

CHRIST

A Preachment by Elbert Hubbard



THE HARTFORD LUNCH COMPANY

A LITTLE JOURNEY to a HARTFORD LUNCH

IF you are not already our patron, will reveal to you an art in cooking that you, perhaps, have never suspected in connection with the LUNCH business.

¶ The word "LUNCH," as combined with "HARTFORD," signifies more than pies, cakes and sandwiches, with tea and coffee on the side. It includes SUBSTANTIAL as well as DAINTY "dishes"—a "square meal," if you wish it, or a delightful, toothsome lunch.

¶ We dispense with all fuss and frills at the "HARTFORD."

¶ We specialize in our food.

¶ Everything we serve is a specialty; and is either baked in our own bakery or prepared in our own kitchens.

¶ We are experts in our line.

¶ We combine in our management years of experience in both the restaurant and the lunch business.

¶ Our methods, as you will observe, are progressive, and our equipment is the last word in efficiency.

¶ Our continued success bespeaks these assertions.

¶ Get the HARTFORD LUNCH HABIT—sanitary and sane!

FRANK B. WILLARD,
President Hartford Lunch Co.

¶ *Let no man know more of your specialty than you do yourself.—Elbert Hubbard.*

THRIFT

ELBERT HUBBARD'S
GREAT HOMILY ON THE
SAVINGS-BANK HABIT—THE
WHICH IS SAFE AND SANE
AS THE HARTFORD
LUNCH

*With a Pertinent Foreword
By F. B. Willard*



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By
The Roycrofters

FOREWORD

HARTFORD booklets are apparently well suited to popular taste. The editions are mounting steadily from month to month—in many cases we have been forced to get out two and three issues of a single booklet. That our efforts are appreciated is evidenced in the hundreds of letters we have received. Some of these are so enthusiastically commendatory as actually to make us blush—we are simply trying to scatter a little sunshine along the pathway of business, and if a ray or two lights up your face or causes your heart-strings to vibrate, we ask no other reward.

This month we make a departure from our

All-powerful money gives birth and beauty.—Horace.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

usual offering. In giving you Elbert Hubbard's essay on Thrift, we wish to say that we hold no brief for any man or institution; but in these days of unexampled prosperity, it were well for us to look ahead a little to see wherein we can anticipate the future, both for ourselves and for the great nation of which we form a part.

One great and yet very simple lesson that the Pan-European War is teaching us is the lesson of Thrift. America has the opportunity to become the wellspring of capital for the world. To my mind, it is almost a patriotic duty to make it clear that individual thrift must be the foundation on which to build an enduring financial structure, the materials for which can only come from millions of sober, thrifty people who spend less than they earn and wisely invest what they save.

In such a class Hartford people stand pre-eminent. Hartford patrons are strong, use-

Economy is a great revenue.—Cicero.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

ful, helpful, able men and women—men and women who are strong for the simple virtues for which there are no substitutes—industry, economy, truth, reciprocity, mutual-ity, co-operation.

If this great Hubbard classic appeals to your sense of the fitness of things, I shall be glad to have you help me pass the good word along.—F. B. WILLARD.

Here's to the housewife that's thrifty.—Sheridan.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

Elbert Hubbard said:

MOST anybody can do business fairly well. Many men can do business very well. A few can do business superbly well. But the man who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable, is an artist. ¶ And this applies to all and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory—writing, speaking, modeling, painting. It is that last indefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that **PROVES THE MAN A GENIUS.**

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THRIFT

THRIFT is a habit. ¶ A habit is a thing you do unconsciously or automatically, without thought. We are ruled by our habits. When habits are young they are like lion-cubs, soft, fluffy, funny, frolicsome little animals. They grow day by day. Eventually they rule you.

Choose ye this day the habit ye would have to rule over you. The habit of thrift is simply the habit which dictates that you shall earn more than you spend. In other words, thrift is the habit that provides that you shall spend less than you earn. Take your choice.

