

The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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THE ART OF MONEY-GETTING.

Barnum's Advice and Practical Suggestions to Persons Desirous of Achieving Fortunes.

THE DANGER OF SUDDEN GOOD FORTUNE.

Men should not engage in a business that they don't understand. You will find in every city men who have made fortunes suddenly and rapidly, and you will find many of those bankrupt. The reason is, when they got rich they were patted on the back, and told that they could not touch anything but that it turned to gold. He had been induced to venture all that he had to make another fortune in a business of which he knew nothing, and the consequence was he lost it all. In such a business he becomes like Samson shorn of his locks—like other men. He fritters away his fortune, because he engages in what commercial men call "outside transactions." A man might invest a thousand dollars, on the principle that it would not hurt him to lose it, but a man who trusts his all in anything he does not understand, will generally be a victim to these outside operations.

Men should not endorse notes for others without security. A man who gets into the habit of lending his name without security, will find after a while that it really becomes a habit, and the friend who comes to be endorsed gets the money. From the fact that this friend gets the money so easily, he is induced to enter into speculations, and is ruined. Frequently men are ruined because their friend was so good as to lend him his name.

TEACH CHILDREN A TRADE.

Every child should be taught a trade. The Germans are right in their idea that every male and female should be taught some profession, so that in case of adversity they could fall back upon their own ability to support themselves. In this country, particularly, it is important that every man, however wealthy, should put his children in a position so that, in case of unlooked-for adversity, they can be able to support themselves by their own ability. Many would have been saved from disgrace if they had been taught some trade.

It is said a man must make his money before he is forty years of age. It is a mistake. Mr. Astor was more than forty before he made that thousand dollars. Mr. Girard was forty years of age before he became a millionaire. The original Rothschild was more than forty years old before he became a rich man. When a man gets to be forty-five he begins to lose his vim, but no man should despair simply because he is advanced in years. Youth is undoubtedly the time for exertion, but it is never too late.

ADVERTISE YOUR TRADE.

First be sure you manufacture and sell a good article, and then advertise it. I suppose that judicious advertising is just about the surest means of success in the world, if a man has a good article. If a man has an article for sale, some one must know it before he can sell; and if the article is worth the money, and the purchaser gets the value of his investment, each person who trades there becomes a walking advertisement in his favor. But don't let any man make this mistake, that any amount of advertising, however elaborate, will succeed permanently if the article advertised is spurious. People are not so easily taken in as some suppose. Every one will denounce you as an impostor and swindler, if they obtain not their equivalent. If the article is good, advertise. The farmer plants his vegetables and sows his ground, but while he sleeps his crops are growing; and the whole philosophy of life is, first sow, and then reap. That applies with great force to advertising. In this country, where papers have a daily circulation of 20,000, 50,000 and 70,000 copies, we are foolish if we do not advertise our wares; and if we don't advertise, the sheriff will do it for us by and bye. A man had better do it himself than by proxy. Advertising is like learning—a little is a dangerous thing.

ADVERTISE LIBERALLY.

We must do it liberally. The first insertion people do not see it, the second they merely glance at it, the third insertion they read it, the fourth they look at the price, the fifth they are ready to purchase, the sixth they speak to their wives, and the seventh they purchase. That is as often as a man will buy under an ordinary advertisement. You must let the people know all about you, where you live, and what you do; and when your customers come, give them a full equivalent, and you will be sure to succeed, other things being all right. Some people have the ingenuity to so arrange an advertisement as to arrest attention at first sight. In that case the first insertion will answer the purpose. I remember an anecdote

which brings your city of Brotherly Love in the story.

HOW THE HOREHOUND CANDY WAS ADVERTISED.

