We All Need More Praise

By Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

Most of us need praise—need it badly.

Probably if parents administered it oftener, if bosses were more lavish with encouragement, the psychoanalysts would get a rest from the overwhelming rush of patients suffering from inferiority complexes.

Fame and wealth may outrun us from start to finish, yet we cannot help expecting just a little human recognition for our efforts.

May Lose Confidence

We must bask in the warmth of approval now and then; otherwise the health of our self-respect becomes seriously endangered.

It is perhaps in the home that the value of praise is less appreciated than elsewhere. Not everyone realizes that praise is the handiest fire extinguisher to have around, and that no household can be safe without it.

As a rule, husbands are blinder to this than wives.

A recent survey of rural life in this country uncovered one general complaint made by women living on farms. The wife of one prosperous Ohio farmer wrote to a friend:

"Maybe when I'm deaf and blind and a hundred years old I'll get used to having everything I do taken for granted.

"As it is, life comes pretty dull and hard when you don't hear a word of thanks for all your efforts to keep things nice and bright.

"It isn't easy to keep on doing your best when you're never told whether your cooking is good or not. Sometimes I feel like copying the woman who served her menfolk cattle fodder one day for dinner, after waiting 20 years for a word of praise.

"'I've never heard aught to make me think you'd knew the difference,'" she said, when they declared she must be crazy.

Farmers—and city husbands too — might well take note of a good old custom which prevailed at the house of the nobility in Russia where the chef was always summoned to the dining room after a good dinner, complimented, and introduced to the guests.

The guest of honor usually made a point of begging the cook to disclose the secret of some particular dish.

Provokes Jealousy

Not a little jealousy has its foundation in hearing another praised for something we do equally well.

Take the point of personal appearance. It is a curious thing how many men, who never fail to observe the looks of other women, let their own wives go year after year without a word of attention. Thereby is sown the seed for much suspicion.

But, like past praise can be served too lavishly, to the image of the consumer.

A young bride of my acquaintance determined to enroll herself in the list of "those who help their husbands to success by faith and encouragement."

He was a hard working young man in the advertising business; efficient but no whirlwind. Mrs. Wife proceeded to "yes" him so diligently that she soon had him thinking of himself as a regular little Napoleon.

Boss Thought Differently

He was all for instructing the boss. But the boss saw otherwise, and finally had to fire him.

Years ago, before children were allowed to have personalities, Punch ridiculed the habit, then prevalent, of always thwarting them.

A picture showed a young mother reclining gracefully with a novel, and calling to the nursemaid, "Go see what Tommy is doing and tell him he musn't."

A fundamental part of the curriculum of "don't" lay in the idea that children never should be praised, never encouraged, only goaded to achievement by ridicule and fear.

That idea has vanished almost completely today.

Inferior Twin

On this subject I was privileged to talk recently with Dr. Lora S. Wile of New York, whose wide experience, both as education commissioner for that city and as an expert dealing with hundreds of difficult children, has brought him to realize the need of praise as a practical doctor's prescription.

Dr. Wile mentioned one particularly interesting illustration:

"It was a case of twins," he said, "two boys. One seemed particularly bright; the other was considered mentally inferior. The father asked me to find the reason.

"When I managed to gain the child's confidence he told me the story I expected to hear—the story children almost invariably tell in such cases:

" 'Why don't people like me,' he asked, 'the same as they do anything they like my brother? When he does anything they smile. When I do anything they scold. I can't ever seem to do anything as good as he does.'

"I separated the boys as much as possible," said Dr. Wile. "I had them placed in different classes in school. I told their parents to stop making comparisons as a good upon the backward one, and to praise him for his own little accomplishments.

"When I had him standing on his own feet he soon made headway. He had just been withering in his brother's shadow.

Overpraise Injurious

"In other cases brought to me I find it necessary to counteract any parental tendency toward overpraise. Too much praise may turn a child into a snob, a prig, or a bully.

"When such children are brought to me I have to trim their sails, deflate them. Usually it is the parents who really need deflating."

Today nearly every big business organization builds on the foundation of encouragement given by the head of the firm to the workers. The system pays. Ten years ago this was not the case.