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HARTFORD PRICES and HARTFORD QUALITY spell THRIFT—to you, patrons.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

If you are a thrifty person you are happy. When you are earning more than you spend, when you produce more than you consume, your life is a success, and you are filled with courage, animation, ambition, good-will. Then the world is beautiful, for the world is your view of the world, and when you are right with yourself, all 's right with the world

THE habit of thrift proves your power to rule your own psychic self. You are captain of your soul. You are able to take care of yourself, and then out of the excess of your strength you produce a surplus.

Thus you are not only able to take care of yourself, but you are able to take care of some one else—of wife, child, father and mother, to lend a hand to sick people, old people, unfortunate people. This is to live.

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*We do not boast of "most for the money." Ours are
"QUALITY SHOPS."*

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

¶ The man who can not earn a living for himself is something less than a man. The man who can barely get a living and no more is little better than a barbarian or a savage.

“All wealth comes from labor applied to land,” said Adam Smith, who wrote a wonderful book on the subject of thrift.

¶ This book, *The Wealth of Nations*, was published in the same year that America's Declaration of Independence was signed. Buckle calls it, “the greatest book ever written in its influence for good, save none.”

In this book is the statement, “All wealth comes from labor applied to land.” Nowadays we say, “All wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land.” Let us say, “All wealth comes from loving labor applied to land.” The successful labor is loving labor.

THRIFT: Buying what you need, of the quality you need, at pleasing prices. That is "HARTFORD."
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand. He who is not thrifty is a slave to circumstance. Fate says, "Do this or starve," and if you have no surplus saved up you are the plaything of chance, the pawn of circumstance, the slave of some one's caprice, a leaf in a storm.

The surplus gives you the power to dictate terms, but most of all it gives you an inward consciousness that you are sufficient unto yourself.

Therefore, cultivate the habit of thrift, and the earlier you begin, the better. And no matter how old you are, or how long you have lived, begin this day to save something, no matter how little, out of your earnings.

 FF the beaten track of travel there is a country school, the typical little red schoolhouse.

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REMEMBER, we sell pies, cakes, sandwiches and a variety of other things for basket-lunches and home use.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

The teacher is a hunchback. Once he wrote : "I know nothing about the science of education. I just love my children, and we study together and work together." And so, out to one side of the school, in summertime, there is a school-garden where every child has a little flowerbed or vegetable-garden of its own.

The pupil plants the seed he wishes to plant, digs it up sometimes to see how it is coming along, waters it, hoes it, watches it sprout through the surface, wooed with the kisses of the summer sun.

He sees it grow and evolve into a beautiful plant, that produces a flower, perhaps, at the top, and an edible beneath the surface ☪ ☪

So last May in this garden the children were growing corn, potatoes, marigolds, sweet-williams, violets, and through this working out of doors instead of playing

*"YANKEE DONUTS," HARTFORD MADE,
from a private New England formula. Take a few
home, the wife and kiddies will like them.*

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

games all the time, the children were learning to economize time, to be saving of time, for time rightly used is the thing which, when it co-operates with love and labor, produces wealth and all the things necessary to life and well-being.

But on a last trip to that little red school-house, the teacher told of another innovation. It was this: A savings-bank account for each child in the school, a bank-book for each child who can deposit one cent or five cents!

Here was a lesson in economics. And economics is simply the science of business, and business is the science of human service 

Some day business is going to be regarded as the greatest science in the world, for it includes the science of making a living. And my little hunchback teacher recognized this fact, so he is teaching his

*The HARTFORD bill of fare is not "always the same."
We add new "dishes" every little while and change
others with the seasons. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.*

children the science of saving, and thrift will become, indeed, a habit with those children ☞ ☞

THE thrift habit is a sister to a good many other beautiful habits. Thrift implies industry, and of course thrift is economy, and economy means the care of things and their proper use. You do not waste anything that can be used. You save it, care for it, reserve it. In the country when we get more apples than we can store in the cellar, we peel them, slice them, dry them in the sun or in pans on the stove, and then the children string them with a thread and needle, and we hang them in a dry place in the garret where they can be used when we need them. Children in the country sometimes will preserve many pounds of apples this way and sell them, and buy clothing

Many kind friends have offered to pay for our booklets. The only reward we accept is your patronage at the "HARTFORD," and that is not compulsory.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

or books or a gramophone or slates or shoes 30 30

There is a factory in a country town where there are two hundred fifty employees, and every employee in that factory has a savings-bank account.