It is said some twenty-three years ago there was a man named Pease, who made fifty thousand dollars by selling Pease's Horehound Candy, at twenty-five cents a package. You could not take up a newspaper without you would stumble on Pease's Horehound Candy. Just about this time the troubles occurred in Rhode Island, and the municipal elections were coming off in this city. Politicians were beginning to pull wires. Some of them went to Joe, who had been used to stirring up the subterranean with a long pole and a whiskey jug on the end of it, to get him to work for their party. "I am not of your party," said he; "I shall go over to the other party, if you don't give me justice." "What do you want?" asked one. "I want an office," said Joe. "An office!" cried the other with astonishment—Joe being a ragged, profane and vulgar fellow. "Well, what do you want?" "I want to be made Alderman," answered Joe. "Alderman!" answered the other with surprise, for it was at a time when there really was some little respectability attached to that office. "Very well, Joe, we'll put you on the ticket," and he was elected. In a short time he had his office, and his business was to sit in judgment on cases where little debts were brought before him, because imprisonment for debt existed in those days, and parties would sooner give three or four dollars and costs rather than go to jail. The costs went into the Alderman's pocket, and he did a thriving business.

Just about this time the Legislature passed a law that there should not be imprisonment for any sum less than five dollars. This law knocked away the props that supported him. At this he was indignant. He stood out in front of the house, and speaking to a friend, said, "Do you see what these Tories have been doing? They have passed an unconstitutional law, robbing me of my rights. How can I support my family if I cannot imprison a man for a debt of less than five dollars? It is unconstitutional. My father fought and bled in the Revolutionary War, and do you suppose I am to be robbed in this way? You will see blood running in the streets." Just then a newsboy passed, and the enraged Alderman asked, "What are those Tories doing at Harrisburg?" and reading of blood running in the streets of Rhode Island, of father being arrayed against father, and son against son; "Yes," said the Alderman, "and you will see blood running in the streets of Philadelphia." "Is there no remedy?" "Of course not, except they hang them." "Yes there is," answered the other. "What is it?" "Buy two packages of Pease's horehound candy." Of course it is only necessary to read that advertisement once. In this way he started this kind of sensation advertising and made a fortune.

EXAMPLE OF THE LONDON PHYSICIAN.

Now, some people hesitate to advertise, and certainly clergymen should not advertise as showmen should; for instance, it would not look well for them to send advertising vans through the city, preceded by a band of music. It would do well for some kinds of business. One celebrated physician in London acquired immense practice and made a fortune by being called out from church frequently during the various services. Dr. Radcliffe, by a curious advertising measure, commenced a practice that realized him a fortune, and when he died he left £80,000. On first coming to London he could not get practice. He felt he had something in him; finally he said, "I dressed my servant in elegant livery and got him to stand in Bond street, Piccadilly, etc., where the carriages of noblemen passed, and to anxiously look in the carriage and ask, 'Is Dr. Radcliffe in this carriage?' 'Who is Dr. Radcliffe?' they would ask; 'It must be some other nobleman,' the servant would answer, retiring. It was not three months before his servant had his head in the carriage of every nobleman in London. The consequence was when his lordship got sick he sent for Dr. Radcliffe, employed him, found him a capital physician, and he succeeded.

WHAT IS HUMBUG?

Some men are afraid to advertise dashing, which is necessary very frequently, lest somebody might call them a humbug. Very likely they would. I rather think they would. But after all, that is not the worst thing in life. Suppose, for instance, you should have your house broken into and robbed of your jewels. You would not attribute that to humbug. No, this is burglary. The passing of counterfeit money is not attributable to the humbug. That is the

work of the forger. Suppose you have your pockets picked any more than you have already, you would not attribute the latter part to any body but the pick-pocket! But, on the contrary, suppose two eminent physicians should be seen driving down Chestnut street, one in his gig, and the other equally skilled going down with a coach and four covered with placards and handbills, and announcing his profession, etc. That would be a humbug. Humbug is arresting attention in some out-of-the-way way. The man who had inscribed in large capitals on the Pyramids of Egypt, "Try Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand," foresaw that every Englishman who went there would be indignant at this, and they would write back to the Times, as every Englishman will when he discovers anything wrong, that this outrageous Goth had sent some one down there to write "Try Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand" on the Pyramids. The Times published it, and the papers copied it, and it was an advertisement for him. They tried the blacking and found it a superior article, and he made his fortune.

