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William G. Fern  
and  
Raphael Delmonte

ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND? by

Are You Upward Bound? by William G. Fern and Raphael Delmonte, 1931

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Aspiration must express itself in action. The weak are forever wishing, but the strong take the plunge and act. There are three kinds of people in the world, the Wills, the Won'ts and the Can'ts. The first achieve everything, the second oppose everything, and the third are failures. Which will you be?

--The Notebooks of Paul Brunton

Category 2: Overview of Practices Involved > Chapter 6: Self-Reflection and Action > # 43

There are three kinds of people in the world--the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts. The first achieve everything; the second oppose everything; and the third are failures.

Be one of the first kind!

--Are You Upward Bound? by William G. Fern and Raphael Delmonte (Paul Brunton pseudonym)

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ARE YOU  
UPWARD BOUND?

By WILLIAM G. FERN  
AND  
RAPHAEL DELMONTE





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ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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# ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

BY

WILLIAM G. FERN

AND

RAPHAEL DELMONTE

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## FOREWORD

BY

**LORD WAKEFIELD, OF HYTHE,  
C.B.E., LL.D.**

(Ex Lord Mayor of London)

**A** BOOK that sets out to inspire the right kind of ambition in young people has a high responsibility, and itself deserves encouragement. To its readers I have pleasure in sending a brief message.

The important thing is to *deserve* success; to earn it by intelligent self-discipline and preparation. It is not always in our power to command success, but every effort rightly made in that direction broadens our outlook upon life and increases our capacity for living intensely, and is in that way alone well worth while. A great success is the cumulative effect of many small opportunities seized and wisely used.

WAKEFIELD.

## PROLOGUE

### ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

**W**HAT is this star of Success which dances fitfully before the eyes of men, sometimes well-nigh intoxicating them with its full blaze of light, sometimes fading away into a mere glimmer or, perchance, into hopeless night?

One answer comes across the waters of the great Atlantic from a land where the lure of the star holds more hearts than among any other people. And the man who replies speaks as one having authority for he has followed its gleam through low and high places alike.

“When I see the great lines of smoking stacks and blazing furnaces that have come into being because of my interests and activities in life; when I see this work that I set out to do successfully accomplished and meeting the approval of my fellow-men, then a real thrill comes into my heart and I feel

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that I have done something worth while." Thus Mr. Charles M. Schwab.

Another answer enters the mind. It comes clothed in colder language, for it is born of our own people. "Success is the acquisition and maintenance of Happiness, gained by the achievement of a legitimate and practicable ideal."

There is something eternally fascinating about success. Not alone in the mere piling up of wealth, but in making life *count*, in justifying every year of existence with work worthily done, in helping to turn the great wheel of Civilisation as perfectly as we can. When the successful man is also a true pioneer who began with little advantage over his fellows, then the story of achievement becomes more fascinating still.

With the hope of encouraging those who are still struggling, whether it be to obtain some [sort of a foothold or whether it be to enrol in the lists of fame and fortune, we offer these pages. Again and again we were asked to write them. For several years we have made a specific study of the subject to which they are devoted. Notable men were interviewed; records of their lives searched out and pondered upon; in its

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humble way our investigation was made in accord with the principles of science. Moreover, we carried with us the lamp of modern psychology.

Hence we offer no excuse for adding to the crowded list of volumes that pour from our presses like a torrent. Among them all we could find few that sought to serve the ambitious in this particular manner, and still fewer that were really modern and quite up-to-date in most of their biographical illustrations. For a long time we felt the need of some such book as this, one that would take young men by the hand and stimulate them to strive upwards and urge them not to rest content with failure or mediocrity.

To those who have no desire to make something of their lives, or who feel no especial wish to serve the community along the lines they are best suited, we have nothing to say. But to those others—and they are many—to whom the dawn of manhood brings with it a clarion-call to greater things, we hope these words will be of real worth.

The underlying motif of these chapters is frankly inspirational; woven into this, as one might weave gaily-coloured strands of

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embroidery into a tapestry, are the symphonic notes of Biography—the lives of men—rising and falling continually; whilst finally we have sought to add just that slight element of essential practical instruction which will help satisfy the needs of those younger readers whose experience is necessarily limited. But our declared aim is to challenge the reader to Thought and then to goad him to Action upon such tasks as will be for his private benefit and for the public good. Therefore the dominant note is Inspiration, “without which,” Emerson declares, “nothing great or lasting can be done.”

Hence the volume seeks to rouse the reader to honourable exertion, to spur him on to act the Columbus to his own undiscovered possibilities. It shows plainly that the most forbidding circumstances need not deter the hope for something better; that everyone with grit and pluck can create opportunities; and that there are no barriers which dare say to ambitious talent, “Thus far and no farther.”

We cannot hope to teach you your work. Nor can we place before you the opportunities you feel you need. But we are satisfied that if you are willing to awaken the power with

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which every man is endowed, whether he knows it or not, you will find the way whereby you can achieve all your heart rightly desires. And this both in aspiration for greater ability as well as for openings to arise in your path. But if you are sceptical of the ideas and thoughts contained in these pages they are obviously not intended for you. The man who can read them without benefit is a man who is standing still, no matter what line of endeavour he may be engaged in or what position he fills. This book is a record of progress. Hence only men who are progressive and who wish to advance themselves will care to read it. Are you one?

It is designed to help others besides the young men. To the latter it should prove a welcome signpost; it may even become a friend who will walk with them all the way.

To the men who have reached their thirties and forties but feel that success is as far off as ever—perhaps this book will show them why they lack it; it can certainly renew their hopes and prevent the death of their ambitions. Even middle-aged men who have drifted somewhat aimlessly can win a new outlook and receive a fresh impetus which may help to regain the lost years. If the



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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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world seems unappreciative and advancement is almost out of sight, it is time to take stock of yourself. Life can be littered away or gathered to some honourable purpose—as we will. If a man will take to heart the spirit and counsel proffered in these chapters, he may find a fresh angle wherefrom to view his darkest problems and perchance see them in a rosier light.

Because the predominant activity of the world's history is to-day in the sphere of business and industry we have necessarily drawn more illustrations from this particular realm than from others. We might with equal ease have called the great ones of art alone to account. But that would not have served the interests of the greatest number. Those who will perceive that we have sought essential principles first will best understand our purpose.

The call for ambitious men who will carry on the mechanism of commerce and industry with efficiency and distinction is very insistent. A multitude of opportunities grow in this field; equally for those who by nature belong to the masses who look up to others for direction, as for executives, employers, leaders and pioneers. The pace is so fast

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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to-day, and the progress of ideas and communication so rapid, that few dare prophesy to what heights business and industry will attain within even fifty years. So fast that what we possess now is hardly assured of its existence to-morrow.

There is a romance in many businesses which has been far too little known. The heroes of commercial struggle who, by initiative, brains and enterprise create great businesses, provide employment for myriads of people and add to the wealth and prosperity of the country. The development of great industries from small beginnings makes a real appeal to the imagination. Properly told, such a story can be entertaining as fiction, because it is nearly always the story of great men, or at the least men of great abilities.

If the spirit of Ambition and Endeavour, the attitude of Optimism, and the idea of Self-Help could run like fire through this land; if the people could awaken this Power and cease trying to lean upon others, cease expecting wordy politicians to do everything for them and strove to help themselves, there would be such a renaissance of prosperity that the fogs and mists that obscure our future would soon be dispelled. We hope the

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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younger men will seriously study and profit by the experiences of their elders recorded in this book. The future of British business lies in their hands, and in the proper combination of their initiative and hard work with the mature guidance and advice of a passing generation.

What is a business giant's experience worth to you? How much would you pay for the privilege of meeting personally the builders of successful enterprises and learning the secrets of their successes? What methods did they use to get ahead? By what roads did so many raise themselves out of petty jobs into places among the country's leaders? Is there nothing you could learn from Sir William R. Morris? Would you not be glad to get a little advice from Sir Josiah Stamp? Could not the experience of Mr. Eric Gamage help solve some of your problems of getting on?

From the answers to these questions we may learn how we, too, can also get ahead and in our humbler way achieve a lesser success. These pages offer you the rare privilege of understanding the experiences and of gaining some counsel of scores of men who have made good. These men who are

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now rich and famous—remember—had the same heavy handicaps in their youth, the same struggle to push on that you, perhaps, have to face; but they had a purpose and achieved it. If you think it was luck alone that brought them success you are profoundly mistaken.

The men who have been storied here, who have vanquished poverty or emerged from obscurity, are written of because, as the eloquent Edmund Burke once said, "Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." A man's most powerful stimulus to do big things is the inspiring example of other men who have succeeded. There are times when all of us need this extra urge.

Apart from this the fact remains that life is almost too short to learn by our own personal experience alone. We must assimilate the experience of other men also. In this compact volume you get together a rich group of valuable experiences which you would find it hard to acquire otherwise. Do you fully realise what it means to you to have in your hands the messages of encouragement and inspiration, the records of difficulties mastered, the explanations of their success

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given by men who are leaders in their professions or who are doing big things in the world of affairs?

As John Wanamaker puts it: "Every man starting out in business will have to go over a hard road and find out its turnings for himself. But he need not go over his road in the dark, and the struggle for success will be less difficult if he can take with him the light of other men's experience." Wanamaker himself was a striking example of this truth. He raised himself from absolute poverty to the millionaire class by strictly honourable means and built the biggest business of its kind at the time in America. He was ever willing to learn and even got his greatest idea from the experience of an English business man in London.

The man who knows how to take advantage of the experience of others should get much from this book. Such a man will discover here the principles which have been successfully applied in many lives. If a man is ambitious and has a worthy purpose in life, what greater encouragement can he derive than by informing himself how others have succeeded? A surprising fact which emerged in the course of our study of this matter was

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how many eminent or self-made men admitted the great assistance they got at critical periods of their careers from biographies. Many a striving youth, struggling to rid himself of the blight of narrow environment or depressing circumstance, found his moments of discouragement lessened and obtained company and guidance on his road through the perusal of useful biographies.

Great men seen from the outer courts of the temple of Success should be subjects to ponder upon rather than objects of disgruntled envy. It is easy to be destructive in one's thought and mentally take them to pieces; the truly wise are constructive and find clues and lessons to explain the phenomenon of greatness. The personalities of these men and the magnitude of their achievements, rightly viewed, ought to be an inspiration to others and an incentive to youth.

If in the view of some we have set out here a collection of theoretical truths, we reply that we have also backed every theory by tapping the experiences in practice of hundreds of men. But as a fact we have tried to fill this volume with what is, after all, straight common sense, with matter that should help and inspire the young man who

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wants a new interest in life. It will show him how to begin ; it will show him how to keep going. And the man who starts well need never look back. Every day will thereafter become a new day with better prospects.

Why should there be anything mysterious about success? Since every science in life has its principles and every art has its methods, why should the art of getting on be entirely at the fickle mercy of Chance? When we investigate the problem we find that cause and effect operates here as unmistakably as it operates in so many other parts of life. The men who have struggled and won through subscribe to this statement with a multitude of testimony that cannot be resisted. Their very lives act as a mentor on this point to those who are familiar with them.

The main principles which we can learn from a study of such lives are fixed and unerring ; but everyone must *apply* those principles according to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Those who will understand that it is the *atmosphere* of success into which we have endeavoured to bring the readers of this book, will derive more benefit from these pages than those who look for a

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ready-made set of detailed rules. Every reader must put these principles to work in the way that best suits his present position.

We must therefore urge the reader to hold the thought back of his mind, "*How does this apply to me, to my own problem of getting on?*"

To read each page with such an attitude is to mount the first step on the ladder of self-advancement. Whatever your work, career or business you can, at the very least, get new ideas or receive a mental tonic that will help you carry on and achieve. And for those who are just starting their careers it is almost a platitude to say that to start right is to start with the dice loaded in their favour. Are you upward bound?

## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

### CHAPTER ONE

#### YOU CAN WIN SUCCESS!

**A**MBITION can send its fiery sparks only into the cylinders of a man who believes that success exists not alone for others, but also for himself. Unless he can and will admit this as possible he becomes inert and unresponsive, as millions of people are to-day inert and unresponsive. This first step is an act of faith. As such he must take it himself; none can take it for him.

Everyone cannot be a superman, any more than everyone can become a Napoleon Bonaparte, a Lloyd George or a Henry Ford. But everyone CAN improve his position if he will but try. The trouble is that too many are content to be just average. They take an average job and work in a mediocre and apathetic way, but find an average wage a little too tight for a comfortable living.

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Common Sense is very uncommon.

Millions of men in their twenties, in their thirties, and even in their forties, find the chains of servitude hung heavily about their bodies and accept them with a sigh. They work year in and year out, perhaps for a paltry sum each week—enough to make a living but not a life. Or maybe they are not at work at all because the fierceness of competition brings a hundred feet hurrying to the doors of a firm that wants a routine man.

Yet Common Sense asks, "Why endure these chains; why slave with the herd when there are others, men whom you have seen and maybe know, who can afford and enjoy the decent amenities and comforts that gild their days, and who are even able to pick and choose among highly-salaried posts?"

And the answer usually comes, "We have not the ability that these others possess. We are neither so capable as them nor could we do the work they are doing."

But Common Sense stings them like a hornet with its retort, "You CAN acquire this ability. You can BECOME capable and you can LEARN to do the work these others do."

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Any person of ordinary intelligence can improve his prospects if he will but improve his knowledge and personality along remunerative lines. Any sensible man can progress and get out of the rut by the simple act of increasing his value to the world.

But self-help needs a friend, otherwise it is apt to get lost in the byways. Make this book your friend. You will waste your ambition if it is not directed into the proper channels.

In the past the prizes of life were mostly gained by inheritance or favouritism. A man was judged not so much by what he himself had done, but by what his ancestors had achieved. That is much less true to-day. We are living in an age when preferment comes by personal achievement. The highest title recognised by the modern generation is that of "Self-Made."

Are you discouraged over your prospects? Then study the stories of men who have made good. The fact that they surmounted discouraging environments shows that you can do it too—if you could only summon up enough ambition to try. You may not be able to climb anything as high as they did.

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Perhaps you have only half their great intelligence and less than half their power? No matter—you can still climb a little way beyond where you are now, *if you try*. And that would be some achievement—for you!

Try harder. Try hard enough and you are bound to win through to something. *Have you made the most of yourself?* That is the real test.

