



The
KNACK OF IT

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



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THE KNACK OF IT

The Knack of It

SOME ESSAYS
IN OPTIMISM

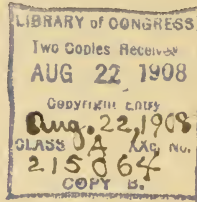
By
CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



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To

Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome

*In memory of a delightful
summer at Gould's Grove*

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To the Live Ones

AREN'T you glad you're here? Between you and me and the stump isn't the one trouble on earth the fact that there are too many delightful things to do, and not that the world is dull?

If you think the world *is* dull see a doctor.

If you're not having a good time now, think of the good times you have had—revitalize them and you'll find that the juice is not all extracted.

When the weather is fine that fact alone is worth living for. Just to breathe sometimes is to be happy. If the weather is not up to the mark, get busy and you'll forget it.

If you're a suburbanite think how much

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better off you are than the cramped New Yorker, doomed to hang to straps, and cut off from the beauties of early spring, from canoeing and country walks and golf.

If you're living in the city think how much better off you are than the poor suburbanite who has to go 'way out home after the theatre. Think of the free picture shows, the accessible concerts, the daily and nightly glitter and movement and interest of the New York parade.

If you're living in the country think how much better off you are than either the city man or the suburbanite, with your freedom from excitement, your early hours, and your roomy environment.

Just think of the interesting people there are in the world. If you really want to know them you can do it. And if by chance you are cut off from knowing them, think of the interesting ones who have written books in the last three thousand

To the Live Ones

years. Think of the unpainted pictures that are everywhere just waiting for you to compose them in your mind.

Think of the unwritten comedies that are being enacted every day everywhere for your delectation; on ferry-boat, in subway, on train and car and sidewalk, and in your own home and office.

Think of the fun it is to study people's characteristics. And if you can turn the unpleasant thing of the moment into a joke for future laughter then are you happy indeed.

Think of the people there are in the world who will not injure you if you do not injure them. Think of your wonderful immunity from harm if you mind your own business. And, then, go on, carry the thought a little further—think of the amount of good that people are ready to do you if you meet them half-way. Hardly a man in the world but will do you

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a good turn if you approach him in the right way. And you need not be ashamed to let people do you a good turn because that's a kind of coin of which you may always have plenty to distribute yourself, and what you would do for another man you need make no bones of accepting from him.

If you are a live one you won't spend your life doing the work that is uncongenial to you. It's all very well to talk about doing the thing that comes to hand, but perhaps you have never tried doing the thing you can do best of all. Try doing it and you'll know what happiness is. You may not make as much, but you'll begin to live.

Aren't you sorry for the dead ones ; the ones to whom music and sport and pictures and the landscape and their fellow beings mean nothing ; the ones who just doze along with half-closed nostrils and

To the Live Ones

wide open mouths and sleepy eyes and torpid ears and livers? If they don't live in this world how can they expect to enjoy living in heaven.

Wake up. Be happy. With honey all around you it's your own fault if you arrive at the hive carrying nothing with you.

Wake up. Try the happiness that results from doing other people good. It's a form of joy that is open to all, and you can begin drawing on it to-day if you will.

Wake up. Time is passing. How can you have happy memories if you do not give yourself up to being happy now.

Wake up. Live. Be happy. Let us all be happy together. Hands all round. It's only a knack.

On Earning One's Salt

ARE you useless? Are you really no good in the world? When you die will people say, "Well, there goes nothing"?

If you are, isn't it about time that you began to earn your salt? Recollect that one can earn one's salt in many ways.

Our friend, the miserly millionaire, does not earn his salt at all. He makes money—he may even be said to *earn* money, for he works hard enough in all conscience; but is the mere accumulation of money earning one's salt?

To earn your salt is to pay your way by making some one else the happier by your presence, and this particular miserly millionaire of whom I speak makes no one happy—not even himself.

On Earning One's Salt

You may be out of a job and unable to obtain work and yet you can earn your salt, if you contribute to the sum of the world's happiness.

This doesn't mean that it is right to lounge on a street corner and look cheerful.

But if at the end of each day's unsuccessful yet conscientious search for work you cheer up the wife who naturally feels your position—or lack of position—more keenly than you do, you're not a drone; you're entitled to whatever salt you get.

The poor, starved inventor who was never able to obtain recognition for his inventions, but who laboured cheerfully on, putting his heart and soul and body into his work, and who finally died and was buried in a pauper's grave, was sneered at by the successful merchant of his village: "Old Jenniss was never worth a pinch of salt. Hadn't enough gumption to get a

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square meal a week. Such people are useless. He's better off dead."

If we believe in immortality, there are a good many of us who *hope* to be better off dead, but as old Jenniss was a ray of sunshine in spite of his disappointments and disasters (why, a group of capitalists were all ready to take up his automatic car-coupler when the Chicago fire wiped them out), and as he always firmly believed, even up to his last hour—he died of a paralytic stroke—that success was coming to him soon, he had a direct, though perhaps unconscious, stimulating effect on his neighbours.

He was *not* a bad neighbour. When Harkness, the sneering merchant, proceeded to foreclose the mortgage on Deacon Payson's house and farm—an act that would have sent the deacon and his bedridden wife out into the street—it was Jenniss who walked fifteen miles across

On Earning One's Salt

country—there was no railroad within ten miles—to state the facts of the case to that warm-hearted and wealthy man, Adams Chaffee; and Jenniss, having proved by that act alone that he was worth his salt, Chaffee showed that he was entitled to all the salt he wanted by paying up interest and principal, and telling the old folks that they had earned the money by their beautiful lives.

Some persons try to earn their salt by robbing the widows and fatherless, and then giving a tenth of the “loot” to other orphans and widows—in institutions. But a lifetime of such works wouldn't buy a bag of five-cent salt—it really wouldn't.

But don't sit up with a self-satisfied grin and say, “I know plenty of rich men who don't earn their salt.”

You are a poor man—do you earn it? Are you sure that I earn it? I may do nothing but give advice at so much a word.

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People who are called the salt of the earth have presumably earned their salt so many times over that they could pass for so many Lot's wives.

It is again getting to be the fashion to read the Bible, so I feel that you understand my allusion. Five years ago, a person under twenty-five would have wanted to know who Lot was; but we have changed all that. The Bible is now a piece of literature, and every man, woman, and child who reads this knows it from cover to cover. (It was King David who said, "All men are liars.")

"But if the salt hath lost its savour, wherewithal shall it be salted?"

One cannot earn one's salt for good and all by an isolated kindness.

Even cows need salt every day—much more do humans, and you should see to it that your earning capacity grows with your growth.

On Earning One's Salt

If you are stupid—ask a candid friend whether you are or not—if you are stupid, you may still do your appointed task in a way to earn a certain amount of favour from your employers by your willingness to do more than is required of you.

Salt for you then.

Perhaps you are a maiden aunt in a sister's house, and you feel that you lag superfluous.

Stop feeling so. Do all you can for your nephews and nieces, and refrain from giving the usual advice of a maiden aunt, and much salt shall be added unto you.

When you underpay your servant, and he gives you good satisfaction, in spite of his wages, think what salt he is laying up for himself.

The thousand-dollar-man in the company who does his work with a cheerful spirit, and with all the vim that is in him—when he meets the president of his com-

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pany, face to face in the spirit land—will find that the angels think him just as much of a man, in spite of his ridiculously poor earning capacity on earth.

No, the big salaried men *can't* earn their salt.

I once knew a fellow of whom it was said that “he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Hades!”

He hasn't been blown to Hades yet, and he may never compass the necessary powder, but to-day he is earning an honest living, and has made something of a name as a painter, while the fellow who made the remark, and who could only measure success by the yard-stick, earned his powder long ago—and took his departure.

I'd like to be by when those two meet—on opposite shores.

Don't worry about the other fellow's earning capacity, but see to it that when the Lord gives you each day your daily

On Earning One's Salt

bread, you yourself provide the savour for it.

Some people say, "The world owes me a living," and they send out agents to collect the debt. But a better adage is, "I owe the world a helpful life."

You owe it to yourself to pay your brother what you owe him, and since every man is your brother, you owe something to every man with whom you come in contact. See that you pay the debt in the coinage of kindness, good manners, high spirits—whatever kind of coin you can best lay your hands on—and then, no matter if your crops fail or your schemes go awry, or you "get no orders," or you are only a poor, despised orphan in an institution, you will have earned your salt, and can hold up your head in any company whatsoever.

III

On Enthusiasm

ARE you enthusiastic? Do you voice your delight in a thing you like even to the point of extravagance?

Good! It's a good fault, believe me.

They tell me that this world of ours is considerable of a success, and I thoroughly believe it. It is, in fact, a huge success, with all its faults—but I'll tell you something that is no secret, and that is the fact that enthusiasm made this world a success.

When Enthusiasm marries Perseverance, you may be sure that the name of their first-born will be Success.

Enthusiasm is born in some people whom the fates have placed among those who think the outward expression of an inward joy bad form. These latter say

On Enthusiasm

that to be in transports over such inevitable and usual things as sunsets and pictures and friends and workmanship of all kinds is to show the lack of a critical spirit, but they are wrong. One may be enthusiastic over the wrong thing beyond a doubt, but it is better, sometimes, to "slop over" genuinely than to stand in unawed silence before a thing of beauty that should compel delighted expression.

Enthusiasm has the measles-like habit of spreading until it inoculates a whole group.

If some one hadn't been enthusiastic, we might still be using sailing vessels to reach Davy Jones' locker, and we might still be running people down with carriages instead of motor-cars.

You take a town where there is no public spirit (which is related to enthusiasm), and let some one advocate the building of a new town hall to replace the dingy and drafty barn in which lecturers have caught

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pneumonia from time immemorial, and, one after another, the townspeople will say: "Oh, what's the use? Probably we wouldn't like it when we got it." "No doubt they'd put up a monstrosity." "Want to spend the people's money, do they? Well, I'm against it."

So it'll go, and the ramshackle hacks will continue to dump you at the cheerless old barn, and no one will enjoy any lectures or anything else that is given in the place, and the town will eventually die of dry-rot and blow away.

But let one man of force and enthusiasm settle in that town, and let him tell the people how they put up a town hall in Q, and that it was the beginning of a new era in good architecture, and that it started a gentle little boom that has been developing the town ever since; let him go around in season and out of season (but not too much out of season) and advocate various im-

On Enthusiasm

provements that will serve to put the town in the place where she belongs in the county, and after a while people will catch some of his enthusiasm, and a village improvement society will be formed, and women will wake up and borrow a little of his enthusiasm, and blow on it until it flames up and kindles blazes in every heart, and in a few years when you go to that place to lecture or to visit you won't know the spruce little town that has taken the place of the sleepy back-number of a village.

Enthusiasm built this world and swung it into motion in the universe. Yes, and enthusiasm lit all the stars, and gave them the push that has kept them going ever since.

Depend upon it, whether you believe all there is to believe or not, that the verse in Genesis which says, "And God looked upon the earth, and it was good," means a

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lot. It means that enthusiasm antedated the paleozoic age. God set the fashion for enthusiasm, and it ill becomes feeble-blooded folk to decry it.

There is good enthusiasm and there is bad enthusiasm, but both lead to "success." Both kinds, I repeat, lead to "success."

Picture a bunco-steerer who met a farmer on Forty-second Street and said to him in a lackadaisical way: "I don't believe you're John Perkins, of Stub Hollow."

The farmer would be apt to say: "I don't believe it, either, and if you'll excuse me, I'll be going on, for I notice there's consid'able to see, and I on'y brought two eyes along with me." And then he would leave the spiritless bunco-steerer, who would walk away disconsolate and say to himself: "Why did my parents make me take up bunco-steering, when I

On Enthusiasm

haven't the slightest aptitude for it, and don't like it, and don't believe in it? I think it's positively immoral, and if I had my life to live over again, I'd try to do something I liked instead of trying to do people I don't care for, and wouldn't care if I never met again."

But take the enthusiastic bunco-steerer, the man who really loves his work. How his eyes sparkle as he sees James Pettibone walking along Cortlandt Street, looking at the sky-scrapers.

"Well, well, I miss my guess if this isn't ——" and then he stops and stammers, and says jovially and with great bonhomie: "There I am again—folk's names simply won't come to my tongue. I know you just as well as I know Zed Mason, of Peapack, but I never can get your name when I want it."

All this time he is pumping James' hand with the greatest zest, and James, being of

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a kindly nature, is all aglow that some one in the great city of New York should know him. Probably some of the summer folk that boarded at brother Eli's. And, looking out of his innocent blue eyes into the equally guileless blue eyes of the master bunco-steerer, he says: "James Pettibone is my name, and I suppose you was up to Eli's last summer. Brother Eli had his house crammed, didn't he?"

"He certainly did, and as long as that wife of his ——"

Here a slight pause, to ascertain whether a wife is allowable under the circumstances. Seeing no token of surprise in Mr. Pettibone's face, he goes on enthusiastically: "As long as that wife of his keeps on cooking such good things, so long he'll have a house full of boarders every summer. Now I want you to let me show you around the town. I didn't see much of you up in the country, but you're

On Enthusiasm

Eli's brother, and that's enough for a New Yorker, born and bred like me. We New Yorkers are noted for our hospitality, and when we can do for strangers, we do it. My wife will be tickled to death to see you, and on our way I want to take you to see the most remarkable chance —— ”

Well, you know the rest. Good old James' heart is beating fast, and it won't be long before he will part with his money in one of the well-established ways set apart by bunco-men for the separating of green hands and greenbacks. And enthusiasm did the trick.