GENIN, THE HATTER, BUYS A \$225 TICKET, AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

When that angelic creature, Jenny Lind, made her first appearance, and tickets were sold at auction for the first concert, amounting to \$17,000 or \$18,000, there was an acute fellow, a hatter, named Genin, who gave \$225 for the first seat. The next day every paper announced that Genin, the hatter, paid that much for the first ticket, and the consequence was he made a large fortune from this notoriety. There was a man in Paris by the name of Mangin, who sold lead pencils. He would go out with his pencil on his head, and decorated with ostrich feathers, etc., until he was surrounded by visitors. The first thing he would say was, "I am Mangin, the great humbug of France." "Now," says he, "I commenced five years ago in a shop, but could not succeed. Since, I have sold millions of these pencils for ten cents each." He amassed an immense fortune. It was announced he had died leaving 800,000 francs for charitable purposes. Three months afterwards up he came again, showing that this announcement was only another advertisement, and he sold double the pencils he ever did.

BARNUM HAS BEEN CALLED A HUMBUG.

I beg you not to be alarmed when I remind you that your humble servant has long been considered the most arrant humbug of the present age. I assure you that it is without the slightest mixture of egotism that I thus refresh your memories. As a humbug my name has been sent to the uttermost parts of the earth. Magazines have made me the subject of sermons, and my name has been frequently used to

"Point a moral or adorn a tale."

My name has been associated with many humbogs, dwarfs and giants, oriental palaces, elephants, the mermaid, woolly horse, and in fact, with the exception of the great sea serpent, with all that is strange and abnormal in existence; and I don't give up that sea serpent—I am after him yet. But I confess that I have overrun cities with monster placards, with advertising vans and handbills, and all sorts of plans to arouse

PUBLIC ATTENTION!

but I would not have you suppose I am so poor a student of human nature, that I ever thought a man could succeed by imposing on the public! I could show you that Tom Thumb was a great curiosity; that the woolly horse was a great freak of Nature; and all these matters were simply so many skyrockets thrown out to bring the people to see the Museum in the city of New York, that everybody acknowledges to be cheap at 25 cents, children half-price.

HOW THE AMERICAN MUSEUM WAS MADE TO PAY.

That American Museum I bought twenty years ago, because the owner had died, he having made a fortune because there was no other museum there. He had been dead two years. His daughter did not advertise. It was losing money. People would look at the sign, "American Museum," call it fine building, and pass on. They would look at it as they would look on a monument, with about the same idea of going into it. The expenses were \$40, and it didn't pay that. Finding there was really a great collection of curiosities, that only needed the public should know of to insure patronage, I bought it, and every quarter of a dollar I could take in there I laid out in advertising. I immediately took the money to the newspaper offices, got out handbills, and the people came in wonderfully, and the quarters accumulated so fast I scarcely could imagine how to lay them out in advertising.

BONNER SPENDING \$30,000 A DAY IN ADVERTISING.

After exhausting my ingenuity in the way of handbills and placards and advertisements, I thought I had advertised enough when I spent \$300 a day in that way. Bonner, of the New York Ledger, said I led him in advertising. He has beaten me and everybody else out of sight. He has expended at one time, in five different daily papers of the United States, \$6,000 in each paper, making \$30,000 in each day's advertising, with three lines repeated, and taking four pages at once. He says the more he advertises the more he makes. I was advertising to a great extent, and then asked what else I could do. I got a band of music—the most horrid music you ever heard—and I advertised I had hired two bands of music, one played two hours and the other played two hours, and that they played for nothing. But I don't suppose anybody went there to hear that music; they paid a quarter to get in, where they could not hear it. It was worth more than that to get away from the music. When a person advertises to give you something for nothing you will get cheated. You can never please a dead-head. It is harder to please a dead-head than to please those who pay for admission. There were quite a number of windows, and I asked what it would cost to put a large oil painting between each of these, representing animals and birds? So many hundred dollars and so many weeks. I got the artist to take Cuvier's works, and to copy the picture of every animal or bird that ever was created. In fact, I told the painters they might throw in three or four animals that never were created. He came and told me the job was finished. I looked at it and was satisfied. There were some animals there that would have puzzled Cuvier. However, we got thirty men to work all one night and put them up. When people came down Broadway next day, they didn't know what it all meant. Some thought the animals had broken loose in the night. Many paid their quarters and rushed in to see how it looked.