This belief in the possibility of rising in the world is another name for ambition. The call of ambition reaches into strange places. It was heard by H. M. Stanley whilst a boy in a workhouse, yet he rose later to become the great African explorer of his day. It was heard by Charles Dickens working in a shoe blacking factory; his answer to its challenge made him the foremost novelist of his time. It reached Samuel Rea, working at one of the humblest jobs on the Pennsylvania Railroad—a wheel tapper—and he set his face upwards. He climbed through every department of the system until he became president, enjoying a salary equal to that of all the members of the British Cabinet combined.

But has this call reached you? If not, it

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might as well not exist. Yet it is our hope that this book will set it sounding upon the drums of your ears, giving you no rest until you rise and answer it.

Ramsay Macdonald has realised at once most of the abysses and most of the exaltations of which human life is capable. At the age of nineteen we see him turning a brave face and an almost empty pocket to England's capital. He was fortunate in not knowing the cruel and bitter time of struggle that awaited his adventure. "I did not know a soul in London," he says, "and I spent some weeks hunting the advertisement columns of the *Daily Telegraph* and walking about the streets." Once he wandered down Fleet Street with only threepence in his pocket, seeking in vain the job of selling newspapers in the streets. He also tried to find out how omnibus conductors got their jobs. "Happily, when my last penny had gone and I was deeply in debt to my landlady, I was able to get a job in the City, where my duty was to address envelopes for twelve shillings a week. I assure you, it was a proud day for me and I considered myself well started on the ladder of success. It was riches to me for I could live then on sevenpence a day. I lived principally on oatmeal. Such other food as

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I wanted I picked up in the street markets near King's Cross ; and at midday I fared sumptuously at Pearce and Plenty's in Aldersgate Street for 2½d."

Ramsay Macdonald might have turned back to his native Scotland defeated ; but his belief that it was possible for him to get on here made him grit his teeth until he found his first job. In recalling those early days he gives the counsel : " It is the dreams of life, the vision of life, that enables us to carry the heavy burdens on our backs." Because this man carried a dream in his head that one day he COULD succeed, he reached the post of highest honour in England—Prime Minister.

Some other young man who is now in his twenties will, in the years to come, be Prime Minister of this country ; many more will be loaded with honours ; hundreds will have secured high distinction in the arts and professions ; thousands will be at the head of great businesses ; while hundreds of thousands will have won their way to responsible and remunerative posts. If you are alive then, where will old Father Time find you ? Will you still be plodding on in the dismal rut of uncongenial work ? Will you be one who looks

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back upon a life empty of achievement and barren of fruit : your only possession a burden of bitter regrets and self-pitying excuses ?

Man is meant to be not the slave but the master of circumstances. The more he will live up to his name the more will he rise above the things around him and wield them at his will.

Here is a boy—Frank Winfield Woolworth—who drank his cup of bitter poverty ; who had none to fight for him ; yet he built the wealthiest trading organisation in the world. The history of Frank W. Woolworth is the history of a MAN who believed success could be won, and of an Idea. He probably had less chances than you are ever likely to have. A farm lad, eighteen years old, he tries to find his first opening, but it is as easy as trying to climb a high wall. With the aid of the old mare he rides to every village and town for a few miles around. He enters every possible shop and asks for a job behind the counter. Day after day he does this but remains workless. The result is sickening, disheartening. " Nobody would have me ; some of them would not even talk to me," he declared many years after, " BUT THIS ONLY MADE ME MORE DETERMINED TO GET INTO A STORE ! "



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So because he possesses grit, he perseveres. As a result he secures his first chance. The station-master at Great Bend, a small township, has a "side-line" in the form of a tiny grocery store. It occupies not much more than a corner of the freight shed attached to the station. The entire turnover for each day is not more than about two dollars. Young Frank takes charge of this "store." In addition he acts as a sort of general handy-man to the station-master. He sells tickets, learns to make out reports and does much of the simple clerical work of the place. And that was how the founder of the Woolworth Stores found his first chance.

He scrapes and saves his pennies for a course at a commercial evening school. Thus he takes a peep behind the veils of trade. But the course of instruction justifies itself in another way. At its end he is able to choose with confidence his life-work. Keeping store !

When he is nearly twenty-one he makes a strong effort to get a real job in line with the goal he has set himself. At the neighbouring town of Watertown the best store is that of Augsbury and Moore. Here Frank finds the second opening of his life.

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So on Monday morning he arrives and reports for duty. The greeting he receives is not very encouraging.

"Don't they wear any collars in your neighbourhood?" Mr. Augsbury asks him sarcastically.

Poor Frank replies, "No."

"No neckties, either?"

Again, "No."

The other store assistants stare and sneer at him. A simple fool from the country, who wears old flannel shirts without collar and tie !

How deceptive are appearances. This simple fool shall one day employ a staff of 50,000 assistants.

Young Woolworth is out to learn, because he wants to succeed. That same day he gets suitable wearing apparel. He keeps his eyes open, uses his observation and gradually picks up the routine of this, the best shop in Watertown. His early weeks are full of mistakes, but—*he never makes the same mistake twice*. The years pass but he knows all the time that he is getting the experience

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which will enable him to become his own master.

One day, as a tall slim young man of 26 he is standing in the shop serving people at a long table. The latter is draped with red calico and piled with an assortment of humble merchandise. Waving above the table is the crude sign: "Any article 5 cents."

Every market day Woolworth notices how eagerly the public buys from these trays of varied articles. And so there flashes into his mind amid that seething crowd, a thought that holds him. "What if an entire shop were devoted to these five-cent trays?" he dreams.

And his heart answers, "It would be a success."

He approaches his employer and expounds his plan. It is assented to and without delay a branch shop is opened at Utica, with Woolworth in charge.

Yet so perverse is Fate that she will often tweak the nose of the man who is to become her darling. The shop proves a complete failure. Woolworth returns to his former job.

Any other young man (perhaps yourself,

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perhaps ourselves) would let it go at that. He would give up the idea and possibly stick to his shop assistant's life for the rest of his days, taking no further risks.

Not so Woolworth.

He realises that to retire from risk is to retire from life. Within four months he takes another jump. He goes to his employer and says, "I am satisfied there is nothing wrong with my plan. I believe in it more than ever—but I want to try another location. Will you give me the goods on credit, and I'll run the store myself?"

Under the circumstances it is a big question. His employer consults his partner, who fortunately says: "A boy like that deserves another chance."

So they let Woolworth have the stock and he opens a small store at Lancaster. The shop sells nothing but five-cent merchandise. It is what we in England would call a three-penny bazaar. The first day he sells £25 worth of goods. And every succeeding day finds the place filled with enthusiastic customers.

Frank W. Woolworth has won through.

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Success comes to him with liberal measure. The idea is duplicated at Scranton, with his brother as manager. This business, too, flourishes from the beginning. Here Woolworth adds a sixpenny department to the store, because it enables him to give the public more adequate service.

The foundation is now laid. The years after this mean rapid growth. He raises further capital partly by taking in partners, who are installed as managers of new branches. All work enthusiastically and a twelve-hour day is the average.

So this boy emerged from the obscurity of the farm whereon he was bred and became the world's greatest merchant. Two thousand one hundred great bazaars, with their bright red and gold fronts, carry his name across five countries. One of the tallest commercial buildings in the world—the Woolworth Tower—rises high above the streets of New York to tell the skies about this man who believed he could win success. Each year nearly £60,000,000 worth of merchandise are bought by an eager public from the stores he established. He died a multi-millionaire.

What is the secret of it all? Let Frank W. Woolworth tell you in his own words.

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“*Ambition of achievement!* The heavier the difficulties which surround a young man who is ambitious, the stronger the courage with which he must meet them.”

We have told this story at greater length than we could spare, simply because we wish to show that it is not necessary to be a super-man in order to succeed. It is necessary to be a MAN!

What man has done, man can do. Because Woolworth achieved something worth-while on a colossal scale, you also can do something with your life on a small scale, if you will but try.

There are three kinds of people in the world—the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts. The first achieve everything; the second oppose everything; and the third are failures.

Be one of the first kind!

“No young lawyer or doctor ever entered on his professional career,” declared Gene Tunney, “with greater resolve to reap success than I carried in my breast as I climbed through the ropes of the ring. To the other fellow it meant ‘only a fight.’ To me it meant a step higher on the ladder that stood before me. Every blow I launched and every

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punch I took was as much a part of my ultimate destiny as are the skirmishes in an army's attack." Fortified by this belief that he **COULD** win success, Tunney was able to retire from the boxing ring in ten years. He had made a fortune and he was still the undefeated heavy-weight champion.

You have fallen into a rut, you say. Or perhaps it is "I am afraid I can't . . ." Or it may be "I am too old to take chances."

Three objections. We could give you thirty. But really, not one of them matters. The only thing that matters is—**YOURSELF!**

Your past is dead—gone—forget it. Tomorrow is yet to come.

But to-day is here. With it you can make a new start. You can begin right now to show the world that you have got the stuff to succeed in you. To-day you can make the decision which can change your life. You can tell your own fortune and read the inscrutable writ of destiny. Oh yes, you *can*.

In a rut? And you cannot get out, you say. Not so. The only thing you cannot get out of is a grave. And if you are not in that, there is still hope. You can escape.

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Too old? Well, we have known several old fogeys round about the age of twenty-three. And there are young men of fifty who declare their intention of achieving something yet. You are as young as you think you are. Think thoughts of youth; be alert and open to new ideas; learn how to get a healthy body instead of trying out patent medicines. Make a new start. The enthusiasm you will get from it is a fine rejuvenator, causing you to shed the load of years like a fowl moulting.

"I can't," you mutter plaintively.

No, my friend, what you meant to say is, '*I think I can't.*' But why not say: "*I think I can.*"

Then before long you will be saying: "**I CAN!**"

History and biography are adorned with the records of men who, starting out in humble and often depressing circumstances, overcame all obstacles and rose to the summits of success. Sometimes we are apt to think that such achievements belong to the pre-war time or to the younger countries like America and Africa. But this land is not the less to-day devoid of its own notable men,

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whose victories of grit and capacity remind us of *our own* innate powers lying unused.

It does not matter as much as you think what you are to-day—whether you are an office boy or a bank clerk, a farm labourer or a struggling artist, a worried shopkeeper or an unsuccessful salesman—if you will only believe that you can climb. There is really no reason at all why anyone should not go out for a position higher up or a business bigger still—except his own lack of ambition. If you do not want to improve your position then nothing can be done for you. Hostile circumstances, crippling surroundings and the bitter blows of fortune cannot always be helped and can therefore be forgiven; but the demon of self-doubt and the incubus of apathy are avoidable and cannot be forgiven.

If you are satisfied with a little—that is precisely what you will get. “Somebody is bound to be last, but nobody *need* be!” are the words hung in a school to spur the lagging scholars. Have a worthy aim and go after it. Otherwise do not expect to win.

Therefore the first principle to be engraved on your heart is: *You Can Win Success.*

## CHAPTER TWO

### GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE!

**H**UNDREDS of men—young, middle-aged and old—are thinking to-day of the wonderful things they could do to-morrow, of their good character and excellent abilities. But all their minds sing one refrain: “If only I had a chance.”

In a vague kind of way they are all looking for some sort of *a* better job, or, it may be, for some good fairy to appear and provide them with the capital wherewith to expand their businesses.

It is one of the greatest tragedies of which we know, those fine fellows sitting down waiting to be discovered, waiting for their first big “chance.”

Chance keeps a waiting-list so long that it reaches right round the world—and then again. And she will keep them waiting too, don't worry. The way to woo her is to *win* her.

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In many an office one often hears the sorry tale about the lack of opportunities for promotion, and that they seldom happen, and even when they do occur it is simply a matter of luck whether they come our way or not. Through belief in this tale many a man resigns himself to play the passive part of Dickens' famous character, Mr. Micawber, and "waits for something to turn up."

The catalogue of objections seems well-nigh without limit. It compels one to conclude that every man has a problem back of him, and every cupboard keeps its unwelcome skeleton. "I live in a small village," one man may say. Another's complaint is, "I work for a one-man firm with no good prospects." A third sadly declares, "I never meet people who matter." And a struggling artist declares, "Give me two years' financial support and see what wonderful pictures I could paint." And so on.

Every objection one hears is probably sound, but it is not *final*. Some men live in a small village and never worry about it. Why? Because they are quite content. If you are discontented with your lot, what does that mean? That you have a restless desire to move up higher, that you have ambition!

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If you fan the spark and keep it alive, you ought not to wait for opportunities to come and make you; you will literally go after them and make them for yourself.

Everything depends on individual cases. Many men have made good in the bounds of a small town; others have extended the one-man business in which they found themselves; and still others have climbed up without standing on anyone's back. Wherever you are placed, whatever you are doing, the essential thing is to get the driving power of ambition behind you. This will make you strain every nerve to find or make your chances.

"If only I had some influence," sighs one despondent young man. This influence idea is devastating. It causes unnecessary surrender to difficulties against which our strength has not been measured; it accepts within the mind the notion of defeat and so effectually precludes any probability of success ever happening thereafter.

The fact that a limited number of individuals are enjoying ownership of prosperous businesses, or filling lucrative positions merely by the accident of good luck, that is to say,

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merely because they have been "pitch-forked" into their present places by relatives, friends or other influences, does not affect the thesis of this volume. The latter tries to replace the hazards of luck or the accidents of fortune by *the scientifically certain results of effort intelligently applied*. Those who will go out and seek to gather some measure of success can get it, no matter how limited, handicapped or disappointed they may be at the start. And their's is the true and real success, because in the making of their positions or businesses, in the conquest of their profession, they will have made THEMSELVES; they will have built Character and Ability, the grandest and most lasting possessions any man can have.

There is sound truth in Aesop's fable of Hercules and the Waggoner. A carter was driving a waggon along a country lane when the wheels sank deep into a muddy rut and became fixed. The rustic driver, stupefied and aghast, stood looking at the waggon. He did nothing but utter loud moans to Hercules to come and use his influence and help him. These mournful supplications reached the ears of the king of the Gods, who thus addressed the indolent waggoner: "Put your *own* shoulders to the wheel, my man.

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Goad on your bullocks, and nevermore cry, 'Help' until you have done your best to help yourself, or depend on it, you will henceforth pray in vain." To which story the good Aesop ties a tag in the form of an epilogue: SELF-HELP IS THE BEST HELP.