On New Year's Day, a millionaire of my acquaintance, whose pride it was never to offer a tip for any service, faced an unforgettable tragedy.

His chief accountant committed suicide. The books were found to be in perfect order, the affairs of the dead man—a modest bachelor—were prosperous and calm. The only letter left by the accountant was a brief note to his millionaire employer.

It read: "In 30 years I have never had one word of encouragement. I'm fed up."

The Right Moment

It requires experience, an attentive eye, and real knowledge of human nature to know just what to praise in another person and to choose just the right moment for doing it.

Serious study is necessary and application. Flash criticism is much easier than intelligent praise; and, unlike flattery, real praise is much more than an indolent short cut to friendliness.

One of the world's greatest dressmakers, a Frenchwoman with an exceptionally fine knowledge of human character, built up her great reputation and following on her ability to grasp the most praiseworthy point in her clients' appearances.

She always emphasized that point and encouraged its development. Even with her most unpropossessing "cases" she managed to pick out what was worth displaying, instead of glossing over bad features.

I was present once when a very stout and ungainly matron came to Mme. P—— to be redecorated.

"I'm afraid I'm a terrible figure to dress," she stammered.

Mme. P—looked her over carefully then gave the slightest of shrugs. Throwing out her hands in a charming little gesture, she said, "But Madame knows how to laugh. Madame can make others gay."

The matron's fat, kindly face beamed. As she drew herself up, one felt that even with her figure the great couturiere would succeed.

The wisest man I ever knew said once, "If people did no more than they had to, life would come to a standstill tomorrow."

The bit over and above what we are obliged to perform counts most of all. Duty alone will never inspire that last, extra grind.

Only devotion backed by self-respect can win it. And such devotion comes only to those whose judgments are just, yet whose praise is willing, quick, and generous.

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Giving approval when and where it is due is the best way to prevent inferiority complexes from cropping up among your family, friends and employees.

Margraten Cemetery-Heroes' Resting Place

By ELIZABETH T. MEIJER

In the Southeastern part of Holland there is a piece of the country that juts out far to the South and into Belgium and Germany.

When you visit there it is sometimes hard to believe that you really are in Holland as the people seem much gayer and it is hard to understand them as their language is mixed with Belgian and German.

It is here near the very old and beautiful city of Maastricht that many of our American boys have found their last resting place.

At first there were as many as 20,000 or more, but now that so many have been brought back to the U.S., only about 9,000 remain, and part of the large farm that was set aside as a cemetery for them by the Dutch Government has been returned to its owner.

Rows Of 9,000 Crosses

Only bare bones of the skeletons were encased in coffins and sent to America. Polish prisoners were used to clear away decomposed materials and to prune them.

When you drive up the long lane that leads to the cemetery, you find the buildings and cottages housing the administration offices on the right.

On the left, row upon row of white crosses in a kind of star formation stretch out seemingly without end. It is a most impressive sight. In front of these crosses are beautiful flowerbeds and the American flags wave in the breeze as if they were forever saluting our brave boys.

On the front of the crosses are the names of the soldiers and their serial numbers are on the back. The crosses are soon to be replaced by monuments and a chapel will be built near the entrance.

Tender Care For

There were many lovely flowers still blooming there at the end of August when I was there, and it is a well kept, tenderly cared for spot. Many people who pass by in their cars stop for a moment to give silent homage to those boys who died for them.

I have seen other American cemeteries in Holland, but none as vast and impressive as Margraten.

If your boy is buried there, you can feel certain that nowhere else would he be more lovingly cared for.

He is resting in the soil of a country that is most grateful to him for his sacrifice.

The Happiest Person I Know

By The Rev. NOAH W. MOORE, JR.
Pastor, Tindley Methodist Temple
Philadelphia, Pa.

The happiest man I know, I found in our church. He is Joseph Bacon, of 23 N. Ruby st., Philadelphia.

I believe, also that he is the happiest man in the world.

He has no feet but he works every day, attends our church every Sunday and is a family man.

Mr. Bacon, despite his handicap, is out in all kinds of weather. When I first met him, he was not only a man without feet, but also a widower with six children, the oldest of whom was fourteen.

He has since, however, reared and educated his children, all of whom are doing well (one is an expert typist and another a supervisor in the government service).

