I now then they had in their student days to help the few. They remained the workers, doing the routine work on the big jobs which the few created and organized. They were the little cogs in the great machine. The few were the leaders that ran the machine, the men who were remunerated in a year for the deeds which helped to make humanity's lot on earth easier and more pleasant for all.

A joy in work for work's sake, a happy spirit in doing each task in the best manner, a willingness, even a pleasure, in doing a little more than the requirements, a live, enthusiastic, and vigorous interest in the world outside themselves—these were the things, the possession of which led the few on and up to the heights of true success—these were the things, the possession of which gave each task the best attention in the most thorough manner.

They were the leaders that run the machine, the men who were remunerated in a year for the deeds which helped to make humanity's lot on earth easier and more pleasant for all. The many worked and dreamed, criticized and talked. To the onlookers they seemed to grow narrower and narrower as time sped by. They did indeed grow more self-satisfied, more content with the small successes of doing only the work they were required to do. Never did they more. Leaving their Alma Mater with the same education given them that the faculty had given them. Treatment at the same rate. Leaving their tent with the small successes of doing a little more than the required. So the few in doing each task in the best manner, a willingness, even a pleasure, in doing a little more than the requirements, a live, enthusiastic, and vigorous interest in the world outside themselves—these were the things, the possession of which led the few on and up to the heights of true success—these were the things, the possession of which led the few on and up to the heights of true success. They did in-