The man who wrote this fable was himself one of history's earliest examples of self-help. Aesop was born a slave in 620 B.C., but he developed his mind and character so much that his master Jadmon gave him his freedom out of sheer respect for him. Later, he rose to high estate in the kingdom of Lydia; and we learn from ancient Greek history that Croesus, the king, appointed him royal ambassador and sent him on important missions. Hence all of Aesop's teachings were practical, because born of his own experience. He rose by his own efforts entirely, without the aid of extraneous influence, and you will find this doctrine of self-help preached in many of his fables.

The finest successes of life are those we win by our own unaided efforts, by our own talent, energy, industry and refusal to be beaten by circumstances. It is very pleasant to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, or with a rich uncle. But the silver spoon is not so

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fortunate a possession as many people seem to think. Quite often it becomes a handicap. The man with the silver spoon has not got the same *urges* as the man who is forced to depend on his own efforts. And that urge is a tremendous advantage.

We sometimes find it kinder to kick than to coddle some young fellows because it teaches them self-help. Often a rich uncle helps his weak nephew least when he helps him most.

If you have to build your own career from the foundation up, make a start for yourself. Wait for no man to help you. Look about with eager eyes. If you can see some opportunity, seize it—and you have started!

To-day the sons of two obscure blacksmiths rule two great nations. Herbert Hoover was born at the village of West Branch, Iowa, where his father was the local blacksmith. Mussolini's father, Aletsandro, earned his living at the forge in Dovia, a village in the province of Romagna. What was there to stop the young sons following their father's footsteps, and remaining blacksmiths to this day? *Nothing—except the spirit of ambition which they carried within themselves, unseen though it was.* How easily they could have

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faced their early lot with the plaint, "If only I had a chance," and having relieved themselves with this sigh, sat down and done nothing to change it. Instead they set out to carve a career, just as anyone else without a chance can set out to do to-day.

"Nearly everyone sooner or later gets his chance," Sir Walter Runciman once told us. "You are on the right lines—teaching young men to be ambitious, industrious and strong in character in order that they may work out their own destiny." His own career is as romantic as any and proves that if your life has been cramped, if your ambition has been mocked by lack of early advantages, **THERE IS A WAY UP** for you once the initial inspiration has been found.

Walter Runciman ran away from home at the age of twelve in order to go on the sea, which he loved. He found a sailing vessel and got taken on as a cabin boy. His first voyage was on a brig that took a cargo of coal to Mozambique. His duties varied from scrubbing the cabin floor and stairs, polishing brass work, cleaning cutlery, making beds and drawing water from over the side. As he got older and his ambitions awoke he got himself transferred to better ships. When he was a



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youth on the "Sagacia" the turning point of his career came. From here he began to dream of fortune and aspirations towards nautical heights arose. Sitting on the fore-castle floor, with his chest lid for a table, he toiled at his studies in navigation during every spare moment. He got some tuition from officers, but was greatly handicapped by the fact that he had never even completed his elementary education. "Many a time," he says, "when the task harassed my mind the temptation came to give it all up, and the books were thrown aside. But I charged myself with incapacity and cowardice and determined not to accept defeat." Thus the fore-castle was to be his university for some years. And the value of his studies became apparent when he completed his apprenticeship before he was eighteen. By that time he had mastered the science of navigation well enough to take a vessel anywhere. Through all this time he nurtured his dreams of the future, dreams so lofty that, "had I revealed my aims to any of my sailor friends, they would have laughed me out of the fore-castle."

He succeeded in getting his Master Mariner's Certificate at the age of twenty-two and at this amazing age applied with unbounded

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self-confidence for an appointment as master of a vessel. He got it! He made good. Very soon the owner of the barque began to put increasing confidence in young Runciman. Instead of treating him as a youth, he extended his powers until he was given complete authority to fix the vessel at any rate of freight and in any direction to any part of the world that he was assured would yield profitable results. And Runciman always tried his utmost to justify the confidence that was placed in him.

After years afloat he settled at South Shields and bought a small ship with his savings, and so set up as a shipowner. He had no financial backers to begin with, and the necessity of straining his wits in order to carry on taught him more of the essential principles of commerce during the first two years than he could ever have learnt had money been plentiful. But his practical sea training was a great advantage in managing his business with rigid economy and efficiency.

Gradually he established himself and most of his transactions were very successful. He kept on buying boats wherever he could get them at the right price, and he had some new ones built when he thought it advisable, until

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he had about a dozen boats, in which other people had bought shares. Good dividends were being paid on the running of these boats. Then when his name became known as an exceptionally successful shipowner, he formed the South Shields Steam Shipping Company with a capital of £150,000, and the shares were readily applied for. New ships were then built, and under his able management a dividend of no less than 27½ per cent. was paid for the first year. There was an eager desire on the part of the public to come into such a prosperous firm, and the nominal capital was raised to half a million. Its name was changed to the "Moor Line, Limited."

It is an old truism that nothing succeeds like success. The Moor Line added steamer after steamer to its fleet. It is, of course, a cargo line. To-day it is a millionaire company, and Sir Walter Runciman is also chairman and director of many other shipping organisations.

Such is the career of the man who ran away to sea as a cabin boy! What he has done, others can do. No influence helped him, and the opportunities that came to him were such as could have come to other boys at sea. But he made himself a master of his

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profession, he had dauntless courage and unbeatable grit, and he stirred up the grey matter in his head. He had to or he would never have risen.

Many people associate a "chance" with good fortune or good luck. Yet if they were offered a £1,000 a year position, and they did not possess the ability to fill it satisfactorily for one day, it would not be much of a chance for them. In brief, an opportunity may be presented to us, but unless we possess the power to grasp it, then it must pass away into other hands. Usually this power means ability plus personality.

It is not a chance but a calamity when we meet with a good opening and are not prepared for it, have not the ability for it. It should be obvious that chances are half-created by making oneself ready to undertake the work which is in advance of the present. But your present job must be used as a lever to lift you. Do your work in such a manner that those above you are compelled to take notice. Once you achieve a reputation with your firm for the praiseworthy manner in which you attend to your work, that reputation will spread farther than you know. If a man would only cultivate an attitude of

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mind like this: "How should I want this job done, and should I have it done if I were the Chief?" then he has booked a passenger ticket on the Promotion Railway. In fact, he is teaching himself to BE a Chief.

Here is the same thought presented in the words of Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, whose stores employ many thousands of workpeople and assistants. "*We are continually on the watch* for the man or woman in the organisation who is fitted for an executive or managerial post. A man may by some act or series of acts win the approval or attention of one of the managers. He is then given a run to see if he is really up to managerial standard. We put him in a position where he can absorb certain systems, and so on, of the business. Upon proving his worth, he may be permitted to assume some measure of responsibility, and when a post becomes vacant is duly appointed."

Take such an ordinary case as the average clerk. He is apt to get into a rut without any difficulty. In fact, it is his line of least resistance and perfectly easy. Yet if he took a new angle towards his job he might then use it as a stepping stone, instead of getting stuck in it. Many of our great merchants

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started at the bottom in an office. The clerk is seeing every day all the various activities of business life going on around him. He is learning how business is carried on in the different departments. It provides him with an insight into trade. He can combine this knowledge with special study, and then seize some opportunity to be found by keeping an alert outlook for it. A keen clerk need not be the finished product. He can be the business man, good or bad, in embryo.

A shorthand clerk in Messrs. Reckitt's office once looked at his duties in this manner. He was, to use the old-fashioned words, diligent and industrious—because he was very ambitious, and at the same time actuated by high ideals. Time swung its pendulum and to-day we see this former clerk as the managing director of this great Hull concern, as a millionaire, and as the Right Honourable T. R. Ferens, Privy Councillor.

A young grocer's assistant found his ambitions realised by following a different line. As he stood behind the counter in his employer's shop in a quiet Kent town, the idea came to him often that some of the popular brands he was selling could be improved upon, with a little thought and experiment. He

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determined to attempt this. Baking powder was the first article with which he experimented. A good deal of effort was needed ; he tried and failed many times ; but his persistence brought success. He discovered a baking powder which he was convinced would win the favour of housewives. Then he turned his attention to lemonade powder, and after much research invented an improved formula. Starting in a small way, rich only in unlimited confidence in his commodities and in himself, young Foster Clark set out to woo the public. His success stands around him to-day—in the company of nearly half a million pounds capital, in the big factories he has established.

A poor lad came to West Hartlepool and got a job in a shipping office there. He did not know a soul in the city. But a keen ambition burned within him. Why wonder that within a comparatively short period of years he was made a partner? When he died a few years ago, Sir Robert Ropner was a millionaire shipowner.

Yet the opportunity is bigger to-day. The enterprising, the alert and the capable stand out in vivid contrast at a time like the present, when there is so much inclination to

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loaf at work. The shirker is not likely to go far, as a rule ; the worker climbs.

A humble start as an errand boy ; later a telephone operator ; then Minister of Transport—that, in brief, is the story of another lad with “ no chance,” Mr. H. Morrison.

And Mr. Ammon, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, can certainly claim that no influence helped him to get out of the rut as a humble post office worker.

There are thousands of office boys and junior clerks who bitterly bemoan their luckless fate. “ Once a clerk, always a clerk,” they complain. One of their number, however, did not think so. He was the late Mr. A. C. Thompson. He was a declared individualist, a self-helper, and he proved his belief in his own life. He rose step by step from his humble position in the ranks. At the age of forty-nine, he had become Joint Manager of the Prudential Assurance Company, which is the largest corporation of its kind in the British Empire. The lesson is plain. The Thompsons *make* themselves and create their own chances.

To those who want to rise out of clerkdom into the higher ranks of commerce, the right

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attitude to the job is vital. "Can I do it better? Can I practise short cuts to do more in less time? Can I increase my efficiency and thus my value?" Instead of trying to make a task spread out longer, they ought to try to get it over quicker. This is a line of conduct which pays *in the end*. A self-respecting manager or employer will respond to it. When promotion is thought of, he should simultaneously think of them. But if he is immune they still lose nothing, for they will have developed *themselves* for entry into a more appreciative firm.

The ambitious worker will make himself as valuable and important a cog in the business machine as he can, so that his superior *has* to realise his value. From his first position in the office he begins to learn that particular business; he is entrusted with certain work and has the opportunity to find out how to do that work better than it was done before. No matter how subordinate the position he should endeavour to fill it better than the previous holder. A trite rule, this, but most neglect it, fearing to give more than they are paid to do, not realising that efficient experience is its own reward.

The men mentioned in this book have not

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"cornered" success. There is still plenty of room. Neither did they possess any secret process or plan. The road which led them to the top is the same road you can travel. Most of them started life with very little in the way of chances; indeed, many had to endure great poverty. The fundamentals of success must be complied with, if we would win.

The great meat firm of Morris and Company, of Chicago, once asked the railway company to send a smart young man to keep tabs on their refrigerator cars. A man was sent, but he returned very hastily, refusing to work in such an unpleasant place. Another clerk immediately offered his services to his superior for the task. "Let me go," said Thomas E. Wilson, smilingly. He went—and that was the start of promotion for him. Later he became president of the firm itself. But, to quote his own words, "The moment a man feels he can rest on his laurels, that moment he begins to slide back, he must stick at it and at it." So he finally headed his own firm—Wilson and Company, one of the largest meat packing enterprises in the world. Asked once to summarise his experience for the benefit of aspirants to success, he replied: "Perform every task as though your future

## CHAPTER THREE

### FIND YOUR OPPORTUNITY OR MAKE IT!

**A**NYONE who can finish reading this book *thoughtfully*, and then sit down and fold his arms and say that he has no opportunity whatsoever should call in the undertaker!

His bitter complaint is true on the surface alone. We would bring to his memory two wise saws, which he probably knew in his school days, but has long since forgotten. The first is: "Nothing venture, nothing gain." The second: "Adventures are to the adventurous."

We would tell him of that poor Corsican boy who studied and starved in a lonely Parisian garret, yet lived to hear one day that "kings trembled at his name."

We would tell him of that other young fellow of twenty who walked all the way from Manchester to London because he could not

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raise the money for his railway fare; who came here a carpenter's labourer and finished as the leading publisher of his time. It was John Cassell who gave us cheap periodicals and took knowledge out of the hands of the few and into the homes of the many.

We would turn the pages of Time backward and let him see young Abraham Lincoln—a gawky, hungry youth, lacking food and lacking learning—tramping across fields for nearly twenty miles just to borrow a book and mastering spelling even as he read. Untutored and unknown, friendless and penniless, what opportunity had he?

These three apparently never had an opportunity. Nobody gave them one. Life presented them with nothing. Yet they **MADE** their opportunities!

So we would say again, why should it be "They"? Why not you? Think it over.

Democracy has flung us all into the arena. The struggle is more or less equal nowadays, but the strugglers are not. The world lies open to all, yet success seems confined to the few. Most of us play our parts in the drab scenes of mediocrity, yet the successful life, the life of perfect self-expression with its

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inevitable rewards haunts us all. The higher position we would attain, the stronger qualities we would develop, the suitable opportunities that would enable us to show our mettle—these follow us like a wraith wherever we go. They make our everyday existence a tame thing and take much of its savour out of it.

And so it is but natural, perhaps, to look to others to help us to attain that next higher step, to run from one man to another in an effort to find a nice, comfortable shoulder upon which we can lean and be gently lifted upwards.

The comforting illusion that such a shoulder can be found takes a long time to be dispelled. And during that period the waters of time have flowed a goodly way, so that perhaps our hair is greyed and our back is sadly bent.

We get a little tired of hearing fine-looking young men, endowed with some intelligence, refusing to make the most of themselves because of their terrible "influence complex." Life has nothing to offer them unless it is served up on the silver platter of someone's influence. And if they imagine that they possess none at all, their hands droop pitifully down to their sides and they condemn themselves to an eternal rut.

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Many young men think that all the good opportunities were used up by their fathers. They think there are none left for them, and so utter veritable dirges of despondency. "In the good old days," we are informed by these authorities, "competition was far less strenuous and opportunities far more plentiful. But to-day—???"

