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Mr. Paul B. Hendrickson,
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Texas.

C/o N.Y. Co. 129th Inf.
If I Were Twenty-One

Ten Things I Would Do

By DR. FRANK CRANE

The editor of this magazine has asked me to make this writing as personal as possible. If there is too much of the pronoun I in this, therefore, blame him and not me.

The voyager entering a new country will listen with attention to the bequeaths of the old warrior who is just returning from its exploration; and the young warrior buckling on his armor may be benefited by the experiences of the old warrior who is laying his armor off. I have climbed the Hill of Life, and am past the summit, I suppose, and perhaps I may add that those just venturing the first incline to know what I think I would do if I had it to do over.

I have lived an average life. I have had the same kind of follies, fears and fires my twenty-one-year-old reader has. I have failed often and bitterly. I have loved and hated, lost and won, done some good deeds and many bad ones. I have had some measure of success, and I have made about every kind of mistake there is to make. In other words, I have lived a full, active, human life, and have got thus far safely along. I am on the shady side of fifty. As people grow old they accumulate two kinds of spiritual supplies: one, a pile of doubts, questionings and mysteries; and the other, a much smaller pile of positive conclusions. There is a great temptation to partake upon the former subjects, for negative and critical statements have a seductive appearance of depth and much more of a flavor of wisdom than clear and succinct declarations. But I will endeavor to resist this temptation, and will set down, as concisely as I can, some of the positive convictions I have gained.

For the sake of orderly thought, I will make Ten Points. They might of course just as well be six points or forty, but ten seems to be the number most easily remembered, since we have ten fingers, first and "handiest" of counters.

1. If I Were Twenty-One I Would "Do the Next Thing"

The first duty of a human being in this world is to take himself off other people's backs. I would go to work at heard of was the one some other fellow had.

It is quite important to find the best thing to do. It is much more important to find something to do. If I were a young artist, I would paint soap advertisements, if that were all opportunity offered, until I got ahead enough to indulge in the painting of madonnas and landscapes. If I were a young musician, I would rather play in a street band than not at all. If I were a young writer, I would do hack work, if necessary, until I became able to do the Great American Novel.

I would go to work. Nothing in all this world I have found is as good as work.

I believe in the wage system as the best and most practical means of coordinating human effort. What spoils it is the large indescribable lump of unearned money that, because of laws that originated in special privilege, are injected into the body politic, by inheritance and other legal artificialities.

If I were twenty-one I would resolve to take no dollar for which I had not contributed something in the world's work. If a philanthropist gave me a million dollars I would decline it. If a rich father or uncle left me a fortune, I would hand it over to the city treasury. All great wealth units come, directly or indirectly, from the people and should go to them. All inheritance should be limited to, say, $100,000. If Government would do that there would be no trouble with the wage system.

If I were twenty-one I would keep clean of endorsed money. The happiest people I have known have been those whose bread and butter depended upon their daily exertion.

11. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Adjust Myself

More people I have known have suffered because they did not know how to adjust themselves than for any other reason. And the happiest-hearted people I have met have been those that have the knack of adapting themselves to whatever happens.

I would begin with my relatives. While...
If I Were Twenty-One

(Continued from page 5)

for his companion, if he would save him
a thousand ills.

2. She should have good common sense. No matter how pretty and charming a friend may be, and some of them are wonderfully
wonderful, with what they have, they
will not get far. Someone has said that pretty
girls with no sense are like a certain cheap auto-
mobile; they are all right to run around with, but you don’t want to own one.

And 3. She should be cheerful. A sunny, brave, bright disposition is a wife’s
dowry.

A woman, or station in life, or common
ness, or good looks, they should not enter
at all into the matter. If I could find a
girl, healthy, sensible and cheerful, and if I
loved her, I’d marry her, if I were twenty-
one.

