

Chatterers are always matters. Men with worth while in formation know its worth.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Message

When half a man's brain is in an usurer's office, the rest of it isn't worth the clock.

Under-Dogs Aren't Always Underpaid

THE young woman who is transcribing these words has devoted eleven years to typewriting and stenography. The machine has been under her eyes and fingers for an average of eight hours per day during that period, and yet, with no other labor to distract her attention, she freely admits that she has never wondered if she could find a way to simplify its action or extend its utility.

Meanwhile, hundreds of inventors made themselves independent through patents based upon no greater knowledge of the subject.

She just happens to be one of the many who neglect to exercise the speculative instinct. Indeed, most persons go through life without ever testing their latent powers. That's why so much of the world's work is passing over to automatic machinery.

All things considered, practically everybody deserves his status and wage. The market-scales seldom cheat.

You can't improve your position until you improve yourself. While your performance remains the same, so will your pay. Mere length of service is not a valid reason for a salary increase if practice has not improved performance.

Why should you get more this year for running an elevator, or digging a ditch, or selling goods, if you don't run the elevator any better, or dig the ditch more quickly, or turn in more orders than last year?

On the other hand, the moment you display enterprise your employer must, in self-defense, increase your compensation commensurate with your further utility. He knows that his competitor will, if he doesn't.

There isn't nearly so much injustice in the business world as the incompetents would have us believe. Generally the under-dogs aren't fighting to get on top.

Puppy Love

DON'T laugh at him. It is real, and it hurts. Call it "puppy love" if you choose, but down in your own heart you know that he is passing through the saddest, gladdest joy of all.

He's a man now. An instinct as old as the first morning is waking in his blood. Off in queer corners of the earth where Arabian Nights have not yet faded before the cold dawn of civilization, the elders of the tribe would measure him as an adult, and his father would gravely sue for the maiden of his choice.

New lands, new customs; but old human nature.

Once you, too, walked under the locusts. That first sweetheart of yours! Can you remember—can you forget? In all the years that follow, what hour held so many stars? And now his turn has come—his right to hoard sweet phantoms, too. Time always slits the fragile purse of dreams and steals so many precious coins we thought to spend for happiness. Reality is quick to break the loom that weaves such fairy fantasies. Spring is a season of the mind, and all too short. Don't laugh at him.

The Djins and Giants of the Imagination

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Goodness knows how long apples kept falling on thick-heads before Newton was hit by his illuminating pippin. The other fellows weren't sufficiently interested in the episode to investigate the cause. They accepted it as a matter of course. He simply wondered why it happened, and kept on pondering until he worked out the law of gravitation.

All new theories are based upon old facts. The raw materials for railroads and telephones were on hand when Nebuchadnezzar was grazing. Hamular might have fought with machine guns and motor transports if one or two of his ancestors hadn't been so pleased with the quality of their spears and arbalests.

Whenever and wherever man has been sufficiently dissatisfied with existing efficiencies, amazing results have followed.

Intelligence isn't a modern discovery. All the achievements of today were possible long ago. Our greatest weakness is the habit of pausing for a century to gloat over the prowess of a decade.

We have never done our utmost in any period. The ancients learned to temper bronze and build pyramids. Then they quit thinking for a while.

Archimedes and Euclid evolved mathematical problems that still strain the sophomoric capacity, after which their contemporaries ceased to bother with the subject.

Judging by the scant records which have come down to us from the dawn, it is manifest that the resources of our present estate were attainable to human reasoning thousands of years ago. Progress is constantly blocked by the indifference and complacency of the multitude.

IF ONE PER CENT OF THE PEOPLE WOULD EVER THINK FOR THEMSELVES, THEIR COMBINED EFFORTS WOULD BANKRUPT PREDICTION.

Nature hasn't added many essential elements to the earth since its crust cooled. There have been a few transformations, but, in the main, all the substances we handle now, were available in the Pleistocene Age.

What we have done is not extraordinary, but it is to the eternal discredit of the race that we took so long to accomplish the bulk of our chores.

At that, a few individuals are responsible for all the departures from precedent.

Humanity en masse is a distinct failure. The majority is and has ever been negligent, lazy and unambitious. Open the average head, and there isn't an idea in it that somebody else's mind didn't plant there.

Millions of us never had an original thought, despite the possession of the same faculties which enable our fellows to plan flying machines, prevent epidemics, embalm voices, photograph motion, drain seas and weigh skies.

