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VOL. 3



No. 7

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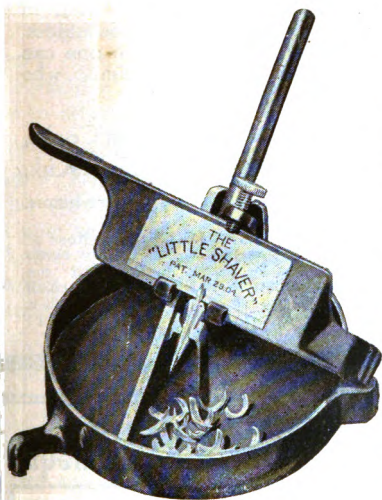
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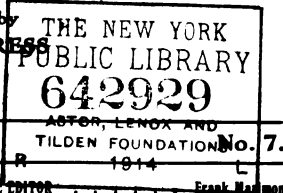
JULY, 1907

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In the Study

Out on Deck Where, This Month, We Talk Things Over

Saturday, June 1st, 1907.

"This month" is set off by commas because next month we will be out "on the front porch" and later, when it gets cold, we will be "in the study."

I write these lines each month wherever I happen to be. As a rule, I am sitting out on the front porch, or, if too cold there, then in my study. This month I happen to be out on the deck of the "Antilles," sailing from New Orleans to New York, and so I date it here.

"Out on deck" is a splendid thought anyway. It's a truly great thing to be on deck—really on deck, and ready for action. It takes practically five days to go from New Orleans to New York via the Morgan Line. The boat makes no

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stops. It means five days with no letters to read, no telephone calls, no possible communication with the outside world for five whole days, except by wireless; and I don't suppose that kind of messages will come my way very frequently at \$2.50 per ten words.

It looks like five days of rest. All I have to do, which could possibly be construed as work, is to write a little for the July issue of the *Philosopher*. That is not work; it is recreation and upbuilding to do that which one loves to do, especially if he sort of loaf at it, which I am going to do now. I want you to be good and not complain if this "on deck" talk is not very long or very great. I must mail it to Chicago when I strike the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York and I shall do more thinking and resting than writing. Let's make it a medley, not a lengthy dissertation about any one thing, but whatever we choose to say about different things. We may get acquainted with some one who has something to say which will be helpful to all of us.

As our splendid steamer slowly moved out from the dock at New Orleans, I could not help thinking: What a great city! What historic associations! What a wonderful future it has in store! It would not surprise me to see it read, sometime, New York, Chicago; New Orleans, when it comes to size of cities; or, possibly, Chicago, New York, New Orleans. The Panama Canal and the deep waterway from Chicago to the gulf are two enterprises which are going to benefit New York, Chicago and New Orleans more than any other cities. Keep your eye on New Orleans.

I think the "Father of Waters" must be proud of this queenly city, he has done so much for her. The geologists tell me he has been toiling for his beautiful bride hundreds of thousands of years before she came to grace his imperial domain. Yes, the fact is, I take off my hat to old Mississippi. He has been doing things, and is still hard at work. Why, they say he has, during the long ages, slowly encroached on

old Neptune's territory to such an extent that forty thousand square miles of land have been made good for the planter. Yet he has not been in a hurry. For every two thousand nine hundred gallons of water poured into the ocean, he has slyly dropped one gallon of earth.

As we steamed down the one hundred miles of delta from New Orleans to the Gulf, I read extracts from the wonderful book the old river has written. Here was a bayou, yonder a lagoon, over there an island, sandbars galore, swamps to right and left. Here the river cut out a channel for itself and piled the sand and silt on either side in such a way that we were actually above the low lying bottoms. This is especially true as to the river's course in and a little beyond New Orleans. As I thought of the silent forces at work in this mighty river through all the length of its fifteen thousand miles of waterway, the grandeur of unmeasured energy at work came to me as never before. The "Father of Waters" seemed to say to me: "Oh, puny man, learn of me. I subdue mountains and carry them to the depths of the sea. I carve out empires and scatter smiling plenty to toiling millions. I build up continents and harness oceans. I laugh at impossibilities. I sing forever at my work. Freedom, loyalty, service, dominion is mine. Yet, Oh man, thou art greater than I. I am but a thing, an instrumentality, a medium, matter. Thou art a power, an intelligence, a god. Accomplish thy plan, thy purpose. Have faith, hold thy picture, serenely conquer."

There now, I didn't mean to say all that, but the river made me. Well, we have just passed out into the Gulf of Mexico.

* * * * *

A little later the same day.

Rachel, the ten-year-old, just remarked that the waves of the gulf must be glad to see us since they are dancing so lively. A stiff breeze is blowing, and the happy waves in blue dresses

and white caps make a fit suggestion for Rachel's imagination. How much more beautiful life is when imagination takes a part. Let us use it more even as business men.

* * * * *

Second Day, Sunday, June 2nd.

Nothing much going on. We have met a few people, but are not well enough acquainted yet to expect freedom in conversation. Some very interesting people aboard. Judge Cretien, the Judge of the Criminal Court in New Orleans, seems to be a highly individualized center. Mr. Lee of Boston, who has just been down to South America, seems very much alive, too. Am not going to write much today, it's Sunday, any way; and if we would all entirely "let go" on Sunday and really rest, it would be more as it should be. The seven-days-per-week fellows wouldn't think of abusing an automobile the way they abuse the human engine. Let us so live that we shall reach the century mark with some degree of comfort. Endurance is one of the Big Four. The Sunday "let go" time, with a good afternoon nap thrown in, develops endurance. Are you doing it, Mr. Busy Man?

* * * * *

Monday, June 3rd.

This has been a delightful day. Not rough enough to be either dangerous or unpleasant, nor yet still enough to invite the monotony of a calm—just the way you like it in business. You don't exactly enjoy a financial storm, but it wouldn't be any fun if it was too easy. If there were no obstacles, objections or competitors, what an uneventful voyage we would have upon the Sea Commercial. The steam of enthusiasm carries one along over waves such as I have mentioned, even as the Antilles rides the swells and cleaves the waves today. How is your steam? If it's getting low better fire up a bit. Generate more enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is to the human engine what steam is to the Antilles. It's a great driving power.

A. E. Landon of Elmira, New York, has recently personified enthusiasm as a diner and sleeper as follows:

"Enthusiasm breakfasts on obstacles, lunches on objections, dines on competitors and rests in peaceful slumber on their scattered tail-feathers."

Better think that over a few times. It wouldn't be a bad idea to commit it to memory.

* * * * *

I had a good talk with Judge Cretien. He is certainly a live battery—amperage very high. As a criminal judge he was naturally very much interested in the Thaw trial. He tells me he studied it carefully and as a result he is going to recommend to the next legislature of his State that the following laws be enacted:

First, a law authorizing judges to hold trials "in chambers" excluding newspaper reporters and everybody else except the interested parties, when public morality demands it.

Second, a law compelling a plea of insanity to be made on arraignment and not afterwards and authorizing the judge, when such plea is made, to appoint a commission on insanity whose report shall be final and conclusive and, when declaring the defendant to be insane, authorizing the judge to sentence the defendant to the insane asylum without further trial.

Third, as a result of general observation the judge is also going to recommend the following law, viz.,—to-wit, as the lawyer says,—a law prohibiting the sale of liquor within three squares of the courthouse.

I asked the judge if he thought it would make much difference as long as the liquor was sold anywhere in town, and he said it most certainly would—that as long as interested parties can take witnesses to a nearby saloon and fill them up, justice is going to have her eyes badly blurred. He says people will go a block or two where they can be easily called when wanted, who would not go further away. I think the judge is right about this, also about laws one and two. I

should like to see them passed in every state in the Union. That's why I am giving them space in the *Philosopher*. If you think so, too, and do your part as a citizen, you can help along in such matters. Think it over and, if you believe the judge is "in line" and keeping step with the march of progress, then exercise the power of initiative and do something—start the ball rolling. If you can't do it personally, stir up somebody that can. These laws and this counsel affect both the reliability and the action of the community in which you live. Indirectly they affect the endurance and ability too. So much for what we have learned from the Judge.

* * * * *

I had a talk with Mr. Lee, of Boston, too. He is one of those nervous, high-strung, "do-it-now" fellows, who are always a good antidote for aboulia, (if you are in doubt, consult Baldwin's dictionary). He has invented several things, but in spite of that, he is, or at least seems to be, a good business man. He said one thing today which I am going to pass along. When in England he talked with an able business man concerning a business proposition. After the business was successfully transacted and Mr. Lee was about to go, the Englishman called him back and said: "Pardon me, but have you been successful in your business?" Mr. Lee answered: "Yes, sir," whereupon the Englishman answered and said: "I can tell you why. It is because you are short, sharp and to the point." And that is one reason why Mr. Lee has succeeded thus far. But there are others. Mr. Lee has ability and action—lots of action. He gets busy, he does things, while others are just thinking about it. I think he has plenty of reliability, too—I don't know him well enough to vouch for that, i. e., haven't known him long enough. Ability and action are more easily seen than reliability. Did you ever notice that? Mr. Lee doesn't take good care of the human engine. He may endure for a long day, but if he doesn't watch out he will not enjoy nearly as many of them as he

should and might just as well as not. I think he neglects at least two health essentials, viz., right exercising and right recreation.

Do you do these nine things for the development of endurance?

- First, Think right.
- Second, Breathe right.
- Third, Drink right.
- Fourth, Exercise right.
- Fifth, Cleanse right.
- Sixth, Eat right.
- Seventh, Relax right.
- Eighth, Recreate right.
- Ninth, Sleep right.

Think it over. Do you really know how to do each of these nine things right? Better think it over real carefully, for the right doing of these nine things enters prominently into the reward of the truly successful life—Health, Long Life, Money and Honor. They make the target to shoot at.

That's enough for today. I am going to get a steamer chair and watch the sun set now.

* * * * *

Fourth day out, Tuesday, June 4th.

Did you ever notice that it is possible to get so close to a thing that you can't see it? Of course you have, but were you ever a good enough philosopher to see that this universal principle, being universal, applies to that business of yours? No matter what your business is, it's a splendid thing to get away once in a while. Stand away at arm's length and look your business and yourself over. It might be a better way to put it to say that it's a good thing to climb to the top of a mental mountain and take a bird's-eye view of the situation. The beautiful thing about it is that you are not absolutely obliged to have a sure enough mountain in order to have the view. It's the distance away that seems to count, rather than

the elevation above sea level. Actual mountains are good, but so is the sea, so is the prairie, so is the desert, so is the farm yard. Get away from your business once in a while, even if you go only ten miles, and stay only three days. One thousand is better than ten, and two thousand is better than one thousand, but ten is far better than nothing. If you live in a city and can't do any better, get out to a farm house ten miles from the city limits and stay there three days—that's the minimum. Three weeks is better than three days, but three days is better than nothing. If possible, and you love the water, take a trip at sea.

After you have rested up for a day or so, gone to bed very early and "caught up on your sleep," then get up some fine morning before daylight and take a two or three-mile walk, if on land, listen to the twitter and "tweet tweet" of the birds and hear the leaves whisper to each other. If at sea, listen to the waves as they sing their lullabys, watch the sun as he pokes his nose above the horizon and gets ready for his day's business of dealing out light and heat for that particular part of humanity which is in your vicinity. When you have done all this and drunk in the thousand and one subtleties of such scenes, things which, thank God, you are capable of feeling, even if you can't clearly think and express them (in which fix I find myself right now), when you have watched and drunk in the breath of the morning as yet uncontaminated by the breath of the world, when you have breathed deeply and swung your arms and thrown back your shoulders and expanded your chest and begun to feel like a sure enough man, then sit down on a log or on the ground if on land, and on deck if at sea, and take a bird's-eye view of that business of yours. At a distance you will see things you did not see before. When you get back to earth, after having soared in the clouds a while, make a note of the things you saw and the things you resolved to do. Then when you get back home have the courage to really do the things your intuition and

your careful judgment told you to do when you were where you could really compare ideas.

But, did you say, I am an employe, I have no business of my own of which to take a bird's-eye view. I work for the other fellow and therefore, Mr. Sheldon, this thought does not interest me and I wish you would write about something which will help me as an employe. Did you say that? If you did, I must beg your pardon, Henry. You have a business of your own. Every employe who amounts to anything, or who will ever become either an employe worth while or an employer, makes it his business to become more valuable to himself, his employer and to society; he makes it his business to add a little every day to his value in these three ways.

Are you an employe? Are you doing that? If not, better get busy; for this is an age of the survival of the fittest. The test of your fitness is your value, and the test of your value is the amount of endurance you possess, plus the amount of ability you possess, plus the amount of reliability you possess, plus the amount of action you possess. Just for fun, subtract any one of the four things just mentioned and see where you "are at" as a permanent factor in progress. The fact is you can subtract reliability and still make money, for a time, as society is organized today and will be for some time to come; that is to say, you can make money for a little while, but that doesn't really amount to anything. Even the biggest of rascals and those who stand on a platform of very great ostensible protection fall if not wholly reliable. It is even being proved to be dangerous simply to keep within the actual letter of the law and follow custom. It is the spirit of truth which must be obeyed in finality. I don't know anything about it, but I don't believe now that Hegeman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company intended to do any wrong. But (with apologies to the critics of good English, but I like it because it is strong), "it looks as if it would

go," and so they are pressing the charge against Hegeman and the great industrial company is temporarily under a cloud. And the reason "it looks as if it would go" is because what 'they all did, though it seemed to pay and to avoid the law technically, was contrary to strict honesty. The spirit of the law was violated. It is really a shame that the first man who knowingly violated the spirit of the law was not punished.

Judge Cretien says that, as it is now, the guiltless are punished more than the guilty. For instance, the wife or mother of the hardened criminal is punished more by his sentence than the criminal. He has no moral nature, no sense of shame. He is not really punished by reason of his sentence, and yet the wife or mother may suffer the torture of hell by reason of the sentence imposed. Think about that. Who can suggest a remedy?

* * * * *

It is early morning as I write these lines. Last night I watched the sun as it seemingly took its header into the water. The optical illusion of the sun sinking into the sea was so perfect that I could almost hear a sizzling sound as the edge of that great disc seemed to touch the waves. There, at the edge of the horizon, it seemed to hesitate for a moment, as if reluctant to take the plunge. It acted just as we boys did at the old swimming hole on the Shiawassee River, when it was a little cold in the spring. But the hesitancy was brief. The great golden ball disappeared, not with the plunge of the bathing boys, but rather, it seemed to nestle in the arms of the waiting waves, and to say to them, "Take me, please, and bathe me, for I am warm and tired!" And the waves seemed to say, "Yes, my sun." And they did, and they buried the sun and its light went out, and it was dark.

But now it is early morning again. Just as the western waves seemed to put old Sol to bed in a bath last night, so had the eastern waves seemed to toss him back to us again

just now, and as I watch him emerge and get ready for business I feel like saying to old Sol, "Really, you must have had a great bath."

I guess that will do. This is supposed to be a business article and we must hold the horses of the imagination.

* * * * *

Fifth day out, Wednesday, June 5th.

This is the last day of the trip. We land tomorrow early in the morning. Cemented acquaintances and confirmed opinions today, but the most eventful thing which has happened "since I last took my pen in hand to write you a few lines" is the receipt of a message by wireless. It reads as follows: "Your business family in convention assembled, sends greeting and best wishes. (Signed) The Sheldon Industrial Club." To which we replied as follows: "Thanks. All well. May 'AREA' be the reward of each club member. (Signed) A. F. Sheldon and family."

Do you know, that was the happiest event of this trip. It demonstrates to me two things: First, the loyalty of my "business family" and second, the practicability of wireless telegraphy.

No, that word in capitals—"AREA"—is neither an acrostic nor a cypher. Wait a moment and I will explain.

Who would have thought it ten years ago! A message flashed hundreds of miles through space with no visible medium. In a few years it will be flashed across oceans and around the globe. Science is becoming the handmaid of all progress. We get what we go after. The old command was "Subdue the earth." We have been working quite a long time, but we have not finished the job. There are new worlds yet to conquer.

* * * * *

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Thursday, June 6th.

We landed at 7:30 A. M. Much mail at hotel. On to Boston, thence to Pittsburg, thence home. That's the program.

The rest-time is over. It's business now. Must mail this tonight, but before turning it over to Uncle Sam I must tell you of one thing which we are going to do, and of something which you can do to help things along. And now comes the explanation of that wireless reply, "AREA."

In The Business Philosopher, beginning with the August number, there will be a department for the "Younger Philosophers." This we purpose making an interesting feature in all future numbers. Why, only the other day I received a letter from a little ten-year-old reader expressing thanks and appreciation for the monthly visits of the magazine. Youth is always springtime, sunshine, flowers, singing birds, blue skies, hope, gladness, faith, love. We must never get away from it. Life is a desert without youth. Then again, when you come to think of it, youth is profoundly philosophic. Not after the manner of the professors and the schools. No, the young have no use for dust heaps and chip yards, except to play in them. If now and then a puffball is found there is no putting on of spectacles and wrinkling of brows. The youngsters just explode it—that's all. Their philosophy is that of the great "God's out of doors," in the rarest day in June. It is all poetry, and even the prose is tilted over into poetry.

Now we want to keep this brand of philosophy in our magazine and we know you will help us. So we are going to take four words or signs of four great qualities as our thesis, as the professor would say, or text, as the preacher would say, or platform, as the politician would say. Then each month some one of these qualities or all of them will be discussed in a simple, natural way. Now these are Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action. Big words? Yes, somewhat; but just think what they mean! Each is a wonderful plank in a wonderful platform. Why, we can all stand on it, young and old, big and little. But as the colored people say down in the

South, only "de quality" are eligible for that platform. Oh, yes, that's it! We must qualify and get, Oh, so busy; and then keep on qualifying. It means that the brain must be trained with all its powers. It means that the heart, the soul, the moral sense, must be cultivated. It means that the bodily or physical powers must be brought to their highest perfection, making of the body a clean, strong, beautiful human machine for great forces to work through. It means that the human will must be trained so as to become the great governing, dynamic force, the king of being.

Now, each month, by means of illustration, story, personal experience and example, history, poetry and letters, four or five pages will be given to this department. R. E. Marshall will have charge of the work and asks the hearty co-operation of all our readers. Varied training in a wonderful school fully qualifies the personal head of this department for the task in hand. Now let us all get ready for our best salaam to the Younger Philosopher in the August number.

A. F. SHELDON.

By the Way,

Have you ever been a-fishin'
On a spring or summer day,
When the fish were biting freely,
And the big ones came your way?
Have you breathed the balmy ozone
As you held that bamboo rod,
While the leaves were whispering gently?
Have you listened then to God
As He sang His halleluiahs
Through the birds and winds and waves,
And received His bounteous blessings
In so many, many ways?
If you have and are not thankful
For and by the grace of God,
Then some fellow ought to beat you
With that good old bamboo rod.

A. F. S.

The Power of the Voice

By Diana Hirschler

Every one to some extent realizes the influence of the human voice.

The sweet voice magnetizes us. It has an appealing power that draws us to it. The clear, decisive voice rouses us like a slap on the back. It makes us prick up our ears and give attention. The buoyant, hopeful voice cheers us and gives us courage. The rich, full voice fills us with a comfortable sense of luxury; it bathes us in generous waves of sound. Or, to borrow the remark of a young girl who, with somewhat mixed metaphor, exclaimed, "That voice is like a delicious chocolate drop. It fairly melts in my ear."

The voice expresses one's real self more than any other external sign. And it is because it carries thought and feeling so truly that it is such a powerful influence in impelling or repelling others.

True, the tones of the voice are usually hampered in their freedom by improper tone habits, and so this masterly medium of expression often struggles to carry its full message against heavy odds. Therefore, we may say that the power and influence of the human voice is only at its best if it be physically free to give that flexibility of tone which permits the mind forces to flow through it unhindered.

In spite, however, of bad habits in the use of the voice, it conveys in its dominant notes the forces that rule in the life of the individual.

The intellectual, or thought forces, produce the clear, well-defined notes that strike the ear with precision. These denote the mind that is not satisfied until it has analyzed a thing or a condition, finding out its important points and seeing their causes and their relative values.

The will forces, or the tendency toward prompt resolu-

tion and ready action, are shown in the downward fling of the word or sentence, its vigor, energy and decisiveness.

The emotional forces produce the cadences in a voice, its rhythm and beauty. I take these up last because it is the emotional element in a voice, whether it springs from rollicking good nature or the finest spirituality, that radiates the strongest tone influence.

Please note, however, that the voice which combines clearness of tone (intellectual) with energy and animation (will), and sweetens it with sympathy, kindness and good cheer (emotions), is the voice that most readily wins its way and influences men to courageous action.

It is rarely that one finds the mental or intellectual tone pure and simple because only a small per cent of humanity is engaged in scholastic pursuits, and even with this per cent, the emotional or human side, as we call it, has been developed so that we find it modifying the mental. But there is a large body of people to whom the intellectual or thought side of a fact or condition appeals first, and this gives the dominant note to the voice; this note modified by the emotional element of sympathy or selfishness. If the intellectual type of person is kind and unselfish insofar as he can be with the main force of his temperament tending to intellectuality, his voice will be clear and well-defined in its articulation, but with a pleasant, kindly tinge to it. If cold and selfish, there will be a hard, frosty edge to it that will make you want to turn up your collar and stick your hands in your coat pockets.

The intellectual message conveyed through the tone reaches the intellect of another and gets its attention and interest but does not rouse the soul or emotive forces that seem to lie close to the human will. And is it not the will that must be impelled to choice before we can get action?

The power of the voice then lies chiefly in its emotional message.

It is certainly true of the human voice that through it every hidden thing shall be revealed, the lower desires and the higher spiritual forces as well. Coarseness, selfishness, suspicion, hatred, irritability, trickery, all of the qualities that repel the soul of another, find their outlet in the voice. By some power which is not understood, they reach what is called the sub-conscious activities of the mind, and influence the emotions, which are non-reasoning.

In brief, we know that besides the conscious intellectual action of the mind and its conscious emotions, there is a vast mental life we are not conscious of which flows with and back of our conscious life, lying, it seems, so close to our emotional or soul life that it influences and affects it. This we call the sub-conscious activity of the mind, and science is demonstrating that it has depths which we have not yet begun to sound.

An important characteristic of the sub-conscious is its suggestibility. That is, it is very open to suggestion from other minds. The intellect and will of the conscious mind are fortunately on guard during our normal waking hours so that suggestions are resisted until they go through the process of intellectual mastication. But, somehow the tones of the voice seem to slip by the intellectual guard and reach directly the sub-conscious mind where they influence and sway it because of its openness to suggestion.

Let us look more closely at the process. The tone with its message of good cheer, faith and sympathy suggests these same emotions to the sub-conscious, which responds and influences the conscious mind in that direction. The tone with its message of gloom, despair and selfishness, suggests these same emotions to the sub-conscious which responds to the suggestions and depresses and chills the conscious efforts of the hearer. We call this action intuitive. We do not "know why" but the person's voice repels us.

The more we ourselves have cultivated the finer soul emotions, the more acutely the sub-conscious receives the tone message and the more it warns us against the speaker. The lower we are in emotional control, the less repelled we are because the suggestions do not revolt us if we are dulled through our own lower motives. Besides the sub-conscious itself seems to grow in each person only as the finer soul qualities gain the ascendancy.

If we add to this suggestible response to the voice a consciously trained ear, then we may get more nearly at the exact nature of its message. For example, by training the ear we may discern that a voice affects us pleasantly because it is good natured, but that we must not expect a fine sympathy from the speaker because it lacks delicacy. In other words, if we aid our intuition by conscious analysis of a voice, we can get at a more just understanding of the mind and soul qualities back of it. Simply because a voice repels us is no reason why we should not seek out some good attribute in it and find a way to reach and understand this attribute. We must be just in our estimate of another. We then should not rely for our complete opinion upon the influence of the sub-conscious, but try to consciously analyze and label the different kinds of tone so that we may know more definitely their weaknesses and their strength.

There is only one way to do it, and that way is to listen intently—to attend with the ear—noting the differences and similarities in voices with the corresponding impressions which they make upon us. It is well when one first meets a person, if possible, to hear the voice before one looks at him, because the ear then gets its impressions unaided by the eye.

Note the distinctions in the three main types, the intellectual, the emotional and the will, remembering that they are combined in varying proportions in every voice, the more harmoniously they are so combined, the more effective the

voice. Then distinguish between the many emotional differences. We can only name a few here.

There are the childlike qualities of irresponsible good humor which gives a swinging, rollicking cadence to the voice. As this kind of tone becomes permeated with more definiteness, retaining its geniality, the person shows more mental understanding of conditions, hence more acceptance of responsibility, although he is still optimistic.

Sympathy gives a certain soothing cadence to the voice. If it be an understanding sympathy, an intelligent one, it will have more delicacy and variation of tone than if it were mere emotional sympathy which tends to monotony.

Self-control lends dignity and calm to the tone, pitching it on the middle or lower register. As the tone tightens and grows intense or high-pitched and shrill, it shows a lessened self-control.

These are mere illustrations of how one may study tones and their influence.

I have not dwelt in detail upon the power of the will as indicated in the voice, because the active intellect, and, above all, the sturdy soul testifies to the force of the will. We see that back of the power of the voice lies the man or the woman. The keen intellect, the fine soul, the strong will are the sources of its influence.

If we allow the tone to have its full carrying power through right habits of tone production (which is another story) it will not only soften the hardest fact but reduce the number of words necessary in daily intercourse. One word expressive in tone is more impressive in effect than many dry words. Reject superfluous words, but make those you do use rich in meaning through the character power back of them.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

The Ermine

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

I read of the ermine today,
Of the ermine who will not step
By the feint of a step in the mire;
The creature who will not stain
Her garment of wild white fire;

Of the dumb, flying, soulless thing,
(So we with our souls dare to say,)
The being of sense and of sod,
That will not, that will not defile
The nature she took from her God.

And we with the souls that we have,
Go cheering the hunters on
To prey with that pleading eye.
She cannot go into the mud!
She can stay like the snow, and die!

The hunters come leaping on.
She turns like a hart at bay.
They do with her as they will.
... O, thou who thinkest on this,
Stand like a star, and be still.

Where the soil oozes under thy feet!
Better, ah! better to die
Than to take one step in the mire;
Oh! blessed to die or to live
With garment of holy fire!

The Glory of the Commonplace

By Chas. B. Morrell

The tendency of the human mind is to seek the mysterious, the occult, the strange, but as men develop strong reasoning powers and take sufficient time to look human life squarely in the face, they realize the glory of the commonplace. After all, we are but seekers for sensation; we seek to excite the cells of the brain with that which causes us pleasurable sensation, and we forget sometimes that the real pleasure of life is the result of its simplest relationships.

A young man steps to the window and pulls down the curtain. With a passing glance you can see the babies playing on the floor and the table ready for the evening meal. A commonplace action, and yet there is embodied in it, the kingship of man's dominion. Behind that curtain is represented the most powerful, the most valuable relations of our civilization. And if that young man has built his life upon a high and holy plane that act makes him a king. He is beyond the reach of the law, for the law is not for him; he has not broken it. He is enjoying the highest ethical and social relationships of which the human mind is capable of conceiving. From this little commonplace act could be evolved a host of concepts reflecting a great field of human activity, and in its purest form it represents a power which sets in motion the great commercial enterprises of the world.

The touch of the infant's hand upon the cheek of that young man is a suggestion which calls into action the great powers of the mind—ambition, love, faith, reverence—and they in turn call upon the servants of the soul for new thoughts, new activities and new relationships. He looks down the aisles of time and he sees them growing and he feels beating within him the great surges of desire that cause him to reach forth and increase his commercial value because of the increased necessity.

Take him as a type. How beautiful are the commonplace things of life. As the light of the evening lamp falls over the table, and his earnest face is reflected in the effort to add to the thought factors of his brain, we see the contrast between the glory of the commonplace and the unreality of the abnormal fancies. There is light, beauty, sensation and exhilaration in the flash of the electric lights of a great theater; the moving throng, and the changing faces arouse momentarily a degree of excitement that has its attractions, but the clear light of the evening lamp falling across the page of a book has power—power, beauty, possibilities and value—value which cannot be measured, for the one passes with the fading of the night and the other lives on forever, perhaps to result in the finding of a great concept.

The glory of the commonplace! Think of what might happen to any young man in the shade of the evening lamp. When the first sun kissed the first waters there was a law—the law that heat expands water. All through the ages of effort and struggle on the part of humanity, the thousand and one efforts to gain sensation, the flash of fashion and the sonorous sounds of war, the bad rule of kings, the sun still kissed the waters and the law was still in force. But one day, a commonplace man saw power in the hissing steam and the concept became woven into the tissues of his brain and there was born a great commercial power, and civilization was advanced to a degree that it is almost impossible to calculate.

Think for just a moment what our civilization would be today if this great law that heat expands water was suspended. Think what it would mean today if that commonplace thought had not found lodgment in a commonplace mind.

And so as we go through life the sorrows, the pains, the moving backward and forward among men in a commonplace way, mean to us what we do not realize until we attempt to deprive ourselves of it or are deprived of it by some unfortunate condition. What would it be to us today that the

philosophers have flashed their great thoughts down the world, that the great artist sings and plays, that great painters paint, if we were deprived of the commonplace things of life. Would any man substitute the daily voice of his children to listen for a few hours to the voice of a prima donna? Would any man exchange the bloom of a cherry tree, the sound of the birds, the long sweep of the grass, for the creation of the greatest artist who ever put brush to canvas? Would the young man exchange the shy glance and the delicate flushes that come into his life when he first realizes that he is a part of the great commonplace humanity? Would he exchange this for the sensations produced by the greatest orator who ever lived?

Let us then glory in the glory of the commonplace. Let us feel the handshake and the look of love. Let us cherish then the friendly greetings. Let us face the purposes of life with a realization that they are for us the bringers of power and hope and usefulness. Let us feel that while we may occasionally reach forth for higher sensations for the brain cells, the perfect picture—the real purpose and the real powers are just the commonplace.

A Happy World

If you and I—just you and I,
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

— *Selected.*

The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unscal'd!

Year after year hehld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

To Our Canadian Subscribers

The Canadian government has increased the rate of postage four times the original postal rate on American magazines sent to Canada. We are, therefore, obliged to make a corresponding increase in the subscription price of *The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER* to Canadian subscribers. Hereafter the subscription price to *The PHILOSOPHER* when sent to Canada will be \$1.25 per year. This increase in price will about meet this advanced cost of mailing. Canadian subscriptions already on our list will be continued to the expiration of their present terms without further payment. We will pay the additional cost of mailing these subscriptions already entered.

ALADDIN

Or

The Wonderful Lamp



Supplement to
The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER
July, 1907

Aladdin or The Wonderful Lamp

WHAT is it all the world loves a lover? Because it is so intensely human and love is the master passion—"The greatest thing in the world." Our interest in the "common people" never flags. We belong to them. Hence when they "see visions and dream dreams" we are interested. And these visions and dreams are but a drawing aside of the veil, giving us a glimpse of the inner temple where dwells the divine. All true literature has this life quality. It is a message to him who has ears. Heart speaks to heart, "deep calleth unto deep."

In this number we present one of the world's greatest stories. We do not know who wrote the Arabian Nights Entertainments; nor do we care. We only know they are a collection of tales written in Arabic, probably about the year 943 A. D. Their origin is obscure. They were probably collected from various sources from among the common people. They first appeared in a French translation by Galland in 1740, and later in a fine English translation by Lane in 1840. The first appearance of these translations produced a profound impression in the literary world.

"Aladdin" and his "Wonderful Lamp" is an ideality. We possess the lamp. Oh! if we but knew how to use it! Read this classic story as a philosopher.

Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp

In one of the large and rich cities of China there once lived a tailor named Mustapha. He was very poor. He could hardly, by his daily labor, maintain himself and his family, which consisted only of his wife and a son.

His son, who was called Aladdin*, was a very careless and idle fellow. He was disobedient to his father and mother, and would go out early in the morning and stay out all day, playing in the streets and public places with idle children of his own age.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop, and taught him how to use the needle; but all his father's endeavors to keep him to his work were vain; for no sooner was his back turned than the boy was gone for that day. Mustapha chastised him, but Aladdin was incorrigible, and his father, to his great grief, was forced to abandon him to his idleness; and was so much troubled about him that he fell sick and died in a few months.

Aladdin, who was now no longer restrained by the fear of a father, gave himself entirely over to his idle habits, and was never out of the streets or away from his companions. This course he followed till he was fifteen years old, without giving his mind to any useful pursuit or the least reflection on what would become of him. As he was one day playing, according to custom, in the streets, with his evil associates, a stranger passing by stopped to observe him.

This stranger was a sorcerer, known as the African magician, as he had been but two days arrived from Africa, his native country.

The African magician, observing in Aladdin's countenance something which assured him that he was a fit boy for his purpose, inquired his name and history of some of his com-

*Aladdin signifies "The Nobility of the Religion." - Lane, Vol. II., p. 285.

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panions, and when he had learnt all he desired to know, went up to him, and taking him aside from his comrades, said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "but he has been dead a long time."

At these words the African magician threw his arms about Aladdin's neck and kissed him several times, with tears in his eyes, and said, "I am your uncle. Your worthy father was my own brother. I knew you at first sight, you are so like him." Then he gave Aladdin a handful of small money, saying, "Go, my son, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived so long and ended his days."

Aladdin ran to his mother, overjoyed at the money his uncle had given him. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?"

"No, child," replied his mother, "you have no uncle by your father's side or mine." "I am just now come," said Aladdin, "from a man who says he is my uncle and my father's brother. He cried and kissed me when I told him my father was dead, and he gave me money, sending his love to you, and promising to come and pay you a visit, that he may see the house my father lived and died in." "Indeed, child," replied the mother, "your father had no brother, nor have you an uncle."

The next day the magician found Aladdin playing in another part of the town, and embracing him as before, put two pieces of gold into his hand, and said to him, "Carry this, child, to your mother; tell her that I will come to see her to-night, and bid her get us something for supper; but first show me the house where you live."

Aladdin showed the African magician the house, and carried the two pieces of gold to his mother, who went out and bought provisions; and considering she wanted various utensils, borrowed them of her neighbors. She spent the whole day in preparing the supper; and at night, when it was ready,

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said to her son, "Perhaps the stranger knows not how to find our house; go and bring him, if you meet with him."

Aladdin was just ready to go, when the magician knocked at the door, and came in loaded with wine and all sorts of fruits, which he had brought for a dessert. After he had given what he brought into Aladdin's hands, he saluted his mother, and desired her to show him the place where his brother Mustapha used to sit on the sofa; and when she had done so, he fell down, and kissed it several times, crying out, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother! how unhappy I am, not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace!" Aladdin's mother desired him to sit in the same place, but he declined. "No," said he, "I shall not do that; but give me leave to sit opposite to it, that although I see not the master of a family so dear to me, I may at least behold the place where he used to sit."

When the magician had made choice of a place and sat down, he began to enter into discourse with Aladdin's mother. "My good sister," said he, "do not be surprised at your never having seen me all the time you have been married to my brother Mustapha of happy memory. I have been forty years absent from this country, which is my native place, as well as my late brother's; and during that time have traveled into the Indies, Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and afterward I crossed over into Africa, where I took up my abode. At last, as it is natural for a man, I had a desire to see my native country again, and to embrace my dear brother; and finding I had strength enough to undertake so long a journey, I made the necessary preparations and set out. Nothing ever afflicted me so much as hearing of my brother's death. But God be praised for all things! It is a comfort for me to find, as it were, my brother in a son, who has his most remarkable features."

The African magician, perceiving that the widow wept at the remembrance of her husband, changed the conversation,

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and turning toward her son, asked him, "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?"

At this question the youth hung down his head, and was not a little abashed when his mother answered, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father, when alive, strove all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, notwithstanding all I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, as you saw him, without considering he is no longer a child; and if you do not make him ashamed of it, I despair of his ever coming to any good. For my part, I am resolved, one of these days, to turn him out of doors and let him provide for himself."

After these words, Aladdin's mother burst into tears; and the magician said, "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself, and getting your livelihood. There are many sorts of trades; perhaps you do not like your father's, and would prefer another; I will endeavor to help you. If you have no mind to learn any handicraft, I will take a shop for you, furnish it with all sorts of fine stuffs and linens; and then with the money you make out of them you can lay in fresh goods, and live in an honorable way. Tell me freely what you think of my proposal; you shall always find me ready to keep my word."

This plan just suited Aladdin, who hated work. He told the magician he had a greater inclination to that business than to any other, and that he should be much obliged to him for his kindness. "Well, then," said the African magician, "I will take you with me to-morrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and afterward we will open a shop as I have suggested."

The widow, after his promise of kindness to her son, no longer doubted that the magician was her husband's brother. She thanked him for his good intentions; and after having exhorted Aladdin to render himself worthy of his uncle's favor, served up supper, at which they talked of several indifferent matters; and then the magician took his leave and retired.

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He came again the next day, as he had promised, and took Aladdin with him to a merchant, who sold all sorts of clothes for different ages and ranks, ready made, and a variety of fine stuffs, and bade Aladdin choose those he preferred, which he paid for.

When Aladdin found himself so handsomely equipped, he returned his uncle thanks, who thus addressed him: "As you are soon to be a merchant, it is proper you should frequent these shops, and be acquainted with them." He then showed him the largest and finest mosques, carried him to the khans or inns where the merchants and travelers lodged, and afterward to the sultan's palace, where he had free access; and at last brought him to his own khan, where, meeting with some merchants he had become acquainted with since his arrival, he gave them a treat, to make them and his pretended nephew acquainted.

This entertainment lasted till night, when Aladdin would have taken leave of his uncle to go home; the magician would not let him go by himself, but conducted him to his mother, who, as soon as she saw him so well dressed, was transported with joy, and bestowed a thousand blessings upon the magician.

Early the next morning, the magician called again for Aladdin, and said he would take him to spend that day in the country, and on the next he would purchase the shop. He then led him out at one of the gates of the city to some magnificent palaces, to each of which belonged beautiful gardens, into which anybody might enter. At every building he came to, he asked Aladdin if he did not think it fine; and the youth was ready to answer when any one presented itself, crying out, "Here is a finer house, uncle, than any we have yet seen." By this artifice, the cunning magician led Aladdin some way into the country; and as he meant to carry him farther, to execute his design, he took an opportunity to sit down in one of the gardens, on the brink of a fountain of clear water,

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which discharged itself by a lion's mouth of bronze into a basin, pretending to be tired. "Come, nephew," said he, "you must be weary as well as I; let us rest ourselves, and we shall be better able to pursue our walk."

The magician next pulled from his girdle a handkerchief with cakes and fruit, and during this short repast he exhorted his nephew to leave off bad company, and to seek that of wise and prudent men, to improve by their conversation; "for," said he, "you will soon be at man's estate, and you cannot too early begin to imitate their example." When they had eaten as much as they liked, they got up, and pursued their walk through gardens separated from one another only by small ditches, which marked out the limits without interrupting the communication; so great was the confidence the inhabitants reposed in each other. By this means the African magician drew Aladdin insensibly beyond the gardens, and crossed the country, till they nearly reached the mountains.

At last they arrived between two mountains of moderate height and equal size, divided by a narrow valley, which was the place where the magician intended to execute the design that had brought him from Africa to China. "We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin; "I will show you here some extraordinary things, which, when you have seen, you will thank me for; but while I strike a light, gather up all the loose dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with."

Aladdin found so many dried sticks, that he soon collected a great heap. The magician presently set them on fire; and when they were in a blaze, threw in some incense, pronouncing several magical words, which Aladdin did not understand.

He had scarcely done so when the earth opened just before the magician, and discovered a stone with a brass ring fixed in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, but the magician caught hold of him, and gave him such a box on the ear that he knocked him down. Aladdin

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got up trembling, and with tears in his eyes, said to the magician, "What have I done, uncle, to be treated in this severe manner?" "I am your uncle," answered the magician; "I supply the place of your father, and you ought to make no reply. But, child," added he, softening, "do not be afraid; for I shall not ask anything of you, but that you obey me punctually, if you would reap the advantages which I intend you. Know, then, that under this stone there is hidden a treasure, destined to be yours, which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world. No person but yourself is permitted to lift this stone, or enter the cave; so you must punctually execute what I may command, for it is a matter of great consequence both to you and me."

Aladdin, amazed at all he saw and heard, forgot what was past, and rising, said, "Well, uncle, what is to be done? Command me: I am ready to obey." "I am overjoyed, child," said the African magician, embracing him. "Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone." "Indeed, uncle," replied Aladdin, "I am not strong enough; you must help me." "You have no occasion for my assistance," answered the magician; "if I help you, we shall be able to do nothing. Take hold of the ring, and lift it up; you will find it will come easily." Aladdin did as the magician bade him, raised the stone with ease, and laid it on one side.

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase about three or four feet deep, leading to a door. "My son," said the African magician, "descend those steps and open that door. It will lead you into a palace, divided into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large brass cisterns placed on each side, full of gold and silver; but take care you do not meddle with them. Before you enter the first hall, be sure to tuck up your robe, wrap it about you, and then pass through the second into the third without stopping. Above all things, have a care that you do not touch the walls so

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much as with your clothes; for if you do, you will die instantly. At the end of the third hall, you will find a door which opens into a garden planted with fine trees loaded with fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put it out. When you have thrown away the wick and poured out the liquor, put it in your waistband and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown out."

After these words the magician drew a ring off his finger and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "It is a talisman against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, therefore, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin descended the steps, and, opening the door, found the three halls just as the African magician had described. He went through them with all the precaution the fear of death could inspire, crossed the garden without stopping, took down the lamp from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and, as the magician had desired, put it in his waistband. But as he came down from the terrace, seeing it was perfectly dry, he stopped in the garden to observe the trees, which were loaded with extraordinary fruit of different colors on each tree. Some bore fruit entirely white, and some clear and transparent as crystal; some pale red, and others deeper; some green, blue and purple, and others yellow; in short, there was fruit of all colors. The white were pearls; the clear and transparent, diamonds; the deep red, rubies; the paler, balas rubies*; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. Aladdin, ignorant of their value, would have preferred figs or grapes, or pomegranates; but as he had his uncle's permission, he resolved to gather some of every sort. Having filled the two

* Balas rubies are rubies of the brightest color.

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new purses his uncle had bought for him with his clothes, he wrapped some up in the skirts of his vest, and crammed his bosom as full as it could hold.

Aladdin, having thus loaded himself with riches of which he knew not the value, returned through the three halls with the utmost precaution, and soon arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the African magician awaited him with the utmost impatience. As soon as Aladdin saw him, he cried out, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand, to help me out." "Give me the lamp first," replied the magician; "it will be troublesome to you." "Indeed, uncle," answered Aladdin, "I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up." The African magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he would help him up; and Aladdin, who had encumbered himself so much with his fruit that he could not well get at it, refused to give it to him till he was out of the cave. The African magician, provoked at this obstinate refusal, flew into a passion, threw a little of his incense into the fire, and pronounced two magical words, when the stone which had closed the mouth of the staircase moved into its place, with the earth over it in the same manner as it lay at the arrival of the magician and Aladdin.

This action of the magician plainly revealed to Aladdin that he was no uncle of his, but one who designed him evil. The truth was that he had learnt from his magic books the secret and the value of this wonderful lamp, the owner of which would be made richer than any earthly ruler, and hence his journey to China. His art had also told him that he was not permitted to take it himself, but must receive it as a voluntary gift from the hands of another person. Hence he employed young Aladdin, and hoped by a mixture of kindness and authority to make him obedient to his word and will. When he found that his attempt had failed, he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the town, lest any person who had seen him leave in company with Aladdin should make inquiries

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after the youth. Aladdin being suddenly enveloped in darkness, cried, and called out to his uncle to tell him he was ready to give him the lamp; but in vain, since his cries could not be heard. He descended to the bottom of the steps, with a design to get into the palace, but the door, which was opened before by enchantment, was now shut by the same means. He then redoubled his cries and tears, sat down on the steps without any hopes of ever seeing light again, and in an expectation of passing from the present darkness to a speedy death. In this great emergency he said, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God;" and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Immediately a genie of frightful aspect appeared and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger; I, and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of so extraordinary a figure, but the danger he was in made him answer without hesitation, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place." He had no sooner spoken these words, than he found himself on the very spot where the magician had last left him, and no sign of cave or opening, nor disturbance of the earth. Returning God thanks to find himself once more in the world, he made the best of his way home. When he got within his mother's door, the joy at seeing her and his weakness for want of sustenance made him so faint that he remained for a long time as dead. As soon as he recovered, he related to his mother all that happened to him, and they were both very vehement in their complaints of the cruel magician. Aladdin slept very soundly till late the next morning, when the first thing he said to his mother was, that he wanted something to eat, and wished she would give him his breakfast. "Alas! child," said she, "I have not a bit of bread to give you; you ate up all the provisions I had in the house yesterday; but I have a little cotton which I have

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spun; I will go and sell it, and buy bread and something for our dinner." "Mother," replied Aladdin, "keep your cotton for another time, and give me the lamp I brought home with me yesterday; I will go and sell it, and the money I shall get for it will serve both for breakfast and dinner, and perhaps supper, too."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp and said to her son, "Here it is, but it is very dirty; if it were a little cleaner I believe it would bring something more." She took some fine sand and water to clean it; but no sooner begun to rub it, than in an instant a hideous genie of gigantic size appeared before her, and said to her in a voice of thunder, "What would'st thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother, terrified at the sight of the genie, fainted; when Aladdin, who had seen such a phantom in the cavern, snatched the lamp out of his mother's hand, and said to the genie boldly, "I am hungry, bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared immediately, and in an instant returned with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, which contained the most delicious viands; six large white bread cakes on two plates, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups. All these he placed upon a carpet and disappeared; this was done before Aladdin's mother recovered from her swoon.

Aladdin had fetched some water, and sprinkled it in her face to recover her. Whether that or the smell of the meat effected her cure, it was not long before she came to herself. "Mother," said Aladdin, "be not afraid; get up and eat; here is what will put you in heart, and at the same time satisfy my extreme hunger."

His mother was much surprised to see the great tray, twelve dishes, six loaves, the two flagons and cups, and to smell the savory odor which exhaled from the dishes. "Child,"

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said she, "to whom are we obliged for this great plenty and liberality? Has the sultan been made acquainted with our poverty, and had compassion on us?" "It is no matter, mother," said Aladdin, "let us sit down and eat; for you have almost as much need of a good breakfast as myself; when we have done, I will tell you." Accordingly, both mother and son sat down and ate with the better relish as the table was so well furnished. But all the time Aladdin's mother could not forbear looking at and admiring the tray and dishes, though she could not judge whether they were silver or some other metal, and the novelty more than the value attracted her attention.

The mother and son sat at breakfast till it was dinner time, and then they thought it would be best to put the two meals together; yet, after this they found they should have enough left for supper, and two meals for the next day.

When Aladdin's mother had taken away and set by what was left, she went and sat down by her son on the sofa, saying, "I expect now that you should satisfy my impatience, and tell me exactly what passed between the genie and you while I was in a swoon;" which he readily complied with.

She was in as great amazement at what her son told her, as at the appearance of the genie; and said to him, "But, son, what have we to do with genies? I never heard that any of my acquaintances had ever seen one. How came that vile genie to address himself to me, and not to you, to whom he had appeared before in the cave?" "Mother," answered Aladdin, "the genie you saw is not the one who appeared to me. If you remember, he that I first saw called himself the slave of the ring on my finger; and this you saw called himself the slave of the lamp you had in your hand; but I believe you did not hear him, for I think you fainted as soon as he began to speak."

"What!" cried the mother, "was your lamp, then, the occasion of that cursed genie's addressing himself rather to me than to you? Ah! my son, take it out of my sight, and put

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it where you please. I had rather you would sell it than run the hazard of being frightened to death again by touching it; and if you would take my advice, you would part also with the ring, and not have anything to do with genies, who, as our prophet has told us, are only devils."

"With your leave, mother," replied Aladdin, "I shall now take care how I sell a lamp which may be so serviceable both to you and me. That false and wicked magician would not have undertaken so long a journey to secure this wonderful lamp if he had not known its value to exceed that of gold and silver. And since we have honestly come by it, let us make a profitable use of it, without making any great show, and exciting the envy and jealousy of our neighbors. However, since the genies frighten you so much, I will take it out of your sight, and put it where I may find it when I want it. The ring I cannot resolve to part with; for without that you had never seen me again; and though I am alive now, perhaps, if it were gone, I might not be so some moments hence; therefore, I hope you will give me leave to keep it, and to wear it always on my finger." Aladdin's mother replied that he might do what he pleased; for her part, she would have nothing to do with genies, and never say anything more about them.

By the next night they had eaten all the provisions the genie had brought; and the next day Aladdin, who could not bear the thoughts of hunger, putting one of the silver dishes under his vest, went out early to sell it, and addressing himself to a Jew whom he met in the streets, took him aside, and pulling out the plate, asked him if he would buy it. The cunning Jew took the dish, examined it, and as soon as he found that it was good silver, asked Aladdin at how much he valued it. Aladdin, who had never been used to such traffic, told him he would trust to his judgment and honor. The Jew was somewhat confounded at this plain dealing; and doubting whether Aladdin understood the material or the full value of what he offered to sell, took a piece of gold out of

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his purse and gave it to him, though it was but the sixtieth part of the worth of the plate. Aladdin, taking the money very eagerly, retired with so much haste that the Jew, not content with the exorbitancy of his profit, was vexed he had not penetrated into his ignorance, and was going to run after him, to endeavor to get some change out of the piece of gold; but Aladdin ran so fast, and had got so far, that it would have been impossible to overtake him.

Before Aladdin went home, he called at a baker's, bought some cakes of bread, changed his money, and on his return gave the rest to his mother, who went and purchased provisions enough to last them some time. After this manner they lived, till Aladdin had sold the twelve dishes singly, as necessity pressed, to the Jew, for the same money; who, after the first time, durst not offer him less, for fear of losing so good a bargain. When he had sold the last dish, he had recourse to the tray, which weighed ten times as much as the dishes, and would have carried it to his old purchaser, but that it was too large and cumbersome; therefore he was obliged to bring him home to his mother's, where, after the Jew had examined the weight of the tray, he laid down ten pieces of gold, with which Aladdin was very well satisfied.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin had recourse again to the lamp. He took it in his hands, looked for the part where his mother had rubbed it with the sand, and rubbed it also, when the genie immediately appeared and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I am hungry," said Aladdin, "bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and presently returned with a tray and the same number of covered dishes as before, set them down, and vanished.

As soon as Aladdin found that their provisions were again expended, he took one of the dishes and went to look for his Jew chapman; but as he passed by a goldsmith's shop, the

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goldsmith perceiving him, called to him, and said, "My lad, I imagine that you have something to sell to the Jew, whom I often see you visit; but perhaps you do not know that he is the greatest rogue even among the Jews. I will give you the full worth of what you have to sell, or I will direct you to other merchants who will not cheat you."

This offer induced Aladdin to pull his plate from under his vest and show it to the goldsmith; who at first sight saw that it was made of the finest silver, and asked him if he had sold such as that to the Jew; when Aladdin told him that he had sold twelve such, for a piece of gold each. "What a villain!" cried the goldsmith. "But," added he, "my son, what is past cannot be recalled. By showing you the value of this plate, which is of the finest silver we use in our shops, I will let you see how much the Jew has cheated you."

The goldsmith took a pair of scales, weighed the dish, and assured him that his plate would fetch by weight sixty pieces of gold, which he offered to pay down immediately.

Aladdin thanked him for his fair dealing, and never after went to any other person.

Though Aladdin and his mother had an inexhaustible treasure in their lamp, and might have had whatever they wished for, yet they lived with the same frugality as before, and it may easily be supposed that the money for which Aladdin had sold the dishes and tray was sufficient to maintain them some time.

During this interval, Aladdin frequented the shops of the principal merchants, where they sold cloth of gold and silver, linens, silk stuffs, and jewelry, and, oftentimes joining in their conversation, acquired a knowledge of the world, and a desire to improve himself. By his acquaintance among the jewelers, he came to know that the fruits which he had gathered when he took the lamp were, instead of colored glass, stones of inestimable value; but he had the prudence not to mention this to any one, not even to his mother.

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One day as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed, commanding the people to shut up their shops and houses, and keep within doors while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, went to the bath and returned.

This proclamation inspired Aladdin with eager desire to see the princess' face, which he determined to gratify by placing himself behind the door of the bath, so that he could not fail to see her face.

Aladdin had not long concealed himself before the princess came. She was attended by a great crowd of ladies, slaves, and mutes, who walked on each side and behind her. When she came within three or four paces of the door of the bath, she took off her veil, and gave Aladdin an opportunity of a full view of her face.

The princess was a noted beauty; her eyes were large, lively, and sparkling; her smile bewitching; her nose faultless; her mouth small; her lips vermilion. It is not therefore surprising that Aladdin, who had never before seen such a blaze of charms, was dazzled and enchanted.

After the princess had passed by and entered the bath, Aladdin quitted his hiding-place and went home. His mother perceived him to be more thoughtful and melancholy than usual; and asked what had happened to make him so, or if he was ill. He then told his mother all his adventure, and concluded by declaring, "I love the princess more than I can express, and am resolved that I will ask her in marriage of the sultan."

Aladdin's mother listened with surprise to what her son told her; but when he talked of asking the princess in marriage, she laughed aloud. "Alas! child," said she, "what are you thinking of? You must be mad to talk thus."

"I assure you, mother," replied Aladdin, "that I am not mad, but in my right senses. I foresaw that you would reproach me with folly and extravagance; but I must tell you

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once more, that I am resolved to demand the princess of the sultan in marriage; nor do I despair of success. I have the slaves of the lamp and of the ring to help me, and you know how powerful their aid is. And I have another secret to tell you: those pieces of glass, which I got from the trees in the garden of the subterranean palace, are jewels of inestimable value and fit for the greatest monarchs. All the precious stones the jewelers have in Bagdad are not to be compared to mine for size or beauty; and I am sure that the offer of them will secure the favor of the sultan. You have a large porcelain dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Aladdin's mother brought the china dish, when he took the jewels out of the two purses in which he had kept them, and placed them in order, according to his fancy. But the brightness and lustre they emitted in the daytime, and the variety of the colors, so dazzled the eyes of both mother and son that they were astonished beyond measure. Aladdin's mother, emboldened by the sight of these rich jewels, and fearful lest her son should be guilty of greater extravagance, complied with his request and promised to go early in the next morning to the palace of the sultan. Aladdin rose before daybreak, awakened his mother, pressing her to go to the sultan's palace, and to get admittance, if possible, before the grand vizier, the other viziers, and the great officers of state went in to take their seats in the divan, where the sultan always attended in person.

Aladdin's mother took the china dish, in which they had put the jewels the day before, wrapped it in two fine napkins, and set forward for the sultan's palace. When she came to the gates, the grand vizier, the other viziers, and most distinguished lords of the court were just gone in; but notwithstanding the crowd of people was great, she got into the divan, a spacious hall, the entrance into which was very magnificent.

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She placed herself just before the sultan, grand vizier, and the great lords, who sat in council, on his right and left hand. Several causes were called, according to their order, pleaded and adjudged, until the time the divan generally broke up, when the sultan, rising, returned to his apartment, attended by the grand vizier; the other viziers and ministers of state then retired, as also did all those whose business had called them thither.

Aladdin's mother, seeing the sultan retire and all the people depart, judged rightly that he would not sit again that day, and resolved to go home; and on her arrival said, with much simplicity, "Son, I have seen the sultan, and am very well persuaded he has seen me, too, for I placed myself just before him; but he was so much taken up with those who attended on all sides of him that I pitied him, and wondered at his patience. At last I believe he was heartily tired, for he rose up suddenly, and would not hear a great many who were ready prepared to speak to him, but went away, at which I was well pleased, for indeed I began to lose all patience and was extremely fatigued with staying so long. But there is no harm done; I will go again to-morrow; perhaps the sultan may not be so busy."

The next morning she repaired to the sultan's palace with the present, as early as the day before; but when she came there, she found the gates of the divan shut. She went six times afterward on the days appointed, placed herself always directly before the sultan, but with as little success as the first morning.

On the sixth day, however, after the divan was broken up, when the sultan returned to his own apartment, he said to his grand vizier: "I have for some time observed a certain woman, who attends constantly every day that I give audience, with something wrapped up in a napkin; she always stands up from the beginning to the breaking up of the audience, and affects to place herself just before me. If this

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woman comes to our next audience, do not fail to call her, that I may hear what she has to say." The grand vizier made answer by lowering his hand, and then lifting it up above his head, signifying his willingness to lose it if he failed.

On the next audience day, when Aladdin's mother went to the divan and placed herself in front of the sultan, as usual, the grand vizier immediately called the chief of the mace-bearers, and, pointing to her, bade him bring her before the sultan. The old woman at once followed the mace-bearer, and when she reached the sultan, bowed her head down to the carpet which covered the platform of the throne, and remained in that posture until he bade her rise; which she had no sooner done than he said to her, "Good woman, I have observed you to stand many days from the beginning to the rising of the divan; what business brings you here?"

After these words, Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time; and when she arose, said, "Monarch of monarchs, I beg of you to pardon the boldness of my petition, and to assure me of your pardon and forgiveness." "Well," replied the sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you; speak boldly."

When Aladdin's mother had taken all these precautions for fear of the sultan's anger, she told him faithfully the errand on which her son had sent her, and the event which led to his making so bold a request in spite of all her remonstrances.

The sultan hearkened to this discourse without showing the least anger; but before he gave her any answer, asked her what she had brought tied up in the napkin. She took the china dish which she had set down at the foot of the throne, untied it, and presented it to the sultan.

The sultan's amazement and surprise were inexpressible, when he saw so many large, beautiful and valuable jewels collected in the dish. He remained for some time lost in admiration. At last, when he had recovered himself, he received

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the present from Aladdin's mother's hand, saying, "How rich, how beautiful!" After he had admired and handled all the jewels one after another, he turned to his grand vizier, and showing him the dish, said, "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before." The vizier was charmed. "Well," continued the sultan, "what sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the princess, my daughter? And ought I not to bestow her on one who values her at so great a price?" "I cannot but own," replied the grand vizier, "that the present is worthy of the princess; but I beg of your majesty to grant me three months before you come to a final resolution. I hope, before that time, my son, whom you have regarded with your favor, will be able to make a nobler present than this Aladdin, who is an entire stranger to your majesty."

The sultan granted his request, and he said to the old woman, "Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to the proposal you have made me; but I cannot marry the princess, my daughter, for three months; at the expiration of that time come again."

Aladdin's mother returned home much more gratified than she had expected, and told her son with much joy the condescending answer she had received from the sultan's own mouth; and that she was to come to the divan again that day three months.

Aladdin thought himself the most happy of all men at hearing this news, and thanked his mother for the pains she had taken in the affair, the good success of which was of so great importance to his peace, that he counted every day, week, and even hour as it passed. When two of the three months was passed, his mother one evening, having no oil in the house, went out to buy some, and found a general rejoicing,—the houses dressed with foliage, silks, and carpeting, and every one striving to show their joy according to their ability. The streets were crowded with officers in habits of ceremony,

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mounted on horses richly caparisoned, each attended by a great many footmen. Aladdin's mother asked the oil merchant what was the meaning of all this preparation of public festivity. "Whence came you, good woman," said he, "that you don't know that the grand vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the sultan's daughter, to-night? She will presently return from the bath; and these officers whom you see are to assist at the cavalcade to the palace, where the ceremony is to be solemnized."

Aladdin's mother, on hearing this news, ran home very quickly. "Child," cried she, "you are undone! the sultan's fine promises will come to naught. This night the grand vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

At this account, Aladdin was thunderstruck, and he be-thought himself of the lamp, and of the genie who had promised to obey him; and without indulging in idle words against the sultan, the vizier, or his son, he determined, if possible, to prevent the marriage.