VII. If I Were Twenty-One I Would Save Money

MONEY has a deal to do with content-
ment in this workaday world, and I’d
marry with no money. There isn’t a
human being but could save a little. Ev-
every man, in America at least, could live on
nine tenths of what he does live on, and
save the other tenth. And the man who
regularly saves nothing is a fool, just a
plain fool, whether he be an actor getting
one thousand dollars a week or a dush-
gull getting one dollar a day.

Life insurance is the most practical way for a
young man, especially if he be a profes-
ional man, or anyone not gifted with the
knack of making money, to achieve finan-
cial comfort. The life insurance companies
are as safe as any money institution can be. You are compelled to save in order to pay for your picture, and you probably
even need that sort of whip. And those de-
pendent upon you are protected against
the financial distress that would be caused
by your death. I believe life insurance to be
the best way to save money, at least for
one who knows little about money.

VIII. I Would Study the Art of Pleas

ing

MUCH of the content from life is due to
the having pleasant people around you;
Hence I would form habits and cultivate
distinct manners that would please
them. For instance, I would make my personal appearance as attractive as possible.
I would look clean, well-dressed and alto-
gether as engaging as the material I had to
work with would allow. I would be punctual.
To keep people waiting is simply disgusting.
I would, if my voice were unpleasant,
have cultivated until it became agree-
able in tone. I would speak low. I would
not mumble, but lead the art of clear
and distinct speech. It is very trying to asso-
ciate with persons who talk so that it is a
constant effort to understand their words.
I would learn to avoid conversation as a
small talk. I would equip myself to be mul-
er

able to entertain the grouchiest, most
easiest people, and in a busi-
ness in the world in which it is not a great
advantage to be able to converse enter-
tainingly.

The secret of being a good conver-
sationist is probably a genuine unselfish in-
terest in others. That and practice. It
consists more in making the other person
talk than in talking yourself. You should
write so that it would not burden people to read it. In this matter, one hint: The English
language is composed of separate letters,
words, sentences... the greater the
idea, the more it should be expressed in
whole thoughts and individual speech.

I would not argue. I never knew one
person in my life that was convinced by
argument. But I believe in saying very
true things. The difference is... in discussion you are searching for the truth, and in argu-
ment you want to prove that you are
right. In discussion, therefore, you are
anxious to know your neighbor’s views,
and you listen to him. In argument, you
don’t care anything about his opinions,
and you want him to hear your own. What,
you’re talking, you have only thinking over
what you are going to say as soon as you
get a chance.

Altogether, I would try to make my
personality interesting, so that people would in
turn endeavor to be pleasing to me.

IX. If I Were Twenty-One I Would

Determine, Even if I Could Never Be
Anything Else in the World, That I

Would be a Thoroughbred

THOROUGHBRED, as it is currently
used, is a word rather difficult to define,
entirely non-definable. Yet we all
know what it means—it is like Love.
But I mean something more fundamental:
One being a good sport, by which I mean the
kind of man that does not whine when he
fails, but gets up smiling and tackles it
again. Thoroughbred means the true fund of
bravery, and courage does not depend upon success,
but keeps brave and sweet even in failure.
Let me quote what I have written else-
where on this point:

Of all human qualities that have lit up
the sonorities of this tragic earth, I count this,
nothing more than a thoroughbred, the happiest.
has saved more souls than penance and
silence, it has rescued more business enter-
tners than swindles, it has won more battles
more games, and altogether fructuously
more have come out of the tangled skein of
than any other virtue.

Lost people are quieters. They reach the
city. They are familiar with the last straw.
But the thoroughbred, a thoroughbred,
cannot corner him. He will not give up.
He cannot find “fail” in his lexicon. He has
never learned the art of giving way.