Married Again

Also, he has courted and married the charming and fine Christian, Miss Lola Collier, to whom he has been happily married for the past 12 years.

He told me his story a day or two ago from his bed in the hospital where he was recuperating from an operation. It was his first real sickness in the 24 years following his near-fatal accident.

It was while working as a Leader for the Philadelphia Transportation Company that both of his legs were severed beneath the wheels of a streetcar.

For 17 long painful months he was laid up. The thought of being a helpless cripple for life, unable to provide for his family, worried him much and was almost the cause of his going to pieces.

It was during a moment of despair and depression that this very familiar verse of scripture commanded his thinking—"let not your heart be troubled . . . believe in God."

Burden Lifted

He decided there and then to try it. The moment the decision was made, he went on to tell me, a great burden was lifted from his troubled mind and his thinking—"let not your heart be troubled . . . believe in God." filled with peace, giving him the perfect assurance that he need not be afraid.

It was the impetus that he needed to go forward, courageous and unafraid.

Fitted with new artificial legs and discharged from the hospital, a kind and considerate Division Superintendent of the Transportation System gave him a position in his office where he worked steadily for 18 years until the retirement of the Division head.

It was then that the company decided to put him on disability. Joseph Bacon would not accept disability, nor did he want their sympathy or pity. He wanted, only, the opportunity to work and to earn a living.

He reminded company officials that he had been employed by the company for life, and looking them straight in the eye, he said, "I am not dead."

The general superintendent heard of his case and called him in to his office for an interview.

After hearing his story, he said to him, "Joe, can you work the Signal Tower at Juniper street?"

He said, "I can learn, but the steps are narrow and steep and without a rail."

The superintendent looked at him and said that he would have two rails put up if he needed them. Joseph Bacon said, "I need only one."

The very next day he was seen ascending the tower steps at Juniper street, pulling himself up by the bright, new, shining rail.

For the past four years he has worked daily until his recent illness, from which he is quickly recovering, and he will soon be back on the job in his old place.

Self-Reliance

Joseph Bacon has been a radiant peronality who believed not only in God, but in himself.

It is this unshakable faith and the will and determination to do, which has kept him going forward and made him a great success.

Go any day to the Subway-Surface Car Level at the Juniper Street Station and look up at the Tower and you will see a man weighing about 200 with, a broad face a beautiful smile and without feet, the happiest man in the world, Joseph Bacon.

Jack Johnson

Most misunderstood champion of them all
Here's the real story of a great fighter

Part Two

By Benjamin Adams

One stop in Johnson's travels was Boston, where he went to work in the stables of Back Bay society folk and experienced temporary tragedy in the form of a broken leg.

On recovery, friends made up a pot to ship him back to Galveston; and back there, a bit of 13 years old, Jack went to work on docks with tough, hard-boiled men who fought, shot craps, drank hard, and dripped not a drop of human kindness.

"I entered into their lives and occupations with as much energy as any of them," Johnson recalled.

He was forced into dock brawls and, despite his youth, he won his share of battles. Later he began the study of boxing "because it seemed necessary for me to learn something of the science in order to pit myself against the fighting groups with whom I associated," Jack said.

The key fight of his career came one day on a Galveston street, when he was attacked by an older and larger man, who perhaps was jealous of the reputation the Johnson youth was gaining around town.

Jack, however, didn't want to fight the guy —he was, in fact, scared. He was trying to "duck out" when his sister, Lucy, came along and commanded that he fight or else, pushing him toward his antagonist.

"There was nothing to do but fight," Jack said, "and I put all I had into it. The little that I had learned about boxing stood me in good stead, and after a mauling and pounding that lasted for several minutes, I finally won the fight."

Galveston was Texas and Texas, as you've probably herd, was the wild and woolly West. There always were men eager to test the reputations of others, be it either for speed of six-gun or hardness of punch or quickness in branding the calf.

So it was with Jack Johnson. The beating of one bully brought on another bully who wanted to see what this mere child had that made him so tough.

One day Jack got into an argument over dice money with the biggest bully on the docks. Again the foe was larger and older and meaner. But again young Johnson was the winner.

