



A Baby Life Flickers Out Every Other Second

Somewhere in the world a tiny child slips from its mother's arms into eternity with each two ticks of the clock.

Yet most of these babies could have stayed and grown into full manhood and womanhood if they had had right food.

The daily bath helps, the fresh air helps, and the right clothes help. But above all things, give your baby the right food.

Mother's milk is best.

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is next best, because so like mother's milk the youngest baby can digest it.

The doctors of France and England, Germany and America, have said over and over again that your baby cannot digest cows' milk. It's too heavy. Your baby struggles under its load as you would, if you ate lobster and mince pie and ice cream for dinner.

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however. Bartlett looked at him in admiration as he dictated the terms of the contract. The salary was a little better than \$25,000, and it meant a small fortune for Teller if things worked out as they should. But, on the other hand, it meant the biggest sort of success for the investment.

It requires the keenest, most expert judgment to pick men for these big jobs, since in every commercial center there are scores of men who have address and personality, who manage to make themselves seem like remarkable possibilities, but who in reality have no unusual business ability at all. On the other hand, some of the best men are not especially able in presenting themselves and do not indicate to the ordinary observer half their executive adroitness. A man of this latter type now holds one of these \$10,000 to \$50,000 jobs in one of the big American Middle West cities. He is a man who is not impressive, and hundreds of men with important propositions had regularly passed him by because he did not possess the fluency and magnetism that holds the average moneyed man. One thoughtful searcher for an executive believed he saw much underneath the quiet exterior of this man.

He made inquiries, and chuckled to learn that in an entire city of two hundred thousand nobody thought very much of William Meacham, not enough to reward him with over \$4,000 a year. Simpson, whose interests were rapidly expanding and who was prepared to pay \$20,000 without a qualm for the management of one of his properties, saw his opportunity. He had no trouble at all in getting Meacham at a salary of \$10,000, and found his judgment so well vindicated that now, after five years, he is paying that young man \$30,000 and thinks him cheap at the figure.

AS a rule, though, the capitalist does not have this obstacle to contend with. The big job is nearly always for the man who shows his ability in his face, in his manner. To attract, to charm, to persuade, to influence is a part of his stock in trade. He needs a good deal of the salesman's vim and instant popularity. In nineteen cases out of twenty these qualities will be there and must be there. What the bosses behind the scenes, the people in control, have to decide is whether there is the force and the constructive ability in addition. It is just at this point that the mistakes in picking such men occur. But not often; the men who count their wealth up in the hundreds of thousands and millions are too experienced to be led away on wild goose chases. It is very seldom that the mere surface man—the man with nothing but a front—gets his chance.

Capital is becoming more and more concerned with the problem of picking winners in the shape of men who have made good in some field, it does not matter what. The more different the line the more the probability that the man will fill the new job more snugly, for that means he will have had a wider, more diverse experience to draw upon. For these big jobs the man to be avoided is the man who has always been in one line. He may, indeed, be good, but the chances are that years of plodding will destroy practically all his originality and initiative, and he will be unconsciously bound by the threads of routine and precedent. It is only in the lower jobs that men of direct experience in the particular field, are looked for, and not always then.

A "winner"—from somewhere—is most frequently sought for, and yet the ablest men of today who are on the watch for executives who can really do things acknowledge that if winners alone are looked for opportunities are missed. Ten years ago there was a city salesman downtown in New York who, after a dozen

years, was drawing the munificent salary of perhaps thirty dollars a week. It scarcely paid his firm to have him on the pay roll for so much, but they were liberal folks and Sam had started with them as an office boy. To them he was still a boy, and the great joke of the "old man" was Sammy in society.

Sammy did go to dances and managed them. He was a popular co-tillion leader and a frequent attendant at teas. The firm had a shock one day when Sammy resigned from his position. It was three years before they understood.

The "society route" had landed Sam. He was at his best in evening clothes, and at dinners and parties managed to get on terms of close friendship with a man who had married one of his old sweethearts and at the same time had fallen heir to a prosperous patent medicine. Half because he liked his companionship, half because he had really come to know him, the patent medicine man took Sammy in. Sammy, of course, never breathed a word about the poor little thirty per. He played his cards so well that Exmere, living on an income of some \$60,000, offered him, with some trepidation, \$12,000 to start with, and the promise of more.

And Sam won out. The "society route" had accomplished what this youth could never have brought about in an ordinary way. The secret lay in his opportunity and ability to get well acquainted with Exmere and in the acumen of the latter to perceive his real capacity. Sam was never a possible star salesman. Hitherto he had been given no chance except at selling goods. As an executive he quickly showed his power and capacity, and he has long since been the real directing force of the patent medicine concern.

It is not to be disputed that the clubs and drawing rooms of the big cities oftentimes are real "labor exchanges" when it comes to finding and choosing these "big job" men. Social life is not, indeed, always an open door, but it offers opportunities recurrently that are not to be found elsewhere. The "man behind the throne," inaccessible to all but a chosen few during business hours, is met as an equal. A new personality has power to interest him. A word from his host or from a guest he knows often finds him receptive. Sometimes a pretty or an able woman's casual suggestion goes far.

But this opportunity is useless to all except the tip-top man potentially. The average man will find it of no avail. He had better wait to be discovered in other ways, and rest on his record. In social life the fierce white light that beats down impartially upon all, unmasks unerringly. Only the strongest and clearest as well as quickest-thinking can stand in its rays and turn them to eminent business advantage.

Harking Back to Lincoln

By JOHN BURROUGHS

A GOOD many phases of the cost of living problems are curiously overlooked or forgotten even by those who are most affected. Consider, as an instance, that not only a higher standard of living but a higher standard of dying and a higher standard of being born prevail. Fifty or more years ago being born was a luxury a poor man could afford, and dying a necessity he could put up with. Now he must think twice before he does either. It probably did not cost ten dollars to bring General Grant or General Lee or Abraham Lincoln into the world, or more than that to put their fathers decently out of it. The local cabinet-maker made a good cherry coffin for six or eight dollars and there was no undertaker to double the bill. Now the showy trappings of departure cost ten times that amount which is interesting if not exactly alarming.



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