I would have been a thoroughly

If I Were Twenty-One I Would

Make Some Permanent, Amicable Arrangement with My Conscience

(20) Duty, Death, and Moral Responsibility

are the huge facts which life itself can
escape. They are the eternal sphenoids
by the road of every man’s existence. He
must frame some sort of an answer to
them, or he will be in a sort of a trouble

Perhaps he will not

It may please the reader to know how

to indicate the art of “getting on,” or of
acquiring riches or position. These usually
are not coveted as a certain end in itself. But success is of two kinds, outward and inward,
and apparent and real. Outward success may depend some upon what is in you, but it depends much more on what is
in the world. And it is hardly worth a strong
man’s while. Inward and real success, on
the contrary, is not an affair of chance at all, but a working out of one’s character, a thing which is life’s how it is known, as certainly
as the stars move in their courses.
I would, therefore, if I were twenty-one,
study the art of life. It is good to know
arithmetic and geography and bookkeeping
and all practical matters, but it is better
to know how to live, to spend your
day so that at the end of it you shall be
content, how to do your work so that you
feel it has been worth while.

I would, therefore, if I were twenty-one,
make some permanent, amicable arrange-
ment with my conscience.

VI. I Would Get Married

I WOULDN’T wait until I became able
to support a wife. I would marry while

poor, and marry right. For I have seen
all kinds of wives, and by far the greatest
number of successful ones were those that
married young. You need to be able to

Any man of twenty-one has a better
chance for happiness, moral stature and
earthly success, if married than if un-

married.

I married young, and poor as Job’s turn-
key. I have been in some hard places, seen
poverty and trial, and I have had more
than my share of success, but in not one
instance, either of failure or triumph,
would I have been better off single. My
partner in this task of living has doubled
every joy and halved every defeat.

There’s a deal of discussion over sex
problems. There is but one wholesome,
normal, practical and God-blessed solu-
tion to the sex question, and that is the
loveliness of one man and one woman.

Many young people play the fool and
marry the wrong person, but my obser-
vation has been that “there’s no fool like
the old fool” that the longer marriage is post-
poned the greater are the chances of a mis-
take, and that those couples are the most
successful in matrimony who begin in
youth and grow old together.

If I were choosing a wife I would insist
on three qualifications:

1. She should be healthy. It is all well
enough to admire an invalid, respect
and adore her, but a healthy, live man needs
a healthy woman (Continued on page 58)
My Own Dear Paul:

Received your letter yesterday but decided to wait until tonight to answer. I am still pretty busy at the office — if I can just keep it up taking in extra work I might make a little money this coming year and yet it takes nearly every cent a person can make to live for everything surely is going away up there. That would get me a spring coat but don’t feel like I wanted to pay $25.00 for one. Tried to get me a hat just for work, but you can’t hardly look at one for less than $7.50. Don’t you think that is awful. Expert, though, you are interested in most any thing else but clothes. And what’s the
use any way - nobody here to
tell me whether they look pretty.
This has surely been a dirty
day - has tried to rain all day:
yesterday morning the sun was
shining, but before night it was
raining. As you see we are
really having spring, only one
day it will be cold and the next
it will be warm. And I think
the mud here is just about as bad
as you said it was in the
Trenches.

Yes, I haven't been any place
this week. Haven't been to a
show for such a long time and
thought I would go tonight, but
is raining and I was too tired.

In regards to military train-
ing what I was trying to tell
you about in my last
letter - and Mr. Fleming called
on me to help show the others
what to do - is called "Squad
Right." (we haven't got to Squad
left yet) you know I am the
third person in the rear ranks
- they say the hardest position
of
all and it seemed difficult
for me to come in just right.
But come to find out I was
being instructed just right.

Squad Master kept telling me
to take two steps straight ahead
and angle in on the third and
fourth and it came out wrong
every time. So Mr. Fleming
pulls me straight on it - I am
to take three steps straight ahead
and angle in on the 4th with
about a step and a half. Am

Tonight he talked like he was
going to have us all drill
together and not in separate
squad as we have been doing
tomorrow night. He is trying to
frighten me I guess for he said
he was going to call on me to
demonstrated that third part. I told him if he did I would simply take my hat and go home, because he is so strict on us as in real training with boys and it just nearly scares me to death to be called on for anything. Will have to get over that though. Say, Paul, if at any time you think of anything to tell me or put straight in this training you are so anxious to make a success of it, and it sure is interesting. If it wasn’t for you I wouldn’t give anything in earth to be a boy and设计 and go in training, but when I think of having you to love me I am happy to know that I am just a girl.