The djins and giants of imagination are in your brain, too, but you won't let them out of the cells and set them to work. Discoverers aren't complex beings—they're precisely like you plus an inquiring habit. They see little things and magnify them into vast undertakings. They notice trifles and develop them into enterprises.

Practically all the betterments of life resulted from quiet hints which Nature dropped before observing eyes.

But egotists can't see them. They're too busy contenting themselves to speculate upon their surroundings. Most of us are overlooking the signals of opportunity—the unrealized possibilities in plain sight everywhere.

Any knowledge we possess is primary. We haven't found the best way to do a single thing. GET AN IDEA!

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The Clock to the Worker

SAID the clock to the worker, "Speed up there, you shirker. Remember, I'm watching the job you are botching. No cunning can thwart me, no shrewdness abort me. My eye never closes, my brain never dozes. My hands point out idlers, evaders and sidlers—cheats, skimpers and triflers and all profit-riflers. If you think you can borrow a chance from tomorrow you'll find you're mistaken, my friend, to your sorrow. You look at my face and you never do read it; the secret of fortune's before you, boy, heed it! I know that you're slacking. I see you side-tracking your duties and warn you you're in for a sacking. Man can't hide from me what his record is lacking. Unless your heart's in it from first to last minute the game is against you—there's no way to win it."

"Solomon Grundy"

FIVE years ago a thieving rowdy in the hills—a tupenny Turpin—a cattle sneak—illiterate, vulgar, unmoral—unknown to the world and unknowing of it.

Suddenly a death wind sweeping the rich reaches of Chihuahua. Next, master of half a republic, with one foot already planted upon the very doorstep of the presidency; the power of these United States all but behind him; peer of American commanding officers, meeting them as equals meet in the discussion of great affairs; the support of European governments at his finger-tips; the cup of supremacy touching his lip—almost a Montezuma.

Then sardonic fate kicks him sprawling. The mad dream is ended. Again a skulker in the hills—friendly, reviled, execrated. Villa is himself again.

Burning Up Half a Billion

THE best way to fight a fire is to anticipate it. Besides eliminating human risk, it's a thrifty method. Europe has had so few precedents in her purse that necessity forced her to plan proper safeguards. These stringent regulations are enforced to the letter of the law. Similar precautions would materially reduce the half billion dollars that annually go up in flames over here. No other country feasts the fire fiend so lavishly as we. It's great to hear the engines go past, but there's lots cheaper fun.

Speaking of Preparedness

WAR does not establish the right or the wrong, but the might of the strong. Where battle once bred chivalry and valor, it now creates mathematicians, efficiency engineers and ballistic experts. Victory rests with the strongest purse and the farthest guns, not with the boldest hearts and the noblest cause. To those who fondly believe that the dogs of war only bite by invitation it is pertinent to recall Weber and Fields' very ancient wheeze.

"They say that barking dogs never bite."

"You know it and I know it, but does the dog know it?"

Fifth Time in History Old Glory Has Been Arrayed Against Mexican Flag

ONCE again as the United States celebrates Flag day, Old Glory waves on foreign soil. Down in Mexico the Stars and Stripes are flying over camps of American troops.

For the fifth time in history the American nation is engaged in a dispute with her obstreperous southern neighbor. The adventures of our flag in Mexico supply material for an exciting story, in which the action extends over a period of eighty years. From the memorable days of the Alamo, in 1836, to the present time the region of the Rio Grande has been witness to many clashes of arms. No other nation on the face of the globe has harassed our feelings as provokingly and as persistently as Mexico. And the end is not yet.

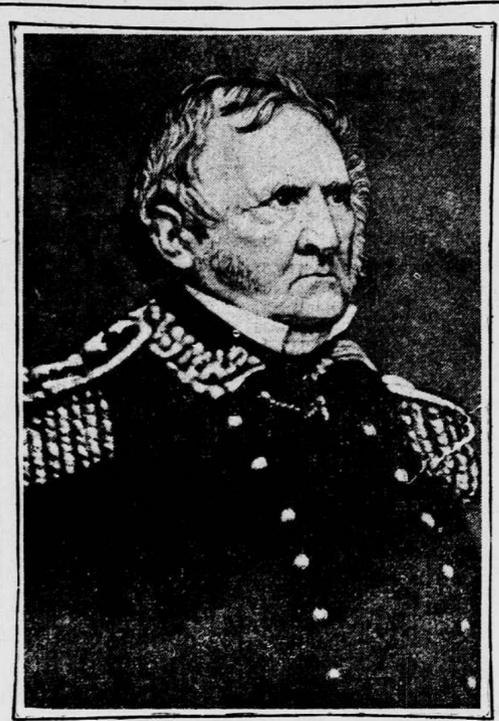
Tracing the beginning of the trouble takes us back to the early days of Texas. In 1820 Texas was a Mexican province. The territory was originally included in the Louisiana purchase, but had been ceded to Spain in 1819 in the treaty which gave Florida to the United States.