I am not advocating the establishment of night-schools for the study of enthusiastic bunco-steering, but I'm trying to show what a power enthusiasm is.

You write a book, and you think that salesmen and advertising sell it. But the thing that sells it is enthusiasm on the part of its readers. If they like it so much

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that it sets their tongues wagging in its favour, why, it's you who are the candidate for the fat royalty accounts.

Enthusiasm warms the cockles of the struggler's heart when you praise his work. And enthusiasm never belittles.

If you are enthusiastic, if you give way to sincere enthusiasms, though people may laugh gently at your effervescence, they will love you in the long run.

Therefore, with all thy getting, get enthusiasm.

IV

The Proper Time for Ill-Temper

I KNOW a man who is only unpleasant three or four hours out of his whole waking day. He is almost everywhere spoken of as "that genial Bob Sanders."

He is affable to the brakeman on the suburban train; pleasant to the deck-hands and car-conductors with whom he is brought in contact; agreeable to his clerks; always has a cheery smile for the old woman who sells papers at the ferry-house; and when he is with his business friends at lunch he is the soul of good fellowship.

He really does a good deal of good in the world. The newswoman relishes his smile; the deck-hands always pass the time of day with him; the brakemen go

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out of their way to open an obstinate car-window for him ; his clerks are better workmen because of his human way with them, and his companions at lunch or at a public dinner are all enabled to be better men just because Bob Sanders spreads sunshine.

From the time he boards his train in the morning until he comes home late and tired he is a model citizen.

What wonder, then, if for the remaining two or three hours he is cross and fretful and nervous? A man has to have a let-down some time, and as Sanders has only three children—two boys and a girl—and but one wife (and she's a very little one), there are not many in the world who suffer by his acidity of temper.

Now, just suppose for a minute that he pretended to be amiable and long-suffering and jolly with his wife and children, and then went out into the world and vented his real feelings on his clerks and

The Proper Time for Ill-Temper

the brakemen and the deck-hands ; scowling at the old newswoman, and surly and sour to his business acquaintances and luncheon associates. What sort of reputation do you suppose he would have, and what sort of good would he do in the world?

Does irritability get the best work out of clerks? Do fussy passengers inspire train hands with a desire to serve them? Are grumpy men popular at a lunch-club or a public dinner?

Why, of course not. If Sanders saved his urbanity for his family and were cross in public, there's not a person who would call him "genial Bob," and his influence in the world at large would be a distinctly bad one.

Depend upon it, my dear friends, if you're going in for a reputation for whole-souledness, the family is a very small field of endeavour, and it yields little publicity.

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Of course, if you have kindness enough to last you from sun-up to bedtime, and can begin the day by being a human sunbeam in the family circle, irradiate cockle-warming friendliness on the train and ferry-boat, make the old woman at the ferry-gates feel that she has at least one friend if she should ever want to borrow as much as a quarter, fill your clerks with an insatiable desire to serve your interests to the best of their ability, and let mirth and jollity loose at the lunch-table; and can then go home and make your family happier for your presence—why, I want to say to you that if they got up a parade of such men as you, and President Roosevelt were to start reviewing it at eleven o'clock, he wouldn't be late to lunch.

Just imagine the great American public foisting its home manners on the outside world! Why, life in the streets would be unsafe—it really would.

The Proper Time for Ill-Temper

Here's our friend Mr. Allen, who has just been through a whirlwind experience at home, trying to catch his morning train. His wife is sitting on a hall chair gasping with the consequent fatigue ; his children have gone snarling to school, following his home example.

Now, let us suppose that Mr. Brown, who has been through a similar experience in his own home, and whose wife is panting in the pantry, and his children are quarrelling off to school, were to greet Mr. Allen pleasantly and say, "It's going to be a hot day," and Mr. Allen were to say in reply, "Confound you! don't you see I'm reading my paper?" what sort of man would Brown think Allen?

Or if Allen said to the newswoman, "Here, get out of my way. You're blocking the passage. Women like you ought to be indicted as nuisances," would the world be any better for his presence?

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If hot words must be said, let them be said in the sanctity of the home. Let us at any cost preserve our public reputations for suavity and patience. Even as it is, there is a good deal of bad blood shown in public.

A thought has just struck me: Are those irascible business men who vent their spleen on clerks and conductors and their business associates, men who, having only a small stock of good temper, save it for use at home?

It may be so. Fancy, then, what a shock it must be to Mrs. Smith, who adores her husband as the most even-tempered man in the world, when she happens in at his office and finds him cursing the clerks and spreading bad manners everywhere. Shocks like that are not good for a woman. Better far for Mr. Smith to mix his good and bad temper together, and evenly distribute the result

The Proper Time for Ill-Temper

on clerk and child, workman and wife alike.

A friend, who sometimes watches me as I press the keys, and who can read my articles on the keyboard in the act of being set down on paper, says that I am in a cynical and unpleasant mood, and she's glad she wasn't one of my family this morning.

Now, there she wrongs me, because I woke up feeling just as amiable as I could, and if the children had only appreciated how amiable I was, all would have been well, in spite of the awful heat, and this article would have turned out to be something to make people forget their troubles (even while I was remembering my own just as hard as I could), but it was hot, and they were cross, and I said things that I regretted before I had given utterance to 'em, but just couldn't help letting 'em fly, and they answered back, and we had a little give and take that showed them lack-

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ing in paternal reverence and me lacking in parental reserve.

Then I went out for a walk, met some neighbours, and was so amiable that I overheard one of them say as I left, "I wonder if he ever *is* cross," which puffed me up considerable, even in the face of what I had said at home.

Oh, I tell you we are a queer lot, those of us who are people. I dare say that some of us won't become perfect for several months.

But, at any rate, I am going to show my real side to the public and be amiable—and if I'm cross at home, why, that's only a little veneer that I put on for the occasion.

It's the basic wood underneath that really counts, you know. Veneers are generally taken at their true value.

On Keeping Young

DO you say every morning when you get up, "I am still young"? It will be worth your while to do it, my friend. A man is not the framework that holds in place his clothes. To reverse it, the framework that holds in place his clothes is not the real man. That framework does age, there's no doubt of it. Its joints creak, the muscles grow flabby, the legs and arms grow rebellious and refuse to move as fast as they used to move, the eye gets tired of seeing things clearly and sees things "as in a glass, darkly."

But don't we all know that a man's clothes-horse, so to speak, is not the man himself? The real man is that something that no one has ever been able to see or

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to put his hand upon, that something that lives forever. And does immortality age?

The stars are to all intents and purposes immortal, but have you noticed any perceptible diminution of their brilliance since, well, since we became the greatest nation that the sun ever shone upon?

We—our spirits—are immortal and for us to age is for us to commit an unpardonable folly.

Don't look at your face in a glass and ask yourself, "Am I getting old?" Look at your spirit in the glass of your friend's treatment of you and try to discover whether it is getting old. And if it is—drop ten years.

It will not be so hard as it seems. Think young thoughts. Keep your mind wide open to the reception of new ideas. Don't, when you get to be forty, say to yourself, "I'm one of the has-beens."

On Keeping Young

Only forty years old! Why, you ought to be a colt at forty.

Take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. I don't mean the Cuban patriot, but the Manuel Garcia who over eighty years ago brought to America the first Italian opera company.

I say, take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. The young man died recently at the age of one hundred and two.

They gave a dinner to our young friend, Manuel, when he was a hundred, and he made a speech full of wit; a speech that showed that he did not consider one hundred years half as heavy a load as some undergraduates esteem their twenty-one years.

If Manuel Garcia was still alive and busy at one hundred and two, and if, in our own country, Charles Haynes Haswell (born in the same year as Lincoln and Mendelssohn and Gladstone and Holmes

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and Edgar Allan Poe) the mechanical engineer, at ninety-seven still went to his office on Broadway every day, buoyant and blithe, *who* has a right to establish a "dead-line" at forty and push you over it and say, "By-by, old man. Glad to have met you. Hope you'll be happy among the used-to-wases"?

You can't shove *me* over that way, and I've forgotten just when *I* was forty.

Why, for all I know, I have sixty years before me. And if a man has sixty years to *come*, what are forty odd that have *gone*? Nothing. A mere fortnight's holiday in the country.

Don't you let these beardless fellows—oh, dear, I forgot; we're all of us beardless now since the winds blew our whiskers away—but don't let the youngsters tell you when you're to get old.

They tell of a youth of one hundred and seven, in San Francisco, who was met just

On Keeping Young

after "the fire" and who was asked how he had fared.

"Lost everything. Got to begin life over again," said he jauntily.

That's the stuff! He was the quintessence of the spirit that is going to make the new San Francisco the wonder of the world.

Do you suppose that that forty line counts for anything out there? No, my Christian—or heathen—friend, it does not. They are all young men and women together over there. And they are going to build the City of Youth out there by the waters of the Pacific.

It is almost too soon to say it now, but the time will come when San Francisco will look on her disaster as a great blessing.

Why? Because it was the touchstone that showed her citizens what stuff was in them. They have agreed to stop believing

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in old age ; and the septuagenarian painter whose landscapes—the glory of the coast States—were destroyed by fire and who wrote a friend in the East who had con- doled with him, “ I am going to paint bet- ter pictures than ever,” and the octogen- arian whose hotel was blown up to stop the progress of the flames and who, being in New York at the time, went back at once to render aid to those worse off than himself, and the young man who lost his job as a clerk and found another as a city builder are all working together, shoulder to shoulder.

The earthquake stopped the supply of water in the great mains, but it let loose the fountain of youth that was formerly supposed to be in Florida, and men, women, and children are drinking of it eagerly.

Read the private letters that some of your friends or you yourselves must have

On Keeping Young

received from those living in San Francisco when the shock came. But one spirit breathes from them all. It is not a vain cry of "Time is flying" that we find in those letters, but "There is yet time. We're starting afresh—to-day!"

And starting afresh is only another way of saying, "We are young."

Keep young, then, you of the East, and the South, and the North. Let San Francisco's quake shake out of you the feeling of old age that was creeping into your senses.

To be sure, there are sky-rockets of twenty-five and thirty that rise brilliantly, but they may be spent sticks in a few years. Let your flame of life burn steadily, and replenish it from time to time with young thoughts—Young's "Night Thoughts" would help—and you'll be as young at fifty and sixty as you were at forty or thirty or twenty—no, you were old at twenty;

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older than you'll ever be again—and you'll force these arrant young masters of three decades or less to move the dead-line farther on, or perhaps relegate it to the limbo of useless things.

Why should there be a dead-line until you are lying prone and your friends have neglected to “omit flowers”?

A man once told me that when he was a boy he knew a very old man who died and was buried. Years afterwards while walking through the cemetery, he came on this old man's tomb, and just for curiosity, looked to see how old he was when he died.

“And, sir, he was only forty-two and I was forty-five the day I looked, and I felt as young as I ever did. I suppose the youngsters think I'm old, but they're mistaken.”

If disease spares you, youth lies in your own hands.

On Keeping Young

What is the secret? Kindly thoughts, good cheer, and the feeling that you have not robbed another man in getting what you need. Of course, if you have failed to see that other people have rights and have simply played the fascinating, but wicked, game of "grab," you'll grow old so fast that people will forget that you ever were young.

They say a woman's as old as she looks, but a man is as old as he feels.

Make it your pleasure to feel as young as you can, and induce your wife to do the same—for I don't believe the ungallant first clause of the aphorism—and you'll get so young that your son will call you "my boy," and you'll call him "old chap."

And a *nation* of "young men" is unconquerable.

VI

On Generosity

ARE you generous? I say "you," but I don't mean the person who happens to be reading these words any more than I mean to be thinking of my own generosity or meanness. By "you" I mean every one *but* the person who happens to be reading this.

Are you people who constitute the public generous?

Some man who didn't give a cent or a thing when the call came from San Francisco inflates his chest and says: "Yes, look what we Americans did for the sufferers by the earthquake and fire."

And he's honestly proud of their generosity. There are lots of people who are proud of the generosity of their fellows, but when they are called upon to be gen-

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erous personally they say: "Oh, what's the use of my doing anything? I'm only one person. I have heavy theatre and supper bills. It isn't up to me to hand anything out for this affair. But I wish you success. We Americans are a generous lot, and I know you'll meet with a hearty response from men better able to give than I."

But it's not only the giving of money that makes a man generous. Here's John Marchbanks, who made his money in "pure leaf lard" ("Bubbly Creek Brand," with a picture on each box of a rippling stream bubbling over pebbles out in the country, and clean little pigs coming down to drink).

He gave ten thousand dollars to the San Franciscans. That is, he asked his secretary to make out a check for the amount. He personally did not lift a finger or give the matter a second thought. A mental

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picture of their desolate condition was not in his busy brain at all.

They say his income is ten thousand dollars a pleasant day—and just as much on unpleasant ones.

George Parsons, of the same church as that attended by John Marchbanks, did not give a single, solitary cent.

And yet—why can't John Marchbanks be as generous as George Parsons is?

For, although Parsons couldn't and didn't give a cent of money, he gave two suits of clothes (and he has only three) and so many shirts and other articles of underwear that his wife says she doesn't see how he's going to get along next winter.

The papers had editorials about John Marchbanks' generosity, but I searched in vain for any reference to the generosity of George Parsons.

Some people seem to think that ten thousand dollars is always a generous sum.

On Generosity

If you have ten thousand dollars and give ten thousand dollars it's magnificent—it is also unbelievable.