This sort of thing ended abruptly, however, when his father decided that Jack needed a change of scenery and associates. With no special plan in mind, but with the blessing of his parents, Jack went to Dallas and obtained a job as a carriage painter.

Kid Destiny went along, too, for it soon developed that Jack's boss, Walter Lewis, was an amateur boxer of local renown. Lewis soon learned of Jack's talent and encouraged him toward a professional career.

Jack was only 15 at the time, but he willingly boxed exhibitions with Lewis. Subsequently, other fighters were brought into Dallas for the Johnson - Lewis promotions and shortly before Jack was 16, he went back to Galveston to take on a local favorite, John Lee.

The ring was built in an open field, tickets were eagerly grabbed, and a large crowd settled down to watch the bout. It lasted 16 rounds, with Johnson winning handily.

This bout led to another battle with a bully. The opponent was one Dave Pierson, who called Johnson a "steel - pigeon" after he (Pierson) had been caught in a police raid on a dice game on Sunday morning.

Jack called Pierson a liar, tantamount to an invitation to a brawl. They fought, bare fists, in another boy-against-man go; Jack won; his reputation grew.

Shortly thereafter, a toughie named Bob Thompson came to Galveston, offering to pay anyone $25 who coud go four rounds with him. Jack took up the offer, barely lasting to earn the $25.

"It was the hardest earned money of my life," Jack said later, "and it was two weeks before I could go out to spend it, so great was the beating Thompson gave me."

Johnson worked the docks again for a short time, then decided to head North. He hopped a freight, stopping at Springfield, Ill., because of the erratic schedule of the trains.

Promoter Johnnie Connors, a prominent man in boxing, was impressed by Johnson's showing. He took the fighter to Chicago where, three days after their arrival, a bout was arranged with a popular Chicago pro known as Klondike.

They fought six rounds. Klondike beat Johnson, in his first real pro battle, but the latter interested fans enough for another look.

Johnson shows off his characteristic fighting pose.

Feeling fat with a pretty good purse from the fight with Klondike, Johnson, now 17, headed back to Springfield, where he promptly dropped his winnings on the ponies.

Back in Chicago in a few days, he took on several pugs to earn his expenses to New York City. On the way, he stopped in Pittsburgh, had a few bouts in the stockyards district, then kayoed a white opponent in five rounds.

He left the scene with his hat brimming full of dollars. Next stop: New York.

In New York, where he was visiting for the second time, Johnson landed a job as sparring partner for the original Joe Walcott and was quickly off for Boston, scene of the broken leg and work in society stables.

In his spare time, Jack arranged a match for himself with Harry Tuttle, who later became associated with the Detroit Tigers. He left Walcott to train in Bridgeport, Conn., but the sweat and roadwork was futile: Tuttle failed to keep the date. Perhaps he had heard something!

A true nomad, Johnson was soon back in Galveston. He had a few bouts, winning, then went to Hot Springs, Ark., where he had a few more, winning.

Back to Galveston, he beat Howard Pollar and Jim Scanlan of Pittsburgh. Then came another bout with Klondike, which Johnson won to reverse his previous loss.

He beat one Jack Lawler, then signed for his first battle with a nationally - known fighter, Jack Choynski, a—rugged customer who was never champion but who gave the champions a great deal of trouble.

The Johnson - Choynski bout ended, for the record books, as a three-round victory for Choynski, but the real victors were the police who stopped the battle and arrested both fighters on a charge of violating Texas' anti-boxing law. Later the law was stiffened to make prize fighting a felony.

Upon release from jail, Johnson headed North again, this time to Memphis, where he took on Klondike in a "rubber match" and won. Fighting small name boxers along the way, he traveled toward Denver, Colo.

There he met several well - known fighters, including Tom Sharkey. The Sharkey combine took Johnson to Cripple Creek, Colo., a fast mining town.

Jack kayoed a fighter named Mexican Pete in 20 rounds, but discovered that the promoters were on the rocks. Adding to his dilemma, his wife, neglected thus far but due for considerable comment, quit him.

Empty of stomach, he took a temporary job as a cook, obtained funds for his return to Denver, and convinced his wife that her leaving was all a mistake.