When Aladdin had got into his chamber, he took the lamp, rubbed it in the same place as before, when immediately the genie appeared, and said to him, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "Hear me," said Aladdin; "thou hast hitherto obeyed me, but now I am about to impose on thee a harder task. The sultan's daughter, who was promised me as my bride, is this night married to the son of the grand vizier. Bring them both hither to me immediately they retire to their bedchamber."

"Master," replied the genie, "I obey you."

Aladdin supped with his mother as was their wont, and then went to his own apartment, and sat up to await the return of the genie, according to his commands.

In the meantime the festivities in honor of the princess' marriage were conducted in the sultan's palace with great magnificence. The ceremonies were at last brought to a con-

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clusion, and the princess and the son of the vizier retired to the bedchamber prepared for them. No sooner had they entered it, and dismissed their attendants, than the genie, the faithful slave of the lamp, to the great amazement and alarm of the bride and bridegroom, took up the bed, and by an agency invisible to them, transported it in an instant into Aladdin's chamber, where he set it down. "Remove the bridegroom," said Aladdin to the genie, "and keep him a prisoner till to-morrow dawn, and then return with him here." On Aladdin being left alone with the princess, he endeavored to assuage her fears, and explained to her the treachery practiced upon him by the sultan, her father. He then laid himself down beside her, putting a drawn scimitar between them, to show that he was determined to secure her safety, and to treat her with the utmost possible respect. At break of day, the genie appeared at the appointed hour, bringing back the bridegroom, whom by breathing upon he had left motionless and entranced at the door of Aladdin's chamber during the night, and at Aladdin's command transported the couch with the bride and bridegroom on it, by the same invisible agency, into the palace of the sultan.

At the instant that the genie had set down the couch with the bride and bridegroom in their own chamber, the sultan came to the door to offer his good wishes to his daughter. The grand vizier's son, who was almost perished with cold by standing in his thin under-garment all night, no sooner heard the knocking at the door than he got out of bed, and ran into the robing-chamber, where he had undressed himself the night before.

The sultan having opened the door, went to the bedside, kissed the princess on the forehead, but was extremely surprised to see her look so melancholy. She only cast at him a sorrowful look, expressive of great affliction. He suspected there was nothing extraordinary in this silence, and thereupon went immediately to the sultaness' apartment, told her in

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what a state he found the princess, and how she had received him. "Sire," said the sultanness, "I will go and see her; she will not receive me in the same manner."

The princess received her mother with sighs and tears, and signs of deep dejection. At last, upon her pressing on her the duty of telling her all her thoughts, she gave to the sultanness a precise description of all that happened to her during the night; on which the sultanness enjoined on her the necessity of silence and discretion, as no one would give credence to so strange a tale. The grand vizier's son, elated with the honor of being the sultan's son-in-law, kept silence on his part, and the events of the night were not allowed to cast the least gloom on the festivities on the following day, in continued celebration of the royal marriage.

When night came, the bride and bridegroom were again attended to their chamber with the same ceremonies as on the preceding evening. Aladdin, knowing that this would be so, had already given his commands to the genie of the lamp; and no sooner were they alone than their bed was removed in the same mysterious manner as on the preceding evening; and having passed the night in the same unpleasant way, they were in the morning conveyed to the palace of the sultan. Scarcely had they been replaced in their apartment, when the sultan came to make his compliments to his daughter, when the princess could no longer conceal from him the unhappy treatment she had been subject to, and told him all that had happened as she had already related it to her mother. The sultan, on hearing these strange tidings, consulted with the grand vizier; and finding from him that his son had been subjected to even worse treatment by an invisible agency, he determined to declare the marriage to be cancelled, and all the festivities, which were yet to last for several days, to be countermanded and terminated.

This sudden change in the mind of the sultan gave rise to various speculations and reports. Nobody but Aladdin

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knew the secret, and he kept it with the most scrupulous silence; and neither the sultan nor the grand vizier, who had forgotten Aladdin and his request, had the least thought that he had any hand in the strange adventures that befell the bride and bridegroom.

On the very day that the three months contained in the sultan's promise expired, the mother of Aladdin again went to the palace, and stood in the same place in the divan. The sultan knew her again, and directed his vizier to have her brought before him.

After having prostrated herself, she made answer, in reply to the sultan: "Sire, I come at the end of three months to ask of you the fulfilment of the promise you made to my son." The sultan little thought the request of Aladdin's mother was made to him in earnest, or that he would hear any more of the matter. He therefore took counsel with his vizier, who suggested that the sultan should attach such conditions to the marriage as no one of the humble condition of Aladdin could possibly fulfil. In accordance with this suggestion of the vizier, the sultan replied to the mother of Aladdin: "Good woman, it is true sultans ought to abide by their word, and I am ready to keep mine and make your son happy in marriage with the princess my daughter. But as I cannot marry her without some further proof of your son's being able to support her in royal state, you may tell him I will fulfil my promise as soon as he shall send me forty trays of massy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already made me a present of, and carried by the like number of black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. On these conditions I am ready to bestow the princess my daughter upon him; therefore, good woman, go and tell him so, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Aladdin's mother prostrated herself a second time before the sultan's throne, and retired. On her way home she

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laughed within herself at her son's foolish imagination. "Where," said she, "can he get so many large gold trays, and such precious stones to fill them? It is altogether out of his power, and I believe he will not be much pleased with my embassy this time." When she came home, full of these thoughts, she told Aladdin all the circumstances of her interview with the sultan, and the conditions on which he consented to the marriage. "The sultan expects your answer immediately," said she; and then added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long enough!"

"Not so long, mother, as you imagine," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle, and will prove no bar to my marriage with the princess. I will prepare at once to satisfy his request."

Aladdin retired to his own apartment and summoned the genie of the lamp, and required him to prepare and present the gift immediately, before the sultan closed his morning audience, according to the terms in which it had been prescribed. The genie professed his obedience to the owner of the lamp, and disappeared. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by the same number of white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a basin of massy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then addressed his mother: "Madam, pray lose no time; before the sultan and the divan rise, I would have you return to the palace with this present as the dowry demanded for the princess, that he may judge by my diligence and exactness of the ardent and sincere desire I have to procure myself the honor of this alliance."

As soon as this magnificent procession, with Aladdin's mother at its head, had begun to march from Aladdin's house, the whole city was filled with the crowds of people desirous of seeing so grand a sight. The graceful bearing, elegant form, and wonderful likeness of each slave, their grave walk

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at an equal distance from each other, the lustre of their jewelled girdles, and the brilliancy of the aigrettes of precious stones in their turbans, excited the greatest admiration in the spectators. As they had to pass through several streets to the palace, the whole length of the way was lined with files of spectators. Nothing, indeed, was ever seen so beautiful and brilliant in the sultan's palace, and the richest robes of the emirs of his court were not to be compared to the costly dresses of these slaves, whom they supposed to be kings.

As the sultan, who had been informed of their approach, had given orders for them to be admitted, they met with no obstacle, but went into the divan in regular order, one part turning to the right and the other to the left. After they were all entered, and had formed a semicircle before the sultan's throne, the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, prostrated themselves, touching the carpet with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did the same. When they rose, the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

In the meantime, Aladdin's mother advanced to the foot of the throne, and having prostrated herself, said to the sultan, "Sire, my son knows this present is much below the notice of Princess Buddir al Buddoor; but hopes, nevertheless, that your majesty will accept of it, and make it agreeable to the princess, and with the greater confidence since he has endeavored to conform to the conditions you were pleased to impose."

The sultan, overpowered at the sight of such more than royal magnificence, replied without hesitation to the words of Aladdin's mother: "Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the princess my daughter from my hands, the greater pleasure he will give me." As soon as Aladdin's

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mother had retired, the sultan put an end to the audience; and rising from his throne ordered that the princess's attendants should come and carry the trays into their mistress's apartment, whither he went himself to examine them with her at his leisure. The fourscore slaves were conducted into the palace; and the sultan, telling the princess of their magnificent apparel, ordered them to be brought before her apartment, that she might see through the lattices he had not exaggerated in his account of them.

In the meantime Aladdin's mother reached home, and showed in her air and countenance the good news she brought to her son. "My son," said she, "you may rejoice you are arrived at the height of your desires. The sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin, enraptured with this news, made his mother very little reply, but retired to his chamber. There he rubbed his lamp, and the obedient genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "convey me at once to a bath, and supply me with the richest and most magnificent robe ever worn by a monarch." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the genie rendered him, as well as himself, invisible, and transported him into a hummum* of the finest marble of all sorts of colors; where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, in a magnificent and spacious hall. He was then well rubbed and washed with various scented waters. After he had passed through several degrees of heat, he came out quite a different man from what he was before. His skin was clear as that of a child, his body lightsome and free; and when he returned into the hall, he found, instead of his own poor raiment, a robe, the magnificence of which astonished him. The genie helped him to dress, and when he had done, transported him back to his own chamber,

* A Turkish word for a bath.

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where he asked him if he had any other commands. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a charger that surpasses in beauty and goodness the best in the sultan's stables; with a saddle, bridle, and other caparisons to correspond with his value. Furnish also twenty slaves, as richly clothed as those who carried the present to the sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six women slaves to attend her, as richly dressed at least as any of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor's, each carrying a complete dress fit for any sultaness. I want also ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste."

As soon as Aladdin had given these orders, the genie disappeared, but presently returned with the horse, the forty slaves, ten of whom carried each a purse containing ten thousand pieces of gold, and six women slaves, each carrying on her head a different dress for Aladdin's mother, wrapt up in a piece of silver tissue, and presented them all to Aladdin.

He presented the six women slaves to his mother, telling her they were her slaves, and that the dresses they had brought were for her use. Of the ten purses Aladdin took four, which he gave to his mother, telling her, those were to supply her with necessities; the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who brought them, with an order to throw them by handfuls among the people as they went to the sultan's palace. The six slaves who carried the purses he ordered likewise to march before him, three on the right hand and three on the left.

When Aladdin had thus prepared himself for his first interview with the sultan, he dismissed the genie, and immediately mounting his charger, began his march, and though he never was on horseback before, appeared with a grace the most experienced horseman might envy. The innumerable concourse of people through whom he passed made the

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air echo with their acclamations, especially every time the six slaves who carried the purses threw handfuls of gold among the populace.

On Aladdin's arrival at the palace, the sultan was surprised to find him more richly and magnificently robed than he had ever been himself, and was impressed with his good looks and dignity of manner, which were so different from what he expected in the son of one so humble as Aladdin's mother. He embraced him with all the demonstrations of joy, and when he would have fallen at his feet, held him by the hand, and made him sit near his throne. He shortly after led him amidst the sounds of trumpets, hautboys, and all kinds of music, to a magnificent entertainment, at which the sultan and Aladdin ate by themselves, and the great lords of the court, according to their rank and dignity, sat at different tables. After the feast, the sultan sent for the chief *cadi*, and commanded him to draw up a contract of marriage between the Princess Buddir al Buddoor and Aladdin. When the contract had been drawn, the sultan asked Aladdin if he would stay in the palace and complete the ceremonies of the marriage that day. "Sire," said Aladdin, "though great is my impatience to enter on the honor granted me by your majesty, yet I beg you to permit me first to build a palace worthy to receive the princess your daughter. I pray you to grant me sufficient ground near your palace, and I will have it completed with the utmost expedition." The sultan granted Aladdin his request, and again embraced him. After which he took his leave with as much politeness as if he had been bred up and had always lived at court.

Aladdin returned home in the order he had come, amidst the acclamations of the people, who wished him all happiness and prosperity. As soon as he dismounted, he retired to his own chamber, took the lamp, and summoned the genie as usual, who professed his allegiance. "Genie," said Aladdin, "build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al

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Buddoor. Let its materials be made of nothing less than porphyry, jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and the finest marble. Let its walls be massive gold and silver bricks laid alternately. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these (except one, which must be left unfinished) be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that they shall exceed everything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be an inner and outer court in front of the palace, and a spacious garden; but above all things, provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Let there be also kitchens and storehouses, stables full of the finest horses, with their equerries and grooms and hunting equipage, officers, attendants, and slaves, both men and women, to form a retinue for the princess and myself. Go and execute my wishes."

When Aladdin gave these commands to the genie, the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genie presented himself, and, having obtained Aladdin's consent, transported him in a moment to the palace he had made. The genie led him through all the apartments, where he found officers and slaves, habited according to their rank and the services to which they were appointed. The genie then showed him the treasury, which was opened by a treasurer, where Aladdin saw large vases of different sizes, piled up to the top with money, ranged all around the chamber. The genie thence led him to the stables, where were some of the finest horses in the world, and the grooms busy in dressing them; from there they went to the storehouses, which were filled with all things necessary both for food and ornament.

When Aladdin had examined every portion of the palace, and particularly the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, and found it far to exceed his fondest expectations, he said, "Genie, there is one thing wanting, a fine carpet for the princess to walk upon from the sultan's palace to mine. Lay one down immediately." The genie disappeared, and Aladdin saw what he desired executed in an instant. The genie then returned, and carried him to his own home.

When the sultan's porters came to open the gates, they were amazed to find what had been an unoccupied garden filled up with a magnificent palace, and a splendid carpet

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extending to it all the way from the sultan's palace. They told the strange tidings to the grand vizier, who informed the sultan, who exclaimed, "It must be Aladdin's palace, which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders can be done in only one night."

Aladdin, on his being conveyed by the genie to his own home, requested his mother to go to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, and tell her that the palace would be ready for her reception in the evening. She went, attended by her women slaves, in the same order as on the preceding day. Shortly after her arrival at the princess's apartment, the sultan himself came in, and was surprised to find her, whom he knew as his suppliant at his divan in such humble guise, to be now more richly and sumptuously attired than his own daughter. This gave him a higher opinion of Aladdin, who took such care of his mother, and made her share his wealth and honors. Shortly after her departure, Aladdin, mounting his horse, and attended by his retinue of magnificent attendants, left his paternal home forever, and went to the palace in the same pomp as on the day before. Nor did he forget to take with him the Wonderful Lamp, to which he owed all his good fortune, nor to wear the Ring which was given him as a talisman. The sultan entertained Aladdin with the utmost magnificence, and at night, on the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies, the princess took leave of the sultan her father. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred state ushers, and the like number of black mutes, in two files, with their officers at their head. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried flambeaux on each side, which, together with the illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, made it as light as day. In this order the princess, conveyed in her litter, and accompanied also by Aladdin's mother, carried in a superb litter and attended by her women slaves, proceeded on the carpet which was spread from the sultan's palace to that of Aladdin. On her arrival Aladdin was ready to receive her at the entrance, and led her into a large hall, illuminated with an infinite number of wax candles, where a noble feast was served up. The dishes were of massy gold, and contained the most delicate viands. The vases, basins, and goblets were gold also, and of exquisite workmanship, and all the other ornaments and embellishments of the hall were answer-

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able to this display. The princess, dazzled to see so much riches collected in one place, said to Aladdin, "I thought, prince, that nothing in the world was so beautiful as the sultan my father's palace, but the sight of this hall alone is sufficient to show I was deceived."

When the supper was ended, there entered a company of female dancers, who performed, according to the custom of the country, singing at the same time verses in praise of the bride and bridegroom. About midnight Aladdin's mother conducted the bride to the nuptial apartment, and he soon after retired.

The next morning the attendants of Aladdin presented themselves to dress him, and brought him another habit, as rich and magnificent as that worn the day before. He then ordered one of the horses to be got ready, mounted him, and went in the midst of a large troop of slaves to the sultan's palace to entreat him to take a repast in the princess's palace, attended by his grand vizier and all the lords of his court. The sultan consented with pleasure, rose up immediately, and, preceded by the principal officers of his palace and followed by all the great lords of his court, accompanied Aladdin.

The nearer the sultan approached Aladdin's palace, the more he was struck with its beauty; but when he entered it, came into the hall, and saw the windows enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all large, perfect stones, he was completely surprised, and said to his son-in-law, "This palace is one of the wonders of the world; for where in all the world besides shall we find walls built of massy gold and silver, and diamonds, rubies, and emeralds composing the windows? But what surprises me is, that a hall of this magnificence should be left with one of its windows incomplete and unfinished." "Sire," answered Aladdin, "the omission was by design, since I wished that you should have the glory of finishing this hall." "I take your intention kindly," said the sultan, "and will give orders about it immediately."

After the sultan had finished this magnificent entertainment, provided for him and for his court by Aladdin, he was informed that the jewellers and goldsmiths attended; upon which he returned to the hall, and showed them the window which was unfinished. "I sent for you," said he, "to fit up this window in as great perfection as the rest. Examine them well, and make all the dispatch you can."

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The jewellers and goldsmiths examined the three-and-twenty windows with great attention, and after they had consulted together, to know what each could furnish, they returned, and presented themselves before the sultan, whose principal jeweller, undertaking to speak for the rest, said, "Sire, we are all willing to exert our utmost care and industry to obey you; but among us all we cannot furnish jewels enough for so great a work." "I have more than are necessary," said the sultan; "come to my palace, and you shall choose what may answer your purpose."

When the sultan returned to his palace, he ordered his jewels to be brought out, and the jewellers took a great quantity, particularly those Aladdin had made him a present of, which they soon used, without making any great advance in their work. They came again several times for more, and in a month's time had not finished half their work. In short, they used all the jewels the sultan had, and borrowed of the vizier, but yet the work was not half done.

Aladdin, who knew that all the sultan's endeavors to make this window like the rest were in vain, sent for the jewellers and goldsmiths, and not only commanded them to desist from their work, but ordered them to undo what they had begun, and to carry all their jewels back to the sultan and to the vizier. They undid in a few hours what they had been six weeks about, and retired, leaving Aladdin alone in the hall. He took the lamp, which he carried about him, rubbed it, and presently the genie appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I ordered thee to leave one of the four-and-twenty windows of this hall imperfect, and thou hast executed my commands punctually; now I would have thee make it like the rest." The genie immediately disappeared. Aladdin went out of the hall, and returning soon after, found the window, as he wished it to be, like the others.

In the meantime, the jewellers and goldsmiths repaired to the palace, and were introduced into the sultan's presence; where the chief jeweller presented the precious stones which he had brought back. The sultan asked them if Aladdin had given them any reason for so doing, and they answering that he had given them none, he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and rode to his son-in-law's palace, with some few attendants on foot, to inquire why he had ordered the completion of the window to be stopped.

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Aladdin met him at the gate, and without giving any reply to his inquiries conducted him to the grand saloon, where the sultan, to his great surprise, found the window, which was left imperfect, to correspond exactly with the others. He fancied at first that he was mistaken, and examined the two windows on each side, and afterward all the four-and-twenty; but when he was convinced that the window which several workmen had been so long about was finished in so short a time, he embraced Aladdin and kissed him between the eyes. "My son," said he, "what a man you are to do such surprising things always in the twinkling of an eye! there is not your fellow in the world; the more I know, the more I admire you."

The sultan returned to the palace, and after this went frequently to the window to contemplate and admire the wonderful palace of his son-in-law.

Aladdin did not confine himself in his palace, but went with much state, sometimes to one mosque, and sometimes to another, to prayers, or to visit the grand vizier or the principal lords of the court. Every time he went out, he caused two slaves, who walked by the side of his horse, to throw handfuls of money among the people as he passed through the streets and squares. This generosity gained him the love and blessings of the people, and it was common for them to swear by his head. Thus Aladdin, while he paid all respect to the sultan, won by his affable behavior and liberality the affections of the people.

Aladdin had conducted himself in this manner several years when the African magician, who had for some years dismissed him from his recollection, determined to inform himself with certainty whether he perished, as he supposed, in the subterranean cave or not. After he had resorted to a long course of magic ceremonies, and had formed a horoscope by which to ascertain Aladdin's fate, what was his surprise to find the appearances to declare that Aladdin, instead of dying in the cave, had made his escape, and was living in royal splendor, by the aid of the genie of the wonderful lamp!

On the very next day, the magician set out and travelled with the utmost haste to the capital of China, where, on his arrival, he took up his lodgings in a khan.

He then quickly learnt about the wealth, charities, happiness, and splendid palace of Prince Aladdin. Directly he

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saw the wonderful fabric, he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have performed such wonders, and, piqued to the quick at Aladdin's high estate, he returned to the khan.

On his return he had recourse to an operation of geomancy to find out where the lamp was—whether Aladdin carried it about with him, or where he left it. The result of his consultation informed him, to his great joy, that the lamp was in the palace. "Well," said he, rubbing his hands in glee, "I shall have the lamp, and I shall make Aladdin return to his original mean condition."

The next day the magician learnt, from the chief superintendent of the khan where he lodged, that Aladdin had gone on a hunting expedition, which was to last for eight days, of which only three had expired. The magician wanted to know no more. He resolved at once on his plans. He went to a coppersmith, and asked for a dozen copper lamps; the master of the shop told him he had not so many by him, but if he would have patience until the next day, he would have them ready. The magician appointed his time, and desired him to take care that they should be handsome and well polished.

The next day the magician called for the twelve lamps, paid the man his full price, put them into a basket hanging on his arm, and went directly to Aladdin's palace. As he approached, he began crying, "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?" As he went along, a crowd of children collected, who hooted, and thought him, as did all who chanced to be passing by, a madman or a fool, to offer to exchange new lamps for old ones.

The African magician regarded not their scoffs, hootings, or all they could say to him, but still continued crying, "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?" He repeated this so often, walking backward and forward in front of the palace, that the princess, who was then in the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, hearing a man cry something, and seeing a great mob crowding about him, sent one of her women slaves to know what he cried.

The slave returned, laughing so heartily that the princess rebuked her. "Madam," answered the slave, laughing still, "who can forbear laughing, to see an old man with a basket on his arm, full of fine new lamps, asking to exchange them for old ones? The children and mob crowding about him,

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so that he can hardly stir, make all the noise they can in derision of him."

Another female slave, hearing this, said, "Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon a shelf of the Prince Aladdin's robing-room, and whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead. If the princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of trying if this old man is so silly as to give a new lamp for an old one, without taking anything for the exchange."

The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp and the interest that Aladdin had to keep it safe, entered into the pleasantry, and commanded a slave to take it and make the exchange. The slave obeyed, went out of the hall, and no sooner got to the palace gates than he saw the African magician, called to him, and showing him the old lamp, said, "Give me a new lamp for this."

The magician never doubted but this was the lamp he wanted. There could be no other such in this palace, where every utensil was gold or silver. He snatched it eagerly out of the slave's hand, and thrusting it as far as he could into his breast, offered him his basket, and bade him choose which he liked best. The slave picked out one and carried it to the princess; but the exchange was no sooner made than the place rang with the shouts of the children, deriding the magician's folly.

The African magician stayed no longer near the palace, nor cried any more, "New lamps for old ones," but made the best of his way to his khan. He had accomplished his purpose, and by his silence he got rid of the children and the mob.

As soon as he was out of sight of the two palaces, he hastened down to the least-frequented streets; and having no more occasion for his lamps or basket, set all down in a spot where nobody saw him; then going down another street or two, he walked till he came to one of the city gates, and pursuing his way through the suburbs, which were very extensive, at length reached a lonely spot, where he stopped till the darkness of night, as the most suitable time for the design he had in contemplation. When it became quite dark, he pulled the lamp out of his breast and rubbed it. At that summons the genie appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave,

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and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; both I and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me immediately, and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this city, with all the people in it, to Africa." The genie made no reply, but with the assistance of the other genies, the slaves of the lamp, immediately transported him and the palace, entire, to the spot whither he had been desired to convey it.

Early the next morning, when the sultan, according to custom, went to contemplate and admire Aladdin's palace, his amazement was unbounded to find that it could nowhere be seen. He could not comprehend how so large a palace, which he had seen plainly every day for some years, should vanish so soon and not leave the least trace behind. In his perplexity he ordered the grand vizier to be sent for with expedition.

The grand vizier, who, in secret, bore no good will to Aladdin, intimated his suspicion that the palace was built by magic, and that Aladdin had made his hunting excursion an excuse for the removal of his palace with the same suddenness with which it had been erected. He induced the sultan to send a detachment of his guard, and to have Aladdin seized as a prisoner of state. On his son-in-law's being brought before him, he would not hear a word from him, but ordered him to be put to death. The decree caused so much discontent among the people, whose affection Aladdin had secured by his largesses and charities, that the sultan, fearful of an insurrection, was obliged to grant him his life. When Aladdin found himself at liberty, he again addressed the sultan: "Sire, I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have thus lost the favor of thy countenance." "Your crime!" answered the sultan, "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you." The sultan then took Aladdin into the apartment from which he was wont to look at and admire his palace, and said, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look, mind, and tell me what has become of it." Aladdin did so, and being utterly amazed at the loss of his palace, was speechless. At last recovering himself, he said, "It is true, I do not see the palace. It is vanished; but I had no concern in its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your

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pleasure." "I give you the time you ask, but at the end of forty days, forget not to present yourself before me."

Aladdin went out of the sultan's palace in a condition of exceeding humiliation. The lords who had courted him in the days of his splendour, now declined to have any communication with him. For three days he wandered about the city, exciting the wonder and compassion of the multitude by asking everybody he met if he had seen his palace, or could tell him anything of it. On the third day he wandered into the country, and as he was approaching a river, he fell down the bank with so much violence that he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him so hard by holding on the rock to save himself, that immediately the same genie appeared whom he had seen in the cave where the magician had left him. "What wouldst thou have?" said the genie, "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those that have that ring on their finger; both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin, agreeably surprised at an offer of help so little expected, replied, "Genie, show me where the palace I caused to be built now stands, or transport it back where it first stood." "Your command," answered the genie, "is not wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp." "I command thee, then," replied Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to transport me to the spot where my palace stands, in what part of the world soever it may be." These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the genie transported him into Africa, to the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood, at no great distance from a city, and placing him exactly under the window of the princess's apartment, left him.

Now it happened that shortly after Aladdin had been transported by the slave of the ring to the neighborhood of his palace, one of the attendants of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, looking through the window, perceived him and instantly told her mistress. The princess, who could not believe the joyful tidings, hastened herself to the window, and seeing Aladdin, immediately opened it. The noise of opening the window made Aladdin turn his head that way, and perceiving the princess, he saluted her with an air that expressed his joy. "To lose no time," said she to him, "I have sent to have the private door opened for you; enter and come up."

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The private door, which was just under the princess's apartment, was soon opened and Aladdin conducted up into the chamber. It is impossible to express the joy of both at seeing each other after so cruel a separation. After embracing and shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said, "I beg of you, princess, to tell me what is become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my robing-chamber."

"Alas!" answered the princess, "I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp; and what grieves me most is, that I have been the cause of it. I was foolish enough to exchange the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, interrupting her, "you have explained all by telling me we are in Africa. I desire you only to tell me now if you know where the old lamp now is." "The African magician carries it carefully wrapt up in his bosom," said the princess; "and this I can assure you, because he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "I think I have found the means to deliver you and to regain possession of the lamp, on which all my prosperity depends; to execute this design, it is necessary for me to go to the town. I shall return by noon, and will then tell you what must be done by you to insure success. In the mean time, I shall disguise myself, and I beg that the private door may be opened at the first knock."

When Aladdin was out of the palace, he looked round him on all sides, and perceiving a peasant going into the country, hastened after him; and when he had overtaken him, made a proposal to him to exchange clothes, which the man agreed to. When they had made the exchange, the countryman went about his business, and Aladdin entered the neighboring city. After traversing several streets, he came to that part of the town where the merchants and artisans had their particular streets according to their trades. He went into that of the druggists; and entering one of the largest and best furnished shops, asked the druggist if he had a certain powder, which he named.

The druggist, judging Aladdin by his habit to be very poor, told him he had it, but that it was very dear; upon which

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Aladdin, penetrating his thoughts, pulled out his purse, and showing him some gold, asked for half a dram of the powder; which the druggist weighed and gave him, telling him the price was a piece of gold. Aladdin put the money into his hand, and hastened to the palace, which he entered at once by the private door. When he came into the princess's apartment, he said to her, "Princess, you must take your part in the scheme which I propose for our deliverance. You must overcome your aversion to the magician, and assume a most friendly manner toward him, and ask him to oblige you by partaking of an entertainment in your apartments. Before he leaves, ask him to exchange cups with you, which he, gratified at the honor you do him, will gladly do, when you must give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we will obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do all our bidding, and restore us and the palace to the capital of China."

The princess obeyed to the utmost her husband's instructions. She assumed a look of pleasure on the next visit of the magician, and asked him to an entertainment, an invitation which he most willingly accepted. At the close of the evening, during which the princess had tried all she could to please him, she asked him to exchange cups with her, and giving the signal, had the drugged cup brought to her, which she gave to the magician. He drank it out of compliment to the princess to the very last drop, when he fell backward lifeless on the sofa.

The princess, in anticipation of the success of her scheme, had so placed her women from the great hall to the foot of the staircase, that the word was no sooner given that the African magician was fallen backward, than the door was opened, and Aladdin admitted to the hall. The princess rose from her seat, and ran, overjoyed, to embrace him; but he stopped her, and said, "Princess, retire to your apartment; and let me be left alone, while I endeavor to transport you back to China as speedily as you were brought from thence."

When the princess, her women, and slaves were gone out of the hall, Aladdin shut the door, and going directly to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, which was carefully wrapped up; and when he rubbed it, the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee to transport this palace instantly to the place whence it was brought hither." The genie bowed his

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head in token of obedience, and disappeared. Immediately the palace was transported into China, and its removal was only felt by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, the other when it was set down, and both in a very short interval of time.

On the morning after the restoration of Aladdin's palace, the sultan was looking out of his window and mourning over the fate of his daughter, when he thought that he saw the vacancy created by the disappearance of the palace to be again filled up.

On looking more attentively, he was convinced beyond the power of doubt that it was his son-in-law's palace. Joy and gladness succeeded to sorrow and grief. He at once ordered a horse to be saddled, which he mounted that instant, thinking he could not make haste enough to the place.

Aladdin rose that morning by daybreak, put on one of the most magnificent habits his wardrobe afforded, and went up into the hall of twenty-four windows, from which he perceived the sultan approaching, and received him at the foot of the great staircase, helping him to dismount.

He led the sultan into the princess's apartment. The happy father embraced his daughter with tears of joy; and the princess, on her side, afforded similar testimonies of her extreme pleasure. After a short interval, devoted to mutual explanations of all that had happened, the sultan restored Aladdin to his favor, and expressed his regret for the apparent harshness with which he had treated him. "My son," said he, "be not displeased at my proceedings against you; they arose from my paternal love, and therefore you ought to forgive the excesses to which it hurried me." "Sire," replied Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This infamous magician, the basest of men, was the sole cause of my misfortune."

The African magician, who was thus twice foiled in his endeavor to ruin Aladdin, had a younger brother, who was as skillful a magician as himself, and exceeded him in wickedness and hatred of mankind. By mutual agreement they communicated with each other once a year, however widely separate might be their places of residence from each other. The younger brother not having received as usual his annual communication, prepared to take a horoscope and ascertain his brother's proceedings. He, as well as his brother, always

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carried a geomantic square instrument about him. He prepared the sand, cast the points, and drew the figures. On examining the planetary crystal, he found that his brother was no longer living, but had been poisoned; and by another observation, that he was in the capital of the kingdom of China; also, that the person who had poisoned him was of mean birth, though married to a princess, a sultan's daughter.

When the magician had informed himself of his brother's fate, he resolved immediately to revenge his death, and at once departed for China; where, after crossing plains, rivers, mountains, deserts, and a long tract of country without delay, he arrived after incredible fatigues. When he came to the capital of China, he took a lodging at a khan. His magic art soon revealed to him that Aladdin was the person who had been the cause of the death of his brother. He had heard, too, all the persons of repute in the city talking of a woman called Fatima, who was retired from the world, and of the miracles she wrought. As he fancied that this woman might be serviceable to him in the project he had conceived, he made more minute inquiries, and requested to be informed more particularly who that holy woman was, and what sort of miracles she performed.

"What!" said the person whom he addressed, "have you never seen or heard of her? She is the admiration of the whole town, for her fasting, her austerities, and her exemplary life. Except Mondays and Fridays, she never stirs out of her little cell; and on those days on which she comes into the town she does an infinite deal of good; for there is not a person who is diseased but she puts her hand on him and cures him."

Having ascertained the place where the hermitage of this holy woman was, the magician went at night, and plunging a poniard into her heart, killed this good woman. In the morning he dyed his face of the same hue as hers, and arraying himself in her garb, taking her veil, the large necklace she wore round her waist, and her stick, went straight to the palace of Aladdin.

As soon as the people saw the holy woman, as they imagined him to be, they presently gathered about him in a great crowd. Some begged his blessing, others kissed his hand, and others, more reserved, only the hem of his garment; while others, suffering from disease, stooped for him to lay hands upon them; which he did, muttering some words

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in form of prayer, and, in short, counterfeiting so well, that everybody took him for the holy woman. He came at last to the square before Aladdin's palace. The crowd and the noise were so great that the princess, who was in the hall of four-and-twenty windows, heard it, and asked what was the matter. One of her women told her it was a great crowd of people collected about the holy woman to be cured of diseases by the imposition of her hands.

The princess, who had long heard of this holy woman, but had never seen her, was very desirous to have some conversation with her; perceiving which, the chief officer told her it was an easy matter to bring the woman to her, if she desired and commanded it; and the princess expressing her wishes, he immediately sent four slaves for the pretended holy woman.

As soon as the crowd saw the attendants from the palace, they made way; and the magician, perceiving also that they were coming for him, advanced to meet them, overjoyed to find his plot succeed so well. "Holy woman," said one of the slaves, "the princess wants to see you, and has sent us for you." "The princess does me too great an honor," replied the false Fatima; "I am ready to obey her command," and at the same time followed the slaves to the palace.

When the pretended Fatima had made her obeisance, the princess said, "My good mother, I have one thing to request, which you must not refuse me; it is, to stay with me, that you may edify me with your way of living, and that I may learn from your good example." "Princess," said the counterfeit Fatima, "I beg of you not to ask what I cannot consent to without neglecting my prayers and devotion." "That shall be no hindrance to you," answered the princess; "I have a great many apartments unoccupied; you shall choose which you like best, and have as much liberty to perform your devotions as if you were in your own cell."

The magician, who really desired nothing more than to introduce himself into the palace, where it would be a much easier matter for him to execute his designs, did not long excuse himself from accepting the obliging offer which the princess made him. "Princess," said he, "whatever resolution a poor wretched woman as I am may have made to renounce the pomp and grandeur of this world, I dare not presume to oppose the will and commands of so pious and charitable a princess."

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Upon this the princess, rising up, said, "Come with me, I will show you what vacant apartments I have, that you may make choice of that you like best." The magician followed the princess, and of all the apartments she showed him, made choice of that which was the worst, saying that was too good for him, and that he only accepted it to please her.

Afterward the princess would have brought him back again into the great hall to make him dine with her; but he, considering that he should then be obliged to show his face, which he had always taken care to conceal with Fatima's veil, and fearing that the princess should find out that he was not Fatima, begged of her earnestly to excuse him, telling her that he never ate anything but bread and dried fruits, and desired to eat that slight repast in his own apartment. The princess granted his request, saying, "You may be as free here, good mother, as if you were in your own cell; I will order you a dinner, but remember, I expect you as soon as you have finished your repast."

After the princess had dined, and the false Fatima had been sent for by one of the attendants, he again waited upon her. "My good mother," said the princess, "I am overjoyed to see so holy a woman as yourself, who will confer a blessing upon this palace. But now I am speaking of the palace, pray how do you like it? And before I show it all to you, tell me first what you think of this hall."

Upon this question, the counterfeit Fatima surveyed the hall from one end to the other. When he had examined it well, he said to the princess, "As far as such a solitary being as I am, who am unacquainted with what the world calls beautiful, can judge, this hall is truly admirable; there wants but one thing." "What is that, good mother?" demanded the princess; "tell me, I conjure you. For my part, I always believed, and have heard say, it wanted nothing; but if it does, it shall be supplied."

"Princess," said the false Fatima, with great dissimulation, "forgive me the liberty I have taken; but my opinion is, if it can be of any importance, that if a roc's egg were hung up in the middle of the dome, this hall would have no parallel in the four quarters of the world, and your palace would be the wonder of the universe."

"My good mother," said the princess, "what is a roc, and where may one get an egg?" "Princess," replied the pretended Fatima, "it is a bird of prodigious size, which inhabits

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the summit of Mount Caucasus; the architect who built your palace can get you one."

After the princess had thanked the false Fatima for what she believed her good advice, she conversed with her upon other matters; but could not forget the roc's egg, which she resolved to request of Aladdin when next he should visit his apartments. He did so in the course of that evening, and shortly after he entered, the princess thus addressed him: "I always believed that our palace was the most superb, magnificent, and complete in the world; but I will tell you now what it wants, and that is a roc's egg hung up in the midst of the dome." "Princess," replied Aladdin, "it is enough that you think it wants such an ornament; you shall see by the diligence which I use in obtaining it, that there is nothing which I would not do for your sake."

Aladdin left the Princess Buddir al Buddoor that moment, and went up into the hall of four-and-twenty windows, where, pulling out of his bosom the lamp, which after the danger he had been exposed to he always carried about him, he rubbed it; upon which the genie immediately appeared. "Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee, in the name of this lamp, bring a roc's egg to be hung up in the middle of the dome of the hall of the palace." Aladdin had no sooner pronounced these words, than the hall shook as if ready to fall; and the genie said in a loud and terrible voice, "Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the lamp have done everything for you, but you, by an unheard-of ingratitude, must command me to bring my master, and hang him up in the midst of this dome? This attempt deserves that you, the princess, and the palace, should be immediately reduced to ashes; but you are spared because this request does not come from yourself. Its true author is the brother of the African magician, your enemy whom you have destroyed. He is now in your palace, disguised in the habit of the holy woman Fatima, whom he has murdered; at his suggestion your wife makes this pernicious demand. His design is to kill you, therefore take care of yourself." After these words the genie disappeared.

Aladdin resolved at once what to do. He returned to the princess's apartment, and without mentioning a word of what had happened, sat down, and complained of a great pain which had suddenly seized his head. On hearing this, the princess told him how she had invited the holy Fatima to stay

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with her, and that she was now in the palace; and at the request of the prince, ordered her to be summoned at once.

When the pretended Fatima came, Aladdin said, "Come hither, good mother; I am glad to see you here at so fortunate a time. I am tormented with a violent pain in my head, and request your assistance, and hope you will not refuse me that cure which you impart to afflicted persons." So saying, he arose, but held down his head. The counterfeit Fatima advanced toward him, with his hand all the time on a dagger concealed in his girdle under his gown; which Aladdin observing, he snatched the weapon from his hand, pierced him to the heart with his own dagger, and then pushed him down on the floor.

"My dear prince, what have you done?" cried the princess, in surprise. "You have killed the holy woman!" "No, my princess," answered Aladdin, with emotion, "I have not killed Fatima, but a villain who would have assassinated me if I had not prevented him. This wicked man," added he, uncovering his face, "is the brother of the magician who attempted our ruin. He has strangled the true Fatima, and disguised himself in her clothes with intent to murder me." Aladdin then informed her how the genie had told him these facts, and how narrowly she and the palace had escaped destruction through his treacherous suggestion which had led to her request.

Thus was Aladdin delivered from the persecution of the two brothers, who were magicians. Within a few years afterward, the sultan died in a good old age, and as he left no male children, the Princess Buddir al Buddoor succeeded him, and she and Aladdin reigned together many years, and left a numerous and illustrious posterity.

Success

As the Attainment and Preservation of a Practical Ideal

The Business Philosophy of Lord Bacon

By A. H. Gamble

Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, describes a wonderful star in the constellation Cassiopeia which was first noticed November 11th, 1572, as a star of the fourth magnitude. It rapidly increased in brilliancy until it rivalled and outshone the Dog Star Sirius of the first magnitude. It increased yet more until it shone as the planet Venus at her nearest conjunction to earth. Astronomers and wise men wondered. Superstitious people feared and trembled. Less than three months before had occurred the awful St. Bartholomew horror, when France heaped to herself bloody infamy. Many people said, the very heavens cried for vengeance, and the day of doom had come. Bethlehem's star which announced the birth of the Prince of Peace, had again returned, announcing the coming of the Son of Man in the Last Judgment. For seventeen months this star was visible, then slowly faded in the far depths of infinite space.

A little English boy, grave and thoughtful, watched with wonder eyes the glowing and fading of this strange visitor from the Unknown. He was the youngest child of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, under Queen Elizabeth. At this time he was eleven years of age, being but three years older than Shakespeare. These two boys were destined to become the greatest men of their age. "One 'glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' as a poet. The other taught men to look abroad into God's world and by patient experiment to find their way from outward signs to knowledge of the inner working of those laws of Nature which are fixed energies, appointed by the wisdom of the Creator, as sources of all that we see and use."

We do not know what impression the blazing star made on the eight-year-old son of the "trader in farm produce," at Stratford-on-Avon; but we do know how profoundly it moved the eleven-year-old son of the Queen's Lord Keeper, at York House, in London. Like all children he asked questions; unlike many, the habit grew and never ceased. He was the greatest questioner of two centuries. The effect of this astronomical puzzle was not lost on young Francis Bacon. It awoke in him a great idea. To all his queries no one could give intelligent answer. Science did not, and could not, rise up and explain. To his growing philosophic boy mind, Science was just as weak and helpless in nearly every other field. Why was this? Nature surely used no padlocks to seal her secrets. She was ever kind and inviting. Why were we circumscribed? Who placed the limits? Why these bars? Neither the speculative philosophy, nor the dogmatic theology of the age, essayed anything but most vague and unsatisfactory explanations.

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The idea grew into a fixed purpose. "If our study of nature be thus barren, it must be wrong in method. Why not a better method? I will devote my life to finding a new path for humanity."

At the age of twelve he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Nearly four years' feeding on the dry dust heaps of the so-called humanities, and he leaves the university for a two years' sojourn in France. In these years of thoughtful study and travel, he was laying foundations and making discoveries. With clear-eyed vision he dared take issue with existing standards of education and philosophy. In effect he said: All these waiting centuries we have been like spiders weaving cobwebs from our own brains, but getting nowhere, doing nothing. We travel in circles; we chase our own shadows; we stultify our powers by endless illogical deductions. We are laboriously learning, yet not coming nigh the truth. We

want not Sodom's apples, but real luscious fruit. Must we forever quibble about philosophic conceits? Is there no practical application of the learning and philosophy of the kingly intellects of ancient days, to present world conditions?

It is related of Oliver Cromwell, that on a certain occasion, while making a tour of England he entered a stately cathedral. Noting a number of fine silver statues of nearly one-half life size, he asked the bishop, "And what are these?" "Images of the Holy Apostles, your Highness," was the reply. "And what do they here, thus idle?" said Cromwell. "Why are they not about their Master's business? Take them down! To the mint with them! Make them into coin of the realm, that they may be of service to their Lord."

This incident strikingly illustrates Bacon's view of the state of culture in his day. Men had adorned the great seats of learning, as Oxford and Cambridge, with many beautiful images of classic lore. These took the form of endless syllabi on dry Greek roots, or religious dogma; on learned dissertations or involved syllogism as to Plato's concept of the Idea, or Socrates' notion of the soul. These brain children became spoiled pets. The illogical conceits of this, that and the other teacher made intellectual chaos rather than cosmos. In Cambridge Bacon found dust heaps and cobwebs clinging to the images of an inert philosophy. Like the great Lord Protector he commanded them to be taken out into the world of potential activity and applied to its problems and its needs.

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Here let us trace causes for conditions in Bacon's time. The eleventh and twelfth centuries witnessed a remarkable movement in Europe known as the period of the Crusades. The West went to the East. An empty tomb at Jerusalem was the bone of contention. That tomb in which the Christ was supposed to have lain was in the hands of the infidel Saracens. They had made themselves masters of Asia. Eight different Crusades left Europe to meet the Saracens and

capture the holy city of the tomb. The results of these strange, wild waves of semi-religious and military invasion from Europe into Asia were far-reaching. Out of it all rose the people. Feudalism fell. The Baron's War burst the bonds of serfdom. The reaction of the awakening mind in Europe gave national and world consciousness. Reformation, wave after wave, swept Europe. After the fall of Constantinople in 1451, the light of learning, philosophy, and science, burst in greater effulgence upon the people, eager to receive it. Stored up treasures of rare manuscripts, books, libraries, found their way into Italy, France and England. Great scholars came from the East to teach the West. The Renaissance was in full swing of progress. The spirit of liberty, religious, social, political, was in the air. Columbus braved the unknown, uncharted Western ocean and found a new world. At least a dozen other daring navigators had boldly pushed their adventurous prow into unknown seas, which revealed new lands and empires. Man's life was to be no longer a mere wild beast struggle. He stood on the threshold of New Dominion. The tyrannous dynasty of Fear was being attacked from many quarters. The ground swell of upheaval for popular government, and inalienable rights, was already alarming despots. It was a time of transition. Shackles were being broken. Opportunity knocked insistently at the door of both palace and hovel. Enterprise beckoned from near and far to woo into new fields of endeavor. But conservatism is slow to take the initiative. The tyranny of custom is the foe to progress. Though the clock of time had struck the hour of deliverance and wider achievement for humanity, a Moses seemed slow in coming. The vision of the Burning Bush surely comes to rare souls as events demand. God chooses His leaders.

“As some divinely gifted man—
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

He came to his own. Now, looking back through the perspective of nearly four hundred years we behold the noble figure of Francis Bacon topping the highest mountain peaks of sixteenth century civilization. He stands the peer of any man of his age, the benefactor of his race, to remotest cycles

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But we hasten to his great idea. Says a great historian: "Nothing is so dangerous to a stupid conservatism as an idea. It dashes down and breaks in pieces. It becomes courageous and persists in saying that light is light and darkness is darkness." Bacon had an aim, a plan, as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race. With the serenity of a master he looked out upon the world of his time. He saw a potential giant bound down with cords attached to stakes, driven into earth by Lilliputian hordes. The giant knew not his strength. Bacon himself was a Prometheus unbound. He applied his genius and kingly powers to the work of liberation. With the far-sighted strategy of a great general he planned his campaign. It was nothing less than the reorganization of all science and philosophy for the service of mankind.

To this end he conceived his great work, the "Novum Organum." None less than a king could have planned such a Herculean task. The "Novum Organum" attacked the philosophy and science of the time and argued for a science based on experience and experiment. His ideas are best explained in his own words, a few excerpts of which are presented below. There has been a great deal of discussion as to how

original and how useful they are. Aristotle and the later Greeks had not neglected experiment, and Galileo was even then carrying on experiments of great value, but Bacon's seems to be the first insistence that all science must go back to experience. This idea alone is epoch-making in the history of both science and philosophy."

Men live in circles. The circumference of one's circle depends largely upon the capacity for unfoldment. Environment makes little difference, if will and ability are present. The larger the circle the greater the area of achievement. Some men live in days only. They do not plan ahead; others live in months, years, decades. These have larger plans, wider horizons.

"They see the promise from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

Bacon's plans compassed the centuries. His area was more than world-wide. He was so sure of his ground that he said, "The judgment and value of my work I leave to coming centuries." Such was the scope of his vision that he might have said with a later poet seer:

"I am the owner of the spheres,
Of the seven stars and the solar years,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

He who lives in the eternities can plan his work only on the plane of divine circumferences. Note the reasons of this practical philosopher for undertaking his mighty task in the reorganization of science for the empire of man.

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"Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more."

"The unassisted hand, and the understanding left to itself, possesses but little power. Effects are produced by the means

of instruments and helps, which the understanding requires no less than the hand. And as instruments either promote or regulate the motion of the hand, so those that are applied to the mind prompt or protect the understanding."

"Knowledge and human power are synonymous, since the ignorance of the cause frustrates the effect. For nature is only subdued by submission, and that which in contemplative philosophy corresponds with the cause, in practical things becomes the rule."

"It would be madness, and inconsistency, to suppose that things which have never yet been performed, can be performed without employing some hitherto untried means."

"The sole cause and root of almost every defect in the sciences is this: that whilst we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps."

"The subtilty of nature is far beyond that of sense or of the understanding: so that the specious meditations, speculations, and theories of mankind are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it."

"As the present sciences are useless for the discovery of effects, so the present system of logic is useless for the discovery of the sciences."

"There are and can exist but two ways of investigating and discovering truth. The one hurries on rapidly from the senses and particulars to the most general axioms; and from them as principles and their supposed indisputable truth derives and discovers the intermediate axioms. This is the way now in use. The other constructs its axioms from the senses and particulars, by ascending continually and gradually, till it finally arrives at the most general axioms, which is the true but unattempted way."

"There is no small difference between the idols of the human mind, and the ideas of the divine mind; that is to say, between certain idle dogmas, and the real stamp and impression of created objects, as they are found in nature."

"It is in vain to expect any great progress in the sciences by the superinducing or engrafting new matters upon old. An instauration must be made from the very foundations, if we do not wish to revolve forever in a circle, making only some slight and contemptible progress."

"Alexander Borgia said of the expedition of the French into Italy that they came with chalk in their hands to mark up

their lodgings, and not with weapons to force their passage. Even so do we wish our philosophy to make its way quietly into those minds that are fit for it, and of good capacity. For we have no need of contention where we differ in first principles, and our very notions, and even in our forms of demonstration."

"We have but one simple method of delivering our sentiments: namely, we must bring men to particulars, and their regular series and order, and they must for a while renounce their notions and begin to form an acquaintance with things."

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From the above quotations we are not to infer that Bacon was the discoverer of inductive philosophy, nor the father of experimental science. Man would through his guidance in some future generation be the master of nature and her forces. "If he did not succeed in making any scientific discoveries himself or even in pointing out the particular steps by which others were to make them, he delivered a set of cautions as to the use of the human understanding, applicable to the pursuit of truth in all departments which have been scarcely added to, or improved upon since his time; and although they were not in themselves new discoveries, (being indeed the essential conditions of all inductive reasoning, by inference), they were nevertheless in want of a new exposition; for some of the greatest intellects in the world had gone astray through imperfect observation. The manner of exposition was really and entirely new; an exposition so sound, so clear, so impressive, so moving, and at the same time so sober, simple and intelligible, that they have carried conviction with them and become the common possession of mankind."

Lord Macauley well says: "The inductive method has been practiced ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practiced by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless school boy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that

method the school boy learns that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant we imagine is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse and none from his father.

"Bacon was not the person who first showed that by the inductive method alone new truth could be discovered. But he was the person who first turned the minds of speculative men long occupied in verbal disputes to the discovery of new and useful truth; and by doing so he at once gave to the inductive method an importance and dignity which had never before belonged to it.

"He was not the maker of that road; he was not the discoverer of that road; he was not the person who first surveyed and mapped that road. But he was the person who first called the public attention to an inexhaustible mine of wealth which had been utterly neglected and which was accessible by that road alone. By doing so, he caused that road which had previously been trodden only by peasants and higglers to be frequented by a higher class of travellers. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Parabanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it; and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it; and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade."

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Let us make clear just what we mean by induction and the inductive method. Little James Watt is watching his mother's teakettle. The fire is hot and the steam is issuing out of the spout. The vent is not large enough, so he observes the lid bob up and down. He plugs the spout with a rag, and the lid lifts up completely. He places a weight on the lid, and the rag shoots out of the spout. He then gets a wooden plug and stops up the spout. Lid and weight are then lifted. The little boy says: "Mamma, steam can lift things. Why cannot we make it drive things?" Every step of the little boy's investigation has been from the known to the unknown, from particulars to generals. He did not know he

was reasoning inductively, yet this kind of reasoning has harnessed the power of steam to world commerce. Again, Thomas Edison goes one day to his telephone, a new and yet crude invention. Carelessly putting his hand to the board on which the delicate plate is attached which holds the wire, his finger tip touches the back of the plate. A tiny, rough point pricks his finger as he talks, caused by the vibration from his voice. He has a new idea. Why cannot all vibrations be recorded? After a half day's study and experiment, he gave an expert workman certain orders. The result was the phonograph. Edison went from particulars to generals, from the known to the unknown.

An Indian scout follows a trail and tells much about the party pursued by means of certain marks, tracks, clews, most keenly observed by his practiced eagle eye. In the midnight blackness and storm he finds his way through the thick forest, though he cannot see his hand before his face. He keeps his direction by the sense of feeling, moss, bark, limbs of trees, fallen logs and the beating winds. Unknowingly he reasons from particulars to generals. He uses induction. He hunts and traps wild game, tells the time of day, makes fire, forms his canoe, whittles out his bow and arrows, all by the same method.

So this great Bacon allied himself with reform on the practical, utility side of life. Though occupying the position of Lord Chancellor of England, he was the great Commoner of that period also—"and it was precisely because he was so, that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down with those parts of human nature which lie low but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he weaved has risen to so stately an elevation and stands with such immovable strength."

Bacon was a dreamer. Could he but awaken England and

the world to invent, discover, find out new things, apply knowledge to the betterment of conditions in the daily life of the working people, his mission and message would be a success.

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Here are a few of his cherished dreams.

First, in Medical Science:

Life may be greatly prolonged by the most earnest study of environment, food, sanitation, proper dwellings, clothing, pure air and simple rudiments of education.

So-called incurable diseases could be cured by deeper investigation into causes and the application of science to the removal of these causes. The doctors of that day blindly followed the customs of two thousand years before, and were grossly ignorant of the simplest facts of physiology.

The mitigation of pain by anaesthetics in all surgery and acute forms of disease. But few anaesthetics were known, because man was too lazy or indifferent about inquiring of nature. Her treasures were accessible; the key could be found.

Development of bodily strength and activity by systematic courses in physical exercise, breathing and eating.

Second, in Chemistry:

Wonderful advancement could be made in converting bodies into other bodies, association and dissociation of gases, mingling of fluids, and practical application of knowledge and discoveries to useful ends.

A quicker method of maturations and clarifications in the compounding of drugs and medicines.

Third, in Agriculture:

Bacon paid a great deal of attention to this particular subject. The average yield of wheat in England at that time was about nine bushels per acre. Agriculture was sadly neglected. Much of the land ran to "commons." Fencing or inclosure was not allowed, only on certain conditions. One acre of "commons" was equal in value to about two acres of tilled land. Stock raising was considered the most profitable form of husbandry. The population of England was not much over five millions, yet the people had to buy grain from other countries. Clover, turnips, potatoes, were comparatively unknown. There was no variation of crops. A stupid three-fold rotation of wheat or rye, oats, barley or peas, had been the

custom for centuries. There were no artificial grasses. No attention was paid to breeding of cattle; they were small and scrawny—the average weight of a three-year-old when dressed was about four hundred and fifty pounds. Bacon urged investigation and experiment in every department of agriculture; in preparing fertilizers for the land, improving the breeds of cattle, horses, sheep, in transplanting and grafting for better fruit, introducing new varieties of grain, grasses, fruit, and vegetables, and making the land many fold more productive. He became the great, great grandfather of the Agricultural College of today, and all that it stands for in the progress of husbandry. He was the Secretary Wilson and the Luther Burbank of the sixteenth century.

Fourth, Industrial Science:

Bacon advocated the manufacture of machines for using air pressure as power.

He noted the crude wasteful processes employed in the reduction and smelting of ores and suggested that investigation of the constituent elements entering into mixed ores taken from the mines, would result in the discovery of new values and better methods of extraction.

He made a thorough study of animal and vegetable oils and suggested better mechanical means for obtaining these and a deeper study of their chemical constituents and uses. He even antedated by hundreds of years the refining of coal-tar products, and an examination of the chemistry of tar for medical purposes. He took up the study of foods; and advocated the making of new foods from waste and by-products. He sought to discover new methods of preserving perishable food stuffs, and practically became a martyr to the modern science of refrigeration. On this matter of foods he deprecated the consumption of food diseased, or half spoiled, then so common in England. He rightly attributed the awful mortality through so-called "plagues" and "visitations" which frequently swept the land, to improper food and bad sanitation. It was customary to reserve diseased sheep and cattle for the common farm laborers. If the disease caused the animal to die before being killed and it was not detected, this also was served to the common laborers. If animals dying from natural diseases were detected, then this kind of meat was confiscated and sold to the lepers, but if there were no lepers in the community it was then thrown to the hogs or

destroyed. Little wonder that leprosy and consumption, "black fevers" and "black death," decimated the country.

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During Bacon's lifetime remarkable changes had taken place in the commercial life of England. Both France and Spain sought to stay the spirit of liberty and progress which swept Europe on the tidal waves of the Renaissance. To this end, Phillip II of Spain and Charles IX of France used such barbarous butchering methods of repression as would outdo the regime of Nero. The consequence was, instead of construction of Empire, it was harrowing destruction; hence nearly one million of the best brain and blood of these two kingdoms were either destroyed or driven out. Over one hundred thousand sought refuge in England. They belonged largely to the merchant, trading and artizan class. Many families of high birth and of the best literary training of the age were included in this immigration of fugitives. England was immeasurably the gainer by being thus a home for the exiles. There were workers in all kinds of textile fabrics, in iron, glass, paper, pottery, machinery, agriculture and other pursuits and trades. London became the great emporium of Northern Europe in place of Antwerp. In a thousand ways the despotic measures of Phillip and Charles acted as a boomerang.

With the foresight of a business philosopher, Bacon took note of these events, and applied himself to the problem of teaching his country how to make the most of the circumstances. He studied textile manufacture, as well as that of iron, glass, paper and other kinds of practical arts. He sought to apply science by means of experiment and analytical research to the improvement of the whole field.

Again Bacon gave his attention to architecture in his effort to impress upon the common people the desirability of providing more commodious dwellings. Chimneys came into use; wooden floors took the place of clay and rushes; new

furniture came into the homes of the laboring class, beds, eating and cooking vessels, chairs and tables.

He also became a most pronounced advocate of good roads, the making of artificial stone, laying of cement walks and the improved construction of bridges. In this field of study and practical experiment, vast improvement could be made. Then, as now, bad roads spelled high prices and poverty. England had not even kept in repair the fine old Roman highways. Building material was plenty, but most difficult to transport. Common country roads were so bad that at certain seasons of the year travelling was only possible by saddle horses. Bridges were few; most streams had to be forded. Towns and even quite large cities knew nothing of pavements or sidewalks.

But aside from the great object of Bacon to make philosophy, science and learning the handmaidens of Utility and Fruitfulness, he never lost sight of the all-roundness of education. In fact he urged a reform in existing methods and practically became the "John the Baptist" of all inductive processes of the education of modern times. He knew the human mind to be more than a mere cistern capacity. Both ancient and mediaeval educators, had, through logical processes, pushed human reason to its utmost verge, until it was almost deified. Yet these philosophers missed the vital truth of all true education; namely, "the enrichment of the whole being by acquisition on the one hand and development on the other." Even Bacon saw this "as through a glass darkly," though the entire body of his writings clearly reveals him a real educator, centuries in advance of his time. It has remained for others in the academic and business world to carefully study out, correlate and apply the principles of true education to the pressing needs of our most modern conditions.

"Bacon wrote as Michael Angelo sculptured his Moses; and he wrote not merely amid the cares and duties of a great

public office with other labor which might be called Herculean, but even amid the pains of disease and the infirmities of age, when rest, to most people, is the greatest boon and solace of their lives." In his essays "the thoughts are weighty and have acquired a peculiar and unique tone or cast by passing through the crucible of Bacon's mind. A sentence from them can rarely be mistaken for the production of any other writer. The short, pithy sayings,

'Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.'

have become popular mottoes and household words."

Note in the following quotations from the "Novum Organum" his incisively keen conception of mental processes, in the cultivation of Ability, Imagination, Subjective Intuition and Volition. Between the lines one may perceive the grasp of cosmic consciousness to which we believe Bacon had attained.