Thus this factory is a school run on a principle somewhat like that of the little red schoolhouse, where the little hunch-back teacher, with no children of his own, is yet the father and big brother to all of his pupils.

Children should early be taught the savings-bank habit. Such children will grow up—at least, most of them will—able, courageous, helpful, willing, and a few of them will evolve into strong and able people, leaders in any line of undertaking which they may select or which Fate may send.

Thrifty people, other things considered,

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The character of the HARTFORD BOOKLETS is not an attempt to disguise our advertising. We are seeking your patronage at the HARTFORD LUNCHES, and we are trying to make the message pleasing and worth while, like our LUNCHROOMS.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

have good health. Thrift implies that you do not overeat, that you sleep at least eight hours, that you go to bed early and get up early. Benjamin Franklin was right: "Time is money." Time is surely money when it is rightly used.

THE habit of thrift tends to give clear eyes, good digestion, efficient muscles. People on moderate salaries have no business to patronize taxicabs. Leave that to elderly people who can not easily board the street-car; also leave it to the people who have pride plus and who wear clothes they are afraid will get soiled so so

Young people, especially, should economize, always remembering that we should have everything we really need. It is folly to skimp in eating for the sake of saving, or to wear dowdy raiment. Have what

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There are no secrets to HARTFORD SUCCESS. We are simply supplying human wants in a pleasing manner, with our ear to the ground for criticism or praise.
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

you need, but do not buy things you do not need ~~so so~~

But there is a joy in going without things—a fine tang in eliminating the superfluous. Old Walt Whitman knew of this when he said: "Henceforth I will complain no more. Done with indoor repinings, strong and content I will take to the open road."

It's lovely to be able to walk, to run, to carry your own grip, to get along without flunkies, to eat moderately, sleep hard, breathe deeply, and look everybody in the eye with a look which says you can take care of yourself.

In the beating of the heart there is a secondary movement. We call these two movements systole and diastole. Every worthy action has this secondary effect, which is also good.

We know this secondary by the name of

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Berries, grapefruit, melons, baked apples, oranges, preserved fruits, look good at the "HARTFORDS."
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

“ survival value,” and survival value is the thing that endures after the act itself is complete.

There is a survival value in the habit of thrift. Besides the money you save you are adding strength to your character, you are digging trenches, building fortifications, laying in ammunition, and providing yourself against any attack from enemies, such as poverty, disease, melancholy, distrust, jealousy, insanity.

Ben Franklin is our greatest example of thrift. He wrote more on it and wrote better than any other man we know. He began practising thrift when he was twelve years of age, and he practised it and wrote on it all his life.

He became the richest man in America in his day, richest not only in money but in health, brains, sanity, good-cheer, influence. He was a scientist, a businessman,

BREAKFAST-FOODS in variety, with individual bottles of REAL CREAM, at moderate prices, delight our customers. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

a linguist, a diplomat and a philosopher. He always paid his way. He founded the University of Pennsylvania, founded the first public library in America, organized an insurance-company, pretty nearly captured the lightnings, invented spectacles, manufactured the first cook-stove, went to France and borrowed money on which Washington fought the War of the Revolution; and the basis of all the strength and excellence of Benjamin Franklin lay in the fact that very early in life he acquired the habit of thrift.