THE FOURTH OF JULY EXHIBITION.

When the first Fourth of July came after I had spent so many thousands of dollars in arresting the public attention, many people, who had said before, "I will go there when I get time," came, and by about twelve o'clock, I found myself in the fifth story, the house being crammed to suffocation. Although I have experienced all sorts of sensations, I don't remember ever feeling so perfectly humble as I did when I looked out at that fifth story window and saw from three to five thousand persons waiting there, who could not get in, each with a quarter in his pocket! You can fancy my feelings on that occasion. In perfect despair, seeing the money I was about to lose, I rushed to my carpenter, and got him to cut through the partition and put up a temporary flight of stairs in Ann street, to let my customers march out in that way. By that means we saved two hundred persons, but there still was great loss. In the following March, the Irish population said they were coming there in large numbers on St. Patrick's day in the morning. I gave orders to have the egress ready, hoping to save all the quarters this day. An old lady had some small children with her, and at twelve o'clock the room was jammed to suffocation, with several thousand persons waiting outside. I told the Irish lady that she could take her "dear little creatures" away from the danger through the new door. "Sure an' I'm not going an'," said she, "I've brought my dinner, an' it's going to stay all day I am!" I discovered, to my dismay, that all I had brought their dinners! Several thousands were waiting outside in despair. I ran to my printer, and got him to print the word

"EGRESS!"

on the new flight of stairs. They came around in that direction, my patrons, and seeing the word "egress" printed there, said, "Sure an' that's an animal we have not seen!" For the purpose of seeing it, they descended the stairs, and were thus landed outside. They found the animal in the street. By that means we were enabled to accommodate all the people that day. It shows the importance of advertising.

THE PLOWING ELEPHANT.

By taking my elephant up to my farm of one hundred acres, only seven of which were in sight of the railroad, I supposed he might be made an advertisement for my museum. I set him to plowing on those seven acres, and, as I kept him at work three months, he must have ploughed it about six hundred and seventy-three times. The people in the cars saw it all, and said Barnum must have a vast variety of animals if he can afford to have his

plowing done by an elephant! Persons would go fifty miles to see the museum, and when they returned home, if they could not give an exact description of the animals they saw, they were considered ninny. Once I offered a reward for the discovery of a person who had never been in Barnum's Museum, and could not find one.

BE CAREFUL TO BE POLITE.

People lose business by being mean, cold and impolite to customers. Be careful, then, to be polite. That is the way to succeed in life. It is ridiculous to go to this expense, and then drive customers away by being uncivil. When you are making money, don't boast of it. No man can make anything by divulging his family secrets. Never say anything about your business. If you make money and tell of it, some one will set up opposition to it. Jacob Parker, a rich man, a Quaker, and still living, was esteemed a man of integrity, but he had one principle—never to divulge the details of his business. On one occasion he had a large ship full of silks on its way to America, and he went to an insurance office to have it insured. The President was a Quaker, and I must say that though no class of men stand higher, as regards good principles, yet it is said by other business men when two Quakers get together there is some sharp practice. Mr. Parker said, "I want to insure my ship, what is the price?" "Why Jacob," said the other, "thy ship is here." "It might not be the same, and maybe something has occurred." "Well, Jacob, we'll insure thy ship for so many thousand dollars; I will send the policy up." A week after Parker learned that the ship and cargo were lost, and were lying at the bottom of the sea. He told a clerk to go and bring him the policy, not telling him anything about the ship. There was no policy there. It had never been sent. Jacob then sent word to the President: "If thou hast not made out a policy for that ship, never mind; I have heard from my ship." The President's memory was quickened, and he sent a note by the boy—"Thou art too late; I send the policy by the bearer." Nobody ever gained anything by revealing business secrets. Goethe says, "Never write a letter, nor destroy one." Business men should write letters, but should simply state their business clearly. Conversation and letters should include as little about business as possible.

CHARITY IS PROFITABLE.

