

A Refined Servant Is the
Social Superior of an
Offensive Master.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Originality Doesn't Re-
quire Guide Posts,
It Sets Them.

Soft-Soap Has a Suspicious Smell

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Speak your mind. If you conceal it, how can others estimate your knowledge? Where you can't show goods, you stand no show. Employers who resent frankness present no chance to sincere men.

Situations lost through honest expression of opinion aren't worth having. An executive who isn't too sane to be vain won't weigh ability on fair scales.

When your judgment is asked, give it. Tell the truth, or truth will finally tell on you. It's human nature to desire approbation of pet ideas, but it's dollar nature to suspect hypocrisy.

Flattery is a world-recognized rogue—we all retain bitter memories of honeyed words. Habitually gentle answers turn us to wrath. Soft-soap is scented with suspicion. We like to find ourselves right, but we dislike people who never tell us we are wrong.

Everybody knows his limitations and secretly appreciates the candor that, if needs be, will hurt to help.

Should you perceive error or a weakness in a proposition and keep still in the belief that it's unwise to dispute with a superior, then you are as recreant to your trust as the dispatcher who receives incorrect orders from high officials and, for fear of reprimand, blindly executes them.

Blame is usually relayed down the line.

Scapegoat hunting is a favorite pastime of bombastic bosses. The very quality that makes an egotist makes him a bully.

Simpkins, the office fawn, applauds a half-considered policy of his chief and, upon the failure of the move, is scathingly denounced before the entire staff and fired for his lack of judgment.

Toadies are held in contempt even by those who tolerate them. Conceit is quick to abuse the sneaks that pamper it. The boot you kiss will some day kick.

Self-respect in turn commands respect. Straightforward ways are the shortest cuts to appreciation.

Illiterate Jones may frown at his stenographer's temerity in altering an ungrammatical letter, but he'd rather have his ignorance detected on home grounds than exposed outside.

Another advertising agent will place Addison's next campaign. He thought he knew all about publicity and backed his amateur copy with a fifty thousand-dollar expenditure. The balance sheet now cries for the services of an expert and the man who assured him that he was "a living wonder" will have a heluva time establishing his further usefulness.

Bowser was convinced of his designing talent and proceeded to plan a residence which violated so many laws of good taste and balance that friends have laughed him into selling the property. Wells and Wilkes won't handle his new home. They didn't stop him from making an ass of himself.

Tailors who follow the instructions of clients against their own sound judgment—modistes who congratulate silly old women on their "very original conceptions" and turn out dresses which turn out to be vulgar botches lose their future custom.

Disinterested folk are kind enough to put us on the proper track when sycophants betray our confidence.

"Be true to yourself and you'll be false to no man."

Directness goes farther than diplomacy.

We Deserve Present Prices

GRASS is wool and leather in the raw. Therefore the present price of decent garments or a reliable pair of shoes is economically indefensible. We deserve to wear shoddy and kip. A nation that doesn't manage its resources any better than we've exploited our continent should suffer for self-neglect.

There's land enough in the United States to pasture more cattle and sheep than we can possibly eat, weave and tan. If the high cost of living will only pinch us a bit longer, we may emerge from this preventable shortage of necessities with some sense of possibilities and figure how many million steers, milch cows, lambs and hogs can be nurtured on the aggregated patches of vegetation now permitted to loaf.

There are no further ranges. The chapter of vast, single herds is closing. What great ranches remain must gradually sink before the harrow. Packers are forced to seek their supplies in new quarters. If we don't breed to their needs and set about it promptly, the demands of Europe, together with our own tremendous consumption will soon drive multitudes to a vegetarian diet and make-shift clothes.

Steaks and chops and fabrics and hides will grow steadily dearer pending the intelligent utilization of farmsteads.

Efficiency alone will restore provisions and wearables to their normal values.

War is partly responsible for the present market, but negligence and incompetence are likewise culpable. Neither dictators nor trade commissions can arrest the upward trend of milk and cheese and mutton and lard and boots and woollens. Imagination and elbow grease hold our hopes.

American acreage is not doing its duty. We easily lose 50 per cent of its earning power annually. Mile for mile, this continent yields less stuff per acre than any comparatively rich space in the possession of a modernized community.