Shakespeare above all writers we know knew the value of thrift, not only thrift in the matter of money but in the matter of ideas, of working his thoughts up into good coin. He wrote out his thoughts, and thus got the habit of expressing them, and while he was a businessman and would not consider himself anything else, he yet lives

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We serve CREAM in individual bottles only—bottled at the dairy under board-of-health restrictions.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

for us as the greatest writer of all time. Thrift in thought will lead to the habit of writing, and any man who writes a little every day will become a good writer. We grow by doing. ¶ Well did Shakespeare say, "Thrift, Horatio, thrift!" implying that the young man Horatio should acquire the habit of thrift first, and then all else in the way of good things would follow. The girl or boy who acquires the habit of thrift early in life will be a power for good in any community. Thrift! It is the basis of all the other virtues. To spend less than you earn—this way lies happiness. Thrift! ☪ ☪

ANDⁿ so now, Therese, just to point a moral to this preachy preaching, I am going to relate to you a little story about a Boy from Missouri Valley, a story which has the unique distinction of being

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We are in close touch with the board of health, soliciting their suggestions and improving on them when possible.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

absolutely true—even if, as the story-books say, it did happen long ago.

Well, let me see, it was n't so very long ago, at that—only about twenty-three years. I was foreman of a factory, and he lived a thousand miles away, at Missouri Valley, Iowa. I was twenty-four, and he was fourteen. His brother was traveling for the Firm, and one day this brother showed me a letter from the lad in Missouri Valley. The missive was so painstaking, so exact, and revealed the soul of the child so vividly, that I laughed aloud—a laugh that died away to a sigh.

The boy was beating his wings against the bars—the bars of Missouri Valley—he wanted opportunity. And all he got was unending toil, dead monotony, stupid misunderstanding, and corn-bread and molasses 

There was n't love enough in Missouri

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Our transportation equipment is sanitary and up to date. Our automobiles reflect our methods.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

Valley to go 'round—that was plain. The boy's mother had been of the Nancy Hanks type—worn, yellow and sad—and had given up the fight and been left to sleep her long sleep in a prairie grave on one of the many migrations. The father's ambition had got stuck in the mud, and under the tongue-lash of a strident, strenuous, gee-haw consort, he had run up the white flag.

The boy wanted to come East.

It was a dubious investment—a sort of financial plunge, a blind pool—to send for this buckwheat midget. The fare was thirty-three dollars and fifty cents.

The proprietor, a cautious man, said that the boy was n't worth the money. There were plenty of boys—the alleys swarmed with them.

So there the matter rested.

But the lad in Missouri Valley did n't let

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If you have a prejudice against a LUNCHROOM, forget it! Like the safety-razor, it was hard to introduce, but came to stay, and we are nourishing many of the prejudiced ones of a few days ago.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

it rest long. He had been informed that we did not consider him worth thirty-three dollars and fifty cents, so he offered to split the difference. He would come for half—he could ride on half-fare—the Railroad Agent at Missouri Valley said that if he bought a half-fare ticket, got on a train, and explained to the conductor and everybody that he was 'leven, goin' on twelve, and stuck to it, it would be all right ; and he would not expect any wages until he had paid us back. He had no money of his own, all he earned was taken from him by the kind folks with whom he lived, and would be until noon of the day he was twenty-one years old. Did we want to invest sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents in him?

We waxed reckless and sent the money—more than that, we sent a twenty-dollar bill. We plunged !

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But wealth is a great means of refinement; and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties.—Ik Marvel.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

In just a week the investment arrived. He did not advise when he would come, or how. He came, we saw, he conquered. Why should he advise of his coming? He just reported, and his first words were the Duke's motto: "I am here."

He was unnecessarily freckled and curiously small. His legs had the Greek curve, from much horseback riding, herding cattle on the prairies; his hair was the color of a Tamworth pig; his hands were red; his wrists bony and briar-scarred. He carried his shoes in his hands, so as not to wear out the sidewalk, or because they aggravated sundry stone-bruises—I don't know which.

"I am here!" said the lad, and he planked down on the desk three dollars and twenty-five cents. It was the change from the twenty-dollar bill. "Did n't you

It takes brains to make money, but any dumfool can inherit.—Hubbard.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

have to spend any money on the way here?" I asked.

"No, I had all I wanted to eat," he replied, and pointed to a basket that set on the floor *se se*

I called in the Proprietor, and we looked the lad over. We walked around him twice, gazed at each other, and adjourned to the hallway for consultation.