The central government at Mexico City was anxious to see the garden soil of this spacious tract cultivated. It adopted a liberal system of colonization and offered striking inducements to settlers. Among the emigrants who flocked to Texas in response to these inducements was a band of Connecticut Yankees under the leadership of Moses Austin, who rode into San Antonio in the fall of 1820 and coolly requested a grant of land for a colony of Americans. His request was granted. Slowly the colony grew. By 1835 15,000 Americans had drifted into it across the border. By virtue of their industry they accumulated power and eventually aroused the jealousy of Mexican officials. This jealousy centered in Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, who was secretly planning to overthrow the central power, change Mexico from a confederation of states into a consolidated republic and make himself dictator. He succeeded in changing the policy of the government by superseding civil authority with martial law. One of his first acts was to send an army into Texas to overawe the settlers.

Immediately the men of American blood, who had been organizing a militia, resolved to rise against his military government and defend their rights and liberties, which were "threatened by encroachments of military despots." The battle was on. The disproportion between the forces was great. The Mexicans had wealth and numbers, but the Americans had indomitable courage that has never been exceeded by that of any heroes in the annals of the ages.

The "Alamo" is a name that has become a watchword of "lovers of liberty" throughout the world. Here in the stronghold of San Antonio a hundred and eighty Texans took their stand against four thousand Mexicans and fought till they died, and died to a man.

The next day was a dull and simple, yet one of the saddest and sublimest events in history. In the Alamo—a mission which dates from 1749 and, like all missions, a sort of fortress—American and Mexican forces, surrounded by a stone wall as a protection against savages, fought a desperate battle. The Texans defended themselves as best they could. The next day, however, that American heroism carried a flag into this region it



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT, WHO FLEW THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

THE Stars and Stripes in the Country to the South—Tragedy of "The Alamo." In the Mexican War—Gen. Scott's Historic Dispatch to Washington—The Imbroglia With Maximilian—Recent Events—Trouble in the Early Days of Texas.

along the route. Finally, at the heights of Chapultepec, the Americans captured the last obstruction, and the way to the Mexican capital was open. On the 13th of September, 1847, the Mexican forces began to evacuate the city, and on the following day Scott rode into the ancient capital of the Montezumas. He entered the palace, ordered the flag raised from its towers and the war was ended.

One might think from the inconceivable finality of the victory that this ought to be the permanent settlement of all difficulties with Mexico forevermore. A treaty was signed, definite boundaries were marked and indemnities were paid. But not so. Always the racial difference, with its distinction in temperament and morality, breeds an undercurrent of disagreement. The Latin and the Saxon seemed inevitably doomed to clash. The wonder is that the long a period elapsed between the close of this war and beginning the next imbroglia. Storms cloud meantime darkened the horizon, and though it did not result in actual bloodshed, it necessitated the scaling of the Alamo and the dispatching of the American flag to the boundary line between the two countries.

Soon after the beginning of our civil war France sent troops into Mexico to overthrow the government and establish an empire. Archduke Maximilian, brother of Franz Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria, was to reign at its head. President Juarez, the full-blooded Indian patriot, who looms as one of the greatest men in Mexican history, was taken to the north and driven into the northern part of the country. This was counter-sense. "Older in the very oldest people, who looked upon the restoration of an empire under the rule of a foreigner as the only way out of the disturbing conditions wrought by endless civil wars, Maximilian was therefore received with honor and respect. But soon ordered his goose by issuing an order that Juarez and his revolutionary forces gathering on the

VIRTUES OF GRAPES, FIGS AND OTHER FRUITS.