To Marchbanks, the giving of ten thousand dollars represents a day's income and a request to his secretary. Marchbanks himself is not put to the least bit of trouble, and he spends his morning playing golf, while Parsons goes canvassing among his friends for enough clothes to make up a large box, and gives up a whole day to it—in a busy season.

Of course, there are rich men who are generous by any standards except those of the widow's mite. No rich man (who gets his name in the papers) has ever been as generous as she was. There have been those who have said that to die rich was to die disgraced, and yet have gone on courting disgrace in four-in-hand, steamer, and railroad-train.

Give yourself to your children. To most

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mothers, such advice is unnecessary. They are generosity itself in their attitude towards their children, but we men are apt to think children a necessary (and rather lovable) nuisance, and beyond toiling for their keep in a somewhat mechanical way, we give them little.

Give them some of your spare time. It may keep you out of mischief.

Be generous to the servants within your gates. I don't mean pay them wages that will seriously pinch you, but after you have agreed upon a just wage, see to it that you deal with them generously—that your wife makes their rooms attractive; that they have something to read after their work is done. And be generous of praise if their work pleases you.

Do you know who are more generous than city people?

Country people are more generous.

There is more real fellowship in a small

On Generosity

farming community than there is in a fairly large city.

Farmers are not usually generous with money. Some of them rarely handle actual cash, their trading being in the nature of produce for necessities. They help each other, though. If Brown, who is poor, falls sick and has no "women folks" to look after him, perhaps Burke-Hastings, who summers in the country and who is a kindly man, sends a trained nurse to him.

But summer people are not always thoughtful of the needs of country folk, and it may be that there are no summer people in the section in which Brown lives. I have known farmers, in such a case, to alternate in sitting up with Brown, while their wives saw to it that he had ministrations and tempting food.

The comic papers have held up the hard-fisted, close-fingered farmer to ridicule for so long that to a great many otherwise in-

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telligent people "farmer" means a stingy man; but a large proportion of the food and clothing that went to San Francisco in her time of need, went direct from farmers and their good wives.

Teach your children to be generous. If they seem to be grasping and selfish, try to reshape their characters just as you would try to make them speak melodiously if, by a rare chance, they had nasal or rasping voices. Thanks to your efforts, there are now no unpleasant voices in the coming generation. See to it that there are no children who are mean.

Some of you are generous already—generous of advice. That is a form of generosity that is never appreciated at its full value. I have given people advice that I simply wouldn't have taken from another, even if I had been starving for advice. And oftentimes those to whom I gave it have gone away without it. Sometimes

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thinking that they have forgotten it, I have gone after them with it—to learn that their neglect of it was intentional—that they did not care to take it.

I have a friend who is most generous with advice—he is always giving it to me—the very kind he needs himself, and I will not allow him to rob himself, and I refuse to take it. It's easy to be generous with advice, but if you take my advice you won't ever give it.

But if any of you need my well-meant remarks in regard to generosity, take them to yourselves without a thought of me. In fact, I'd rather you would not think of me in this connection at all. I may have a totally different conception of generosity from what you have.

I'll be content if these words of mine make the people of this country even half as generous again as they are.

For we are known the world over for be-

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ing generous, and our millionaires got the suggestion of generosity from the plain people, who, man for man, are more generous than they.

The printer has suggested that if I am a niggard of words on this page it will leave too much white paper showing, and so just to avoid the suspicion of being ungenerous I add a few words that will do little else than fill up. There is really food for an article in this thought, but I have about come to the end of my tether and can say no more.

Meanwhile, let us give three cheers for the widow and her mite.

VII

On Friendliness

FRIENDLINESS is not the most unprofitable grace to cultivate.

Friendliness sometimes goes farther than expensive car-springs or elaborate menus or comfortable beds in making travel a pleasant thing, and it can even be practiced in the home circle and the business office and pay a pretty good percentage of profit on the amount invested.

You yourself feel drawn towards that friendly child—the one who answers pleasantly when you speak to him in passing. And as you feel concerning *him* other folk will feel in regard to *you* if you give out some of your natural warmth.

One of the queer things about genuine friendliness is the way in which it meets with the very same attribute in persons of the most diverse temperaments.

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Once there were three persons making a tour of the United States. Their way led them through the portals of some of the rankest as well as some of the most luxurious hotels in the country, and they met some of the most disagreeable experiences as well as some of the most charming people. There were manifold discomforts of railway travel; there were departures at chilly and sunless hours in the early morning, and arrivals at drizzly and freezing hours in the late night; there were meals to be eaten that surely could never have been intended for consumption by civilized beings; and in spite of many, many hours of delight and pleasure there were many hours of dreary discomfort.

One of the party was an English lady, and she left the shores of England with the most friendly feelings for Americans as a race, and for those people with whom she was to come in contact in particular.

On Friendliness

Friendliness is not dutiable, and she was allowed to bring in her entire stock without question, and just as soon as she set foot on terra firma (as I can testify of my own knowledge) she began to irradiate it and with as imperceptible a diminution of it as that observed in radium.

Gruff reporters who were used to getting what they were sent for with scant regard for manners, as well as those of the more gallant kind, felt bound to add to this woman's stock, of which she had so great a supply, and they offered to make her way easier just as the passengers on the voyage had gone out of their way to add to her comfort.

She had not gone many hundred miles before she had made several discoveries—American men were the most courteous and the most obliging she had ever met; American women were *so* agreeable when travelling; American children were so re-

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markably well-behaved on trains and in hotels ; and American dogs were the friendliest creatures imaginable.

There was not a chambermaid, white or black, who came in contact with this little Englishwoman who did not express a wish to go back to England and live with her. The stories of their lives that she carried with her were many, curious, and various.

Fretful babies in railway-stations waiting for snowed-up trains forgot their worries in looking at the wonderful ornaments attached to her chatelaine, and stray dogs came up to be petted and to hear stories of the little fox-terrier she had left behind.

Nor was it blarney that caused her to express her belief in the universal friendliness of the Americans. She wished everybody well, and the knowledge of that wish shining through her pleasant countenance caused everybody to wish her well, and

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society was on its best behaviour when she was around.

Fifteen thousand miles were travelled before she set foot on the steamer that was to take her back to her native land, and in all that time I never heard her utter a serious complaint. In the worst hotel I ever entered (the best one in the town), where the food was so uninviting and void of nourishment that I bought a half-dozen fresh eggs at a grocer's in order to stave off starvation, she thought the vinegar the best she had ever tasted. "It had quite a bouquet." It *was* good vinegar, but I don't think the proprietor will ever build up any great business on vinegar alone.

Even he, although he knew no more about making people comfortable than a porcupine hung up by the hind legs, was friendly to the little Englishwoman and hoped she was well pleased. Pathetic hope!

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When we were luxuriating at a perfect hotel amid the orange-groves of southern California we could laugh at the "best vinegar" of the Dakota hostelry, but we never laughed at the friendliness of our companion.

She received attentions on every hand from people who had no idea who she was, and all by virtue of her genuine friendliness.

Friendliness is a species of magic. Take a little of it—being careful to shake all condescension out of it—when you go prowling in the poorer quarters of any large city you may visit in the course of your travels. You'll add to the stock of friendliness in that quarter, and yet you'll come back with your supply undiminished.

Why do travellers think English policemen the best specimens of their kind? Because they are so friendly. They thaw

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us out. English reserve would be extinct if it depended upon the London "bobbies" to keep up the supply. They are seemingly on the street solely to set you right and to make your going and coming pleasant; and after you have asked the way of half a dozen of them you get a stock of good nature that lasts the rest of the day.

Don't blame the little chap who doesn't answer when you pass the time of day with him. Follow him home and ask his parents to make him responsive. You'll have to exercise a good deal of tact in doing this and you may get into a scrap, but if it teaches the boy to be friendly it will be worth your while.

But don't let your friendliness degenerate into mealy-mouthedness. The husband of the English lady was also friendly, and travelling with him was a pleasure, but he once gave me advice that I will never forget. "If you have suffered

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a wrong that needs righting, see to it that you get angry before the other fellow does. It will give you an advantage over him."

This he exemplified when through the stupidity of a gateman we had lost a train for Chicago from Indianapolis. There happened to be another train for Chicago on another road just about to pull out from the Union Station.

Quick as a flash my Englishman flew into a furious rage and had two or three officials looking into the matter as to why we had lost our train. He also demanded new tickets for us over the other line—and he got them just in time for us to jump aboard the train and move smoothly on our way to Chicago.

Then breaking into a genial smile, he said to me: "Always get angry first. They might have made us think it was our fault if I hadn't stormed a bit."

That was a case where friendliness

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might have worked the same result, but in the opinion of the Englishman there was no time for it. He needed Chicago in a hurry, and he got it by stormy word of mouth. Through it all the friendly little woman looked distressed, and hoped when it was all over that no one would lose his job.

Don't make a pose of friendliness. If you're friendly for what it will bring you and not because your heart prompts your feeling the plate of your friendliness will soon wear away in spots, and people will see your real nature through the gaps.

Some one has said that kind words butter no parsnips, but there is no doubt that he was wrong whoever he was. Kind words with the unmistakable ring of sincerity in them not only butter parsnips, but they often buy parsnips, and the best grade of parsnips ; while a chip on the shoulder is the worst kind of epaulet and a constant expense to the wearer.

VIII

Express Yourself

BRETHREN, the thought that I wish to expand this lovely April morning—it won't be April when you read this, but it is April in her sunniest mood now, with mocking-birds singing and buzzards lazily sailing through the soft air, and North Carolina darkies going to work or shirking work, according to their several dispositions.

Let me see, where was I when I lost my thread? Oh, yes! the thought upon which I wish to enlarge is this: express yourself. Get into the habit of expressing yourself.

What is public opinion? It is the consensus of popular expression. How are we to get at public opinion on any given subject if each man, each woman, declines to give his or her opinion?

Express Yourself

You want some law passed. What do you do? Nine times out of ten you do nothing. The thing to do is to write to your congressman. Never mind if you are shaky on punctuation, or if your spelling is poor—write your letter: free your mind, and you will have become a better citizen.

An artist draws an illustration that really illustrates a story. You like his work; it gives you distinct pleasure. Return the pleasure to him. Express yourself. Tell him how much you like his illustration. He may not answer your letter, but you may rest assured that he will enjoy reading it, and will do better work because of it.

A negro is burned to death in the South by a lawless mob.

Be sure to express yourself in vigorous English to the editor of your home paper. Never mind whether you live in California, or Massachusetts, or Minnesota, or Vir-

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ginia. You are an American, and every negro tortured to death by a mob causes us Americans to sink in the estimation of the world.

I have talked with an intelligent European who thought that respectable Americans countenanced the lynching of negroes ; and his reason for so thinking was just because there was not a tremendous expression of popular opinion denouncing such devilish barbarism.

The next time a negro is lynched, see to it that you make it your duty to write burning words on'the subject.

The crime of the negro is a terrible one, but the crime of the lynchers is equally terrible—and they are white.

If all the men and women who read this article were to sit down to-day and express themselves from their hearts on the subject of lynching, the days of lynch-law would be numbered. And the better element

Express Yourself

north and south would rejoice, for lynching is one of the awful, shameful blots on our civilization. If you remain silent, my friends, you are party to it.

Express yourself. If your railroad crowds its passengers by putting on an insufficient number of cars, let each crowded passenger write a candid expression of opinion to the passenger agent. If your trolleys are crowded, don't lazily submit—express yourselves. Not to each other, but to the man who is running things. Make it hot for him. He is there to serve you. Don't be gentle sheep and bleat contentedly when you are herded together. Be goats, and butt in.

Reforms are never anything but the fruit of a strong popular expression.

If your children do well at school, or in music, or in drawing, express yourself as pleased. Don't let it go at being internally pleased, or telling your next-door neigh-

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bour, who has children of her own, what remarkable children you have. Dollars to doughnuts, she won't believe they are half as remarkable as her own! Tell the children themselves. It won't do a bit of harm, but may act as a further stimulant.

If a dead man could hear the pleasant things said about him, it would put new life into him. Put that new life into him while he is yet alive and at work.

Do you like to have some one express an honest appreciation of your own work? Yes? Well, do you suppose that other people are so very different from yourself? Express yourself to them.

Don't be afraid to have opinions, and don't be afraid of expressing them.

Emerson used to tell with relish that he loaned a copy of Plato to a Massachusetts farmer, and, on returning it, the man said: "Do you know, that feller has some thoughts like mine!"

Express Yourself

Perhaps if you express your own thoughts they may turn out to be like Plato's ; and whereas comparatively few people know or care what Plato's thoughts were, the expression of your own may eventually win for you a livelihood on account of the appreciation of your fellows.

When you go away on a journey and leave loved ones behind, be sure to express yourself in letters to them. If they love statistics, tell them the populations of the towns and the number arrested for drunkenness—if it's a prohibition State. The fact itself will be interesting, and thought-producing.

If they like to hear about scenery, throw in a few trees and a hill or two, and put in a dash of colour. Tell them when the place was settled and how it came by its peculiar name and how much the oldest citizen would have been worth to-day if he had held onto his lots in the central portion

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of the city instead of selling them for a cow that died the week after, and how they're expecting some time to have a union station instead of the two very inconvenient ones that now disgrace the architecture of the city a mile apart.

But, better still, tell them the incidents of travel that really interested you, and you will interest them. You may find that your letters are so much more entertaining than you are yourself that your relatives will insist upon your travelling still farther—and travel is educational.

Don't be a sphinx. Express yourself.