I just wish, dear lady, I could tell you how much happier your letter makes me. You couldn’t possibly have told me plainer how you felt, nor could you
have answered my questions any letter. I am telling you the truth your letter is just about what I expected for some way I couldn’t feel that you would tell me you loved me unless you truly did, but Paul dear, I know you understand just how I felt about what you thought of the future. I, too, took things for granted but I just felt I could not wait any longer to be sure.

No one knows how I have spent this last year, for I have always tried to be brave and be interested in other people and other things and do things that will make time go quicker. I am sure as for that changing positions has been a good thing for me – for I am so busy here lately that the days are not half long enough and it seems to me I am learning what real work is. I truly believe, too, that I am
Learning the real value of money both Mr. P. and Dr. B. seem to take an interest in me and appreciate the interest I take in my work and what I do for them. But Paul, I don't believe I will ever be satisfied or quite happy without you. Surely I am old enough to know and have had plenty of time to think this matter over. I love you a thousand times more because of your unselfishness and it makes me want to be that much truer to you. As for your taking care of me I have loved you to much to ever think of that. I have often wondered if I should ever get the chance whether I would do things good enough for you and make things as comfortable as you had had them. If I could only have that chance now, oh! how I would try. I can remember when I was a little girl going to school how often I thought of how glad I was and how lucky to be born after such things as wars were over and all those troubles and how thankful I should be that I would live in such a peaceful world. But here I am living right in the midst of a war—one of the worst that has ever been—and just like stories I have heard. I have a sweetheart gone to war and anxiously await his letter and just to see him just think of the movie we have often seen like that. Sometimes I wonder if it is all a dream. Any letters? 

You know Mr. Pundt and I often talk of you and what you are doing and especially since Mrs. Pundt has been down there. He has told me about Galveston & Houston this evening we were talking and I was telling him about your ambitions what you were doing and one thing and another. All at once he said, "From what you have told me about that young man, I like him.
He seems so ambitious and all. I told him that was why I was so anxious that you should meet Mr. Punch. For I was sure she would like you and be glad that she knew you. And, Paul dear, your ambition is what has put new life into me. It seems that I haven’t tried half hard enough to make a success. I never in my life was as anxious to earn money as I am now.

I know, Paul, that I have told you things that a girl doesn’t often tell to the fellow she loves, but I can’t help it, for you seem to be the only one I have to tell and will understand. Even when you were home it seems to me it was that way. Now I wish you were here now so we could have a quiet little talk I am afraid it would take me longer than all night and yet I would be so glad you were here that I believe I would just want to sit and look at you all the time.
I just love you. My bus had been a long long time since I have had any one to have me. You know we have an old (rather old) colored man to run the elevator part of the time and what do you think he said if he was me he wouldn't never wear any hat, because I look better without it. Now, you had better hurry home. It's a fact. Paul, Maril B. tried to make me believe I had the mumps, but it's a rink my face is in that round. Work seems to agree with me.

Well, Sammie got over the mumps and is back to his post at the Great Lakes Training Station instead of Harvard as I understood at first, but will get to come back again in 3 or 4 weeks and then he will be gone for good. We stayed all night at her house the last night he was here. Well, dear, I expect I had
letter bring this letter to a close for expect you are getting tired reading

But somehow I feel as much better and more like I had a soldier boy and that you really belonged to me.

With love for only you.

I am

your own,

Mauze.
Okay, my fluttering heart,
Loves he like me?
Is his thy counterpart
Therefore like thee?
Does she remember yet
The spot where first we met
Which I shall never forget,
Loves he like me?

Does absence give him pain?
Loves he like me?
And does he thus arrange
Fortune's decree?
Does he my name repeat?
Will he with rapture gush
The hours that once were sweet?
Loves he like me?