THE value of fruits as food has been known to man since the human race came upon the earth and the oldest records that have been dug from age-long buried cities contain references to fruits that still bloom and ripen in the world. The date, the fig, the grape, the almond and a score of other products of the tree and vine were esteemed by those men who lived in an antiquity so remote that the most venerable records do not extend back so far. The apple is one of the ancient friends of mankind, and it does not matter whether the apple of the garden of Eden was the fruit which now bears the name of apple, or whether it was a pomegranate or an orange. The apple of the ancients was probably not as good as the fruits that come from the orchards of the moderns, but it was a good and useful apple. An English writer, treating recently of the antiquity of cider, does not extend back so far. The apple of our alcoholic beverages. In Saxon times it was known as applewin, while some kind of fermented drink from the juice of wild apples seems to have been popular even when the Romans were here. The peach was a well known and popular fruit in the east as early as the making of the oldest human records and references to it is found in the



GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR, WHO CARRIED THE FLAG INTO MEXICO.

again. Madero's power was weakened. Victoriano Huerta came upon the scene. He began his career as president of Mexico with crime—the murder of his predecessor, Madero—and he continued a policy of barbarism that made even his Mexican people shudder. But he was not as successful as Diaz had been. Wherever Mexicans came in contact with Americans and non-Mexicans there was friction. The old paymaster and a detachment of mar-

of the virtues of the grape, said: "The natural sugar of grapes requires no digestion, but is taken almost at once into the blood, the phosphoric acid acting favorably on bodily functions or used for fuel. These uses of the date palm were also made by the ancients. Assyrrians and Babylonians, who were cultivating date palm orchards at least 4,000 years ago, and how much before that no man knows. The cultivation of dates in the United States was instituted mainly if not solely through the efforts of the Department of Agriculture, which several years ago instituted a study of the trees in Africa and an investigation of the soil and climatic conditions in the southwestern part of the United States. Efforts were made three centuries ago by Spanish missionaries to introduce the date palm into Mexico, but though the trees themselves lived and apparently prospered the fruit did not ripen on the trees.

Mexico. The United States subsequently accorded him recognition as such. This act started a new ball of trouble rolling.

Francisco Villa, the peon leader of the insurgents of Mexico, had his eye on the presidency of his turbulent republic. When the United States recognized the government of his rival, Carranza, Villa swore retaliation and ordered his followers to capture and destroy the property of Americans wherever they came across the border.

Consequently all America was stirred at the news that Villa had actually been able to carry out his threat in a shocking manner. Fifteen Americans were murdered on their way to their mine in Chihuahua by a band of Villa's outlaws. This party was returning to the Cusi mine with passports issued by the officials at Juarez. Villa opened on the train in which they traveled.

His action resulted in an anti-Mexican demonstration in El Paso which was quelled by martial law. The citizens of El Paso distributed 50,000 cards with the words "Remember the Alamo—did we watch and wait? Remember the Cusi—shall we watch and wait?" printed upon them. The federal government then took a hand and sent the troops under the American flag into Mexico with the order "Get Villa." Numerous other disturbances in the form of murderous raids have taken place since the troops began their punitive expedition. The great question before the American nation today is to bring peace and civilized order to Mexico and forever sound the key to future disagreements. People are asking if the Mexican anarchy must be eternal, and if the beautiful land must forever go to waste. The wealth of the country lies in its mines, fruiteries and cattle ranches, but these are utterly demoralized at present. Industry is paralyzed. A country rich in natural resources is producing nothing for American and European capital, no longer is invested there with safety.

Humor in State Paper.

IT is not often that a public official goes so far as to evince his sense of humor in a state paper, for, doubtless, most of them believe that the peace and dignity of the governmental system are not to be impaired by humorous comment.

Not long ago, however, there appeared an iconoclast in this relation, the person of John E. Garza of Winchester, Ky., at the time chairman of the state board of equalization of the same office before this board.

From the testimony of the average witness who appears before this board there is very little good land in his section of the state, and what there is, is so small that it is not worth the particular county there is a poor stretch of land, and the width of the stream change and wash it away, and the stream of the property for blocks on which the tireless farmer is laid out an existence and by the addition of a small mortgage pay his taxes."

"And this for the reason that the 'cities do not labor under exacting conditions, but their difficulties are just what the cities of the state are. In addition to which the value of the property for blocks on either side. Schools and churches have also been exempt from taxation, and the remaining few dollars left among the cities are mainly for the purpose of paying car taxes. If there were anything to receive or anybody would receive it."

"The final action of the board has been referred to the auditor, and while not claiming that it is infallible, it is the result of arduous labor and unprejudiced judgment."

This brings history well-nigh up to date. Now again our flag is in Mexico. Going back a bit, one sees that the downfall of Huerta was followed by the establishment of Carranza as president of the de facto government of