It is about time that some pen more learned and more expert than ours took up this myth of the "good old days" and blotted it out of sight for ever. We completely agree that they were old—so old that even in those times they were hung with cobwebs. I have a faint suspicion that my mournful young men would think twice and thrice before they accepted an offer to live in days when an amputation was accompanied by blood-curdling screams and the bleeding stump dipped in boiling pitch; when loathsome plagues swept across Europe because the learned ones were delving into the mysteries of hair-splitting philosophies which did not exist outside of their own craniums; when Ambition found forbidding walls of caste and class hemming it in; when if you were born in a peasant's hut, it was ten to one that you would stay in it for life.

The good old days—there were none !

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And to move a little nearer to our own times, if you will think of the epoch of fifty years ago, when "competition was far less strenuous," as we are told, because the population was much less, do you realise that the possible openings for a man's hands and brain were likewise far less? Hundreds of occupations simply did not exist; hundreds more were in their infancy and could not support more than a bare few; whilst the vast millions of the industrial population lived in a manner of which their grandchildren would be ashamed to-day. And methinks there were dark troubles stinging that period which are unknown to-day.

A man who has worked for sixty-five years in the City has just retired. He has made a success of his career, too, has Sir David Burnett, for he began as an office boy at the early age of twelve, and like Dick Whittington, finished up as a Lord Mayor of London. He knows something, you see, about times then and now. And this is what he says of the days of his youth: "There are more chances now. When I was young, a man had not so much chance of getting on. After years of work an office boy might rise to be head clerk; but he would stop there. Nowadays, if a man has got any ability, he can rise to almost

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anything—and that is a better state of things than in the old days." Sir David Burnett was head of a great firm of surveyors when he retired.

Unemployment is not a phase of the twentieth century alone. Study the economic history of the entire nineteenth century and you will find that in proportion to the total number of people at the time it has been as grave on occasions as it is to-day. But whatever the century, whatever the epoch—whether pre-war or post-war—this one thing you will always find: unemployment is less likely to harm the efficient, hard-working, ambitious man who has mastered something which the world wants to buy, and which it will want more than ever ten years later.

The man who has nothing to sell but his own ignorance, plus the strength of his hands, can be found by the million. At every scare of unemployment he suffers *first*. The man who has a mechanical understanding of one petty scrap of routine can be found by the thousand. At every scare of unemployment he suffers *second*. The man who has looked ahead and trained himself accordingly; who possesses a special knowledge or talent that takes time to get, is accordingly harder to



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find. And if he has backed his ability with the power of personality, he will fear unemployment least.

“The world is looking for ability and it gets its chance when I find it,” declared the man we have quoted before, Charles M. Schwab, head of a multi-millionaire concern, the Bethlehem Steel Mills, and employer of one hundred thousand men.

There is nothing but room overhead. Competition is intense only down below. The hardest struggle is at the beginning. The man who knows most fears least.

If we come across the best and most remunerative of jobs, they are useless to us if we have not previously prepared ourselves to fit them. Hence the final measure of a good opportunity is the measure of our ability to meet it. “Ambition plus Preparation equals Opportunity” is the same sentence expressed mathematically. Make yourself worth while and you will draw opportunity to your side as the magnet draws steel filings.

Whatever helps the industry and business the arts and professions of the country, helps us all, but it helps the able and efficient most.

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Such men can afford to ignore the pessimists who pipe dolefully of the past.

While man's work remains imperfect and incomplete; while young men grow old and a new generation must replace them; while the great wheel of life still turns, there will always be opportunity. But those who are prepared will find it first. We see this illustrated day after day in all the different walks of life. The talented young, if they are bold as well as competent, soon find a place where they can exercise their gifts.

The late Mr. A. W. Gamage, whose name adorns Holborn's biggest store, once told how he got his second London job as a young man. “When I felt I was vegetating,” he said, “I simply gave the usual minute's notice and walked out into the street to have another try. I had heard that the firm to work for was Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Company, so I made a bee line for them. It was the late Sir George Williams (then plain Mr. Williams) that I saw, but he said he had no vacancy for me. So I told him I was determined to get into the firm sooner or later, and that I would call there every day until I did. Mr. Williams appreciated this and said: ‘I admire your spirit, young man, but

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there is no opening for you, nor is there likely to be one, so I advise you to stop wasting time calling here, but go elsewhere.'

"That did not discourage me. It was necessary then, as it is now, to fight, and fight hard, if one wanted to succeed. So I called again and again, and at the fifth try was engaged as an extra hand in the dress department."

Mr. Gamage wanted this particular opportunity so hard that he *made* it. Therefore we say: Do not let circumstance have its will entirely; where there is apparently no opening, and no opportunity, go forth and endeavour to create one.

Mr. Hummell, formerly a prominent lawyer and public man, and member of the firm of Howe and Hummell, liked to tell the story of how he got into his profession. He started out one day—a poor boy looking for a job—and passing Mr. Howe's office saw the sign, "Boy Wanted," hanging outside the office door. He took down the sign, brought it in and said to Mr. Howe in triumph, "*I'm the boy!*" He got the job, and through work and study later became a partner in the firm.

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Determination and Opportunity are two great friends; they cannot be kept long apart. They are always looking for one another and are bound to meet eventually. He who is determined to seize opportunity and use it, usually knows opportunity when he sees it.

The chances that invention alone opens up are more than we usually envisage at first. But they are chances only for those who see them; to the blind they may bring despair. We live in a rapid age—so rapid that improvements will soon dismantle more machines than wear and tear. To-day we crowd a century of progress inside of ten brief years. The throbbing Rolls-Royce flashes down the road that not so long ago was a rut left by a horse and farm cart.

Thomas A. Edison was recently asked whether he thought the young man who took up the study of electricity to-day has the same chances as existed in its pioneer days. The reply is not surprising. "He has far greater opportunities than I had—ininitely more. There is no comparison to be made. The world has grown larger; opportunities have multiplied. New branches of electrical engineering, based on new discoveries, are

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being created continuously. The field is being enlarged every day."

Incidentally, it is very instructive to see how Edison himself found his first "chance." Years of wandering which brought him no money brought him, however, from Boston to New York. He was penniless and without any job in view. He tramped the streets in search of work and wore out his welcome in many a telegraph office. One night he happened to call at the offices of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. In the operating room a number of harassed-looking men were grouped around a silent instrument in consternation, for a somewhat inexplicable breakdown was holding up the entire line.

The young fellow waiting on the mat lounged forward, took one look, then stripped off his jacket. In half an hour the instrument was merrily ticking away. Edison's opportunity had come *and he was prepared to meet it*. He hung up his hat in the superintendent's office, with a monthly salary of 300 dollars awaiting him.

Keep your eyes open and your brains busy. Life is filled with opportunities and possibilities. But some people expect opportunity

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not merely to knock at their door, *but to ring them up on the telephone beforehand!*

None need think that all has been done and there is nothing left to be achieved by those who live to-day. Human effort must always grow. The world demands more thought, more energy and more action than it did before. Life and its possibilities for man's genius and enterprise are unlimited.

Sir Edward Clarke, having made a success of his own long career in Law, was asked if he still advised boys to enter such a so-called "overcrowded" profession. His answer was: "The Bar is a great career. Yes, it is overcrowded. But there is plenty of room for the man of ambition and energy. Fees are larger than ever; the prizes are larger."

The man of energy and ambition! He is wanted not only at the Bar, but everywhere. Important posts are open to-day, far more than they were in earlier and more circumscribed days, to every man who proves his capacity. Wherever there are things to make, buy or sell you may rise as thousands have risen and are rising to-day, from junior clerk to the management or ownership of great firms. The struggling artist who will pay

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the price in toiling after perfect technique and vitalising inspiration, *can* emerge from his obscurity ; there is no conspiracy on the part of the world to keep him there.

Opportunities abound, but only for those who can fit them. Opportunity is simply a recognition of worth.

Mr. Arthur Mee, who has edited many famous publications, walked into the office of *The Nottingham Express* when only a lad, and so walked right into an opportunity. He asked for the editor's office, and was shown in, clutching some papers in his hand. He put them down on the table and said : " Here is a half-column report of a meeting to-day which was addressed by Dr. Clifford. It was a great meeting." After reading the contribution, the editor said : " This is a very good report ; I will give you seven shillings and sixpence for it." Then an after-thought came to him, and he added : " Would you like to join my staff, my lad ? " " Yes, sir, I would very much," replied young Mee. " Very well," continued the editor, " come on Monday next." So the bright boy began a career which later carried him to London, rising to executive posts on the largest publishing house in the country.

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The late Andrew Carnegie helped many a young man to realise his ambitions, but this shrewd millionaire was once forced to exclaim : " You cannot push anyone up a ladder unless he is willing to climb a little himself ! "

Make something of yourself if you want to make something of the opportunities that will turn up. The excuse habit is about one of the worst things with which a man can be cursed. Why wait to be discovered ? Go out and discover yourself. Many a young man fools himself by saying that some day when conditions are just right he will make a start. How much better to improve himself now, and not wait for the lucky number of Right Conditions to turn up ? Until he begins to promote himself he may rest assured that nobody will take the trouble to hunt him up and promote him.

A drizzle of mist clouded the London streets while a poor young carpenter wandered about searching for work. The same week he had arrived from Ipswich, having worked in the county of Suffolk all his life. Twenty shillings was all the money he had in the world. Furthermore, he was saddled with the responsibility of a wife. As Frederick Sage walked about the great city he was impressed by a

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thought concerning the many tall warehouses he passed. It occurred to him that if speaking-tubes (telephones had not quite arrived yet) were fitted inside them so as to connect floor to floor, and department to department, the firms concerned could save much time and money. So he got a few circulars printed to describe his plan for the tubes, and started off one Monday morning to distribute his literature. It was not until Wednesday morning, however, that he found someone sufficiently interested to ask him to give an estimate for fitting up a large warehouse with speaking tubes.

But young Sage was a carpenter who used his head. He was keen and ambitious, and already dreaming far ahead of his present circumstances. So he applied the principles of self-help. Encouraged by this inquiry, he suggested to the prospective customer that the latter might require some counters fitted in his premises. The business man actually did require counters. Sage took instructions, prepared plans, submitted an estimate for £130 and got the complete job. He now possessed an order, but no capital with which to carry it out. So he suggested to his wife that she should see four friends and relatives (who lived in London) and borrow £5 from

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each, so that he could buy materials. Fortunately she was successful in this. He went out and rented a small workshop and got some other joiners to help him. At the end of the first week he had no money to pay his men. He applied to his customer and got £50 paid on account, the customer believing him to be in an established business.

This was his first contract, and after it was satisfactorily completed he began to trade as a maker of shop fronts and show cases. He had an uphill fight; there were plenty of struggles to test his mettle; and money difficulties were not the least. But he always kept this attitude of enterprise well to the fore, and so made good eventually. In time he brought his nephews in as partners; later the floating of a limited company enabled him to acquire further capital and to expand the business. Many handsome shops began to appear in London and in the large provincial towns as testimony to his fine work. When we compare the dingy appearance of the shopfronts and fittings of fifty years ago with the magnificent façades and fitments to be seen to-day, we should remember that it was the enterprise and vision of the young Suffolk joiner which helped to bring about these great changes. To-day the firm of Frederick

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Sage and Company, Limited, is indisputably the largest business of its kind in the world. The British showrooms and factories cover a floor-space of 400,000 square feet. There are now branches and factories in three continents, employing thousands of workpeople.

Out of poverty, handicapped by being a stranger to the business life of the metropolis, Frederick Sage emerged to create this huge organisation. He did not wait for people to call upon his services; he set out to find them—and he did.

Some of our proverbs seem to have been struck off by pessimistic philosophers who failed to get what they wished. Take, for instance, the one about Dame Opportunity knocking at our doors once in a lifetime only. It is less true than any other we know. Every man who has life and energy lives amid constant opportunity. People pick up chances everywhere and some take them from under our very noses.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### I WILL GET THERE!

**Y**OU may dwell in Poverty Corner to-day, but if you will wake up and bestir yourself you may stroll on Easy Street to-morrow. Success is hard to find, but easy to enjoy.

We look for Fate to give us our opportunity, but why not let us give Fate *its* opportunity in us? Do this and the result is certain; but waiting is problematical. We have nothing but pity for the young man who can read the accounts of what has been done by such men as are frequently mentioned in these pages, without shaping an inward vow to make the most of himself, too, and to make his own opportunities just as they made many of theirs.

It will be a good thing for this country when the self-made millionaires can consort with the multitude; we may then learn how simple and direct, if difficult, is the path to success, but the discovery may be fraught

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with momentous consequences. We feel a day is coming when the ways of success will be reduced to a set of formulae or laws as clearly defined, as exact, and as universally acceptable as the axioms of architecture.

But however the bible of the gospel of getting on will be worded, we know enough already to show us how to set about the job. We know that we must be tingling with ambition; that we must travel towards a definite goal and not gamble the years away. We know too that we ought to be sure of our right vocation, however commonplace it be, before we touch the accelerator and send the wheels spinning to our destination. "*Where can I make my life count most!*" is the question to ask. The rewards and the money must follow as a natural result.

Back of every achievement, underlying every success, hides the WILL of some man. In the depth of his heart he has willed that this thing must be accomplished and lo!—*it is!* "I WILL" carries a man onward and upward. Defeat only spurs it to further endeavour. Pessimism is unprofitable. Hope was the last of the gifts that lay in Pandora's box, but it is the best.

Most of us find obstacles on our journey, but

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they need not dishearten us from carrying on. Bad heredity is sometimes one; lack of means is often another; failure to grasp past opportunities is still a third; but hardly any obstacle exists which is really insurmountable. There is a way over or under or around it! Call up your will.

A great will makes a great man. Whoever would accomplish anything worth while in this world must see exactly what his aim is and then bend all the energies of mind and body to the task, despite any and every sort of opposition.

"Our hands contain the magic wand,  
This life is what we MAKE it."

Persistent will is the mother of miracles. It is the half of achievement. It cuts its way because it is always attacking. It knows no failure because it admits no failure. It arrives because it keeps going ahead. Pick an honourable purpose and tell yourself each morning, "*I will do it!*" That spirit will carry anyone to his goal. No matter how hard the conquest may seem this simple, solemn declaration will help you, if you mean it. The grim determination to win is a force so impelling that it will bore its way through every difficulty.

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The more we meet men who have done notable things and listen to their inspiring counsel, the more we want to hammer home to ambitious persons striving against iron circumstances how the Will to Win can help them.