The boy was not big enough to do a man's work, and if we set him to work in the factory with the city boys, they would surely pick on him and make life for him very uncomfortable. He had a half-sad and winsome look that had won from our hard hearts something akin to pity. He was so innocent, so full of faith, and we saw at a glance that he had been overworked, underfed—at least misfed—and underloved. He was different from other boys—and in spite of the grime of travel,

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People who do not spend their money until they get it are the only ones who are really on a solid footing.

—Hubbard.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

and the freckles, he was pretty as a ground-squirrel.

His faith made him whole : he won us ~~so~~
But why had we brought him to the miserable and dirty city—this grim place of disillusionment ! “ He might index the letter-book ? ” I ventured. “ That ’s it, yes, let him index the letter-book. ” So I went back and got the letter-book. But the boy’s head only came to the top of the stand-up desk, and when he reached for the letter-book on the desk he had to grope for it. I gave him my high=stool, but this was too low.

“ I know what to do, ” he said. Through the window that looked from the office to the shipping-room, he had spied a pile of boxes. “ I know what to do ! ” ~~so so~~

In a minute he had placed two boxes end to end, nailed them together, clinched the

The man who says, “ Money is n’t everything, ” probably is in arrears to his landlady.—Hubbard.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

nails, and carried his improvised high-stool into the office.

“ I know what to do ! ”

And he usually did ; and does yet.

We found him a boarding-place with a worthy widow whose children had all grown big and flown. Her house was empty, and so was her mother-heart : she was like that old woman in *Rab*, who was placed on the surgeon's table and given chloroform, and who held to her breast an imaginary child, and crooned a lullaby to a babe, dead thirty years before.

So the boy boarded with the widow and worked in the office.

He indexed the letter-book—he indexed everything. And then he filed everything—letters, bills, circulars. He stamped the letters going out, swept the office, and dusted things that had never been dusted before. He was orderly, alert, active,

A dollar in the bank is worth two in the bucket.

Hubbard.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

cheerful, and the Proprietor said to me one day, "I wonder how we ever got along without that boy from Missouri Valley!" ~~so so~~

Six months had passed, and there came a day when one of the workmen intimated to the Proprietor that he better look out for that red-headed office-boy.

Of course, the Proprietor insisted on hearing the rest, and the man then explained that almost every night the boy came back to the office. He had seen him. The boy had a tin box and letter-books in it, and papers, and the Lord knows what not!

Watch him!

The Proprietor advised with me because I was astute—at least he thought I was, and I agreed with him.

He thought Jabesh was at the bottom of it.

¶ Jabesh was our chief competitor. Jabesh

It is just as much fun to put fifty dollars in a Savings-Bank as to buy fifty thousand dollars' worth of railroad bonds.—Hubbard. HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

had hired away two of our men, and we had gotten three of his. "Jabe," we called him in derision—Jabe had gotten into the factory twice on pretense of seeing a man who wanted to join the Epworth League or Something. We had ordered him out, because we knew he was trying to steal our "process." Jabe was a rogue—that was sure.

Worse than that, Jabe was a Methodist. The Proprietor was a Baptist, and regarded all Methodists with a prenatal aversion that swung between fear and contempt. The mere thought of Jabe gave us gooseflesh. Jabesh was the bugaboo that haunted our dreams. Our chief worry was that we would never be able to save our Bank-Balance alive, for fear o' Jabe s—
"That tarnashun Jabe has hired our office-boy to give him a list of our customers—he is stealing our formulas, I

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

know," said the Proprietor. "The cub's pretense of wanting a key to the factory so he could sweep out early was really that he might get in late."

Next day we watched the office-boy. He surely looked guilty—his freckles stood out like sunspots, and he was more bow-legged than ever.

The workman who had given the clue, on being further interrogated, was sure he had seen Jabe go by the factory twice in one evening.

That settled it.

At eight o'clock that night we went down to the factory. It was a full mile, and in an "objectionable" part of the town. There was a dim light in the office. We peered through the windows, and sure enough, there was the boy hard at work writing. There were several books before him, a tin box and some papers. We

A penny saved is two-pence clear,

A pin a day's a groat a year.—Benj. Franklin.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

waited and watched him copy something into a letter-book.