"The human understanding, when any proposition has been once laid down (either from general admission and belief, or from the pleasure it affords), forces everything else to add fresh support and confirmation; and although more cogent and abundant instances may exist to the contrary, yet either does not observe or despises them, or gets rid of and rejects them by some distinction, with violent and injurious prejudice, rather than sacrifice the authority of its first conclusions. It was well answered by him who was shown in a temple the votive tables suspended by such as had escaped the peril of shipwreck, and was pressed as to whether he would then recognize the power of the gods, by an inquiry: 'But where are the portraits of those who have perished in spite of their vows?' All superstition is much the same, whether it be that of astrology, dreams, omens, retributive judgment, or the like; in all of which the deluded believers observe events which are fulfilled, but neglect and pass over their failure, though it be much more common."

"The human understanding is most excited by that which strikes and enters the mind at once, and suddenly, and by which the imagination is immediately filled and inflated. It then begins almost imperceptibly to conceive and suppose

that everything is similar to the few objects which has taken possession of the mind; whilst it is very slow and unfit for the transition to the remote and heterogeneous instances, by which axioms are tried as by fire, unless the office be imposed upon it by severe regulation, and a powerful authority."

"The human understanding is active and cannot pause or rest, but even, though without effect, still presses forward. Thus we cannot conceive of any end or external boundary of the world, and it seems necessarily to occur to us, that there must be something beyond. Nor can we imagine how eternity has flowed on down to the present day, since the usually received distinction of an infinity, a *parte ante* and a *parte post* cannot hold good; for it would thence follow that one infinity is greater than another, and also that infinity is wasting away, tending to an end. There is the same difficulty in considering the infinite divisibility of minds, arising from the weakness of our minds, which weakness interferes to still greater disadvantages, with the discovery of pauses, for, although the greatest generalities in nature must be positive, just the same as they are found, and in fact not causable, yet, the human understanding, incapable of resting, seeks for something more intelligible. Thus, however, while aiming at further progress, it falls back to what is actually less advance, namely, final causes; for they are clearly more allied to man's own nature than the system of the universe; and from this source they have wonderfully corrupted philosophy. But he would be an unskillful and shallow philosopher who should seek for causes in the greatest generalities, and not be anxious to discover them in subordinate objects."

"The human understanding resembles not a dry light, but admits a tincture of the will and passions, which generate their own system accordingly; for man always believes more readily that which he prefers. He, therefore, rejects difficulties for want of patience in investigation; sobriety, because it limits his hope; the depths of nature, from superstition; the light of experiment, from arrogance and pride."

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In summing up the influence of Bacon's system of philosophy by the standard of real success as the "attainment and preservation of a practical ideal," we cannot do better than put it in the words of Macauley:

"Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it

was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: 'It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal today, and will be its starting-post tomorrow!'

Christopher Columbus, a Genoese sailor, took seventeen long years in realizing the dream of his life—the requisite outfit in vessels, sailors, provisions—by which he could set forth to find a new world. He succeeded by persistent perseverance, unconquerable will and deathless faith. He promoted the most gigantic enterprise of all time.

It was eminently fitting that a little over a century later an English Lord Chancellor who had risen from the position of an humble law student of Lincoln's Inn, should, after forty long years of unremitting toil, give to world-empire a system of practical philosophy which should bless generations of men to the end of time. Again we allow Macauley to speak:

"Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great law-

giver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat, sterile desert, in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a mere horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye, the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and heavens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba."

True, Bacon's feet did not press that land of promise. A noble company of leading, conquering Joshuas have possessed the goodly inheritance—Newton, Harvey, Watt, Stephenson, Boyle, Howe, Franklin, Morse, Fulton, Mann, Cobden, Cooper, Wallace, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Faraday, Spencer, make a noble galaxy fit for the pantheon of immortals.

Still from high peaks of our twentieth century morning civilization, there are others looking out over the land, and making ready to lead the hosts. Thompson, Pasteur, Haeckel, Helmholtz, Edison, Burbank, Marconi, with sturdy Calebs innumerable, who, confronting the seemingly impossible, are ever saying by deed and word, "Give me this mountain." These, with unquenchable enthusiasm are in the thick of the "glory of conquest." Modesty forbids mention of names. They are "making good" in every department of human endeavor, constantly crystallizing practical ideals.

In closing this sketch we offer no apologies for not taking time or space in discussing "sun spots." "Not perfection but perfectibility" must be the aim. We take issue with Pope choosing rather to listen to the Divine Voice who said to one of old, "For as much as it was in thine heart, to do this thing, thy throne shall be established forever."

The "kingdom" of Bacon is assured; and no one would

have conceded the charitable spirit and truth of the beautiful lines written of another, by Sir Henry Taylor, more than Bacon, as applied to himself:

“Yet is he in sad truth a faulty man.
In slavish, tyrannous and turbulent times
He drew his lot of life, and of the times
Some deep and bloody stains have fallen upon him.
But be it said, he had this honesty,
That, undesirous of a false renown,
He ever wished to pass for what he was;
One that swerved much and oft, but being still
Deliberately bent upon the right,
Had kept it in the main; one that much loved
Whate’er in man is inviting high respect,
And in his soul devoutly did aspire
To be it all; yet felt from time to time
The littleness that clings to what is human,
And suffered from the shame of having felt it.”

THE Hand never lies. It always obeys
without question the orders of its
Master—the Brain. If it is desired
to improve the product of the Hand, atten-
tion must be given to the education of the
Mind, which has exclusive jurisdiction over
the Hand.

—Selected.

By Other Philosophers

Being Some Things Which We Wish We Had Said First

The Nation's Policy.—The corner-stone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man, paying no heed to his creed, his birthplace, or his occupation, asking not whether he is rich or poor, whether he labors with head or hand; asking only whether he acts decently and honorably in the various relations of his life, whether he behaves well to his family, to his neighbors, to the State. We base our regard for each man on the essentials, and not the accidents. We judge him not by his profession, but by his deeds; by his conduct, not by what he has acquired of this world's goods. Other republics have fallen, because the citizens gradually grew to consider the interests of a class, before the interests of the whole; for when such was the case it mattered little whether it was the poor who plundered the rich, or the rich who plundered the poor; in either event the end of the Republic was at hand. We are resolute in our purpose not to fall into such a pit.

—President Roosevelt's Jamestown Speech.

Think for Yourself.—As a rule men are not given to weighing carefully the statements they hear, but either accept them on account of plausibility or because they run parallel to some prejudice of their own, or refuse them notice because they do not, with as little thought of their real merit. It would sometimes be difficult for a man who has espoused some new cause or adopted some new idea to tell just why he has taken that step. The plausibility of its expression is more often a cause for the adoption of the new idea than is the strength of its logic or the reasonableness of its claims. Few men stop to consider whether a thing is reasonable and logical, whether it will bear the tests of experience; but if it agrees in some measure with their preconceived opinions or happens to strike them just right, they, like the weather-cock, will turn their faces toward it and then unlike that unsteady creature of tin, stick there with the tenacity of prejudice, waiting to test the strength of their position until they are called upon to defend it.

—Weltmer's Magazine.

Will, in Action.—In business it's the human dynamo, the man whose brain is charged with dynamic force, whose heart is on fire with enthusiasm and push, who leads the strenuous life and likes it, who is always fighting for bigger and better results, who knows no rest till he reaches his goal, who is willing to sweat blood to get what he wants—it's that kind of a man, and no other, who gets the big prizes in the business game.

—Nakomis Ginger.

Keep Your Ideal.—The visitors from France and many other travelers who have come to this country and have studied it intelligently say the worker of today in the United States is the most fortunate worker in the world. He has to pay a good deal to live, but the means of living are easier to get, and as soon as he finds that he cannot live by bread alone he gets forward much faster. The ideal should be a part of each worker's equipment. It should lead him away from the temptation to place the dollar above everything else. It is difficult to make men see this, unless they see at the same time concrete examples of the good that men have been able to achieve while ignoring the demand of the dollar to listen to the demand of good workmanship.

—New York "Commercial."

Heed Your Conscience.—Make a resolve never to sell your conscience for the sake of making a friend, for the man who would ask you to do something contrary to what is right is not worth having for a friend. Remember this, that Abraham Lincoln stands and always will stand as a bright star in the political firmament of America, not because he was right, or brilliant, or witty, but with all his other fine qualities, he was above all things a good man and left behind him a character absolutely spotless. Had he done one dishonest act for the purpose of gain it would have been like a blot of ink on a sheet of white paper. Good character is like the mountain top which one sees towering above the mists and fogs which may obscure the sun from those at the base, but the mighty columns eternally rear their heads above the clouds and bask serene in the full glory of the heavenly sunshine. So in the storms and trials which are bound to beset every life the only sure and safe pillars are honesty and truth, upon which all success in life is based.

—Gov. Johnson (Minn.), in "Nat'l Banker."

The Hustlers.—It is more or less of a fact that the hustlers are generally spotted and given a boost in the right direction. Be a hustler. There is joy and satisfaction in doing your work well, in accomplishing much, that does not come from a salary alone. The workman is worthy of his hire, and no man who honestly feels that he is doing his best, and is not being paid sufficiently should hesitate to either secure an advance, or look for another position. Until you can better yourself, and just so long as you are working for a man or a firm, quit knocking, quit complaining, cut out self-praise, and work as if you appreciated the position and wanted to hold it. It is the only way to promotion. —Mercantile Monthly.

Opportunities of Today.—The resources of this great land have only been scratched. The next fifty years will see wonders in the way of development that even we do not dream of. That's why I say to you young men, don't be pessimistic. Get into the fight and do a man's part. There never were so many opportunities as there are today. You hear a heap of fool talk about there being no chances for young men today. The "trusts" have invaded and pre-empted every field of endeavor—that is the cry on every hand. Nothing is further from the truth. The trusts, so-called, have barely touched the resources that lie waiting for some one to develop. Better chances forty years ago? Nonsense! Believe in yourself. Have something definite to do, and do it. That's all there is to success in life. —The Circle.

Concentrate.—Attention on a life long plan. Upon making the most of your time. On the work immediately in hand. Upon being a good American citizen. On the improvement of your community. Your vital forces on work, not on dissipation. On the things possible to your own powers. Your brain power on something worth while. Your trust and confidence upon worthy friends. Your reading on the mastery of an important subject. Upon the achievement of character and unshakable will. On the good forces around you rather than upon the evil. Sufficient attention upon health to get strong and keep strong. Thought on spiritual matters until you have an abiding conviction of the everlasting spiritual realities. Upon the value of a good name and unstained character to pass on to those who are to come after you. —Spare Moments.

Use Good English.—A command of good English is a mark of breeding; it confers a polish which dress can not counterfeit; it is a badge of respectability and the sign of recognition among the educated. A man so gifted will receive consideration where his inferior competitor will be treated with indifference. Correct and apt phraseology gives incisiveness and force to an argument, where slangy or meaningless expressions make no impression. A salesman who had the habit of holding up a shoe admiringly and exclaiming, "That's the candy!" disgusted some of his customers and earned for himself the soubriquet, "The candy man." How much better would it have been for this young man, if he had carefully studied his subject and acquired a vocabulary, and provided himself with a selling talk, which would have enabled him to bring out the merits of his shoes. By calling attention to and describing the fine materials and excellent workmanship of his shoes, their superior fitting qualities and beautiful finish, their correct shapes, their exceptional values and the popularity of the brand which he carried, he would have made a decidedly better impression. —Sample Case.

The Sunshine Maker.—The optimist goes about in the bright sunlight looking for the beautiful things, and he can see more things by the aid of the sunshine than the pessimist can find who is guided by the aid of a dark lantern. The optimist rises in the morning with gladness in his heart, sunshine in his face, and smiles upon his lips. The mere privilege of living and enjoying nature is priceless satisfaction to him. He gets good out of life every moment of his existence. He is a man to be envied, if envy is ever allowable. The pessimist not only warps his mind but his physique as well, and his influence on others is decidedly bad. The optimist raises the average in the world by his presence, and the pessimist lowers the average. The optimist is in the majority, however, and the world is growing better. Learn to see beauty in the small things. Study nature. Watch the processes of plant life and animal life. Surround yourself with helpful influences—good books, good music, and good friends. There is no investment a man can make that yields such unbounded returns as optimism.

—Col. W. C. Hunter in "Chicago Tribune."

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Practical Attainment

- The realities of today surpass the ideals of yesterday.
- Those things that are not practicable are not desirable.
- Hopes are good, but patiently worked out realities are better.
- Words are very little, almost less than nothing; but attitude and action are everything.
- You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one yourself.
- In the long run a man becomes what he purposes and gains for himself what he really desires.
- If the ancients left us ideas, to our credit be it spoken that we moderns are building houses for them.
- If geniuses are born, as we sometimes hear, they must yet be born again of study, struggle and work.
- It is not how much a man may know, that is of importance, but the end and purpose for which he knows.
- Ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men, or they are no better than dreams.
- Self-discipline and self-control are the beginnings of practical wisdom; and these must have their root in self-respect.
- The ideal is the absolute real; and it must become the real in the individual life as well, however impossible they may count it who never tried it.
- It is only by mixing in the daily life of the world, and taking part in its affairs, that practical knowledge can be acquired and wisdom learned.
- When you are forming a high ideal, don't forget to make it practical. Aim at genuine results. Remember that true success includes more than money-getting.
- A boy should dream great dreams, of course, but he ought to set his dream-gauge so as to make it indicate a line of endeavor it will be possible for him to follow.
- The world cares little for theorists and theories, little for schools and schoolmen, little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life.
- What we call common sense is, for the most part, but the result of common experience wisely improved. Nor is great ability necessary to acquire it, so much as patience, accuracy and watchfulness.

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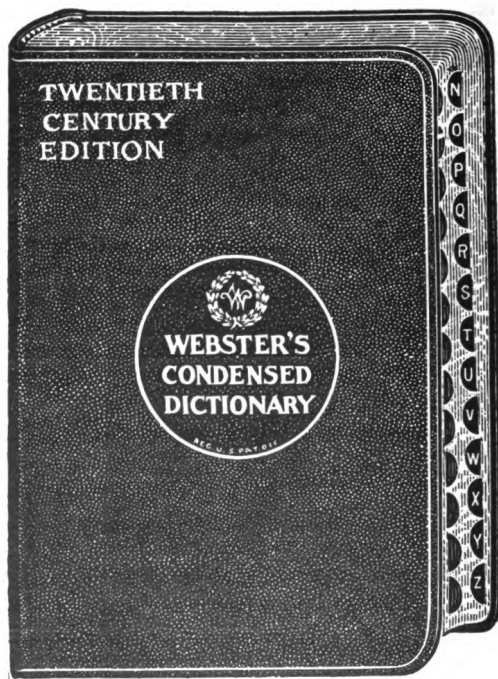
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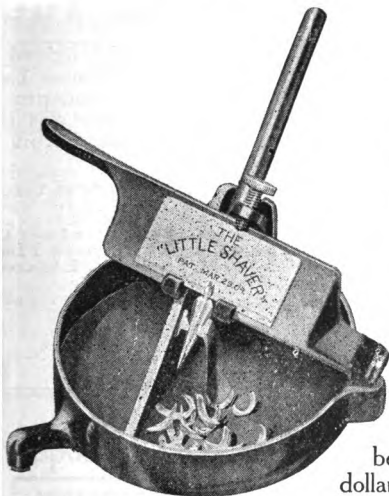
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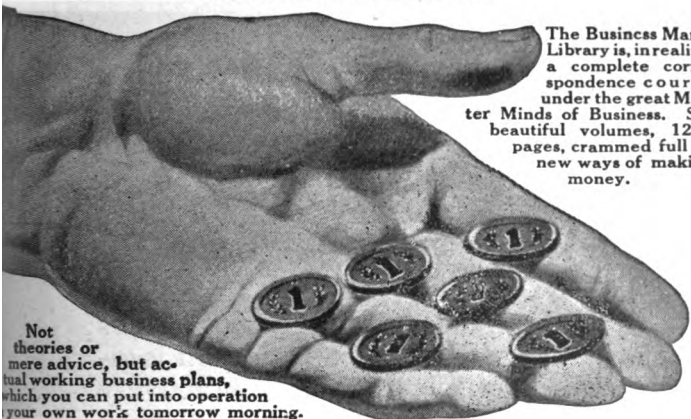
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On the Front Porch

Where We Talk Things Over

Area Development

In our Talk last month we had something to say about AREA development—just a little hint as to what was coming for the boys, and girls too, for that matter. And now I want to make the point clear that men and women are only boys and girls grown tall, that we are never any older than we think and feel and act. I also want to make it perfectly plain that while some of the articles in this and future numbers of The Business Philosopher will be written with the younger members of the family especially in mind, the whole philosophy of AREA development is for the boys and girls grown tall as much as for the others. With this thought in view listen to me, for I have something to say.

Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18th, 1905, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

What the whole world needs is men and women and boys and girls of ability plus reliability plus endurance plus action. Given these four fundamentals, success is a natural consequence. The measure of your success is the sum of these four things, and the first letters of each of the four in the order in which I have given them spells AREA—the area of your patronage if a business man, the area of your clientage if a professional man, the area of your value as an employe in any capacity; to sum it all up, the area of your influence, your prestige, your power. The area of your value as an employe, no matter if your employer be yourself, and of your value to society, is in due proportion to the degree of your ability, your reliability, your endurance and your action. You may have an abundance of any three of that quartette you care to select, but if you are lamentably lacking in any one of the four, your area will not be very great and you will not amount to much, not for very long at least. With plenty of ability, endurance and action you may seem to succeed for a while, but the success will be much more seeming than real.

SUCCESS IS THE ATTAINMENT AND PRESERVATION OF A PRACTICABLE AND LEGITIMATE IDEAL.

With that definition committed to memory, please write the following thought on the tablet of your memory and in such a way that it can never be erased, namely: In finality success includes the attainment of health, long life, money and honor. In turn these four factors mean the realization of the prime object of human existence, which is the attainment of happiness. In that consciousness which is on the plane of knowledge rather than of wisdom, it is sometimes believed that honor is not a necessary element in success. Ignorance, the stage of evolution next lower than knowledge, sometimes even thinks that money alone is success. But I want to say to you, reader, that the world is fast

awakening to the fact that the individual can no more make his loaf of success without honor than he can make wheat bread without flour.

So, then, let us inquire from what do health, long life, money and honor spring? My answer is, they spring from ability, reliability, endurance and action.

And now let us consider for just a moment what those four success essentials really are.

Ability is intellectual capacity, which is born of the knowing powers of man.

Reliability is that quality which enables your fellowman to depend upon you. It is born of the positives in the emotive or feeling side of man.

Endurance is the capacity for work without tiring; it is that which enables him who possesses it to "stay in the game."

Action is doing things; it is the art side of life, and this is the product of the will.

If you are short on any one or more of this mighty quartette you need not be discouraged, for each can be cultivated. You possess the raw material out of which to manufacture ability, reliability, endurance and action, for first you have a mind with its psychological trinity. I know that is a pretty big word, or a combination of two pretty big words, but it is all very simple after all, for it means just this: Your mind, my mind and the mind of every man and woman and boy and girl in all the world has, to make it perfectly clear, what we will call three departments. Or let us look upon the mind as a house with three rooms in it. The first room is the knowing room and the second is the emotive or feeling room. I don't mean feeling through the sense of touch, but I refer to those mental states such as courage, faith, kindness, etc. We feel a feeling of faith, or courage, or kindness. We don't think such things, they are emotive rather than intellectual. Finally, so far as the mind is concerned, the third room is the willing room. That is the

room of action, for the will is the power of choice and action. So, then, in getting a grasp of the philosophy of AREA development the first nail for you to drive is to realize the fact that you have a mind and in that mind is this psychological trinity, knowing, feeling, willing. The second nail for you to drive is the fact that you have a body which is the temple of this psychological trinity, the house in which it dwells.

The next fact which I want you to get in mind is this, throughout all nature is a law of duality, the law of positives and negatives, the law of construction and destruction. There are but two forces in nature or two classes of forces, the one constructive and the other destructive; the one positive and the other negative.

There is the positive in light, the negative in darkness and we all know what happens to the darkness when the light comes. There is the positive in heat and the negative in cold and we all know what happens to the cold when the heat comes.

This law determines the strength of your mind and your body. If the positives predominate in your mind and you possess ability, reliability, endurance and action, then the area of your power, your influence, your value, is in due proportion to the development of the positives in your body and the psychological trinity in your mind. If the negatives predominate you are lacking in the success essentials just to the extent that the negatives are present.

The natural product of the positives of the knowing powers of the mind is ability, or intellectual capacity. The natural product of the feeling powers or the emotive side of the mind is reliability. The natural product of the willing powers of the mind is action. The natural product of the positives of the body is endurance.

And there you are. You have a body and you have a mind with its three great rooms. You can develop the positives in the body and each of the rooms of the mind if you

wish to. If you don't wish to, please don't blame God, or luck, or chance. The fault is in yourself. We may just as well be perfectly plain about it and I want to tell you this, if you are in trouble and want to find the fellow who is to blame for it consult the looking glass. Others may have contributed to your unfortunate condition, but you were to blame for permitting them to make the contribution. You have been weak somewhere, sometime; you have been negative, not positive. Did I hear you say, "Hold on, I was taken advantage of through the injustice and ingratitude and dishonesty of others." Possibly so, but had you been positive enough, no advantage would have been taken. Did I hear you say that you were sick, and away from business and that while away this advantage was taken? Then why in the world did you want to get sick? If you were sick then somewhere, sometime, you had violated the natural laws of health and that's the reason you were sick. You were out of harmony with nature, you violated her laws and had to pay the penalty, and while you were away paying the penalty the other fellow took advantage of you. When you look in that looking glass real earnestly and real honestly, and go back to first causes, you will see that I was right when I told you to look in the looking glass.

The fault may have been in your lack of ability. Ability as already stated is nothing more or less than intellectual capacity. It is the product of the knowing powers of mentality. The knowing powers are thinking, remembering and imagining. This is all there is to it. That is all the best knowers in the world can do from the standpoint of the intellectual powers—just think, remember and imagine.

Now, if you "didn't think," or "forgot" or failed to build constructively through the exercise of your imagining powers you were negative intellectually instead of positive and that's where the other fellow got the upper hand. The reason you were negative was because you had failed to

train the intellectual powers which God in His goodness had given to you. And again, "the fault, dear Brutus."

The fault may have been in your reliability. Some of the feelings which make for reliability are desire for success or true ambition, hope, faith, earnestness, justice, honesty, courage, kindness and loyalty. If at times you have possessed the "I don't give a continental" spirit, or despair, or injustice, or dishonesty, or indifference, or fear, or unkindness, or disloyalty, you have been negative instead of positive in your feelings, therefore the amperage and voltage of your reliability was at low ebb and you suffered the consequences.

Possibly the fault was in your endurance. Your intellectual capacity and therefore your ability may have been all right, your feelings may have been all right and hence your reliability, at least at par, but you gave out physically at a critical point. If so you had been violating one of the natural laws of health, you had been negative instead of positive. You may just as well make up your mind first as last, that you cannot do that kind of business with impunity. You may just as well make up your mind to behave yourself. Nature is unrelenting in her collection of fines and penalties; she gives no immunity baths, either at her physical court or her mental court.

Finally, perhaps the fault was in your lack of action. Granted that your ability, reliability and endurance were all positive if you failed it was simply because you were negative in action. You knew what was right to do, you had plenty of endurance to enable you to do it, but you put it off, you neglected the opportunity. Opportunity knocked at your door all right, but you didn't let her in. You may have even gone so far as to have decided to do a given thing, but even though you decided to do it you failed to act and you were left in the race. Somebody "took advantage of your splendid ability," at least that is your side of the story, but God

knows who was to blame and if you want to know go to the looking glass again.

This, reader, is my platform, "I will increase my AREA," and it is the platform of The Business Philosopher from this time until further notice and I think that notice will be posted a long time in the future, if it is ever posted. I want it to be the platform of every reader of The Philosopher. To that end not all, but many, of the articles which appear in future numbers will be written from the viewpoint of inspiring the reader to enlarge the area of his influence, the area of his usefulness, the area of his power, the area of his value to himself, to his employer, even if his employer be himself, and to society.

The avowed purpose of this journal from its inception has been to search for the natural laws of success. We believe we have passed a fairly clear exposition of some pretty good ones along to our readers. We hope so anyway. But now come up close to me and listen. I want you to catch this: **WE HAVE FOUND THE BASIS. WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF THE SUCCESS PROBLEM.** That may seem to you like a broad statement. At first thought it may even seem to you like a boastful statement, but I want to say to you, reader, it is the truth and we need never fear the truth. The success problem from this day henceforth is to be taken out of the realm of the haphazard and the chaotic. On it is to be turned the great searchlight of science as applied to that problem.

This, then, is our platform—I will increase my AREA. Will you stand upon that platform with us?

The Infinite has blessed me with a strenuous life. My personal duties are many. I would not if I could, and I could not if I would do all the writing on this great theme. But having discerned the scientific basis of success I shall employ able writers to help me in the evolution of a literature of area development and we shall build a literature of ability plus reliability plus endurance plus action, destined to influence the thought of the world.

Send us your ideas, help the good cause along. Help us in every way you can to live and spread the **PHILOSOPHY OF AREA DEVELOPMENT.**

We want every young man and young woman in the

world to hear and know the philosophy of area development. Tell them about it, and tell the big boys and big girls too.

You must not infer from anything which I have said in this talk-it-over-time, that The Business Philosopher is to be made a juvenile publication. It will contain much which is within the intellectual reach of any bright boy or girl of a dozen or fifteen years, but those same articles will be just as valuable to the boys and girls grown tall. Besides, aside from the Junior Philosopher Department proper, many of the articles within the covers of The Business Philosopher as a whole from this time on will be shaped from the viewpoint of area development.

Who knows what may come from this. Can we, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, reach several million people throughout the world and get them to see clearly the road to true success—the scientific basis of it? Yes, we can, and what's more, we will.

Listen to me, reader: All the graft, all the greed, all the injustice, all the negatives which curse the world are born of ignorance of the natural laws of success—are born of a lack of a clear apprehension of the law of the positives and the negatives, of the law of construction and destruction. Millions of young men start out in life with a notion more or less definite that to succeed in life is but to make money and that to make money they must be sharp and shrewd and tricky. They do not see clearly the fact that success, while including the making of money, includes also much more than that, and that furthermore, absolute reliability is one of the strongest possible factors in money making. There is no denying this fact; it is manifest not only throughout the business world, but in the realm of municipal government and to some extent in state and national affairs. Many are the instances of late, that is, of the last few months and the last few years, where great business enterprises have gone down to failure through the lack of absolute reliability, through the violation of the law of confidence, which is the basis of trade.

As I write these lines the mayor of one of our great cities is convicted of the felony of extortion and sent behind the bars. The political boss of that great city, the man behind the machine, is a confessed criminal, and both the mayor and the boss are writhing in the mental hell of moral disgrace. With them will doubtless go down to the depth

of failure men who have been high in financial circles in that great and sadly stricken city which I love. Dear old San Francisco will rise again above the ruins of quake and fire; and out of the ashes of the regrets of many men shall rise a nobler manhood, a more ethical humanity, a greater people. She has many noble sons and daughters now—probably as many as any other given geographical area—and can those who lack reliability, not only there but everywhere, fail to see the lesson of reliability as a factor in true success? Where is the health, long life, money and honor of the fallen mayor today? Also the fallen kings of finance? If that mayor is guilty, as a jury of twelve has just pronounced, his ill-gotten gains are worse than nothing. His honor is all gone and who can say that his health and long life have not been lessened; and all on account of his lack of reliability.

What is said of the bribe taker can be said with equal force of the bribe giver. Had all those concerned in the scandal to which I refer come to see clearly, as boys, or in early life, the scientific basis of success, and that in doing what they have been doing these many years they were violating natural laws and heading themselves toward failure, would they have done it? The basic law of self-preservation would prevent such things if humanity as a whole could but be made to see the real truth in the matter. Shakespeare was right—"our only crime is ignorance."

Why can't people see that education is primarily the education of the positives, the overcoming of the negatives, and that true education banishes the darkness of ignorance and ushers in the light of wisdom.

So, then, come on. I pledge you my best efforts on the part of this journal to make plain the way to true success and the road to health, long life, money and honor through the development of A+R+E+A. Will you pledge me your word to do your best—to spread the philosophy of area development?

I ask you again, what may this mean? Combine those four letters in another way and they read E A R A, and this phonetically spells era. May we not hope that our united efforts along the line suggested shall help—and possibly more than we realize today—the ushering in of that coming era when all men shall be united brothers, when righteousness shall rule, and each shall be enabled to walk in the path of peace.

Making Good Use of One's Possessions

By Charles Wagner*

Property is at the bottom of the social state and to destroy the title to it would be to sacrifice the individual, deprive him of his rights. But should the injustice of such a course not appeal to us there would be yet another reason for keeping our hands off this necessary piece of social machinery. Suppose we were deprived of this powerful stimulus to action, should we be sure to find men of such absolute devotion and unselfishness that they would labor for the public good with as much ardor as they now display in their own interests? How, out of the present social state, wherein selfishness rules, should we bring forth a world in which disinterestedness is triumphant? Property, then, will remain, because it is both a right and a need. But it must never be forgotten that all good things may become corrupted through abuse.

Property, like all else pertaining to man, has this double character, inherent in our nature, that it is individual and it is social. Possession is in part the exercise of a social function; to divert it exclusively to private interests, to possess property but not brotherly love, is to pervert our rights and turn use into abuse.

Property in the hands of the selfish makes for evil and brings its own retribution in the degradation it entails. The doctrine of an elect plutocracy reduces to stagnation both the man and his wealth. Here comes in, as a corrective to the right of possession, the duty of giving, transformed full soon into a blessed privilege by those who practice it rightly.

* * * *

As there are men and women for whom the whole world contracts to a single point—self—so are there those whose inner life is inspired by a kind of expansive movement which

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bears them away from themselves, urges them to the gift of themselves. They have, either naturally or acquired and developed by their will, that quality to which the philosophers give the singular name of altruism and which the gospels call charity. Their thought goes out to others, habitually and kindly, sometimes even beyond reason, in that they show more love to their neighbors than they do to themselves. Receiving is passive, giving active, and the moment the art of giving becomes more than superficial there begins to be mingled with every gift, the meanest as well as the most esteemed, some trifling part of the giver.

If receiving is one of the laws of life, it is the lower law. The higher law is giving. Call up with me for a moment that beautiful image which has so often tempted the artist's brush, yet without losing any of its intrinsic novelty—the mother nursing her child. The child is all receptive, using his natural right unconsciously, with naive grace, but the mother gives with the full exercise of heart and will, and giving is everywhere as superior to receiving as, in this nurturing function, the mother, who plays her part to the full measure of her will and love, is superior to the child, moved only by the instinct of self-preservation. Giving is the key to the deep mystery of goodness and kindness—the secret of that infinite pity whose joy is to give itself in each of its gifts.

* * * *

There are men who, through their own exertions or by accident of birth, hold a privileged position, having wealth, power and influence in their hands, yet whom, nevertheless—instead of strengthening in them the sentiments of self-interest—these gifts of effort or of fortune have made humble. They are not a part of their possessions and their power; the man in them outranks their magnet; their wealth is fraternal, their power magnanimous. In proportion as they have risen, they have grown modest; and, moreover, becoming indifferent, in the praiseworthy sense of the word, to the

world's honors and rewards, they appreciate above all its other gifts the opportunity it offers for doing good. Their happiness lies in aiding others, in remembering the forgotten, defending the downtrodden; and even thanklessness does not stay their benefactions; the joy of giving is their compensation.

More appealing than these are the poor and the unfortunate who give. The widow's mite is not an exceptional gift, made once in the distant past; it is a gift ever repeated, that keeps the world from becoming quite out of joint. For it is not only the poor man's bread broken with him who is poorer still, the sick watched and cared for by companions in misery, the orphan received into straitened households; it is also, in the moral world, the gift of pity and sympathy which we offer each other when, alternately weak and strong, merry or sad, fortunate or unfortunate, we make the effort, in our times of trial, to associate our modest means, in order to aid one another to better bear our burdens. In encouraging another, consoling him, calming his fear, wiping away his tears—in all these things we experience the great blessedness of giving.

* * * *

He who knows how to interpret this fact, so real, so indisputable—the fact of the joy of giving—holds the secret of the means whereby we shall one day put an end to the application among men of the principle of the “struggle for existence.” Where giving commences, the merciless and brutal conflict in which “the fittest” triumph ends. The sole solution—and how admirable it is—of the social question is to be found in that world of ideas and actions wherein it is counted more blessed to give than to receive. To bring about a better state of things in the world it is not enough that there be thousands and tens of thousands ready to share the wealth of others—the more there are of such men, the less shall we advance.

My mind turns to that monstrous but too common thing—a life given over entirely to receiving, possessing, selfishly enjoying; a life whose sole end is personal gratification, and that, in general, attains it. But a fatal result of such a life is the abnormal development of the personality, so that it offers a greatly increased number of points of attack to the powers of destruction. When their work begins, what is the egoist to do? He has resisted well enough the tender appeals of his nature that he devote himself to others; but here are sensations of another sort. The years and their events begin to assail him, blow upon blow, and he feels that he is being slowly undermined. All life, all hope, all reality are compassed within this me, and it is beginning to lose its hold. This being, bound to the earth by every fiber, is torn away from it in the midst of a thousand pangs. Die under these circumstances? It is the end of everything! And this is the heartrending spectacle which the old age of an egoist presents, without ideals, without affection, ending in pessimism and despair.

* * * *

How much more inspiring, in the fine serenity of its declining years, is the life of him who has been self-sacrificing! As the days have gone by he has been weaned from self-love out of sympathy for others and has learned to forget himself. His life centers outside of things personal to him and above them; he clings to these things less and less. His old age rejoices in the youth of those he loves, without envy; and when the day comes to leave his own, his whole life has been a preparation for it. He gives up his soul to God and accepts death with simplicity; for he knows that what he loses is the narrow, cramped life, beyond whose confines his soul has been forever straining. For him death is an escape from all that is transient into the world of things enduring, and the sense of a divine life within him frees him from all fear of its power.

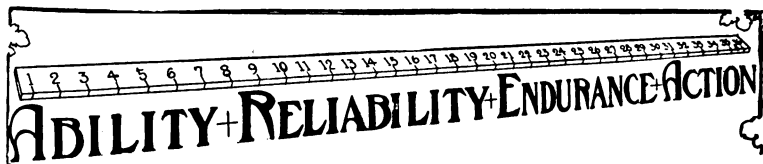
The Grasshopper and Cricket

By Leigh Hunt

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June —
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong,
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

For Younger Philosophers

By R. E. Marshall



Mental Yardstick for Younger Philosophers

Last month in his editorial Mr. Sheldon told you a little about the new department which was to be dedicated to the Younger Philosophers—just a little corner to ourselves where we might talk over things philosophical without calling them by such a big name. He has told you more about it in this issue and has outlined a campaign of AREA development for the older as well as the younger philosophers. After you have read that you will see the strength of the planks which compose our platform and I know you will want to stand upon it with us. We are going to increase our Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action and the result will be increased value to ourselves and to our fellowmen.

Mr. Sheldon has bespoken for us a kindly welcome and for his sake you will probably read this number, but we want you to become so well acquainted with these pages that you will turn to them each month for their own sake, and we hope, for your own. While we say this corner is to be devoted to Younger Philosophers, that does not mean those who are young in years only. Those who are able to lay aside the "weight of years," dreaming again the dreams and ambitions of youth and renewing the old faith and enthusiasm of childhood, will find it will give them a brighter, broader viewpoint of life and its problems to look at them again through youthful eyes. I know a dear old gentleman who continued

to read *The Youth's Companion* long after his own boys and girls had grown to be men and women because it "kept him young." I know another very learned man, a deep student and teacher, who called it a "recreation" to pick up the books of his little ten-year-old girl and read for an hour the stories of childhood.

* * * * *

Some one has said that "philosophy teaches us to do willingly and from conviction what others do under compulsion," and it is to enable the boys and girls of today to knowingly and willingly do what is best for them and for their future that we shall talk about large subjects in a simple way. None of us are too young to realize that some day we must accept our share of life's responsibilities. This is a big world and there is much work to be done. All of the thousands of positions which are occupied today must be refilled in the future from the ranks of the younger generation which is now preparing itself. Each one of us has a place awaiting us in God's great plan as soon as we are ready for it. Each must do his part, else the command will go forth, "Take therefore the talent from him and give it to him that hath ten talents. For to every one that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Of course the one who has "improved his talent" is called the "lucky fellow." The secret of his "luck" is preparation; he was ready for the work when it was given into his hands.

And that reminds me of a story I read not long ago about the late Queen Victoria. From earliest childhood the future queen was most carefully educated by her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The practical mother most wisely insisted on the utmost simplicity of living and surroundings for her child and not until the little girl was twelve years old was she told that she was next in line of succession to the throne of the British Empire—that she was to be the next queen. She looked up into her teacher's face with something akin to fear

as she said: "I see now why I must study hard to prepare myself." Placing her hand in that of her teacher, she added, with tear-filled eyes: "I'll be good. I know now why you wanted me to study Latin." From the time the serious little maid was told that she would some day occupy the throne of a great empire she found no study too difficult, no exercise too tedious, no task too tiresome. She did it all willingly and gladly that she might better fit herself to rule over her subjects with wisdom and justice; she had always in mind the responsibility which would some day be hers. Her long and successful reign and the love and devoted admiration of all who knew of her testify as to how nobly she did the work which had been planned for her and for which she had so faithfully prepared herself.

* * * *

Youth means growth, and where there is growth there is always youth. Each one of us wants to grow, to expand our lungs, to increase our "reach," to feel ourselves becoming stronger. There is a just pride in being able to outrun the other boys, to be able to throw a ball farther, to climb higher than they. It makes our blood tingle to know that our powers of endurance are better developed than our fellows. God has given into our keeping a wonderful machine. Each part is delicately made and yet the whole works with such harmony that we are not aware of the inner mechanism which controls our every movement. And that machine is called our body.

When we see a big engine attached to a long train, puffing and straining away with its load, and think of all the wheels and levers and pistons and throttles required to control it, we appreciate what wonderful brains James Watt and his co-workers must have had to assemble all these parts into the powerful, big, black, iron giant which carries our loads, climbs mountains and hurries us across the continent, all for our comfort and convenience. But did you ever stop to think what

a Master Mechanic must have conceived this body of ours, with its fifty billions of cells, its maze of arteries, veins, valves, capillaries, muscles, nerves, bones and tendons, all designed for great endurance? We do not appreciate it at times, I am afraid, else we would give more thought to its proper care so that it will maintain its perfect condition. The engineer takes great pride in going over his mammoth machine, rubbing up the different parts, oiling them and watching for the least signs of wear. And we should likewise look to the care of the human engine that it may carry us through life's journey, up grades and down hills, without undue strain on any one part, causing it to give out before we have reached our destination.

After one has once learned to appreciate the value of health and to give proper care and attention to its preservation, he has possessed himself of one of the four great factors necessary for the attainment of real success. What one terms success another might not, and to speak of good health as a prime requisite may not have occurred to those who are eagerly scrambling for the dollars which, to their way of thinking, are worth any sacrifice. But good health and good character form two mighty foundation stones upon which to build our Castle of Success. And now I want to make you well acquainted with Mr. Sheldon's conception of success.

Four rooms will this treasure-castle of ours contain. The reception room we shall call Health, for it is the passageway leading into the next room, Long Life. Opening from the beautiful chamber of Long Life, with its unobstructed outlook over Life's Sea, there will be another apartment, called Wealth. This room will have strong, well-built walls, for without the treasure which it is to contain many of our most cherished plans would go awry, and it must be guarded closely. The remaining room, called Honor, will be composed of tablets placed there by our friends as loving tributes to our kind thoughts, true actions, helpful words and generous

acts. A beautiful room, this, and we can speak of it as our very own for it will be built entirely through our own efforts. With just pride we can point to the mosaics of rare pattern which have been wrought from the days and years which composed our material.

What a worthy ambition it is for us to wish to possess such a Castle of Success with its four inviting chambers. And the beauty of it is that it can be ours if we wish, for through God's help and our own earnest efforts we can design and erect it as we wish. Each day we can watch the structure rise beneath our hand, until when completed we shall look at it as does the artist who has first roughly blocked out his picture, then deftly blended his colors, bringing out the lights and shades, filling in the details bit by bit, until the perfect whole rises before him, true, harmonious and beautiful, every stroke of the brush having told in its ultimate perfection.

* * * * *

Did you ever notice how much easier it is to perform a given task which looks large and irksome, if we divide it into sections and finish one section at a time? We want to build this Castle, but it looks like a pretty big undertaking, viewing it as a whole, so we shall divide it into sections and finish them one at a time, keeping in mind a picture of the ideal toward which we are working. We like to gauge our progress, too, and see just how far we are getting along by our efforts. We want to measure the work and watch it grow, inch by inch, under our hands and brains and hearts and souls—for when one is really in earnest he must have the help of all these assistants.

Mr. Sheldon has formulated a measuring stick for this purpose, a Mental Yardstick, as it were, with which we can measure our efficiency and value, not only to ourselves but to others. You will find it at the beginning of this article. In the four words, Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action, with the plus signs connecting them, there are thirty-six

symbols. Allowing an inch to each we have the thirty-six inches which make up our yardstick. These are the four great qualities which will enable us to build our Castle of Success, and with the mental yardstick we can gauge our progress inch by inch. For the rooms of Health and Long Life we need Endurance, for that is born of bodily strength and power. For the other two rooms, Wealth and Honor, in addition to Endurance, we must have Ability, which is born of the intellectual powers, Reliability, which is a child of the emotive or feeling power of the mind, and Action, which is the natural product of the will. We can develop our wills and our intellects and our positive or good emotions by systematic study and effort just as we can develop the muscles of the arm, and although we may not be very strong in these directions just now, because we are young and inexperienced, for that very reason we can set about developing them with great assurance of success. We are going to begin now—today—to cultivate them, because the strength of our Castle depends upon the strength of each stone put into it, and it's up to us to put in only the best material we can find.

There is also something else for which those four words stand. Look at the initial letter of each, A-R-E-A. That spells AREA and, according to the dictionary, it means "extent, scope, range." As we increase our ability, reliability, endurance and action we are increasing our area—the scope of our work, our thought, our ambition, our life. We broaden out into nobler, better, truer men and women because of the refining process which this study and endeavor demands.

* * * * *

This month we have been getting acquainted with each other and surveying the ground which we wish to cover in future talks. Until next month let us make a mental picture of that four-roomed Castle and through the aid of our mental yardstick begin to take measurements for it. Begin, in fact, to gain an inch or two.

From Other Philosophers

Being Some Things Which We Wish We Had Said First

The Human Touch.—The whole world needs more appreciation and heartfelt sympathy. Not the formal "thank you's," but the heartfelt appreciation that sets in motion waves of ether, vibrating clear to the very heart, and we can feel them,—feel the depths from which they come, and our own hearts respond with gratitude. Our work seems like play under such influence, and our hearts grow lighter, our souls grow younger.
—“Leadership.”

What We Most Seek.—We have our schools of salesmanship, of physical culture, of achievement, etc., whose one particular aim is to evolve the best there is in the individual. There is not a talent to be allowed to lie dormant, not a grain of possibility to remain undeveloped, and not a thing to be taken into the system but will conduce to the highest good. The attention is turned to the man within. Evolve a perfect man and we will get perfect results. The age wants men—men whose highest efficiency has been reached through right living, right thinking and right doing. Men who not only know one thing well, but who know themselves well and who know how to give their best to their work. When we find a man we find a specialist, but the so-called specialist is not always a man. Remember it is men the world is crying for.
—W. A. K. in “Leadership.”

Look Pleasant, Please.—The cultivation of cordiality and popularity early in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort and happiness. It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart, and yet not be able to express it, to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be incased in an icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing. Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them; but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training, or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centers of civilization, where they do not have the

advantages of social intercourse, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic when they are really the opposite. The cultivation of good will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody, will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.

—"The Circle."

The Best in Education.—To have enough of the practical in your education to enable you to earn a good living, and enough of the purely cultural to enable you to enjoy life; to learn the bread and butter arts that will enable you to be useful to others, and to master such of the scholarly pursuits as will make you fit company for yourself; to be never alarmed at the prospects of poverty nor overwhelmed by a consciousness of mental decay; this is the true and best in education.

—"Business Monthly Magazine."

In the Rank and File.—While every young man should be ambitious to aspire to the leadership of his fellows, it is a fact that all cannot be at the helm, for some have to serve in the ranks. If there were none faithfully serving in the ranks, leaders would not be needed. One fact should be forever in the minds of all young men—there is just as much honor in faithfully serving in the ranks as in the leadership. The leaders could not accomplish anything worthy of note if their subordinates did not do their allotted share of the work that has to be done faithfully, for a faithful worker gets the credit that is due him, whether he is in the ranks or in the lead.

—"Spare Moments."

Advertising is Salesmanship.—The same principles which a salesman uses in selling to a single customer must be used by the successful advertising man—the same principles amplified and generalized to apply to a certain class or group or community instead of to the individual. And by just that much, advertising is more exacting in its requirements and greater in its achievements. The advertising man who has any narrower conception of his work, any lesser ideal of attainment, any smaller equipment for his work, would better bestir himself. For every day more is demanded of the advertising man, and more will be demanded as the business world comes fully to recognize this estimate of his position in commercial life.

—"Mertz' Magazine."

So-Called "Failures."—Failures are stepping-stones to success for strong hearts determined to persevere. Napoleon failed as an essay writer, Shakespeare as a wool merchant, Lincoln as a storekeeper, Grant as a tanner, but that indomitable something in the Hearts of purposeful men did not permit them to brood over their failures, but gave them courage for other attempts. If you have failed, don't stop to make excuses any more than when you win you stop to count victories! Keeping eternally at it, through stress and storm, through bitterness and defeat, brings a man at last to the place where success crowns efforts. —"The Pilgrim."

The Postage Leak.—The advertiser who neglects the important "little details" of his business often loses more dollars than he imagines. A careless clerk, at a poor office scale, can waste more money, where large outgoing mail is the rule, than many stop to realize. One cent excess postage on 1,000 pieces of mail means a loss of \$10 every thousand pieces, and many a scale is costing just that amount day after day, because the "boss has never thought of such a small matter," and because some careless clerk doesn't give a rap. Therefore, watch the office scales, or get some one else to watch them—not once in a while, but more than once a day. —"Advertising Chat."

Thinking Workers Win.—If we observe carefully the events of the day, we shall notice that the demand for so-called skilled labor is on the increase, and the demand for unskilled work is decreasing, while statistics show that the number of persons engaged in manual labor is decreasing, hand in hand with a progressive increase in the number of persons taking up mental work in proportion to the population. What does this signify? It signifies that a gradual transition from manual to mental work is taking place. Man is a thinking being, and was not intended to slave at manual labor. Manual labor is an intermediate and passing form. The working class, therefore, is not a class separate from the rest of the community, but is a part of it, a part that is rapidly blending with the rest, and merging into identity with the so-called upper classes, precisely as a moving train on the way to its destination. The last car will be the latest to reach the point, yet it will arrive. —The Square Deal.

The First Sky Scraper.—And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East that they found a plain in the Land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said, "Go to, let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven." And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded and the Lord said, "Behold, this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city. Genesis, xi, 2-8.

Keep Credit Inviolable.—Credit is the most precious possession a business man can have. It is acquired, maintained and preserved by certain qualities that seem to be inherent in the man. Credit is like a delicate piece of porcelain. You may break it and put it together again, and for purposes of utility it may possibly be just as good as it ever was, but the cracks are there and you can see where it was broken. And so it is with the man whose credit is once impaired. He may be able to buy goods again, his standing among mercantile houses may be fair, but it can never be restored to the superb condition in which it once was. And so all merchants, young and old, should regard credit as a priceless possession. Do not let it be trifled with, and allow nothing to impair it or injure it.
—"Tea and Coffee Expert."

Evils of Misrepresentation.—Selling goods at a fixed price that represents profit to your house is salesmanship, but the man who is constantly cutting prices and seeking ways and means by which he can secure orders by manipulation and misrepresentation, contrary to the rules of his house, is not a salesman, and he will not only prove a disappointment to his customer but to both his company and himself as well. Never misrepresent your goods; when it becomes necessary to do so it is time to quit the business, or secure another line that does not require misrepresentation. We all make mistakes, but the man who persists in making them is either a fool or dishonest. We are employed to represent our Company, not to misrepresent it. If you are right you can prove it; if you can't prove it, the chances are you are not right.

—C. V. Oden, in "Typewriter Topics."

The Fall of the House of Usher

by

Edgar Allen Poe



Supplement to
The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER
August, 1907

A fellow asked me the other day why we publish these brief classics as inserts in a business magazine. And I said to him, said I, "It is because business men ought to cultivate an appetite for good general literature."

You see the point, don't you?

—A. F. Sheldon.

Introduction

In this number of *The Business Philosopher* we present a most striking American classic—one of the masterpieces of the "Great American Romancer," Edgar Allen Poe. His life history is brief and pathetic. He was born in Boston, January, 1809. His mother was a talented English actress, his father the son of a distinguished Marylander, a General in the American Revolution. Both his parents had taken up the work of the stage as a profession. When about three years of age his father and mother died at Richmond, Va. A rich merchant, John Allen, adopted little Edgar, and from him he received his middle name. Mrs. Allen mothered the little orphan with tender care. He was sent to various private schools, and in due time entered the University of Virginia, which had just been founded by Thomas Jefferson. Here Poe mingled on terms of social equality with the noblest young men of Virginia. He was bright, handsome and jovial, a good linguist in Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian. He played cards, drank wine, went fox-hunting occasionally, studied and read a good deal, but left college without graduating. His foster father put him into the routine of office work in his store. Poe's sensitive spirit chafed in confinement. He got the disease of wanderlust, and it is said he joined the Greeks in their efforts to throw off the Turkish yoke; at least we know Lord Byron's poetry and erratic career fascinated Poe. After two years he returned, entered as a cadet at West Point, and tried the discipline of military training.

In the meantime his best friend on earth, Mrs. Allen, his foster mother, had died. Mr. Allen did not understand his foster son's nature. There were estrangements. Allen married a second time; an heir was born. The foster stepmother did not help matters in Edgar's behalf. He was set adrift, left West Point, and returned to Baltimore.

For about four years he lived with his mother's widowed sister, or made this his home. Here he met Virginia Clem, a human lily, frail, delicate, beautiful. She became his wife at the tender age of scarce fifteen. This girl-wife was his pole-star. He loved her passionately, and through the storms and darkness of eight long years as best he could, he faithfully cared for her as a drooping flower, and also provided for her

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mother. When, in January, 1847, he laid the "light of his eyes" in the grave, his heart was broken. For two more short, troubled years he made a brave fight against the odds, then he followed his wife.

The short life tragedy was ended. Pathetic beyond measure was the closing scene. While charity gently draws the veil, a kindly critic speaks: "Yet here is one of the most distinct and unquestioned powers in the history of American intellect."

Poe made literature his occupation. Like Johnson, Goldsmith and many others he found little money for his work. Though his wares were the "finest porcelain" there was no market. Think of Poe selling the immortal "Raven" for \$10.00. But Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for less than \$100.00 of our money. And Dr. Johnson, the literary giant of England, sold his "Rasselas" for barely enough to give his poor old mother a decent burial. In those days the bank account was stranger to the man of letters. Poe was poor, abjectly so. He became a literary hack. He was pitifully paid for faithful work on magazines, and for his best prose, short stories, his poems and essays. His grinding poverty made him keenly sensitive and helped tinge the natural temperament of his personality in yet more sombre hues.

Poe deliberately chose the field of the wierd, the metaphysical, the abnormal, or, as he expresses it, "the grotesque and the arabesque." His poems and stories are not creations of a crazed mind; they are as deliberately planned and executed with all exquisite finish, as was Gray's Elegy, or Milton's Sonnets. "In the regions of the strangely terrible, remotely fantastic and ghastly, he reigns supreme." His prose is the finest for richness, force, clearness, diction, beauty. He possessed what the music critic would call literary technique to a high degree.

In the selection of the "Fall of the House of Usher," note the analysis of strange conditions. As one says, "Plumb lines thrown into the deeps of existence, lurid or glittering lights swinging in the unfathomable well of truth." There is no forced effort at description; it is easy, natural, spontaneous. As a study in constructive and reconstructive imagination—it is unsurpassed.

Poe is to be studied as an artist, a painter, a musician, a literary critic, a philosopher, in the field of truth.

The Fall of the House of Usher

By Edgar Allen Poe

During the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was; but with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into every-day life, the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene,

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of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said, it was the apparent heart that went with his request, which allowed me no room for hesitation, and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperment, displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable

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beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent; and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised on the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issues and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous indeed that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and

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the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves, yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen, and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the spacious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar

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were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance I thought wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the ennui man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely a man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very

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pallid, but of surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily forgotten. And now, in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded; and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision, that abrupt, weighty, unhurried and hollow-sounding enunciation, that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to

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afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although perhaps the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I must perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose suppositions force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance,

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he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the physique of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed, to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door at length closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cateleptical character, were the usual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her

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person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations in which he involved me or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vagueness at which I shuddered knowing not why—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me, at least—in the circumstances then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas an intensity of intolerable awe, no

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shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible, yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was perhaps the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid facility of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisation), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was perhaps the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:

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I.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round above a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;

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(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shali dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old-time entombed.

VI.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea has assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest abandon of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around; above all, in the long, undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation

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of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made him what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swendonborg; the *Subterranean Voyage* of Nicholas Klimm by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indagine, and of *De la Chamber*; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorium*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela about the old African Satyrs and Oegipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigilae Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiae Maguntinae*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the Lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager in-

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quiries on the part of her medical man, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the persons whom I met upon the staircase on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless and by no means an unnatural precaution.

At the request of Usher I personally aided him in the arrangement for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half-smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light, lying at great depth immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used apparently in remote feudal times for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon trestles within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention, and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead, for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of

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youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

Now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue; but the luminousness of his eye had entirely gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more, and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. These were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times again I was obliged to revolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing the Lady Madeline within the donjon that I experienced the full power of such feeling. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of

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the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame, and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, harkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I know not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night) and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was as usual cadaverously wan; but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes, an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me; but everything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—"you have not then seen it? but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was indeed a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careening from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance.

I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surface of the huge masses of agitated vapor as well

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as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not, you shall not behold this!" said I shudderingly to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon, or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning, but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand, and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the *Trist*, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who in sooth was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarmed and reverberated throughout the forest."

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At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was beyond doubt the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for amid the rattling of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound in itself had nothing surely which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was soon enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten:

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;

Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that in this instance I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting by any observation the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question, although, assuredly, a

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

strange alternation had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast, yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body was too at variance with this idea, for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot which thus proceeded:

"And now, the champion having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor with a mighty, great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips than, as if a shield of brass had indeed at the moment fallen heavily upon a floor of silver, I became aware of a distinct hollow metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet, but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it—yes, I hear it, and have heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it; yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! I dared not—I dared not speak. We have put her living in the tomb! Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago, yet I

dared not—I dared not speak! And now—tonight—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault. Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" Here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul, "Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust; but then, without those doors, there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother; and in her violent and now final death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terror he had anticipated.

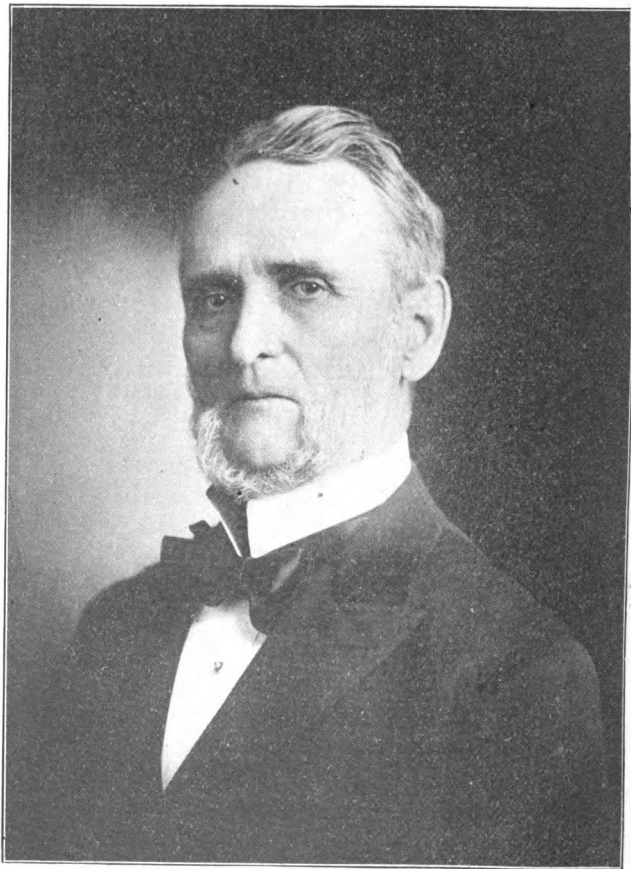
From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building in a zig-zag direction to the base. While I gazed this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters. and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed suddenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher."

Faith

"Triumphant Faith

Who from the distant earth looks up to Heaven
Seeing invisibility suspending
Eternity from the breath of God.
She can pluck mountains from their rooted thrones
And hurl them into ocean. And from pain,
And prisons, and contempt, extort the palm
Of everlasting triumph. She doth tread
Upon the neck of Pride like the free wind
On angry ocean. Lo, with step erect, she walks
O'er whirlpool waves and martyr fires,
And depths of darkness and chaotic voids;
Dissolving worlds, rent heavens and dying suns,
And oceans of earth's gold, and pyramids
And temples of earth's glory! All these she spurns
With feet fire-shod, because her hand is placed
Immovably in God's. Her eye doth rest
Unchangeably on His. Nor will she stop
Till having crossed the stormy waves of pain
And fiery trial, she may lay her head
Upon her father's breast, and take the crown
From Love's rejoicing hand."

— *Selected.*



DR. D. K. PEARSONS

Success

As the Attainment and Preservation
of a Practicable and Legitimate Ideal

A Study from the Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons

By A. H. Gamble

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession from the which as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and an ornament thereunto."

—Lord Bacon.

To write honestly and worthily about a man still living is a delicate and difficult task. This is especially true if the person selected be in the limelight of the public gaze. If elements of power be in such a life; if it be characterized by high ideals, and noble aims; if the larger life of a community can be conserved by a simple recital of facts tending to bring out these virtues; and if we can be sure that the towering personality of the subject of the sketch, has attained permanence of character, there is safety in writing. "Let your light so shine that ye may glorify," is a truth deep as life, which sweetens all life. The Great Teacher was modest yet scientific. The great character-former of life is life. The subtle law of influence, curses or blesses. He held that every man should be:

"The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time.

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use; Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

We certainly believe we can receive a message from one who has clearly wrought out the poetic sentiment above expressed in his long life of nearly a decade beyond four-score years. So we are going to sit at the feet of a millionaire philanthropist, and listen to what he has to say about life's battle, the strategy of opportunity and the right use of money.

One of the noblest races which has always been at the forefront in our national and industrial life, is the Scotch-Irish. They came to our shores before the Revolution and nobly helped in that struggle. Nearly two hundred thousand had immigrated up to 1800. The subject of this sketch, Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, is descended from a fine ancestry of this sturdy race.