“Who would back you in a race,  
While defeat is in your face!”

A junior officer of the 19th Hussars once got up in the mess room and declared boldly: “If I do not end my days as a Field Marshal, it will not be for want of trying—and I am jolly well going to do it.” His fellow officers laughed at the young man, whose name was John French. He had no more influence to push him forward than the others—less, in fact. But he did it! His determined will climbed step by step to the very rank he had selected. When the war broke out in 1914, who was chosen as Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force? The man who many years before had willed to reach the highest post the Army held. He even obtained a seat in the House of Lords. Could he ever have risen to such dizzy heights if, in his early days, he had not accepted the possibility of getting ahead? Where did Field-Marshal Earl French first get this

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inspiration from? He was questioned on this very point before he died, and this is what he replied: “One potent way to succeed in life is to find inspiration from the life of some great man or woman. It will be a constant incentive to approximate to the life of your ideal. My own life has been animated by such an ideal. I regard Napoleon as one of the greatest men that ever lived. He rose from nothing, and to this day is a source of wonder. . . . To succeed one will be helped by taking some prominent person as a guide to inspire him to greater things!”

Is it not better for a young man that he sets himself a purpose where others have but a wish; that he hopes and strives for something higher than that he should remain an unambitious clod? In the latter case he will get nowhere; in the former he will at least arrive somewhere—however little the distance be, he will at least go forward.

The heights of Fortune can be scaled by a determined will. Many things will be necessary to accomplish this; much time must pass; the demons of self-doubt and discouragement must be exorcised; but—you can if you WILL! Many of the biggest men had to make their own way in life.



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Their stories prove it and remain, precedents to posterity, fiery messages of inspiration to young men. Sarah Bernhardt proved it when, in her youth, she gazed out of her poverty-haunted corner of life and defiantly flung at the world these ambitious, provocative and sublime words: "Despite all I shall conquer you." Carlyle proved it, too, when he looked deep into the lives of men before whom the world bowed its head, and then inscribed this message: "From the lowliest depth there is a path to the loftiest height."

Your future stands before you like a block of unwrought marble. And you can work it into what you will. The tools necessary to carve it into a figure of splendid achievement are within yourself. There—inside of your mind, inside of your heart and will—is where your real success takes place.

Not dark heredity, not cramping environment, nor any of the obstacles imposed by man can stop you from winning some amount of success if you will but set going a firm, confident belief that its attainment is possible for you.

Henry Snell, who, at the moment of writing,

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is Member of Parliament for East Woolwich, smiled his way through all sorts of vicissitudes before he came out on top. The worst period of his life was between seventeen and twenty-five. He tried all kinds of ways just to get a bare living, but everything went wrong. Once he apprenticed himself to a french-polisher and soon after the firm collapsed! There are terrible times in those years that he does not care to speak of, even to remember. But he held on to hope. Listen to what he says—words cut from the hard wood of experience. "I found a broad grin paid the best dividend in the blackest times. I often wonder what is in the minds of those tramps you see along country roads. Perhaps they are fellows who have been knocked over in the fight of life, or received some rebuff which has sapped the fight from them. . . . I never found that it paid to give up. I found that it paid to get up when you were knocked down. YOU ARE NEVER BEATEN UNTIL THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO HOPE LEFT!"

This man, who once found it a difficult job to get bread, is to-day engaged on a better kind of job—helping to govern the British Empire.

The greatest lesson we hope to bring out

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in these pages is that man may shape himself ; that in spite of everything life may put in his way in the form of difficulties, character can be built and environment can be moulded. The germs of success are in every nature ; but to awaken them into life one must wake up to their existence first. No one knows what he can do till he tries, declares the old truism, but he will never try if he does not believe that he can do it.

Whenever you hear of someone getting on in the world be sure that one day in his past he went out with the idea running through his head, " I CAN do it ! "

" What I most need," cries Emerson, " is somebody to make me do the best I can." Every single one of us is in the position of Emerson. But instead of running around to find someone to whip you, why not spend the same amount of time taking yourself in hand, formulating a reasonable ambition, improving your talents, becoming personally efficient, and thus begin the grand move upwards?

That is your problem. Not what a Henry Ford can do, but what you can do. Are you doing your third or fourth best, or are you going to do your very best?

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Hard? Yes, it is indeed. But it is possible. Others are doing it now ; you can start doing it to-day.

If Man were a static being, fixed and chained by nature, nothing would be worth the effort of trying. But he is not. Man is a dynamic centre of intelligence. Some of us revolve at low speeds and some at high speeds. ALL of us can revolve at high speed if we will. YOU CAN WILL YOURSELF INTO ANYTHING.

Lord Fisher began life in the Navy at the early age of thirteen. Of those days he said once : " While my messmates were having jam, I used to go without. While their stomachs were full, mine was often empty. I have always had to fight, and fighting has made me what I am." He was absolutely determined to give of the best in him and would brook no lower standard. He eventually secured great honours and rose as high as a sailor could rise, becoming First Lord of the Admiralty. He was the man who, having fought his way up to the top, knew what changes and improvements were necessary throughout our Navy, and he carried them through, in spite of the bitterest opposition.

Even a man of character and brains who lacks this vital quality of determination lacks

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How to strengthen the will is a problem that has faced every man who has set out to make a success of his career. Many reams of nonsense have been written on this subject. We would all like to possess will-power, and since the price that must ordinarily be paid for it is high, we want, if possible, to find a way to get it for nothing. It cannot be done. "Take what thou wilt but pay the price," is the divine mandate according to Emerson. The dragons of difficulty are not to be bribed. They must be fought and beaten.

We develop a strong will just as we learn to play the piano, just as we master the sport of swimming—that is, little by little and by constant practice. Set yourself some small task to do each day. It must not be too easy, but then, it must not be too difficult. And it must be something that will be of worth and benefit to yourself. When the time comes along to perform it, picture in your mind all the advantages it will bring you. Do not worry about the trouble it gives you. Think positively; think of how it will help you when it is done. And then do it!

Five minutes of physical culture will work wonders with the will, if you do it regularly each morning and if you do it in the right

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way. That way is to concentrate your mind fully on each movement, *live* in it, picture mentally the beneficial result the exercise will give, and at the same time breathe in deeply with each positive movement, exhaling with the negative motion. In this way you build up the will-power centres in the grey matter of the brain. Ordinary physical "jerks" done without a concentrated mind are good sport, perhaps, but they scarcely affect the brain.

Stop moaning "I want." Start saying masterfully "I will!" When you are strong enough to whip yourself, then you will be strong enough to tackle all your difficulties and lay them flat, one by one, in their coffins.

Write it down in your heart; see it before your eyes in letters of red fire; tinge every act with its vitalizing spirit—this dynamic, masterful magical phrase:

I WILL GET THERE!

## CHAPTER FIVE

### FIND YOUR AIM—AND FIX IT

**T**HE man who lives his present regardless of his future cannot expect success. He will fail for lack of a definite goal. His desires change like the wind. Fortune may sometimes throw him a few sops, but then, they are gratuities. He may even blunder on into a lucky pasture, but pure luck is a poor thing upon which to base one's steps in life.

"Push and go" is becoming the motto of the time in the world of business. The push, however, must be in the right direction or the go will be "go under," and not "go on."

Before you travel far on the char-a-banc of life, it would be well to get out for a little while, rest by the wayside, and make up your mind *where* you want to go. How many there are whose life is a mere merry-go-round; forever wandering in a circle, they confuse motion with progress.

The world automatically sorts itself out

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into two groups of men. One is the million-headed mob, the herd which will talk tearfully in twenty years' time and mutter: "If I could only get those years back . . ." The other is the elect, the chosen few who found an aim, fixed it firmly in mind and heart, and will one day sit back comfortably and say with satisfaction: "I have reached the goal."

The world makes room for the man who knows where he is going. But the others get stuck in the crowd.

The easiest thing in life is to drift through it. This may be well enough in appearances if you are one of the few whom Fortune favours; but if you possess nothing and strive for nothing, that is about the worst sort of failure. No matter what you have attained, there is something more, something greater in store for you—if you will only strive for it.

Do you realise the necessity of looking in the mirror once a week and saying to the face you see there: "What have you done in the way of progress towards your aim this week? What have you learned? What have you lost in self-respect? What have you lost in time?" And if the answers make you discontented, this is the sort of discontent worth

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getting. It impels thousands of young business men, young mechanics, young artists, thousands of men in every line to ceaseless striving as far as their natural capacities will take them in that line. It is divine.

It is the discontent which kept Alfred the Great a wanderer and a fugitive through foetid swamps, and enabled him—a king by nature and by birth—to endure cuffs on the ear for letting the cakes burn. His aim was fixed, he wanted his crown back, and he could suffer anything that would help him realise his purpose.

So you, too, wherever you are placed, there is something worth while for you to do, something waiting to be accomplished. If your present environment restricts you, don't get depressed. Fight your way out of it—by finding an aim and fixing it. But if you are satisfied with a third-rate career or a fourth-rate life, you need not seek for that. It comes unasked.

Think of some man you know about whom others have turned round and remarked, "Brown? He will never get on. He will always be kept down."

What is wrong with that man? Why has

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he become a mere cog in a machine. Go and ask Brown himself. What will he answer you?

"I don't know!"

There you have a beautifully clear explanation in Brown's own words. Yet he will be the last one to see that he has explained himself! He reminds one of the old ditty, "I don't know where I am going, but I am on the way."

We would wager that there are seven things he does not know at least.

First.—What sort of a future he expects from life (barring accidents).

Second.—What he wants five years from now.

Third.—What kind of work is his real vocation.

Fourth.—What abilities he could develop with a little trouble and effort.

Fifth.—With what firm he could be really happy.

Sixth.—What career to take up (there are so many, you know!), so it is better to stick to one job always and be safe.

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Seventh.—What is the use of this ambition stuff, anyway.

Brown, you see, is like so many of us groping blindly throughout most of his existence. So many men drift from job to job, from firm to firm, simply taking their way without the lantern of an Aim to guide them—their destination unknown—and then they are surprised when they get nowhere. You can be a rolling stone in life, provided you are rolling along towards your goal!

You must plan your life as far as you can reasonably see. Brown does not realise that drifting is simply a habit. Those terrible masters (if useful slaves), Habit and Inertia, have secured a firm grip on him. It will surprise him, however, to learn that pressing forward to the goal of your ambition is likewise a habit. Men who have a clear conception of what they want go straight after it, and keep going. They pick a goal and start to reach it. One day they arrive.

When young John Lewis came from his native city of Liverpool and saw the sights of London for the first time, he thought it the most wonderful place in the world. And when he walked down Oxford Street, the ambition which had brought him on this

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journey to a city of strangers so possessed his soul that, as he paced the great business highway, he said to himself:

“ I WILL BUILD MY BUSINESS HERE ! ”

This was not a capitalist talking, remember, but a poor young man.

He did not gaze with envy upon the businesses that were already there, solidly established. He did not waste his force and time wishing he had been born with better opportunities. His mind was clear, his aim was found and fixed, he put his very soul into this thought: “ *I will build my business here !* ”

Then he got busy getting action. First he secured a post as indoor salesman with one of the big stores. Through vigour and efficiency he got himself promoted again and again. While yet in his early twenties he became silk buyer for Peter Robinson's great emporium. Still holding to his plan, all the time he was building up the nucleus of his future capital by steady thrift.

In time he reached a point where he felt sure of himself and his experience. He knew his hour had struck. Armed with a modest

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capital, strengthened by two or three fellow assistants who believed in him and were ready to work for him, he opened a shop in Oxford Street. It was small, this store with a six-yard frontage. But its owner was like a David among Goliaths. Unflagging industry, vivified by the ardent spirit of enterprise, extended the business in the fullness of time until the humble shop blossomed into the huge building one sees in Oxford Street to-day.

John Lewis "got there" because he started with an aim, because he burned with an ambition. He undoubtedly attained far more than his first purpose had imagined. For there is no such thing as complete achievement. After every success there comes a voice which commands, "Arise and get thee hence."

The more one leaves to chance, the less chance there is for success. So long as you have no definite object in view, merely hoping for things to come your way, floating downstream with the crowd, the chances are that you will stay around the starting place.

If you are working for others it does not matter so much whether your present job is small to the point of insignificance. It does

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matter whether you intend to let it stay so. For the world has nothing but a turn-down for the fellow waiting for something to turn up.

Don't kick a man when he is down; so runs the old proverb. But we would add to it—don't even when he insists on staying down!

Begin something. If you have no aim in life, go and get one. Pick a single ambition that comes closest your heart, and then stick until it is realised. Do not expect to reap almost as soon as you sow.

When F. E. Smith was an undergraduate studying at Oxford University, a friend went into his rooms one day and asked him what he was going to do when he finished his course and left Oxford.

"I am going to be Lord Chancellor," was the astounding but confident reply. He had found his aim; fixed it in mind and heart; the years circled around him and he became Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of England. There is nothing magical in this story, since there are hundreds of stories like it. You too, can make a romance out of your *own* life, if you will follow the same road—find your aim and fix it.

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A small boy at the village school of Clandeboye, in County Down, Ireland, was asked one day by his teacher, "What would you like to do when you grow up?" This boy was lucky, even if he was poor, for he had found his aim very early. His answer came quickly back: "I would like to build the biggest ship in the world." This was a tremendous ambition for a boy whose father died broken-hearted through his failures and struggles in trying to earn a decent living. At fifteen, the boy was sitting on a stool in the office of Harland and Wolff, the Belfast shipbuilders, an apprentice learning to become a draughtsman. All this was in line with his aim, you see. Because he had a fixed ambition he outstripped the other boys and in six years became the firm's head draughtsman!

To round out his practical knowledge, to understand the conditions under which a ship must battle its way through the seas, he next went to sea for two years and served before the mast as a seafarer. He thought a good deal, however, whilst on his journeys, and saw many ways in which ships could be bettered and new ideas introduced. He returned to the firm's office and explained his ideas, with the result that the firm became famous for its

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better ships. The progress it made through his clever brain and his inspiring enthusiasm was such that Mr. Harland took him into partnership. He worked harder than ever, eventually realised his aim and built the biggest ship in the world, became chairman of his firm, entered the peerage as Lord Pirrie, and took his place in the millionaire class.