With few conspicuous local exceptions, we haven't the least comprehension of intensive agriculture. Japan subsists sixty million inhabitants on a group of tiny islands, whose total area won't equal any one of a dozen Western states—and the greater part of her tilled ground has been reclaimed at that.

What big thinking has been done in this Republic shows in cities, factories and transportation systems.

A similar quality of brains is immediately required in the fields.

Words and Works

SUPPOSE a hitherto respected neighbor suddenly burglarized your home, killed members of your family, vandalized the premises and when surrounded by a posse of law abiding citizens defied them, demanding retention of his plunder and immunity from punishment; then, finally realizing that the numbers against him rendered escape impossible, offered as a second proposition, to return part of the stolen property, provided all hands round would join with him in discarding weapons, thereafter convening to dwell in former amity, how'd you feel about it?

Would you consider it a just act before God and conscience to enter such a compact? Could you trust the good faith of an unrepentant outlaw—of a red-handed wanton, neither offering amends nor confessing contrition?

Could his words outweigh his works?

Could you believe that there would be any sense of security in the neighborhood while he was at large—free to plot and execute further raids and outrages?

If you are convinced that an individual of the above stripe deserves absolution and future confidence, then you may support the opinion which urges an *ante statu quo* peace with Germany. If not, you must agree with those who hold that High Heaven and Humanity call upon Civilization to arrest and subdue and to adequately punish the government which desolated and desecrated Belgium and violated all the proud principles for which honorable nations have steadfastly wrought and fought.

You Can Be Replaced

IF whale oil and tallow dips were our main dependencies, wouldn't we be in a fine fix for illumination? But happily each light in turn helps along the search for a better one. There's always room for improvement—ever a substitute in the offing; even your loss won't cripple us.

Nobody is irreplaceable. Leaders die, forests vanish, mines peter out, but progress seems to find the requisite materials and mentalities to keep on with. A competent successor stands ready for anybody's job.

Old Sigmund Kann ran a dry goods store in South Baltimore. One day his manager remarked that it was a fine feeling to realize he'd never have to look for another position. "You're wrong," answered the merchant, "you're about to begin right now. When a man is too certain of his place he gets careless and insolent. Your satisfaction dissatisfies me."

Repeaters Pay the Dividends

"EMPLOYER isn't expected to "caveat" nowadays—business has outgrown the "buyer beware" theory. It bred disputes, wasted time, created enmities and other extravagances. The bankruptcy court proved that cheating did not pay. Honesty is far more profitable. People deal so much more readily when they are assured of fair play. Clerks used to take three times as long to make a sale when every little purchase was a battle between slickness and incredulity. The one-price system is the highest form of efficiency. Some hotel managers and wholesalers could very advantageously invest a season working behind the counters of a first-class retail establishment. They'd learn that the quickest way to get a lot of money is to get a lot of regular customers—that good will is an annuity—that there's no real profit in a single transaction. It's the repeater who pays dividends.

The Making of Champions

RECORD jumps aren't made off-hand. The crack athlete must train and strain himself to prowess. His first efforts are invariably failures. At the start he falls short of the mark—his is a constant battle against discouragement. Day after day reluctant muscles are commanded to forget their aches and obey will—to disregard consequent bruises—to serve faith unquittingly. There are no born champions.

A strong man with a weak will never distinguished himself at anything. Minds must be coaxed just as limbs are coached. Confidence will eventually take any hurdle.

The Failure

HE placed his Springtime in the minting press—he turned all his hopes and all his visions into coin—stamped all the tenderness out of his heart and milled the peace off his soul.

Now in his silver age he is yearning for his golden youth.

"VERSES"
by
Herbert Kaufman



**Vim
Vigor
Victory**

Spendthrift! You waste clock ticks like dross,
Time squandered is a hopeless loss.
The opportunities you spurn
So wantonly will not return.
Delay betrays the best of plans,
Today alone is any man's.
Don't cast your splendid strengths away,
Invest them wisely while you may.
Success is for the prompt and bold,
You'll never find it when you're old.
Pursuit of yesterday is vain,
Gone chances do not come again.