The story of his early life is like that of Abraham Lincoln, "The short and simple annals of the poor." He was born on a Vermont farm in the Green Mountains. He said: "My early life was nothing but a struggle. I drove oxen, chopped wood, split rails, bound after the cradlers, mowed with a scythe among the stumps, helped at logging 'bees' and 'raisings.' I cut logs for lumber, hoed crops of corn, potatoes, turnips, grubbed out stumps, built fences, stacked hay and grain, helped at 'threshings,' dug ditches, toiled in the 'sugar bush,' carrying sap, making syrup, 'sugaring off.' I helped in shearing sheep, taking care of cattle and hogs, making roads, underbrushing, 'summer fallowing'; doing all kinds of hard work on a rough mountain farm. I worked out by the month for other farmers in order to get a little money to attend school. Beginning at the age of seventeen, I taught district school during the short winter months; studied hard, leading this kind of life until I was twenty-two years of age." His father gave him thirty-nine dollars for

tuition, boarding, clothing, books and pocket money and he entered Dartmouth College.

He says: "I rented a room in Tibbett's attic and chopped wood to pay the rent. I cooked my own potatoes and 'Johnny cake' (with a reminiscent chuckle) and they were the best meals I ever ate. On rare occasions I had meat and cooked my pork in a sheet iron stove, by holding it over the coals with a poker."

* * * * *

His young life was profoundly influenced by Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, the first institution of its kind for the higher education of women. As a growing boy he had listened with interest to her conversations with his parents about her plans for the college. When, later, at another home, where he wooed and won Miss Marietta Chapin for his wife, his interest in the great work of Mary Lyon was deepened. His wife was one of the first students in that first college for young ladies. The young doctor was in many senses a life-long beneficiary of the influence coming from that school. This is what he has to say:

"About a hundred years ago, Mary Lyon was born in an obscure town in Western Massachusetts, of poor parents. Her parents died, and she was left alone. She then did housework for her brother, who lived on a farm. She spun and wove and made coverlets and sold them, and got enough to go to Ashfield Academy. That girl had visions, but she was not visionary—not a bit of it. She saw through the mist and clouds that overhung the grandest country in the world, and the noblest people in the world. The mist was that a female should not be educated. I knew Mary Lyon; I saw her at work laying the first foundation of her magnificent institution. I once asked an old man why he did not help Mary Lyon. 'Why,' said the old man, 'it is of no use sending girls to college, it will spoil them for servants; they won't be worth a cent for servants if they go to school.'

"That darkness, that mist, hung over New England like a pall, and Mary Lyon was the heroine who could look through it and see the stars beyond. This century has not

produced another woman like Mary Lyon. There have been many great women, but Mary Lyon stood far above them all. What did she want? She wanted an institution where the daughters of poor men could get an education on a very small amount of money. She went to work. She begged the lumber and the brick. She went among the farmers. I was practicing medicine within five miles of her, and I used to meet her in her travels around, and sometimes she was disheartened, and although I was poor as Job's turkey then, I said to myself: 'If I ever get anything ahead in the world, the first thing I take up will be such work as Mary Lyon is doing.'

"Mary Lyon was very kind to me. There were a good many Vermont girls at that school, and I used to go up there to console the girls for their absence from their native mountains, and she used to let me in every time, and I prized her very highly.

"Mary Lyon is dead, but the college she founded still lives. They were without any endowment four years ago, and I wrote them, 'I will give you \$50,000 if you will raise \$150,000,' and they went to work and got half of it. Two years ago last September that building which Mary Lyon built to accommodate four hundred girls took fire and burned up, turning the girls into the street. Out of those four hundred girls only five went home. The farmers and the people there said, 'We will take care of you,' and they did take care of them, and they kept the school intact.

"That building was consumed, and while its embers were still redhot, I telegraphed to Williston: 'Fifty thousand dollars to build up Mount Holyoke.' What a turn that was! They had sunk into despair and despondency, when all at once light flashed upon them. That was the old institution founded by Mary Lyon, and it has risen again. Now, Holyoke has five of the finest dormitories in the country, and the most magnificent administration building as a memorial of Mary Lyon. I got a letter today from the treasurer, saying: 'We are now going to have, in addition to the building, a new gymnasium.' At the last commencement I sent my check, and they have now \$200,000, thus completing the endowment. They are going to be the best and the grandest institution in this country."

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A deep thinker has said: "No man has ever told widely

and deeply on the world in whose nature there was not a certain largeness, force, volume; men conspicuous for energy, capacity, force, are the only instruments by which God can move and raise the great masses of their fellowmen."

Between Dr. Pearsons, the college-builder of America, and Cecil Rhodes, the empire-builder of South Africa, there were certain resemblances. Both started poor young men, both amassed millions, both took the products of beneficent nature and turned these into money; the one dealt in diamonds and land, the other in timber and land. Both held the high ideal formed in each shortly after the age of twenty-one—"the talent of money-making as a trust for public uses." Both formed the ideal first, then worked to this ideal by making the fortune afterwards. Each was gifted with prophetic business vision.

Rhodes at the age of twenty-four leaves Oxford, before graduation, and goes to South Africa for health. He realizes in six months' time, that "this is the arena of my life work. Here I can develop my picture for the future." In whatever direction he turned, in all he saw, this moneyless young student spelled the word opportunity. In six years' time he had gravitated to his place of kingship among men. He became the controlling factor, the master mind, of the greatest business organization in the British Empire.

Dr. Pearsons, at the age of twenty-seven, left his eastern home in the quiet little town in Vermont, sold everything, abandoned the practice of medicine, burned all bridges behind him, and came west. In answer to the question, "Why did you come west?" he replied.

"I came west to make money. I knew that the west was the land of limitless opportunity. All possible encouragement was given at that time to any one who desired to take up land. There was no limit on land entry. I could see in this land, which cost but \$1.25 an acre to get it from the government, immense possibilities of increase in value, and to my mind I could foresee the time when it would be worth \$100 and \$200 an acre. I took up pine lands, 4,000 acres, in

Michigan, and bought other pine lands at a very nominal sum per acre and then held this land until such time as prices became \$10.00 and then \$100 per acre, which made possible the accumulation of money."

In all he bought 16,000 acres of this pine land and as prices appreciated by leaps and bounds, he sold it again at many times the original cost. He bought land in Illinois. He foresaw future possibilities. Like Henry Clay on the crest of the Alleghanies he stood in the silences listening. He heard the tramp of millions yet to be. He saw them moving westward in their "prairie schooners." He saw the rich black "corn belt" lands being taken up by the settler and pioneer. He said, "Here is opportunity, here is a chance for the man of enterprise and brains." He bought rich prairie land and sold it. He bought more and sold. He organized a strong real estate firm. For twenty years he bought and sold, for himself and others.

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Yet others had spelled out this word opportunity before the young doctor from the Blue Mountains. There was a good example down in McClean Country, Ill. A sturdy young man from the old country had taken up a quarter section of land. He put up his little shack and got busy. The deed from the government was soon in his possession. He bought an adjoining eighty. His young wife helped him. He bought another quarter section. His family grew. The shack gave place to a comfortable dwelling. The children helped. More land was added. The little boys became sturdy young men. The father became rich. When he died nearly two townships of land comprised the enormous estate. It has been the writer's privilege to ride over part of this great holding, on which is one of the finest timber reservations in the state. The grand children of the farseeing pioneer who lived in the shack, now take first cabin passage on great Cunarders to Europe. The entire tract of land is worth on an average about two hundred dollars per acre. In other words the far-

seeing business vision of the grandfather is yielding today nearly two thousand per cent on his investment.

Dr. Pearsons has the acquisitive faculty in a very high degree. His wife early perceived this in his character. She persuaded him to give up medicine and go west to make money. When asked, "Why did she want you to make money?" his face flashed with delight as he replied, "To give it away."

Parallel to this is the utterance of Cecil Rhodes to a dear friend. One evening sitting on the veranda of his home at Mettapos, which, it is said, commands the finest view in South Africa, he fell into a reminiscent mood on the events of his life. Starting up and stretching out his arms toward the magnificent panorama, he exclaimed with great earnestness: "Homes! More homes! That's what I work for." In the utterances of these two men we have the key to the main-spring of their lives. Money was only an opportunity. In either case may be applied the famous sentence of Carlyle concerning Napoleon: "The man was a divine missionary, though unconscious of it." This is peculiarly applicable to Dr. Pearsons. He made his money honestly. As another has well said of him, "With his full purse he carries a clean conscience. I shall never forget his answer to my question as to how he made his money. He seemed never before to have considered that question at its foundations, but now his answer was very slow and thoughtful. With the most complete unaffectedness and modesty, he replied: "I made my money—out—of—my—character." That is absolutely true. People had such unquestioning confidence in his integrity that they poured thousands into his lap for him to invest for them."

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One of the Chicago dailies wrote the following editorial about him in the fall of 1904:

"This is the time of year when the rosters of small colleges throughout the United States are replenished with the

names of thousands of new students. They are mainly from the country, these eager, aspiring youths, and that there are future United States Senators among them—possibly a future President—may be taken for granted. The same colleges of America, close to the soil, are the colanders through which mental and moral greatness ever sifts its way to the front. And that reminds us that the most modest, and yet the most princely, benefactor of the small colleges of America, lives right here in Chicago. His name is Dr. D. K. Pearsons, and the people of this city are probably lacking in full appreciation of the towering moral grandeur of his particular line of philanthropy. Here is a Chicago citizen, with well-earned millions of private wealth, who deliberately declares to his fellow-millionaires that it is a moral wrong to die rich. For the last fifteen years or so, Dr. Pearsons has worked harder in spending his millions intelligently, for the benefit of others, than he ever did in accumulating them. He has been the savior of a score of struggling colleges, and has done more than any living American to place higher education within the reach of penniless boys and girls. He has inspired the trustees of scores of small colleges to redouble financial efforts, and for every one of his own gifts he has elicited twice their monetary value from other benefactors. Every one of the Pearsons dollars, invested in the smaller colleges, is a dividend earner, and there has been a maximum of results for the minimum cost. This shrewd philanthropist has no money to spare for prosperous, well-endowed universities—not that he lacks sympathy and good wishes for the latter, but because he believes the biggest future dividends will come from the small colleges. Dr. Pearsons is putting out a net that will take in the average country boy or girl who is barred from the greater universities by expense or distance. His dividends are to come after he is gone, in the nobler standards of manhood and womanhood that these minor colleges teach along with their book learning. Such benefactions as his are the brightest oases in a commercial age that dries up sympathy; they ennoble the giver and enrich humanity. Chicago has other generous givers for good causes, other philanthropists with souls that rise above sordid money-getting and selfish money-spending. But we have only one Dr. Pearsons, the evening of whose life is brilliant with deeds that are measureless in their future rewards.”

To the question, "Are opportunities lying in the pathway of every normal young man?" Dr. Pearsons replied: "Emphatically, yes! I believe with Russell Conway, who develops the thought in his wonderful lecture, 'Acres of Diamonds,' that there is no limit to the opportunities lying in the pathway of young men today. Yes, and young men right here in Chicago, if they have the far-seeing vision and can make investments. There is no question in my mind but what those investments will multiply many fold, even in the next quarter century."

Rev. Dr. Barton, of Oak Park, who is very closely associated with Dr. Pearsons in his benevolent work, said to the writer in a short interview: "Yes, I believe that Dr. Pearsons would 'make good' if he were a young man and had to start all over again; in other words, if he had to start as a young man in this great city without a dollar, I believe he would die a very rich man and keep his honesty and integrity."

The old philanthropist sympathizes with earnest, ambitious young men and feels hopeful and jubilant for the future which they will carve; but for the nerveless, go-easy, soft-snap hunters, the lazy, callow, hare-brained, cigarette-friend crowd, he has nothing but pity or contempt.

He believes most emphatically that "America is another name for opportunity." He argues logically: "We are in the dawn of the electric age, wireless telegraphy, telephony, aerial navigation, scientific and intensive agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, stock raising. Mechanical devices will not only lighten all labor, but will open up a thousand avenues to new forms of labor. The world is on an eager quest for men and ideas. Never was the call so insistent for men who can do large things, command large salaries, shape events, sway and command other men. The great West is full to the brim of opportunities. Her rock-ribbed mountains are filled yet with ores of fabulous wealth. Her vast plains await the genius of the man who can tap the eternal reservoirs of her snow-capped peaks, and bring the life-giving waters, so transforming these plains into richest gardens for teeming millions.

Our mining and agriculture in the Rocky Mountain west has as yet been a mere scratch on the surface." A grandson of Brigham Young, the founder of Salt Lake City, said to the writer not long ago, "There is enough snowfall on the peaks of Utah's mountains, which, if properly conserved by the patience and labor of man, would equal an annual rainfall of four feet of water on every acre of cultivable land in the state. A few million dollars wisely expended in irrigation, would add billions of value to our great commonwealth. Our mining resources have scarcely been touched in comparison with what we have in store."

Dr. Pearsons believes Chicago is destined to be the greatest city on the Continent, and the man who dreamed of ten million population a hundred years hence was not crazy, but simply a business prophet. At all events he insists that opportunities for wise investment right here in Chicago, or her suburbs, are awaiting men of business sagacity, and will yield ten, thirty or fifty fold.

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Succeeding the question of opportunity naturally came the following: "What puts 'iron' into a boy's blood and 'sand' into his constitution?" Dr. Pearsons answered: "First, of course, there is the element, whatever it may be, of heredity, although I don't go much on heredity in the sense that any boy would make a leaning post or a crutch of it. That which puts iron and sand into a boy must come from within, and is found in his own will and inherent power. Most men and women of worth and influence came from poor parents—from wage-earners, from poverty. Poverty is a blessing in disguise. Standing here today, I am thankful that I was born in poverty, and that I had to hustle, while the chilly winds of adversity blew around me.

"Hustle—that is what makes men. It is not pandering them. Take two dogs that are brothers, and put one in a rich man's family, where he has a soft cushion to lie on, and is fed highly-seasoned food. That dog grows up a great big

lumber-headed dog with a cirrhotic liver. The other dog is given to a poor boy over in Podunk. There are a lot of boys in that family, and every boy gives the dog a kick. That dog grows up a splendid dog, with good muscle and a good eye, and is able to take care of himself. Now bring him alongside of his brother raised in luxury, and he will lick him. That dog raised in Podunk can lick a dozen dogs like his brother. The pampered dog is good for nothing, while the dog that had to fight for an existence is a splendid specimen.

"Just so it is with boys. Put two boys in equally different environments, and one will turn out smart, for he has had to hustle; while the other, if he is fed well and coddled may be a good natured fellow, but that is about all."

The Doctor believes in Man. With old Aristotle he thinks "most men have gold in them from the beginning," yet he says, "It's up to the boy to bring out the fine gold." He has little patience with the old homely proverb, "You cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear." He believes the human plant is susceptible of infinite culture; that hidden in every normal human nature there is the image of God. Remove the accumulated dust and rust of environment, the rubbish of slave-making negatives, the dry rot of false ideas, the gnawing, double-headed tap-root worm of Fear and Doubt, and a youth is put far on the road to success. If Mr. Pearsons did not believe in the uplift and perfectibility of human nature he would not to-day be the acknowledged "Dean of the College of Philanthropists."

One of his close friends, Dr. Barton, remarked to him one day: "When the history of higher education in America is written, yours will be an honorable page upon it." To this he replied most earnestly and solemnly: "Boy, boy, before then I shall be dead and my wife will be dead. My near relatives will all be dead. I get little pleasure in thinking about my page in the history of education. I want to spend my life and my money in helping to make men and women and in building up the kingdom of God, and to do it now. That's all, and that's what my wife and I are living for."

In answer to the question: "After four score years of experience what is your judgment on the aims and ends of wealth?" the following is the characteristic reply: "First, to do good to mankind. I believe the man who has a gift for making money should consecrate that gift to humanity, and not prostitute it in any sense to his own selfish aims and pleasures, for the end of wealth is to distribute happiness among the people, especially the deserving needy and the poor, 'for they are with us always.' I believe the All-Wise placed vast resources in nature at man's disposal. Man is to use his best powers as a good steward in conserving and distributing this wealth. I have no quarrel with men of large means who are accumulating or have accumulated money with which to found a so-called aristocracy, because they defeat themselves by building on the sand. Greed and selfishness have in them the seeds of their own destruction. I do not envy such people. They deserve the just contempt of all right-minded men. A hog is a hog, no matter how you dress him. Whipping the devil round a stump is a very old practice of the race. No, I consider all wealth, properly used, a blessing to every institution and a means to best citizenship. I do not believe in congested wealth, neither do I believe in wealth wrongly used."

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In reply to the question, "Do you consider your method of philanthropy a rebuke and at the same time an incentive—an index finger pointing in the right direction to men of vast wealth?" he said:

"I know that my method of philanthropy has been and is now an index finger pointing in the right direction to men of great wealth. With all his faults future generations will never cease to bless Cecil Rhodes for making the right use of his wealth in furthering the interests of the very highest form of education, for young men of the Anglo-Saxon race from three great nations.

"I believe with Andrew Carnegie, from whom I received a letter a short time ago in which he says:

"My Dear Colleague and Elder Brother: "The highest worship of God, is service to man." I adopt that. * * * Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others in one of the many forms best calculated to appeal to and develop those higher things of the moral, intellectual, and aesthetic domain, has wealth completely justified its existence. Dollars are only dross until spiritualized, a means to an end; and miserable is the man, mean and squalid his life, who knows no better than to deaden his soul by mere possession, counting over the hoard which holds him down, or using his faculties in old age in augmenting the useless stuff that ministers not to any taste worthy of man. I am following your example in the small college field, thanks for your having led the way. * * * I agree with you that the small good colleges are most in need. It has become the fashion to give to the principal universities. These do not get too much, but the less known get far too little. * * * With every good wish and much gratitude for the example you set me, your humble disciple,

Andrew Carnegie.'"

Mr. Pearsons is frugal to the verge, as some would say, of parsimony. He would not spend two cents for the Evening Journal if one cent for the Daily News would give him the information he desired. He says: "I am a thrifty and frugal old man. I have labored eighty years to make money and I have made it, and honestly, too. The statement may seem very strange to you—that I do not pose as a benevolent man. I have no benevolence in me—not a particle. I am the most economical, close-fisted man you ever put your eyes on; you can see it in my face; it is there. I do not think I ever foolishly spent twenty dollars in my life. I never went to a theater but once in my life and then I was ashamed of myself. I never went to a horse race nor a football game." He wears a silk hat because it becomes him and not from any sense of pride or because he desires to be dressy. He dresses plainly, not expensively, wears one diamond in his

shirt front which is small but genuine, and cost perhaps seventy-five dollars. He eats the plainest, simplest and most nourishing food, hence the most inexpensive. He has never used tobacco nor alcoholic stimulant in any form. He owns a good, trusty horse and thinks this is sufficient for his needs. He lives in a beautiful home built for solid comfort rather than style, and considers it would be waste for him to put five or ten thousand dollars more in a palatial house which he could not utilize. His reason for not making a display of his wealth in fine equipages, automobiles, yachts, clothes, diamonds, servants, rich foods and wines, is this: "To me it is superfluous, unnecessary, therefore extravagant, wasteful and wrong. As a wise steward I must use what I have acquired in the best possible way and for the highest ends. The honest making of money is a talent and the disposition of it is a sacred trust."

* * * * *

To the spendthrift and the man of deficient judgment as to the real use of money, Mr. Pearsons may seem close and stingy; yet this view is wholly wrong. Quite frequently in considering large bequests he will inquire very closely into the manner in which the money is to be expended. When all is clear to him he will say: "Ten or twenty thousand dollars more should go into this work for the best equipment. I have no hesitancy in putting in more because I know it is well expended."

Dr. Pearsons is covetous of his money in the highest and noblest sense. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" is a life habit with him. He does not think in cents or single dollars as such, but of these as proportional ratios to thousands and millions of dollars for given ends. With the eyes of the true seer—

"That one far off Divine event

To which the whole creation moves"

is ever present with him. He sees in vaster relations and

wider horizons than most men. To him the span of eighty or one hundred years, is but the smallest part of an infinite arc circling eternal destiny. His own eighty-seven years of life has simply spelled one big word—Opportunity—for one great end, Service. He hopes to round out a full century of life. He is ambitious to realize the fine poetic sentiment expressed by Cecil Rhodes as his Apologue, "The Old Man Planting Oaks." He, like the old man, "knew he should never live to see his saplings trees," but nevertheless could see "the people walking under my trees" and was content in the thought "that the lines would remain as he set them. Others will enjoy the shade, but mine is the conception and the glory."

This finely preserved old man was at one time a tower of strength to the credit of Chicago. We briefly adverted to this in the question: "Chicago passed through a crisis in the Great Fire, also in '73-80. Just how did you aid the city in these periods?" His answer given relates to 1873.

"I belonged to the board of aldermen, and was the chairman of the Finance Committee. We had sold to New York brokers \$500,000 worth of bonds. In the panic of '73 we found ourselves stranded and could not pay the interest on the bonds. The City Council sent me to New York to visit the bank there from which the interest payments were made. I was given a chair in the back office, and as the bond holders came in with their interest coupons for their cash, the cashier quietly told them that a Chicago representative was in the back office and that if they would just step in he would adjust the matter. One by one the great big pompous bond holders came in, took out their bonds from an inside pocket and said: 'Sir, I understand you are the Chicago representative of these bonds. I want my money—my interest money.' I said to them: 'We have not a cent with which to meet the interest.' Then these pompous fellows stormed around. I finally said to them: 'If you are in need of the

money I will telegraph my bank in Chicago and have the money wired here, assuming the responsibility myself, out of my own personal funds, of handling the interest coupons. But pass over your bonds to me and I will hold them as a guarantee for payment of these coupons.' The big fellows were much surprised and one spoke up: 'What—you! You assume this responsibility and pay this cash! You pay this interest!' I calmly looked them in the eyes and said, 'Certainly.' 'Well, if this is the status of affairs we will keep our bonds and wait,' they answered." And then the old man chuckled over the astute successful way he had handled the matter. So the whole affair was tidied over.

* * * * *

The four questions following drew ready, characteristic replies. So significant are these answers that whole volumes are expressed in them:

"Do you consider the personal habits of a young man important factors in his attainment of Success, such as the study habit, thrift, economy of time, conservation of health, energy, etc.?"

"To this question I can only answer, most emphatically, Yes! To observe these correct habits of study, frugality, thrift, economy of time, preservation of health, conservation of energy, is the only royal road to success."

"What do you consider the prime reason for the failure of so many young men who are willing to drift with the tide, rather than row up stream?"

"First, false ideas of life; that is to say, no true conception of its possibilities and its responsibilities. Living a butterfly existence or living the life of the low animal plane, rather than a high self-conscious plane, makes tide-drifters, but not the strong rowers."

"Do you really think the 'business world' measures a man's bank account a greater asset than sterling character, minus the bank account?"

"No! The business world measures a man by his sterling character. I believe sterling character beats the bank account every time and knocks it higher than a kite. Men

are measured by their true worth in character, and not by their gold."

"What would be your ultimate word to the millions of young people today on life's threshold, girding themselves for the long race and the hard battle?"

"Be honest—with yourself, with your fellowmen and with God. This I would say should be the supreme motive. Then I would say, practice economy, particularly in the sense of the great Teacher when he said, 'Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.' This is the teaching of all nature. Further, possess undying perseverance, indomitable will, so as to be master of every situation. Do not forget to add to all this, what Carlyle calls the 'gospel of work,' for this I believe to be the central thought of the universe—good, faithful, honest work."

The South African millionaire, Rhodes, had a world-vision of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in all future civilization. To this end he amassed a colossal fortune, dedicating it to this cause. His ten million dollar gift to his honored Alma Mater, Oxford University, provided an endowment scholarship fund. By this several hundred young men, specially selected for all-round excellence, from the German Empire, the British Empire and the United States, are constantly being trained at Oxford in all that makes a man and a scholar. These young men go out to become leaders in the world's work. With the above idea in mind we asked the Chicago millionaire the question: "Do you believe the education of the future will become more and more practical, so that all schools and colleges will aim to train alike the hand, the brain, and the heart?" He replied, "I believe that the schools are headed toward the practical, and all systems of education are becoming so changed that we are in the period of transition right now in the educational world, and in twenty years' time the greatest change that has ever been known in methods of education from the primary school to the greatest university, will take place along most intensely practical lines."

In reality, Dr. Pearson's donations to over two score colleges emphasize this view. He insists that the individuality of the student should be kept intact. The individual should not be lost in the mass.

It is indeed true that the area of a man's work should span a lifetime and reach out into the eternal plan of things.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

* * * * *

This is the very crux of the teaching of A. F. Sheldon, pioneer of the new educational movement in the business and industrial world. He insists that a man is not fully educated unless there be a complete development of all the powers of body, mind and soul. Man must give his best of brain and brawn and heart in the unfoldment of the great purpose of life. He can do this only as he takes an inventory of his own powers and by processes of careful cultivation of the positive forces of being builds character. The ethics of this philosophy as well as its practicability is more than a mere vision. It is a concrete fact. It is actually being reduced to daily practice in life and business. The points of particular interest to Mr. Pearsons were these: The gospel of work, the fact of self-reliance, the great quartette of endurance, ability, reliability and action, making the man all right, development of all-round power and supreme loyalty to the Golden Rule.

"If such be your teachings," said he, "your mission is indeed world-wide. You are on the right track. May God bless you."

For the space of nearly fifty-nine years a good and holy woman presided over the destinies of this kingly man as queen of his home and heart. A little over a year ago she bade farewell to earth. The eventful lifelong journey together was brimful of good works. This noble woman was a continual inspiration to her husband. She had no children of her own, yet through her fine beneficence she mothered hundreds and thousands in providing the means for their education. At Marsivan in far-off western Turkey, Anatolia College shelters and educates scores of needy young men and women. It stands as a beacon light in that dark land, having a Marietta Chapin Pearsons' endowment of fifty thousand dollars to perpetuate its work.

The old man is lonely, yet there are no clouds in the western skies as he journeys toward the sunset. Though the sun is getting low and the shadows are lengthening, he keeps bravely at work. From Maine to Florida, from western

Turkey to western California his benefactions stretch like a golden chain, linking together forty-two academies, colleges and universities. The glory of the sunset of this wonderful life is accentuated by the fact that his plans are all perfected for finishing his work. He has given many millions but in such a manner that he has made others in the striking phrase of Omaha's Cowboy Mayor "jar loose." Through his direct influence nearly fifteen millions of dollars have come into the treasuries of these forty-two colleges. Only recently, June 19th, he made an address at the Commencement Exercises of Beloit College, Beloit, Wis. He added another \$25,000 to his already large gifts, which will enable them to complete the one million dollar endowment for that fine center of learning. Indirectly his example has awakened the consciences of men everywhere as to the proper use of money. In a wider and deeper sense Mr. Pearsons is building better than he knows. The sum total of his influence in the philanthropic world is sure to be a moulding power in the evolution of great philanthropic principles in business, social, economic and educational science, which shall usher in the Vision of the Poet-Seer, as he sang:

"For I dipt into the future far as human eyes could see
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew,
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
For along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rush-
ing warm,
With the standards of the peoples, plunging thro' the thun-
der storm;
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags
were furl'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

A Mosaic From Sundry Sources

Money—A Means, Not an End

- Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master.
- Charity begins at home, but should not end there.
- Benevolence is the distinguishing characteristic of man.
- Charity gives itself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor.
- In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.
- Not everything that succeeds is success; a man may make a million and be a failure still.
- Disinterestedness is the divine notion of perfection; disinterested benevolence is the supreme ideal.
- Better be a man than merely a millionaire. Better to have a head and heart than merely houses and lands.
- Money spent upon ourselves may be a millstone about the neck; spent on others it may give us wings like eagles.
- Money, talent, rank—these are keys that turn some locks, but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master key that can open all.
- Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse tomorrow; only one thing endures—character.
- If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy and of which they might almost envy man the possession, it is the power of relieving distress.
- A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.
- Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practices it and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.
- The charity which merely consists in giving, is an idle indulgence—often an idle vice. The mere giving of money will never do the work of real philanthropy.
- No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another if thou wishest to live for thyself.

—The truest philanthropists are those who endeavor to prevent misery, dependence and destitution; and especially those who diligently help the poor to help themselves.

—Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get farther.

—Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

—It is not fortune or personal advantage, but our turning them to account, that constitutes the value of life. Fame adds no more than does length of days; quality is the thing.

—God has made selfishness unlovable, and shaped the universal human heart to despise it, and he has made unselfishness so lovable that we cannot withhold from it our admiration.

—Money is character; money also is power. I have power not in proportion to the money I spend on myself, but in proportion to the money I can, if I please, give away to another.

—True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.

—As an end, the acquisition of wealth is ignoble in the extreme; you should save and long for wealth only as a means of enabling you the better to do some good in your day and generation.

—Practical wisdom is only to be learned in the school of experience. Precepts and instructions are useful so far as they go, but, without the discipline of real life, they remain of the nature of theory only.

—To try to make the world in some way better than you found it, is to have a noble motive in life. Your surplus wealth should contribute to the development of your own character and place you in the ranks of nature's noblemen.

—Character is money; and according as the man earns or spends it, money in turn becomes character. As money is the most evident power in the world's uses, so the use that he makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man.

—Do the thing which is in proportion to yourself; and if that thing is not great, still you have served yourself, your family, your country, and the world, just as much as he who has done a large thing, and you deserve just as much credit for doing it.

—Some of man's best qualities depend upon the right use of money—such as his generosity, benevolence, justice, honesty, and forethought. Many of his worst qualities also originate in the bad use of money—such as greed, miserliness, injustice, extravagance and improvidence.

—Thought allied fearlessly to purpose becomes creative force; he who knows this is ready to become something higher and stronger than a mere bundle of wavering thoughts and fluctuating sensations; he who does this has become the conscious and intelligent wielder of his mental powers.

—A man should always bear in mind that whatever surplus wealth comes to him is to be regarded as a sacred trust, which he is bound to administer for the good of his fellows. The man should always be master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant. He must never let it master and make a miser of him.

—There is no better provision for the uses of either private or public life, than a fair share of ordinary good sense guided by rectitude. Good sense, disciplined by experience and inspired by goodness, issues in practical wisdom. Indeed, goodness in a measure implies wisdom—the highest wisdom—the union of the worldly with the spiritual.

—No man ever manages a legitimate business in this life who is not doing a thousand fold more for other men than he is trying to do even for himself; for in the economy of God's providence every right and well organized business is a beneficence and not a selfishness; and not the less so because the merchant thinks mostly of his own profit.

—There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

—If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel; that thou art but the receiver.

—All nations have been made what they are by the thinking and the working of many generations of men. Patient and persevering laborers in all ranks and conditions of life, cultivators of the soil and explorers of the mine, inventors and discoverers, manufacturers, mechanics and artisans, poets, philosophers and politicians, all have contributed toward the grand result, one generation building upon another's labors, and carrying them forward to still higher stages.

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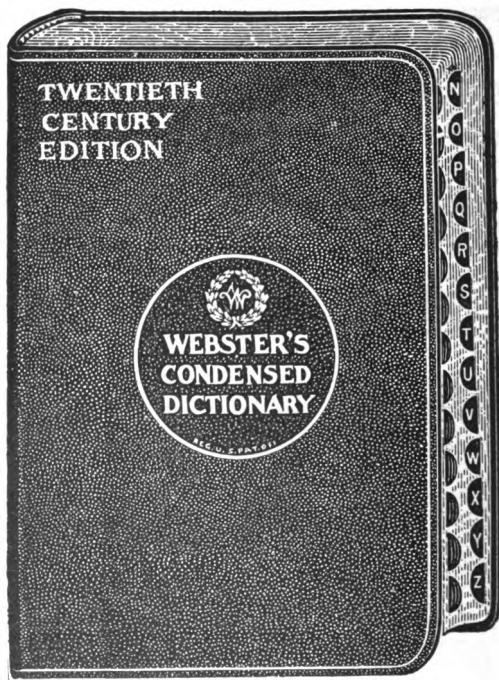
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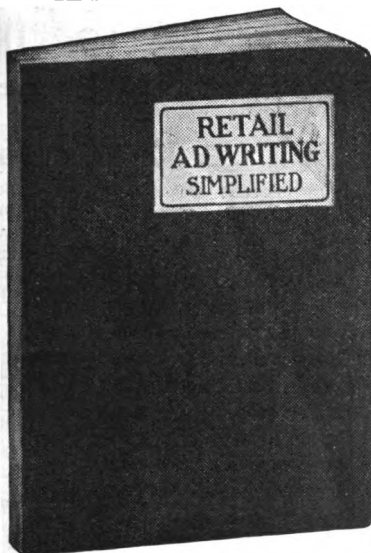
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manage to get along fairly well on the 25,000 acres. Land adjoining the Funk farm recently sold for a little more than \$200 per acre. Probably every acre of the Funk land would bring that amount. Figure it for yourself: 200 times 25,000 is five million. And it is nearly all productive land, superlatively productive, thanks in the first place to the inherent richness of the soil, and in the second place to the splendid ability of the men who own and work it.

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This vast farm is now in reality nine farms, owing to subdivisions that have been made for the heirs of the original Funk, and yet it is still, to all intents and purposes, operated as one farm, owing to the unusual harmony that exists among the members of the Funk family. The entire 25,000 acres is a State game preserve. The soil of this farm has the black, loamy, rich appearance characteristic of the best lands of Illinois. The land is gently rolling and is cut by several small water courses.

In the center of the estate is a timber tract of 3,000 acres, known as Funk's Grove. From this timber the township in

which the greater portion of the Funk lands lie, takes its name. Funk's Grove is probably the finest stretch of virgin forest in Illinois, and is apt to remain practically intact for many years to come, as the Funks are loath to cut it up or clear it away. A million dollars' worth of timber has been taken out of Funk's Grove and used for building material, fences, railroad ties, fuel, etc., and yet, riding through this forest, you can hardly tell that it has ever been touched by man. Every one of the Funk farms touches this grove at some point. In the late summer when nature, in the lavish richness of harvest days, can express herself in the fields only in gold, when thousands of acres of wheat stubble and yellowing corn lie gorgeous under the clear sky, Funk's Grove is a great emerald set in the center of a measureless field of gold.

Funk's Grove is now a station on the main line of the C. & A. There is only a station-house, two cottages and two elevators, yet Funk's Grove is known in every clime where corn is grown. It is the largest seed shipping station in the world, for the Funk Brothers Seed Company ships all its seed from there and the Funk Brothers Company ships more seed than any other concern under the sun.

But this is getting to the second generation. Let us go back some eighty years.

Eighty years ago McLean County, Illinois, was virgin prairie, with here and there a stretch of the "forest primeval." Settlers were few and far between, and Uncle Sam was offering the land at \$1.25 per acre with few takers. The inherent qualities of the land had not even been guessed by any one. Such were the conditions in 1824 when the original Funk hove on the scene. His given name was Isaac. I call him the "original Funk" because before him the Funks did nothing much worthy of note. All that is known about Isaac Funk's ancestors is that they were "Pennsylvania Dutch," some of whom moved to Kentucky late in the eighteenth century.

His father removed to Paint Creek, Fayette County, Ohio, in 1807, when Isaac was ten years old. Here Isaac remained the greater part of the next fifteen years, when, \$2,000 in debt, he started toward the sunset and his destiny. His ancestors don't matter anyway. It is not who your father was, but what you are that counts. One thing is certain, all the positive qualities of all his ancestors flowered to perfection in Isaac Funk. He was the exotic plant which, at long intervals, appears and fastens its unusual qualities on its species.

With an older brother, Absalom Funk, he arrived in McLean County in May, 1824, and pitched his tent on the edge of what is now known as Funk's Grove. They took up a section of land. After having made a little progress, Isaac Funk, in the year 1826, went to Port Clark, which is now Peoria, and raised a crop of corn on the river bottom near that place. He did this that he might get a little much needed ready money. While at Peoria, he made the acquaintance of Miss Cassandra Sharp, and in June, 1826, they were married and returned immediately to Funk's Grove, where they lived a happy and prosperous life for forty years. Kipling's famous assertion that "a man travels fastest when he travels alone" did not prove true in Mr. Funk's case, because from his marriage dates the beginning of his remarkable career.

In Ohio the Funks had gained some knowledge of cattle raising and they immediately engaged in this business, after getting thoroughly settled in their new home. They began to farm with such implements as they could get or make and to buy whatever stock there was for sale within their reach. They bought cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and mules and later drove them to market wherever a market could be found. The two brothers were equal partners in all these transactions. They kept pace with the development of the country, widening the field of their operations as the country became more populous and their capital more plentiful. They were alert, knew their business, dealt fairly with everybody and

gained a pretty complete monopoly of the stock buying business of that section. All of the stock, of course, had to be driven all the way from McLean County to Chicago to market, a distance of over 160 miles. They were sending so much stock to Chicago that it became necessary for one of the brothers to locate there, and Absalom, who was still a bachelor, did so. This partnership continued, with ever increasing prosperity to both the brothers, until 1841, when Isaac bought Absalom's share in the lands they had together acquired and continued the business single-handed. At this time the brothers owned 5,760 acres.

The practical value of imagination, one of the most potent factors in ability as brought to bear on business, was never better illustrated than in the career of Isaac Funk. As he stood before his dwelling at the end of a hard day's work, he saw infinitely more than the panorama of field and forest which nature spread before him. In the first place, he saw that the prairie lands were valuable. He understood their real worth much better than even the government experts did. A majority of the settlers in those days thought they had to clear away forests in order to get productive farm lands. Isaac Funk soon knew that all he need do was plow and plant the prairie to reap harvests as plenteous as any forest land ere yielded. In his mind's eye he could see the steady streams of westward moving emigrants; he could compute the natural increase in the country's population; he could see the prairies dotted with comfortable farmhouses and on the summit of distant hills he saw gleaming the tall spires of busy cities as yet unborn. The steam railroad had become a reality in other sections and Isaac Funk foresaw that some day steam transportation would double and triple the value of every acre in central Illinois. He saw all this and more. He saw that every dollar he put in land would increase ten fold. His vision was real. He believed absolutely.

He had unwavering faith—faith in himself, faith in his country. And he bought land—bought, bought, bought, until he owned 25,000 acres in one tract. The cattle business was the machine which made the money to pay for the land. This land cost Isaac Funk from \$1.25 per acre up to \$20 per acre. He had before him always “a practicable and legitimate ideal,” and he attained and preserved it.

In the purchase of his lands Isaac Funk showed *Ability* of the highest order. His preference at first was for timber lands, because he foresaw that for some time these lands would prove more valuable than prairie lands. His next preference was for lands lying along water courses, or on which water could be most abundantly obtained. Much of his land he bought in small lots. He so disposed these purchases, that with a given amount of land he would sometimes surround a much larger amount than his purchases; for instance, he would go into a section and buy a forty in one or two of its corners and an eighty on one side, then say, an eighty in the section adjoining, opposite the first eighty bought. He would, therefore, invade several adjoining sections at a time and by buying sometimes not more than a quarter of each, he would manage to enclose with his purchases all the balance of those sections. This was a strictly original method and a most effective one, without which it would have been impossible for him to have acquired the vast amount of land he did.

In many other ways he demonstrated that he had marked and peculiar *Ability*. To conduct a big cattle business successfully in those pre-railroad days, with the market 160 miles away, required an absolute knowledge of the work, coupled with unerring judgment, business acumen, resourcefulness and unconquerable will. If it required great ability for him to acquire his splendid lands, it required ability equally as great to care for them, direct their uses and make them productive.

All of Isaac Funk's *Ability* did not run to agriculture and the cattle business. As a member of the Senate of Illinois he rendered distinguished service to his state during the dark days of the Civil War. He made a speech in 1863 in favor of an appropriation for what was known as the Sanitary Commission, which is one of the most magnificent philippics recorded in the annals of American oratory. More than any other speech ever given in Illinois, excepting only Lincoln's reply to Douglas in 1858, is this speech of "Ike" Funk's remembered by the people of the state.

In the days of Isaac Funk's operations capital was not so plentiful as now. He had to make all his larger deals on credit. The basis of credit is *Reliability*. The fact that Isaac Funk was never hampered in any undertaking, however great, by his inability to obtain credit, is eloquent testimonial of his *Reliability*. He was punctual to the minute in all business engagements and contracts, especially in the taking up of bills and notes when due. There is no instance on record where he failed to do just what he said he would do, when he said he would do it. A man in a county adjoining McLean, in talking of Isaac Funk's business methods, said: "Whenever I had any stock to sell, no matter who else wanted to buy it, I always waited for Mr. Funk to come round. We did not always know what our stock was worth. We could not get market reports as we do now. We soon learned that "Ike" Funk always offered us a full, fair market price for our stock and he knew what our stock was worth just as soon as he saw it, and we always waited for him and sold it to him."

The late Senator David Davis, speaking along the same lines, once said: "A good many dealers, when they had bought stock on short credit, that is until they could get it to market and get home again, would propose to keep the money of their clients a short while, mentioning that they could make a good turn with it, or something like that, but

Mr. Funk never did that. Just as soon as he got back from Chicago, or wherever he had been with stock, every man of whom he had bought got his money."

You can search Central Illinois over, but you cannot find anyone to say that "Ike" Funk ever got a dollar dishonestly or that he ever took advantage of any man in a business transaction. He built his great fortune purely by the exercise of his positive faculties and qualities. What an ideal way for a man to do business!

Isaac Funk had *Endurance* in addition to splendid bodily strength. Any man who fought successfully the battles of pioneer days had *Endurance*. Then indeed "to be a good animal" was the first prime requisite. He nearly always personally superintended the removal of his cattle and hogs to Chicago. He sometimes drove as many as 1,500 cattle and 1,000 hogs to market. One winter, together with a brother, he drove more than 6,000 hogs to Chicago. To move these large droves of stock safely and get them to market in good condition was no boy's play. It required a high degree of skill, besides herculean strength, courage and *Endurance*. When one of the larger herds of cattle was to be moved to market, a section of it, say 200 or 300 head, would be started with the proper complement of men attending. Next day another section would be mobilized and started on the road, and so on until all the herd was moving. These sections or smaller droves were kept about a day's march apart. About fourteen days were required for a bunch of steers to travel to Chicago. And about three weeks from the time the first were started out, the last drove or section would get in. Heavy rains, thunder storms, high waters, sleet storms and snows were frequent incidents of these trips. Thunder storms by night terrified the cattle in their new surroundings. It was often necessary for the herdsmen to remain in their saddles all night during the prevalence of a severe storm in order to prevent a stampede of

the cattle or to round them up and get them in hand again when stampedes occurred. This kind of work called for the most daring horsemanship as well as endurance.

For the most part corrals were found for the cattle and shelter for the men at night, but frequently all were obliged to camp in the open prairie. At such times, the men had nothing but the ground for a bed, a saddle or a bag for a pillow, a great-coat or blanket for cover and the starry sky, or lowering cloud for a roof. Mr. Funk always took his share of the hardest, most disagreeable and most dangerous parts of the work. Often he saw a good part of his worldly wealth on foot between Funk's Grove and Chicago, with himself deeply in debt at the time, but the strain of business worry or responsibility was no more capable of breaking his Endurance of mind and spirit than were days of hard work and nights of exposure to break the Endurance of his body.

Isaac Funk was not a man to be seen quietly standing by, while others passed him in the race. One season he was about to move a drove of hogs to Chicago. Knowing of a similar drove soon to be moved by a man north of Lexington, he wrote that man saying that he would not move his hogs at the same time the other was going to Chicago, if the other would send him word when he intended to go. This was done to avoid the inconvenience that might result in getting both herds to the slaughter house at the same time. Mr. Funk received a rather curt and unsatisfactory answer to the effect that he could move his hogs when he wanted to and the other party would do the same. Without further parley, Mr. Funk moved his hogs when he was ready. One evening, when he reached a point about five miles south of Joliet, he learned that the Lexington man was just a day's drive ahead of him. In an instant Mr. Funk decided upon his further movements.

Both droves were on the west side of the Des Plaines

river. He rested that night. In the morning he threw his drove across to the east side of the river, took a picked gang of men with three or four hundred of the lighter and longer legged hogs, drove all day, all the next night and part of the next day, arriving at Chicago and the slaughter house almost a day's drive ahead of the man who said Funk could move his hogs when he wanted to. With his three or four hundred light hogs, he held the slaughter house until the balance of his drove came up. The other man waited as patiently as he could outside of Chicago until the Funk drove had been handled at the slaughter house. Isaac Funk did things. He got *Action*. His will was indomitable in all things. All his life the noise and consequence of action followed the clear light of reason and decision as thunder follows the lightning. He acted as a god might act, immediately, inevitably and irresistibly.

Isaac Funk's AREA was as broad as his 25,000 acres.

Stop a moment and think of this man in that far-off spring of '24 as he stood some evening before his rude tent. Before him stretched away to the horizon's rim the unmeasured miles of the prairie as yet unfurrowed by the plow. Behind him the noble woods whose furred and feathered denizens had never yet been startled by the crash of an ax or the hum of a saw. Think of him alone, many miles from the nearest human habitation, unknown, unfriended, unschooled and in debt, with no resources save his own powers, no hope save in his own strength, resourcefulness and endurance. Then think of him a brief forty years later with 25,000 acres, the superior of which the sun in all his course looketh not down upon; with an estate which a prince might envy; with his granaries stocked, his cattle grazing "on a thousand hills," his sons about him with "sons of theirs succeeding," and crowning it all, the love of his neighbors and high honors bestowed by his fellow citizens. No ordinary powers can account for the vast gap between these two ex-

tremes. The man who accomplished so much had Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action in perfect parts. He richly deserved, and he enjoyed, Health, Long Life, Money and Honor. He was a success.

Isaac Funk died January 29th, 1865. In the heart of Funk's Grove he lies sleeping, and the winds from the prairies which he loved sigh softly over him.

* * * * *

HE left nine children, eight sons and a daughter, as follows: George W., Jacob, D. M., Lafayette, Francis M., B. F., A. B., Isaac and Sarah. He was himself the fifth child in a family of nine. Race suicide was not a political issue in those days.

Isaac Funk died leaving no will. Did you ever know of a finer opportunity for litigation? An estate worth millions, nine heirs and no will. Why, you could see the face of every lawyer in McLean County light up at the prospect. But lo and behold, before there was a chance to start anything the whole affair was settled equitably, and agreeably to all concerned. Isaac Funk had once intimated verbally how he desired his lands divided, and his wishes were followed by his children. Quit claim deeds were executed to each one for his portion, all the others joining. These deeds were written on blank paper before a Justice of the Peace. Thus the estate was settled without the intervention of courts or the aid of attorneys.

The sons of Isaac Funk lived on the farms which he had left them and all of them prospered. All the sons except Francis M. are still living on their "lordly acres." The daughter, Sarah (Kerrick), is dead. The grandchildren of Isaac Funk number nineteen. They are: Isaac G., Madaline, Julius, Charles, Deane, Clara, Belle, Lincoln, Eugene, De Loss, Grace, J. Dwight, Frank H., Lyle W., Hazel, Arthur C., Lawrence P., Helen and Idelle. Census returns on the

great grandchildren will not be complete for some years yet.

It is to the second generation that we will now turn our attention.

The bulk of the business of the Funk estate is carried on by the before-mentioned Funk Brothers Seed Company. The officers of this company are: Dean Funk, President; Lawrence P. Funk, Vice President; Julius Funk, General Manager; Lyle Funk, Secretary; J. Dwight Funk, agronomist. The Directors are: D. N. Funk, L. P. Funk, J. Dwight Funk, Lyle W. Funk. Sounds like a close corporation, doesn't it? All the stock is held by Funks. When a stockholders' meeting is necessary they call a family reunion dinner. About eighty Funks, big and little, usually attend. The Law of Harmony never had a better exemplification than is given by the Funks. More of the Funk Brothers Seed Company later.

* * * * *

TO divide 25,000 acres into nine parts entailed no special hardship on any one of the nine. Each had plenty and to spare. But when the sons of the sons of "Ike" Funk came to realize the further divisions that would be necessary on the death of their fathers, they were face to face with a serious problem. They could not buy more land. There was none for sale. Besides some of them did not have the money to purchase a great deal of land at \$210 per acre. They must make the land they had more productive. The second generation of Funks, although most of them have had the advantages of "higher education" and have seen the big world wagging on its way outside of McLean County, have not been weaned away from the soil nor developed any dislike for it. They are showing to all the other farmers' sons of the country what the possibilities of modern farming truly are and they are benefactors in doing so. The life they lead and the great things they are accomplishing ought to be enough to make half the farm-bred boys in the big cities take

the first train "for home." The time has now passed, if it was ever here, when the country boy, heir to a piece of land, may find his best opportunities in the cities. Scientific agriculture challenges the attention of strong men and affords as much range for the play of pronounced abilities as do positions in the commercial and professional world. If the grandsons of Isaac Funk have not the same opportunities he had for gaining 25,000 acres of land, they have as good opportunities for doing other things equally, if not more wonderful, and they are doing them. They have adapted themselves to the changed conditions and applied the abilities descended to them from their illustrious grandsire, in new channels. They are in the front rank of progress and in full swing with the procession. They are in no danger of being bumped from the rear.

They had to make their land more productive. They couldn't make it any richer any more than you can make sugar sweeter by pouring syrup into it. They used the utmost care in the cultivation of crops. The difficulty was not there. It seemed to be in the seed. They must find seed corn that would produce more to the acre than the seed they were using.

So it was that the Funks began experimenting in seed corn. They entered an entirely new field. Very little experimenting had been done with corn and of what had been done no records had been kept. The wizard Burbank had made some attempts to breed corn, but had not gone very far with it. The universities had accomplished practically nothing. As for literature on the subject, there was, very naturally, none at all.

But the sons and grandsons of Isaac Funk were no more daunted because of these discouraging facts than he had been when he faced northward with a drove of cattle for Chicago, distant 160 miles of storm and stress. Dwight Funk had been to several universities and he knew all they had found out.

He also knew some other things which they had not found out. For instance, he knew of the great thing Dr. J. H. Weber had done with Sea Island cotton. The "Sea Islands," off the Carolinas, were for many decades the richest cotton producing lands in the world and the people owning those islands lived in picturesque plenty. But there came a time when the Sea Island cotton was attacked by a disease which was named "wilt." This disease absolutely destroyed cotton raising on the islands and sent the plantation owners away bankrupt and miserable. While on a visit to these islands Dr. Weber, a government expert, found, in a field of cotton otherwise killed by wilt, one single stalk that seemed normal and healthy. At that moment there came to him, from out the blue, one of the divine flashes that reveal to humanity the milestones of its progress. He cared for that plant tenderly until it matured. He guarded its seeds jealously, planted them in a "hot bed" and thus gained enough by the next cotton planting time to sow an entire row in one of the big fields. In the course of the season every row went down before the destroying wilt, except this one. It stood and matured. The seeds from it were taken and planted the following year with the same result and so on until there was enough good seed to plant the Sea Islands. Weber had simply discovered the one plant that was immune from wilt, and had given it an opportunity to reproduce itself. As a result the Sea Islands again blossom as the rose. There ought to be a monument for Weber.

The Funks began experimenting with corn. They sent to the fifty best known corn growers in the United States for seed. Then they laid out breeding blocks,—small isolated plats, three or four acres in extent—and planted each block entirely with a certain sort of corn. They kept absolute records of all the corn planted in the breeding blocks until all the tendencies of each strain had been discovered. At first they kept track only of the apparent qualities of the

corn with which they were experimenting—the size, shape, color, depth of grain and other externalities. But they soon found that in corn, as in people, appearances are often deceiving. They found that mere beauty in an ear of corn was not enough—that it was indeed “only skin deep.” They found that the corn from the biggest and finest looking ears, when planted, often produced only “nubbins,” or at least inferior corn. So they began trying to discover the inherent, intrinsic qualities of the corn. They wanted good corn that would reproduce itself, or something better, not part of the time, but all of the time. Their problem was to produce corn that would increase the average yield per acre wherever planted. They were not striving for pretty ears that would take prizes at the county fair, but for dependable ears that would bring forth their kind in the harvest. They wanted corn whose inherent tendency was toward production.

The average farmer picks out some fine looking corn for seed, mixes it all up and plants. He has no way of knowing but what the inherent tendency of much of that corn is toward non-production. The Funks are doing away with all this guesswork. They are uprooting all the old haphazard methods. They are swapping chance for science and are getting no end of “boot” in the transaction, for themselves and everyone else concerned.

But perhaps it would be better to let J. Dwight Funk, the leading scientist of the Funk family, tell in his own words how they have done their work. He has sent me an article under the heading, “Corn Aristocracy.” Here it is:

YOU have expressed a desire for a thorough introduction to, and an intimate knowledge of, the corn plant as we know it and produce it on our farm. My great regret is that we cannot stand in the midst of these regal plants that my inadequate description of their remarkable characteristics might be more fully impressed upon your attention.

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Former Governor Oglesby, with peerless insight into the wonders of this plant, said:

"Aye, the corn,
The royal corn,
Within whose yellow heart,
There is of health and strength
For all the nations."

Royal indeed! and of lineage far more excellent than royalty as we know it—"the Royal Corn," with a family tree, that, by careful rearing, training, shaping and cultivating, waves its resplendent branches in triumphant grandeur, proclaiming in trunk and twig its usefulness to mankind. Our corn is at last an aristocrat inasmuch as this "family tree" stands for noble ancestors selected for years from among thousands of their kind on account of their superior ability to produce. This is the only logical aristocracy—one of pure merit. Generations upon generations of thousands of families, or strains, have been put to the test, the test of productiveness. The pattern set by man is not followed here. In this aristocracy there can be no bridging of defects, no "skeleton in the closet" to be carefully concealed. If utility is not shown in every generation of a strain, it is discarded. Many there are that fail. Few indeed are those that from every progenitor is inherently transmitted the one crowning characteristic of high yield, without which none is fit. Our methods result in "a survival of the fittest" by selection, a selection guided wholly by the individual performance of the strain, and capacity of the individual. Although the recorded pedigree makes of this corn an aristocrat, in all other respects corn is the truest democrat and the most vivid example of reciprocity. The merest wisely directed act, performed for its welfare and improvement, brings to light a reciprocal nature in this plant that should shame the American farmer into the active service of corn improvement.

It is needless for me to dwell on the opportunity found for improving the productiveness of this plant. You are undoubtedly aware that the farmers in the United States annually plant about 100,000,000 acres to corn and annually raise about 28 or 30 bushels per acre. This means that it takes from 160 to 180 plants of ordinary corn to produce a bushel of ears. An ear from an average plant weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$

to 7 ounces. Think of it! Did you ever see a 7-ounce ear of corn? Well, it is a most despicable looking thing indeed. Yet 7 ounces is flattering the production of the average corn plant. The fault lies with the corn grower. He plows his land, prepares it, goes to great labor in cultivation, and then uses a seed corn that he knows nothing about, except perhaps the apparent value.

The two great life principles in all nature are, first, the inherent principle; second, external principle. The first is the result of tendencies and characteristics transmitted from parent to progeny down through all the generations, certain characteristics being strengthened by environment, and developed by repetition until they become "fixed." It is this life principle that the breeder of plants or animals must deal with. He must direct the crossing of inherent forces so that his ultimate result will be utility. This in corn breeding means more corn per acre.

The corn breeder must be steadfast in his labor for utility. His work must eliminate as far as possible all experimental features that do not tend directly to improvement. If he can attain normal uniformity of growth, placement of ears, etc., at present, he must be satisfied. Abnormal features, such as carrying the ears very high or very low on the stalk, are objectionable, and of a necessity the betterment of these conditions must come within his field. By far the greatest feature of utility is increased productiveness.

The time has come when the average American farmer can no longer with ease add to his acreage of cultivated land, owing to the high prices such lands command. There is left him but one method by which he can increase his output. That is to produce more on his present acreage. This resolves itself immediately into the question of yield. The acre is the farmer's unit. He makes so much an acre. There are three ways to increase his profit per acre:

First—Improvement of soil fertility;

Second—Improvement of culture; and

Third—Improvement of productiveness of seed.

The last of these three is the task the breeder of corn must perform, to increase the number of bushels of shelled corn per acre, together with the increased feeding value of the whole. This increase in the feeding value

is going a step further toward bettering the capacity of the live-stock feeder, and this alone is of great importance to the beef and pork producer, but it avails much more when accomplished in conjunction with increased production in bushels of grain. Presenting the idea of increase by breeding to the farmer is largely a matter of education. It is hard for him to realize that plants are capable of heredity, that the mother ear imparts strength or weakness to its offspring, the same as animals. However, when once convinced he is a devoted follower.

Originally our system of breeding was simply the selection from comparative yield tests, of the most productive. As our knowledge of the work grew we introduced additional methods, such as crossing the progeny of proved high yielders, and the individual mating of plants. These added steps hastened the improvement in a marked degree.

We strive to perform all details that may result in the improvement of any characteristics. In pursuing the breeding of corn, we have found some remarkable evidences of heredity in this plant, and also that our selections have enabled us to identify a few strains or families of corn which transmit the character of high yield to a remarkable degree. If you will bear with me, I will describe our system in detail.

Our 20 or 30 breeding blocks are situated in isolated places. Some are situated in the heart of the timber, some along its edge, others in the center of pasture lands; in fact, wherever we can find suitable conditions of isolation. Corn being an open or wind fertilized plant, this isolation is necessary to prevent invasion of other corn pollen. A breeding block contains three or four acres of ground, in each of which we plant some eighty numbered ears of a certain variety, each ear being planted in a single row, which is also numbered to correspond with the respective ears. There are $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet between rows and the hills are $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart. Three kernels are planted in a hill. These ears are minutely described on a record sheet corresponding to their number.

A word on nature's way of corn fertilization will make clear to you the necessity of some of our work. The pollen shed by the tassel of one plant is scattered over the silks produced on the same plant as well as adjoining

plants. One end of each of these silks is attached to the cob where a kernel is to be formed, the other end hanging free outside the husk. A silk is hollow. A grain of pollen falling upon it is dissolved and permeates the silk, then follows the hollow channel to the base or attached end of the silk where it finds and fertilizes the ovules. Then the kernel of corn is formed. This process must occur for every grain of corn produced.

As the time approaches for the pollen to fly, we inspect every stalk in the block and detassel all that are weak or seemingly barren, thereby insuring that every kernel produced in the block was pollinated from a healthy and fruitful parent. It has been proved conclusively that injurious effects are produced from the self-pollination of plants which naturally are cross-pollinated. To prevent such disastrous effects, the plants in one-half of every row are detasseled and breeding ears are gathered only from the detasseled plants. Each row is inspected and if the plants possess any objectionable features in a marked degree, the entire row is detasseled and thrown out of the test at once. Objectionable characteristics in the growing plant occur more often than one would suppose. We discard about one out of every thirty-five rows for one of the following reasons:

First—The ear is carried too high or too low;

Second—The plants sucker abnormally;

Third—The plants have a deficient secondary rooting system, consequently blowing over easily;

Fourth—The stalk is of light construction and breaks below the ear.

At harvest time, each row is shucked separately and the corn is weighed. The rows are all planted about 200 hills long, so that the amount of corn produced per hill is easily found. Planting rows and hills $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart gives 3,556 hills to the acre; thus we find the rate of corn production per acre. The eight or ten rows giving the highest rate of production are saved for breeding. As only one half of each of these dams is planted in one season, we have, in case a dam proves to be a champion yielder, one half of that dam for use another year. The eight or ten highest yielders are by this means brought together the next year; and are planted one ear to the row as before. Alternating rows are de-

tassled to prevent self-fertilization and in-breeding. Only from these detasseled rows is seed saved; the other rows are discarded. We are certain by this system to have every breeding ear, not only free from the disastrous effects of self-pollination, but fertilized by a magnificent yielder.