Men should be charitable. As a matter of policy, if from no higher motive, men should be charitable. A man who is mean and miserly, and close and parsimonious, is most repulsive; whereas a man who is known to be open hearted, and of a generous disposition, ready to help his friends, is just the man you want to deal with. Every avenue of success is open to him. I remember a friend of mine in New York who says, "I can make more money by being charitable than in any other way. If I meet a poor man in the street, I hand out a dollar. It does him a dollar's worth of good and me a dollar's worth of good, and there are two dollars from one." When Dean Swift preached a sermon for the nobility, the congregation asked for a short sermon for some charitable purpose, for fear the nobility would not like a long one. He got up and stated to the congregation the object of his sermon. "Now," said he, "my text reads thus—He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Now, brethren and sisters, you have heard the object of the meeting, and if you like the security, down with the dust. Amen."

This friend of mine says there is no passage in Scripture which he likes so well as this:—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall come back to thee—buttered." I have no doubt that was the real meaning of the text. The old miser on his deathbed advises his friends to "get money; honestly, if you can, but get money." It was as much as to say, if you find it difficult to get money honestly, get it dishonestly. Honesty is the best policy. The State prison is the place where persons bring up who work on the false principle. Some men in business say, "I am tolerably honest—as the world goes,—but, of course I cannot be right up and down in business, when there is so much competition." Such men avail themselves of all the tricks of trade, and finally perform acts they would at first shudder at.

I will conclude by saying I hope our time has not been altogether lost in considering that art conservative of all other arts, "The art of getting and keeping money."

An Irishman lately fought a duel with his most intimate friend because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt on his back.

Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column should be addressed to "The Alleghanian."]

THE MISSION OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—We must educate. It is not optional with us, but a dire necessity. If every man's hand held a sword, the entrusted power would be no greater than when he holds a ballot. The American citizen must have intelligence, or he is not fit to exercise his privileges of citizenship. If we foster ignorance, we create a class who will be the dupes of demagogues, the victims of prejudice, and the slaves of passion. It will be our ruin to have any great portion of our community incapable of discerning issues, or filled with that blind, headstrong zeal which ignorance engenders. It is often urged, either covertly or openly, that intelligence belongs of necessity to the few, and that the mass of mankind, from the nature of things, must live in comparative ignorance. In this is considerable truth, but it is not all truth. It is true that the majority of mankind cannot be philosophers, nor poets, nor can they have what we call scholastic education. But are these things necessary to make an intelligent man? We think not. That men should be skilled in languages of past generations, or that they be learned in science, is well. These things are more than adornments, but they are not requisites. On the other hand, there is no reason whatever why he who holds the plow or hammers on the anvil, should not be a man of intelligence, knowing his duty as a citizen and as a Christian. Thereby the one will till his land better, and raise superior and larger crops, and the other will more neatly forge his iron. There is an idea in the world that labor and education are incompatible—that he who labors should be a child of ignorance. It is a false notion. The true measure of a man's status is not his calling, while that calling is an honorable one. We have known noblemen who drove a dray, and plebeians that wore purple. We would not reverse the order of society.—Only a few can sit in the high places. We would, however, discard the idea that culture should be attained only for the sake of distinction. Happiness does not flow from the world into the heart, but from the heart out to the world. It is doubtful if any man has been made happy by all the honors that wealth and position could crowd on him. These things dazzle the eye and tickle our vanity, but they will not satisfy the soul, nor give ease to the heart. Culture, then, should be attained, that the mind may revel in its own thoughts, enjoy its own existence. Hence, as happiness is the great end for which we live, and as culture of the mind leads to happiness, all men should receive the greatest amount of education which it is possible in the nature of things to give them. There are two reasons, then, why we should educate. First, that we may have good and capable citizens; and, second, that we may have happy homes.

Our next County Institute is to be held at Summitville, the highest point of the Allegheny Mountains. There are, perhaps, a dozen houses at Summitville, and, of course, poor accommodations for those who attend the Institute. We would almost as soon have thought of having the next meeting ten feet outside of creation as at Summitville. We shall have more to say on this subject again.