The man without an aim is simply gambling with life. It is characteristic of the man who succeeds that he has kept steadily before him the star of some goal, which threw its light down into the darkness whence he started.

Sir Josiah Stamp told a group of commercial students recently: "One of the greatest forces of mind and character is the impetus of a focus and a goal." He knew! The son of a small grocer in a London suburb, he started on the humblest of rungs in the Civil Service. Ambition sharpened his ability and he climbed steadily. If you want to see him to-day, call at the Executive Offices of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, where he is President. This is the biggest in the country. Or you might call, if you wish, at the Bank of England, where he is a Director.



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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND ?

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If you want to succeed in life, you must know WHERE you are going. You must plan your future. The philosophy of drift is the philosophy of failure. Who you are, what your work is, the rung of society's ladder on which you find yourself to-day—these things do not count so much if you but possess a purpose to succeed.

One year in the eighteen-nineties a small booklet appeared under the cryptic title of "To-morrow." Its author was quite unknown—an obscure reporter named Ebenezer Howard. The booklet told of a plan the author had formed for a township where workers might live amid surroundings of health and beauty, instead of the drab and semi-slummy tightly-packed streets in which many were compelled to exist in the large towns. He pictured his township set in the fresh ground of the country, with streets and houses so planned that there was plenty of space and plenty of air for each family, each house surrounded by a garden and an atmosphere of sweetness, and the whole place forming an artistic harmony. This man had no money and no influence, but he set out to realise his aim. He did ! From his efforts was born the garden city of Letchworth, where sixteen thousand inhabitants live

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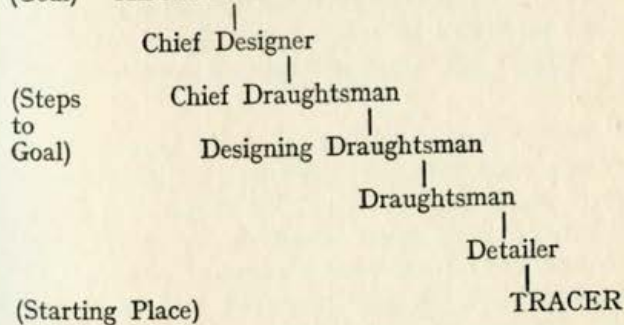
## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND ?

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to-day. And the obscure reporter was duly honoured and became Sir Ebenezer Howard.

Be bold, look ahead, set out the purpose that suits you, commit it to writing so that you can refer to the paper from time to time and see how far you have progressed. It should be clear to you that the getting of a definite aim is an essential and truly practical step in this journey to success. If we were assistants in an engineering works office and wanted to become mechanical engineers, we might draw up a chart like the following :

(Goal) —MECHANICAL ENGINEER



Charting out a simple promotion line like the above is of course an easy matter. Its realisation may take us many years however—perhaps a lifetime. Yet without it we might never get beyond the grade of Tracer.

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Yes, making the plan is simple. But when you get down to the problem of planning *how* to lift yourself up into each successive grade, you will need to do some hard thinking and make some strong efforts. The result will be that some kind of a way up will gradually dawn upon you. First—the plan; then GET ACTION on the plan. If you find that you have to take up some special study in spare time, do so; if you find it means sending out fifty letters to firms where a more congenial job may be waiting for you now, write them.

But the man who never fixes an aim never makes an effort to reach one; he is a drifter and will with time receive a drifter's reward.

"Some day, mother, I will buy you a carriage and you can ride in it like a great lady," said young Tommy Lipton to his mother. "And you shall have a bonnie house of your own, and a servant. You will not have to work any more—I will work for you. I promise you."

He lived with his parents, this little lad, in a tiny tenement home in Glasgow, the rent of which was £12 a year. It was when he saw his poor mother, sad, worn, exhausted by

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the grinding struggle to make ends meet that he made this rash promise to her.

"My promise to my mother was ever in my mind," he says now, "and her faith in me served as a motive force." The boy worked his passage in the stokehold of a steamer because he couldn't pay the fare to New York. This was at the age of seventeen. Three years later he returned to Glasgow—defeated and penniless again. Down—but not out. He scraped together a few pounds by borrowing wherever he could and opened a tiny grocery shop. When he took the shutters down the first day he turned to a friend and declared with conviction: "I mean to become the largest provision merchant in the world!" You see, his heart was burning with a fixed ambition. Poverty was helpless before such a determined young fellow. The little shop in Stobcross Street was made as clean and smart as possible. Advertising handbills were printed which Lipton went out and distributed himself. Striking cartoons were pasted up in the window, novel publicity stunts were tried until the crowds could be got to gather round his shop. As soon as he could afford it he opened another shop, then another, and still another. Later the number grew to scores; factories

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rose up under his name ; tea plantations were bought in Ceylon and fruit gardens in England ; his own ships carried his produce over the seas, and so he got his aim, as everyone knows. And Sir Thomas Lipton became a millionaire.

If you wish to assure it, you must fetch your future. Your purpose is your compass. Once found, it will become your guide. With its aid you can steer a confident course.

"In the long run," announces Henry David Thoreau, "men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, they had better aim at something high." These courageous words are so true that Goethe, wise and full of years and experience, warns us : "Beware of what you long for in your youth, for when you are older you shall possess it."

All over the land young men are starting out on their careers in life. They are turning their steps to shop and office, to factory and mill, to mine and market. They feel the zest of youth. But how few, in later years, will ever feel the zest of attainment.

Those few will be the Ambitious Ones, the men animated by the power of a settled purpose.

## CHAPTER SIX

### YOUR HEART IN YOUR WORK

**A**N old Chinese proverb quaintly tells us : "To each, ten thousand futures —yet each must choose !"

It is one thing to have a great store of ambition, but quite another to have it in you to satisfy it. If you are a misfit, don't be so any longer than you can help. Doesn't your job of work fit you? Then drop it as soon as you can. Unless you want your work, it does not want you.

E. McKnight Kauffer was an errand boy at thirteen. Later he worked at various kinds of jobs in various trades. But all the time he hungered to draw and paint. So one day he decided to make a start. He faced starvation ; but he got the technical education in art that he needed. After that he painted brilliant pictures. Before long he made good, for this was his right work. The London Underground Railways have often

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exhibited his vigorous and attractive posters. To-day he is an admitted success.

If you are on the wrong road, it will pay you in the end to turn back. The dull fog of apathy steals over the soul of the man whose work is not a pleasure, but a penalty. Most of us have to earn a livelihood in some way, but we might as well get some pleasure out of doing it. Even business, which is a big thing, which has taken the biggest place in our material life to-day, is not too big for you or us to try to get some fun out of it even while we are in it.

Are you in your right place! Many men and women of merit are miscast—square pegs in round holes—and because it is often necessary to endure disagreeable struggles in the effort to take the place to which their talents entitle them, they prefer to abide by the old Biblical saying: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—and they get it!

The tale of your years depends upon the choice you make of your career; whether you accept what chance has put your way, or whether you resolutely find the work that fits you. Seeds of talent may be lying in the soil of your nature, but they cannot

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sprout through the hard cement of uncongenial work with which you may have covered them. Such work never advances you to your true possibilities of achievement, nor does it serve the world as well as you might. There is life-long misery in it.

The man who discovers this truth in his early years is lucky. Most men grope for a while in blindness, not knowing what they can best do nor sometimes what they would best like.

The man who understands his own talents plays the right part on the stage of life. It is a necessary step on the road to happiness and success—this self-understanding. The search for the right work is simply the search to find and know oneself. People who are disgruntled because they are engaged in work they do not like are often people who have not "found themselves." Distasteful work is a warning sign that you are on the wrong road, and gives disordered nerves, seldom success.

Know your power and use it. This involves a big problem for many who are uncertain of what their power is. If you are born and blessed with a gift or talent along any special line, you will not need to worry about finding

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your work ; your work will have found you ! But most men beginning a career have to feel their way. They often try one job after another until a day dawns when they can see clear ahead—an open unmistakable path along which they can travel hopefully and congenially.

When Charles Higham was eleven years old his father died, and at thirteen he was taken to America. He started out in life there washing floors and cleaning bottles in a chemist's shop in New York. He worked from seven in the morning until eleven in the evening for twelve shillings a week. "For fifteen years I grumbled incessantly," he laughs to-day. "I had twenty-nine jobs before I found my vocation, and from many of them I was dismissed. If you are dismissed don't get discouraged. I was learning something every time. Keep out of ruts. He who takes no chances takes no prizes. I know !"

He found his right work in advertising and his right place in his own land—England. Sir Charles Higham holds one of the highest places in the advertising business, has controlled the expenditure of several million pounds, and received due honour for the

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publicity services he rendered the British Government during the war. When he found his true vocation in advertising work, he stuck to it, stopped his wanderings and made good.

"The ideal career is the one in which we can be greatest according to the limits of our capacity," was the advice of Viscount Haldane to a group of Scottish students, about to embark on the adventure of life. "The first duty is to seek to comprehend clearly what our strength will let us accomplish, and then to do it with all our might." It is our own firm belief that the wise man knows his limitations and works within them. If you are cut out to be a good soldier, do not try to add the mistakes of a bad statesman to the record of your life work. But since truth is usually paradoxical, it is well to point out that most of us do not know our true limitations ; we usually imagine we are able to do less than we really can. We set our levels too low. We live on the surface of things and merely pull at the fringes of our talents. We must find ourselves, yes, but a good deal of ourselves lies buried out of sight.

Selling cabbages with a donkey cart through the streets is a humble sort of job, but useful

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and right for those who feel they can do nothing better. But once there was a lad who did this same thing, and as he moved through the streets of the tiny village of Harden, in Yorkshire, many times he thought: "My heart is not in this." For he had a very active brain and a strong instinct for trade. So his mother became anxious about his future and took him to work that he did like; he was apprenticed to a local mill because wool interested him greatly. First he learnt wool stapling; then he mastered the craft of weaving; he made himself acquainted with all the other processes connected with the worsted trade. So it was that he fixed on wool as his line of work; the next thing was to raise his position in this line and begin to use the trading instincts with which he was dowered. To achieve this purpose he practised thrift, and scraped together every penny he could save. He constantly denied himself luxuries. No temptation was strong enough to induce him to touch his savings or lead him to refrain from adding to them regularly. "I steadfastly kept my goal in sight," he says of those days.

With the result that a day dawned when he had accumulated the sum of £50 in the bank. This was to be the nucleus upon which he

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would build his own business career, and begin trading for himself soon after completing his apprenticeship. Thus in due course young James Hill put up his name-board in the City of Bradford and added the modest legend: "Wool Merchant." He had pluck and energy and eventually his forceful methods, scant though his financial equipment was, attracted the attention of another young business man, John Reddihough, and the two became partners. They worked very hard, for their hearts were in this line; it was absolutely congenial, and so they gave their best; often they stayed up on business long into the night. But it was not in vain, for they both had eyes and brains that could discern further than twenty-four hours ahead. And both became millionaires. After sixteen years Mr. Hill settled down to business on his own account.

The progress of his firm after that was amazing. His thorough knowledge of the woollen industry, combined with his business abilities, brought him eventual control of the Saltaire mills—the largest of their kind in the world. The capital runs into many millions of pounds; the number of employees into many thousands. Thus the coster boy became Sir James Hill, one of the richest men in England,

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because he laid his foundation right ; because he chose his work at the start wisely and well.

Who can count the number of men and women to-day whose heart is not in their work, because the work finds no place in their heart. Such a condition of affairs ties them down to mediocrity. Very likely they took the first opening that came along and have worked mechanically ever since. Some follow their fathers in the same trade ; excellent if they are suited to it, but stupid if they are not. Others again are influenced by the prospect of quick and immediate returns when selecting their early jobs ; they take no care for the future, and so the future takes no care of them.

How did you get your first start ? Most likely you drifted into it. Many of us do that. There is no great harm in this method, for the first year or two. It is a form of experience. It is a big problem for many parents to know what to do with their boys, where a decided call is not evidenced. So they need not worry about it too much, for if the boy has the right stuff in him he will begin to gather useful experience wherever he starts. The essential thing for parents to

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remember is never to force a boy into work he dislikes ; he will only have to force himself out of it later, if he wishes to make anything of his life.

If your parents, plus yourself, plus circumstances, made you a clerk, and now that you are older you feel that you ought to be an electrical engineer, there is no reason why you should continue to stay a clerk. Too many men look upon their careers as edicts of fate. Because they began as clerks they think they must remain such to the end of their days. But though there is no harm in changing over from one kind of work to another if you are dissatisfied, you must do it only in a search for the right work. Once you have found that, keep to it ; specialise in it, and so become an expert.

When, as we believe will come before this century ends, a true science of vocational guidance will be installed for the benefit of boys and girls *before* they leave school, work will take its true place in life and be a joy to all. The gospel of education is glorious ; but the way whereby we put that gospel into practice is sickening. Millions of pounds are spent on it in this country every year, when but half the amount spent with wisdom

would bring better results. Instead of preparing their pupils for the certain fate which awaits them, that is, earning a livelihood or taking some part of the work of the world, the schools affect a superior disdain to this vital matter. The young man who leaves school is usually totally ignorant as to how to proceed to seek for a job; he does not know whether he is best fitted for business or manufacture or a profession; nor does he know the relative tasks, rewards and openings in the various fields of activity.

"From an early age I was destined by my parents for the Civil Service," writes Lord Wakefield. "My father was a Customs Official and wanted me to follow in his footsteps. But I instinctively felt myself unsuited for that; the vista of the long years with their graded progression of salary and status in the Civil Service was anything but attractive to me. As manhood drew near I persuaded my father to abandon his long-cherished plans and entered business life. That was the turning point of my career." He rose from working in a Liverpool office to become head of his own great firm, C. C. Wakefield and Company, Limited, the oil manufacturers with world-wide ramifications, and he is also director of many large companies. As a

result of this experience of his youth his advice to all young men is: "When a strong urge exists toward a particular calling, it should be encouraged and not suppressed. There is no greater misery than that of a person miscast in life's drama."

Another famous man who had to grapple with the problem of his future under much more difficult circumstances is Edgar Wallace. At the age of eleven he opened out his pitch as a newspaper seller near Ludgate Circus. The austere windows of the famous Press Club towered above the little rag-a-muffin who, many years later, was to become its Chairman.