They reconciled, which appeared to be a good thing, for together they journeyed to Los Angeles, where Frank Corella took over the management of Johnson's affairs.

In San Francisco on March 31, 1902, Jack beat George Gardner in 20 rounds to become light heavyweight champion of the world.

While Johnson's meanderings appear to be without pattern or aim, excepting in the guidance of Kid Destiny, Johnson left an impression wherever he went and, despite the lethargy of communications, word was passed on that here was a guy who could fight more than a little.

In the next half - dozen years, Johnson fought often, although the competition became tougher and there was budding in the back of his mind the idea that he would like to be the world's first colored heavyweight champion.

In 1908, Johnson began devoting himself solely to the task of obtaining a title fight with the champion, Tommy Burns of Australia. With a new manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, he set out for London, fought a few bouts for a better "rep" in the British Empire.

He accepted a few music hall engagements (for he had discovered an interest in the entertainment world), and kept constant pressure on Burns.

After he beat Al McNamara, a British contender, and Ben Taylor, Johnson was thrilled to have Burns agree to a title fight at Sydney, New South Wales, on December 16, 1908.

Johnson immediately went to Australia, where he was warmly received but found Burns still a stubborn opponent, in spite of their agreement. For a time it appeared that a stalemate over the choice of a referee would cancel the fight.

Burns refused Johnson's choice and Johnson, suspicious that a colored man would not get a fair break unless he was careful, refused Burns' choice. But, finally, to assure himself a chance at the title, Johnson suggested that Burns' manager, McIntosh, serve as referee.

Johnson tried his hand at many occupations. Shown here with chorus girls in 1930 during his stint as an entertainer.

It was a strange suggestion, a distinct surprise to the Burns camp, so much so that McIntosh protested that he knew nothing of refereeing. But Johnson insisted, and it was agreed.

Thus, the whole show was in Burns' favor: the odds, the purse. $30,000 to $5,000; the hometown crowd, and the referee, who was also the champion's manager. What a setup!

But Burns was no match for the strong, confident fistic genius from Galveston, Texas. "That was one of the easiest of the more important fights of my career," Johnson said, adding:

"I was supremely glad I had attained the championship, but I kept this feeling to myself. I did not gloat over the fact that a white man had fallen. My satisfaction was only in the fact that one man had conquered another, and that I had been the conqueror."

Others were far less charitable; they made racial business of Johnson's win. A colored champion of the world just wouldn't do; a search for a "white hope," a skilled fighter who could whip Johnson and return the heavyweight title to its "rightful" place, was begun.

While Jack traveled, engaging in his favorite and well-paying between - fights pastime, theatre appearances, the search continued.

On October 16, 1909, Stanley Ketchel was put up as "the man" in a bout at Colma, Calif., and was quickly kayoed by Johnson. Ketchel never had a chance.

Finally, the white-hope pressure boys settled on a former champion, Big Jim Jeffries, as the savior of the white race in the prize ring. A stalwart giant of rock-like chin, bludgeoning fists, and amazing stamina, Jeffries had ruled the heavyweight roost then retired undefeated. (Burns had earned the title in a sort of elimination fight).

Surely Big Jeff was the man to give this Johnson his come-uppance. Promoters Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason offered a purse of $101,000 for Johnson and Jeffries to fight at San Francisco. Contracts were signed on February 1, 1910, at Hoboken, N.J. But eventually, the governor of California refused to sanction the fight, and it was moved to Reno, Nev., for July 4.

Continued Next Week

Ring Record

1903

Feb. 5	— Denver Martin, Los Angeles	W 20
Feb. 27	— Sam McVoy, Los Angeles	W 20
Apr. 16	— Sandy Ferguson, Boston	W 10
May 11	— Joe Butler, Philadelphia	KO 3
July 31	— Sandy Ferguson, Philadelphia	ND 6
Oct. 27	— Sam McVoy, Los Angeles	W 20
Dec. 11	— Sandy Ferguson, Colma, Cal.	W 20

1904

Feb. 15	— Black Bill, Philadelphia	ND 6
Apr. 22	— Sam McVoy, San Francisco	KO 20
June 2	— Frank Childs, Chicago	W 6
Oct. 16	— Denver Ed Martin, Los Angeles	KO 2