Although the average ear of these high yielders is very large, yet there are some inferior plants produced, and while we can select fine ears from the detassled rows, we cannot be sure what individual plants among the sires fertilized it. There remains only one step in our operation to reach the climax, as we know it, in the breeding of corn for a higher yield. This is the mating of individual plants of these proven highest yielders, selecting the dam from one champion and the sire from another. This work is as follows: The tassel of a large, vigorous plant to be used as a sire is covered, before it ripens, with an impenetrable bag; this is to prevent foreign pollen from adhering to this tassel; also to conserve all the pollen produced thereon. The young ear of the fine plant used as a dam is covered in the same way before any silk appears. By taking the pollen from one plant and applying it to the silk of another and preventing the pollination by any other than the selected plant, we can keep an absolute record of both the sire and the dam. Now, if the sire plant has produced a large ear, and if the ear it fertilized is also large, we have a performance record unexcelled, and a breeding ear in which the inherent tendencies make for a magnificent grain production.

In all we have tested in the different varieties, were 9,000 mother ears or dams that bore no relation to each other. From all of these tests we have found probably twenty strains of corn that have given a uniformly high yield year after year. Many crossings between these strains and matings of individual plants have given even better results. These strains and the crossings from them make up our aristocracy. The life forces of heredity concentrated upon the one characteristic of production carry it through the generations, and as the controlling hand of the breeder opens the avenue in the right direction this characteristic acquires greater strength and fixedness by repetition. Selections each

year are made from these magnificent strains, or crossings of the same, to plant in increased plats of five or ten acres each. From these plats, seed for the entire farm is gathered.

Add one ounce to the weight of the average ear, of say seven ounces, and you have increased the yield per acre in the United States by four bushels. In other words, 360,000,000 bushels of corn would be added to our average annual yield.

And yet, in some instances our aristocrats give an average ear of over fourteen ounces, yielding at the rate of from 130 to 150 bushels per acre. Is not this illustration graphic enough to compel the attention of the most lethargic producer?

"Corn, the royal corn,"—withdraw it for a single year from the world's marts and famine would be rampant.

As I look upon the rows of these proud families, every waving corn plant seems to greet me with happy approval of our poor efforts in its behalf. I have called these efforts poor, for we have only dampened our feet in the great sea of knowledge that lies before the plant breeder. In the depths of these unexplored waters, will be found more benefits and blessings to humanity than have as yet been discovered in the sciences, not excluding those potentials—electricity and steam.

PRETTY fair article that, to have been written by an "agronomist;" don't you think so? Agronomist, as you probably know, is a word that came into existence when college professors got mixed up in the farming business. It is perfectly harmless and in no wise neutralizes the splendid work the colleges have done for the farmers. Officially, J. Dwight Funk is an agronomist; actually, he is a farmer. J. Dwight Funk not only knows what he is doing, he can tell about it. He sees all the truly beautiful aspects of the work that is being done on the Funk lands. His work appeals to him, not only in its scientific and financial aspects, but in its social, political and romantic aspects as well. All the Funks, especially the younger men, seem to have caught the same fine spirit.

And talk about the farmer not having the same advantages, the same opportunities for enjoyment, other men have—I wish you could see J. Dwight Funk as I have seen him, and could visit the Funk farms as I have visited them. J. Dwight Funk met me at Humphrey's house, attired in a jaunty knickerbocker automobile suit and tan riding boots. He might have just stepped out of a fashionable automobile club. We hopped into a touring car and whizzed away to the farm. We did ten miles in sixteen minutes. He had an engagement for dinner in Peoria that night, and planned to take the inter-urban at Bloomington. We missed the car by one minute. Quick as a flash he turned his auto about, dashed away through the town, overtook the car in the outskirts and went ahead to keep his appointment. The Funks do what they start out to do. J. Dwight Funk holds the Bloomington to Chicago automobile record—162 miles in 6 hours 15 minutes.

On the Funk farms you find pretty, roomy, but not pretentious, houses. J. Dwight Funk's house sets far back from the road, with fields of waving corn on three sides and timber in the rear. Great trees shade the well-kept lawns. Lyle Funk has a camp near a lake on his farm, where he spends the summer with his delightful family. It is a beautiful spot, and hospitality there is perfect. Deane Funk's house snuggles modestly on a gentle slope far from the beaten track. With its stately trees, smooth shining lawns, bright flowers, broad porches and vine hung pergolas, it looks like a villa transported from some old world. In each of these homes you will find everything needful for convenience, comfort and culture. Yes, they truly live, these agronomists. A majority of the remainder of us merely go through some of the motions.

Farming is not any longer just tilling the soil; it is business. And it has to be strictly scientific in order to be successful in a big way. So far as scientific methods go, the

leading farmers of the country are way in advance of a majority of the business men. There is less application of scientific principles in the commercial world, especially on the distributing side, than there is on the farms. Wide-awake farmers are now taking advantage of every new thing in labor-saving machinery. They are doing everything possible to increase the yield of their land by adopting better methods of fertilizing and cultivating and, as this talk has already shown, by breeding better seed. The Funks are growing seed that will increase the average corn yield by one third. And, as J. Dwight Funk so beautifully says, they only have their feet wet in the sea of knowledge. Ponder the possibilities.

This Funk Brothers Seed Company is one of the most wonderful concerns in the world, stop to think of it. This company was conceived and is entirely controlled within one family. The brain of the Funk family created it, the money of that family backed it, and the energy of that family has made it go. The directors of this company have done more than all other men in the world put together to arrive at a truly scientific basis for corn breeding. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has grown before is said to be a public benefactor. What then shall we say of the man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one has grown before? For in nature's all-wise economy, how infinitely greater than a blade of grass is an ear of corn!

The seed corn business was largely a bunco game until the Funks went into it. But there is no bunco about science. The Funks refuse absolutely to sell any corn for seed unless they know exactly what that corn has done and what it will do. Reliability again. They guarantee that every bushel of their seed will make a proportionate increase in the average yield, or they refund the money. They have never been asked for a refund but once. The man who made that request was proved unreliable. They sell just as much good seed as they can, then turn the orders back. They turn back hundreds every year. The Funks started out to make the land they have more productive. They were then selling their corn at market price or feeding it to stock. Now they sell annually thousands upon thousands of bushels of seed corn at

from \$3 to \$5 per bushel. Have they succeeded in making their land more productive?

This company has established its own laboratory for testing corn as to its food qualities for stock. Students of Illinois Wesleyan University do most of the work in this laboratory. Thus are the Funks helping a university attain the ideal of true education.

Another very wonderful thing about this company is the universality of its business. I said in the beginning that Funk's Grove was known in every clime where corn is grown. In every state of the Union Funk seed corn is planted each spring. Go to the Philippines and you can see Funk's Yellow Dent. Corn follows the flag. Funk's Grove—the station in the woods in the new West—is furnishing seed for the Nile Valley, that inexhaustible granary of the ancient world. Down in the Transvaal you will find the Boer, his sword now a pruning hook, planting Funk seed corn on his wind swept veldts. Sail up the Rhine or float down the blue Danube and you will pass by fields of Boone County Special or Gold Standard Leaming that sucked its strength from the rich soil of Illinois, while down in Argentine, a land of infinite promise, the transplanted sons of old Castile and Aragon put their faith in Funk's Ninety Day, and not in vain. Each one of these ears of corn that you, in your mind's eye, can see growing all over the world, has a relative down in McLean County—a parent or a brother or a sister, uncle, aunt, cousin, or something else. And by their big record books the Funk Brothers can trace back the lineage of every one of these far-traveled scions of the Corn Aristocracy, and there isn't a bar sinister anywhere. Wherever in the world these Corn Aristocrats settle, the average yield becomes greater, the wealth and the happiness of the people is increased. It is a great work—one of the greatest benefactions of the centuries.

And it is all the result of science—of organized knowledge—of the gaining and applying of useful information.

The history of the Funk enterprise as a whole is a lesson in AREA development which the whole world should heed. Where is there a better object lesson of the value of *Ability, Reliability, Endurance* and *Action*? Go thou, regardless of vocation, and do likewise. Which is to say, be and do, in and your work, whatever that work may be, what the Funks are being and doing out out on the farm,

What Have We Done Today?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today ?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today ?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak today ?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today ?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today ?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth ;
But whom have we fed today ?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by, .
But what have we sown today ?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today ?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task ?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
" What have we done today ? "

— *Nixon Waterman.*



Success

As the Attainment and Preservation of a
Practicable and Legitimate Ideal

George Stephenson — Father of Railways

By A. H. Gamble

"The talent of Success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame."
—Longfellow.

MAN-BUILDING in all ages has proceeded along definite lines. These have been as clearly marked in the mental and soul realm as have the laws of astronomy in the physical universe. Infinite Intelligence makes no mistakes. The process of selection in evolution may be long, but in the fullness of time a man stands forth. We have been so slow to learn that God's school has ever been different from that of man. Men have made the mistake of thinking that education must necessarily be a kind of hothouse process. For long centuries men have been taken out of their natural environment, and patted and petted and coddled in the formative years until they were ready, as supposed, for the great battle of life. Then the change came from the hothouse to the great world environment. The scorching heat, the chilling winds, the biting frosts, the darkness and storms were in that outer world. The time of trial came. If there were certain inherent elements of life present, progress, growth and fruitage was the result. But the ordeal was too severe for countless numbers. These went down to failure, defeat and death. The law of "the survival of the fittest" is operative even in man's mistakes. Insofar as man has worked in harmony with natural law in the processes of his education, the very best results have been obtained. If in any particular there have been violations, penalty has been paid.

The great schools and educators of today are awakening

to the fact that they must keep step with God. The whole man must be educated. The physical, mental, moral and spiritual powers must be unfolded as the flower. Man is a child of the earth as well as of the skies. If he were less he would not be man. The recognition of the great trinity of man's powers and the necessity of their due unfoldment is bringing us nearer to natural law and natural methods in education. "Consider the lilies how they grow," advised the Great Teacher. In another place he says, "The Kingdom of God (true education) is as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." In this simple statement is embodied both the science and philosophy of all growth. The note sounded here runs the scale from the depths of the mystery of life to the mystery of the highest in the Highest.

One day Tennyson stands in profound thought holding a little plant in his hand. He says, and the note is the same:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

But what is the natural method, the scientific plan of developing man to his best power? A. F. Sheldon answers the question in his very practical philosophy of development in man-building. He shows, as no other writer has ever shown, the real correlation of knowledge to action. We must know, and this has been reiterated for thousands of years—we must also do. Innumerable guides as signposts, have pointed the way. Mr. Sheldon shows how to actually walk in the light of the way of truth, how to get action in the unfoldment of physical, mental and spiritual power. This constitutes a

distinct epoch in educational science. The simplicity and beauty of proceeding step by step along inductive lines to actual results in efficiency and character contents, is the very essence of the highest obedience to law. This is the divine plan, the royal road along which the immortals have gone.

So we come back to the training of great souls. Yes, they go to school, but it is not the conventional kind. With Elihu Burritt it was at the blacksmith's forge, yet he became a master in science, literature, mathematics, and could speak or keep silent in some twenty great languages, also in a dozen lesser dialects.

Simon Newcomb graduated from a poor plowboy to the greatest astronomer of the age, fighting every inch of his way. James Garfield went from the towpath on Erie Canal to the White House at Washington, beating down all kinds of "giants of despair," yet carrying with him "The white flower of a blameless life."

Thomas A. Edison started at eight years of age as a poor newsboy. His education was in a hard school. He has made good and stands before the world as the uncrowned king of electrical science.

In a short interview with Mr. Seizaburo Shimizu, the versatile Japanese Consul of Chicago, he named two men of the Flowery Kingdom who towered as mountain peaks in the business and educational work of the Empire. The first named by the Consul, was Fukusama, the learned reformer and schoolmaster, the chaste and eloquent writer of Japan. He came from the poorest peasant class. From a native doctor he borrowed a Webster school dictionary, which had somehow drifted into the doctor's possession through a Dutch source. This book the little fellow took to his peasant home and, wonderful to relate, copied it word for word, from cover to cover. Through this means he mastered the English language. By dint of sheer will and infinite patience, he made

this the door to vast learning. He became acquainted with science in all its branches, with law, government, theology, education. He became the founder of Keio Gijuku College, to which flock yearly several thousand students. He was not only the Horace Mann of Japan, but the actual founder of modern civilization in Japan. As Mr. Shimizu figuratively expressed it, "he was the 'eye-opener' of Japan, but first his own eyes were opened." This is equivalent to saying he first developed himself; then followed in logical sequence the wonderful development of men who became leaders, and the whole kingdom was lifted. Fukusama, the poor peasant boy, became the high chancellor of modern education in the Flowery Kingdom, and thus in the highest sense her greatest statesman.

Mr. Shibusama, the second man named by the Consul, is the Rockefeller of the Empire, with this careful distinction. He puts character, morals, mentality, spirituality, first; money, wealth, second. In the lofty spirit of a true Samurai he despised money as a means to the merely gross material. Starting a very poor boy, he toiled, sacrificed, touched the depths and rose to the heights. As in the wilderness Moses threw down his shepherd's crook and took it up again an emblem of power, so this noble Samurai gave up his titles of nobility, and all monetary interest therein, and took up the work of empire building. He entered commercial life in a humble way, and such was his devotion to duty, his foresight, enthusiasm, energy, mastery, that whatever he touched seemed to turn to gold. He is the great multi-millionaire of Japan and a veritable Sir Galahad of purity, constancy and strength to the Empire.

It is not necessary to speak of Franklin, the printer, Lincoln, "the poor mountain white," Johnson the poor tailor, Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, the young hero of his mother's washtub, H. M. Stanley, the orphan of the Welsh dame's charity school, and scores of others whom we might name in the long list of graduates from the rugged school of life.

This brings us to the consideration of a truly great life written in deeds, that of George Stephenson, the father of the railway system of the world.

Eight miles west of Newcastle on Tyne is the little colliery village of Wylam. A quarter of a mile from its eastern extremity stands an old two-story rubble house. It is divided into four big rooms, two above and two below. In

the lower west end of this old house with its clay floors, unplastered walls, bare rafters above, big fireplace in one end, just as it was over one hundred years ago, in this poor collier's abode of one room, a tiny baby was born June 9th, 1781. No bells were rung, no trumpets were blown, no salutes were fired, no bonfires were kindled to celebrate this lowly birth; yet here was one of the future kings of the race, in many respects the greatest man of his age. His father, Robert Stephenson, was a poor collier getting but three dollars per week. On this amount he must feed himself and wife and six little mouths and keep up the home. There was next to nothing for clothes, nothing for luxuries, nothing for education.

An old miner thus quaintly describes the parents of the future engineer: "Geordie's fayther war like a peer o' deals nailed together, an' a bit o' flesh i' the inside; he war as queer as Dick's hatband—wint thrice about, an' wudn't tie. His gude wife, Mabel, war a deelicat boddie, an varry flighty. They war an honest famibly, but sair hidden doon i' the world." George's mother was spoken of as "a canny body," which means a high compliment to her good sense, motherliness, industry and frugality. At the age of eight the little fellow took up the work of herding cows at twenty-one cents per week. He applied to a widow for this job and held it for nearly four months. In this outdoor work he found time to study birds, build little waterwheels and set them going in the tiny brooks about the neighborhood. With a little chum, Billy Thirlwell, he also modelled little engines in clay and constructed little tramways and toy coal wagons, similar to those used in the mines; a rude coal tramroad ran in front of the humble home. Thus his child mind was early impressed with ideas which in after years were to revolutionize commerce.

He was promoted from tending cows to hoeing turnips at fifty cents per week. In a little while he was again promoted to picking coal at seventy-five cents per week. Then he graduated to the position of "gin boy" or driving the old horse at the mouth of the coal pit which worked the "gin." Finally at Black Callerton, where his father had moved, he was made assistant fireman to his father at the engine at one dollar and a half a week. He was now fourteen years of age, a strong, growing lad, fond of play and all outdoor sports. He knew every bird and bird's nest in

the country. He loved the birds, fed them and tamed them, so that they came to the engine house for daily crumbs. A few blackbirds became such pets that they roosted over the cottage door, and one near his bed at night. His father shared this love of nature and birds with his children.

Shortly after this the family moved to a new mine near Newbern. Here they lived in a cottage of a single room, father, mother, four boys and two girls. Three low beds made of poles, some rude benches, a table, a few cooking vessels, a cupboard, a few boxes, made up the house furnishings. George was very much interested in his father's engine. He studied it with all the keenness he had shown as a child when he made "toy clay ones." He was now fifteen years old, and went for a job as fireman on his own account, a short distance from his father's home. At seventeen years of age he was raised to three dollars per week, and at the age of eighteen was made an engineer, that is, he was placed in charge of an engine at a colliery.

George now considered himself to be a made man. He loved his engine as a friend. In spare hours when it was not running he would take it to pieces, carefully study each part, and thus his quick mind became imbued with the principles of practical mechanics. Some one read to him an extract from a mechanical magazine. The thought came to the young engineer what he might learn about machinery in general if he but knew how to read. Here was a young giant in physical strength in advance of his father as far as position and wage went, but he did not even know his letters. With most people there is an abyss between conceiving an idea and putting it into practice. With this young man to think, to wish, was to will and do. He went to an old man, who kept a small night school in a near-by village. For six cents tuition per week of three nights each, he was to be taught simple reading, writing and figuring. In a year's time he had conquered these three branches in a limited way. The door into a great world of possibilities had been pushed ajar by perseverance and energy. Then he went to a new teacher, Andrew Robertson, in the village of Newbern. He walked three miles and return, three nights out of each week, and paid eight cents per week tuition. Robertson was a canny Scotchman and took a great interest in his big, earnest pupil. "Geordie wass turrible at figgers," was his compliment to interested neighbors.

At the age of twenty-one, he went to Black Callerton as head engineer of the mines. He was now getting ten dollars per week and began to save enough money to set up a little home of his own. He boarded at a neighboring farmer's house near the village. He fell in love with the pretty dairy-maid, Fanny Henderson, and after an ardent courtship of two years married her.

During his stay at Black Callerton and during the period of his courtship he began the cobbling business, mending and making shoes in his spare hours. He also acquired the art of making lasts, which he sold to other shoemakers. He saved enough in this way to furnish the humble cottage home for his bride. He afterwards added to his extra work, cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, also "doctoring" or inspecting and repairing engines at the different collieries.

Now, had this young man followed the usual course of young men of his class, he would have remained ignorant, spending his spare time and half holidays on Saturday, as they did in cock-fighting, dog-fighting, carousing and dissipation. He spent his spare time in self-development, and thus carved out world-empire for himself. A notable incident occurred a short time before his marriage.

Ned Nelson, the prize-fighting bully of that part of Northumberland County, conceived a jealous dislike of the popular young man who ran the engine. Stephenson would not quarrel with any one and was noted for his cheery disposition, and had hosts of friends. The bully Nelson took occasion to call him some vile names and grossly insult him because he did not get the cage to the surface one night soon enough to suit him. The engineer was in no sense to blame. He rightly resented the insult, and was challenged to fight. He promptly accepted the challenge, and a time was set. His friends tried to dissuade him, pointing out the danger of a youth of twenty-one, of no experience, entering the ring with a notable pugilist of mature powers. "Never ye fear," said George, "I'll feight him; aye, I'll feight him; never fear for me, lads." All Black Callerton was in excitement. Every one said George would be killed. Two or three days before the time fixed the bully went into special training. George kept on at his work. In the evening when they came after him to go to the appointed place he was quietly pegging away at a pair

of shoes. He arose, took off his apron and went with them, the calmest one in the crowd. "It was moral force against vicious weight. It was high-quality muscle and determined will against vitiated physique and boxing tricks." Time being called they entered the ring stripped to the waist. George watched with eagle eye every move of his burly antagonist. Nimble as a cat he dodged, feinted, countered, until getting the bully tired, enraged and unnerved, he went at him vigorously on the aggressive and offensive, hitting him such trip-hammer blows that in a very few moments he was completely whipped and cried for quarter. Nelson had to be carried home. George went back to his home at the farmhouse to reassure his Fanny that he was not hurt and to receive the congratulations of his friends.

This was his first and last fight, yet in a measure it was prophetic of the coming conflicts which he must wage with the ignorance, superstition, avarice, prejudice, before he would stand victor on the heights.

Mr. Sheldon utters a truth in his philosophy not new, but put in a new setting, a truth as old as daydawn and as starlight—"The reason why men do not accomplish more, is because they do not attempt more." This was the secret of George Stephenson's power. By perseveringly developing ability, reliability, endurance and action, he made his area of influence as far-reaching as the bonds of the human race in time.

In 1805 we find him at the Killingworth collieries, where he held the position of head engineer. Here his young wife died, leaving a little boy of three years. This was a time of sorrow and discouragement for the young man thus suddenly bereft of the light of his happy home. The infant son, Robert, was placed in the care of a kind neighbor, and the father accepted a position at Montrose, Scotland. He was to take charge of a Boulton and Watt engine. He walked the entire distance of two hundred and fifty miles, remained one year, and walked back again to Killingworth. His poor old father had met with an accident through scalding steam so that his eyesight was permanently destroyed. George paid his debts and secured a home for him, and most tenderly cared for both parents the remainder of their lives. About this time he was drafted to serve in the army, but found a substitute by the payment of about one hundred and fifty dollars. Had it not been for this circumstance

George Stephenson might have emigrated to the United States. But his little son and his parents claimed his attention.

In 1808, with two partners, he began work for himself as a master engineer among the collieries. He took up various kinds of work in odd hours and evenings so as to keep his little boy in school. He studied hard to make the most of every opportunity for self development.

In 1812 he was appointed engine-wright for the Killingworth mines at a salary of \$500 per year. He made a wide reputation for himself in readjusting a Newcomen engine so that in a week's time he pumped the water out of a mine which other engineers had been trying to do for months and had signally failed. His son was making fine progress at school. One day the father proposed that they construct a sundial for the cottage at Killingworth. Robert brought home "Ferguson's Astronomical Studies." His father read this carefully, drawing upon paper a dial fitting the latitude of Killingworth. A proper stone was obtained, and both worked on it until the sun clock was erected, the date upon it being August XI, MDCCCXVI. This incident is mentioned to show with what alacrity and industry the future great man took advantage of opportunities for development.

Robert spent a part of each day while attending school at Newcastle at the Philosophical and Literary Institute, reading and studying such works as his father directed, for a practical end in his education. He would borrow books, journals and papers, and bring them home to his father. Together they would spend long evenings in the study of drawings and mechanical devices and patterns, and in the discussion of mathematical principles in mechanics. These evenings were made all the more interesting by the frequent visits of Mr. Wigham, a neighboring farmer of mechanical and mathematical tastes. He had a great admiration for the sturdy engine-wright and his interesting laddie.

During all these years Mr. Stephenson was quietly studying the problem of improvement in steam engines, and their application to highway and freight traffic. In 1802 Trevethick invented a steam locomotive to travel on common roads. Later he applied it to a short railway in Wales, but it was a failure. The problem of steam travel was in the air. Various contrivances were attempted; one man made an

engine that went on legs, like a horse. In every case superstitious people looked upon these things as the devil in disguise. When Trevethick's engine, for instance, trundled up to the first tollgate, the tollman with trembling hands and shaking knees and chattering teeth said, in reply to the question, "What is to pay?" "Oh, nothing, dear Mr. Devil, go on as fast as ye loike, there's nary thing to pay." But Stephenson was to do for the locomotive what James Watt had done for the steam engine. He was to combine in a new form with most practical inventions and adaptations of his own, the efforts of all up to this time. In this sense he was the inventor of the modern railway. In 1815 he had made an engine with direct communication between the cylinder and the wheels by horizontal connecting rods; the wheels rolled upon the rails without sprockets or cogs; and the exhaust steam was used for aiding the combustion draft. In 1814 he urged the lessees of the Killingworth collieries to newly equip their lines of tramway with rails and a steam locomotive. They at length consented, and in ten months' time the work was done. Stephenson made the engine, the rails, improved the roadbed, and in 1815 the "Blucher" drew eight cars of thirty tons of coal at the rate of four to six miles per hour.

While building and equipping this road his attention was called to the matter of the fatal "fire damp." Killingworth mine had 160 miles of passageways. One day in 1814 an explosion occurred, and a gallery in the deepest main caught fire. The terror-stricken pitmen hurried to the shaft to get out. Stephenson, as mine superintendent, rushed to the cage at the top and ordered the engineer to lower. Reaching the bottom he sprang out and in a voice of thunder called out: "Are there six brave men who will follow me and we will wall up the burning gallery?" The necessary volunteers proffering their aid, they all rushed to the danger point, and with Stephenson in the lead, soon closed the gallery with rocks and mortar, thus saving property and life. Lives were in constant danger, and the mines were being worked, as one of the men remarked to Stephenson, "at the price of pitmen's lives." Something must be done. Stephenson spent months of thought and study and experiment, and finally discovered that fire damp would not pass through a perforated metal chimney inclosing the blaze of the lamp. He immediately had these made for the miners. His

invention was perfected at great personal risk. It was named the "Geordy Lamp," and is still in use in coal mines in England. For this service to the miners he received a testimonial and a present of one thousand pounds, given at a public dinner in Newcastle in 1816. This lamp was constructed on the same principle as the Davy lamp, though Mr. Stephenson had not heard of Sir Humphrey Davy.

In the meantime Stephenson's railway construction and equipment was slowly moving forward. By the end of the year 1822 five locomotives were at work on the Killingworth and Hetton Colliery Company's lines of coal roads. Steam locomotion was a success and had come to stay.

In 1823 Mr. Edward Pease, a Quaker, who believed in George Stephenson, obtained a charter from Parliament for the construction of the Darlington and Stockton Railway. Mr. Stephenson was selected to build and equip the road. It was opened for traffic September 27th, 1825, Stephenson himself driving the locomotive, which drew thirty-eight coaches laden with ninety tons of freight and 450 passengers. The highest speed attained was twelve miles an hour. This was the first distinct public triumph of Stephenson's genius. When he asserted that he could build a locomotive which could run twenty miles per hour the staid "Quarterly Review" very gravely said: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of a locomotive traveling twice as fast as stage coaches? We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet-rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of a machine going at such a rate."

Such is the fate of all great movements. As one writer expresses it: "All the forces of incredulity that ignores, of conservatism that hates, and of ridicule that mocks what is new, were marshalled to oppose the work of Stephenson." He and his friends were opposed by ignorant people in the country districts with stones, pitchforks and guns. Great landowners, leading men in towns and cities, public bodies, committees in Parliament, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, all opposed and fought Stephenson and his new idea. But like Athanasius or Luther in a different fight, he stood foursquare against the world. Though all the navigation and canal companies of the kingdom fought him, though every great engineer in England and on the Continent ridiculed the "collier engine wright," nothing daunted he went

forward. In 1824, at Newcastle, with a partner he set up the first car shops and locomotive foundry in the world. A few friends gathered about the iron-willed giant, and the Manchester and Liverpool Railway bill was fought through Parliament inch by inch, and finally passed by a vote of 88 to 41. It cost the promoters \$135,000 to obtain the Act. Stephenson was appointed engineer-in-chief. An incident occurred in the fight for this bill too good to be forgotten. A "smart aleck" member of the committee was examining Stephenson and said: "Suppose now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour and that a cow were to stray up on the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied Stephenson, with a smile and a twinkle of his merry eye, "very awkward, indeed, for the coo."

Two remarkable engineering feats were accomplished in building the Manchester and Liverpool road. One was to carry it four miles across a peat bog named Chat Moss, a lake of black liquid mud; the other was to cut through a small mountain of solid rock, in getting into Liverpool. The best engineers in Europe said both things were impossible. Stephenson said, "it can be done." It was done. Then again, when the question of motive power for the railway came up, the best engineers in Europe said: "Put in nineteen power stations at points about one and a half miles apart along the line, and by means of cables pull the train over the line from Manchester to Liverpool." Stephenson said, "a good locomotive with smooth wheels on smooth rails will do." He won by Science and will. A prize of \$2,500 was offered by the company for the best locomotive. A certain day was set for trial. Great throngs went to see the test. Four engines entered to compete. Stephenson's engine "Rocket," from his own foundry, won on every point by superior merit, and made a maximum speed of twenty-nine miles an hour.

Thus from October 6th to 10th, 1825, the world railway system was definitely inaugurated. It was fitting that the Duke of Wellington, at that time Premier of England, could grace that great occasion with his presence. For George Stephenson and the commercial prosperity of the world it was a mightier Waterloo than that won by the "Iron Duke" nearly fifteen years before.

At length the full day had dawned. The greatest engineer of Europe "had arrived." A king raised from the lowliest walks of life by his own inherent power stood in the limelight. For the next fourteen years he was the busiest man in Europe. He took charge of great railway enterprises all over the country. He was at one and the same time chief consulting engineer, superintendent of vast car works and locomotive shops, superintendent of many great construction camps, master mechanic over many machine shops, trainer for thousands of men, counsellor and attorney extraordinary for every great railway project in Europe. He was received with marked distinction in Scotland, Ireland, Italy, France, Spain, Germany and Belgium, in the interests of great mining and railway enterprises. He and his son Robert, now almost as famous as his father, opened up offices in London. To this center flocked the engineers, promoters, mining experts and railway men of England and the Continent. In his capacity as consulting engineer-in-chief he laid out important lines in Belgium, was banqueted by the king and his ministers, and received from the king the royal decoration of the Legion of Honor.

From 1843 to 1845 railway speculation ran riot. Parliament outdid itself in granting franchises and Bills for all kinds of lines and branches, so that at the close of 1845 six hundred and fifty Bills for railway lines had been granted. A wild panic of speculation from lords to stable boys swept the country. Stephenson used both voice and pen in warning, but to little avail. The crash came in 1846. Thousands were ruined. The great engineer kept his integrity and his financial interests intact.

He was now a rich man, but not a penny did he get by dishonesty or graft. Had he been unscrupulous he might have made millions because of his great influence and position. He was satisfied to purchase a beautiful estate near Chesterfield called Tapton House, and live in simple, quiet comfort. He was offered a seat in the House of Commons and the honor of knighthood, but declined both.

Sir Robert Peel was one of his most intimate friends, and he spent many pleasant days at the Prime Minister's hospitable house, Drayton Manor. Here he met many of the greatest scholars, scientists and statesmen of the kingdom. He was an honored guest at many public functions, and always impressed people with his great personality.

He was a member of several technical and scientific societies. His purse was always open to help in the institution of schools for the training of young men. He was a kind of honorary chancellor emeritus of his own great shops and foundries at Newcastle. Frequently in talking with the young men at their meetings he would say, "Ah, ye lads, there's none o' ye know what wark is." One of his pupils who became a great engineer once introduced him to Emerson, the great American. After an hour's conversation with him, Emerson was so impressed that he wrote : "It was worth crossing the Atlantic were it only to have seen Stephenson. He had such force of character and vigor of intellect; he had the lives of many men in him."

After a short sickness he died August 12th, 1848, and was buried at Trinity Church, Chesterfield. His son Robert most worthily sustained the father's name and reputation. He planned and built the greatest bridges of the nineteenth century, and was England's greatest engineer in this line.

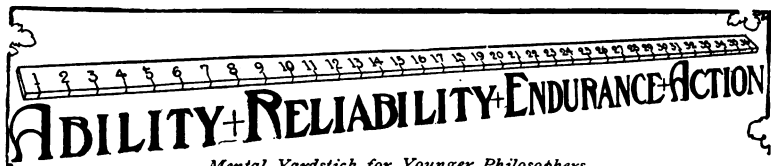
The character of George Stephenson shines a star of the first magnitude. As a signal example of AREA development, he is without a peer. From the deep obscurity of ignorance and poverty he came up step by step through force of will and perseverance, until he became the creator of possible millions of wealth, and the greatest practical scientist, engineer and machinist of his age. At six he is the little bare-foot cowherd, at fifty he is the honored counsellor of kings, the recognized founder of a new era of commerce. He leaves these words to all young men: "Learn for yourselves. Think for yourselves. Make yourselves masters of principles. Persevere, be honest, be industrious, and there is then no fear of you." Mastery, self-mastery, was the key to his noble life of permanent and increasing success.

The beautiful words of Emerson may furnish fitting tribute of thought in closing:

"The sun is set; but set not his hope;
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spake and words more soft than vain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His actions won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat."

For Younger Philosophers

By R. E. Marshall



Mental Yardstick for Younger Philosophers

From the very beginning we want to make our efforts toward self-development and the building of that four-roomed castle of success (health, long life, wealth and honor) count for something definite. Inch by inch we are going to measure our progress by the mental yardstick of ability plus reliability plus endurance plus action, the first inch of which is represented by the letter A. It is fitting that this should be the starting point, for the first letter in our English alphabet is derived from the Greek Alpha, which means, the beginning. Some of the most desirable things in the world begin with the letter A, and a great many of the qualities which we most need to develop, and which this department shall seek to help the boys and girls to attain, also begin with this letter.

Let us stop for a moment and think of some of them. Besides ability and action, which are already mentioned in the mental yardstick, there are ambition, accuracy, ardor in the sense of enthusiasm, application, assurance, advancement, achievement or accomplishment, affluence. We might also mention associates, because they count largely in the moulding of a life. All these things beginning with A, and a great many others beginning with other letters, form the material from which we are to build our Success Castle.

But this month we are not going to take up any particular one of these qualities, for I want to tell you the story of a

man who possesses many of them, and, by the way, his name begins with A, too. He didn't possess so many of them in the beginning. No indeed! But he had, hidden in the garden of his soul, the tiny seeds which had been implanted there by a Kind Father. These he carefully and tenderly nurtured and guarded from the blasting winds of bad influences until they blossomed into rare, beautiful flowers whose fragrance sweetens the lives of those who know him.

As you read some of the incidents in his life, I want you each to measure this man with your mental yardstick. Note the evidences, even in his early youth, of ability, reliability, endurance and action, and see how he laid the foundation for his future success when as a boy he was left to work out his own salvation.

I refer to Mr. Alexander H. Revell, the millionaire furniture dealer of Chicago, educator, humanitarian, friend of nobility, gentleman—a true type of a successful life from our four-fold viewpoint. The story of his life is a record of victories snatched from apparent defeat through indomitable courage and pluck and an application of the Golden Rule policy—do unto others as you would have others do unto you. "To be cast upon one's resources is to be cast into the lap of fortune," and as Mr. Sheldon puts it, the "almighty allrightness" within the man conquered all obstacles and brought him finally to the position of wealth and honor which he now occupies, not only in his home city but throughout this country and even abroad. As I write these lines Mr. Revell has just had the honor of presenting to the French Government, on behalf of the school children of America, a magnificent statue of General Lafayette. While we write and read of his early struggles, this man who has climbed the ladder of success from the lowest round is enjoying the fruits of his labors, knowing that each step has been gained through his own earnest efforts.

* * * *

MR. REVELL'S father, the late David Revell, was a successful Chicago merchant and a man of sterling worth, but the great fire of 1871 swept away his wealth, invested as it was in buildings, and a few months later he died,

broken in spirit as well as in fortune. Alexander, the second of four children, was then but thirteen years of age. Up to this time he had been a regular attendant at the public school, but the fire and its consequences told the youth plainly that his school days were practically over and that now was the time to enter on life's stern realities.

From the wreck of his father's fortune there remained a horse and wagon, and with these and his matchless courage for capital he bravely went into life's battle. For a time he earned money by delivering trunks and boxes to the depots, at the same time continuing his studies at night school, but the work was heavy for the slender lad and did not prove very remunerative. He looked about him for something else.

I want you to notice right here how observing this thirteen year old boy was. He noted an opportunity which had escaped the eyes of older and wiser men and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. The streets of Chicago were at that time—just after the great fire—filled with clouds of gritty dust from the smouldering ruins, and the tiny particles of burned wood were exceedingly annoying. Some sort of protection for the eyes was necessary, and the boy started out to sell goggles or eye protectors. He did a thriving business and not only made money but saved it. Anything rather than idleness pleased him and, after the trade in goggles fell below a paying basis, he distributed hand bills for a time and later found employment in a lamp factory polishing lanterns. Seated at his bench rubbing away on the lanterns his imagination had ample opportunity for flights into the future, and, mayhap, it was while engaged in this simple work that the dream for his future came to him and he resolved to bring about its realization. In each of these positions, humble as it was, he worked conscientiously and did his full duty by his employer, saving every penny he could spare from the immediate necessities of the family.

Continuing in various positions until he was sixteen years of age he again fell back on the old horse and wagon as a means of furnishing a livelihood. This time he found paying employment in hauling goods from various auction houses to the quarters of their customers. Of course he was often present during the progress of the sales, and with eyes and ears alert, he soon learned that he could buy for himself on as good terms as the regular patrons were given. All was fish that came to his net. He invested in coffee, in books,

in hardware, in soap, in furniture, in hats, in caps—in any merchandise which could be resold at a profit. His judgment in the selection of his articles was almost unerring and with each sale he gained in self-confidence.

One day, in one of the auction houses, he stumbled on a lot of castile soap, which had been turned in from some bankrupt concern. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," thought the boy, with a quick grasp of the possibilities for profit in this purchase, so he bought six boxes of the soap at three cents per pound. Loading them into his wagon he started out to find a customer, and soon disposed of his load at seven cents per pound. Encouraged over the quick sale, he returned to the store with his original capital doubled and secured an option on the whole stock at three cents per pound. With a sample of the soap in his pocket he went into a large wholesale grocery house and showed it to one of the partners. The buyer took the sample, smelled it, washed his hands with it, asked the price, and then said: "Wait here, young man, while I look this up." Almost with fear and trembling the boy sat down in the office and waited for half an hour. Not knowing the merits of the soap he hardly expected it to stand the test and was afraid he would be unable to make his sale. He did, though; he sold the entire lot at seven cents per pound and cleaned up \$375 on the transaction. Christmas, which was near at hand, proved a happy time that year in the widow's home, but the bulk of the money went to join a snug little nest egg in the State Savings Institution. Uncle Henry says, "It's 'cause exper'nce is bo't dearly, no doubt, that so many people try ter borry it." But young Mr. Revell was not a borrower; he was determined to get his experience first hand. The purchase of the soap illustrates with a good deal of force the spirit of initiative which prompted him to "take a chance."

* * * * *

THE young merchant had learned how money could be made, but he had yet to learn how easily it could be lost. This knowledge he gained within a few short months when the bank in which his money was deposited failed, and all his hard earned savings were swept away. Instead of despairing he gulped down his sighs and with his stock of "grit" undiminished took a position in a furniture store. It was here that he gained his first practical knowledge in the

business which was to be his life work. He applied himself, learned all that he could about the various departments and worked faithfully. Inside of two years he had saved \$300, and with that courage and initiative which has characterized his life he proposed to a fellow clerk that they start in business for themselves. Young Revell was but twenty years of age and his partner only a little older, but they were energetic, and it was about this time that Mr. Revell again demonstrated that keen insight which enabled him to take advantage of an opportunity and turn it to good account. A man may dream of all the successful business schemes in the world, but he will fall sadly short on action when measured by the mental yardstick unless he puts some of his schemes into practice. Action is shown in this incident, for no sooner had the idea presented itself than the young man "got busy" and carried out that idea. He possessed action to a marked degree; in fact, it has been one of the principal characteristics of his life.

The valuable experience which had been gained in his early youth now stood the young furniture dealer in good stead. Two thousand five hundred yards of excellent three-ply ingrain carpet, originally \$1.25 per yard, were to be sold at an auction, and he resolved to be on hand at the sale. The young fellow, beardless, slender, and still somewhat tinged with the bashfulness of youth, modestly stood in the background, unnoticed by the shrewd, experienced buyers about him. With the sale of the first lot, according to the published conditions, would go an option on the entire 2,500 yards, at the same figure, a proviso which was not at all unusual in such cases. The bidding started at eight cents per yard and up it ran, one cent at a time. Young Revell bid against the other dealers, to whom he was an entire stranger. Running up the bids in this way the young man heard the others say to each other: "What's the use of bidding against this young fellow? He'll only want about twenty yards—enough to carpet a room. Let him have it at his own figure and then we'll bid for the rest." And so it was decided between them. There were no more bids against this "outsider" and the lot in question was knocked down to him at seventeen cents per yard. It was a small lot, but the purchaser at once availed himself of the privilege held out by the auctioneer and bought in the entire 2,500 yards at the same price. Then there arose a howl of mingled rage and wonder from

the defeated buyers. This beardless stranger, this callow youth, had outwitted them all. They tried bulldozing, threats, taunts and ridicule, but young Revell stood his ground and the auctioneer had to stick to his agreement. The 2,500 yards of first class carpet, bought at seventeen cents per yard, were carted away by the enterprising young furniture dealers. Next day a big advertisement appeared in all the daily papers and within a week every bit of the 2,500 yards had been sold at from 200 to 300 per cent profit.

If it had not been for this business foresight Mr. Revell and his partner would have gone to the wall within a fortnight after their removal to their larger quarters. As it was, this profit of \$1,000 tided them nicely over their first difficulty and from that time forth the young firm rose so rapidly as to almost daze all the older and more conservative competitors. Within the year young Mr. Revell, who had scarcely reached his minority, bought out his older partner, and thus became the head of the firm which, under the name of A. H. Revell & Co., has since become known in every part of this vast country. His own indomitable pluck, his intimate knowledge of men and business methods, his invariable rule of keeping faith with the public—in short, his ability, reliability, endurance and action, did the rest. The vast business which is today done by this firm is the direct result of these four great factors, and in each step of the upward climb can be seen evidences of them.

As a word of counsel to the young men of America, in whom Mr. Revell takes such a vital interest, he says:

"To wait in the lowermost places in order to get an invitation to come higher is pretty poor policy nowadays. If you don't let it be known that you are around some other fellow will climb over you and achieve wealth and renown. Keep looking onward and going onward. Don't stand still. To stand still in business is but to go backward. By doing that in which you are engaged, no matter how humble or exalted it may be, to a degree as near perfection as possible, allowing conscience to be your guide, is the only true road to success. If you are a boot-black (and that is an honest occupation, though a humble one, it is true) be a successful bootblack; that is, do good work, pleasing to yourself and the men who employ you. You are then building for the future. This thought can be carried into every corner and condition of life."

A Mosaic of Sundry Sources

Perseverance — A Key to Achievement

**"Attempt to the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find it out."**

—No man fully knows what is in him until he tries, and tries again and again.

—Better by far not to start for an object if its pursuit is to be abandoned at the first difficulty.

—Indomitable resolution is the solution of the great problem of individual and national prosperity.

—Konsider the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.

—It was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years of perseverance.

—There are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

—The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of himself, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.

—The successful man of today is the man who in business knows the one thing he is doing better than any other man does. To do one thing supremely well takes a great man.

—Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper and practical by another, believe likewise in your own power.

—Other virtues merit a crown, but perseverance alone is crowned. The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make the iron hot by striking.

—Give us not men like weathercocks that change with every wind, but men like mountains, who change the winds themselves. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

—The one talent man who concentrates his powers upon one unwavering aim accomplishes more than the ten talent man who scatters his energies, and never knows what to do next.

—Success is not measured alone by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has encountered and the courage with which he has maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds.

—He who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purposes with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, can advance to eminence in any line.

—The spring which issues from the mountain rock, as a brook, by the accumulation of streamlets becomes a rivulet, then a rolling river, and eventually part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and persistently onward.

—Bigelow, an American, went to England to study carpet-weaving in the English looms, but English jealousy would not allow him the opportunity. He took a piece of carpeting and unravelled it thread by thread, and then combined, calculated and invented machinery on which the best carpets of Europe and America are now woven.

—Life isn't a spurt, but a long, steady climb. You can't run far uphill without stopping to sit down. Some men do a day's work, and then spend six lolling around admiring it. They rush at a thing with a whoop and use up all their wind in that. And when they've rested and have got it back, they whoop again and start off in a new direction.

—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world, and no circumstance, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

—It is not so much brilliancy of intellect, or fertility of resource, as persistency of effort, constancy of purpose, that makes a man great. Those who succeed in life are the men and women who keep everlastingly at it, who do not believe themselves geniuses, but who know that if they ever accomplish anything they must do it by determined and persistent industry.

I. The Great Carbuncle

II. The Threefold Destiny
(*A Faery Legend*)

by
Nathaniel Hawthorne



Supplement to
The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER
September, 1907

Introduction

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and received his college training at Bowdoin, Maine, from which he graduated in 1825.

His boyhood environment, training and temperament specially prepared him to be the "Romancer of the Human Heart," among American writers.

After he came from college he spent a dozen years in the seclusion of his mother's home at Salem. He very truly entered the "silences" in these years. In the quiet of his surroundings and from the depth of his own soul he brought forth those treasures as a literary creator which place him second to none in American literature.

Hawthorne goes to the depth of the soul in his search for the basal principles of human action. Though known as the "dark silent man," he never lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. "He told men what they knew before; he pointed the prospect from their door." He was a poet in taste and sentiment and never forgot the intimate relation between literary taste and intellectual and moral sense.

He who would understand some of the mystery of the warp and woof of human life must read Hawthorne.

Look at these keynotes of his ablest productions, "The Scarlet Letter"—A Romance of Sin; "House of Seven Gables"—The Law of Heredity; "Blithedale Romance"—The Forceful Might of a Woman's Character; "Marble Faun"—The Development of Character in the Face of Temptation.

As a short story writer he has not been excelled in American letters. Herewith are presented two of his best. They are in reality prose poems. Note the rare delicacy of character delineation, the word pictures of Nature, the deft literary touch and the pervasive spiritual atmosphere which surrounds everything.

American youth and age can well afford to sit at the feet of this master of the psychology of the emotions. His constant message to all is:

"Then seize the moments as they pass,
The woof of life is thought;
Warm up the colors, let them glow
By fire or fancy fraught.
Live to some purpose, make thy life
A gift of use to thee,
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy."

—A. H. G.

The Great Carbuncle

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

AT nightfall once in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches and kindling a great fire of shattered pines that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies by the absorbing spell of the pursuit as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that bleak verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest-trees and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance if only a solitary man had listened while the mountain-stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings and welcomed one another to the hut where each man was the host and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock and partook of a general repast, at the close of which a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed

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search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met in any city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group—a tall, lean, weatherbeaten man some sixty years of age—was clad in the skins of wild animals whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom in their early youth the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as “the Seeker,” and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise, the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage wearing a high-crowned hat shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea—a Doctor Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy by continually stooping over charcoal-furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him—whether truly or not—that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment, and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pignort a weighty merchant and selectman of

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Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pignort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer-time every morning and evening in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien who sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the lord De Vere, who when at home was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vain glory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry. Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew—two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Car-buncle.

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Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object that of whatever else they began to speak their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstance that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting-expedition full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of each other in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourishing a scarcely-hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point among the intricacies of forest, valley and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation the wearer of the pro-

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digious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual in turn the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who doubtless is as wise as any graybeard of the company. Here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle provided we have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear-skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking the Lord knows how long among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it: that folly has past long ago. I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth had become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood and the pith and marrow of my bones. Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the notch which is the gateway of this mountain-region. Yet not to have my wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle. Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die and keep it buried with me forever."

"O, wretch, regardless of the interests of science," cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation, "thou art not worthy to behold even from afar off the luster of the most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it, for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation, I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder, other parts shall

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be dissolved in acids or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition, and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem, since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, "for mine own part, I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye, frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks and putting my credit to great hazard, and furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages, and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the evil one. Now, think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation and estate without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it, but, be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum; wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the highest bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown-jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic-chamber in one of the darksome alleys of London. There night and day

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will I gaze upon it. My soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus long ages after I am gone the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name."

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think," ejaculated the lord De Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse, "to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grubb street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain but that I might win it and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never on the diadem of the White Mountains did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres."

"It is a noble thought," said the cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of Your Lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle-hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow?" exclaimed His Lordship, in surprise. "What castle-hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us! It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing, as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney."

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And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, and who now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked him rather peevishly what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in return natura. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains and poke my head into every chasm for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than myself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug."

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious, too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory.

As the cynic spoke several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest-trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars—those dial-points of heaven—now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs and open them in dreams to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously-woven twigs such as might have hung in deep festoons around the bridal-bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke

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from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone. Up this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them hither that they had slept peacefully all night and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine, while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonooosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded.

After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more advantageous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm around Hannah's waist both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremu-

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lously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly-interwoven branches of dwarf pines which by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next they came to masses and fragments of naked rock heaped confusedly together like a cairn reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air nothing breathed, nothing grew, there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them within the verge of the forest-trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape and sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain-peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again—more intensely, alas! than beneath a clouded sky they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated—at least, for them—the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight. Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high between earth and heaven as they could find foothold if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feeble effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the declivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully; "we

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shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart, we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist; by its aid I can detect our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle."

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon; if there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight with precisely the effect of a new creation before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain-lake, deep, bright, clear and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes, with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff impending over the enchanted lake.

For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle. They threw their arms around each other and trembled at their own success, for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory they felt themselves marked out by fate, and the consciousness was fearful. Often from childhood upward they had seen it shining like a distant star, and now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But

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with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man with his arms extended in the act of climbing and his face turned upward as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death."

"The Great Carbuncle!" cried a peevish voice behind them. "The great humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the cynic with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your great humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it."

"There!" said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the cynic round toward the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it."

Now, these colored spectacles probably darkened the cynic's sight in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was in very truth no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness,

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a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence."

Matthew saw that she was faint, and, kneeling down, supported her in his arms while he threw some of the thrillingly-cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest," cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast; "we will go hence and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day or sleep by night in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle?"

Out of the hollow of their hands they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance toward the cliff and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned dusily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pignort soon gave up the quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock, in Boston. But as he passed through the notch of the mountains a war-party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage till by the payment of a heavy ransom he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a six-pence-worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes

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the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded in all points with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord De Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled in due course of time another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light for the willful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward at sunrise as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome to witness the magnificent illumination of Saint Peter's church, and finally perished in the Great Fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, toward the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed that from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things its splendor waned. When our pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that as the youthful pair departed the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff and fell into the enchanted lake, and that at noontide the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that many a mile from the Crystal Hills I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured by the faith of poesy to be the latest pilgrim of the Great Carbuncle.

The Threefold Destiny

(A FAERY LEGEND)

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

I HAVE sometimes produced a singular and not unpleasing effect, so far as my own mind was concerned, by imagining a train of incidents in which the spirit of mechanism of the faery legend should be combined with the characters and manners of familiar life. In the little tale which follows a subdued tinge of the wild and wonderful is thrown over a sketch of New England personages and scenery, yet, it is hoped, without entirely obliterating the sober hues of nature. Rather than a story of events claiming to be real, it may be considered as an allegory such as the writers of the last century would have expressed in the shape of an Eastern tale, but to which I have endeavored to give a more lifelike warmth than could be infused into those fanciful productions.

In the twilight of a summer eve a tall, dark figure over which long and remote travel had thrown an outlandish aspect, was entering a village not in "faery londe," but within our own familiar boundaries. The staff on which this traveler leaned had been his companion from the spot where it grew in the jungles of Hindostan; the hat that overshadowed his somber brow had shielded him from the suns of Spain; but his cheek had been blackened by the red-hot wind of an Arabian desert and had felt the frozen breath of an Arctic region. Long sojourning amid wild and dangerous men, he still wore beneath his vest the ataghan which he had once struck into the throat of a Turkish robber. In every foreign clime he had lost something of his New England characteristics, and perhaps from every people he had unconsciously borrowed a new peculiarity; so that when the world-wanderer again trod the street of his native village it is no wonder that he passed unrecognized, though exciting the gaze and curiosity of all. Yet, as his arm casually touched that of a young woman who was wending her way to an evening lecture, she started and almost uttered a cry.

"Ralph Cranfield!" was the name that she half-articulated.

"Can that be my old playmate, Faith Egerton?" thought the traveler, looking around at her figure, but without pausing.

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Ralph Cranfield, from his youth upward, had felt himself marked out for a high destiny. He had imbibed the idea—we say not whether it were revealed to him by witchcraft or in a dream of prophecy, or that his brooding fancy had palmed its own dictates upon him as the oracles of a sibyl, but he had imbibed the idea, and held it firmest among his articles of faith—that three marvelous events of his life were to be confirmed to him by three signs.

The first of these three fatalities, and perhaps the one on which his youthful imagination had dwelt most fondly, was the discovery of the maid who alone of all the maids on earth could make him happy by her love. He was to roam around the world till he should meet a beautiful woman wearing on her bosom a jewel in the shape of a heart—whether of pearl or ruby or emerald or carbuncle or a changeful opal, or perhaps a priceless diamond, Ralph Cranfield little cared, so long as it were a heart of one peculiar shape. On encountering this lovely stranger he was bound to address her thus: "Maiden, I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?" And if she were his fated bride—if their kindred souls were destined to form a union here below which all eternity should only bind more closely—she would reply, with her finger on the heart-shaped jewel, "This token which I have worn so long is the assurance that you may."

And, secondly, Ralph Cranfield had a firm belief that there was a mighty treasure hidden somewhere in the earth of which the burial-place would be revealed to none but him. When his feet should press upon the mysterious spot, there would be a hand before him pointing downward—whether carved of marble or hewn in gigantic dimensions on the side of a rocky precipice, or perchance a hand of flame in empty air, he could not tell, but at least he would discern a hand, the forefinger pointing downward, and beneath it the Latin word, "Effode"—"digi!" And, digging thereabouts, the gold in coin or ingots, the precious stones, or of whatever else the treasure might consist, would be certain to reward his toil.

The third and last of the miraculous events in the life of this high-destined man was to be the attainment of extensive influence and sway over his fellow-creatures. Whether he were to be a king and founder of a hereditary throne, or the victorious leader of a people contending for their freedom, or the apostle of a purified and regenerated faith, was left for futurity to show. As messengers of the sign by which Ralph

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Cranfield might recognize the summons, three venerable men were to claim audience of him. The chief among them—a dignified and majestic person arrayed, it may be supposed, in the flowing garments of an ancient sage—would be the bearer of a wand or prophet's rod. With this wand or rod or staff the venerable sage would trace a certain figure in the air, and then proceed to make known his Heaven-instructed message, which, if obeyed, must lead to glorious results.

With this proud fate before him, in the flush of his imaginative youth, Ralph Cranfield had set forth to seek the maid, the treasure, and the venerable sage with his gift of extended empire. And had he found them? Alas! it was not with the aspect of a triumphant man who had achieved a nobler destiny than all his fellows, but rather with the gloom of one struggling against peculiar and continual adversity, that he now passed homeward to his mother's cottage. He had come back, but only for a time, to lay aside the pilgrim's staff, trusting that his weary manhood would regain somewhat of the elasticity of youth in the spot where his three-fold fate had been foreshown him. There had been few changes in the village, for it was not one of those thriving places where a year's prosperity makes more than the havoc of a century's decay, but like a gray hair in a young man's head, an antiquated little town full of old maids and aged elms and mossgrown dwellings. Few seemed to be the changes here. The drooping elms, indeed, had a more majestic spread, the weather-blackened houses were adorned with a denser thatch of verdant moss, and doubtless there were a few more grave-stones in the burial-ground inscribed with names that had once been familiar in the village street; yet, summing up all the mischief that ten years had wrought, it seemed scarcely more than if Ralph Cranfield had gone forth that very morning and dreamed a day-dream till the twilight, and then turned back again. But his heart grew cold because the village did not remember him as he remembered the village.

"Here is the change," sighed he, striking his hand upon his breast. "Who is this man of thought and care, weary with world-wandering and heavy with disappointed hopes? The youth returns not who went forth so joyously."

And now Ralph Cranfield was at his mother's gate, in front of the small house where the old lady, with slender but sufficient means, had kept herself comfortable during her

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son's long absence. Admitting himself within the inclosure, he leaned against a great old tree, trifling with his own impatience as people often do in those intervals when years are summed into a moment. He took a minute survey of the dwelling—its windows brightened with the sky-gleam, its doorway with the half of a millstone for a step, and the faintly-traced path waving thence to the gate. He made friends again with his childhood's friend—the old tree against which he leaned—and, glancing his eye down its trunk, beheld something that excited a melancholy smile. It was a half-obliterated inscription—the Latin word "Effode,"—which he remembered to have carved in the bark of the tree with a whole day's toil when he had first begun to muse about his exalted destiny. It might be accounted a rather singular coincidence that the bark just above the inscription had put forth an excrescence shaped not unlike a hand, with the forefinger pointing obliquely at the word of fate. Such, at least, was its appearance in the dusky light.

"Now, a credulous man," said Ralph Cranfield, carelessly, to himself, "might suppose that the treasure which I have sought round the world lies buried, after all, at the very door of my mother's dwelling. That would be a jest, indeed."

More he thought not about the matter, for now the door was opened and an elderly woman appeared on the threshold, peering into the dusk to discover who it might be that had intruded on her premises and was standing in the shadow of her tree. It was Ralph Cranfield's mother. Pass we over their greeting, and leave the one to her joy and the other to his rest—if quiet rest he found.

But when morning broke, he arose with a troubled brow, for his sleep and his wakefulness had alike been full of dreams. All the fervor was rekindled with which he had burned of yore to unravel the three-fold mystery of his fate. The crowd of his early visions seemed to have awaited him beneath his mother's roof and thronged riotously around to welcome his return. In the well-remembered chamber, on the pillow where his infancy had slumbered, he had passed a wilder night than ever in an Arab tent or when he had reposed his head in the ghastly shades of a haunted forest. A shadowy maid had stolen to his bedside and laid her finger on the scintillating heart; a hand of flame had glowed amid the darkness, pointing downward to a mystery within the

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earth; a hoary sage had waved his prophetic wand and beckoned the dreamer onward to a chair of state. The same phantoms, though fainter in the daylight, still flitted about the cottage and mingled among the crowd of familiar faces that were drawn thither by the news of Ralph Cranfield's return, to bid him welcome for his mother's sake. There they found him, a tall, dark, stately man of foreign aspect, courteous in demeanor and mild of speech, yet with an abstracted eye which seemed often to snatch a glance at the invisible.

Meantime, the widow Cranfield went bustling about the house full of joy that she again had somebody to love and be careful of, and for whom she might vex and tease herself with the petty troubles of daily life. It was nearly noon when she looked forth from the door and described three personages of note coming along the street through the hot sunshine and the masses of elm-tree-shade. At length they reached her gate and undid the latch.

"See, Ralph!" exclaimed she, with maternal pride; "here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other selectmen coming on purpose to see you. Now, do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign parts."

The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was a very pompous, but excellent old gentleman, the head and prime-mover in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore, according to a fashion even then becoming antiquated, a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for flourishing in the air than for assisting the progress of his legs. His two companions were elderly and respectable yeomen who, retaining an ante-Revolutionary reverence for rank and hereditary wealth, kept a little in the squire's rear.

As they approached along the pathway, Ralph Cranfield sat in an oaken elbow-chair, half-unconsciously gazing at the three visitors and enveloping their homely figures in the misty romance that pervaded his mental world. "Here," thought he, smiling at the conceit, "here come three elderly personages, and the first of the three is a venerable sage with a staff. What if this embassy should bring me the message of my fate?"

While Squire Hawkwood and his colleagues entered, Ralph rose from his seat and advanced a few steps to receive them, and his stately figure and dark countenance as he bent cour-

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teously toward his guests had a natural dignity contrasting well with the bustling importance of the squire. The old gentleman, according to invariable custom, gave an elaborate preliminary flourish with his cane in the air, then removed his three-cornered hat in order to wipe his brow, and finally proceeded to make known his errand.

"My colleagues and myself," began the squire, "are burdened with momentous duties, being jointly selectmen of this village. Our minds for the space of three days past have been laboriously bent on the selection of a suitable person to fill a most important office and take upon himself a charge and rule which, wisely considered, may be ranked no lower than those of kings and potentates. And whereas you, our native townsman, are of good natural intellect and well cultivated by foreign travel, and that certain vagaries and fantasies of your youth are doubtless long ago corrected,—taking all these matters, I say, into due consideration, we are of opinion that Providence hath sent you hither at this juncture for our very purpose."

