

Foreword

on a golden salver, for he is now a professor in the gentle arts of Peace and Plenty.

If you will recall the definition of Ambassador as set down in the dictionaries, it signifies an envoy of the highest rank sent by one government to another for the advantage of both. If there is anybody in the world who knows more about diplomacy than the men who sell things, knows more of dexterity, skill, and tact, more of the art of conducting negotiations, I will cheerfully waive the title of Ambassador and return to those of Travelling Man and Drummer.

But, even then, is not every salesman worthy the name, an envoy of the highest rank sent by one house to another?

Herald, then, the Commercial Ambassador! He is the herald and harbinger of the good things in the world — all of them. When he stops bumping the ties hotels will hang out "To Let" signs, railroads will have salt-watered stock, and store-keepers everywhere will raise cobwebs in their shop-windows. He keeps going — and he keeps all the rest going. He is the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

What, then, of the man who sends back the Ambassador's card by an office-boy, who turns his back upon him, who curtly refuses him a look-in? Such a man fails absolutely to safeguard the interests