IX

On Venting One's Spleen

I MET a man the other day who told me that when things got so that he couldn't stand them any longer, he went off by himself, down cellar preferably, and swore copiously until he felt better.

Now, this would be a poor place in which to defend swearing, although what passed for swearing when some of us middle-aged men were children turns out now to be nothing worse than bad form; still, I could not help thinking that my friend vented his ill-feeling at the world in general very harmlessly. I have no doubt he did feel better when he had rid himself of a lot of strong words, and I have no doubt that along with the strong words escaped some of the bitterness that had set him "biling."

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I'm not sure but that "biling" means getting filled with bile, and when a man's "biling" he needs to get rid of the bile.

Venting one's spleen in a cellar is a form of blank-cartridge firing. It hurts no one, and yet the noise is there just as much as if you were loaded for b'ar.

There's another form of harmless firing that relieves one's pent-up spirits wonderfully. You have received an injury at the hands of some one, and you feel like going to him while the sense of injury is strongest, and telling him just what you think of him.

There are occasions when that is the only manly thing to do, but there are also times when the injury is more fancied than real, and you are in too perturbed a state to be able to differentiate between a real and an imagined wrong.

This is the thing to do: Take hasty strides to your writing-desk. Be sure that they are hasty. Jab your pen into the ink-

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well so viciously that you break the nib. Take out the pen, inking your fingers in so doing, and adding fuel to your wrath against your enemy. Put in a new pen, jab again, but not hard enough to hurt the pen, and then pour out your soul in a letter to the offending one. Use sarcasm; apply vitriolic phrases that will make him writhe when he reads them; employ invective, and wax diabolically eloquent.

Already you begin to feel better. The fever of your wrath is dying down. There now remain four things to do.

Sign your name, boldly and inkily and angrily.

Read the letter out loud to yourself, putting in all the proper emphasis and venom.

Tear the letter up and throw it into the waste-basket.

Then go out and take a long walk in the woods or streets, and forget the whole incident.

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My word for it, you'll come back feeling a great deal better. And perhaps the next time you meet your enemy—who may be a dear friend—you'll hold out your hand, and the incident will be "all over."

Whatever way you do it, however, be sure you let the bile escape, somehow. This allowing bile to simmer under the frame of a man's being, engendering more bile, is likely to lead to an unseemly explosion some time when he least expects it.

I remember once being in company with a meek little man who looked as if he couldn't say boo to a goose, even if the goose were anxious to have boo said to it. We were waiting for a trolley on a crowded street in New York and bicycles were passing and repassing, as it was near the tempting roads of one of the city's parks.

A little girl started to cross the street just as a wheelman came along at a speed

On Venting One's Spleen

above the legal rate. He clumsily ran into her, and knocked her down, and went right on, while she lay where she had fallen.

My meek friend suddenly found a stentorian voice and hurled it after the escaping wheelman, saying: "Stop! Get off that wheel!"

The fellow stopped as if he had been lassoed, and my friend went briskly up to him, and in a voice surcharged with indignation, said: "What do you mean by trying to evade responsibility? You run over a child and then you try to escape. How do you know how much you've injured her, you coward? I'm a wheelman myself, and I'm ashamed to think that a fellow wheelman can do such a thing."

The wheelman who had been stopped was as large again as my meek friend, but he came back, looking very contrite, and asked the little girl if she was hurt.

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By a miracle she had not even a bruise, although he had sent her headlong. The big fellow apologized to her, gave her a quarter, and, looking crestfallen, he mounted his wheel and rode off, and then my meek friend said to me: "Say, I believe I won't go with you. I feel sort of weak."

The vehemence of his sudden upbubbling of righteous anger had left him unstrung.

The small man had right on his side, and right was kind enough to loan him courage for a few brief moments; while wrong robbed the wheelman of his usual brute force and made him like clay in the hands of the meek one.

It is pertinent to this talk to say that my friend who causes the cellar to reverberate with his vituperations is at heart a kindly man. The very fact that he is willing to pour his abuse into a cellar instead of mortally offending some man by it is in it-

On Venting One's Spleen

self a proof that his anger has a comic element in it.

Most anger is comic when you come right down to it. Even my meek little friend looked funny to me when browbeating the wheelman, although I was proud of him for doing his duty ; but anger is seldom impressive to a third party.

Think of this the next time you set out to demolish a man by the fury of your voice. And if your anger is comic to your victim, then you are giving a gratuitous performance of utter fatuity.

Pass It Along

SUPPOSE I do you a kindness.

This is just supposing, and I say "I" and "you" because it sounds better than "A" and "B."

Just to get the thing started let us suppose that I do you a kindness.‡

If you are one sort of man—the sort commonly known as the ingrate—you will promptly forget that I befriended you even though the results of my befriending are tangible, and that will end the matter.

If you are the very just man, you will bear in mind early and late the fact that I advanced you certain kind acts, and just as soon as you can return those kind acts you will do it.

If we live in the country, and on Monday I send you in a luscious muskmelon.

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of which I have a goodly supply, you will not rest until you have sent me some of your justly celebrated tomatoes.

If you are out walking, and I drive by and pick you up and give you a lift of several miles on your road, you will have it on your conscience until you have made some return to me for my kindness, because that's the sort of man you are.

If I ask you to take pot-luck with me at my suburban home, and you accept the invitation, nothing will do you but I must lunch with you before the week is out, because you hate to owe any one anything.

Well, you are certainly better than the ingrate, but there is a type of man whom I admire more than I admire you.

I do him a kindness that does not cost me a great deal, at a time when a kindness means everything to him.

He may not say much in the way of thanks to me, but I know he is not an in-

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grate, and I am not at all surprised to hear that he considers that he owes to humanity what I advanced to him.

I knew of a steady market for a line of work which—well, call him Marcy—could turn out readily, and I gave him a letter to the editor.

He isn't much of a talker, Marcy isn't. When I met him a day or two later he said: "Oh, Judson thinks I can do a series of yarns for his Ananias department."

That's all. Not a word of thanks, but a something in his voice and look that showed he appreciated the fact that I was glad to do him a good turn.

But in a month or two an artist who had never had a chance to make good was illustrating Marcy's stuff, and the editors of other magazines were talking about it and giving him orders. And the brilliant war-series that appeared in one of the big

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monthlies was due to Marcy's suggesting Judson for the job.

And Judson, by the way, set up a photographer who had never done anything outside of Central Park, but who was glad to buy a large kodak on tick and go to South Africa with Judson.

I was curious enough to follow up the potential endless chain I had started rolling.

The clever artist was one of the same kind as Marcy, and when the orders for his work began to come in he went around to call on a clever little writer who lives down in old Greenwich village, and told her that he thought some old New York stories illustrated by him would go in the *Penury*. And they made an instantaneous hit, and led to her doing that even more famous series in *McKenzies*—tales that served to introduce a protégé of hers fresh from Cooper Union, who did not stick to

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illustrating very long, but took up portraiture, and is now making a comfortable living in Paris—carrying coals to Newcastle, as it were.

Judson, as I said, set up a photographer whose fortune was made just as soon as his dreamy, imaginative photographs were made, and who is now a member of every photographers' association in the world.

But he was of the just type. He figured that he owed Judson a certain amount of gratuitous work, and he wrote him a letter, which I saw, in which he calculated that a dozen framed photographs of scenes around Cape Town would liquidate his debt to Judson. And when that debt was liquidated, as near as I can make out, he felt that there was no need for him to do anything else but get ahead himself as fast as he could climb. He even "knocked" a man who was trying for a little picayune

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job on a paper, and the knock denied him entrance.

Of course, if I borrow fifty dollars from Judson and pay Marcy fifty dollars, it is not going to do Judson any good unless Marcy also owes Judson fifty and pays him—and even that doesn't release me.

But money debts generally take care of themselves if we are honest and the other fellow is patient. It's the debts of another sort that can be paid by just passing them along the line.

Some kindnesses that were begun centuries ago are still being passed along.

An Englishman was condemned to the flames of Smithfield because he would not change his religion.

It's all in Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

The night before his proposed execution, a neighbour of his—and of the opposite religion—helped him to make his escape from prison, and gave him funds to get to

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a ship sailing for America, where he found religious liberty.

In his old age it came to his knowledge that a man had been imprisoned for debt in the little town of Windsor, Connecticut, in which both lived. He made inquiries, and, finding that the man was the grandson of the neighbour who had befriended him, he paid his debts and enabled him to gain his freedom.

The released one, whose name, by the way, was Mather, left Connecticut, and went back to England because his year in prison had soured him on American institutions.

He never tired of telling what Asaph Loomis had done for him, and his sons and grandsons treasured the story as a family tradition.

Some seventy years later a great-grandson of Asaph Loomis, through the female line, one Eliphalet Taintor, went to Italy to

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study art, and while there he fell sick of the Roman fever and was in a critical state. One of his fellow students was a young Englishman by the name of Loomis Mather, and it turned out that he was the great-grandson of the Mather who had left Windsor.

He couldn't do enough for Taintor when he found out that he was a great-grandson to old Asaph, but the American art-student died, and his name became only a family memory.

In the early years of the nineteenth century an Englishman bearing the name of Asaph L. Mather came to Connecticut and settled in Hartford. He was a talented fellow, with letters to Lydia Huntley Sigourney, and he was taken up by the literary set in Hartford.

He was not a very moral young man, and he did something that raised a good deal of a commotion in the staid little com-

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munity. Everybody dropped away from him excepting a young man of the name of Elkanah Taintor. He believed him guiltless of the charge, and as you can see by consulting papers of that date, he determined to prove him innocent because he was the grandson of the English art-student who had befriended his great-uncle in Italy!

Unfortunately the proofs were too damning, and Mather had to leave Hartford, but last summer, when a certain resident of Simsbury, Connecticut, a grandson of Elkanah Taintor, visited England, he was invited to spend a month—a delightful month it proved—at the home of a man he had met casually at the Savage Club in London.

And strangely enough the name of the Savage was Asaph Taintor Mather.

All because old Asaph Lomas—as he spelled the name—was saved from the

Pass It Along

stake by a neighbour way back in Shakespeare's time.

It would be worth your while to try to start some such endless chain as this and then, if possible, come back in the year 2568 and see if you could count the links. Even if you have no expectation of coming back it won't do any harm to start the chain, because some one else will benefit by one or another of the links therein.

If you owe a debt of kindness that is represented by one hundred, split it up into denominations of ten and *keep on paying it*. You'll never regret it, and the twenty-first century will feel the effects of it.

*On Housekeeping and Servant-
Keeping*

I HEARD of a woman, the other day, who has had the same cook and the same housemaid—or “up-stairs girl,” as they used to call them when I was a boy—for fifteen years.

Of course at first I thought it was a fairy-story. Here? In America? And Irish girls at that? And an American mistress? I felt that if it was really true I must lose no time in seeking an interview with this remarkable woman, that I might, possibly, account for it in her appearance. I said to myself: “A woman who has put up with the same insolent girls for fifteen years must be an object of pity by now. Perhaps she is kindly to the

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verge of foolishness. Or perhaps the servants are bound to her by the terms of a quaint will. I'll go and see her."

A mutual friend gave me a letter of introduction to her, and I went to her house that very day. Presenting my card, I was ushered into a comfortable parlour that looked as if people lived in it—nothing stiff, you know, but just "cozy."

The maid who let me in was a rather superior-looking woman of thirty-five, or thereabouts, with pretty, Irish eyes, and as I looked at her and realized that she had been in that house for fifteen years, I felt like asking her if she'd mind being exhibited to New York housewives at so much a head.

Pretty soon a sweet-looking woman, not yet fifty, came into the room. She was not old-fashioned, and yet she had not the assertiveness, the "bounce," of some of the new women of to-day. And, by the

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way, some of these "new" women were made over forty years ago.

"Mrs. Alling, I want to be very inquisitive and perhaps impertinent," said I, when she had made me take a chair and had sat down herself.

She smiled, and, having already read my letter, said: "Really, my case is not at all extraordinary. There are lots and lots of women who have kept servants year after year. It is so easy that I wonder more do not do it."

"Easy?" said I. "Why, Mrs. Alling, don't you know that the doors of the intelligence-offices can never be shut because of the constant stream of cooks and maids returning from 'week-ends' at houses they have tried?"

She laughed in a wholesome way that gave me an inkling of her secret.

"Why, of course there are girls and girls just as there are mistresses and mis-

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tresses. I don't claim to be anything remarkable, but it struck me when I began housekeeping that, in a small house like this, a servant must be, in a measure, a part of the family; so I carefully secured a neat girl and ——”

“You don't mean to tell me that you intended treating her as if she had a soul and a body?”

“That's exactly what I did,” said Mrs. Alling.

“And had she?”

“She most certainly had. I found that, like myself, she could get tired, and that I mustn't tax her beyond her strength. I also found that she had likes and dislikes, and that she valued a little time for herself.”

“And you let her have it?” said I incredulously. “I mean beyond her every other Thursday out?”

“Why, of course I did. I told her that

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I wanted the kitchen kept in order, and for that and the cooking would pay her her wages, but that if her work was done well I didn't care when she did it, and so long as meals were on time and she let me know when she was going, she was welcome to go out every day in the week."

"Oh, but she must have presumed on that, and your husband had to go out and read her the riot act."

Mrs. Alling looked at me in unfeigned astonishment.

"What possible occasion could my husband have for interfering with household affairs? Would I go to his office and scold his clerks for their mistakes?"

It was now my turn to be astonished.