During this harangue, Cranfield gazed fixedly at the speaker, as if he beheld something mysterious and unearthly in his pompous little figure, and as if the squire had worn the flowing robes of an ancient sage instead of a square-skirted coat, flapped waistcoat, velvet breeches and silk stockings. Nor was his wonder without sufficient cause, for the flourish of the squire's staff, marvelous to relate, had described precisely the signal in the air which was to ratify the message of the prophetic sage whom Cranfield had sought around the world.

"And what," inquired Ralph Cranfield, with a tremor in his voice, "what may this office be which is to equal me with kings and potentates?"

"No less than instructor of our village school," answered Squire Hawkwood, "the office being now vacant by the death of the venerable Master Whitaker after a fifty years' incumbency."

"I will consider of your proposal," replied Ralph Cranfield, hurriedly, "and will make known my decision within three days."

After a few more words, the village dignitary and his companions took their leave. But to Cranfield's fancy their images were still present, and became more and more invested with the dim awfulness of figures which had first ap-

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peared to him in a dream, and afterwards had shown themselves in his waking moments, assuming homely aspects among familiar things. His mind dwelt upon the features of the squire till they grew confused with those of the visionary sage and one appeared but the shadow of the other. The same visage, he now thought, had looked forth upon him from the Pyramid of Cheops; the same form had beckoned to him among the colonnades of the Alhambra; the same figure had mistily revealed itself through the ascending stream of the Great Geyser. At every effort of his memory he recognized some trait of the dreamy messenger of destiny in this pompous, bustling, self-important, little-great man of the village. Amid such musings Ralph Cranfield sat all day in the cottage, scarcely hearing and vaguely answering his mother's thousand questions about his travels and adventures. At sunset he roused himself to take a stroll, and passing the aged elm tree, his eye was again caught by the semblance of a hand pointing downward at the half-obliterated inscription.

As Cranfield walked down the street of the village the level sunbeams threw his shadow far before him, and he fancied that, as his shadow walked among distant objects, so had there been a presentiment stalking in advance of him throughout his life. And when he drew near each object over which his tall shadow had preceded him, still it proved to be one of the familiar recollections of his infancy and youth. Every crook in the pathway was remembered. Even the more transitory characteristics of the scene were the same as in by-gone days. A company of cows were grazing on the grassy road-side, and refreshed him with their fragrant breath. "It is sweeter," thought he, "than the perfume which was wafted to our ship from the Spice Islands." The round little figure of a child rolled from a doorway and lay laughing almost beneath Cranfield's feet. The dark and stately man stooped down, and, lifting the infant, restored him to his mother's arms. "The children," said he to himself, and sighed and smiled—"the children are to be my charge." And while a flow of natural feeling gushed like a well-spring into his heart he came to a dwelling which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice, which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air within. He bent his head and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There

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was a singular contrast in their two figures—he dark and picturesque, one who had battled with the world, whom all suns had shone upon and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely and quiet—quiet even in her agitation—as if all her emotions had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien—a glow of kindred feeling flashing upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

“You are welcome home,” said Faith Egerton.

But Cranfield did not immediately answer, for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a heart which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz, and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrow-heads which are so often found in the ancient haunts of the red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadow search, he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

“So, Faith, you have kept the heart?” said he, at length.

“Yes,” said she, blushing deeply; then, more gayly, “And what else have you brought me from beyond the sea?”

“Faith,” replied Ralph Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse, “I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?”

“This token which I have worn so long,” said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the heart, “is the assurance that you may.”

“Faith, Faith!” cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms; “you have interpreted my wild and weary dream!”

Yes, the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure was to till the earth around his mother’s dwelling and reap its products; instead of warlike command or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children; and now the visionary maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood.

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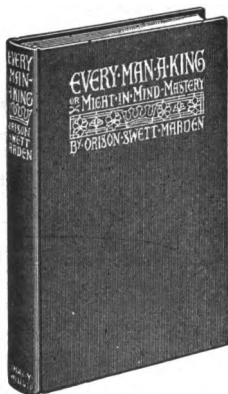
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VOL. 3

OCTOBER 1907

No. 10



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PLATFORM:

I Will Increase My A+R+E+A

Editor—A. F. SHELDON

Vol. III

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 10

Sheldon University Press

The Science Press has changed its name and its home. In the future it will be known as the Sheldon University Press, and its home for the present will be Libertyville, near which I have purchased about six hundred acres of rich farming land, lake, forest, ravines and meadows to endow the Sheldon University. This land, the future home of these enterprises, is two and one half miles west of Libertyville on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, at the beautiful little town of Rockefeller. It will be some time before the work of the University can be properly organized, but I am devoting my thought and life to it, and speak of it as my "great ideal." In the meantime the Sheldon University Press, as publisher of the Business Philosopher and of the books that will best represent the Sheldon University, will lay a broad foundation for the University work in the hearts of every AREA enthusiast.

We ask your hearty support and patronage. Our business path is not one bordered with primroses. Success for the Sheldon University idea will require the hardest kind

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

of work on the part of all of us, and we want to count every one of the readers of The Philosopher among the workers.

What can you do?

Why, we have good books. Our income is now derived wholly from the sale of them, from subscriptions to the magazines and from our advertising pages. We earnestly ask you to recommend these good books to your friends.

God of the Open Air

Thou who hast made Thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream.
Thou who hast taken to Thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee
In Thy great out-of-doors!
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

—Henry Van Dyke.

EVERY man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well; he has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—EMERSON.

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Libertyville

The Present Home of the Sheldon University Press.

Picture to yourself a rich farming town by the side of a little river, great farms stretching away on every side over rolling hills, thickly studded with splendid trees. Here we find a virgin forest, with oak trees thirteen feet around, and beside it a cornfield of thirty or forty acres in one piece. On the hill is a barn large enough to hold an exposition in, with its round silo at one corner, its cow sheds, its haystacks, and in front a fine, simple house surrounded by fruit trees and a nicely trimmed lawn. And down by the river, among the underbrush, is an old-fashioned house where a Chicago lawyer of former time now leads the simple life in real earnest, and a hermit life, too, since his friends are all dead. Such are the typical elements of this country town.

The town itself has some two thousand inhabitants, and is the oldest settlement in the county. There is a wonderful medicinal sulphur spring here, and in former times it was the Mecca of the Indian tribes from many, many miles around, who came here to hold their pow-wows and drink of the waters. Hundreds of Indian arrowheads, stone knives, and other implements have been plowed up here to prove that years ago thousands of savages came and went. It is probable that in this valley they raised their finest maize. The success of the Sheldon University Idea will in years to come make this the Mecca of palefaces from all over the world, seeking the healing living waters of a true education. If we work for it, realization will undoubtedly be the reward of this dream.

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The first white settler was an Englishman named Vardin, who, in 1837, when Chicago was little more than a military post, built his home on the edge of a beautiful grove of trees. The place was called Vardin's Grove.

The new settlement was at the center of a region of unusually rich soil. Five to ten miles in any direction brings one upon clay loam of inferior fertility. It was on this account that the site was occupied some time before the larger cities of Waukegan, Lake Forest, and Highland Park on the shore of Lake Michigan to the East. Daniel Webster, the great American orator and statesman, bought a farm here, evidently attracted by the beauty of the spot and richness of the soil. Mr. Vardin soon had neighbors, and the following year the first "liberty pole" or flagstaff was erected here, and the name of the place was changed to Independence Grove. But as there was another Independence in the state, the name Libertyville was adopted within a very short time, and Libertyville, which had the first minister, the first lawyer, and the first doctor of the county, became the county seat. Subsequently the county offices were removed to the more populous Waukegan, now a city of ten thousand inhabitants.

The main street of Libertyville is Milwaukee Avenue. It is an extension of Milwaukee Avenue in Chicago, both being part of the old road cut through in early days from Chicago to Milwaukee. Just to the east is the still older road, cut through from Chicago to the military post at Green Bay, along which the mail was carried on foot.

Now the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway runs three miles to the east with a station at Rondout. The Madison and Janesville Division branches off to pass through the northern part of Libertyville. Two miles to the west is the Wisconsin Central, with a station called Rockefeller, close to which the Sheldon University

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lands are located. (In a later number we shall give a fuller description of these lands and of the beautiful little town of Rockefeller, where there is a hotel serving dancier meals than will be found anywhere else in northern Illinois).

There is also an electric railway running from Rockefeller east through Libertyville to Lake Bluff, where it connects with the electric line between Chicago, Waukegan and Milwaukee, and with the Milwaukee division of the Chicago and North-Western Railway, which has one of the finest train services in the West. Through Libertyville also passes the so-called "outer belt" railroad, which gives direct freight connection with every line of railroad running out of Chicago, north, south, east or west.

The Sheldon University Press occupies the upper floor of a comfortable two-story brick block in the center of the town. Almost opposite is a large square, with beautiful lawn laid out with trees, shrubs and flowers — a delightfully-kept garden spot hiding an old-fashioned residence, now the home of a Mrs. Cook, who promises the place to the village as the site of a library.

Libertyville has four churches, two banks, a good newspaper and several manufactories, of which the best known perhaps are those of the National Macaroni Company and the American Wire Fence Company.

But its beauty has attracted many wealthy Chicago people who love an ideal farm life. In the southeast corner of the township J. Ogden Armour is building a splendid country residence and laying out an "estate" that probably will cost millions. Nearer the village J. H. Hiland, Vice-president of the St. Paul Railroad, is putting up a beautiful residence on his farm, and Mr. Keeley, the Traffic Manager, has just bought a place. J. Medill Patterson, the socialistic young newspaper editor and politician who,

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when he revolted from his position on the Chicago Tribune, was made commissioner of public works of Chicago by Mayor Dunne, has a farm here, and so has John R. Thompson, the well known Chicago restaurant man, Ernest Hecht, the wholesale tobacco dealer, and R. B. Swift a cousin of the packer's family. Just to the south, in the so-called Skokie Valley, which extends north into the township of Libertyville and takes in the Armour estate are the magnificent estates of several Chicago millionaires, of which that of the Swift family is the best known. The Grattan stock farm, owned by F. E. Marsh, a Chicago business man, is famous for its fine horses.

Once a year Libertyville has a county fair that is famous throughout northern Illinois. As many as twelve thousand people have entered the gates on one day, and nowhere could one find a more splendid display of the products of the country, both the fruit of the earth and the fat and well favored kine that constitute an important part of the farmer's wealth.

Libertyville has got its riches from the soil. Sun and wind have tanned the cheeks of its children. Pure air and clear water, given full effect by the exercise and deep breathing of hill climbing and forest rambles, have vitalized their blood and brightened their eyes. A week here will put heart and vigor into the most depressed and weak-kneed city man or woman. Right-thinking, and earnest endeavor can feed only on the ozone-loaded air, absolutely pure and naturally stimulating water and the simple country diet of an ideal place like Libertyville. We hope to make every number of the The Business Philosopher carry a whiff of this breath of Nature herself into the hearts and the souls of thousands from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Panama to Alaska, and even to the recesses of Europe, Asia and Africa.

My Forest

Written by C. C. Copeland, former Chicago lawyer and politician, who says he is the only really rich man Chicago has produced, because he "made a hundred thousand dollars before he was twenty-eight and *got enough*." He now leads the simple life in good earnest in a primitive home on the edge of his still virgin forest in Libertyville, drinking the "vital water" from his own spring (the sulphur spring of the Indians), and showing the result at sixty-eight in his clear, glowing skin, bright eye, and vigorous step, though his old cronies, among whom was especially John P. Altgeld, are now dead.

"Do you like in Midsummer to get deep into a dark primeval forest where cool ferns grow beside moss-covered logs that were acorns a thousand years ago; where cathedral arches such as druids used to worship under are formed by tall interlacing oaks; where the raccoon has for centuries inhabited the hollow limbs and trunks of trees, up and down the sides of which his road is plainly visible; where the squirrel is seen teaching his half-grown family to gather roots and berries and tenderest sprouts for food and to run and jump from tree to tree on waving branches, and the busy bee to carry honey to the well-selected storehouse some freak of nature has prepared for her, where the many-colored birds retire to build their nest in seclusion and, awed by the solemn presence, sing only in subdued tones; where the partridge has drummed and his mate has reared her young since the waters subsided; where the woodcock finds her summer home; where the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill are heard of evenings in July; where the great owl gives forth his hoo-hoo and scolds away in his wierd language to warn his mate and little ones when danger is nigh; where all is

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still, grand and awe-inspiring; where man forgets himself and all his cares, and 'looks through Nature up to Nature's God?'"

The author's own answer to this hypothetical question was a cordial invitation to the friend to whom he sent the printed slip to come and spend a week under his hospitable roof at Forestspringfarm.

Influence

Influence is the greatest of all human gifts, and we all have it in some measure. There are some to whom we are something, if not everything. There are some who are grappled to us with hoops of steel. There are some over whom we have ascendancy, or at least to whom we have access, who have opened the gates of the City of Mansoul to us; some we can sway with a word, a touch, a look. It must always be a solemn thing for a man to ask what he has done with this dread power of influence. For what has our friend to be indebted to us—for good or for evil? Have we put on his armor, and sent him out with courage and strength to the battle? Or have we dragged him down from the heights to which he once aspired? We are face to face here with the tragic possibilities of human intercourse. In all friendship we open the gates of the city, and those who have entered must be either allies in the fight, or treacherous foes.

Hugh Black.

ALL wisdom lies centered within. A man cannot gain his deeper experiences from without, but in his individual self lies all truth.—ELLEN FOULDS.

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

Heart, Head, and Hand Philosophy

By The Editor.

AN ANCIENT A+R+E+A MASTERPIECE.—Louis Cornaro, born in 1464, who attained Health, Long Life, Money, and Honor through Development of Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action.

Philosophy, the real thing, is an eternal entity; does not fluctuate with the seasons or even change throughout the ages. It may be lost to view and even forgotten, or it may shine for æons undiscovered by man; but it is ever there clear as the sun, and ready to shed its life-giving light whenever man is ready to sweep away the clouds of ignorance, come out of his narrow burrow of prejudice and fear and let the truth shine upon him.

The philosophy of success through the development of Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, is as old and as ever youthful as God—Who is Truth; and just in so far as men, in any age, have caught its gleams and let their lustre light up their lives, in that measure have they attained and preserved Health, Long Life, Money and Honor—the four factors of Success.

A delightfully-complete example of this is found in the worthy person of Louis Cornaro, who was born in the city of Venice, Italy, in 1464, and died in his palace in Padua, near his native city, in 1567, at the advanced age, therefore, of one hundred and three years.

His biographer tells us that “although a direct descendant of the illustrious family of Cornaro, yet, defrauded in some way through the dishonest intrigues of some of his relatives—we are but imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances—he was deprived of the honors and privileges attached to his noble birth, and excluded from all public employment in the State. A man of great personal and family pride, he felt very keenly the humiliation

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of this treatment, and, as a consequence, he withdrew from his native place and made the city of Padua his home for the remainder of his life, save for the brief season of summer retirement to his country seats.

"Yet that, which, at the time must have seemed to him a great misfortune, proved eventually a blessing, and doubtless, during the long course of his remarkable career, Cornaro's philosophic mind often reverted with thankfulness to those very indignities, but for which, perhaps, he would never have received the chief incentive of his life; for may we not believe it was because of them that he resolved to found for himself a more honorable name—one that should rest upon a sounder and more worthy basis than mere family pride."

Here we have, at the very beginning of Cornaro's success-building career, the choice of a "practicable and legitimate ideal." We shall see how he attained and preserved this ideal.

First of all, we are told, he saw that to accomplish his purpose, he must give his constant, diligent, and most intelligent attention to the development of perfect health, which, up to the time in question—i.e., when he was about forty years of age—he had never enjoyed.

There you have it. He realized the essential nature of endurance in his campaign for individual success.

He went at it. He changed his whole manner of life. He had been self-indulgent in eating and drinking, choleric in disposition and temper. "Possessed of that determined courage and resolution, which on a closer acquaintance we shall recognize and admire as his chief trait, he changed his manner of life so completely that, in a very brief time, his diseases disappeared, giving place to a rugged health and severity of mind hitherto unknown to him. In a word, from a despairing and almost hopeless invalid,

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unfit for either work or enjoyment, he became not only a man of perfect health, singularly active and happy, but also such an example of complete self-restraint as to be the wonder and admiration of all who knew him, earning and receiving the title of The Temperate. The mildness and sweetness of his altered disposition at the same time gained for him the fullest respect and affection."

In other words, he had banished a whole array of physical, mental, and psychical negatives by the development of the positives.

But it is interesting and instructive to let this ancient triumph of AREA development speak for himself. Here are some excerpts taken from a treatise he wrote at the age of eighty-three, entitled, "*La Vita Sobria*," "The Temperate Life."

"After I had once taken a firm resolution that I would henceforth live temperately and rationally, and had realized, as I did, that to do so was not only an easy matter, but, indeed, the duty of every man, I entered upon my new course so heartily that I never afterward swerved from it, nor ever committed the slightest excess in any direction. Within a few days I began to realize that this new life suited my health excellently; and, persevering in it, in less than a year—though the fact may seem incredible to some—I found myself entirely cured of all my complaints.

"Now that I was in perfect health I began to consider seriously the power and virtue of order; and I said to myself that, as it had been able to overcome so many and such great ills as mine, it would surely be even more efficacious to preserve me in health, to assist my unfortunate constitution, and to strengthen my extremely weak stomach.

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"* * * I chose only such * * * as agreed with my stomach, taking * * * only such a quantity as I knew it could easily digest, * * * exercising care both as to the quantity and the quality. In this manner, I accustomed myself to the habit of never fully satisfying my appetite, either with eating or drinking—always leaving the table well able to take more. In this I acted according to the proverb: 'Not to satiate one's self with food is the science of health.'"

* * * * *

But Louis Cornaro realized the important truth that bad thoughts and evil emotions poison the blood and destroy the body. Hear him:

"I have also preserved myself, as far as I have been able, from these other disorders from which it is more difficult to be exempt; I mean melancholy, hatred, and the other passions of the soul, which all appear greatly to affect the body."

Nor was Cornaro a narrow-minded bigot or extreme crank on his own particular little set of health rules. In this respect, he could give points to some enthusiasts of a much later time. Study the amiable soundness of these paragraphs:

"When a physician pays a visit to a sick man, he prescribes this as the very first condition of recovery, urging him, above all things, to live the orderly life. In like manner, when he bids good-bye to his patient upon his recovery, he recommends, as a means of preserving restored health, that he continue this orderly life. And there is no doubt that if the one so advised were to act accordingly, he would avoid all sickness in the future; because a well-regulated life removes the cause of disease. [Dis-ease.—Ed.] Thus, for the remainder of his days, he would have no further need either of doctors or of medicines.

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"Moreover, by applying his mind to this matter which should so deeply concern him, he would become his own physician, and indeed, the only perfect one he could have; for it is true that a man cannot be a perfect physician of any one save of himself alone."

"The reason of this is that any man may, by dint of experimenting, acquire a perfect knowledge of his own constitution and of its most hidden qualities, and find out what food and what drink, and what quantities of each, will agree with his stomach."

And here is some little account of how Cornaro showed ability and got action as a result of his AREA development.

"With greatest delight and satisfaction, also, do I behold the success of an undertaking highly important to our state; namely, the fitting for cultivation of its waste tracts of country; numerous as they were, this improvement was commenced at my suggestion. And I was myself present with the members of the committee appointed to superintend the work, for two whole months, at the season of the greatest heat of summer, in those swampy places; nor was I ever disturbed either by fatigue or by any hardship I was obliged to incur. So great is the power of the orderly life which accompanies me wheresoever I may go!

"Furthermore, I cherish a firm hope that I shall live to witness not only the beginning, but also the completion, of another enterprise, the success of which is no less important to our beloved Venice; namely, the protection of our estuary, or lagoon, that strongest and most wonderful bulwark of my dear country. The preservation of this—and be it said not through self-complacency, but wholly and purely for truth's sake—has been advised by me repeatedly, both by word or mouth and by carefully-written reports to our Republic."

Now, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Let us take the testimony of this grand old man of four

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hundred years ago as to whether or not he found health, long life, money and honor the four factors of true success.

"These are the true and important recreations, these the comforts and pastimes of my old age, which is much more to be prized than the old age or even the youth of other men, since it is free by the grace of God from all the perturbations of the soul and infirmities of the body, and is not subject to any of those troubles which woefully torment so many young men and so many languid and utterly worn out old men."

The foregoing was written when Cornaro was eighty-three years old. Twelve years later, at the advanced age of ninety-five, still green and vigorous, he wrote:

"In conclusion, I wish to say that, since old age is—as in truth it is—filled and overflowing with so many graces and blessings, and since I am one of the number who enjoy them, I cannot fail—not wishing to be wanting in charity—to give testimony to the fact, and to fully certify to all men that my enjoyment is much greater than I can now express in writing. I declare that I have no other motive for writing, but my hope that the knowledge of so great a blessing as my old age has proved to be will induce every human being to determine to adopt this praiseworthy, orderly, and temperate life, in favor of which I ceaselessly keep repeating, Live, live, that you may become better servants of God!"

Isn't that a glorish finish for over a century of life?

Say, boys, we can all give the same ringing testimony when well beyond the century mark. Isn't it worth while?

Cornaro gives the secret.

I put it in one short word

REA!

Office Salesmanship—A New Art

The art of office salesmanship has been making wonderful advancement in the last year or two.

Not long ago forty dollars a week was the maximum any business house would pay for a correspondent. But the other day the sales manager of one of the biggest newspaper advertising agencies in America was in Chicago in search of a correspondent. He said he was willing to pay as high as \$125 a week if he could find a man who was worth it, but as he did not expect to be able to find such a man he would take at lower salary any man of real ability and give several months to training him up to the required point.

One of the largest mail-order houses would pay any salary a correspondent was worth, however high, if they could find a man capable of organizing their correspondence force and making it a business getter. I could tell of half a dozen other applications from equally prominent business institutions.

The history of personal successes in this line is also surprising. Three years ago a young man of nineteen came to Chicago and took a position at ten dollars a week. He had been in the office of a very successful patent medicine advertiser and had learned that advertiser's persuasive style.

Within six months he had an offer of a position in Massachusetts at forty dollars a week. He was afraid to go out on untried seas, however, until he had more experience, and stayed in his old place at \$20 per week. In a few months another offer came, and his salary was advanced to \$30 a week. Last spring he was offered the

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position of advertising manager of a company putting out a very successful office machine, but he had received \$4,000 last year, and was offered \$5,000 this year by the young corporation whose success he has had an important part in making.

And this man is barely twenty-three years old.

Office salesmanship is now an art worth learning.

When one considers that there is scarcely a manufacturing institution in this country whose mail orders do not exceed those of any three salesmen, and thinks of the boundless power of the one man in an office who can sell goods by letters that can be duplicated a million times, one is forced to admit that the Office Salesman has a good chance of being the King Salesman of the future.

* * * * *

Let us see what an office salesman is:

He is not a mere letter writer;

He is not the average advertising man;

He is not even the general office manager.

He is rather the man who can use all these as the means of selling goods to thousands of customers hundreds and thousands of miles away, whom he has never seen and never will see, but whose heart of hearts he must read like a book.

For the highest success he must be a business man with the imagination of a great writer.

The average advertising man is only half an office salesman. He writes display copy for magazines and newspapers. Occasionally he writes a soliciting or follow-up letter, and now and then a booklet or catalogue.

What he understands is type, display, catch-phrases, mediums, and the ways of advertising agents.

That is good; but below all that is the ability to read the heart of a man you have never seen, and talk to him on paper as if he were sitting in the chair beside your desk.

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There are two immense difficulties here.

How can you study and know a man you have never seen and cannot see?

How can you produce in two hundred words an impression such as the personal salesman requires two thousand words for? Or how can you induce a common man to read two thousand words when printed in small type as a booklet or circular?

These are the two fundamental requirements for success as an office salesman, and they are things that must be learned either from the man who knows, or from bitter experience. The latter is a terrible road to travel.

And now let me tell you some of the particular things that an office salesman must do.

He must be able to write English that will warm and cheer the heart.

He must also be able to write English so terse and intense that it will go into the inner sanctum of the biggest, busiest man in the country, where no personal salesman can possibly hope to enter, and get attention and consideration.

But above all he must know how to find out what people want when he has never seen them and cannot possibly talk with them, and they will not voluntarily tell him anything. I sometimes think that is the hardest task of all.

And to accomplish these things he must know type as well as the advertising man;

He must understand the art of printed dress—the color and harmony of paper, type and ink;

It is essential that he should understand the art of educating an office force;

He should be a specialist on cost systems, and know how to save the huge advertising waste that is always going on;

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And finally he must respect and comprehend the outside salesman, enfolding him in a sympathetic and appreciative heart; for he must use the outside salesman to find out the things he must know in order to be even partially successful, and to do things the office salesman cannot even hope to accomplish.

* * * * *

Only a few big businesses can support an advertising manager, who must write or be idle. And a business with twenty-five outside salesmen will require but one office salesman. But in thousands of smaller businesses, long before any outside salesman can be employed, there will be a place for an office salesman who will be at once office manager, advertising man, and—something more, namely, the man who is able to bring the business in and who is in a position to bring in more business than any half dozen outside salesmen.

* * * * *

Where will the office salesmen of the future come from?

First of all and above all from among the outside salesmen, who have the advantage of understanding their customers, understanding conditions, and understanding the science of salesmanship, which is just as essential to the office salesman as to any other.

And among the outside salesmen they will be the quiet men, the clean men, the studious men, the men willing to learn, and above all the men endowed with a well-trained imagination.

For such the new field offers untold possibilities.

The Woman With the Hoe

Like Ajax She only Prayed for Light to See Her
Foeman's Face.

SOME years ago a story appeared in "Success" entitled "The Woman With the Hoe." She was left a widow with a family of boys and girls during that time when the great west and southwest were cleansing themselves of the drifting, shiftless, careless and unthinking population. "Only pure, unadulterated grit stood" the testing of those years of drought.

Her husband "was a trifle indolent, and a good deal selfish." Lacking ability, he accepted his defeat as a matter of course. Totally discouraged after a while, he "became a despairing coward. He could not face the 'wreck of matter' with which he had strewn their pathway, but was willing to leave his wife to meet the desperate prospect alone." He ended it all one day, leaving "the puny arm of a woman to do the work he had so far failed to accomplish." As she took up her task, the assets left consisted of "some chickens, a blind horse and a plow," but in herself she had assets that no drought, or circumstances, or environment could take from her. The author of this story, Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain, details the heroine's success-qualities in a most interesting way throughout.

"There were outraged confidence and bitter contempt mingled with her tears.

"She asked for no help. She uttered no cry.

"They lived on corn dodgers and sold the eggs.

"She patched up enough harness to hold old Sam to the plow.

"She sometimes sang at the plow handles.

"She sang bright, rollicky songs to cheer her little Ted, leading old Blind Sam.

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"She went to the young men on the ranches and asked to do their washing.

"She sang the precious boys and girls to sleep, then worked till the 'wee sma' hours' doing the ironing.

"She hoed her row and plowed her furrows and bore her burden.

"She had a pride in great effort, a glorious joy in victory, and the triumph of overcoming the curse of poverty, and putting its wretchedness under her foot.

"Like Ajax she only prayed for light to see her foeman's face."

She won—won nobly; moved into town, educated her children, built up a splendid business requiring the services of several employees. Is it any wonder? That's the kind of ability that makes heroes and heroines in business everywhere. No luck or chance in it. Intellectual capacity—the positives of thinking, remembering and imagining right, coupled with hope and faith and courage and action—explains it all.

* * * * *

Every normal person is in possession of the germs of every winning faculty and quality. The matter of their development is, primarily, a matter of Ability development. Let us begin and keep on, and then "keep keeping on;" waiting not, as so many do, till some dire necessity shall force us to do what God has made it easy for us to do, if we *will*.

* * * * *

"What road leads to success?" queried the very young man.

"Any road that is macadamized with grit and sand," replied the sage of Sageville.

Little Success Stories

Let us engage our thinking powers, while reading, upon the character-qualities which reveal Ability; and mark well, also, the intimate association of the other three fundamentals—Reliability, Endurance and Action.

EVERY Italian loves the memory of the "Great Liberator" of Italy, Garibaldi. He was the son of a poor sailor. Though but eight years of age at the time Waterloo was won by the Allies, he remembered the excitement in the little home city of Nice, his birthplace. At this time Austria from without and a number of petty tyrants at home called kings were as upper and nether millstones between which Italy was being slowly ground to death. A party called "Young Italy" arose. Its watchword was "Personal Liberty." Garibaldi became the incarnation of Action, the irrepressible steam-engine of this party. At the age of twenty-one he saw the Greek Revolution and sympathized. In 1834 he took part in the first Italian Revolution for Liberty. It failed. He escaped to Marsailles. He went to Brazil and fought for the little republic of Rio Grande against Brazil. He captured ships, led armies, was captured, thrown into a dungeon, escaped, and again took to the high seas and led other forces for the party of liberty against Brazil. He married a beautiful Brazilian maiden, became a ranchman, drove cattle to Montevideo, tried a mercantile career, failed; taught school for a time in the city, and then again buckled on the sword and joined Montevideo in a war against Buenos Ayres. He was made a general, refused all pay for distinguished services and lived in poverty.

But Italy called him. In 1848 he landed in Nice, offered his services for freedom, but was refused. He then went

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to Milan and raised a force of thirty thousand against the Austrians. Political treachery misjudged his motives. He retired to the mountain fastnesses and fought his foes. Next we find him in Switzerland, sick with a dangerous fever. Recovering, he led two hundred and fifty volunteers to the liberation of Venice. On his way he turned aside and with fifteen hundred men assisted in the capture of Rome. He fought the French army sent to restore the imperial city, was finally defeated and for the next twelve months was chased and hunted like a wild beast. He lived in caves, forests and cornfields, fed now and then by friends. When about to embark from a lonely spot on the shores of the Adriatic, his faithful wife, Anita, died of exposure. In this crisis he made Caprera, a rocky island off the coast of Sardinia, a retreat for refuge.

Italy was yet under the iron heel. We find Garibaldi next in Liverpool, England; then in New York, earning his living at candle making; then a captain on the Pacific, plying a vessel between Peru and China; next a captain on the Atlantic, sailing a merchantman between New York and England. In 1854 he went back to his retreat in Caprera and became possessor of the island, fifteen miles in circumference. Here he bred horses and cattle, raised fruits and flowers, entertained friends and notables from all over the world and lived in peace for ten years.

In 1859 Cavour, the brainy statesman of Italy, was ready for Italian independence. He sent for Garibaldi. He came in his red shirt and with his big stick. He was regularly commissioned to fight the Austrians as a free lance in his own way. This he did to the wonder and admiration of "Young Italy." But French intrigue and politics again played false with liberty. Next we find him

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at Genoa. With a force of one thousand men he sailed for Sicily, landed, issued a proclamation to the people and marched on the capital. It was a triumphal procession. Palermo opened her gates and Garibaldi found himself Dictator of the Island. He lived simply in the Royal Palace. He ate only fruit, vegetables and pea soup, drinking no wine. He needed no valet, as his wardrobe consisted of two pairs of gray trousers, an old high-crowned sugar-loaf felt hat, two red shirts and a few handkerchiefs.

Next we find him with a force of twenty-five thousand men marching on Naples. It was another triumphal procession. The city opened its front gates to the Liberator as the weak king fled through the back gates. Returning with forty thousand men, the king endeavored to regain his throne. The force of liberty conquered and Garibaldi sent his famous dispatch, "Victory along the whole line." Then came the crowning act of his life. Victor Emanuel was notified to come and receive the fruits of victory. On the Neapolitan frontier Garibaldi met him and on bended knee laid down his big stick at the king's feet, and with it two kingdoms—Sicily and Naples. Then he retired to his loved Caprera with a little over three dollars in his pockets.

His life-work was done. He hated despotism and loved liberty. His Ability was great; his Reliability was marred by head rather than heart mistakes; his Endurance was matchless through a long period of thirty eventful years; and his Action was the wonder of two continents. He might have become rich with gifts and money from every quarter of the globe. He refused to be lionized, refused gifts and money, and ended his life the simple, humble sailor, who loved Freedom for her own sake.

Get Weather

Many people suffer from diseased thinking.

The miasma of their mental morass poisons all their words and deeds. Its slimy muck gives root to a rank growth of noxious negatives.

Oftentimes, what they mostly need is weather.

Brick, glass, iron, mortar, steam heat, Wilton rugs and sofa pillows can be so compounded and administered as to produce ulceration of the mind.

The cottage, the mansion, the palace, the apartment, the office, and even the steam-heated flat are necessary nowadays. There is a time and a use for the luxurious leather of the closed carriage and the plutocratic plush of the electric-lighted Pullman. Fleece-lined, kid-finished, fur-trimmed, and silk-sewed garments are not to be altogether despised. But the man or woman who does not habitually get outside of all these, develops mental dry rot for want of weather. You see, there is no weather worth mentioning in the tapestried interior of two-foot walls of solid masonry.

Pure air? Possibly.

Exercise? Perhaps.

But weather means these two essential health-builders, and it means much more.

It means the blue vault of God's limitless sky, the mountain-dwarfing masses of wind-hurled cloud, the leap and flash of the lightning's giant rapier, the majestic roll of the thunder's diapason and drums. These lift the eyes from the earth, the mind from small, mean, sordid thoughts.

Weather is also the caress and whisper of the zephyr, the playful bantering of the breeze, the boisterous laughter, romp, and tussle of the wind, and the strong rage of

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the gale. And all these give pure air for the lungs, stimulating coolness and massage for the skin, a regenerating pull on the muscles, and the life-charged joy of play, contest, and victory. There follow increased functional activity and better elimination of wastes and poisons, resulting in pure, red, vital blood. And a vigorous stream of that kind of blood will wash a great many morbid, negative thoughts out of the mind.

And then, weather holds the expansive power of warm and happy sunshine, the worship-inspiring height, poise, and mystery of starlight, the emotional moonlight. It numbers among its effects the dawn and the sunrise, the noonday and the sunset—soul-lifting, Divine oratorios in light and color. Its heat imposes moderation and self-control; its cold sets the whole being a-tingle with snap and energy.

All these are powerful mental antiseptics. If you don't believe it, try it. Or, go out into the open—the mountains, the plains, and the forests—and drop your conversational sounding lead into the hearts and minds of the men and women who, in those vastnesses, have drunk deep of God's weather. You will not often bring up anything unwholesome or unclean. And they have received this boon all unconsciously. Find a man who has weathered his mental timber with senses trained and consciously alert for inspiration and cleansing, with a happy auto-suggestion that he is developing his positives, and you find a man of quiet but intense power and beauty of character. The sturdiest, cleanest, most successful men of all times—the men of large AREA—have been men who have lived in the large areas of earth and sea, and sky, purged and poised by plenty of weather.

Son, learn to know enough not to come in when it rains.

The Ideal Salesman

A Product of Science, He is Staunch, Strong and a
Producer of Profits.

HE has come to be a reality. Like anything new, he is a subject of much criticism. He is a product of science, therefore he is staunch and strong. He is also claimed to be a very important factor in the monthly profit sheet, and therefore he is not only an interesting but an important personage. To make him the better understood, we must in a way contrast him with his predecessor in this line.

Down to a recent date the salesman was, indeed, a haphazard individual. His advent to the calling was much in the nature of an accident. He made no studies or preparation for the work and had no idea that its successes depended on any principle. He was a law unto himself in all that relates to methods and expressions. He gained his knowledge of the business chiefly by imitation, partly by inquisitiveness and in very small doses by instinct. Once in a while he bloomed out bravely, because in an unconscious way he carried out laws and precepts that were to him simply composed in the air.

The Ideal Salesman is not an accident. He has been aroused to the fact that a good educational training is needed to prepare for salesmanship. He has also been advised that the calling is a true profession, and therefore he enters on a training with some sense of its dignity and its future possibilities. He learns that in the profession there is ample scope for his talents and a large field for promotion to heights that may not be accessible in other vocations. All this makes him proud of the business before he enters it.

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His training qualifies him in many ways that were never dreamed of under the old dispensation. To start with, he is made aware that his own character, allied to good health, is the basis of all success and prosperity. Hence he has given much care to the building of his physical forces, and, according to the measure of his success, is a solid all-round man, spiritually, mentally and physically, and one whose very presence inspires full confidence in those who have dealings with him. He has learned to be a man in order to be a good salesman and for still greater success has taken every pains to make himself a gentleman. Hence, among other things, he is endowed with such qualities as courage, initiative, sincerity, justice, sympathy, courtesy and tact. He also knows what loyalty means in the good old-fashioned sense. He has faith in himself, faith in his work and faith in God. He is prepared to do his whole duty by his employers, his associates, and the public they all serve.

The Ideal Salesman does not look upon his customers as mere prey. He has no idea that his mission is to trick or deceive them. On the contrary, he believes that in all dealings with them he should act only on lines that may result to their benefit as well as his own. He is disposed, therefore, to treat them as so many friends who place their interest in his hands, while he studies them in scientific ways in order that he may rightly influence them for their own good. One of his aims in life is to make every customer a friend, to himself and to his firm, so that in effect he is a business builder as well as a business getter.

The goods that he is handling are more to him than merchandise. They are elements in the needs or comfort of the public. They have attributes beyond mere weight or measure, texture or workmanship. Having studied his goods to the utmost by correct principles of logic, he

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knows what there is in them to turn the scale of purpose and influence his customers in heart as well as brain. In a word the new salesman has analyzed his goods in order to present them more attractively to purchasers.

The sale itself is a great achievement on which the new salesman plumes himself. His processes are based on the reasoning and experience of skillful preparation. He does not talk at random, and every word of what he does say is for the purpose of persuasion within the limits of mutual benefit. Hence he makes sales. He sells things. He sells plenty of them and at a good margin of profit. The quality of his sales is more to him than the mere sum of their total in dollars and cents. His record is as safe in the domain of figures as it is in that of soul and sentiment. He is to the house the most valuable asset it possesses, and should be so regarded and dealt with.

The Ideal Salesman recognizes the necessity for personal discipline, and daily studies to know himself. He is as regular in his personal habits of exercise, study and drill as is the soldier in preparation for the day of battle. He knows that the end of discipline is freedom from fear, worry, laziness, carelessness and all the rest of the black brood of negatives; so he perseveres. The old type salesman is now known as an "order taker," and he is so because he prefers to drift along with "the boys" and expend more time and energy writing his explanations and excuses to the House than would be required to eliminate the prominent negatives from his character. Here and there we find one "so callous to his own possibilities, so grown to his chains that we almost despair to see him awakened." His number is growing less, however, and ere long he will awake to find his place filled by our Ideal man of culture and refinement.

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Our Ideal Salesman brings to bear the inner light, the powers of the inner consciousness, upon his problems. He obtains results with an apparent ease that mystifies those who know too much to ever guess the "open secret."

Our Ideal Salesman is inspired by the things he has not yet accomplished. He elevates his mind from its grooves, turns his back on the past and, standing before the eternal now, he begins anew following the pattern set before him by science, fearing not to attempt anything and with "splendid audacity" giving a proper account of himself with every opportunity which passes within the rim of his observation. He knows that he is so constituted that, if he keeps his eyes open and sees things, his mind will be ever alert to grasp the useful and helpful elements with which all problems are worked out, all mysteries solved. It is this one faculty of mind—observation—the common property of all men, yet almost entirely ignored as a winning quality—that serves to make the order taker in his ignorance assign success to the realm of luck; while those who know the truth about it know that it is just a matter of training the physical senses, so that the mind will have accurate information—the right kind of building material.

Our Ideal Salesman does everything with a purpose. If he follows a theory, it is to uncover something—and he does. If he experiments, it is to produce something—and he does. He sees to it that the mass of known facts does not clog up the mental machinery and prevent him from catching the message of hope and possibility in the "out-goings of the morning and evening." He carries with him no air of superiority or manners of condescension, for he knows that what he really knows is but a drop out of the ocean of the infinitudes of wisdom. He will measure up any time to the standards of rectitude, and yet his charming graces of character are so clothed with humility that the

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roughest corners of busy life extend him a most cordial welcome. His genius, sincerity and originality are due to his inspiration, as Carlyle says of the writer of books. To him the all-important thing is that his work shall be *rightly* done, and so he trains eye and ear, realizing that "if they report falsely, all the other members are astray."

Yes, our Ideal Salesman is verily a hero; heroic not in sending his wares, his silks, his merchandise to the threshold of the home, but in seeking the best interests and the welfare of both merchant and consumer; and in so doing paying the price, willingly, of putting under his heel the selfish ends and ambitions that arise naturally enough as Fortune beckons and the consciousness of power suggests.

Heroism

There is yet another class who do not depend on corporal advantages, but support the winter in virtue of a brave and merry heart. One shivering evening, cold enough for frost, but with too high a wind, and a little past sundown, when the lamps were beginning to enlarge their circles in the growing dusk, a brace of barefoot lassies were seen coming eastward in the teeth of the wind. If the one was as much as nine, the other was certainly not more than seven. They were miserably clad, and the pavement was so cold you would have thought no one could lay a naked foot on it unflinching. Yet they came along waltzing, if you please, while the elder sang a tune to give them music. The person who saw this, and whose heart was full of bitterness at the moment, pocketed a reproof which has been of use to him ever since, and which he now hands on, with his good wishes, to the reader. R. E. Stevenson.

For Younger Philosophers

How a Boy Who Had Birds, Mice, Rabbits and Fishes for Pets Grew to be Great.

By R. E. Marshall.

WHEN Louis Agassiz, the world-famous naturalist, was a very small boy at his father's home in Switzerland, all of his leisure time was spent among the pets which he had gathered about him—birds, field mice, hares, guinea pigs and fishes. He loved them all and never tired of watching and caring for them. But the fishes especially were his favorites, and for them he constructed a rude aquarium from a large stone basin filled from a near-by spring. For hours at a time he would lie on the shores of Lake Morat, near which he lived, watching the fish darting about in the sunshine, occasionally catching one with his hands to add to his collection.

But he longed for further information about his beloved pets and, having heard of an old German professor not far from his home who was considered an authority on natural history, the boy sought him out and asked what it was necessary for him to do in order to study fishes. "Well, my boy," replied the kindly old German, as he drew an ill-smelling fish from a glass jar, "take this home with you and tell me tomorrow what you have discovered about it." The next day the boy returned and hesitatingly said: "I have studied the fish very hard, professor, but can't tell you anything about it." "Ach, you can't!" exclaimed the amazed professor. "Take this fish home again, boy. Study it more carefully and then tomorrow you can tell me something about it."

Four times he sent the lad back home with the little dead fish, telling him to study it more closely. Every spare moment he could find from work in his father's vineyard,

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Louis devoted to gazing at the lifeless fish. The third night it appeared to him in a most horrible dream. He saw it magnified a thousand times until it appeared a grinning, hideous monster, mocking him because he had not been able to find out something about it. Its glassy eyes fascinated him; he could feel the cold, clammy body against his flesh; he saw the glistening scales and fins. When he arose next morning the memory of his dream was still vivid, and with renewed determination he again tackled his study of the dead fish. His eyes had been opened at last. He saw with new appreciation the symmetrical body, the large eyes, the gills, the tiny fins, the silvery scales. He compared it with the living fish in his basin, and when the time came to go to the professor he delighted the old gentleman with the knowledge he had gained. "At last, my boy, you have learned to observe," was his comment. "That is the naturalist's first lesson."

Nor does the lesson apply to scientists alone. In every walk of life men and women need more fully to appreciate their need for this power of observation and to set about developing it. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" hence, if this training is begun in youth, the future life cannot help being richer and fuller. Some people go through the world only half alive to what is going on about them. They have no curiosity about the trees, birds and flowers, the wonders of electricity and machinery, and the countless things which surround them on every side. "Eyes have they, but they see not. . . . They have ears but they hear not." They have never learned to use these God-given faculties and, because of this fact, much of the beauty of life is to them a closed book or, at least, a book which has been but hastily or carelessly scanned and put aside. The great book of life is written in many languages and printed with many characters. We all read the large type more or less carefully, but it is the real

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students and lovers of nature who read the fine print, the foot-notes and references which give additional light and interest to the subject.

If you have just finished reading a story which has been very interesting and you have enjoyed every page, you can mentally go back over it and recall with little effort almost every incident; you can tell just where the hero was when each particular thing happened, who the other characters were and what they did, and every little thing which helped form the picture in your mind as you read. But, if the book were a history and you had been given a lesson from it to learn on a warm summer day, with dates to remember, descriptions of battles to commit, the names of generals to recollect, it might be more difficult. And for this reason: You were intensely interested in the story, you gave it every bit of your attention, you concentrated all of your thought upon each word, while you went about your history lesson in a half-hearted sort of way, feeling it a task and an effort and not giving it the same application and undivided attention that you gave the story.

That is just the reason so many of us do not see what is going on around us. We do not pay ATTENTION. We look at things, but do not see them; we hear sounds, but cannot recall them two minutes later. The brain has a number of servants who carry messages to it from the outer world. These are the eyes, ears, fingers, nose and mouth, and these little servants report what they have seen, heard, felt, smelled and tasted. Sometimes they are not very well trained servants and do not do their work faithfully, but, if they are once given to understand that the messages which they carry must be correct, then they can do wonders.

Now, think of this carefully: All the knowledge which we get from the outside world comes through the five physical-sense organs, the eyes, the ears, the fingers, the nose

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and the mouth. You can think of nothing material which cannot be seen, heard, felt, smelled, tasted. All of the information thus brought in by the little servants is placed in the storehouse of memory to remain until needed. And then what happens? We just recall it, bring it out of the storehouse of memory into the workshop of the brain. Every day we hear somebody say, "Oh, I've forgotten," but that is not what really occurred. The message which one of the little servants brought was in the storehouse all right, but it could not be found when needed, and we, therefore, thought it forgotten. The fact is, nothing is ever forgotten. We may not find some particular thing in our storehouse of memory at the time we need it, but later, perhaps, something will occur which will cause it to come flashing before us as much as to say, "Here I am; I haven't been lost." This shows the importance of cultivating an unfailing memory, so that we shall have no trouble in recalling impressions at the time they are needed, and this can be done by paying such strict attention to what we wish to remember that, when once placed in the storehouse, anything can be pulled out again at the very minute it is needed.

The reason why some people can return from a walk and tell of the horses they have seen, the birds they have heard, the delicious fruit they have eaten, the fragrance of the flowers they have passed, or the hard, smooth stone they have picked up, is because they have paid attention to what they saw, heard, tasted, smelled and felt. Others can walk along the same pathway and not notice any of these things. Their eyes may be as good and their ears as acute, but they do not pay attention, and consequently the messages which the senses are carrying to the brain are incomplete and cannot be recalled when needed.

The little servants must be trained to do their work properly. All five of the senses can be cultivated, unless,

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through some misfortune, one or more of them has been injured. Even then the accident to the one also serves to make the others more keen. Blind persons have a wonderful sense of touch. Helen Keller, blind and deaf, has not only learned to follow a speaker's words by placing her fingers upon his lips, but is thrilled by the music of an instrument through her sense of touch. This young girl, handicapped as she is by being unable to hear, see or speak, has gone through college with honors under special teachers, is a keen thinker and a writer of a good deal of ability. Through close application and by firm determination she developed her remaining senses to a remarkable degree. It is said that the fruit merchants of France can tell from the aroma of the grapes which they handle the exact locality in which they have been grown. By long practice they have so cultivated their sense of smell that they can distinguish grapes from different parts of the country. Buyers in the tea and coffee trade also have this keen sense of smell and can instantly tell the quality of the goods they handle by their odor. In other people we find the sight more highly developed, because the eyes are used more than the other senses. After traveling for nearly three months on a vast unknown sea with sailors who threatened his life unless he turned back, Christopher Columbus was at last able to quiet their fears by pointing out a tiny bit of seaweed which his anxious eyes had discovered floating past and which told his trained eyes that land was not far off.

These are but examples to show what can be done by earnestly trying to train the senses. To do this one must consciously make full use of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and fingers, and then think about the knowledge gained until he makes it his own. When you see or hear something which you wish to remember, look or listen carefully, putting all your attention on that particular

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thing; store it away in the storehouse of memory so that when you want to think of it again it can easily be recalled. For instance, if you want to remember a particular verse of poetry, look at it until you see a mental picture of those lines, then put all other things out of your mind until you see nothing but that bit of poetry. Give it all of your attention, concentrate upon it. Then repeat the lines, not once or twice, but many, many times, until you know they are your own and that you can recall them from the storehouse of memory whenever needed.

If one is a keen observer and not only observes but remembers, he is increasing his knowledge and therefore is increasing his ABILITY. The first word in our Mental Yardstick and the first quality we want to develop is ABILITY, which is the result of the development of our knowing powers. So it can easily be seen that in order to increase our ability we must increase our knowledge, and to do this we must train our senses and our memory.

I have tried to make plain the importance of close observation and a good memory. Young people can develop both more easily than older people, and I want all you boys and girls who read this article to decide, today, to improve in these respects. Each and every one of you can easily realize the importance of both in his life right at the present time. Begin now to observe and to remember. When you are walking along the street notice how many different things you see and then afterward try to recall them from the storehouse of memory. Try also to develop your senses of hearing, smelling, tasting and touching. Train the five little servants until they are experts, bringing correct impressions to the brain. They will do your bidding if you but command them.

A Mosaic

Dare to Be Original.

There is a forcing in initiative
Which setting argument itself aside,
Breeds with hot-blooded propagation
Deeds from mere heedlessness, and instant cuts
Prime reason from her standing, driving thought
Into magnetic sequence; who lead men
Do it by fire and not by regimen.

H. BIGG.

—Much talent is lost for want of a little courage.

—Initiative does not condemn those in front. It emulates them.

—Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

—Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told once.

—Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.

—The world wants leaders, thinkers, doers, men of power and action, men who can step out from the crowd and lead instead of following.

—Originality is the one thing of which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use.

—Let an independent thinker show a fearless fidelity to his convictions and the shafts of bigotry and envy fall helpless and harmless at his feet.

—Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success.

The Common Good

The Sheldon Success Formula is a good text for a discourse on almost any subject. Like a rich vein of gold, it yields "high grade," no matter from what direction you dig into it.

Let us sink a shaft into it from the standpoint of citizenship, and see what we get.

"Success is the Attainment and Preservation of a Practicable and Legitimate Ideal."

Corollary: "In finality, success includes the attainment of Health, Long Life, Money and Honor."

Follow closely this reasoning then:

The enactment and enforcement of National, State and Municipal laws regulating food adulteration, control of contagion, purity of the water supply, sanitation in the disposal of waste, cleanliness of streets and alleys, and other such matters are necessary to my health.

Proper laws for the preservation of the peace and safety of the individual, guaranteeing him protection from death by assassination or some one's criminal negligence, must be made and executed or my long life is in jeopardy.

Wise and just laws relating to revenue, taxation, banking, bankruptcy, property and a thousand and one other matters pertaining to finance and business, and such laws wisely and fearlessly administered, are needful for the protection of my money.

Unless my country, my state, my county, and my city are free, good, powerful, and well governed, such laws will not be enacted and enforced.

According to the laws of harmony and mutual benefit my country and all its departments and divisions will be only as free, good, powerful, and well governed as the sum of the freedom, goodness, power and good government furnished by all its individual citizens.

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Therefore, I, as a citizen, am responsible for the character of the government under which I live; and, if any evil or weakness on the part of my country causes the loss of my health, life, or money, I am to blame unless I have done all in my power to weed out that evil or overcome that weakness.

Hence, if I am to attain and preserve health, long life, and money, I must be a good citizen.

But what about honor?

That is a very important factor.

Well, would you think a man worthy of very much honor of whom it could truthfully be said:

"Here is a man who, through lack of either right thinking, right feeling, or right action, took no interest in the common good, his own included; but, so far as he was concerned, permitted the health, lives, and money of his neighbors and himself to become the prey of a government that was either weak, wicked, or foolish, or all three?

Of course not, and there you are. We have dug the beautiful nugget of good citizenship out of the broad vein of the Sheldon Success Formula.

Now, having got the gold, how are we to mint it into useful coins?

"Get the study habit."

Apply your thinking, remembering, and imagining ability to the problems of civil government. Learn to think right about them. Feel right about national, state, and municipal questions, and your duty toward them, both as obedience to existing laws and ordinances, and the enactment and enforcement of better laws. Then act, and act right upon this knowing and feeling.

The Business Philosopher wants to help you to know and to feel on the problems of good government and the qualities of good citizenship. There is a great deal of

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other valuable help available. The American Institute of Civics, founded in 1885 by some of the best, wisest, and most representative minds and hearts in the nation, has done much to promote good citizenship, and is doing more.

Its purposes are outlined as follows:

"To promote the integrity, intelligence, patriotism, vigilance and other qualities in citizenship which are essential to the common weal under the rule of the people. To this end it seeks to bring into effective cooperation home influences, educational efficiencies, the platform, the public press, and all other available agencies, irrespective of parties, sects, or classes."

This Institution, all of whose lecturers, writers, and teachers, men and women of the highest attainments, do their work freely, without monetary compensation, publishes a magazine, "The Common Good," devoted to the objects of the Institution. The magazine is well worth reading and study.

—Every time a new idea or invention comes into the world, a hundred men arise who claim, sometimes privately and sometimes publicly, that the idea originated in their own brains before its promoter ever thought of it. Their claim is usually a correct one. Thousands of men are ready to think, where one is found who will both think and act; and these very men furnish constant proof of the proposition.

—Real success depends upon happy combination of knowledge and initiative, but the latter is, of necessity, the more important; for, whereas an active man may occasionally succeed by accident when he acts ignorantly, a learned man who never acts has no possible chance of success.

The Business Philosopher

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Let's Talk Business

You are glad for the improvement in the appearance and flavor of The Business Philosopher this month? Of course you have noticed it. You have seen that we have an artistic new cover design; that we are resplendent in a new and neat dress of type; that the old jangle of colors in the stock has been replaced by a more expensive and harmonious paper of refined and simple elegance. We hope that you have noted an increased snap and vigor in the subject matter.

These are only the beginning of good things to come.

We are going to take you into our confidence and give you a little idea of some of our plans.

In the first place, you already know from Mr. Sheldon's editorial in the August number that he will give more of his own personal time and effort to the editorial work on The Business Philosopher, especially in connection with "AREA" development. The value of this campaign cannot be expressed in money. The editor is also devoting careful attention to the building up of an able staff, through whom he plans to add new and valuable features.

Another thing, exit the monthly "classic." We hope to write and buy helpful original matter.

Again, we are planning to exhaust the resources of money and skill in the production of a magazine which shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The advance movement this month is only the beginning of what we are preparing to do. We purpose in our heart to make

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The Business Philosopher a model of artistic design, richness of material, harmony of color, and typographical excellence. As such it will not only please the eye and the touch, but will be an education to every business and professional man who uses printer's ink.

More than ever, also, The Business Philosopher will be a scientific salesman of all meritorious commodities. With quiet but dynamic persistence it will carry your selling arguments into the inner offices of progressive and liberal buyers, big and little, in every corner of the earth. And it will present your claims in a most telling way because of its high quality and rare prestige. You know this is true. And just bear in mind also that we are embarking upon a vigorous campaign for the rapid multiplication of our circulation figures. We are advertised by our loving friends, and they are coming nobly to our assistance in rushing in new subscriptions. We have set our mark high, but we are approaching it by leaps and bounds.

Finally, brethren, The Business Philosopher is devoted to the common good.

You will get real happiness by getting your own shoulders to the wheel.

We can help you.

You can help us to help others.

Pass the good thing along.

In another part of this number of The Business Philosopher will be found a description of the new location of the headquarters of the magazine at Libertyville, Illinois. In connection with this change, the name of the Science Press has been set aside for the more fitting one of Sheldon University Press.

The move includes the editorial and circulation offices of The Business Philosopher, also the large book department of the Press.

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In these large, convenient quarters, and with an up-to-date and adequate equipment, we are prepared to give all our old subscribers and customers, and, we trust, a host of new ones the prompt and courteous treatment of the past, with an increment.

Read our magazine and book announcements.

Give us a trial today.

Let us show that, with the advantages of the new location, we can make good in action.

SHELDON UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Wanted: Facts About Products

"This summer, the librarian at Galesburg Illinois, remarked, 'What has broken loose in town since the Sheldon Philosophy came here? We have such great demand for articles on materials.'"

This from a correspondent brings to mind more on the same line, from the pen of an authority:

"There is great need for printed matter upon products—either raw or manufactured.

"I, myself, have scoured the libraries all through the country, both personally and by correspondence, and find very little printed in the matter."

Here is a need—a need of those who are seeking to develop their A+R+E+A. The Business Philosopher proposes to supply it, as far as possible in the scope of the magazine. To that end we request simple short articles on products and materials—the things business men handle. We desire knowledge from those who know. Let this include the art study, giving the general principles of mass, form, lines, color, etc., such things as the ordinary worker is unable to find in print outside of technical works.

We have many letters from our friends, saying, "I'll do all I can to help."

Here is your opportunity.

It is for bright, observing, alert men, who know the things they make or sell.

Don't be backward about this because you think your English will not pass. Send The Business Philosopher the facts, and we will do the rest.

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The Philosopher Among His Books

White Hyacinths, by Elbert Hubbard. The Roycrofters. East Aurora, New York.

Elbert Hubbard is something of a poseur. He likes to talk about himself, he likes to be a bit queer, and he likes to make people sit up and listen. Perhaps the way to express it is that he is a cracker-jack advertising man—a self-advertising man.

White Hyacinths is a confession of some of the big things he and his wife have done. He appreciates himself and what is more he appreciates his wife, and he isn't afraid to radiate his appreciation to the world, all of which is very Roycroftie.

And he certainly does know what good printing and binding are.

Here is a book printed on beautiful dull cream paper—none of your glossy blue, white coated papers for Hubbard. The titles and headlines, as well as initials, are in a soft yellowish green that fairly blends into the richly cream-tinted paper. Such soft blending of color American printers eschew. They seem studiously to avoid such harmony. But to you and me it is as restful as a western zephyr.

And then the text letter is clear and black enough to be seen. The ink is bright and heavy. It covers the letter all over, and does not leave the paper showing through a thousand points where black ought to be. Gray printing is another thing the American printer adores, but which kills the eyesight of you and me.

And then in the front are two portraits (himself and his wife) facing each other—not the garish American half-tones, but real etchings or something that looks like real etchings. Hubbard's imitations are frequently better than

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the things he imitates, for he isn't afraid to buy good paper and good ink even for imitations.

Personally I prefer to be delivered from his affectations, such as his title, "So here cometh WHITE HYACINTHS, being a book of the heart," etc., and his concluding, "Done into print by the Roycrofters at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York." Neither do I like his queer way of not indenting his paragraphs, but starting them flush with the rest of the type and tailing everything off to a pyramid at the end of a chapter. Those are peculiarities no sane man would imitate—advertising wrinkles, I suppose. But rich, warm paper, heavy type and clear black ink, wide margins, and justly proportioned pages every one can have and ought to have, and it is to be hoped that in the future the Sheldon University Press will have them, too. Of binding we must speak at another time.

Living by Natural Law, by John Edwin Ayer. Loman & Hanford, Seattle, Wash.