Business grew slack, however, and since slackness did not fit into Edgar's scheme of life, he betook himself to a printer's works, but soon got discharged for playing truant. And so he wandered from job to job, for he was yet a boy, and it did not matter much then what he worked at so long as he got a living. One day a bootseller's shop-assistant; the next a macintosh-factory hand. One month a cabin-boy on a coasting trawler which he had to desert because of the cuffs and kicks the captain gave him; the next he was delivering milk in London. And so the



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years passed with varied fortunes until he decided it was time to take himself in hand and face the future. This is how he summed himself up: "Not strong enough for a navy nor clever enough for a clerk, with neither education nor prospects, you are in a rut! How are you going to get out of it?" He extricated himself from the life he was leading by joining the army. And it was there that he found himself, though strangely enough, not as a soldier. Stationed at Maidstone Barracks, he became a voracious reader, and spent most of his spare time in the regimental library. He had already mastered the subtleties of the "Deadwood Dick" kind of literature; here he was to master the still greater subtleties of Gibbon's famous *Decline and Fall*.

At last he was shipped out to South Africa, where he made a friend of the chaplain's wife, a woman of culture who lent him books and helped him study.

He started to write verse—after the Kipling style. The British population of South Africa was Kipling mad at this time, and Wallace, a typical Tommy, was no exception. Enthusiastic over a visit his hero made to Cape Town, he was inspired to send

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some verse in honour of the great man to the *Cape Times*. The verse was specially featured, and the editor sent for him to attend the official reception of Kipling at the City Club.

With this meeting Wallace began to find himself. A native ability for verse writing had crept out; Kipling now encouraged him to try for the higher reaches of journalism. Night after night Wallace spent hours in study of the craft of writing; regularly he re-wrote the newspaper daily "leading articles"—a stiff task for a young man who hardly knew the meaning of almost every third word. But the result was that his unsatisfactory Cockney slang disappeared, while words big enough to express his imagination took its place.

So he was ready when the opportunity came—the outbreak of the Boer War. He got himself sent to the front by Reuters News Agency as a war correspondent; he had left the army some time previously. His daring, his astuteness and his eager resource later brought him the offer of the same post from the London *Daily Mail*. After the war was over he secured a £2,000 a year job as editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*.

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In later years he returned to England, went through the varied and adventurous vicissitudes of many another journalist; took up the study of criminology, and finally started to write the famous thrillers which you can see on almost every bookstall in the country. In the year 1927 the number of his books sold during the twelve months was five millions! His income is now thousands of pounds per year, but he has earned every penny of it. But what would he have been earning had he not found his right place in life?

We do well to pat ambitious youth on the back, but it is better to set its feet on the right path. The greatest service one man can do for another is to point the way to worth-while endeavour.

Never desert your line of talent. Whatever you are by nature, keep to it. Be what nature intended you for if you wish to succeed. The world does not expect its physicians to be engineers as well. Once in a while a genius arises who is able to turn from medicine to engineering with equal ease. But few of us are unlikely to be of such. Our job is to find our work, the work that suits our personalities most, and then to perform that work with increasing expertness every day.

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Some men are clearly marked out for a single occupation. Every trait of their character, every sign of their appearance, every feature of their bearing proclaims their fitness for this one occupation and for no other. Thomas A. Edison, for example, is a born inventor. He once tried to enter the iron industry. He had millions of pounds back of him, he had reputation, and yet he could not succeed with the manufacture of iron. He failed and lost many millions. He learnt his lesson, however, and went back to inventing for which alone he was suited, and quickly recovered lost ground. This experience taught him to tell others: "Every man has some forte—something he can do better than he can do anything else."

When you choose a career or vocation, choose one in which you desire to spend your life. If you are unable to do this, the next best thing is to engage in work that will act as a stepping stone to the thing you would like to do.

Whether it be to saw wood or to sell it, to type poems or to compose them, to paint pictures or to plough the land, if the work fits your hand and mind like a perfect glove you will have unlocked one of the gates of

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happiness. No work is so humble that you ever need be ashamed of it. No work is really mean if it serves the common need. But it must be congenial to you, for congenial work is a vital part of self-expression.

There is a niche somewhere in this big world for everyone. He who finds himself will also find his place, and fill it. He will put HIMSELF into his work, and not merely his time. Find your work. If you are sincere and form the resolve in your heart and stick to it—you will!

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### SELF-HELP IS THE BEST HELP

ONE hears much nowadays about a problem which raises a fearsome spectre that frightens men. Yet it must, and can, be exorcised ruthlessly, if we are to pursue our way calmly and unafraid.

People shake their heads and tell us that these are difficult times in which we live; that therefore a success preachment such as you find in these pages is an anachronism and of little practical use. It is true that our decade is indeed well-packed with difficulties. It is also true that the grave problems of the hour make a young man's *apparent* chances of getting on tortuous and complicated, so that he may sometimes be forgiven if he loses hope. We trust we are not a head-buried ostrich refusing to see the dark enemies around.

But hard times call not for less, but for MORE ACTION; not for less, but for MORE COURAGE; not for less, but for MORE THINK-

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ING. And that simply is the gospel we preach. MORE action, courage and thought.

There is no time so hard, no political or economic system so changed, but efficient and enthusiastic men will always be needed and therefore wanted. So long as human needs must be satisfied, so long will the really able and ambitious man rise to the top.

Suppose our capitalistic system cracked up to-morrow and a socialist system was installed; the demand for MEN would still remain. Ability fired by keenness will always be wanted. Whatever the veiled future holds for this country it will always hold a place for the men who are outstanding enough in merit and alert enough in initiative to impress their fellows.

Therefore this book is a MAN-maker. Talent can be trained to reach surprising heights; Brains can be bettered; Determination can spur self on over the roughest of roads until the distant goal is reached.

Those who mourn present conditions have not seen the Light. They do not realise that a good deal of achievement goes on in the silent solitude of our own hearts, unknown and unnoticed of other men; that one day it

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blossoms out into irresistible action, and then the world stops and wonders why. Where there is no visible avenue of escape from drudgery, why then a man must get out his tools and start hacking away at the walls that hem him in. Ability is his chisel, which he must sharpen up till it gets a fine keen edge. Ambition is his hammer which he must wield with tireless and repeated blows. If he needs more technical knowledge then he must get it; if he needs more courage then he must get that too.

Finally we would remind him that there are thousands of men who had no more chances than he has, and yet they found their way to better jobs and brighter things; and some who sought harder struck the road to the high places where fortunes are found. But the young man who sits in a bath-chair waiting for someone to come and push him along will finish up as a confirmed pessimist.

There has never been, and never will be, a glut of men who are ambitious enough to have a well-defined aim in life, and determined enough to toil and sacrifice for that aim. But there will always be a glut of the indifferent, the half-hearted, the unskilled and the semi-skilled.

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Loafers call incessantly upon the god of Luck ; but we have not heard that more than one in ten gets something for his trouble.

The stories of the struggles and triumphs of the leaders in every branch of human activity have all this one golden thread running through them—the thread of a fixed aim found early and realised later. You in your lesser way can insert this thread in your own life. It is a surprising fact that a man of small abilities and great ambition often makes a bigger showing under our present system than the man of great abilities and small ambition.

Richard E. Jones was a compositor on the printing staff of the newspaper *The Western Mail*, at Cardiff. Finding it difficult to obtain tea in the locality during the midnight break, he began to make his own and soon extended his activity and made his mates' tea also. Their appreciation enabled him to see an opening here for becoming his own master, by opening a tea-shop nearby. This he did. He was too poor to be able to employ any help so he fetched his own supplies, made the tea and served it himself. He developed a faculty of quick insight for every possible

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opening to expand and enlarge his little business. This faculty enabled him to climb the stairs of fortune. Very gradually a great catering firm came into being out of his first humble efforts. R. E. Jones and Company, Limited, now owns many hotels and restaurants, notably the famous Piccadilly Hotel in London.

If you had stepped with us into the office of one of our North Country business leaders, you would have seen upon his desk a printed card bearing this daring and confident motto :—

“ I Ask Not Good Fortune—  
I AM Good Fortune ! ”

The man who took this as his personal motto throughout his business career is Angus Watson. It is to the steady holding of the thought back of those provocative words that most of his success must be ascribed.

As a boy he worked for the magnificent salary of nine shillings a week in the office of an agent in the canned goods trade. If he did not get much money he gained an invaluable experience because he kept his eyes open—so open that when he saw it was possible to earn more by “ going on the road ” he

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persuaded his firm to send him out as a commercial traveller. And this within a year or two after he came there.

Keen, ambitious, smiling and enthusiastic, he soon made numerous customers for his firm, and what is more, turned them into personal friends. With the result that one day he walked into a certain grocer's shop in Newcastle, bent on booking an order, but instead he was shown a roughly-made tin in which little fish were packed. They were brisling caught off Norway and brought to England by a Norwegian skipper as samples.

"You're full of ideas yourself—what do you think of this?" asked the grocer, thinking to do young Watson a friendly turn. What young Watson thought of these fish you can imagine from the fact that he almost ran back to the office and banged the tin down on the chief's desk. "Even as I stood at that grocer's counter," he himself says to-day, "I at once saw the vast possibilities if properly packed and marketed, and decided that I would work and save as hard and as fast as possible in order to obtain my own business."

To get this money he had to earn a larger salary, so he approached Lever Brothers for

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a job as a salesman—and got it. Because he had mastered the principles of selling it was easy for him to sell an entirely different line of goods as it had been with the canned goods of his previous firm. He made good and in due course was promoted to be a branch manager. When he was twenty-seven years old he felt the time had come to start this business of his own for which he had yearned during the past few years. A tempting offer of a big post in America was refused, because he had fixed an aim and would not be diverted from it.

And so, with a partner, a start was made in quite a small place in Newcastle. The staff consisted of one man and a boy. Angus Watson visited Norway and arranged a regular supply of these brisling. They were packed in carefully designed tins and aptly named "Skippers." Then he toured Great Britain organising distribution for this new food product. Here again his salesmanship was tested and proved successful. Next he advertised to reach the general public.

The business expanded and other canned goods were gradually added to his list. So, step by step, a new British industry was created. To-day, in Newcastle, is a factory

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that cost £100,000. And his partnership grew into a company with £2,000,000 capital.

And if you ask the man who is responsible for this achievement, the man who climbed out of clerkdom into commercial leadership, for some tip on success, he will smile and answer: "Success is not accidental—it is the invariable outcome of well-directed effort, and a clear vision of the goal to be achieved. A man gets what he gives, and self-enrichment comes from self-discipline. Believe in yourself and have courage to face and overcome difficulties."

We have tried to tell this story as simply as we could so that no one should leave it with the false idea that Angus Watson is another superman strayed into the ranks of the salesmen. We want if we can to dispel the illusion that we humbler mortals belong to an entirely different race from the Men Who Have Made Good. It is our earnest belief that most of the latter are where they are simply because they acted on the principle that, "He wins the prize who pays the price."

Opportunities exist for all, but all do not exist for the opportunities! Life is uneventful on its surface for most people because

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there is no growth within themselves. We are the Mohammads of our own careers. Instead of expecting the Mountain of Opportunity to come to us, we must learn to go gaily to the mountain.

Sir Harry Lauder, who raised himself from poverty-stricken surroundings when he worked down in the mines near Hamilton, in Scotland, to recognition as a music-hall artist at the top of his profession, discovered this same truth. "In the experiences of my own life," he says, "the chief lesson I have learnt in my struggle for success is that success is never impossible, never entirely out of reach. If it is far away one must work harder for it—that is all. Sitting down and railing at circumstances not merely fails to fetch it nearer, but is disheartening to oneself."

Do not fool yourself with the fallacy that hard times mean more fear and less effort. How much better to try to make something of yourself and to endeavour to squeeze the utmost out of present opportunities? Spur yourself, goad yourself to overcome adverse circumstance or to force your business problems to a satisfactory solution. Self-help is the motive power back of ambition. It converts the dream of youth into the reality

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of life. The self-reliant can walk alone, assume responsibilities, and even bear the storm.

What you have been in the past, what you are to-day does not really matter. You may have held the most menial position life can offer a man—but still you can try. And win, too.

F. Henry Royce arrived in Leeds with four years' excellent references behind him for work done at the Great Northern Railway workshops in Doncaster. Yet when he went to the nearest works to inquire if they would take him on, they said: "Sorry, no." He turned away and walked to the next engineering shop. But again no hands were wanted. He tramped from works to works, but failed to get taken on. Day after day he wandered about unemployed, footsore from constant trudging. He had hardly any money. His father had been a Peterborough miller in humble circumstances. With the parent's death the boy had to go out selling newspapers to help keep the home going. Later he was apprenticed in the Doncaster Locomotive works where he enthusiastically learnt all he could, for engineering was work he loved. But the urgent necessity for more

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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money in the home had compelled him to terminate his apprenticeship before its time. Hence his pilgrimage to Leeds. He searched for work with tremendous thoroughness, and on the fourteenth day found a job on machine-tool work.

After many months he came to London as an electrical tester for the Edison Company. He studied hard every evening, trying to master a good many things beyond his job, because he was determined to rely upon his own efforts entirely in his fight for success. He won promotion and earned good money. Later he went to a responsible post at Liverpool, but the failure of this last firm induced him to start out on his own. He had a splendid knowledge of engineering, machinery and electricity. Every job that came to him had to be perfectly done—or not at all. With the result that he built a reputation that brought him more and more work. During those early years he thought nothing of working day and night, taking hurried snatches of sleep on the bench.

When the decision came to him to specialise along one line, he set his brains to invent a motor engine that would be "the best yet." How far he succeeded, how far his motor



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departed from precedent and set up an expensive new ideal which few other manufacturers could follow, all the world knows to-day. The Rolls-Royce car stands for something more than a mere car in our minds; it stands as a criterion of quality similar to the highest carat mark on gold.

This determination to give his best brought Royce what he needed—someone to “push” and sell the car and make its merits known. This proved to be the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who was so enthusiastic over the car that he went into partnership with its designer and gave it the added prestige of his name, for he was himself a famous figure in the motor world.

Young Royce found it hard to get a job for himself once. Now the Rolls-Royce factory at Derby provides six thousand jobs for others. It is not a miracle, this; it is just one more illustration of self-help.

Success does not come to you; it comes from you. The plan of the road to achievement, the driving power to propel you along that road, these you must find in yourself. Build up within yourself the qualities that attract success, and eventually you will win it.