"Then you don't believe in a husband going into the kitchen and telling the cook, 'I'm the man you've got to obey; understand *that*'?"

"If there are husbands like that," said

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Mrs. Alling, "it's no wonder that some girls don't stay. No, my husband leaves household affairs to me. He is always pleasant to Ann and to Mary, but he never tells them to do anything any more than I tell his clerks to do anything.

"After Ann had been with us six months her sister came to this country, and, my husband's business having prospered, he thought he would relieve me of some of the actual housework by engaging Mary as up-stairs girl.

"I kept Mary busy, but I remembered that she, too, was not a machine. She was inclined to be quick-tongued, but I told her sister about it, and showed her that Mary stood in her own light when she said pert things, and Ann gave her a sisterly talking to ——"

"Poor Mary!"

"And I had no more trouble from that source. Both Mary and Ann are interested

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in all that concerns us and our children, and yet they never presume on it.”

“They’re unusual. You take a coarse-grained, common, filthy cook ——”

“But why take her?” asked Mrs. Alling. “Why bring into your house and among your children a woman you would not wish to come in contact with anywhere?”

“But good servants are so hard to get,” said I.

“Because good mistresses are so hard to find. When the mistresses reform there’ll be a reform among the girls. Half the servant troubles come from above-stairs. I know fussy housewives who insist upon the letter of service and forget that it is the spirit that gives it life.

“If I believe in one method of sweeping and Mary believes in another way that cleans the room just as well, I’m not going

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to force her to do it my way just for the sake of discipline ; but there are martinets in households the same as in the army, and I have a friend who has a cook for every week, and who is always obeyed to the letter, or else ——”

Mrs. Alling hesitated.

“ Or else what ? ”

“ Or else the cook loses her head.”

“ I should say that in that case the mistress had lost her head.” I rose to go. “ Well, really, you’ve given me food for thought. Is it possible that the fault is not at all on the servants’ side ? ”

“ I don’t say that. As I hinted before, servants are human beings, and have faults ; but just as one farmer’s wife will make the most refractory hen set on its eggs when another woman has no luck at all, so, by the exercise of tact, one housewife will obtain marvellous results from unpromising raw material.”

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“Don't you think it humbling to a woman's pride to exercise tact with a mere servant?”

“Ah, now you are sarcastic; but there are lots of women who, at the end of a year of heart-breaking troubles with servants, say: ‘Well, at least I've not given in one jot or tittle.’ As if their husbands married them in order that they might show their independence instead of running a well-regulated house! And a house in which servants go off every week is not a well-regulated house.”

I offered Mrs. Alling my hand. “You've let in a flood of light on me,” said I. “Let me see: Make a careful selection of servants in the first place; then treat them as if they were almost as human as you are; then practice the virtues of tact and forbearance, and then, if you have domestic labour troubles ——”

“It will be because this world isn't para-

On Housekeeping

dise," said Mrs. Alling, smiling as she bowed me out.

I told this to a friend who said that Mrs. Alling had simply been fortunate. "Most girls are ungrateful. I began by being a regular charitable institution to my first cook. I told her that it wasn't every one who would do as much for a mere servant, but that I was determined to keep her if honey would do it. But the ungrateful thing left me when her month was up. Since then I haven't tried and I ought to know what I'm talking about, for I had twelve cooks last winter."

Which rather strengthens my faith in Mrs. Alling's system.

XII

Mixed Pickles

A YOUNG woman who was on her way home from business dropped a package addressed to herself and containing something very valuable to her. She did not discover her loss until she reached home, and then she was in despair. She was quite sure that she would never see the package again, as she lived out in New Jersey and she had lost it in New York. But next evening when she went home, there was the little box awaiting her. It had been picked up by some one, who put a couple of stamps on it and mailed it to the address upon it.

The young woman was quite overwhelmed by the kindness of the unknown person ; she said it gave her a better idea

Mixed Pickles

of human nature ; that people were not so bad, after all.

Well, they're not. It doesn't require the dropping of an addressed package to find that out.

Why, look here. Don't you suppose that if that young woman had picked up a similar package and had found that the address was not one in easy walking distance she would have put a stamp on it and dropped it in a letter-box ?

What would you yourself do ? You'd put a stamp on it and send it along.

Well, do you think that you are any better than the average man or woman ? If you'd do it, so would almost any man.

The thing is, however, always to ask yourself, when you read of or hear about or observe a kindly action : " Would I do that ? " And if you find you wouldn't, then it's up to you to raise your standard of kindness and helpfulness.

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If *you* would do it, then it isn't anything so very remarkable, because you are an average man, and you don't do things that lift you on a pinnacle of goodness.

I am always ready to believe anything good that I hear about any one whatsoever; and I'm equally ready to believe anything bad. Your defaulting cashier is kind to his mother, and your sunny-tempered, unselfish man is hateful to his sister.

Sometimes your defaulting cashier is hateful to his mother, but you'll find that he has his good points—perhaps he gives half of his stolen money to the poor, which is certainly better than if he spent it all on his own fleshly pleasures.

And the sunny-tempered, unselfish man who is hateful to his sister; what excuse can I make for him? Shall I say that his sister is unpleasant and provokes his hatefulness?

Mixed Pickles

No, I'm not extenuating anything or setting down anything in malice—the sunny-tempered man has his weak spot, and his sister always makes him show it.

He ought to be ashamed of himself, but he isn't—not often. One reason for this is that he is a human being.

Once there was a man who was full of good deeds; he was honest, upright, a kindly neighbour, a helpful son, a devoted, faithful husband, and a loving and brotherly father. The whole neighbourhood respected him, loved him.

He lived to be fifty years old, and still had the thoroughly deserved respect of his family, his neighbours, and his friends.

If he had died at fifty he would have gone to glory with an unblemished reputation.

But he lived to be fifty-one, and then he died—on the gallows. He had killed a man in a moment of sudden passion.

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There was another man, crooked from his baby-days. He was a cheat, an unscrupulous, mean, stingy, loveless and unloved rascal, and the wonder of wonders is that he escaped the penitentiary.

He lived to be forty-two, and then a fire broke out in the apartment in which he lived. He was escaping from the house when he heard a woman cry out in a room, the door of which he was passing. He tried the door, found it locked, burst it in, and found the woman so panic-stricken that she could do nothing but shriek. He tried to save her, with the flames roaring behind him, and she fought him by reason of the lunacy of fearful fright. At last he got her to the window and handed her to a fireman who appeared outside, and then, the opening of the window having created a sudden draft, he fell into the roaring flames and was burned to death.

Do you remember the puzzle-pictures

Mixed Pickles

that you used to have when you were children? The head of the ape could be set on the shoulders of the Newfoundland dog, and the noble-maned visage of the lion could be placed on the misshapen form of the baboon.

Queer monstrosities resulted.

There you have us ; you and me, near saints and real sinners. The kindly neighbour and upright man of business ought to have had a chance to go out of life saving the life of a woman. And it would have been fitting if the wicked, cheating rascal had come to the gallows. For he worked more harm in his life than a simple killing can work.

But the one who designs the puzzle-pictures has his own reasons for making quaint forms of them, and we do not know why we are such mixed pickles—fifty-seven varieties in one man.

There's excuse for despair in the proudest

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moment of victory, and there's reason for hope in the darkest hour of defeat.

There are loads of wicked rascals in this country, and it is no wonder that Europe holds up her hands in holy horror at the spectacle of so much successful unrighteousness.

If there were not just as many successful rascals in Europe we might well feel abased at calling forth her honest indignation.

But there are thousands of young men and old men in this country who are sincerely trying to better existing conditions—men who ten years ago didn't care at all what happened as long as they were able to earn a decent living.

When Pessimist looks at the wicked rascals he says: "This is the wickedest country that was ever coloured yellow on a map."

And when Optimist looks at the zealots

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who are wielding the muck-rake to good purpose, he says: "This is the best country that ever held its brotherly arms open to the oppressed of all nations."

As it is the only country that ever did such a thing, Optimist is right.

But he would be right if he didn't modify his clause. And so would Pessimist.

There was never so much evil as there is to-day, and there was never so much good.

If it weren't for the evil on earth, this globe of ours would be heaven.

And it sometimes occurs to me that heaven will be a place where the evil is entirely eliminated.

Meanwhile, when you see an addressed package on the sidewalk be sure to stamp it and mail it. But don't glow with pride when you do it, and don't think when you hear of some one else doing it that the Millennium is slowing down to stop here. For it isn't.

XIII

The Heart of a Boy

A FRIEND came to visit me the other day. He was from England. Now, I have had friends from England before, and I have generally expected that they would condescend to admire certain of our institutions, and tell me in tones as affable as they could make them that, considering our youth, we were really doing very well.

But this friend was different.

Before leaving home for his holiday he took care to see that the heart of a boy which he possessed was in its proper place.

He'll never see forty again, so this heart of a boy was given to him over four decades ago, but he has never cared to use any other.

The Heart of a Boy

As he was leaving his native town one of his friends, who had been over here, said: "Well, I hope you'll have a good time."

"I don't have to hope I will. I *know* I will," said he.

"You'll find a good many crudities over there," said the friend.

"Crudities are interesting, and they'll probably be different from our own crudities," said he.

"They're very young, you know."

"Good for them. I like young people."

"Ah, I'm afraid you're hopelessly optimistic," said his friend.

"Well, if I were pessimistic, I'd certainly see a doctor at once, so that's another way of saying I'm in good health. I'm going to have the time of my life."

Well, he's having it.

He is disposed to like everything. He has critical faculties of a fine order, but

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just now his faculty for enjoyment is being worked to the utmost.

The day he arrived was bitter cold, the thermometer registering three degrees below zero, or "thirty-five degrees below freezing," as he phrased it, but it interested him. He had never known such cold in his life before, and it made his blood leap.

He had stood, he said, on the forward deck as the steamer came up the bay, so as to get the first possible glimpse of New York. It was early in the morning, and mist softened the lines of the great skyscrapers which have entered into a compact to hide old Trinity from the view of returning Americans.

"Really," said he, "that's a noble skyline you have. It might be a great castle on a height. The approach to your city is most beautiful. I had heard that skyscrapers were ugly, but seen in the atmosphere of this morning they are worthy of

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the brush of the most poetic of painters. I'll never forget my sail up the bay. It was worth the voyage across, really."

That was a good beginning. Then, as we stood waiting for his baggage to come up out of the hold, a man stepped up to him, and asked him if he cared to cable home.

Of course he did, and, the cable sent, he was lost in admiration of our systematic way of doing things.

He had smuggled nothing—as I say, he is not an American—and he came through the customs inspection with flying colours, and, having been very urbane himself, was delighted with the urbanity of the inspector.

"Really, you know, I had heard that your customs inspection was so very odious. Upon my word, people do exaggerate."

I did not tell him of certain unpleasant

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experiences of my own on returning from abroad. If he was in a mood to be delighted, far be it from me to rake up ancient history with a muck-rake.

I took him out to my suburban home, in New Jersey, and he found much to his liking in the "wooden villas." That they were built of wood struck him as being very odd.

"Wood is so expensive, you know."

He also liked the nip in the air.

"Makes me feel like taking a walk."

The nip in the air struck me as having something of cruelty in it, as it seized hold of my ears, and made them tingle most unpleasantly, but we set out into the country with swinging step.

He loved the winding, frozen river, the birches and willows that skirted its banks, the white trunks and reddish branches enlivening the winter landscape.

Sordid-looking houses he passed by with-

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out comment, seemingly not noticing them, but when we came on some graceful colonial house, set in a grove of trees, or a quaint old Dutch house, a hundred and fifty years old, and nestling comfortably in the snow, he said :

“My word, but I thought they said America was not picturesque. I wish I'd brought my sketch-book. And this air is very invigourating.”

And he broke out whistling like a boy.

Later on he took his first sleigh ride at sunset through a mountainous part of New Jersey, and then his artistic soul revelled in the beauty of it all.

“This is very jolly ! To be wrapped up so warmly, and to be gliding smoothly over the snow. This might be in Norway. And they told me it was a prosaic country, and that I mustn't look for beauty outside of New England. Really, where are people's eyes ?”

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All things contributed to his delight. A few days after his arrival the weather softened, and the snow followed its example, making walking sloppy. He went out for a walk, and got his feet wet.

“I now see why your people wear what you call ‘rubbers.’ I believe I’ll get a pair.”

When they were on his feet he was as proud as a child with his first pair of shoes.

All was fish that came to his net. One evening it would be a dinner at a New York artists’ club, where he met a lot of “most interesting men,” with whom he chatted affably, and who took a liking to this extraordinary Englishman, who made himself at home everywhere—not realizing that the explanation of the phenomenon lay in the fact that he had never changed his boyish heart for one of more mature make.

The Heart of a Boy

A vaudeville show, a church sociable, a prowl on the East Side, a visit to the art galleries on Fifth Avenue, attendance at church on a Sunday morning—all contributed to his enjoyment, because he was interested in all phases of humanity, and was not ashamed to show it.

At the theatre he clapped harder than most, and when he was especially pleased he shouted: "Bravo!"

There was just one thing that made all this possible to him; there is one good and sufficient reason for the fact that he will go back to England thoroughly pleased with his experiences.

He had had the foresight years before to make arrangements for the continuance in service of his heart of a boy, and with that beating under his waistcoat he could not help but find this world a most engaging place.

To men who have this type of heart it

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matters little what country they are in, or what is done to please them.

Every country is God's country, each day has its store of delights, every one you meet can be made to furnish his quota of interesting material, present annoyances may be made to yield future mirth, if the heart is young.