We withdrew and consulted. To confront the culprit then and there seemed the proper thing. We unlocked the door and walked softly in.

The boy was startled by our approach, and still more by our manner. When the Proprietor demanded the letter that he had just written, he began to cry, and then we knew we had him.

The Proprietor took the letter and read it. It was to Jimmy Smith in Missouri Valley. It told all about how the writer was getting on, about the good woman he boarded with, and it told all about me and about the Proprietor. It pictured us as models of virtue, excellence and truth.

¶ But we were not to be put off thus. We examined the letter-book, and alas! it was filled only with news-letters to sundry

cousins and aunts. Then we dived to the bottom of the tin box, still in search of things contraband. All we found was a little old Bible, a diary, and some trinkets in the way of lace and a ribbon that had once been the property of the dead Nancy Hanks ☛ ☛

Then we found a Savings-Bank Book, and by the entries saw that the boy had deposited one dollar every Monday morning for eleven weeks. He had been with us for six months, and his pay was two dollars a week and board—we wondered what he had done with the rest! ☛ ☛

We questioned the offender at length. The boy averred that he came to the office evenings only because he wanted to write letters and get his 'rithmetic lesson. He would not think of writing his personal letters on our time, and the only

*Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdome.—Herrick.*
HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

reason he wanted to write at the office instead of at home, was so he could use the letter-press. He wanted to copy all of his letters—one should be businesslike in all things.

The Proprietor coughed and warned the boy never to let it happen again. We started for home, walking silently but very fast.

The stillness was broken only once, when the Proprietor said: "That consarned Jabe! If ever I find him around our factory, I 'll tweak his nincompoop nose, that 's what I will do."

Twenty-three years! That factory has grown to be the biggest of its kind in America. The red-haired boy from Missouri Valley is its manager. Emerson says, "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man." *s.*

The Savings-Bank Habit came naturally

to that boy from Missouri Valley. In a year he was getting six dollars and board, and he deposited four dollars every Monday. In three years this had increased to ten, and some years after, when he became a partner, he had his limit in the Bank. The Savings-Bank Habit is not so bad as the Cab. Habit—nor so costly to your thinkery and wallet as the Cigarette Habit ●● ●●

I have been wage-earner, foreman and employer. I have had a thousand men on my payroll at a time, and I'll tell you this: The man with the Savings-Bank Habit is the one who never gets laid off: he's the one who can get along without you, but you can not get along without him. The Savings-Bank Habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. The most healthful thing I know of is a Savings-

For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.—Shakespeare.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

Bank Book—there are no microbes in it to steal away your peace of mind. It is a guarantee of good behavior.

The Missouri Valley boy gets twenty-five thousand a year, they say. It is none too much. Such masterly men are rare; Rockefeller says he has vacancies for eight now, with salaries no object, if they can do the work.

That business grew because the boy from Missouri Valley grew with it, and he grew because the business grew. Which is a free paraphrase from Macaulay, who said that Horace Walpole influenced his age because he was influenced by his age. Jabesh has gone on his Long Occasion, discouraged and whipped by an unappreciative world. Jabe never acquired the Savings-Bank Habit. If he had had the gumption to discover a red-haired boy from Missouri Valley, he might now be

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Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

—Shakespeare.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

sporting an automobile on Delaware Avenue instead of being in Abraham's Bosom *so so*

We shall all be in Abraham's Bosom day after tomorrow ; and then I 'll explain to Jabesh that no man ever succeeded in a masterly way, excepting as he got level-headed men with the Savings-Bank Habit to do his work. Blessed is that man who has found somebody to do his work.

There is plenty of iron pyrites, but the Proprietor and I know Pay-Gravel when we see it.

I guess so !

THROUGH suggestions and criticisms of our discerning customers we have grown. We solicit these opinions and have a keen ear to criticism. In order to get these messages of good will (it's our friends that censure) direct to the G. M., we supply each store with **BLANKS** for suggestions, complaints and criticisms.

☞ If there is anything in your mind, concerning our business, that you think the manager should know, please ask the counterman for a **BLANK** and an **ADDRESSED ENVELOPE**, write your message without fear or hesitation, hand it to the counterman sealed, and you are in direct touch with headquarters instanter.