From the far West comes a book in almost rustic binding which ought to be read by at least ten million people. It is clear, common sense, free from prejudice, and inspiringly healthful and helpful. In his preface Mr. Ayer says, "No publication of the science of living has yet been so framed as to reach the mind of that practically progressive element of society upon which we must depend to give form and effect to any movement for social reform. That the work shall be accomplished is inevitable, but by what agency no one can say. It is therefore the privilege and duty of each one who gains the knowledge to test his power for giving out the light, though his only reward may be the joy of effort." Evidently Mr. Ayer has said what he has said simply for the purpose of helping his possible readers, having no thoughts or plans of gain or

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fame or pride or egotism. And he has produced a book upon success in everyday living which is a wonder of common sense lucidity and simplicity.

He speaks throughout of "Genetics" and "Vitosophy" and uses "electric" and "magnetic" in unnatural and purely arbitrary senses. But these scarcely blemish the surface of his practical, unprejudiced and sane philosophy.

He has chapters upon the seven senses, temperaments, virtues, bad habits, the laws of food, of clothing, of exercise, of cleanliness, and of reproduction. He touches very lightly upon medicine and religion, race problems, and social relations, confining himself for the most part to sound thinking and high living.

He points out that we have seven senses rather than five. The two new senses are "gender" and "clairvoyance" or "telepathy." The latter he is inclined to think after all is only "the mental switchboard of the other senses." His treatment of gender as a sense is one of the most remarkable things in the book, and is a very important part of the entire work; and it may be said that nothing more delicate, refined, restrained, and enlightening could be written. Sex problems are delicate and difficult to handle, but Mr. Ayer, every reader must admit, has been uniformly successful, and for this part of the book alone it is well worth buying.

Credit is given by the author to S. T. Fowler and Wm. Windsor, both associated with phrenology, but both devoted more deeply to a broad human philosophy. Mr. Ayer is not bounded by these men, however, but stands on his own common sense feet.

"That Last Waif; or Social Quarantine," a Brief, by Horace Fletcher, Advocate for the Waifs. Frederick A. Stokes, New York.

To abolish crime and criminals, beggary and beggars from the United States and Canada within ten years—or fifteen as the utmost limit—is the worthy work for which the author of this remarkable book makes his plea.

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It sounds frothy, almost paranoiac, to the common, lay reader.

But don't be in too great a hurry to condemn it as fanaticism and pass on. You will miss one of the greatest things of the twentieth century if you do.

Because Mr. Fletcher makes a very strong case.

Briefly, it is this:

Highest authorities of all times and in all lands agree that the character of every individual is formed before he reaches seven years of age.

Those who know agree that criminals are but neglected babies grown up.

Experience proves that through kindergartens, or character-building and habit-forming schools, the most neglected waifs can be made into good citizens with less than two per cent of failure.

A sufficient number of such schools, properly equipped and manned—or rather “womaned,” for Mr. Fletcher proposes to turn this work over to a “Mother Department” of the government—would cost less than one tenth of what is now being spent in a vain attempt to wipe out crime by punishment and on reformatories, asylums, hospitals, workhouses, and other such institutions.

It would take five years to establish these kindergartens. According to statistics, it would take four years more for the existing crop of criminals to die out or reform. That makes nine. Call it fifteen years for the sake of conservatism, and the work is done. A perfect “Social quarantine” has been established that prevents undesirable citizens from coming into the country by the cradle route. “That last waif,” has been rescued and made useful.

This is the barest skeleton of Mr. Fletcher's argument. There is much more of pure golden value in the 270 pages of his little book, among other things a chapter by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, that every one who loves himself, his fellow men, his country, and his God ought to read. Mr. Fletcher is intensely practical, getting down to details. He also shows results, and an astonishing array of splendid people lined up with him.

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As Others See Us "A Source of Help and Enthusiasm"

"The regular appearance of your most valued little magazine, The Business Philosopher, is a source of help and enthusiasm to me. It has increased my AREA already, and I know that it will continue to do so, thanks to its enthusiastic and active editor. I have taken The Business Philosopher since February and every copy has added to my appreciation of it.

"The article about the Funk Farm and its persevering owners was fine."

L. H. WATKINS,
Agent Royal Insurance Co., Carlton, Minn.

Spent a Whole Day Reading It

"I enclose subscription from Mr. S. M. Williamson for The Business Philosopher, to begin with the September number. Mr. Williamson found the magazine lying on my desk and was so enthusiastic in regard to the matter contained in it that he spent a whole day in reading it without allowing the copy to get out of his hands. To my mind this is an extremely high compliment of your work. I am reading the magazine each month with a great deal of interest. I will do my best to get subscriptions among my friends.

"I wish you unbounded success in your 'Area' development and will try to lend a hand in this work.

"Thanking you for your kind invitation to meet you in Chicago, I beg to remain, Yours very truly,

(Signed) W. G. ERSKINE."

Assistant General Agent Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Memphis, Tenn.

"B. P." PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

Here's to Your Success!

Health, Long Life, Money and Honor to Every
Reader of The Business Philosopher.

Success is not a matter of luck or blind guesswork.

Like everything else in the Universe, it is governed by Law.

Its attainment is a science, just as exact as the science of Mathematics.

The Laws and Science of Success have been discovered and woven into a Philosophy which forms the basis of True Education.

Mr. Sheldon, editor of The Business Philosopher, has, by years of practical work, painstaking research and study, and thousands of careful experiments, evolved this Practical Ideal.

Many thousands of men and women have made this Philosophy the basis of a True Education.

You may share their advantages.

If you but say the word, a silent messenger will bring you every month a perfect little casket of precious jewels of thought daintily wrapped in the artistic covers of The Business Philosopher.

Into this magazine, Mr. Sheldon is putting his best effort.

It is a very compact, convenient little magazine that you can carry comfortably in your pocket.

It can be read at home, on the cars, while you wait at the station, between times at the office—anywhere and everywhere.

And one copy may give you an idea that will net you thousands of dollars—or better still, light up your life with Real Happiness, the crown of True Success.

Others have this privilege

Why not you?

There is something for you on the next page

"B. P." PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

How to be Happy

How much would you give to learn this greatest of all secrets?

A hundred dollars? A thousand? Ten Thousand? A Million?

What's that? The price limited only by your wealth?

You are wise

For happiness is worth your all.

Without it money is a cankering curse.

With it your whole being expands, your abilities and strength are raised to the *n*th power, and making money becomes easy.

But you needn't take out your check-book.

You can get the Secret of Happiness and all that leads up to, and grows out of it **Absolutely Free!**

It is to be found in any one of the FOUR SPLENDID BOOKS we are offering as premiums with The Business Philosopher.

One dollar pays your subscription to The Business Philosopher for One Year, from January 1, 1908 to December 31, 1908, and we will send you all the numbers issued between now and January 1st gratis.

In addition, we will mail you, postpaid, any of the four remarkable books described below.

This is worth your careful attention.

Here are the books:

"From Poverty to Power," by James Allen, that past master of the mysteries of the human heart and mind, and minister to their needs. Get the rare fragrance and beauty of his spirit from his foreword to this book:

"I looked around upon the world, and saw that it was shadowed by sorrow and scorched by the fierce fires of suffering. And I looked for the cause. I looked around, but could not find it; I looked in books, but could not find it; I looked within, and found there both the cause and the self-made nature of this cause. I looked again and deeper, and found the remedy. I found one Law, the Law of Love; one Life, the Life of adjustment to that Law; one Truth, the Truth of a conquered mind and a quiet and obedient heart. And I dreamed of writing a book which should help men and women whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, worldly or unworldly, to

"B. P." PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

thoughts of the race, and then should the race perish, the library being still in existence, the ideas would have perished."

There are 324 pages of the most carefully drawn and written plans and specifications for man building in this book, splendidly bound in cloth, with gilt top and title. You get the book for nothing. We send it to you postpaid with one year's subscription to *The Business Philosopher*.

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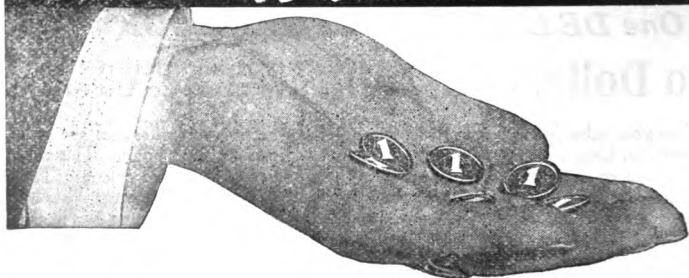
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VOL. 3

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No. 11



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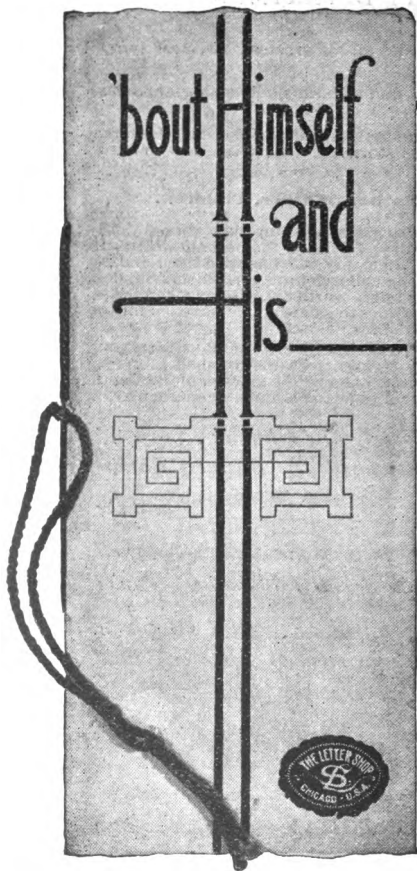
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Editor—A. F. SHELDON

Vol. III

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 11

Heart, Head and Hand Philosophy

By the Editor.

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That is true—Simon pure fact.

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The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

Do not spread yourself out too thin, brother—man does not look well that way, and besides he does not make much of a dent in any one place.

There is much wisdom in that old saw about not putting all your eggs into one basket, but there is also ore from the same vein in a "good one" that Ford got off the other day. He said, "Put all your eggs into one incubator and then keep that incubator warm."

Naturally, if you went into the chicken business even to make a living, let alone to get rich, you could not follow Ford's advice literally very long—but you catch his meaning.

If you persist in shooting with the shotgun of scatteration instead of using the rifle of concentration, you will pass the Socratic golden mean and the Hubbardic pivotal point, awakening some time to find yourself in the fix of the fellow that a friend of mine wrote about the other day. My friend is a successful but, perhaps, overambitious business man occupying an important and very responsible position in one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. He had been doing about four men's work for several months. I noticed it and wrote him a rather scolding letter, admonishing him to moderation. I quote from his reply as follows:

"My trouble last season was a great deal like what struck the fellow that got on a St. Louis street car about 'three sheets in the wind.' He was a politician and knew everybody in that section. Steadying himself on the back platform he leered at every passenger that got aboard. Recognizing a man from Iowa, he said:

"'I can lick any (hic) blankety blank man from Iowa.'

"The Iowan passed into the car without noticing him.

"Next came a man from Missouri.

"'I can lick (hic) any blankety blank man from Missouri.'

"Number Two passed in without accepting the challenge.

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"Then a long razorback man from Texas boarded the car only to be met with the same 'I can lick any blankety (hic) blank man from Texas.'

"The Texan mixed it up with our drunken friend on the spot. When he was through with him the politician struck the floor of the car going forty miles an hour.

"The jolt sobered him up a little. As he regained his equilibrium he said:

"'I know what's the (hic) matter with me. I took in too bloomin' much territory.'

"That was my trouble last season—I took in too much territory."

The moral, of course, is: Don't try to cover too much ground.

It really does pay to concentrate.

* * * * *

When we cultivate the senses keenly enough, so that when we look we see and when we hear we understand, it is not difficult to learn valuable lessons from the so-called humble walks of life.

My very good friend Raymond, of Des Moines, Iowa, learned a good lesson from a shoemaker the other day. He wrote me about it. Here is his letter:

"Nine o'clock to-night I walked around the corner to the shoemaker's. He was at work this morning at seven and working when I called to-night.

"I inquired as to the number of hours he worked.

"He said, 'I begin at six and work until I finish all I have promised to have done early to-morrow. You see those shoes over there? Well, I must do them to-night, but I shall be done by ten-thirty.'

"'How many pairs of shoes do you mend a day?' I next asked.

"'As many as I promise, no more and no less,' said he. 'To-day I repaired sixteen pairs—that is, soled and heeled—then I sewed patches on ten other pairs.'

"He stated his profit was twelve dollars and eighty cents after the cost of keeping the family was deducted.

"This man owns quite a little property that he made 'at the bench.'

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"I came home with my shoes and looked in the looking-glass."

That shoemaker certainly has his eggs all in one incubator and is keeping it at the right temperature.

For him they are "golden" eggs, hatching houses and lots, whilst many a "pipe-dreamer's" incubator hatcheth not at all.

The glory of the commonplace is good.

And by the way, readers, when you see good success examples now and then, send them to us.

Before leaving the Des Moines shoemaker, measure him up by the efficiency yardstick.

Note well his AREA.

Has he Ability in his line?

He must have to enjoy that volume of trade.

Has he Reliability?

I think so, George, else he would not hold the business. Nor would he be likely to save his money for investment in real estate.

Has he Endurance?

He could not very well work the number of hours he is working without it.

Has he Action?

Surely—he doubtless moves twice where the average shoemaker moves once, and still does it just as accurately.

Do you and I measure up in our particular work as well as the shoemaker does in his? Think it over.

* * * * *

One good way to guard against covering too much territory is to see to it that you do accurately the work in hand; that accuracy is applied to each and every item of work which goes to make up the whole.

This thought of accuracy has set my mental machinery of association at work, causing me to look up an article which a friend in Pittsburg sent me some time ago.

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The article was written by a man who holds several degrees in the school of experience and is so rich in the gold of common sense that I really must pass it along to you.

It is entitled, "The Waste of Time," but it brings out most clearly the value of accuracy in one's work, no matter what he is doing.

Accuracy has a most vital bearing on both Ability and Reliability.

You will find the article just mentioned on page 501 of this issue.

* * * * *

But for all this, if you be a leader, do not fear to lead.

The world must have leaders.

You may have several incubators, and still concentrate on the chicken business.

By the same token, you may attempt much more in your business by multiplying units.

What you then need is Organization.

Get the right men around you and then trust them, of course keeping your powder dry and your eye on the register of reports.

The right system of reports, and they not pigeonholed, but really studied and digested and judiciously tested, are a good registering thermometer for keeping tab on the temperature of your incubator. This plan, faithfully followed, will enable you, if you are really a business leader, to keep—not too many—but three or four busy incubators going and each hatching good, healthy chicks.

* * * * *

When you take your pen in hand and sit down to write out a scheme of organization for your business, there are a few general principles that it would be a good thing to bear in mind.

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In the first place, don't let any bogeys about the viciousness of organization scare you.

I am talking about the hallucination that some very good people have that, because some enterprises have been "organized to death," all organization will result in either tying the business up so tightly with red tape that it can't breathe, or handing out so many epaulets and shoulder-straps that there will be more side-arms than muskets in the brigade.

We have all seen splendid enterprises stop growing because the grim "old man" that built them up, refusing to create departments and delegate responsibility and authority to lieutenants, has kept his gnarled, overworked fist so heavily upon every detail that there could be no further expansion.

The honest old chap had been scared by a bogey. That was the trouble.

He didn't stop to reflect that it wasn't organization that ruined the business of his friend across the street, but some error of omission or commission in the plan or operation of organization.

Nor did he stop to reflect that nothing is ever done without organization.

Why, bless you! the dear old fellow was himself an organization, and a much complicated one at that.

Just think of the grand divisions, body, mind and soul; the subdivisions of each, the body into brain, respiratory system, "circulation department," alimentary system, eliminative organs, bony frame, muscular equipment, nervous system and skin; the mind into intellect, feeling and will; the soul, as yet but little understood, but perhaps more highly organized than either. Each of the subdivisions of body and mind is, in turn, still further subdivided and resubdivided until, in the case of the body, we get down to the microscopic cells of which the whole struc-

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ture is formed, each an individual in itself, and yet each, in the healthy body, in the most perfect correlation, harmony and adaptation to every other cell in its own and every other system.

We have hit upon a happy illustration, for the wonderful organism of man is the most perfect model for the organization of any business. It embodies in concrete form the most important of the general principles I started to tell you about.

These I propose to discuss briefly, under the following heads:

1. Purpose.
2. Specialization.
3. Adaptation.
4. Correlation and Centralization.
5. Personal equation.

You get my idea in writing Purpose at the very head of the list. It seems self-evident that your organizer must have a very definite and clear idea of what he expects his organization to accomplish before he sets out to plan its departments. And yet, some very ingenious business systems have gone to the scrap heap with a prodigal waste of golden dollars for no other reason than that their builders didn't know exactly what results they wanted to get. Too often a model, successful in some other man's business, has been slavishly followed, without due consideration of the fact that the end in view was not the same. Or the purpose in mind has been too vague, too general, too carelessly formulated.

To take a lesson from our model, the human organism: a man may have ever so strong and enduring a body, a powerful and alert intellect, well stored with useful knowledge, sincerely conscientious ethical feelings, and a vast fund of energy, and yet be a sad failure because he

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has no definite, fixed purpose in life. We have all known and grieved over such "brilliant ne'er-do-weels."

It is the man with unwavering eye and unfaltering spirit, his face set like a flint toward his goal, commonplace plodder though he be, that arrives.

Having settled definitely the result sought by organization, the next step is division into logical departments, each with its special work to do in effecting the end in view.

This is Specialization.

If this is properly done, there will be no orphan job wailing from one departmental door to another, and no big, overfed process, luxuriating in bed and board in two or more departments, through the very common and exceedingly costly mistake of duplicating work.

I might say a great deal more along this line, for one of the most common weaknesses in organization is faulty or insufficient Specialization. But I can safely leave you to think out the rest from this suggestion.

Having clearly fixed the purpose of your organization and carefully specialized its departments, the next step is to adapt those departments to the work they are expected to do. A complete survey must be made of this work. It must be thoroughly analyzed in all its processes, cut down to the very least bulk compatible with efficiency, pruned of all needless circumlocution, and given an arrow-like directness to its mark. Then the machinery of the department must be built to accomplish the work with the maximum of efficiency and speed, the minimum of friction and lost motion.

I once knew a man that was given the task of installing an accounting system in a large publishing house. He knew very little about the publishing business, but he had the advantage of a number of years' experience in municipal accounting. He made a cursory and superficial study of conditions, thought a minute, struck an attitude, shouted "Eureka," and set to work.

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He worked with an energy and enthusiasm that inspired confidence in the people who had employed him, and they printed several cart-loads of forms and blank books for use in the wonderful "system" which they expected would save them thousands of dollars.

At last the great work was finished.

It was then that the confiding publishers found they had installed an accounting department that would have been worth a big issue of bonds to a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, with municipal gas, light, and waterworks. But it wasn't worth a tin dime to them.

They sold the forms and blank books to the rag man for half a cent a pound, and that was all they ever got out of it, except the experience.

The trouble, of course, was want of Adaptation.

Correlation and Centralization—that is, a smooth, frictionless and harmonious coworking of part with part, all helpful to each, and each to all, both because they are so planned and because they are obedient to intelligent directions from the main office.

Of this we have no finer example than the human body.

How wonderful and how perfect the interdependence and mutual helpfulness of all its organs!

The circulatory system supplies them all with blood. It and all the rest are supplied with needed nourishment by the alimentary organs. The respiratory system gets blood and nourishment from the other two, and, in its turn, helps to carry off their wastes and energizes them with oxygen. The brain and nervous system, maintained by the others, is a speedy and perfect messenger service for the entire organism. The bony and muscular frame performs a thousand services for the others and is fed, strengthened, cleansed, and renewed by them. And above them all, directing all their processes, sits the soul, the "main office."

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When any organ, through disease, refuses to serve the others, all suffer, and, unless the body is quickly brought into harmony, dissolution ensues. And nothing will kill a business quicker than lack of harmony and correlation between its departments.

Our Great Teacher was eternally right when He said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

And now, having done all these things, and done them just right, you still have the biggest and most important job of all before you. Unless you can do that wisely and well, the beautiful edifice you have built may come tumbling about your ears with a dismal clatter.

I mean the choice of men—the solving of the personal equation.

Andrew Carnegie once said that he had made most of his money by picking out the right men for the right places.

The severest test of every leader, in business or elsewhere, is in his choice of lieutenants.

And the hardest problem that men in high positions have to-day is to find competent department heads.

That is why True Education, through the filling in of useful knowledge and the drawing out of the positives Ability, plus Reliability, plus Endurance, plus Action, is so important, not only to every man in the ranks, but to the men in command—for those looking upward that they may rise, for those bearing responsibility that they may have helpers upon whom they can rely.

Having put a man in a place of responsibility, give him commensurate authority. It is all very fine to put a man in charge of a department and tell him to "make good." But his chance for making good is small if his authority is curtailed and he is constantly interfered with. If you have organized properly and chosen your men wisely, give them their head, keep an eye on reports, and they will make good.

Then your business will work for you "while you sleep."
But you must not sleep too long.

Thou Buildest

THE will to evil and the will to good
Are both within thee, which wilt thou employ?
Thou knowest what is right and what is wrong,
Which wilt thou love and foster? which destroy?

Thou art the chooser of thy thoughts and deeds;
Thou art the maker of thine inward state;
The power is thine to be what thou wilt be;
Thou buildest Truth and Love, or lies and hate.

—“The Light of Reason.”

The Waste of Time

By E. S. McClelland

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following communication, from one of our correspondents, sufficiently explains the very excellent and practical paper which we take pleasure in giving our readers. It is reprinted from "Progress." Read it. "Enclosed you will find a copy of an address given by Mr. E. S. McClelland, assistant chief engineer of the Westinghouse Machine Company, of Pittsburg, before a club of young men employees of that concern. This man developed his talent, ability and character despite some of the worst conditions that ever a young man had to overcome. He surmounted all obstacles, and has now a position of great responsibility. He is held in the highest esteem and friendship, not only by Mr. Westinghouse himself, but by the men who serve under his direction. He is a splendid example of character building and health culture."

WHAT is time? The duration of one's life; the hours and days which a person has at his disposal. In passing hastily over the possible ways in which time can be wasted, may I ask you to make at least a mental note of the one or more in which you waste the most precious thing you have?

"We are very likely to think only of soldiering, but this is only one of the many, many ways; in itself it is bad enough and in many cases leads to worse methods. You are all familiar with soldiering, and most of you, I am sure, are so free from so common a method as to join us in despising the man who 'soldiers during working hours,' but you may be only practicing a more modern and up-to-date method.

"The most fruitful source for waste of time arises from inaccuracy in work. I lay great stress upon this point. If we are inaccurate in our work, we have wasted not

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only our own time but the time of all those dependent on us for the proper prosecution of the work after it leaves our hands. A drawing is made under the direction of a first-class engineer who pays much attention to general design; an error creeps in unnoticed, due to inaccurate work or instructions. The design is finished, it is passed on to the detailer, and then to the tracer, blue printer, checker, foreman draftsman, and finally back to the chief engineer. If the error is found, it goes back to each man, consuming the time of ten men for possibly three hours. Now supposing the error is not discovered, the drawing goes to pattern shop, foundry, machine shop, erecting shop; the material is shipped, and when erected is found defective and must be replaced by a part of proper design; often occasioning the greatest inconvenience to the purchaser. Who can measure the waste of time, not only of the man responsible for the error, but of all those contributing to the finished piece? Who is the loser? Not the man or men, but the employer. Think of the possibilities of an error in a great establishment, and try to grasp the fact that the success or failure of its management depends upon every man being accurate in all his work, whether his position is great or small.

“Much time is wasted for lack of positive directions! If we expect every man to accomplish our wishes, we must convey them in a clear, unmistakable manner, leaving out no detail we may have had in mind, and we must tell it in the language of the other man, so that he may have a reasonable chance to grasp our meaning. This is one of the most difficult things we have to do, calling for a very accurate knowledge of every man's capacity. We must know our men, so that each man may be given work for which he is best suited.

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“Loafing on a street corner is a waste of time. The less you do of this, young man, the better off you will be. Benjamin Franklin has said, ‘Dost thou love life? Then do not squander Time, for that is the stuff Life is made of.’ And Gladstone has said, ‘Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings. One of the most important lessons for any man or boy to learn early in life is the economy of time. It is a truth not to be refuted, that lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever. Economy of time will furnish you with a working capital which nothing can rob you of, for capital is nothing more or less than the abstinence from present gratification for the sake of future needs.’

“Do not let me hear that you do not have time to spare. You have all the time there is; go hunt out the men in your own community who have done the most for their own and the general good and you will find them to be almost uniformly the overworked class, almost driven to death; men who seem well-nigh swamped with cares, who keep up a ceaseless activity from January to December. In nine cases out of ten, this type of man, busy as he may be, will always be found capable of doing a little more, and you may rely upon him in his busiest season with more assurance than upon the idle man or the corner loafer. The reason for this is, that to do increases the power of doing; it is easier for one who is always exerting himself to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose than for him who does nothing to ‘get up steam.’ Give a busy man ten minutes to write a letter

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and he will dash it off at once; give an idle man a day and he will postpone it until to-morrow or next week.

“You young men do not perhaps realize that your actions outside of business hours are, in many cases, known to your superior officers and that the way you spend your time has weight with them as to your future. The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to a firm wall as the great stones. And so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions and with strength a man's mind and character.

“What does it cost a man to waste time by loafing? Such an one will cease to progress. He will begin to vegetate; will stand still for a time, and then he will go backward and downward until he is no longer in the race, and over his tomb may well be inscribed, ‘A failure; the result of waste of time.’ The man who knows the economy of time will know the art of spending it, just as the man who has acquired the art of economizing and saving money knows the value of it.

“A most important point in the matter of time saving lies in the attention we give to detail. Everything we come in contact with is in the aggregate a mass of detail, and no more fruitful source of time saving can be found than in attention to detail. A man who is to succeed must not only be industrious, but he must have ‘An almost ignominious love for detail.’ We are employed by one of the most successful business men, manufacturers and inventors in this country, and I believe I can safely say that one of the foundation stones upon which his large interests rest will have engraved upon it, ‘Attention to Detail.’ The success of any institution depends largely upon those who handle the detail. It is for the employers to plan the larger things (and this to a large degree must be all they

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can do), leaving the details of their schemes to be worked out by their subordinates. The result is, in many cases, that their plans fall through; for no other reason than the neglect of some clerk or other employe they do not succeed.

“No great man ever became so who did not pay strict attention to detail. You, apprentice boy; you, machinist; you, clerk, note that the slightest error in any detail, be it a bed-plate or be it a cotter-pin, will cost your employer a loss which you cannot repay by months of labor and effort, and in the end you do not have his confidence.

“It may be hard for you to figure out what it costs you and what it costs your employer. It is hard for me. It cannot be estimated in money value.

“Wasting your time by Idleness, Soldiering, Inattention to detail, Inaccuracy, Gossiping, Loafing on the street, all tend to work out in the end to your everlasting discredit.

“These faults will develop in your employer, Distrust. Your loss, Success. Your employer's loss, Capital.”

Dwell in thought upon the grandest,
And the grandest you shall see;
Fix your mind upon the highest,
And the highest you shall be.

—James Allen.

Luck

LUCK is all our own making.

Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on one dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's.

Luck means the hardship and privation which you have not hesitated to endure, the long nights you have devoted to work.

Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch.

Luck means trusting in God and in your own resources, a religion whose motto is—"Help yourself and Heaven will help you."

Luck comes to those who help themselves and know how to wait.—Max O'Rell.

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Ability Development

By Frank Marimon.

"The air, the sunlight, the night, all that surrounds me seems crowded with inexpressible powers, with the influence of souls, or existences, so that I walk in the midst of immortal things."

WE may well listen again and again to these voices that speak for us the wisdom of the seers of all the years. To me as I write there is a note sounding that, if caught and rightly understood, will mean the salvation of many a man from his personal limitations that daily buffet and defeat him—yet it will mean much to every man; for all have need—however great and wise and good they may be—of a truer, purer light upon the path of business activity.

This message that I have received and of which I shall try to tell you is borne to me by the clarion voice of Science. It says, amidst all these glories, "I challenge you to mark this fact, that properly to interpret these and all other marvels and mysteries of thought, expressed and unexpressed, we must train, drill, develop the intellect, that part of mind with which we think, remember, and imagine. We must, in other words, draw out the positives of intellect, the sum of which measures our capacity to think right, remember right, and imagine right. But to do these three things right means very much more, perhaps, than one might think or even imagine. One important consideration is a willingness to become as a little child; that is, teachable, confiding, questioning, ready to do the simplest thing in order properly to comprehend the complex."

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A+R+E+A is a very complex problem to be worked out by each individual for himself; and each quality to be developed as represented by those four magic symbols is a complex thing. Ability+Reliability+Endurance+Action expresses the complete man, "thoroughly furnished," for every duty and obligation both to his fellow man and to God.

Ability will engage our attention for this time and only in a suggestive way, as I am not endeavoring to teach, but only to point out some things that are the outgrowth of things contemplated while drinking the deep draughts from nature's full cup.

In the development of Ability we shall endeavor, like nature, first, to make the most of what we have and not waste time wishing for what we haven't. Second, seeds must grow into a harvest through processes requiring months of patient, silent effort. The seeds of thought sown in the mind—those sensations, images, concepts, ideas—must likewise grow through processes requiring years of patient, silent effort. Third, nature is ancient. Her ability to accomplish has long since gone beyond what we reckon upon as laws and principles. To us her methods are miraculous. We do not know what growth is. The mind of man is a young thing. It is being trained upwards from sensation to principles. Having overcome vast areas of ignorance and superstition, we know that after a while it will reach out and grasp the next "organon" that lies just outside the rim of principles, and so continue to reach out till growth and all other things are understood. Fourth, nature works as a unit, each element and force contributing in proper proportion to all and all to each. Mankind must learn to do likewise if the highest forms of Ability ever find expression. The individual has this problem to solve in himself, for ability is the result of the harmonious develop-

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ment of the positives of the intellect which cannot stand alone, but must be contributed to by the positives of the feelings, the will, and the body.

You have doubtless observed that those symbols of all-round development are always connected with a plus sign. That is to challenge attention to the fact that they are not separate entities, but parts of a whole.

We shall not deceive ourselves, therefore, by trying to develop our intellectual life so that we can think right, remember right, imagine right while we toy with a pleasing indulgence that makes a leak in the reservoirs of the body, the feelings, and the will. Yes, if we would have the right kind of ability, we must pay the price of unswerving rectitude in all things.

Some one has said, "the eye sees, the mind contemplates the image, and the soul understands the mind." That makes it easy for us to see the interdependence of each of the parts upon the other, doesn't it?

Oh, that we might cease to fight against the wisdom that has been laboring through the centuries to make men—real men. There is a great responsibility resting upon each of us if we would contribute our mite to the larger life of the race. Let us look well, therefore, to the loom of the mind on which we are weaving our little web of personal influence. We may not realize it, but it is true, that there is a pattern to guide us in this difficult task with the mental loom. How foolish of us to go on in the haphazard fashion of carelessness and indifference!

The careless and indifferent weaver has kept that old business superstition about the "natural born salesman" dangling in the marts of trade, lo these many decades. We have turned the searchlight of science in ability development on him and the "natural bornness" has fallen off, and, behold, he's a man with a mind just like other folks.

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As we study him we find that the superstition that concealed the sources of his ability was the result of a much older superstition, that success was largely a matter of luck or an accident of birth, and consequently controlled by a power that man dare not question. We have lived to see, however, that the "natural born salesman" is the ground of our hope, for those powers of his grew and by exercise became stronger; and we have likewise seen him in his ignorance destroy that splendid ability by indulgences and practices that claimed the strength of his manhood and the price of his soul. Arrived at this point where we can see clearly that lack of ability on the part of any one is not a fatality due to the caprice of some avenging deity, "all things become at once plastic to our will"—the germs of intellectual power receive a quickening impulse and "hope springs eternal" for every one who desires to know and to feel and to do rightly and ably.

* * * * *

Another valuable lesson from nature in ability development is this:

We should never place a limit on our mental capacity, and that means our capacity to do, or to attempt, or to accomplish anything. We often find ourselves out in the realm of the ideal and we may sometimes feel that we are wasting time in entertaining such visions of possible and, perhaps, doubtful dreams. Have a care at this point, lest we close one of the largest and grandest avenues of the intellectual life.

"The purely ideal is as worthy of pursuit as the practical, and the mind is not to be pinned to dogmas of science any more than to dogmas of superstition," says a worthy authority, and he concludes his thought with this: "Most injurious of all is the continuous circling on the same path."

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How true! Out then from the ruts, one and all, and let onward, forward, upward be the watchward of those who enter the arena to increase ability!!

A man who by systematic effort trains his intellect, having due regard for the natural tendencies or leadings as they come to him—analyzing carefully his sensations, contemplating again and again the images, recalling them from memory's halls and comparing them with old and new images like and unlike, studying and combining the concepts that arise therefrom—will soon find that he will be out of the rut and on to the highway with a stock of new ideas which, followed and acted upon, will result in the discovery of laws and principles so long forgotten by the human family as to be hitherto unknown to historical generations.

By all means launch forth and sail over the rim of your mental sea, and the marvels and mysteries of a new world will open upon your astonished vision.

Believe! Fly the kite of faith and send up the key of earnest desire, and into the storehouse of the mind will flash the spark of a new life that hitherto ignorance and superstition have regarded only as a thing to be dreaded, at the hands of an offended deity.

* * * * *

Science is only a light, a servant to man, and can aid him only so far. It can present facts and fancies, orderly and in detail, for his mind to consider, but it cannot interpret them. It can challenge the mind to lift its eyes from the endless routine of petty cares and business activities to the sunrise, the sunset, the starry dome, and tell it not only to look but see, not only to hear but understand; then it must stand attention with bowed head as the mind contemplates and the soul tells the story of it all to our wondering hearts.

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Yet another lesson from nature in ability development: Be yourself; depend upon yourself; exercise the thinking, remembering, imagining forces.

Yes, be all in all to yourself, but not for yourself, remembering that thou art but a unit in the great family, and that only according to the *degree* of thy strength, health, fullness, and beauty shalt thou serve to impart all these qualities to thy brothers and sisters. The seedsman put his hand in his bag last spring and drew out abundantly and gave to the earth; now he gathers a hundredfold. Give liberally, abundantly of the good seeds of your ability to the rich, red life of brotherhood and gather a thousandfold.

* * * * *

I hope that every one who reads these lines will catch their full import. In the business world only so much of our ability counts as we are able rightly to express, that is, reduce to the plane of the practical. This is where our difficulty most often arises. It is here that we must rid ourselves of all fear to attempt. If the competing crowd about us seems to threaten our position, it is but a call to action for which there is ability enough. Each round in the ladder of business success is made of the positive fibers of intellectual capacity. Yes, knowledge is power! Oh, to know—to really know!! Think, remember, imagine rightly and you will know, and know that you know. As to the how of doing these three things rightly, that is a subject our interest will cause us to inquire into more thoroughly. The light of science now illumines the pathway of mind development, so that no one needs to follow the haphazard and uncertain methods of the past, but may draw out of his own intellect the qualities that have marked every man who has ever won the distinction of being recognized as an *able* man.

The Kingship of Man

O WORKER of the world! to whose young arm
The brute earth yields, and wrong, as to a charm;
Young seaman, soldier, student, toiler at the plough,
Or loom, or forge, or mine, a kingly growth art thou!
Where'er thou art, though earthly oft and coarse,
Thou bearest with thee hidden springs of force,
Creative power, the flower, the fruitful strife,
The germ, the potency of life.

—The Ode of Life.

Montgomery—Painter-Man

Being an Account of a "Little Journey" He Made to Our Office one Summer's Day.

By Harry W. Ford.

HE made a queer figure in Chicago's crowded feverishly busy streets. He seemed incongruous. The Yankee at King Arthur's Court was not more strange, more interesting, or, for that matter, more interested.

When he right-obliqued through the State street throng and by means of necessary football tactics gained the entrance to one of Chicago's newest office buildings, he created a mild sensation. For a brief part of a moment he was the center of a little eddy in the untiring human stream. The people didn't stop moving to gaze at him; they merely moved around him. On everybody's face came a half-surprised, faintly-quizical, half-humorous expression, which said as plainly as the words can: "Well! Look, who's here?" Then he gained the doorway, and the eddy was swallowed up in the smooth flow of the stream.

He was short and thick—not fat. If you had connected the two widest points of his jaw with the two widest points of his forehead you would have had a perfect square. The skin of his face wore the heavy, leathery tan that the man "raised in the country" never entirely loses, even though he live among the flat-dwellers an hundred years.

There was a nervous quickness about his movements that bespoke energy, action. He was a personality, anybody could tell that. He would command attention and arouse interest anywhere.

But most likely it was his *attire* that made him the center of a quivering eddy on State street.

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To begin at the bottom: His shoes were dusty. His trousers were such as any man might wear, but, judging from the full rounded effect at the knees, they might have belonged to an editor. Editors have never taken kindly to the "straight front" effect in trousers. His coat was a very light-weight affair, silk and linen—the kind they wear for "best" in the country in the summer time. Small pockets on either side were bulging with suspicious looking packages. But his hat—ah, that indeed was a crowning glory. The hat's the thing whereby he caught the glances of the ring. It was a Hoosier sombrero. Of course you know what a Hoosier sombrero is. You used to wear one when you lived down on the farm. It is a big crowned, very broad brimmed hat of coarse straw. It serves many purposes, this hat. It is an awning when the sun shines hot; an umbrella when rain falls; a fan when you get in the shade; a basket when eggs need be gathered; a "cart-wheel" after which the owner wildly chases when the wind gales; a source of entertainment to the hounds whenever they can get hold of it.

Yes, it was a great joy, that old farm sombrero of plaited straw! You always got it quite early in the season—almost as early as you went swimming. Then you got mother, or the hired girl, to line it with red calico. After this you wove a shoe lace about the crown at the point where it angled off into the brim—this in lieu of a band. From time to time during the year you took up a link in that shoe string, because you generally used the hat as a seine to catch "minnies" in the brook or tadpoles from the pond in the "south eighty." These wettings caused the crown of the old hat greatly to enlarge. By means of your tightening shoe string you managed to keep the base of the crown of a size with your head. But the top of it went on puffing like a mushroom, until along toward the

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end of the season your sombrero-crown closely resembled the top of a Turkish mosque. It had become a strawpile. In fact, it miniaturized a miserable and weather-beaten straw stack, from the base of which cattle have pulled the straw, leaving it top-heavy.

It is more than a hat, this old sombrero. As Mr. Dooley would say, "It is an institooshun." It was one of this ilk that our hero wore as he gained the entrance to our office building.

Out from under the hat behind streamed a mass of coarse-textured hair. In color this hair just matched the rust that forms on wheat stalks. Out of his hip pocket shone gaily the corner of a blue bandanna handkerchief. Under either arm he carried a large bundle, neatly tied up in black canvas.

Verily, he looked a "son of the soil," and this fact, no doubt, explains the curiosity of the crowd. State street likes to think itself a long way from the soil, laying to itself some unction thereby. It is striving to get in Broadway's class. The flat-dwellers soon forget whence they sprang. State street thought that "Reuben had come to town." And he had. Where State street made its mistake was in not taking "Reuben" seriously. The joke was on State street.

But, as we said before, he gained the entrance to the office building, dusty shoes, linen coat, hat, blue bandanna and all, perspiring copiously from his tussle with the crowd and from the weight of the heavy bundles which he carried under his arms. He made for an elevator, but the man in buttons, who signals the cars when to start, shouted:

"Hey there, you, take the freight car!"

There was an out and out titter now from the people waiting in the hall. "Reuben" was being taught a

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thing or two. "Reuben" smiled, said "All right, sir," apologetically, took the "freight," got off at the tenth floor, came into the office, set down his packages, mopped his brow with the blue bandanna, told his experience and laughed over it until his sides ached.

Yes, there had been a joke, but it wasn't on "Reuben." For in the packages he carried were \$50,000 worth of oil paintings which he had done himself.

Now then, altogether, smile, grin, giggle, laugh, gurgle, chortle and double up. Did you ever hear anything richer? "Take the freight car!" And in the packages he carried under his two arms were \$50,000 worth of oil paintings which he had done himself. Haw, haw! Hi, hi! Ho, ho! Also hee, hee!

"Reuben" was none other than Montgomery, the only man who ever had the nerve to unload corn in the Tuileries, the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon—the American counterpart, in the masculine, of the immortal Bonheur.

I don't know Montgomery's first name or initial. But no matter. Like other great men, and royalty, he needs only one name. Speak of Montgomery and people know you are talking of the foremost American apostle of realism, the greatest painter of agricultural scenes this great agricultural country has turned out. Montgomery has advertised American farm products in every capital of Europe. He is the painter-laureate of chickens, cows, sheep, wheat, corn, hay-seed and pumpkins.

He improvised an atelier in Mr. Sheldon's office. There he painted, on the lid of a cigar box, an ear of corn, and hung it on the wall. Presently a pigeon, which makes its nest up under the eaves of the building, fluttered aimlessly in through the open window and then made straight for Montgomery's painted corn. The pigeon got stung, of course; but it was a nice compliment for Montgomery.

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But that wasn't all he painted. He put on canvas a basket and a patched sack, each filled with corn, and a pumpkin that makes a noise just like two dozen pies. Then he sold the picture to the "old man," thereby proving that he can also create desire and bring about resolve. He is more than a painter, is Montgomery. He is a salesman!

Montgomery dislikes the term "artist." "There are so many kinds of artists," says he, "vaudeville artists, tonorial artists, and so on; I prefer to be called a 'painterman.' "

A wag once sprung a joke on Montgomery, addressing him as a chiropodist, because he is a "corn artist." Montgomery parted company, permanently, with the word artist that day. This reminds me of Marshall P. Wilder's famous "cane bottom" joke. Nature made Marshall P. so long in the head she had to take him up in the legs. Marshall has to carry a strong, heavy-handled cane to help himself about. Whenever he pauses in his short walks he sits upon this cane. "I carry my cane-bottom chair right with me," says Marshall.

I'd like to have Montgomery and Marshall P. together. There would be things flying that would send one "smiling round the world" forever.

Montgomery labors under no disillusionments about genius or the causes for his success. "We hear so much useless talk about genius and what it is," said Montgomery, "and so many people appear to throw up their hands and despair because they lack genius. Genius—what is it? Carlyle says genius is 'infinite capacity for hard work.' In that case a mule must be a genius, for a mule certainly has 'infinite capacity for hard work.' No; it takes more than just hard work. There must be motive, conscious motive along with the hard work. What I'd like to do is to put motive into the lives of the folks.

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"A young lady once exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Montgomery, I would give anything to have your originality." "Piffle. Do you know in what originality consists? Well, originality consists in studying carefully what everybody else does, and then going deliberately and doing something different. That's all there is to originality. It's not so much genius as plain gumption."

"Do you consider it your mission to teach the common people how to paint?" some one inquired of the "painter-man," as he stuck grains of corn on the canvas.

"Teach the common people to paint what?" he replied. "Fences?" No; I don't care whether the common people paint. What I am trying to do is to prove the beauty of the commonplace, the goodness of the every-day things. I am trying to show that realism and not this newfangled thing called impressionism is the true gospel of art. I am trying to prove that the nearer we keep to nature the better is our art. I have my two feet on the great earth, and I am painting things as they are. I am preaching *to* my text; not *from* it.

"Civilization shows that man has always done things the hardest way. We must learn to do things the easiest way, the natural way, the scientific way."

Montgomery has an epigram about civilization that is not half bad. He says: "Civilization is the result of the close relation of soil and sense."

From which he points out that civilization has always been at its highest in great and fertile river valleys, from the Euphrates and the Nile to the Hudson and the Mississippi.

Montgomery is a class by himself, but it isn't because the mold was broken when he had been made. There wasn't any mold. Montgomery wasn't molded. He grew. He grew as the corn grows, according to law, from an insignificant sprout to fullness of form and strength. He had to train himself. He is the result of cultivation, according to laws.

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His people were Posey County folks and were, according to Montgomery himself, "so poor they could hardly afford to be honest." Did Montgomery sit down and look glum and say "I've got no chance?" Not so as any one could notice it. He concentrated. He decided he could paint. He decided he *would* paint, and that he would paint *corn*. He kept at it until he did. Two years ago a millionaire paid him \$50,000 for a picture of a wheatfield, and he now sells the painting of a single ear of corn for hundreds. It pays to concentrate.

Montgomery is a true success because he has Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action. His A+R+E+A is very broad—broader than the fields he paints, richer than the color of his ripened corn.

He has Ability, because he paints masterpieces and sells them at a profit. He has Reliability, because he has gained the esteem and confidence of thousands who know him personally. He has Endurance, because he can, and does, work incessantly. He has Action, because he accomplishes the results he sets out to accomplish; he does the thing while it's on his mind. He has Health, Money, and Honor, and, from appearances, will have Long Life. He's a young fellow yet, for, when some one asked him how long it took him to do a certain picture, he replied in a voice of an angel-child: "Only thirty-nine years."

And one thing more: He is a courageous man. Proof follows: A learned doctor, thinking to confound him, said: "Montgomery, is there any consciousness in vegetation?" The rest of us gasped for breath. Montgomery never batted an eyelash, never even let up sticking grains of corn onto his canvas as he, with all solemnity, replied: "I don't know."

It took moral courage to make that reply to that particular question.

* * * * *

And yet State street laughed, and the man in uniform bawled: "Take the freight car."

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Little Success Stories

MICHAEL FARADAY, chemist, electrician, and philosopher, was the son of a poor blacksmith. He was born near London, England, in 1791. At an early age he was apprenticed to a bookbinder and for ten years worked at this trade. In this time he read and studied in his spare moments to such purpose that he took the position of assistant under Sir Humphrey Davy, in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In twelve years he rose to be Director of the Laboratory, and after another eight years was appointed Fullerian Professor of Chemistry in the institution for life. In twenty-one years of intense application he made some most remarkable discoveries in electro-magnetism. He became the recipient of most distinguished honors from every great philosophical society in the world. Emphatically he made himself. His persistency, perseverance, and concentration almost approached the marvelous. He was so humble in all his great achievements that every one loved him. He would sit down with a ditch-digger and absorb knowledge. He loved birds, flowers, children, and the great heart of nature. It was his life-work to experiment with the unseen in nature and gently wrest from her secrets for the benefit of mankind.

* * * * *

ABOUT fifteen years ago a poor Mexican miner opened a shaft in the side of an obscure hill near the little town of Parral in Chihuahua Province. His neighbors laughed at him, but he had faith in himself, in his mine, and in God. He worked alone when he had no money to hire help. When near beggary and starvation, reward came. He found great wealth, the richest mine in the province. In less than ten years this poor peon has

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risen to be the richest man in Mexico. He is worth many millions. He has given away millions. He lives in a great palace constructed by an Italian architect. He loves music, birds, and flowers. He has the palace furnished with rare furniture, art treasures, tapestries, rugs, and musical instruments from all over the world. Yet he is just as common with his townspeople as in the days of his poverty. He believes Providence has given him this wealth as a sacred trust to be used for the good of Mexico. Peter Alvarado is the name of this Mexican multimillionaire. He has three bright children. The eldest, a boy of thirteen, can well remember the little hovel and the poverty of but a few years ago.

Peter is a remarkable man in two things: faith and perseverance. These qualities brought him his one hundred millions of wealth. He is but thirty-seven years old and is planning how best to use that which has come to him. His palace is lonely without the young wife who died three years ago. His sister and her husband, who is manager of the mine, live with him. Peter is rich, very rich, but to the poor people he is just plain Peter, not a bit stuck-up, but one of them in their joys and sorrows, their struggles and triumphs. He says to his neighbors: "Believe you can succeed, believe God will help you, then work, work, and expect to win and you will win."

* * * * *

DURING a great crisis in the Civil War a loyal mountain boy, fourteen years of age, came into the Union lines and told a certain story to one of the officers. The officer was so impressed that he took the boy to the commander-in-chief. He listened carefully to the young lad. His eyes flashed as he took in the far-reaching importance of the news. He closely cross-questioned the boy. Then with clouded, disturbed brows he looked around on

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his group of officers. "Gentlemen," said he, "I would give my right arm if I knew I could rely on what this lad tells." One of the officers pushed to the front of the group, saluted and said, "General, I know this boy; I know his brothers, I know his father, his uncles, his grandfather, and," lifting his hand impressively, "I swear by high heaven, general, to my knowledge and judgment, it is impossible for any of that blood to lie."

With tears in his eyes the commander-in-chief said: "God bless you, my boy, I would there were more like you." Immediately, giving orders to his subordinates, movements began in the great army which in a few days changed the whole war front and brought such a succession of victories to the Union armies that the backbone of the Confederacy was broken.

* * * * *

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest orator of antiquity, was the son of a sword-maker. At seven years of age he was left an orphan. His guardians stole or squandered the money left him by his father, hence he did not obtain a liberal education, being unable to pay teachers. He was undersized, ill-shaped, sickly, and the boys called him various nicknames suggested by his stammering speech and appearance.

One day he heard Callistratus deliver a great oration. From that moment his soul was on fire to become an orator. He began a course of physical training in breathing, running, swimming, wrestling. He trained himself to think right, to breathe, eat, and exercise right. He studied law. He fought the grafters who had stolen his patrimony. He went before the people to speak. They laughed at his appearance, gestures, and stuttering. He was not discouraged. He trained his body until he became a prize athlete. His voice was feeble and squeaky; he made it a

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full orotund. He was a stammerer. He talked to the tumbling billows on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth and overcame his difficulty. He compelled his physical organs to obey his will. He shut himself in a cave and made his mind mind him. From a physical weakling he became a strong man. From a stammering failure on the platform he trained himself to become the greatest orator of the ages. He was a righter of wrongs, a pleader of justice, an advocate of patriotism. In his sixty-one great orations which have come down to us he stands as the exponent of truth, liberty, and righteousness. He became the incarnation of the eternal glory of Greece.

* * * * *

THE story of Regulus, the incarnation of reliability in Roman history, is ever new. Defeated by the Carthaginians in a great battle in which he lost fifteen thousand men, he with five hundred noble Romans was taken prisoner. He was held in captivity five years, then accompanied the ambassadors of Carthage to Rome to sue for peace. Being a Carthaginian slave, he would not enter the gates of Rome. Though a Senator, he claimed his seat was vacant by reason of his long absence, and would not speak in the Senate. His wife and family came out to him. He would not go in, neither would he counsel peace, though this would have restored him to his family, his friends, and the Senate. "If peace is not made I have given my word of honor to return to Carthage. I counsel you noble Romans treat not for peace. You are near your goal. The enemy is in dire straits. Continue the war. I must go back to prison and a slow death. I do it for Rome. Weep not for me. I am an old, broken man. My word has been given to return to Carthage. A true Roman never breaks his word."

He returned to captivity and death. Noble old Roman! In him was "the spirit of the gods." The lesson of his sacrifice will abide through the eternal years.

For Younger Philosophers

Do you know what "true blue" means? Let me tell you.

Over two hundred years ago in Scotland there were two parties, one called the Royalists, the other the Covenanters. Each party had a color by which it was known, just as the schools and colleges have now. The Royalists had red, the Covenanters had blue. When a Covenanter stood for his principles, was loyal to his party and could be depended upon at all times to do what he thought was right, he was spoken of as being "true blue."

This month we are going to see how we may become "true blue," and reliable. Last month we talked about Ability development; how we could develop the senses so that we could hear, see, taste, smell and feel more accurately and thus develop the intellect, from which ability is born.

But something more than ability is needed in order to make a strong man or woman. A burglar must have ability, in certain directions, in order to enter a house and cleverly steal valuables while the owner is asleep. But is he a success? Is any man a success whose life is such that he is in constant fear of the hand of the law; who slinks along the street by night, constantly looking behind him to see that a police officer is not on his track?

Yes, there is something more than ability needed. And that is Reliability, or trustworthiness.

A boy may be bright and do his work quickly—at least part of the time, but if he cannot be depended on at all times, if he is dishonest or does any of the things which we all know to be wrong, he will not be loved and respected by his friends, and he will not become an honest, successful, true man.

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The boy who cheats at a game spoils all the fun. If his friends find him out, they quickly call him a "cheat" and a "thief." And by and by, if he continues, they refuse to allow him to play in their games; they despise him because he does not "play fair."

When a boy "cribs" at school or slides through his lessons without learning them thoroughly, who is it that loses in the long run? Does his dishonesty gain him anything? No! He may deceive his teacher for the time being, but a time comes when he needs the knowledge which might have been his if he had honestly studied and mastered his lessons, and he cannot then deceive himself. He is the one who must suffer for his dishonesty.

It is just so when he grows to be a man. If he does not overcome his bad habits of dishonesty—if he is not reliable and "true blue," he will be distrusted by his fellow men and will be shunned by them.

To be reliable one needs to be ambitious, honest, hopeful, loyal, courageous, faithful, just, sincere, and have love in his heart for others. And perhaps the last is of the most importance, for one who has love in his heart cannot help but have the other good qualities. The Bible tells us of a great man named John who used to write about God and right living. But one day he said, "If you want to know all about it in one word, I will tell you—God is Love. I can say no more." And that all-encircling Love includes not only every human being in the world, but we are told that it even notes the fall of each tiny sparrow. And that is the Great Example which we must have in mind when evil thoughts come into our mind and cause us to do wrong things which hurt those who love us.

How comfortable it is to come from the cold winter air into a room warm and bright with a glowing fire in the

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hearth. It cheers and warms us and gives us a delightful feeling of comfort and security:

But when the fire has died out and a dark mass of ashes and charred coals meets our gaze, a dismal, uncomfortable, deserted look comes over the whole room and we are anxious to get into a warm atmosphere.

Love is like the glowing fire which cheers and warms and comforts. It not only warms our own hearts, but it cheers and helps all those who come into our presence. But when one's heart is cold and cheerless, it is like the fire which has died out and repels rather than warms. We all know people whose very presence seems to brighten us, and we like to be where they are. And perhaps, too, we know other people who are never welcome anywhere because they are cross and unkind, and we can feel the lack of love and sympathy in their manner.

The best way to keep the flame of kindness and love burning always in our hearts is to think of others more than ourselves; to put aside selfishness, and give up some of our pleasures that we may help others isn't always easy, but somehow it always gives one a feeling of satisfaction and pride, besides the happiness it brings others. There are a dozen ways each day in which each of us can be helpful to others. Not only helpful through rendering some service, but merely by bringing cheer and joy into their lives. To be considerate of their feelings is another thing we must remember. When cross words come to our lips, we must stop them, and not allow them to hurt others. We should shrink from giving them unnecessary pain as we would shrink from causing unnecessary pain to ourselves.

Love and kindness attract love and kindness. Let them brighten the pathway which leads to that Castle of Success which we are to build. Let the people whom we

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meet on the way say of each one of us, "He was honest and truthful; he could be trusted."

In the olden days when warriors went forth to battle, they wound their colors around their arms and went singing into the fight. Let Junior Philosophers have "true blue" for their color and Reliability for their watchword. These will carry you to success in your play, your study and your work.

And the world needs boys and girls who measure up to Mr. Sheldon's mental yardstick—Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who, with a purpose stanch and true,
Will greet the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind—
To good awake, to evil blind;
A heart of gold without alloy—
Wanted; the world wants such a boy.
—Nixon Waterman.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.
For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

—George Herbert.

A Mosaic

THE thoughts that come often unsought and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.

—The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, “Why wasn’t it done the other way?”

—The uses of mediocrity are for every-day life; but the use of genius, amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, is to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the standard of the mediocre to a noble level.

—The ability to launch on one’s own authority and of his own volition a project or an idea, independent of the suggestion of another person, constitutes the character of initiative. It is one of the rarest qualities in the catalog of practical human endowments.

—Happy is the man who breaks the moorings of circumscribed experience, and, guided by the star of a true purpose, ventures out beyond the straits and shallows into the open sea of his life, where the currents ever move and where the winds of energy are ever felt.

—To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. We dismiss without notice our own thought, because it is ours. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. To-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinions from another.

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The Philosopher Among His Books

William Morris Book, by Elbert Hubbard. The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York.

It takes an Elbert Hubbard to make a William Morris Book.

No other man could have done it.

Others have written and will write about the Master of Kelmscott House, but that isn't the production of a William Morris Book.

No one else would have thought of giving a book a title like that—let alone giving us a work that would so deliciously fit it.

Fra Elbertus has done it because many of the same "vibrations" quiver in the Roycroft shops at East Aurora and in Kelmscott House in Hammersmith, London.

To begin with, this gentle tribute to a great soul is done with a loving touch. Pen, blue pencil, type, plates, paper, ink, boards, leather, and gold leaf were each handled with the joy of creation.

The book has a sympathetic feel in the rich, soft, brown leather of its back and the delicate light-brown laid parchment of its sides. Inside, there is big, readable type, pressed with lustrous black and warm red ink upon a thick, milk-white, deckle-edged, laid paper that you handle with the same delight that tingles in your fingers when they caress fine broadcloth. Some deft hand designed the dignified oak-leaf initials that gleam in red at the heads of the chapters, and some one who loved the subject too much to caricature him in a hideous chalk and lampblack "halftone" prepared the rare reproductions of Jerome Conner's bas-relief and Frederick Watts' painting, the one a profile, the other a full face.

As to the contents of this "Little Journey to the Home of William Morris," it is just that.

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The writer takes you with him in intimate companionship to Kelmscott House, and there you meet its Master. You learn to know something of the man of mighty physique, compassionate heart, and rare poetic, artistic, social and commercial genius. It is not an apotheosis, however, and you see the man in his every-day working clothes. Just enough of William Morris' birth, parentage, school life, and association with the Pre-Raphælite Brotherhood is told to give the picture an adequate setting.

The second part of the book is taken up with a series of hitherto unpublished letters of Morris and the author's notes on them. The letters were written to one Robert Thompson, a friend and fellow worker, and throw a sidelight, more or less, as Mr. Hubbard says, on the title-page of the book, on the man and his times.

The book is one of this versatile writer's latest productions, and certainly marks no wane of his originality and powers of expression.

The Life Triumphant, by James Allen. Sheldon University Press, Libertyville, Illinois.

"Every being lives in his own mental world; his joys and sorrows are the creations of his own mind, and are dependent upon the mind for their existence."

This opening sentence of the foreword to the book under consideration is its key-note. In fact, it is a key-note of James Allen's entire philosophy.

Working from this premise, the author has shown in his previous works how man could attain health, business prosperity, unruffled peace of heart and mind, freedom from poverty, pain and sorrow, and the golden goal of happiness itself, through self-control and moral excellence as mental potentialities working out through all the avenues of being.

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In this book he brings his philosophy to its flower and fruitage—the logical conclusion of his doctrine of the essential divinity of man—man divine in perfection, knowledge, power and victory.

That is a pretty big contract for “mere man.”

But Mr. Allen carries the reader with him by the very calmness, assurance, and powerful simplicity of his diction and his logic. When you finish the book, it is with the conviction that the writer knows the high ground he is treading, and knows enough to lead you up there with him if you are willing to follow.

The little book begins with an oracular dictum: “For those who will fight bravely, and not yield, there is triumphant victory over all the dark things in life.” But it doesn’t end with being oracular. It goes right on to show how to make the fight and not yield.

The title of the first chapter is “Faith and Courage,” which you will agree is a pretty good combination for the beginning of a fight. Allen says, “Faith is the grey dawn which precedes the full and perfect day of knowledge.” But he doesn’t leave faith the damp, chilly thing that a grey dawn suggests.

There is something warmer and more inspiring in this:

“Faith bestows that sublime courage that rises superior to the petty and selfish disappointments of life, that acknowledges no defeat except as a step to victory; that is strong to endure, patient to wait, and energetic to struggle; that perceives the benign law of Truth in all things, and is assured of the final triumph of the heart, of the kingly power of the mind.”