Perhaps you can't make your own heart any younger than it is, but you can try to keep it from growing any older. Preserve it in high spirits; there are no spirits that are such a good preservative.

What matter if your grandfather didn't leave you any of his estate as long as he left you his unconquerable spirits.

The heart of a boy. What a legacy!

XIV

On Revering Riches

SOME one told me yesterday that there are still people in this world who revere riches ; that is to say, there are those who look up to *ordinary* people who have money *just because they have it.*

We all know that money plus kindness, generosity, right feeling, is better than kindness, generosity, right feeling, without money, for the reason that money converts kindly impulses into charitable acts ; but money plus, it may be, pomposity, narrow-mindedness, ostentation and selfishness—why, what is there to admire in that ? And who with brains would admire wealth in that guise ?

You, a poor clerk with the desire to make the world happier and a wish to do

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your work well, are a bigger figure than your rich employer, if he is a Gradgrind, or if he thinks that his mere riches add a whit to his character.

I know very well that there have been those who taught us to look up to the man who, by a strict looking out for number one and a royal disregard for the rights of others, had amassed a fortune, and at the age of fifty was gray side-whiskered, respectable—and supercilious.

But now we are being forced to believe that no man can be absolutely honest and become what is called a plutocrat, a master of tens of millions; and therefore we who are poor but honest, like our parents before us, are coming to see that, as Americans, we are every bit as good as the men who scatter middle-aged benefactions where they will make the most noise.

Now, mind you, dislike for the rich simply because they are rich shows nar-

On Revering Riches

row-mindedness and a petty disposition on your part. Don't think that just because you are a poor clerk and your employer is rich you are better than he is. It is possible that he, with his thousands, does more good proportionately than you do with your talents and your miserable salary.

It may be that his brains are of a better kind than yours ; that he had kindlier ancestors ; that his instincts are purer. There are rich men with an admirable ancestry behind them, with splendid brains in their heads, and with big, warm hearts, that pump money as well as blood, and just *because* you are a poor clerk, it does not follow that you are better than they.

In the matter of ancestry—it isn't a bad thing to look it up. Family pride, if it have a common-sense basis, is far better than purse-proudness.

You are what you have made yourself

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and what your associations have made you, plus—I'm fond of that word plus—what your father and mother and your two grandfathers and two grandmothers and your four great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers and your eight great-great-grandfathers and great-great-grandmothers made you ; and if they were of sturdy stock, you have not only reason to be proud, but you have also incurred a duty. You should so live as to reflect credit on them who made you what you are.

In other words, if your father was a minister and your grandfather a doctor, and your great-grandfather a farmer or a Continental soldier, you certainly have good cause to poise your head straight above your backbone when you come into the presence of your rich employer, who may not know who his grandfather was. Your good family is worth as much as his money.

But don't on the strength of it ask him

On Revering Riches

to Sunday supper. You with your ten dollars a week and he with his eighty thousand dollars a year—why, he might not understand your motive. He might think that, instead of condescending to him, you were trying to placate him for some maladministration of office on your part.

In fact, it is well to have as little to do with your rich employer as you can. Don't bow down to his riches, but also don't use up his noon hour in trying to explain to him that you esteem him only as a man, and that his dollars can go to Ballyhack for all you care. Rich employers never understand philosophic clerks, and a clerk with too much expressed philosophy is oftentimes a clerk without a job. And if, jobless, you rail at riches, people are sure to cry "sour grapes."

But let your despising of riches take the form of making the most of your opportu-

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nities, and try to get more out of life than most rich men are able to extract.

Perhaps, in spite of your miserable salary, you have a better ear for music than your rich employer has. Cultivate your love for music. Go to good concerts and the opera and sit up in the "peanut gallery," for music, like smoke, ascends, and harmonies blend as they go up, and you in the cockloft get a better tone-picture than your howling swells in the five-dollar seats, who perhaps don't care for music at all.

It may be that even if you are underpaid by that rich employer of yours, you have a more ardent love for nature than he. He may be blind to the beauties that lie in a walk through the country. If he is, take my word for it that not all the money in the world will buy him a better love for it. So there you have—perhaps a legacy from one of your plain ancestors—a gift that he has not. Cultivate it.

On Revering Riches

It is not beyond belief that through your love of nature you have a taste for pictures that he with his expensive gallery, made up entirely of Old World paintings, does not have and never will have. His pictures were bought for him by his agents, and he relies on their word as to their value as works of art. But you, with your love for nature and through your love for nature, are able to appreciate the beauty of a sincere picture without having any one at your elbow to point it out.

And remember that you have galleries that are free if you live in any of the large cities—galleries where you can compare the native with the foreign work. Remember, also, what is getting to be a greater truth day by day : that it is in this country that some of the best landscapes are being painted, and that when your rich employer pours out his dollars in European capitals for French and Italian modern

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landscapes, he could have got for a tenth of the sum better pictures of his own land painted by his own countrymen.

You see, his riches have not taught him to know that American landscape art knows no superior, and is still in the ascendant. When his pocketbook tells him so, then he will believe it. But you, using your own eyes and comparing the spontaneous work of our American masters with the great nature that lies out of doors, already believe it. And for your consolation let me tell you that the French critics indorse your opinion.

So when they tell me that there are still people in this world who revere riches, and I look about and see that a man may be a good American citizen, and love nature and the arts and attend to his business dutifully, with nothing in the world but a poor salary to back him, I say that if such a man does revere mere riches, he is foolish.

On the Golden Rule

THAT Golden Rule is a queer sort of proposition. There was a man out in Toledo named Jones, and he actually lived by the Golden Rule—he did unto others as he would that they should do unto him.

What was the result? What was the inevitable result?

Why, people said he was crazy.

That is, some people said so ; others said he was up to some game.

And he was simply following that rule that the sanest man who ever lived gave us as a means of attaining happiness in this world and the next.

Nineteen hundred years of preaching of that kindly doctrine, and they call "Golden Rule" Jones either crazy or knavish.

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This is a queer world.

But I want to tell you that *every* one did not think Jones crazy. Some of the men whom he benefited thought it the most natural thing in the world that he should do unto them as he would have them do unto him, and they passed the good word along that he was giving people "a square deal," and I would not be a bit surprised if the United States, in 2006, would be a better place just because that "eccentric" fellow Jones lived here in the closing years of the nineteenth century and followed the teaching of a man who taught nineteen hundred years ago and who still has influence.

There are some people who hate to be Christians, and probably if any one asked you and me pointblank if we were Christians, the answer in each case would either be a hesitating affirmative or a shamefaced negative or a hesitating negative or a shamefaced affirmative.

On the Golden Rule

But there are men who aren't good "Christians" who try to follow the Golden Rule.

I dare say there are men who swear and drink and do most of the things that most of us do who yet try to follow the dictates of the Golden Rule—sometimes.

They are not Christians, and yet they are friendly to Christ and His teachings.

A hundred years ago there were a good many philosophers who ridiculed Christ and tried to set Him aside as an impossible person, but the world has grown kindlier and broader as it has grown older, and now we have absolute infidels who say boldly that Christ was perhaps the best man who ever lived.

Some of us use Christ's name to swear by—those of us who do not consider swearing bad form—and yet even we who do that would not stand for any besmirching

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of Christ as a man and as a brother to men. Why is that? Is it because at the back of our brains we Americans have a good deal of reverence?

Foreigners say that we hold nothing sacred excepting the Almighty Dollar; but, look here: What would happen if a man came out on the vaudeville stage and began to make fun of Abraham Lincoln?—I don't care whether the vaudeville show was in Boston or Galveston or San Francisco or St. Louis or Chicago or Washington or in a Western mining-town on the new boom—there's just one thing would happen every time: that man would be hissed off the stage, and, like as not, if he were playing a circuit, he'd be short-circuited at once by the manager.

Well, if we have that sort of feeling for a man who died over forty years ago and who was never seen by millions of the men who love and venerate him in this

On the Golden Rule

country to-day, we have that feeling by virtue of something that he did and stood for.

And he stood for the Golden Rule.

He wasn't much on churchgoing or psalm-singing, although some very good men have gone to church and have sung psalms—if they had the voice (and sometimes they have sung without the voice—I know, for I've sat behind 'em)—but he did have the highest reverence for the man who first enunciated the Golden Rule, and he tried to steer himself and the country by the laws laid down in it.

We're a nation of money-grubbers—any one on the other side of the water will tell you so, even those who have never been here, and they ought to know—but our national idols are not Rockefeller or Carnegie or Harriman, but Lincoln and Grant and Washington—and not one of the latter trio could have signed his check for

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a hundred thousand dollars at any stage of the game.

What does that prove? It proves that there is some sort of shamefaced idealism about us Americans, after all.

And it's a strange thing that not only Lincoln, but Grant and Washington, did quite a little Golden Rule business.

When General Grant, in his tour of the world, was travelling in Japan, he visited the sacred bridge of Nikko. No one ever crosses this bridge but the mikado himself; but General Grant was the great representative of a great and friendly people, and the mikado paid him the unheard-of compliment of opening the bridge to him.

What did General Grant do?

He thanked the mikado for his kindness of feeling, but, with a tact that one would not have looked for in a soldier, he did not step on the bridge.

On the Golden Rule

What rule did he obey ?

Infant class, please stand up and say in unison :

“ *Goldun* Rule ! ”

Very good. You may sit down.

And it seems to me that there were traces of the Golden Rule in his treatment of another Golden Rule man, General Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox. That was a heart-stirring incident in American history.

And General Lee also was very much of a Golden Rule man. It may be a mere coincidence, but the South worships General Lee and not the greatest Southern millionaire.

Really, there is something in this Golden Rule.

A good place to see what it is not is the Brooklyn Bridge at the rush-hour. They say that every American is a ruler, but there are few Golden Rulers at the bridge.

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One reason is that most of them are temporarily either insane, or else wild beasts, and you can't look for the Golden Rule in either insane people or wild beasts.

This would seem to prove that Golden Rule Jones was not as insane as some of his detractors thought.

It's the queerest thing what odd specimens of humanity sometimes practice the Golden Rule. You all know the story of the drunken man who went into the Iroquois Theatre, in Chicago, a few years ago, and annoyed a woman and her little girl to such an extent that she was on the point of having him put out of the theatre.

But, without knowing it, a world-renowned drama, in which she and he and the little girl and hundreds of others were to take part, was just on the point of being enacted before her eyes. As far as she was concerned, she was first old

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woman, the drunken man was hero, and the child was the heroine.

The frightful flames burst into that theatre, and men and women became beasts and trampled each other in a rush to escape from the fiery tomb. Then the man became sobered enough to remember the Golden Rule, and, catching up the little girl, he made his way to the street with her and she was restored to her mother on the sidewalk.

Why, there's not one of us who hasn't obeyed the rule at one time or another, and there's not one of us who doesn't hold the late John Hay in the highest respect because he was the first Golden Rule diplomat—and a highly successful one.

Some people call Golden Rule Jones crazy, but the most of us believe that he had a rule that is a safe guide for conduct. And the beauty of it for most of us—for you and me especially, dear reader—is

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that when we find it interfering with our chances of success we forget it—we cut it out.

But it is much better to remember it. A well known millionaire has recently said that business is war. Surely he is mistaken. War is a suspension of the Golden Rule, generally for political reasons, and political reasons should never govern business. I am afraid that our friend the millionaire was not talking of legitimate business but of the game of grab that has made so many of our men with daughters objects of interest to the nobility of other lands.

Now the first rule of the game of grab is “Let’s forget the Golden Rule.”

But it is by no means a dead letter to those who remember the other fellow and do not try to lift themselves up by trampling him down.

On Being Popular

THE trouble with a great many men and women who seek popularity through the retailing of their personal ailments and misfortunes is that they don't make the recital interesting enough.

If I meet Brown and he says: "Isn't it a beautiful day?" and I immediately say: "I hadn't noticed the weather. Do you know, I lay awake last night for nearly three hours with a nasty, tickling cough?" it is not going to make me a favourite with Brown.

You see, the statement is too bald, and, besides, I have ignored something that Brown is interested in and substituted something that only I am interested in.

If, on the contrary, I meet Brown and say: "Isn't this a beautiful day?" and he

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says: "Yes, it's a day to make you glad you're alive," I feel that my opinion has been well bolstered up and am willing to hear more from Brown. And he goes on to say: "I was glad there were no burglars in my house last night."

That attracts my attention at once because one wonders why a man should make such an obvious remark.

I ask him why, and he says: "Why, almost any burglar would have been annoyed at my cough. It was most disconcerting. I felt like a whole consumptive colony. I coughed so much in the night that I used up my entire stock of coughs and haven't coughed since."

Now, Brown has told me of a trouble, and I have troubles of my own; but his way of telling disarms criticism, and I find myself wishing he'd have the measles or something else that he could embroider in a whimsical way. I go on a little farther

On Being Popular

and meet Mrs. Haskell, and no sooner do I see her than I quicken my step and make as if I were in a great hurry. Why? Mrs. Haskell is an extremely pretty woman, and she is bright and well-read. But I know from the expression of her face that she has a trouble that I can't help by sympathy, and I know she won't interest me in telling it.

Sure enough. "Oh, good-afternoon. I suppose you know where I'm going?"

"To a whist party?"

"No such luck for me. I'm without a girl again, and I am on my way to try to get another. I never seem to be able to keep a girl. I do think that things have come to a pretty pass in this country. What are we going to do? I think it is perfectly scandalous the way girls leave attractive places for no reason in the world but spite."