"The reward of a good deed is having done it."

We help ourselves only as we help others.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

John P. Quinn, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.—Byron.

HARTFORD LUNCH CO.

LOCATIONS

1544 Broadway

1939 Broadway

2232 Broadway

2375 Broadway

2837 Broadway

3381 Broadway

3772 Broadway

122 West 42nd Street

984 Eighth Avenue

530 Willis Avenue (Bronx)

612 West 181st Street

79 West 23rd Street

40 East 23rd Street

127 Lenox Avenue

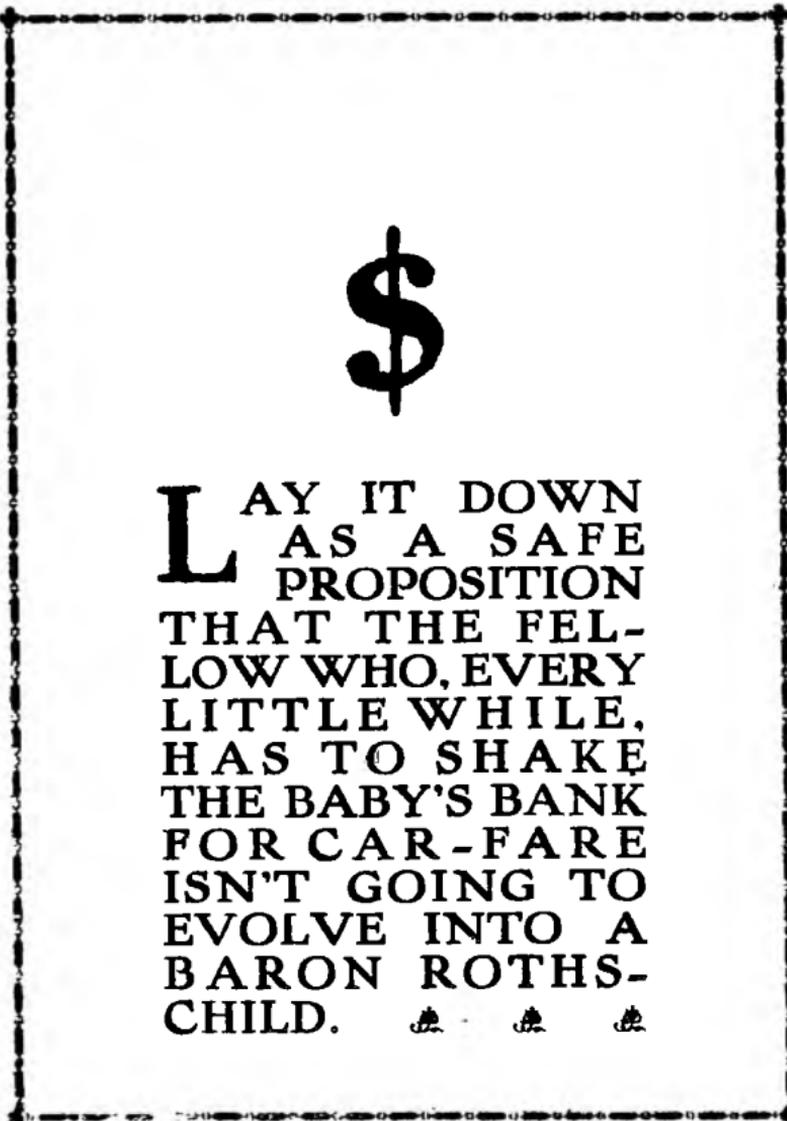
Printing Crafts Building

Eighth Avenue and 33rd St.

Offices and Bakery

360-364 West 50th Street

NEW YORK



\$

LAY IT DOWN
AS A SAFE
PROPOSITION
THAT THE FEL-
LOW WHO, EVERY
LITTLE WHILE,
HAS TO SHAKE
THE BABY'S BANK
FOR CAR-FARE
ISN'T GOING TO
EVOLVE INTO A
BARON ROTHS-
CHILD.   