming years to independent courses.

Be and do without set limits. War has created unexpected vacancies the land over and suddenly called for Minute Men in each department of commerce and production.

Human and material losses pile mountainously day by day. Theory and precedent are dying to the thunder of earth-rocking guns.

We haven't time for prejudice and favoritism and mechanical promotion.

The track's clear—run ahead.

If you have a scintilla of genius or the least capacity for administration or the slightest aptitude for leadership—cast doubt and timidity to the winds—step out of the mob of nonentities and come up front.

Germany at Bay

IF THE German people continue to support the government to the last—if the German government remains committed to its determination to fight until victorious or crushed, this war can endure for another decade.

Germany has thus far confined the conflict to enemy territory. She has consistently filled the role of aggressor. We have still to estimate her defensive strength.

Once driven back to the Rhine, her armies may, like Antaeus, take fresh vitality from the soil to which they are returned.

All the civilian and semi-civilian tasks at present performed by soldiers—the preparation and transport of food, clerical duties, messenger service and the myriad other details associated with the upkeep of forces in a hostile country, will immediately be negotiated by women, boys and civilians, either too old for the rigors of campaigning or by exempts still fit for the lighter labors of "kriegsschaft" at fixed posts.

Thus, a considerable body, possibly a million first-class and field-seasoned men, will be released for the actual business of killing, and it will be the allies' turn to subtract from the trenches a corresponding number of troopers to carry on the same class of work which the Kaiser's conscripts abandon.

We may rest assured that countless horrors of efficiency have been planned by the devilishly clever scientists and inventors of the Middle Kingdoms against the possibility of such a retreat.

Beyond doubt, electricity has meanwhile been harnessed to awful engines of destruction. Wireless has probably been trained to explode approaching ammunition trains. Huge areas along the frontier, if rumor be true, are mined with dread explosives and piped in readiness to repel assaulting legions with annihilating fires, gases and acids.

Operating at home, with supplies, foundries and superb hospital facilities immediately at hand and, as a last resort, quite capable of marshaling the sturdy women of the empire to reinforce her male contingents, Germany's power of resistance is incalculable.

Many divisions of Americans will be swept away with a ghastly multitude of Frenchmen, Russians and Britons before Potsdam's outlaw is broken by the League of Democracy.

We can only be certain of vanquishing our enemies by unremitting zeal in the preparation of the strongest of armies and navies and provision for their definite maintenance.

As the struggle proceeds the burden will constantly grow heavier upon our military and industrial establishments and further strain the food and financial resources of the United States.

No precaution can be neglected except at National peril.

The courage and wisdom of the Republic must remain pledged to the consummation of the earliest possible decision. Since God has thrust the Cross upon us, let it be borne unquittingly and boldly, and if the ordeal is to be long and agonizing, it will only be because we have not fought and thought as hard in war as we have distinguished ourselves in peace. Civilization turns to us for the miraculous ingenuities upon which the abortion of this ferocious conflict now seems to depend.

Rise, Rise, America!

RISE, rise, America, and gird yourself for war. The call to arms has sounded; take your station at the fore.

Our cause is just and vandals must be swept from land and sea; Uphold the right, be bold and fight for God and Liberty.

Rise, rise, America, and battle for the Lord. The end of kings and royal rings is written on your sword. From Belgium to Jerusalem the stricken nations pray For succor and deliverance—go save them while you may.

Rise, rise, America, and strike the mighty blow That breaks the thrall of tyranny and brings the despot low. The world is on the Cross and Justice bids you gird for war; Rise, rise, America, and hasten to the fore.

The Passing of Impossibilities

WE ARE sated with progress. We live faster in a year than our forefathers did in a century. Where once the cobbler spent three days on a pair of shoes we have machines to produce them in three minutes. Your grandmother spent half a year crossing the plains—you ride from coast to coast in half a week. The first men who attempted to build flying machines were rewarded with straitjackets instead of laurel wreaths.

The wise men of history are rapidly becoming the fools in the eyes of posterity. The time is rapidly approaching when the makers of lexicons will define "impossibility" as "a word used in the ignorant ages to designate a difficult task."

The Extravagant Garbage Can

IF THE coral insect, a creature hardly as large as a match head, paused to consider the insignificance of its individual contribution to the reef, there would be no atolls in the tropic seas.

But because each and every polyp lives and dies in the implacable determination to do its bit, year by year and inch by inch their eternal offerings to the God of Creation push up from the ocean beds and mount above the spooning, splashing billows to take the benediction of the sun. And always the reefs keep rising.

When you pitch a crust or a scrap of fat into the garbage pail with the thought that such a trifling waste can't measurably affect the world's food supply, you confess that you haven't so much sense as a marine insect.

There isn't enough meat or wheat on hand for our needs and until the war closes we face the prospect of a steady fall in supplies and rise in prices.

Conservation, however extreme, will not restore normal conditions. But a little less gluttony and a little more thoughtfulness will materially relieve the situation.

We Americans eat too much and especially too much white flour and meat.

Will you pledge yourself to go without "fine bread" for one meal?

Will you serve humanity and the Cause by serving fish four times oftener per month?

Will you put your beef bones and chicken carcasses into the stock pot and boil them down for soup?

Will you help the Government win this war by recocking leave-overs into hashes and stews?

An army is as weak as it's hungry, and the forces of our allies rely upon America to feed them.

An army is as courageous as it is carefree, and the men who are battling despotism cannot do their best when downcast with the knowledge that their families are half-starved.

If every one of you who read these lines will curtail table extravagance and urge friends and neighbors to get the fullest potential value out of the market baskets, if you will be just first-class coral insects and remember that the combined efforts of a multitude, however slight the pro-rata, can bring almost anything to pass, there will be tons of grain, beef and pork products added daily to the shipments for our confederates and thousands of wretched Poles and Belgians—their tottering old men and women—their piteous, emaciated babies—rescued from the fangs of Famine.

To waste sound food nowadays is to waste human life. Every time you fill the garbage can the Kaiser grins.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HERBERT KAUFMAN, GREAT BRITAIN AND ALL OTHER RIGHTS RESERVED

"V" VERSES
by Herbert Kaufman

**Vim
Vigor
Victory**



Little 'twixt start and finish counts;
The tiny midway slip amounts
To nothing: only scores are chalked.
No matter how often you were balked
And blocked and checked as you fought for goal,
It isn't recorded in the toll
Of victory. Your chance is there—
Go and take it. Don't waste care
On the petty, snarling hamper crew,
Whose knocks won't reach when you do win through.
If your heart keeps clean
And your mind's still keen,
You're a better man than you've ever been.