It is scandalous, but Mrs. Haskell is not

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increasing her popularity by telling me her woes in such a bald and complaining way. As a matter of fact, I am sick of the subject, for I, myself, am on my way to see a girl who has been well recommended and whom I hope to keep for at least a week end.

It isn't so much the woes one has as the way one retails them that affects popularity.

Here comes Mrs. Borden, all smiles, and I know that she lost two servants yesterday—her coachman and her cook.

“Don't you want to start a coöperative colony,” she says, nodding her pretty head, “and be my coachman, if I'll be your cook? I heard from your wife that you'd lost your cook, and I've lost both coachman and cook. But it was just because Janet was so pretty and Sam so handsome and she used to invite him in to dinner every day. He liked her dinners so well that he pro-

On Being Popular

posed that she cook for him, and I'm on my way to their wedding. Afterwards, I'm going to advertise for a coachman who is too old to marry, and a plain cook—the plainer the better."

And so she rattles on. Her troubles are as real as those of Mrs. Haskell, but she makes a jest of them, and so you don't mind hearing about them. You probably answer in kind; and if you do, you increase your popularity with yourself. That in itself is a good thing. A man who is unpopular with himself is in a parlous state—whatever that is.

One of the quickest ways of becoming popular is as follows: You have a cunning little boy, aged five. I have one aged three, just as cunning—as a matter of fact far more so.

I meet you on the ferry-boat and politely ask you how your boy is; and, without waiting for your answer, I say: "You

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ought to see my Freddy. He's only three, but he's a buster. Why, I believe he's almost as big as your John."

You, being an angel and already exceedingly popular, smother your natural instincts and say: "I dare say. Do tell me something about Freddy; he is so original."

And, although the ferry trip is a quarter of an hour long, I have no difficulty in filling the entire time telling anecdotes about my remarkable child. Suppose you had taken up the time telling me about John. It wouldn't have pleased me half as much, and you would have become to me that most tiresome of mortals: the person who harps on the virtues of his children, to the exclusion of every other topic.

Then there are men and women who try to achieve popularity by a most disconcerting frankness.

I'm on my way to the train and I meet

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Banks, who really looks as if he were in the last stages of consumption. Just to jolly the poor fellow along I say: "You're looking better. Gaining a little every day, aren't you?"

And what does he say in reply? "Oh, I'm all right. But say, old man, you look like a death's-head. What's the matter? Run down?"

"Yes, by an automobile," you answer sarcastically, and wish you'd told him how ill he looks. You know you're feeling well, but you stop at the next mirror and look at yourself and notice that you do look a little desk-tied, and you wonder whether you don't need a vacation.

Banks ought to know better. If he is popular, it is in spite of his frankness.

Of course, it is better to be honest than to be popular, but one does not have to tell the whole truth as if he were on a

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witness-stand when he's merely passing the time of day.

Think of the popular men you know, and try to remember how many times they've stopped you to tell you the names of their favourite complaints, or the witty remarks of their year-old twins, or the reason why they can't keep a servant through a rainy afternoon, or that you look like the next candidate for funeral honours.

And then try to become popular yourself.

XVII

On Getting One's Money's Worth

THE other day there were a hundred young people waiting at a railroad-station. They were going on a day's outing, and from their looks money was not easy with them.

To while the time away one of them suggested that they all get weighed. Instantly the men began to fumble in their pockets for pennies, and it looked as if the insensate machine was going to be glutted with cents.

But there was a wise young chap in the party. "Look here, fellers," said he, "what's the matter with chipping in a cent apiece, buying a book and getting Kid Lacey to read to us?"

"Kid Lacey" was evidently a popular reader, for the weighing-machine was for-

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gotten, the book was bought at the newsstand, and I suppose when the young folks reached their destination some of the time was occupied in listening to him read.

It struck me as a particularly wise use to which to put the money. As a writer of books I may be biased, but I appeal to you all if that group of picnickers did not have more fun in listening to Kid Lacey read—he had an elegant Irish brogue and seemed bubbling over with animal spirits—than they would have got out of the consciousness that Mamie weighed 130 and that Jimmie weighed only 119 and that “Fatty” Lenihan weighed 195—a loss of five pounds since summer set in.

To spend wisely; that’s a problem that many people never consider. It is not likely that many of us are going to set much aside—most of us come to the end of the season or the end of the trip

On Getting One's Money's Worth

with every last cent spent and perhaps a doctor's bill not yet paid, but have we got the worth of our money?

I know a man who never goes to the theatre unless he can get orchestra seats for himself and his wife. After the play is over Black—to give him a name—feels that he must do “the proper thing,” and so he takes his wife, who is a dyspeptic, to a “lobster palace,” and they eat lobster salad and ice-cream, and generally miss the last train, for they are suburbanites, and so have to put up at a hotel, and by the time his junket is over he has spent so near to ten dollars that a bootblack wouldn't scramble for the difference. His wife's digestion is upset, he is cross, and he thinks theatre-managers are sharks.

That is throwing money away, in my opinion. It's all right to spend ten dollars on fun when you're getting only forty dollars a week, if you want to spend it,

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but for pity's sake get the worth of your money.

Black generally goes to some show that has been recommended by a business friend—for he knows little of the theatre himself, and he usually picks a play that disgusts both him and his wife, and makes them vow they won't go to the theatre again. And they don't—until next time; and then it's orchestra seats again, and the same indigestible supper and a long journey home—if they don't miss the train—and a headache for his wife, anyhow.

No, Black doesn't know how to get his money's worth.

White comes nearer to doing it. White is a philosophical sort of chap, who never puts on any airs, and who never does a thing because every one else is doing it. He never played ping-pong.

Just pause a moment and think what that means.

On Getting One's Money's Worth

White gets only thirty dollars a week, so he is not as well off as his neighbour, Black, but he knows a heap more about getting the worth of his money.

He weighs what this one and that one, and this paper and that paper, say about current theatrical attractions, and then he picks out one that seems suited to his tastes.

Then he and his wife get seats in the front row of the second balcony for a dollar a piece, and with the help of the opera-glasses which his grandfather used to look at Jenny Lind, he manages to see all there is to be seen, and Mrs. White has such good eyesight that she doesn't need opera-glasses.

Both are very fond of the theatre, and he generally manages to pick a winner, and the two are mightily amused.

He is past the age when golden-bucks ride easily, and his wife hates after-theatre

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suppers, but they are both very fond of books, and he has the ridiculous habit of putting the supper-money into a volume of some classic, which he buys the afternoon of the day he is going to the theatre.

He reads it on the train going back, so it is he that gets the headache, but his wife just dozes off comfortably in the seat, and forgets that it's an awful nuisance going home to the suburbs, and next day she's as fresh as a lark.

He has added to their library, they have both had a good time, and have seen a play to which they will recommend their friends, and the whole cost has come under four dollars.

White goes oftener to the theatre than Black does, because he has such good luck in picking amusing plays ; therefore, he spends as much on amusement as Black does, but he gets much more fun out of it

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than his neighbour does, just because he is unwilling to spend for the mere sake of being like other people.

When you have come to the end of the year and have regretted that you did not get more fun for your money, just count up how much you spent for the mere sake of doing the proper thing, and you'll find that you have thrown away enough to have paid for several outings.

I know a man—my, the number of men I know when I'm writing one of these "preachments"!—who has been a bachelor for forty-odd years, although he is a great admirer of women. And do you know why? Because he says he cannot support a wife "as a wife ought to be supported." He makes a goodish bit of money in a year—something like five thousand dollars—and he knows, or has known, lots of nice two-thousand-dollar girls, but he remains a lonely old bachelor, just because he never

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learned how to get the worth of his money. He spends it all, but he isn't happy, because he is naturally a family man—and he has no family.

Think of the two-thousand-dollar girls who could have made him happy and enabled him to soak away three thousand a year, if he had been so minded.

Of course, if it pleases you to be considered as belonging to a higher social stratum than is yours by right of income—if you are foolish enough to care two straws about incomes—if, I say, you spend your money on maintaining a proud position, and you feel your bluff has carried, I suppose it's no use to say to you that you have misspent your money or failed to get your money's worth; but it does no harm to say that the persons who are really happiest when the end of the year comes are the ones who have been able to wrest a dollar's worth of happiness out of every

On Getting One's Money's Worth

dollar spent for pleasure. And they are never the rich.

The other day a Britisher, a member of Parliament, came to visit us, and he wrote an article about New York which contained some unconscious humour.

After showing that he spent a large part of his time meeting the newly rich, he continues :

Side by side with the reckless good-humour, the extravagant optimism of many classes in New York, I thought I saw a sombreness and unrest among the poor.

It's quite likely he did. And the sombreness and unrest are likely to grow, more's the pity.

But he goes on :

And there is another class which I did not meet, but which must be even sadder and more pathetic, and that is the middle class, which has to get along with moderate means in this carnival of luxury and

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extravagance and costliness. You must have money, and plenty of it, to find life tolerable ; that is what, finally, I felt about New York.

And this last is the joke. Members of the middle class, allow me to extend to you my sympathy.

If you cannot find life tolerable in New York, even without plenty of money, it is because you have never found out how to get the worth of what money you do spend.

There are lots of fellows and their wives who are happy as fairy kings and queens in New York on less than two thousand dollars a year.

But aping those who have better means won't bring happiness, nor the worth of your money.

XVIII

A Word to Fathers

DOES your boy stand in awe of you? I have asked that question before in print, but nobody answered me. Perhaps it was not read; but as you are reading this, I repeat: Does your boy stand in awe of you?

If he does, why does he? Is it because you are a director in half-a-dozen influential business concerns and cannot forget the fact even at home?

If that is his reason for regarding you with awe, it won't be many years before his awe will change to amusement. For a boy after a time becomes a man, and if he has a sense of humour, he can't help being amused at pomposity, even if the inflated one is his father.

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Drop that stern face when you are with him, and let him into the secret that you are merely a human being like himself and not even a distant relative of the immortal gods.

Tin gods on wheels—how many there are of them, and how many people bow down before them !

Now, it is a natural thing for some men to enjoy mounting a pedestal—like a cigar-store Indian—and looking down on the multitude ; but it is unfair to your boy to force him to join the gaping crowd.

You really are not worth any man's worship. It may sound impertinent for me to say it, when I have never had the privilege of addressing you ; but you are not so very superior to the common run of humanity, and if your fellow men knew you as well as you know yourself you would not dare pose even as a tin god.

So unbend to the boy, and let him feel

A Word to Fathers

that he is almost your equal in the family at least.

But perhaps he stands in awe of you because you are a stern disciplinarian, and believes that you are his keeper, and he is in prison for a term of years—twenty-one, to be exact.

That's a worse reason than the other. Discipline is as good for him as it is for you, but awe—I hate that word *awe*, except as applied to one's impression of thunder-clouds, or stormy seas, or everlasting mountains. You are not a thunder-cloud—at least, I hope not—and you are not a stormy sea, and you are not an everlasting hill; but just an erring human being, with an innate and perhaps untried power of inspiring love.

Your son ought to be your younger brother. You were a boy before he was, and did all the things you rebuke him for doing; and you ought to take him on one

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side and show him the folly of his course as evinced by your own failure to become a perfect man.

Make a playmate of the boy.

I'd rather have a son warmly affectionate to me than be a director in five ordinary business concerns and one life insurance company.

“Stop! Here comes father!” That's what I heard a boy say to his brother. The two were lying under a tree after a game of tennis, singing a harmless song. I wondered if the father was a poor judge of music, for their voices were tuneful, or whether he was an invalid who had to be coddled—until I saw him.

Five feet two at least, and as straight as a wooden Indian, with a rigid walk and an eye like an imitation Jove, and a stern, set mouth—I understood.

He passed those boys then without a word, although he had not seen them

A Word to Fathers

since morning, and went into the house as imposingly as five-feet-two can accomplish such a thing.

I thought of Mr. Peewee, who used to figure in the evening papers, and I wondered if an ordinary pin would "deflate" him.

I was spending Sunday at the house next his, and I found out who he was: a martinet; a man whose wife never called him anything but "Mr." Brown; president of an asphalt pavement company and director in three or four other concerns.

Six months later, the asphalt company failed, and Mr. Brown's name was mentioned in connection with some bribery at Albany, and the Browns left the suburb they had been living in.

I couldn't help thinking how like a character in a book he was, and I wondered whether he still kept up his awe-inspiring gait and behaviour.

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I don't go so far as to say that if he had been "hail fellow well met" with his boys he would not have been guilty of bribery, but if he had not assumed such a pose of awesomeness he might have been comforted by his boys when he fell on evil days.

Get acquainted with your son, make a friend of him, renew your youth; and when you die other people will really mourn you, and no one will refer to you as a solemn ass—which is another name for an awesome person.

XIX

Concerning Addition

“**E**VERY little bit added to what you’ve got makes just a little bit more.”

I wish that I could print the music to that popular refrain as its felicitous rag-time adds to the catchiness of the dictum.

“*Every little bit added to what you’ve got makes just a little bit more.*”

It’s an amusing song, and the suggested advice is good. Strange how many people there are who do not act on it!

There were two brothers born within a year or two of each other and of the same parents—that’s why they were brothers—but they were as different as day and night.

One of them was always bent on accumulating experiences of one kind or another; he was fond of music, fond of books, fond

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of pictures. He possessed a good deal of curiosity regarding the habits of men, and neglected his business—so they say—in order to increase his stock of knowledge concerning mankind. But, after all, that was his own business. He was fond of going to the theatre, and while he always picked out good plays, still, in the opinion of his brother, he might have been employed staying late at his office, heaping up dollars.