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The young man who is facing difficulties, unassisted by influence or much capital, perhaps even subject to reverses, must be courageous enough to believe that he will pull through ultimately provided he makes the effort to deserve it. In the last analysis most men get out of life what they deserve. Life owes all a living, it is true, but it is up to us to collect it. The grumbler who complains that life has not been fair to him often mistakes what he desires for what he deserves.

If you find yourself having a hard time and merciless conditions hem you in all round, remember Jack London's inspiring slogan, when he found himself in the same position: “There is only one way out of a pit—Up!” When he had tired of his life as a penniless tramp, he stopped drifting and began to fight circumstance. He fought so well that he won fame and fortune as a novelist.

Many men have lost heart as soon as things go against them. Some express their discontent by giving up their grip, sinking into depths from which few ever return, or floating through life helpless, useless derelicts. You may be the most down-trodden mortal in existence; your life may be one series of hard knocks from Destiny's stuffed club after

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another ; but all ideas of self-pity are merely devils in disguise. When ambition goes, you are dead before the undertaker gets you. You have no worth-while purpose to live for. Self-help gives you a lift along your road ; self-pity pulls you back.

If you want an easy success in life we would respectfully suggest that you select your parents at birth with the greatest care and wisdom. See that they possess healthy bodies with abundant vitality ; let them have great characters and strong wills, good looks and charm of manner ; but above all, they should own property and money to a vast extent.

Unfortunately all of us are unable to make this selection, and hence it behoves us to make the best of the material with which we find ourselves endowed. We are compelled to fight, and to fight hard for every gift which we would make our own, whether it be of fortune or character. In fact, it becomes a case of self-made or never made.

Here is a young shop assistant—a mere lad—in a grocery store. Watch him as he serves that varied assortment of customers. With this old lady he is kindly, courteous and patient while her slow-moving mind makes up

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an order. With that crabbed and dour citizen (perchance some crusty bachelor !) who scowlingly bids him be quick about it, young Charles Schwab fills the bag as plentifully with smiles as with sugar, until even the hard mask before him relaxes slightly

But the boy is restless at heart. There is some other line of work which would be more satisfying, more congenial to his nature. And one evening as he plods home with his meagre weekly wage of ten shillings, illumination comes to him as in a flash. Already he hears, as though coming from afar, the whirr of cogged wheels, the resounding clang of metals, the living throb of a workshop. This is where he would indeed be happy ; this must be his chosen line of endeavour. He will become an engineer !

So, each night, after the shutters of the little shop have been put up, he runs eagerly home across the muddied lanes. He lights the lamp and takes a few books down from the shelf and pores over the diagrams which mean so much to his future. He studies hard. Sometimes far into the night. He is preparing himself, getting ready. One day his chance will come.

And it comes. Into that store there walks

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from time to time, making occasional purchases a certain Captain Bill Jones. What a commonplace name yet how romantic its sound to the ears of the lad behind the counter. For this Captain Jones is one of the picturesque pioneers of the steel industry and superintends Mr. Carnegie's great mill.

"Sir, will you give me a job in the factory?" asks the shop assistant as he hands a little parcel over the counter. The Captain is somewhat taken aback at the abruptness of the query and surveys young Schwab, a tall hefty youth of seventeen.

"Why, my boy, you have never even seen the inside of a steel works."

"I'll do anything, sir. I am strong and I'll learn quickly." The Captain decides to give him a chance and starts him as a labourer driving hefty stakes for four shillings a day. It is rough work, taxing all the lad's strength, but how happy he is now. For a tremendous ambition has been born in his heart.

After that the story of the rise of Charles M. Schwab is Aladdin-like. Six months later he was himself made a superintendent of other labourers. He used his brains unceasingly, learnt all he could, and gave all his

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energies completely to the service of his company. Promotion followed Promotion. Then, at the age of twenty-five, he was given entire charge of the Carnegie Homestead Works—the largest of the many establishments controlled by the company. Ten years later, when the Steel King began to feel his years, there was only one man fit to take his place. Thus Schwab was made president; he could go no higher there.

So, some years after, he bought a small steel mill—the Bethlehem. Like a modern King Midas, Schwab's touch transformed it to gold. For he has built it up, and to-day Bethlehem is the second largest works in the entire world. It employs one hundred thousand men and makes nearly as much steel as the whole of England.

This one-time labourer depended on nobody's efforts but his own. Therefore, to the young man who wants to succeed, he says: "It is the fellow with determination who wins out. Opportunities must come naturally. The only way they can come naturally is to give your whole heart, give your every thought and act to the accomplishment of what you are going to undertake. Our idea of the successful life is the man who has

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND?

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successfully accomplished the object for which he set out ; who has done something that is worthy of a real man."

Schwab proved that there is an opportunity somewhere in every job. At the least it is an experience which can prepare the way for a better one ; at the most it may lead directly to the top. Is it not better then, if times are more difficult, to forget the woeful example of Mr. Micawber and to adopt a more heroic and positive attitude ? Is it not better to believe that merit must win eventually, and not to sigh because luck and caprice sometimes help the other man ? Pick the thing you want and get ready for it. Prepare yourself for it and you begin to attract it.

Self-help is still the best help !

## EPILOGUE

### TAKE A TILT AT FORTUNE !

**W**E stand enchanted by the stories of talent triumphing over adversity and poor boys climbing the ladder of fame and fortune. These modern Dick Whittingtons fling their spell around our own humbler lives. And we are left gazing in wonderment, our own heads filled with dreams.

How can it be otherwise ? Deeply hidden in every heart is the desire to get on in life. It may be deeper than the diamonds that sleep in dark obscurity beneath the Rand soil. But it is there. A few will admit it and say so ; most will not.

Because we urge men to become more ambitious do not imagine that we would deprecate the humbler toiler. The belts that drive the machinery of life must pass through all places alike, both high and low. The world has need of its dustmen just as much as it needs its directors. But the men who could

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fill higher places than those of dustmen were they not too lazy to try, are disloyal to themselves.

Make the most of yourself and you will make the most of your opportunities when they come. Be loyal to your best self and you and others will both be surprised at what you will be able to accomplish one day. Remember that the great and successful are not too high for their stories to be useless to you. They are *yourself*, but in greater mould. To every young man we would say:

“The heroes of this book are yourself. The illustrious men whose names shine in these pages live there only for you. Every quality they possess, you possess too—in lesser degree, maybe, but it is there. Face Facts squarely. Read yourself aright in the rays of the lamp of this book; and this reading may mark a turning-point in your career.”

In the struggle for success many are called, but few are chosen. You can, if you will, be one of the few. These pages have attempted to show you that even if one starts from the depths one can rise to a dizzy eminence, and that any person of ordinary intelligence can

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at the least improve his position, any progressive man can get out of the rut if he can do no more.

Men who are now rich and famous, remember, had the same heavy handicaps in their youth, the same arduous struggle to push ahead that you perhaps have to face. BUT—they had a purpose and achieved it. If you think it was luck alone that brought them success, you are profoundly mistaken.

So, if you would attain, arm yourself with a clearly-defined ambition. It will become your talisman against failure; your staunchest aid in your wrestles with disappointment.

Dreams? Ambitions?

These are the things that carried many a penniless and friendless youth to the high place he holds in the world to-day. We would earnestly counsel every reader: you cannot dream too much of the things you want one day to create; you cannot have too high an ambition if it is within the possible reach of your capabilities.

A dream flits noiselessly across the mind of a man struggling in the net of bitter circumstance and lo!—years pass and he is a greatly

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honoured Captain of Industry, his dream fulfilled.

Once you have got your dreams true and right, get action! The Dreamer must awake and set to work. You must LIVE your inspirations. He who would excel in the realm of the ambitious must not tarry in the domain of those who dream and never DO. Beware of being drawn into that vast cemetery wherein men bury their still-born thoughts and paralysed hopes.

When a man makes a big success everybody talks about him. But when he was sitting in his lonely room at night, struggling at the leash in his endeavour to understand the things that later will give him success, nobody talked about him. The crowd is willing to gather around his magnificent automobile and voice its envy; it is not so willing to go home and sweat its brain and blood as he did.

England is more likely to find its men of to-morrow in the night schools, not in the night clubs. "To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune," sagely said Benjamin Franklin. But then this is a truth which only those who refuse to make bugbears of circumstances

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will understand. Suppose the men written of in this book had said: "Circumstances tie us to them. We can do nothing." Any prophet could have then read a mediocre future for them.

It is your spiritual attitude that makes you or breaks you. Have the courage, henceforth, of your convictions, and as you go out into your daily activities do so with a determination to make good, to will your success. In the white heat of awakened ambition you can determine your future. "The gods sell anything to everybody," announces Emerson, "at a fair price."

The edicts of fate are written by ourselves. Lack of opportunity, lack of innate ability, the unexpected blows of chance, bad health—all these have been summoned in turn to account for our failures in life. But the one who carries himself ABOVE the miseries he may be born to or accident may send him, will make fortune know that man can be her master. A man may be rich without money and succeed without achieving fame. Success is not to be confused with its rewards.

To be the richest citizen in your town does not make you a successful MAN. But to be the best builder in your town is a big stride

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towards real success, if building houses is your work. Some men have gathered stacks of money who are the greatest possible failures as men. Success is not always to be measured by the financial callipers. The rolling up of a gigantic fortune is not to be accepted as success unless the process has been accomplished by service of commensurate value to the community. All the failures in life do not wear ragged clothes. Some ride in limousines.

The best possession of a man is Character. It is an estate in itself. It is capital. The man with money but without character has lost all when he loses his money. But the man who retains his character can always start again. He is often helped by others. Character creates reputation. You can capitalise on your reputation. You can attract with it capital, money, influence, friends, business, employment, promotion and honours.

You can become a self-made failure just as you can become a self-made success. It matters not whether your job is to stoke a furnace, run a car, pound a typewriter or run a hugh store—the work can be done in a way that elevates character or degrades it. A

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man's work or the way he does his job is but the mirror of his mind. What you get for your work is important, but what you get *out* of your work may be more important. The bricklayer who lays his bricks with wanton carelessness, because he is not specially interested in his employer's interests is a fool. He is not merely building an inferior house, but an inferior character. For you can shed lustre on the most commonplace vocation by the way in which you work. You can rise into the ranks of the aristocracy even though you never carry a handle to your name. Be one of nature's noblemen. It is the *man* that makes and glorifies a pursuit or degrades and sullies it.

To submit to failure or to pander to mediocrity, is to die. No life is so mean but it may be made better. The finest quality paper that you can buy anywhere is made out of rags. The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.

We want to pen a few words for the man who thinks himself under the shadow of failure, who contemplates his past record in life and turns sick at heart. We could quote the stories of at least fifty famous men who have had this sad experience and yet made

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good ; we could tell of many who turned defeat into dramatic victory ; but the essence of it all comes as a lesson in hope. Experience is the severest teacher in the world, albeit an excellent one. Experience is often what you know after making a fool of yourself. All the rebuffs and discouragements and failures it bestows upon you will help you eventually to get success if you use them aright and learn from them. Find out where you go wrong and try again. You are not to be measured by your failures. It is how you use them that counts. *If you treat them as part of your education, they will help you to rise again.*

It is better to be a "go-getter," as our American friends call it, than a "regretter." A knock down is always a push-up in the life of a man determined on success. Be prepared to drink defeat as you would drink good medicine. The lessons of failure ought to be as instructive as those of success. Success is sometimes a series of failures—put to flight. The strange mutations of fate will often pick up a man and throw him into the dark abyss of failure, or perhaps even tragedy. But nothing in the world need *compel* him to stay in that abyss except his own cowardice and despair. Which is why we must be optimists, if we would win. Or, as the poet puts it :—

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND ?

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"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says—  
"A little I'm hurt, but yett not slaine,  
I'll but lye down and bleed awhile,  
AND THEN I'LL RISE AND FIGHT AGAINE !"

To get on you need courage. The thing that takes your hands and locks steel handcuffs around them and keeps you prisoner in a gloomy cell is Fear. So fill your young heart with Napoleonic ardour. Ask for nothing less than the highest you know you can be worthy of, and it shall be given you. You will not get it at once because you are a prisoner of Time. But, locked within the years it is there, waiting for you to find it. When a man is set on achieving success he will call no obstacle insuperable. While others are making their molehills of difficulties into mountains, he will be scattering his own to dust.

Most men merely keep going. Others going ahead. Among which are you ?

Make yourself ready. Then when opportunity comes you will be able to capture it easily. At the door of every industry and business, of every art and profession ; at the gates of public life everywhere there is hanging an invisible sign. It reads : "Wanted—a MAN !" And that sign will not fall till Time itself falls.



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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND ?

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So get your right start. Life is a war between the postponers and posthasters. Hold a little meeting with yourself. Be the Chairman, be the Board of Directors and be the body of shareholders. Try to see yourself just where you stand now. Read the balance sheet of your life. Ask yourself what are you really *doing* to bring success within your reach.

In this book we have presented you with an Idea. Many men have found a new idea to mean the beginning of brighter days for them. Who knows how far an inspiring thought, dropped at the right hour into a man's mind, may fire him to new efforts? And the consequences of those efforts, still deep in the unopened pages of time, may one day surprise the man himself.

The inspiration of this Idea is there—accept it! The tragedies of life are the tragedies of lost opportunities; of ambitious dreams that never arrived on earth because the self-starter was missing; of ideas that come to help us and leave to die.

Take a tilt at Fortune. You have not half found your true self. You have not taken the measure of more than a quarter of your abilities, nor a tenth of your power to use

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## ARE YOU UPWARD BOUND ?

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them. We cannot all be Napoleons, but we can all be our TRUE selves.

Take a tilt at Fortune. Then you will understand in what wonderful ink Shakespeare dipped his pen when he wrote:—

“ I shall show the cinders of my spirit,  
Through the ashes of my chance.”

The greatest wisdom is to make a start. The greatest mistake is to do nothing because you can do little. Do what you can.

“ Are you in earnest? seize this very minute:  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it ! ”

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3. The Commission shall be appointed for a period of three years.
4. The Commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States.
5. The Commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States.
6. The Commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States.
7. The Commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States.
8. The Commission shall be appointed by the President of the United States.

The Commission shall have the honor of the rank of Major-General and shall be appointed for a period of three years by the President of the United States.