Having, then, laid his foundation in faith and courage, the author makes the next step in the life triumphant “Manliness and Sincerity.”

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And by manliness he means just that. Some people call it virility. The place of this quality in the fight for triumph is shown in the following paragraph:

"That animal force which, in various forms, surges within you, and which, in the hour of excitement, carries you blindly away, causing you to forget your higher nature and to forfeit your manly dignity and honor—that same force controlled, mastered, and rightly directed, will endow you with a divine strength by which you can achieve the highest, noblest, most blissful victories of true living."

"Energy and Power," "Self-Control and Happiness," are the suggestive titles of the next two chapters. Both bristle with epigrams of distilled wisdom—all perfectly scientific, too. If you know what the science of psychology teaches, you have to follow the intensely earnest author in his conclusions in these two chapters.

The expensive old schoolmaster Experience has taught men in all the ages the truth Mr. Allen sets forth in his next chapter, "Simplicity and Freedom." Equally suggestive of the logical steps upward to the goal are the chapter headings, "Right Thinking and Repose," "Calmness and Resource," "Insight and Nobility," and "Man the Master."

Then, having begun with faith and courage, and climbed and fought upward by the way shown, man issues into the broad light of knowledge and victory, the goal of *The Life Triumphant*. And, beholding him triumphant, the author closes his little Guide-book to the Heights with the apotheosis:

"At this, the beginning of a new epoch, let the Good News again go forth throughout the world that there is purity for the sinful, comfort for the afflicted, healing for the broken-hearted, and triumph for the defeated. In

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your heart, O man! stained as it is with sin, and torn with conflicting desires, there is a place of power, a citadel of strength: you are the dwelling place of the Supreme Good, and the Scepter of Victory awaits you: deep in your consciousness is the High Seat of Empire. Arise, O stricken one! ascend your kingly throne."

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—The mass of men only half express themselves. Failure to recognize the latent power within, or, if recognized, lack of confidence to put into operation, is a reason why we see so many in the rut instead of on the pinnacle. Speak your latent conviction, and it will become the universal sense.

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—The shores of fortune are covered with the stranded wrecks of men of brilliant ability, but who have wanted courage, faith and decision, and have, therefore, perished in the sight of more resolute but less capable adventurers who succeeded in making port.

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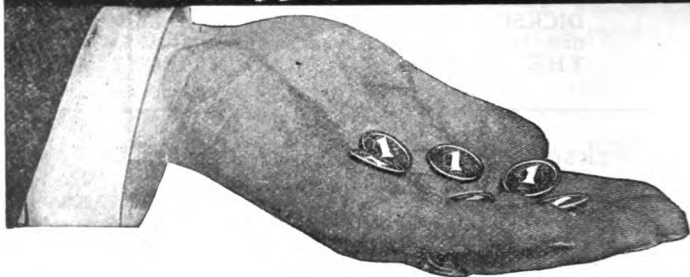
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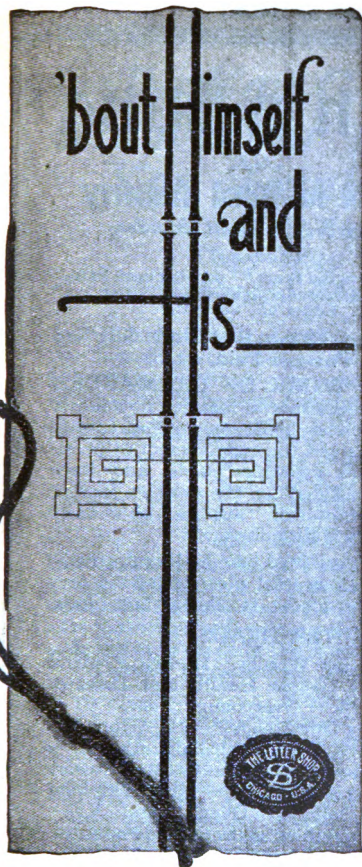
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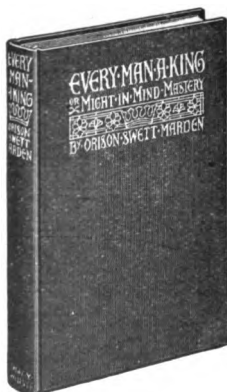
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MAKE THE MAN RIGHT AND HIS WORK WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF

PLATFORM:

I Will Increase My A+R+E+A

Editor—A. F. SHELDON

Vol. III

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 12

Heart, Head, and Hand Philosophy

By the Editor.

“**D**ID you ever see any one feeling so bad that he didn't feel better again?”

Thus spake the brilliant Henson, and the query proved to be one of those mental “home-runs” that set the listening “fans” wild.

Now just drop that thought into some handy mental pocket, where you can quickly get hold of it again, while I give you another one off the same sure-hitter's bat.

Henson was once waiting patiently, in a department store, for the belated return of a cash girl. A friend, passing by, asked why he lingered. “I am waiting all the appointed days of my life for my change to come,” was the quick answer.

I do not know whether or not you are familiar enough with hymnology to appreciate that joke, but if you are, it is time to smile.

These then shall be my text for this month's sermonette:

“Did you ever see any one feeling so bad that he didn't feel better again,” and “It is time to smile.”

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

They have been written here because they awaken thoughts suggestive of Endurance, a most important factor in the life of every business man—of every individual, in fact—and Endurance is what I want to talk with you about this month.

Yes, I feel quite competent to counsel you upon this subject, thank you, because some people do say that I have written well about it; and, besides, I have personally violated the laws of health at various times in my life to a sufficient extent to learn by experience the penalty of the violation.

Verily, brethren, back of the counsel is often the contemplation of the counselor's own shortcomings.

I trust that my experiences, sweet and bitter, well mixed, but with much more sweet than bitter, plus a more or less thorough study of the theme in books of authority, plus the earnest counsel of men who know, may be so distilled into this particular draught of exhortation as to stimulate you to a wise and practical determination of what to do and what not to do, that your days may be many—a hundred years and then some—and that your life may be as beautiful and joyous as mine is to me out here in Libertyville, as I pen these lines.

Some of you have been overworking, recently, however, and life isn't just as much of a glad, sweet song as it ought to be, as a consequence. What on earth did you expect from that terrific pace, kept up without a break for five years?

You knew better all the time, now didn't you? But you thought you just had to grind away about twenty-eight hours a day or doom would crack clear across, and now the "trouble department" of your system is working overtime.

But cheer up! There's a way out for you. And the way is neither hard to find nor hard to follow.

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

In the first place, as to that overwork. Quit it.

Don't you know its useless, and what's more, it's bad economy. Some bright men have taken the pains to find out, and they tell us that a man actually performs more work, in the long run, with fewer errors of omission and commission, when he works eight hours than when he works ten. Efficiency and accuracy take a big slump after the eighth or ninth consecutive hour of concentration and effort. Furthermore, when the hours of labor are too long the hours of rest are too short, and the system begins each day with a little lower vitality than the day previous, still further diminishing the returns. There are emergencies when night work and extra hours are necessary. They are not only harmless but helpful to him whose reserve has not been exhausted by continuous strain; what I here counsel against is the steady pressure of uninterrupted effort for too long a time.

What's that I hear you say? "It's all very well for you to say quit it, and tell me to work fewer hours, but, man, I'm up against the real thing! I can't dictate to the house the number of hours I am to work;" or "My business is in just that neck of the woods where it demands the time I am putting in on it to keep it from going to the demnition bow-wows;" or any one of a thousand and one other specious excuses?

Now look here, brother busy man, let's face facts. You are a business man and can figure the thing out in dollars and cents. You know, when you stop to think, that it is cheaper to take an hour or two a day out in the weather, re-creating, or to go off on a week's fishing trip, rebuilding vitality, than to spend six weeks in bed, or the whole winter at Hot Springs.

Let me also remind you that it is better to take a few hours every day for recreation and self-improvement—physical, mental, and spiritual—regardless of apparent

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expense, than to lie under a handsome but cold and heavy granite monument for the last fifty years of what should have been your life, while the heirs squabble over the load that broke your back.

Some of you—very few, I trust—may feel that your work is grinding drudgery; that it is distasteful, too hard for your strength, not adapted to your talents, not justly appreciated by your superiors, has to be done under bad conditions and in the midst of unfavorable surroundings, or has so little of variety as to be deady monotonous. You feel that any time put in at that kind of work is over-work. And it is.

But, be of good cheer!

I bring you glad tidings.

There is release for you. You can get a brand new environment—one that will be as full of sunshine as a California summer day.

You can make that hard, monotonous work a recreation. Because, you see, the real trouble is not with the work at all but in your own mind. You don't believe that? You will in a minute.

If you *thought*, down deep in your heart, that that work was only play for you, it would be, wouldn't it? Sure. Well, the way to get to thinking in that happy vein is to learn to love your work. Why, man alive! any kind of work is drudgery unless it is loved. No, you are mistaken, it isn't impossible for you to learn to love it.

You can stir up a real, live interest in that job of yours by making it a kind of game that you play against yourself. Go at it to-day to beat yesterday's record for efficiency, accuracy, and speed. Then you will have to-day's record to break to-morrow. Let these make up your "batting and fielding averages," and get enthusiastic about pushing the marks higher all the time. Then, of course, you will want your name to be way down at the bottom

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

of the list on the average of errors. Have you read this paragraph? Well study it, and then go and put it into practice; and you will soon be surprised to find how much fun it is. And you will suddenly wake up some morning to the glad realization that you haven't felt any of those wretched "symptoms" for a month. You will forget them, and while you are not looking they will silently depart.

Pretty soon, too, promotions will begin to gravitate your way, and your pay envelope will begin to take on weight. And then, one by one, in a way that will fill you with wonder and joy, all the hard conditions that made up your unfavorable environment will slink away into the darkness that gave them birth.

Why? Because your environment is a reflection of your thought-life, and the way to change it for the better is to reform your thoughts.

But some of you haven't been satisfied with overwork. To make matters worse, when you have shut down the lid of your desk at night, you haven't shut all your business cares under it. You let them go home to dinner with you, and I guess they went to bed with you too, didn't they? Mighty bad table companions, those! They spoil your meals for you and your family and ruin your digestion. And bedfellows! No man can get a good night's rest with them kicking and thrashing around. But you are promising me to lock that lid tightly on them hereafter.

Quick lunches of indigestible stuff, bolted instead of chewed; too much coffee or tea, too many cigars and late suppers, not enough of God's fresh, life-giving air and pure water; not enough joyous exercise and recreation, too little sleep, and altogether too much worry all the time—these are some of the indulgences, perhaps, that are clogging your body's wheels. Let's have your hand on it; you will "sin no more."

The BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

That's fine! Don't you feel better already; stronger of heart, clearer of head, more erect of spine, steadier of nerve, more expansive of chest, and easier at the pit of your stomach? Certainly you do.

Just keep on feeling that way. If you should feel a "symptom" don't tell anybody about it. Don't think about it. Forget it.

The more you think about your symptoms the worse they get, until you have about ten per cent of the original ailment—if there ever was one—and about ninety per cent of the accumulations of your fretting about it.

Cheer up! "Did you ever see any one feeling so bad that he didn't feel better again?"

Why, you feel better yourself, right now. In fact, you are well, so happy that you can join us all in a great, big, soul-lifting laugh.

"It is time to smile."

Within the last year or two, there has been a good deal of talk and writing about the smile. Go over into Jones' office and a poster in big, red letters is hanging over his desk with the command, SMILE. Smith's has one tacked on the wall that says, "KEEP SMILING."

Why smile?

Well, it isn't the mere stretching of the muscles of your face that counts, although that is a great help, especially to the other fellow. It warms up his heart and brings a smile out on his face when he sees that you are so glad that you can't keep your face straight for the life of you, and wouldn't if you could.

You know how it is yourself. It is always more comfortable and reassuring, when you meet a 44-calibre, open-front bull-dog in the alley, to have him wag his tail—that's his way of smiling—than to have him keep his caudal expression straight, dignified, and solemn.

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But the biggest and richest dividend paid by the smile is recompensed into your own bosom; for it is the thought back of the smile that counts, and that thought dwells in your own breast and saturates your entire being with its glory.

It is worth something to be soaked in smile-thought.

Science has demonstrated that joy, hope, happiness, peace, tranquility, and love are expansive in their effect; that they give strength and vigor to the heart's action, deepen the respiration, opening up the lung cells; aid the digestion, stimulate the brain, vitalize the blood, brighten the eyes, build up the muscles, and give poise and power to the nervous system.

You have known of people, desperately ill, to be almost instantly restored to health by good news or good fortune.

Try it on yourself. Don't wait for some ship to come in from a foreign port, bearing you happiness and health, but just manufacture your own heart-sunshine, and you will grow, in your thought-garden the beautiful flowers and fruits of gladness and well-being, filling your life with fragrance, beauty, and power in such abounding plenty that all around you will share in the blessing.

That is all within easy accomplishment by the thought-forces at your command.

What your thoughts are, you are.

And you are ruler, by Divine Right, of your own thoughts.

Take your sceptre and ascend your kingly throne.

So govern your thought-kingdom that the smile on your face will be but a faint shining through of the inner radiance and glory, and you and your neighbors will enjoy health and prosperity in the grateful warmth of that glow, until long after you have become an honored member of the Centenarian Club.

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The Cup of Days

LET me drink deeply of my cup of days,
To the last clinging drop— I shall not shrink.
Mine are not craven lips that would but graze
Where ruddy dimples dance along the brink.
Nay, to the utmost dregs, e'en though they be
More bitter than the harsh salt of the sea—
I shall not falter—let me deeply drink!
Elswise how may
I call the chalice good on that sure day
The Giver of the cup shall come this way?

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Success

As the Attainment and Preservation of a Practicable and Legitimate Ideal. P. J. Healy—
Founder of the Greatest Music
House in the World.

By A. H. Gamble.

"Let man then learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart; this, namely: that the Highest dwells with him, that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty be there. But if he would know that the great God speaketh, he must 'Go into his closet and shut the door,' as Jesus said. God will not make himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly listen to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotion. Their prayers are even hurtful to him until he have made his own. The soul makes no appeal from itself."—Emerson.

"To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."

IN reviewing the life-work of one who "departing leaves behind him footprints on the sands of time," the sentiments above quoted are especially fitting. Two great thoughts are expressed—self-reliance in the first quotation, purpose in the second.

No great life has ever been lived without these characteristics. Alfred the Great became the king of a thousand years because he possessed these qualities. Washington became the "Father of his Country" because to an unusual degree he depended on self and had a fixed purpose. When to these are added many other positive qualities, all

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receiving their due proportion of development to a marked degree, we approximate the ideal of true education.

Many men in various positions and walks of life have unconsciously become highly educated by educting the latent powers within them, added to acquirement of useful knowledge from many sources without.

Daniel Defoe grasped and presented this principle in his great story of Robinson Crusoe.

The American Indian, the scout of the plains, the prospector for gold, the trapper in the wilderness, become educated. Stern necessity compels the exercise of initiative, originality, ability, resourcefulness.

Nature may seem to be cruel in her processes, but she is ever kind.

It has been so in all the years. Vision makes initiative and initiative dares. In the highest sense it spells AREA. It is Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action set on fire by true ambition, commanded by will.

To the men who have done things, who have founded great enterprises on rock foundations, the foregoing considerations are applicable. This was true in the highest sense of the founder of the Lyon & Healy Music House, P. J. Healy.

He was born near the little village of Burnfort, Cork County, Ireland, in 1840. His father lived on a small farm, and though Patrick was the youngest of thirteen sturdy children, the parents managed to provide for their education in the three R's and rear them in respectability.

When little P. J. was ten years old the family emigrated to the "land of Opportunity" and settled in Boston. Here Patrick entered the public school and made his first day famous by graduating from the primary to the highest grade of the grammar school. He had a rare teacher in William T. Adams, who afterwards became well known as

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a writer of literature for young people under the name of "Oliver Optic."

Very soon the bright-eyed boy, so eager in his studies, became the organ blower for a poor musician, Mr. Bancroft. Soon the organist found a job for this little blower in a music store. This was indeed good news and an event in his life. Though the father and mother wanted very much to make the son of their old age a great man in the literary world by giving him a college training, lack of means prevented this.

The father was now eighty-nine years young, and the boy was anxious to enter business life and help make his parents' declining years happy. So on a bright September morning in 1854 the new errand boy was on deck an hour early, waiting the arrival of Mr. Reed, the music dealer. He made good in every particular and after two years became a full-fledged clerk. He knew the stock thoroughly. He studied it in detail, anticipated wants, had good suggestions, and in spare moments at noon and night read extensively at the Boston Public Library.

After a time the House changed hands. The great Civil War was on. Young Healy volunteered for service and was rejected on physical examination. The recruiting officers probably turned down a general. They didn't know it.

In 1864 Mr. Oliver Ditson engaged Mr. Healy and Mr. Lyon, a fellow clerk, to go west and set up a branch business, or he would set them up in business. The choice lay in either St. Louis, San Francisco or Chicago. After investigating, Mr. Healy selected Chicago. The firm name was to be Lyon & Healy, as Mr. Lyon was the senior in years.

In May, 1864, they landed. Chicago was then but a great, straggling village with mud galore and frog ponds

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innumerable. The sidewalks were in many places a succession of steps and platforms. The two young men tramped long and wearily hunting a desirable site. Mr. Lyon said, "Let's go back to Boston, where at least we won't break our necks." But Healy took a firmer grip on the rickety stairs and said, "No, I'll never go back."

Some one has well said, "Great success is not accomplished by the man who possesses a grand idea, but by him who is possessed by a near-by, definite purpose." Mr. Healy's inflexible purpose to "never go back," united with his feeling of responsibility as a faithful steward of important trusts committed to his charge, made him work night and day for success. Nothing was too small or trivial for him. He personally opened all mail, adjusted credits, wrote letters, filled orders, looked after advertising, collections, bills, banking, and then went home to work on plans and statistics until midnight.

Mr. Ditson had said to the young men: "If you have good luck, in ten years you will be doing \$100,000 business a year." The young firm passed this mark before the expiration of the first twelve months.

About four years after they had established themselves in business a certain old gentleman, a capitalist, dropped in for a little chat. "Healy," said he, "don't you want to borrow some money to help increase your business?" "I couldn't afford to pay ten per cent," rejoined Mr. Healy, "and that is what the trade tell me they have to give you." "Well," replied the old man in a whisper, "it won't cost *you* ten per cent." A higher compliment could not have been paid to the rising young business firm.

About this time the firm published a Sunday-school song book called "The Signet Ring." Its publication gives us a glimpse of Mr. Healy's heart-side of life. A poor violinist with a roll of manuscript music under his arm

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came in to dispose of it. Mr. Healy heard him play a number of selections, but was caught with the melody of one particular piece. He immediately entered into a contract with the musician. "The Signet Ring" was published, and in this way the famous melody "Sweet By and By" was given to the world. It was the wobegone, appealing look in the face of the poor violinist who had met with so many rebuffs that touched the heart of Mr. Healy. The music did the rest and the world has been cheered by the wonderful song.

In October, 1863, Mr. Healy married Miss Mary Griffith, a descendant of famous Welsh extraction. She entered fully into her husband's plans and ambitions and in every way helped him realize his ideals.

In September of 1870 the firm suffered a severe loss by fire. They were then located at the corner of Washington street and Wabash avenue. Scarcely had the flames died down before an impromptu meeting was called and it was decided to push ahead without a break. A new location was found at 150 Clark street and business was resumed with increased activity.

At this juncture Mr. Healy's health gave way and for a time he hovered between life and death. For over fifteen years he had been toiling almost night and day with little respite. After his recovery he took a long trip through the west, visiting many points on the Pacific and in the Rocky Mountain states. Returning in the spring of 1871, again strong and vigorous, he took over the business of Smith & Nixon. He was determined to build up a great establishment which should contain "Everything Known in Music." The firm had already enlarged in several directions. A wholesale and retail small instrument department was an assured success. A persistent campaign in scientific, logical advertising was inaugurated. The

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policy of taking into his fullest confidence the most capable young men in his business and giving them a chance to become stockholders in the company was another wise step. Having placed such men over departments he showed his confidence in them and his loyalty toward them by a strict policy of non-interference with the details of these departments. Each must make good in his department and show himself master. He believed in throwing a young man on his own resources.

A good illustration of this was the case of a young man who had been sent out for some piano orders to a small college not far from Chicago. Next day the young man wired Mr. Healy, "What shall I do for a starter?" Quick as a flash Mr. Healy telegraphed back, "Start home." The lesson was not lost on the young man.

Another incident shows a quiet humorous side. One day a trusted clerk reported that a certain youngster who had grown up in the store was impudent to him and must be discharged. "Very well," said Mr. Healy, "discharge him." Very soon the clerk came back and said, "I have discharged him, but he won't go. Won't you please sign a written order for his dismissal." The order was signed. In a few moments the clerk again returned very much exercised and said, "He won't go. I gave him your written order and he read it and tore it up and said, 'You go to blazes.'" "Well," replied Mr. Healy, "since you've discharged him and I've discharged him and he won't go, I don't see what further can be done."

But the time was at hand when Chicago merchants' souls were to be tried by fire. The visitation came like the crash of doom in October of 1871. Here are Mr. Healy's own words taken from his diary:

"At the time of the great fire of '71, I lived on Peoria street near Van Buren. The Sunday evening of the fire I

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retired before eight o'clock, and, if my memory does not deceive me, I was not long in bed before an alarm of fire sounded, then a second, a third, and so on. I dressed myself in haste and went down-town. Upon reaching the river I concluded that the business district of Chicago was doomed, and pressing forward I arrived at our store at 150 Clark street about ten o'clock. I opened the safe, took out all money, bills receivable, insurance policies, and other valuable papers, and carried them home. I then immediately started to return to the store, but I had great difficulty in getting there on account of the excitement and crowded condition of the streets. But I finally succeeded in forcing my way, and upon entering the store I found there a number of our employees. They had all concluded that the business district of Chicago was doomed, and that we had no choice but to abandon our store and its contents. They advised me not to trust the ledger, cash-book and journal to the safe. While I doubted my ability to get to the West Side in safety with the books, I nevertheless took their advice, and by the aid of two of our draymen managed to reach the West Side by Eighteenth street about two or three o'clock in the morning."

The House of Lyon & Healy went through a severe testing period in the next two or three years. After the fire it had no certain dwelling place. First it found temporary quarters at 287 West Madison street. Then for nearly a year a little church building at the corner of Sixteenth street and Wabash avenue afforded the firm shelter. At length in November, 1873, a permanent place of business was secured at 162-164 State street. Mr. Healy had secured eighty-five per cent. of his insurance. He was enabled to tide over the awful storm of those eventful years in the early '70s when hundreds went on the rocks. His keen business sagacity and judgment was

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the admiration of his associates and his eastern friends. The firm not only kept afloat with a clean record, but managed to forge ahead. What were then daring experiments were made. Mr. Healy had wonderful initiative power. He was the first to introduce the illustrated catalog in advertising. He sold pianos on long-time payments, and very seldom lost. He was always building for the future. He was the first to introduce upright pianos in Chicago. He formed a Lyon & Healy Military Band which became one of the leading musical attractions of Chicago. Plans of development were submitted by associates and trusted employees and acted on if feasible.

Mr. Lyon, the senior member of the firm, retired in 1889, but the firm name remained. About this time the business was greatly enlarged by the purchase of a new site for factories on Ogden avenue and Randolph street. The policy of Mr. Healy with his men in all departments of the growing business was always just. He gave them the highest wages possible and allowed them the fullest liberty as to the exercise of personal initiative. Three times he divided interests in the house with employees. First in 1885 with two men, again in 1890 with six additional, and a third time in 1904 with ten more, making eighteen young men in all, in the space of less than twenty years, who were made shareholders in the business. He kept close to the hearts of his men. He entered into the joys and sorrows of the home life of his people, opened his purse many a time to send some pale, tired clerk away for a rest and health. No wonder they loved him. In all the history of the Lyon & Healy House there never was any labor trouble arising from discontent with the firm or its policy.

At this time Mr. Healy proposed to do some "signal thing in music." "In a general way and in a thousand small ways he had advanced the musical industry greatly;

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but he desired to put his personal impress upon the world of music, so that it would leave a well-nigh indelible mark. So a portion of the beautiful new factory was set aside in which to build the finest harp the world had ever seen. Skilled draftsmen were secured, and the undertaking was gone into with the thoroughness that insures ultimate success. The harp at that time had not been materially improved since the invention of Sebastian Erard, in 1812, a period of some seventy years. Indeed, it was a part of the traditions of the musical profession that the harp, like the violin, had reached perfection. But from the constant stream of out-of-repair harps that had been sent to him for years past Mr. Healy knew better. "Let us build a harp," he said, "that will rank beside the American watch. Instead of each harp being a source of constant worriment to its player from its liability to get out of order, let us make a harp that will go around the world without loosening a screw."

It took years to evolve such an instrument, and an expenditure of money entirely out of proportion to the cash returns in sight. But the labor was one of love. The new Lyon & Healy harp in its final form was born about 1886. Immediately, it started upon a tour of conquest unique in its way. One of the new Lyon & Healy harps was introduced into the Chicago Orchestra. At the first concert in which it was used every member of that grand organization was aware that the harp tone had suddenly assumed a depth and richness not heretofore heard. The curiosity and adulation of the public is well enough in its way, but far more precious is the hushed attention of a body of trained critics. The simple inquiry from numerous brother players, "Where did you get your new harp," meant more to the harpist than a column of newspaper praise.

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So, on the recommendation of the harpist in the Chicago Orchestra, and later of the harpist in the Boston Orchestra, a Lyon & Healy harp was sent to Leipsic. There it was played in the Gewandhaus Orchestra. Shortly after came word that Siegfried Wagner had become enraptured with its tone-quality. In a few years, eight Lyon & Healy harps were bought by soloists in Berlin alone. In every German city the possession of a Lyon & Healy harp became the dream of the local harpist. "Can a harp come out of Chicago?" asked the London critics. Ap Thomas played his new Lyon & Healy harp, and the question was answered. Then followed triumphs in England, France, Italy, South America, and Russia, until the Lyon & Healy harp became the recognized standard of the world.

In the manufacture of guitars, mandolins and banjos, "quality" was the great aim, so that by 1890 the Lyon & Healy factories had reached an output of 100,000 instruments, or, as Mr. Healy put it, "a musical instrument for every other working minute."

At last his high ambitions were being realized. The definition of success by A. F. Sheldon at the head of this article corresponded in every particular with Mr. Healy's career. To his fine temperament and esthetic soul came a supreme satisfaction—that he was an apostle and missionary in the realm of the Fine Arts. His intellectual capabilities might have made him a great leader in Church or State or University Senate, but he chose a field of business outside the realm of the sordid. It suited his tastes. He believed with Byron:

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things if men had ears;
There earth is but an echo of the spheres."

He often quoted the lines of Congreve:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend the knotted oak."

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Or the familiar words of Shakspeare,

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems or spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.”

Though not a trained collegian Mr. Healy became a thoroughly educated man. He gathered an extensive library of choicest literature. He was a great reader all his life and read as much in an hour as ordinary people would in twice the time. His mind acted with lightning-like quickness. His concentration was marvelous, his judgment was unerring in the grasp of business relations. This was especially evidenced in all his forward movements in the great business.

From 1880 to 1890 was a period of high-water mark prosperity. In the panic of 1893 Mr. Healy again showed his remarkable business acumen. He saw the storm coming long months before and had his business so well in hand that it created scarcely a ripple in the great House. In this period the fine violin department of Lyon & Healy became world famous. The Hawley collection of twelve masterpieces was offered at \$50,000. Mr. Healy said, “Buy it.” Other rare violins were offered, and to-day the House has the greatest reputation of any in the world for valuable violins. A pipe-organ department was also added to the business. The organs are built in the company’s factory. This branch of the business has grown to splendid proportions.

Mr. Healy’s character was of the noblest. Its key-note was “his fine sense of justice.” This was demonstrated in a very striking manner on one occasion. We quote from his biography:

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"In the year 1900, two business men, partners, having fallen out, called upon him with the request that he arbitrate their differences. These two men, in the course of their business partnership of twenty-five years, had accumulated a business and real estate to the extent of very nearly one million dollars. Then the sons of one partner entering the concern, discord grew apace, until the situation became unbearable. Lawyers were called in and steps were taken to wind up the affairs, to the great loss of all concerned. At this juncture one partner said he would be willing to abide by the decision of P. J. Healy, and to this the other partner instantly agreed. And they came, these grey-headed men of wealth, almost like school boys, to this modern Solomon. He heard their story, and replied: "I will give you a written opinion of what you should do, if you insist, but only on one condition, and that is that you both bind yourselves to agree to follow out my advice, and that my opinion shall be final. To this they demurred. Then Mr. Healy continued: "Very good, I am glad to be rid of the responsibility, for I should have pleased neither of you, and very likely should have lost two friends." But the next day they came again and agreed to his condition. Then he wrote out what each one should do, asking of each marked concessions. Before the two men left Mr. Healy's presence they shook hands, and one of them said: "I feel twenty-five years younger than when I entered your office."

In the evolution of the great concern from nothing to four millions of dollars' worth of business per year three basic principles have ever been observed—fair dealing, ceaseless efforts and fearless initiative. Mr. Healy's attitude toward "trade pirates" in the music business was that of strict non-resistance, on the belief that they would soon wear themselves out.

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His treatment of competitors was always fair. On one occasion while in New York he heard of the complete destruction of a small western music house. Immediately he telegraphed a proffer of money and complete stock to set up in trade again. A prominent eastern piano dealer knowing what he had done asked: "Healy, why do you do that for a competitor?" His reply was, "There is something in business besides money."

In these days of bitter competition, of grasp and greed and graft, this noble sentiment is worthy of being cut in marble and placed over the portal of every chamber of commerce, and every mart of trade.

"I wish," said an eminent judge, "that we had more men like P. J. Healy, men who do not hesitate to say and to show daily by their actions that they are in business for purposes other than simply to amass wealth."

A number of his keen business aphorisms are in place. On the subject of dishonest employees he used to say: "Let him go. Always give a poor devil another chance."

On the subject of inventory he would say, "never mind what it cost, what is it worth, if anything, under the hammer?"

On dipping in other things—"One business is enough for one man to attend to." "Pay at the beginning, for pay you must in the long run."

On discharging clerks and taking on new men—"It is better to shake hands with the devil you know than with the devil you don't."

On truthfulness in advertising he said: "I was never more pleased than when an old Scotchman who happened to be in our store said to me: 'I see ye advertising ye sell iver'everything known in music. I'd like to see a pair o' bagpipes,' and I could turn to a clerk and direct him to bring down those Edinburgh bagpipes that had been appearing in our inventory for heaven knows how many years."

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On judging ability he used to say, "Judge by results. Many a man holds his peace to good purpose."

On perseverance—"When I put my foot forward I never like to take it back."

On banking he gave this advice: "Never defer borrowing from a bank until you actually need money."

Another of his maxims was: "Be conservative in your speech and eventually your opinion will receive credence where the claims of a boastful man will be passed by."

To clergymen who wished to buy pipe organs pretty nearly all on faith he used to say: "We sell organs on time, but not on eternity."

An anecdote of the early days shows how Mr. Healy could teach business lessons. "One day one of the young men of the house was sent to a small town in Illinois to get the settlement of an account of some seven hundred dollars which was owing by a firm that gave evidence of a shaky financial condition. This young man went to the town, was met by the debtor, and spent a very pleasant day driving about seeing the country, meeting prominent citizens, dining with the family, etc., etc. The debtor assured him that Lyon & Healy had no cause for uneasiness, that everything was all right, and at five o'clock sent the young man home well pleased with his day's work. Next morning when telling of his adventures to Mr. Healy, the young man said, 'Somehow the story had a kind of hollow sound.' Mr. Healy walked up and down while it was being recited, swinging his pen in his left hand, as was his habit. At the conclusion of the report, he quietly remarked:

'The King of France and forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again,'
and without another word retired to his private office. The next day came the news of the failure of the Illinois firm.

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"A month later this same young man was sent out on a similar quest to a small town in Wisconsin. The following morning he returned, and without comment handed to Mr. Healy cash to the amount of the claim. About three days later Mr. Healy came out of his office and said to him: 'Mr. Blanks,' mentioning the name of the head of the Wisconsin firm, 'has just been in my office and told me of your treatment of him three days ago. He said that in order to raise that money he had to mortgage everything even down to his chickens. Don't you think you were altogether too severe?' The young man said: 'Well, I don't know about that, but I don't march up the hill and down again—not more than once.' Soon after Mr. Healy gave that young man greater authority in business matters."

After the year 1900 Mr. Healy became the "beloved Nestor" of the music business. The house had grown into fourteen great departments and had aggregated a total of nearly fifty million dollars' worth of business, with a permanent European branch for the purchase of goods. Mr. Healy's ideals were spotless purity in both business and private life. This exalted moral sense had everything to do with his great success. Music touches art, and all true art requires the highest moral sense.

Mr. Healy thought in continents. His vision was world-wide. His consciousness became cosmic.

He developed to a remarkable degree great Ability in his mental grasp of business relations. He had an abiding faith in himself, in his fellow men and in God. His Reliability was absolute as far as man can reach perfectibility in this great quality of soul. His Endurance was phenomenal. He worked far into the night while others amused themselves or slept. He persistently stayed in the game, through fire and panic. He "endured to the end" and

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was "saved." He consummated his ambitions in a "practicable ideal." In his Action Mr. Healy was sublime. He carefully investigated before deciding. By aid of his keen mental perception plus his fine intuition, he weighed motives; then his will carried all before it. Thus it was he measured up to Mr. Sheldon's high ideal in the philosophy of AREA Development. He had certainly increased his AREA.

At the age of ten we see him a little freckled Irish laddie spelling down the whole school, and incidentally doing errands to help in self-support. At the age of sixty we find him the colossus and honored past master of the greatest music business on earth.

The high tribute of a lifelong friend and worthy competitor furnishes a fitting close. Mark A. Blumenberg of New York wrote:

"He had a fine, tracing mind that could discern and anticipate; in other words, he had judgment. He laid his plans out on a broad scope, and despised to encounter any narrow-minded proposition. Honest! Why, he could not conceive of anything else. As an arbitrator, he was fair. He hated the factitious and despised the pinchbeck. His word was absolute so far as the human relative ever permits it. Subterfuge, evasion, sham, were unknown to him. He had no capacity to talk for the sake of hearing himself, and hence when he said anything he meant it, and he meant it thoroughly. He died at the head of one of the foremost institutions of the music-trade industry on the globe, and his name is secure in perpetuity. It was a grand scheme and it worked out properly. There are not many men who have accomplished within such a period, with a disastrous conflagration and two convulsive panics to pass through, such a definite success. A phoenix should be the emblem of his immortality."

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Order-Taking Mania

By Thomas Dreier.

AND so, Mr. Merchant, you have taken the pledge to abstain from looking too long upon the wine when it is red. The invitation to "have something" arouses in you no longing to place your foot on the little rail at the base of the bar.

But have you sworn off from order-taking mania?

That is important. Upon the way you answer this question depends your standing in the world of salesmen.

You say you don't know what "order-taking mania" is? Well, you're either fortunate or unfortunate. I can't tell until the evidence is all in. But I'll explain.

You are in the dry-goods business. A woman comes in and looks at your offerings. She seems pleased. She selects something that satisfies. She is the wife of a prominent citizen—whatever that is. You chuckle with glee over selling dry-goods to a woman whose polished carriage and prancing horses stand waiting at your door.

She asks the price. You give it. She looks at you coldly and steadily. You grow uncomfortable. She repeats the price, and the way she says it makes you feel small and insignificant. You are sorry you were honest and told her what you charged your other customers.

"Three dollars a yard, did you say?" haughtily says Mrs. Prom Citizen.

"Yes ma'am," you reply, feeling miserable.

"Why, I can get something almost exactly like this over at Brown's for \$2.75. Are you sure you have not made a mistake?"

You are sure that you have not made a mistake. Three dollars is the retail price of that piece of cloth. You have charged others that and got it, too. But Mrs. Prom Citi-

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zen is a desirable customer. You are afraid to offend her. So you capitulate. You throw your manhood; your honesty; your salesmanship; your common sense to the winds. You make an exception and sell at \$2.75!

If Mrs. Prom Citizen is wise she will always make you sell at a price lower than your regular retail figure. She has a hold on you. She remembers a mistake you once made. She practically levies blackmail. She knows her value, and the remembrance of that mistake stares you like a ghoul from every corner.

Why did you fall?

You fell because of your inordinate greed for an order. You wanted to get that one order even if you had to sacrifice your profits. It mattered little to you at the time that your action in discriminating in favor of Mrs. Prom Citizen was absolutely dishonest. You wanted that order. After-effects mattered not at all. How much different are you from the man who drinks intoxicants? Both of you weaken yourselves.

"Oh, but one slip does not ruin a man," you tell me.

Perhaps not. Neither does the one little drink Sam Smith takes with his friend. But it is a step downward. You may call that man a fool who took a social drink with his customer in order to obtain an order. You may feel above that sort of a thing. You say, "If I cannot sell my goods without taking a drink with every customer who demands it, I'll leave them on the shelves."

Why don't you apply the same rule to Mrs. Prom Citizen. She makes a greater demand upon you than your drinking friend. She not only asks for a reduction great enough to purchase several drinks, but she makes you dishonest. She makes you give her a rebate—and you have always been loud, you know, in condemning the great trusts for rebate evils.

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You are not a salesman. You are merely an order-taker.

You may not know that salesmanship is, as Mr. Sheldon says, "That power born of a combination of certain qualities and faculties, mental, moral, spiritual, and physical, which enables him who possesses it successfully to influence a high average of those whom he interviews, to purchase at a profit that which he has to sell."

Can't you see that slashing prices at the request of your customers prevents you from qualifying as a salesman? You are not obtaining what you evidently regard as legitimate profit when you sell below the price marked upon your goods. When you took Mrs. Prom Citizen's order you confessed that you were overcharging your customers, were selling inferior goods at high prices, were weaker than your customer, were dishonest—or else were afflicted with the mania for taking orders. You either could not influence your customer to purchase your goods at your price, or else were fearful that she would be offended and not gratify your order-taking lust.

Don't you think it about time to change conditions? Hadn't we all better sign the pledge to be salesmen and not mere order-takers.

"Do you always pay what the storekeepers ask of you?" was thrown at me by a friend the other day. "If you do you are a fool. I never make a purchase of any size without working for a discount. And I usually get it."

Now, what do you think of that?

What a low opinion this man has of merchants! And he got it from experience. He found that he could save from \$2 to \$5 on a \$30 purchase. He said it paid to spend a little time in persuading the merchant that the price asked was too high. Are you a merchant who gives in to Jones and takes it out of Smith?

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"Haven't you made a mistake?" asked a woman of a merchant recently. "The price marked on these goods is \$1 a yard. You have charged me but 90 cents."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "You get a discount because you are the wife of a brother merchant."

I have been told that it is the regular thing to sell things cheaper to ministers and priests and to certain other citizens who might be able to influence trade.

It is 'most time, don't you think, to put an end to all this?

Why not introduce the One Price System? Why not charge the same price no matter whether the customer be a minister or a Zulu brave?

Why discriminate? Why be dishonest, and weak, and cringing? Why not stand erect, look every man square in the eye, and talk like a man with red blood in his veins?

If your prices are right, why not stick to them through thick and thin? You should have confidence enough in your ability to present the good qualities of the article you have for sale. If you have not, there's something lacking. You are not a true salesman. Look back and read that definition of salesmanship over once more. Do you qualify? Or are you among those unfortunates who fall by the wayside of order-taking mania?

—A spirit of progress and initiative is the great secret of success. Financially considered, other good qualities are valueless without it. A man may think out all the successful business schemes in the world, but, unless he puts some of them into practice now and then, he is liable to have the poorhouse for a home in his old age.

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The Power of Vision

By A. H. Gamble.

VICTOR HUGO, in one of his great masterpieces, "Toilers of the Sea," explains and vividly portrays the Titanic struggle of mind over matter. An old sea captain, Mess Lethierry, had fitted up a steamboat, the *Durande*, by which he had made a small fortune, trafficking among the Channel Islands. Finally retiring from active work he gave the command of the vessel over to *Seur Clubine*. This man turns out a hypocrite, steals his master's money, wrecks the *Durande*, freighted with cattle, on the twin *Douvres* Rocks, and springs overboard, hoping to escape, but is pulled into an ocean cave by a monster cuttle fish. *Gilliatt*, a poor fisherman, who loves *Lethierry's* niece, notes the old captain's grief at the loss of the *Durande*, but especially the loss of her engine. He takes an old barge or sloop and goes in search of the wrecked vessel and finds her at length wedged between the two great rocks, badly crushed and broken, but with the engine intact. He resolves to build a derrick of the wreckage, lower the boiler and engine to the sloop and take it fifteen miles across the sea to the heart-broken old captain. For ten long weeks he remains on the lone rocks, toiling night and day against the terrors of storm and angry sea. "There was no form of distress with which he had not become familiar. He had been compelled to execute great works without tools; to move vast burdens without aid; without science to resolve problems; without provisions to find food; without bed or roof to cover it, to find shelter and sleep. He had conquered his isolation, conquered hunger, conquered thirst, conquered cold, conquered fever,

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conquered labor, conquered sleep. He had striven, he, a solitary man, had combatted hand to hand with the ocean, had wrestled even with the tempest. After his privations there were the elements, after the sea the tempest, after the tempest the devilfish, after the monster the specter. During the two long months the intelligences which hover invisibly over the world had been the spectators of these things. On one hand the wide expanse, the waves, the winds, the lightning, the meteors; on the other, a man; on one hand the sea, on the other, a human mind; on the one hand the Infinite, on the other an atom."

The atom won. The impossible was accomplished.

By initiative amounting to genius the poor sailor commanded matter and his will mastered all and compelled success.

Many ages ago Solomon said, "Where there is no vision the people perish." The true secret of Gilliat's success in the Titanic struggle with the forces of nature was his vision. He saw the engine on his sloop being wafted by fair winds to the haven dock of the old captain. He beheld a lovely bride whom he would lead to the altar as a recompense for the herculean struggle. He made his picture, held his picture, and accomplished his purpose.

One day nearly forty years ago Dr. David Livingstone stood on the far shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, in tropical Africa. With him also stood negro chiefs. The chiefs saw the lake, mountains, plains, native canoes, a few black fishermen, a straggling kraal or two along the shore, but that was all.

Livingstone saw the mountains dropping down fatness from their eternal snow peaks to enrich a great valley filled with teeming millions of people, living in great cities, these connected by great railroads. He saw treasures of gold, silver, lead, iron, copper, and coal taken from mines

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in those mountains and used in the useful arts of a great nation yet to be. He saw the noble expanse of the great lake, a highway for commerce to every shore, great steamers richly laden with grains, fruits, minerals, plying between cities on the shores of the inland sea connecting links between great trunk lines of railway. He saw homes of comfort, churches, schools, colleges, structures of commerce, capital domes, terminal stations, paved streets, legislative halls—all this, and a thousandfold more.

The missionary had visions; the negro had not.

Livingstone's vision is coming true. The African Chicago is already begun on the banks of Victoria Nyanza.

The degree of success you are going to attain will be governed very largely by the kind of mental pictures (combinations of concepts and images) which you are conjuring up in your mind from day to day. We really have no future except what is given us by this wonderful faculty of imagination. . . . And so I repeat, judgment, good judgment plus the conservatism of judicious experimentation—are the safeguards of imagination. They are the regulators of the engine of success, the steam in which is imagination. Your thinking power makes the mental fuel of images, concepts, ideas, laws and principles; your memory is the tender where the fuel is stored; your imagination is the steam in your mental boiler and your judgment plus judicious experimentation—is your regulator—your safety valve. So keep up the steam, but don't let the safety valve get out of order.—Sheldon.

Just Happy

NEVAH min' de sto'm clouds,
Nevah min' de rain;
Fo' de yaller sunshine
Am boun' to come again.
You'll forgit yo' troubles,
When de days am bright;
Bring de banjo, brethern,
An' we'll sing all night.

Caught a couple 'possums,
Nea'ly caught a 'coon;
Punkins am as yaller
As de big, fat moon.
Co'n am all a-gathered,
Everything am right.
Bring de banjo, brethern,
An' we'll sing all night.

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For Younger Philosophers

By R. E. Marshall.

THIS is a true story of a little boy who began life, not so very long ago, right here in the United States, and is still living, although he has now grown to be a man. You have all heard of him, so my story is pretty close to home for every one of you.

This little boy began life with a very weak and sickly body. He was pale, with big teeth and big, near-sighted eyes, his arms and legs were skinny and spindling, and he couldn't stand the rough, hearty play that was so much fun for his brother and companions.

Now, boys and girls you know who are like that, are too often mere lookers-on at the games, or put in their time reading stories or some other amusement that doesn't need a strong body. But the little boy I am writing about, although he was passionately fond of books, made up his mind that he would have just as strong and lively a body as any of his playmates. You see, he was a thoughtful little fellow, and this was about the way he talked to himself about his body:

"I am going to be a successful man. I don't want to take a back seat for any one. Other men have done things—big, strong, noble, useful, successful things—and *I will, too*. But, if I am to do anything worth while, I must have a strong, healthy body, because all the sickly men I know aren't much good. They haven't the strength even to try to do big things, and what they do begin, they often have to give up because they get sick. Besides, they are unhappy, and most always a great trial to their families and friends. So I have made up my mind to be strong and well, fit for any task.

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"I have a body, just like the other boys, with arms, legs, hands, feet, chest, stomach, and back. I have a heart, lungs, digestive organs, liver, kidneys, brain, and nerves, just as they have. The only difference is that mine are weak, while theirs are strong. But I can make mine grow strong and vigorous by feeding them and using them. That is the way all the athletes do, and if they can, I can."

And so he did.

He studied himself and his needs. He read what men wrote who had long experience in making people's bodies grow strong. He found that he always felt much better when he spent a great deal of time out doors, instead of staying shut up in the house, as weak boys and girls are likely to do, especially if the weather is a little cold or stormy. By study, he learned that the reason was that his body was built very largely of oxygen, and that he had to get plenty of oxygen in order to build it bigger. Just as it takes a pile of bricks to build a brick house bigger, so it takes a lot of oxygen to build muscles bigger. And outdoors is the place to get oxygen. You see, the oxygen is a part of the air, and in the house there are so many people using up the oxygen, that there isn't much left for a boy or girl.

The next thing he learned was that the bigger, deeper breaths he took, the bigger his lungs grew, the more air they would hold, and the more oxygen would go into his blood to be used in building bone, muscle, brain and nerve. So he was very faithful about his deep breathing, practicing it a great deal of the time when he was outdoors. Of course, he found that the straighter he stood, and the more he squared his shoulders, the more air he could get into his lungs. So he practiced that, too.

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Just as it takes brick, stone, iron, and wood to build a house, so it takes several different kinds of building materials to build a human body. As we have seen, one of the most important of these is the oxygen we get out of the air. Next in importance is water. Oh, no, not food. You can get along without food a great deal longer than you can without water. That is why our boy was always careful to drink plenty of pure water. The body is more than three-fourths water, so it needs a great deal to keep it up and make more muscles and other parts. Besides that, this wonderful body of ours is not only something like a house that is being built, but is also like a steam-engine running at a high speed. And it takes coal or wood, and water, to run an engine. We might call the food we eat the coal, the water we drink the water, and the air we breathe the draft, which is so necessary to make an engine run well. But an engine makes a lot of smoke and ashes. So does the body. The "smoke" is a poisonous gas that is given off by the lungs in our breath. That is why it is very hurtful to breathe air filled with the poisons we or other people have breathed out. The "ashes" of the human engine are carried off through the skin, in perspiration, and in other ways the body has of getting rid of waste. And for all these it needs lots of water. You see, much of the water we drink is used in washing the body all clean on the inside. If we do not drink enough water, the "ashes" stay in the body, and choke it up, just as they choke up a furnace if they are not removed.

Then, our boy found that he needed good, plain, wholesome, nourishing food, in order to become strong and well. He learned that his firm, white teeth were made to chew with, and that he had nothing in his stomach to do their work if they shirked, so he took plenty of time eating.

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chewing his food up fine before swallowing it. Thus, every bit of food eaten could be used by the stomach for building up his body. And there were no large pieces of food that could not be digested, and so would rot in his body, poisoning him.

Now, with all the necessary materials at hand, he set out to build. And he built by exercise. That was quite a stunt for a little, weak-kneed fellow like him. It is all very easy for a big, strong, lively boy to exercise all the time, join in the baseball, football, tag, run-sheep-run, and other games, and climb trees, swim, row, ride horse-back, and box; but it is quite another thing for a little chap that was always getting beaten, at first. But he never lost courage, and never lost sight of the powerful man he intended to be. He knew that it is the man, boy, or girl who sticks to it who wins. He knew, too, that many of the hearty boys and girls who got ahead of him were so foolish as to think that, because they were healthy, they didn't need to be careful of their bodies. These, he knew, would finally break down, just as an abused machine does; so his chance was just as good as, or better than, theirs.

With all these things firmly fixed in his mind, and with an unwavering *purpose* to do what he set out to do, never doubting that he would finally succeed, our boy really did grow bigger, healthier, and stronger every day, until he became known all over the world as a man of marvelous health, vigor, and power of brain and body, an author, cowboy, city official, servant of the nation, soldier, governor of a great state, vice-president, and, at last, President of the United States. Yes, you have guessed right, his name is Theodore Roosevelt.

Now I hardly think it necessary to point out the moral of this tale to our younger philosophers, but I do want to

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say to those who are not as strong as they would like to be, "Cheer up!" Have faith and courage. Make a firm determination, down deep in your heart, that you will be an able-bodied boy, a healthy, vigorous girl; then work hard at it, denying yourselves the idleness, the sweets, the too heavy meals, the cigarettes, and every other thing that might hurt you, and *you shall win*. And you fine, splendidly developed boys and girls—take extra good care of the great gift God has given you in your beautiful bodies. Just think what you may do with such a start as that, if President Roosevelt has done what he has with so poor a start.

If Men Only Understood

If men only understood
That the heart that sins must sorrow,
That the hateful mind to-morrow
Reaps its barren harvest, weeping,
Starving, resting not, nor sleeping;
Tenderness would fill their being,
They would see with Pity's seeing
If they only understood.
—From "Poems of Peace," by James Allen.

Extremes, and How They Meet

By James Allen in "*The Light of Reason.*"

"Why do you dance for joy in prosperity or become dejected in adversity or trial? With a little patience and calmness observe the drama of life which is played around."—VASISHTHA.

BRING together the two ends of a straight line, and you have a complete circle. Extend a straight line, and you bring the extreme ends in wider and ever wider opposition. Nevertheless, howsoever far the line is extended, the point of balance at the centre of the line always remains. Thus the line may stand for *the breach of extremes*—the tugging and pulling, the chafing and wearing, the strife and struggle introduced by man—which are kept within bounds by the Central Law of things; while the circle represents harmony, perfection, rest; a condition of calm comprehension in which there is no violence, no disturbance; wherein all extremes vanish in a round of perfect peace.

Yet again, there are no straight lines in nature. These exist only in the artificial works of man. Nature moves in circles, cycles, and brings all extremes together. She compels all opposites, all enemies, to the kiss of reconciliation. Outside man's invention there is no straight line. The traveler who keeps straight on will come to the point from which he started. Draw out a "straight line" to the ends of the earth, and you will describe the equatorial circle. A straight line cannot be "drawn out to infinity," for he who thought to do this would be all the time moving round in a circle, so compelled by the law of things. Thus the circle—completeness—and not the straight line—extension—represents infinity. Man extends his mind across the universe in the effort to grasp infinity, but falls

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back defeated as he ever must, for infinity cannot be enclosed in magnitude.

“Beginning and end are dreams,”

and all things are infinite in the sense that neither beginning nor end can be ascribed to them.

All extremes are complemental, and exist by virtue of each other, are the two sides of a perfect whole. Night and day; heat and cold; black and white; mind and matter; life and death stand in eternal equipoise. Man cannot escape the Law which describes only circles. In going to one extreme he will always come in contact with the other. As January and December meet, representing the completion of the earth's journey in its orbit round the sun, so luxury and want, riches and poverty, greed and loss, attack and resistance, pleasure and pain, self-indulgence and disease, sin and suffering touch and conjoin, completing the circle of man's dual experience.

When the world has sunk to the deepest depth of spiritual darkness, a Savior appears who stands at the highest height of spiritual light, and He appears at that point where the darkness is deepest, illuminating it with the light of His presence. So when one reaches the darkest hour of evil, he passes on into the dawning hour of good.

When a nation reaches the highest point of riches and luxury, it also touches the lowest point of poverty and want. Where superabundant riches abound in a city, excessive poverty will always be found. When a man has reached the limit of luxury, he is on the verge of poverty; when he is gloated with pleasure, he has reached the point of pain; when he has filled up the measure of his sin, he has come to the emptiness of suffering. When he has described the half-circle for his own delight and gratification, he must perforce describe the other half to his misery and deprivation, and so gain wisdom by experience.

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When a gambler is rejoicing over his gains, another gambler is mourning over his losses. When a "clever" speculator chuckles over his rapidly acquired wealth, a "foolish" speculator is repining over his sudden and unexpected poverty. The two gamblers will, another day, change places; and between the fraud and the fool there is no distinction except in name; both are the same in purpose, only he who wins is called the fraud, and he who loses is called the fool: they also, another day, another year, another life will change places. Thus the cheat only succeeds ultimately in cheating himself.

"By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob to render:
Such is the Law which moves to righteousness."

When a nation is rejoicing over the victories and spoils of war, another nation is mourning over its defeats and losses. While the victorious General of one army is being feted and honored, the defeated General of the other army is being humiliated and deprived of his honors. He, therefore, who rejoices in the victory of one is rejoicing in the downfall of another.

Yet the despoiled gambler and the defeated fighter are nearer to Truth than the one who is hugging his gains, and the other who is exultant in victory, for they are experiencing the two extremes; the one is learning the transiency of worldly gain, the other the emptiness of worldly glory. In this high sense, "It is better to weep than to laugh," and "Blessed are they that mourn." Thus swings the pendulum of passion, describing the arc of human experience: the one extreme point is called pleasure, the other sorrow; but the arc is one, and the pendulum is one.

Give to a mathematician any fraction of a circle, and he will accurately describe the dimensions of that circle, and

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restore it in its perfection. Present to a wise man any side of a question, and he will round it with its complementary aspect, and restore the broken harmony of opposing factions. Thus perceiving the nature of all extremes, how they belong to each other, how they are, indeed, the same, he cannot be a partisan, cannot make one of two opposing forces, but stands midway between all extremes, bringing all things into relation and harmony, freed from condemnation and contention.

He who understands the fixed principle of Goodness, the perfect circle of Good, as distinguished from those acts of impulse called good (almost invariably associated in the same person with the other extreme acts of impulse called evil), detached segments of the Perfect Whole, has found the point of poise, the place of peace. In him the painful conflict of opposing elements has ceased; to him praise and blame, success and failure, victory and defeat are the same. He cannot be proud and exultant in the one condition, nor humiliated and depressed in the other. Unchangeable in the midst of change; unalterable in kindness towards all amid the ceaseless coming and going of enemies and friends; calm and composed, and freed from bitterness, no party can claim him, for he belongs to all.

In our hearts lies the Eldorado which we scour the world to find; could we but fulfil our best selves we should ask no other happiness.—Dawson.

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A Mosaic

ENDURANCE is nobler than strength and patience than beauty.

—Let, therefore, the chief purpose of perfecting your body be to perfect your soul, improve your morals, and open before you the gates of heaven.

—Health lies in labor and there is no royal road to it but through toil.

—There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.

—The first rule of economy is not that every man shall maintain himself, but that he shall get health.

—A sound body is invariably connected with a sound mind. The ancients made the mistake of cultivating the body and neglecting the mind, while the tendency today is to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body.

—Youths will never live to age unless they keep themselves in health with exercise and in heart with joyfulness.

—Health cut off means life reduced in attractiveness and reality by five-sixths.

—Don't expect to have health without effort; nothing in this world worth anything can be had without paying for it, and health is the prize of constant struggle.

—If we continue borrowing for work the hours that are due to sleep, though we may postpone a settlement for years, the final and inevitable result will be physical and mental bankruptcy.

—Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is very difficult of attainment. I do not mean by health an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be kept in perfect tune, full of vigor and alacrity.

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The Philosopher Among His Books

Perfect Health, by One Who Has It, by Charles Courtney Haskell. Published by C. C. Haskell, Norwich, Connecticut.

"Of the making of many books (on health) there is no end." The lay reader is likely to get confused, bewildered, and finally to give up the whole problem of health culture in despair if he tries to read and put into practice all of them. And for a very good reason; a great many of such books are mere faddism and theory, written by posers who would be horrified if they were compelled to live up to the "laws of health" they so glibly lay down in their specious lucubrations. It is therefore a great delight to get hold of a book on this most important subject, written by a man who has lived out his teaching and proved every phase of it before attempting to write it. This is true of the simple, straightforward, and convincing little book written by Mr. Haskell. I am fortunate enough to know, personally, that the author, although nearly seventy years young, is as straight as an arrow, as spry as a sparrow, and eats, works and sleeps with the keen relish and delight of the perfect health he claims to possess. I regard that as the strongest recommendation for his book. The treatise itself is brief, covering only sixty-five pages, and is not burdened with elaborately detailed rules that no one, not even the writer himself, would think of trying to obey. The whole thing can be put into a nutshell in the following words: "There is but one disease—all the so-called diseases being but manifestations of that one—impure blood. The character of the blood depends upon air, sunshine, and food. Most people eat too much; the result is imperfect digestion, which poisons the blood. Natural hunger is a perfect guide in the matter of when, how, and what to eat; but

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most people have destroyed the sense by overeating, and have appetite instead. Natural hunger may be recovered by fasting, and when recovered it will call for food only once or twice a day, and will insist upon thorough mastication. Natural hunger never calls for an early morning meal. The mind lifts up and vitalizes the body by cheerfulness and right thinking, the spirit being master over the mind and the body." The rest of the book is taken up with a number of most remarkable testimonials from those who have found perfect health by following this simple manner of life. Many of them are prominent men and women.

Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them, a Treatise on How to Get the Highest Form of Animal Energy from Food. By Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian. The Health-Culture Company, New York.

The food question is the most important material consideration that engages the attention of the human race. More men and women work, more capital is invested, more land is tilled, more railroads and steamship lines are built, for the production, preparation and distribution of food than of all other commodities combined. And it is for food that the most of the people's money is spent. Not only so, but upon the food eaten depend, in large degree, the character, attainments, health, and longevity of any individual or people. Dietary rules were promulgated by wise men so long ago that their origin is lost in the dim recesses of antiquity. In our day, there is a greater interest in when, how, and what to eat than ever before. And, since physicians and scientists agree that nearly, if not quite, all the ills that afflict humanity are the result of a false law in eating, too much about dietetics cannot be known and lived. Health, strength, and endurance absolutely fundamental to usefulness, success, and happiness, and the most important rule for their development is

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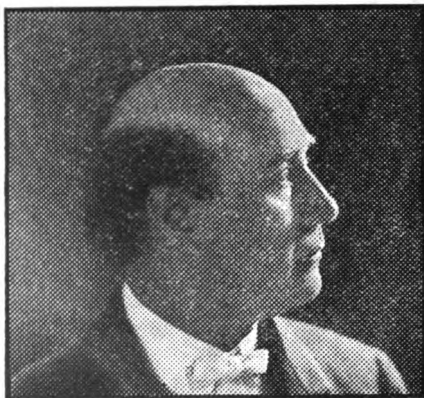
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