The brother was heaping them up all right. Why, that man was the first one to reach his office and the last one to leave it. The office-boy always got tired of waiting for him and went home before him. You may be sure that his business prospered, and at thirty he was worth a hundred times as much as his unbusiness-like brother. He may have had an ear for music when he was a boy, but at thirty he had lost it, and regarded time spent at concerts as money thrown away.

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Time and money were convertible terms with him, and he sought by every means in his power to build up a huge fortune.

Reading was not for him. Books were apt to be idle thoughts, only fit for idle fellows, and he had no time to waste on nonsense. Pictures might make good investments if a man happened to buy the right kind, but he didn't pretend to know a good one from a bad one, and so he never bought any. The companionship of his fellows was not congenial to him and he belonged to no clubs. A club, in his opinion, was a place where a man wasted time that might have been employed in making money and where idle fellows swapped idler stories. No, the office for him and his whole mind to the making of money.

His brother went to Europe, to South America, to Asia, to Africa ; how he did it was a mystery, for he made very little

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money. He seemed to know how to get a good deal of service for a small expenditure of silver, and he acted as if life were an enjoyable thing.

Neither brother married, and after a time old age came upon each of them.

Then the moneyed man retired from business, broken in health and with nothing to do but regret that he had not made more money while he was at it.

But the "lazy" brother, who had worked his mind and his sensibilities for all they were worth his whole life long, was able to sit by himself, if need be, and have the full companionship of the many bright minds that he had known in life and in books, to bring before his mind's eye the many lovely pictures he had seen on canvas and in the landscape, to call up to recollection's ear the delightful harmonies that he had heard from the world's great orchestras, the beautiful melodies that had come from

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full-throated singers ; and if he had had none of these solaces, great reward would have been his in his ability to reach up to his book shelves and pick therefrom the fruit of a lifetime's gathering.

The one, rich, old and unhappy ; the other, rich in associations, friends, and all those things that go to the making of a cultivated man—and the heart of a boy in him still.

“ Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more,” and the wise brother had added a little bit of information to a little bit of amusement and a little bit of good-will and a little bit of helpfulness, and so when he was seventy he had an accumulation that sufficed him for the long twilight of a healthy old age, while his brother the money-getter —

It has just occurred to me that he, too, followed the advice, but it does not seem to have done him much good. Every lit-

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tle bit (of money) added to what (money) you've got makes just a little bit more (money), but all the money in the world won't buy good-fellowship, real, sincere good-fellowship—I mean, if you haven't planted the seeds of friendliness in your youth ; and when you are seventy and have neglected books all your life you are not going to sit down and suddenly enjoy them. Nor will a rich man find that his bulging pocketbooks can buy him appreciation of the beautiful in pictures or of the gorgeous tone-colouring in symphonies, if he has neglected to begin his addition of one kind of cultivation to another kind in his boyhood and young manhood.

Don't regard the money spent on a good play or a good concert as money thrown away. Don't regard the hour spent with a good friend as time thrown away. Don't regard the time spent on a captivating romance or a well-developed novel or

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a cleverly written essay as time misspent. Don't regard the time spent in outdoor sports as wasted.

I'm not advocating idleness or the neglect of duty. If a man is in business let him give his mind to his business. If I had given my mind to the business I was in when I was a young man I might to-day control the dry-goods market, but the trouble was I wouldn't read good advice like this I am handing out, and I hadn't horse-sense enough to know that I could never hope to advance without industry ; and every little bit of idleness, added to what I had, made just a little bit more ; and when the pile was big enough my employer noticed it and asked me if I would kindly make place for a friend of his, and I obligingly stepped down and out and lost my chance of being a dry-goods king that very day.

Don't do as I did, but do as I advise. If

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I spent my time in picture-galleries that should have been given to separating the moreens from the mohairs, or attended afternoon concerts when I should have been extricating the buntings from among the worsteds, I was adding a little bit of time that I didn't own to some more that I had already got (dishonestly), and while it made a little bit more it didn't better my character at all, and if I had stayed in the dry-goods business I fear to say what I might have become.

Be sure that your time is your own, then spend it so as to accumulate treasure for your old age; and if you die before you are old you will have already realized a good deal on your investment.

Now let us sing together: "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

On Lending

IF you desire to know how poorly off you are, just notice what you say the next time some poor fellow comes and asks you for a loan of money to help him out of a tight place.

But perhaps you remember what you said last time.

“Awfully sorry, old man, but we’re putting a steam-heating plant into the house, and you know how that costs. And we’ve got to paper the servant’s room. And it does seem as if business was falling off every month. Hard times are upon us, and I believe this country is going to the dogs. Awfully sorry to disoblige, but you know how it is.”

Of course, “old man” knows how it is, and he goes away feeling bitter because you won’t accommodate him, totally for-

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getting that a little while ago, when I was in a hole and went to him for a loan, *he* said: "By George! why didn't you come yesterday? Paid a bill I needn't have paid, and now I really can't do a thing for you. Awfully sorry, old chap. Better luck next time."

Why, I remember that when Janeway came to *me* last month and wanted to borrow fifty dollars to pay his life insurance premium, I told him that I hadn't sold a story for two weeks (absolute truth), and that, much as I wanted, etc., etc., etc.

Oh, we certainly do feel poor when the time to help one of our fellow sufferers comes along.

But there's one thing about it. The *more* we have the poorer we feel, and some of those who really are poor will dip right into the bottom of their pockets and hand over everything to help, knowing how it is themselves.

On Lending

I know one man who would make the best kind of millionaire imaginable, for, if any of his friends is about to undertake something calling for ready money, he is sure to say: "By the way, got plenty of money? Because if you need any, I'll be glad," etc., etc.

Popular man? Well, yes, he is; only I will say this for human nature—that he is not imposed upon as often as you might think. When a man is as ready as that to help a friend along, it would be a mean friend who would try to bleed him.

But isn't it queer how the most of us will cling to our money? Maybe we are bachelors, and have next to no call on our funds, and there is not a day passes that we could not give a young chap a start in business, or make the sledding easier for a few days, but we never think of doing a thing.

We listen to a call for ten dollars, and

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hand out the threadbare plea of the need of papering the basement or putting a carpet in the attic, and then in sheer ennui we go to the opera and have a supper afterwards, inviting a rich friend, and we blow in ten dollars—perhaps the very ten dollars that the poor devil wanted, although we have so many ten dollars it would be hard to tell which was which without marking them.

Of course, a man has a right to do what he will with his money, and perhaps if any one of us was rich he would enjoy getting ten dollars' worth of Caruso's voice far better than he would enjoy helping a deserving man out of a hole to the extent of ten dollars; but just looking at it academically, it would seem that the best fun a man could have would be looking around for people who needed help, and helping them.

Imagine being a millionaire and going around among the studios or the con-

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servatories and finding out this fellow with talent and that girl with a voice, and helping them to art educations, not asking that they return the money, but pledging them to pass the favour along when they themselves had succeeded.

An endless chain of that sort, eh? I'd like to come back here five hundred years after it was started just for the purpose of noting how much better the world was by virtue of these benefactions passed along.

That's one good thing about human nature. If a man does a kindly thing, the fellow benefited never rests until he can go and do something for some one else.

I fancy that the reason why it is so hard to borrow money when one gets into a tight place, is because one goes to people who have never been helped. Don't you know there are people who are worth a million or more, and who are proud of saying:

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“I am under no obligations to any one. I’m entirely a self-made man. I made every dollar myself, and no man has a claim on a single one. If I give, it is because I’m naturally generous, and want to help others.”

But if he never would accept help, why should he insult others by helping them?

It is to laugh. Fancy a man in this America of ours being independent. Independence may be our boast, but even your plutocrat depends upon the often underpaid efforts of the man below.

But if you go to the right man when you are in a hole—if you use good judgment and go to the poor man, and tell him what your prospects are, and how a little tiding over at the present time will enable you to succeed later on, he won’t have a word to say about papering his cellar or buying a new automobile for his invalid son. He will say: “Sit right

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where you are, old man, and I'll raise it inside of half an hour. I know a place where money grows."

And he'll be back with it in the half-hour. I don't know where he gets it—whether he has a fat stocking that he takes good care of, or knows a lot of "easy marks" who are glad to unload when he gives them the password. One thing I do know, he is the boy that you hurry to pay back when success perches on your banner once more, and nothing would make you happier than to hear that he was in a bad hole—just so that you could run in and offer him all you had.

*On Getting Paid in One's Own
Coin*

LAUGH and the world laughs with you, quarrel and—you have the help of the world.

Man is an imitative creature, and he is apt to do what he sees you do. Knowing this, you have yourself to blame if your merry outing sees its finish in a cell.

I knew a man who, having received a little inheritance that enabled him to travel, set forth in blithe fashion, for all the world like a hero in a romantic novel.

As he fared along the road, he'd greet those he met with a "Good-morning; it's a pretty day, isn't it?" He was from the Southwest, where they have "pretty" days instead of "fine" ones—and his smile was reflected back from every face he passed.

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"It's the merriest kind of world," said he, and he was quite right. His suddenly acquired means had rose-tinted the whole world. Every one was his friend, and he was on the best possible terms with every one.

If he sojourned at a private house—and he found such hospitality everywhere—he was so hail-fellow-well-met, without being too familiar, that gruff men relaxed and women melted.

"The world is better for having him," said they as he went on his way.

"It surely is a merry world," said he. "This talk about trouble is very much exaggerated."

He met Mexicans and Chinamen and Indians, and he found them all companionable. He had the knack of getting under the skin with a pleasant remark just as some people do with a bit of sarcasm; and, of course, once you get under the

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skin, human nature is so much alike everywhere that it would make a monotonous exhibit at a county fair if specimens of it from all over the world were laid side by side.

One day he fell in with a dark-complexioned, weather-bronzed man in the foothills around Santa Barbara, and he found him a most companionable fellow. He was courteous, he had a sense of humour, had plenty of knowledge of men and things—even of botany and other bits of learning that schoolgirls absorb to-day and forget to-morrow ; and our friend said that he never heard any one say more poetical things about nature than this casual companion did, when the setting sun illumined the foot-hills and finally set in a sparkling sea of molten gold known on the map as the Pacific Ocean.

(Laugh and the world laughs with you ;
and yet, as it turned out, this particular

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Santa Barbara member of the association of world inhabitants was a criminal leisurely and calmly getting away from justice.)

Laugh and the world laughs with you ;
and our friend had a laughing trip of five days, and at last came to Saturday.

Now Saturday is really one of the nicest days in the week. Pay-day is apt to be on Saturday ; also it is the day on which one begins week-end visits. Saturday is a good day, a merry day, the merriest day in the whole seven.

Just what happened to our friend Friday night he did not fully tell me. He may have had too merry a time with a party of campers with whom he spent the night. Something stronger than California wine flowed in that camp, and he said that they were a roystering lot, with little need of his smile to set them going.

Whatever the cause, when the early birds began to sing among the redwoods,

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they witnessed as cold and gray a dawn as ever comes the morning after to California; and our friend woke with what is unpleasantly known as a grouch. His smile was with the snows of yester-year, and as he went on his weary way, stiffly and sourly, he felt that this world was not quite the paradise it had been cracked up to be. There was a rift in somebody's lute, and the lute looked like his. And, what's more—he didn't like the songs the birds were singing.

Not far on his way he met a man who was noted for his amiability, and had the stranger spoken first he might have waked a smile on our friend's gray features, but the man who had slept out spoke first.

“I don't think much of your California weather,” said he sourly and gratuitously.

Now, the man addressed was a native son, and no native son, however amiable he may be, can stand any aspersion on the perfect, simply perfect California

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weather, so he said, in a tone tinged with acidity: "You couldn't match this day in the East?"

"East!" said our friend contemptuously. "Say, do I look like an Easterner? I'm from Missouri myself, and down there we have pretty days, but if this is the kind of weather you advertise in the magazines, I'd like you to show me its superlativeness."

This led to words on the part of the amiable man, and at last our smiling traveller and the amiable one came to blows, all under the arching dome of the California sky, with the little birds still singing.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
quarrel—and you'll get what's coming to
you.

Speaking of merry hearts and fighting, I once knew a young clerk who was fond of fighting, and he thought this the best of all possible worlds because it was so easy

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to pick a quarrel, and such fun to shake hands over it afterwards. He was not malicious at heart. He was simply high-spirited, and rejoiced in a scrap.

If he celebrated a holiday by going to a picnic with his Maggie, and we asked him next morning if he'd had a good time, his answer would be very apt to be: "I had a dandy time. Licked a feller that got saucy on the way down to Coney."

"How did he get saucy?"

"Oh, he looked at Maggie, and I told him not to get gay, and he looked at her again, and I told him to mind his own business or I'd give him something to remember me by, and he said he was minding his own business, and I'd better mind mine, and then I sailed into him. He won't look at Maggie again before he's introduced."

"And he'll never get introduced, will he?"

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“ Oh, I introduced him after the scrap was over. He was a nice enough feller, only too free with his eye. He introduced me to his steady, and we all spent the afternoon together down at Coney.”

Jimmy was of Irish extraction, and Maggie was the same, and a fight was possibly a species of hospitality in their eyes, but it serves to show that whether you smile or quarrel the world does the same.

But it's a good thing to start out a-laughing of a Monday, keep laughing Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, be careful how you spend Friday night, and then make Saturday the merriest day of the week. You will have plenty of company, for the world loves a happy man.

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