

THE FRA



FOR PHILISTINES
AND ROYCROFTERS



APRIL 1916

DAVID STARR JORDAN
BERT M. MOSES
HILTON B. SONNEBORN
JOHN T. Mc ROY
SHAKESPEARE • AN ELBERT
HUBBARD LITTLE JOURNEY

ELBERT • HUBBARD • PUBLISHER
EAST • AURORA • • NEW • YORK



I MAKE MIS-
❁ TAKES ❁
OF COURSE;
BUT I DON'T
❁ RESPOND ❁
TO ENCORES



THE FRA



How Dad Broke Up the Corner Gang

Carom or Pocket Billiards played at home gives boys a manly way to let loose their 40-horse energy. *It keeps them off the street.*

In homes that have the "Baby Grand" the parents write us it's **solved** the boy problem. Why don't you learn to be a robust boy or girl again? One Brunswick Home Table brings 33 royal games—and each one makes grown-ups feel a year younger.

Brunswick "Baby Grand"

"Grand," "Convertible" and "Quick Demountable" Billiard Tables

This family of Brunswick Tables lead the world because they are scientifically built.

Fast, ever-level billiard beds, famous Monarch cushions—life, speed and accuracy of angle. Sizes and styles to fit all homes, regardless of room.

\$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

"Grand" and "Baby Grand" Brunswicks are made of genuine San Domingo mahogany, with rich inlaid design.

We can use these beautiful woods because we are building for thousands yearly, and quantity output cuts our factory cost way down.

"Quick Demountable" Brunswicks can be set up anywhere in a jiffy and easily taken down after play.

"Convertible" Brunswicks are handsome library and dining tables that give you grown-up carom and pocket billiards, too.

30-Day Trial—Balls, Etc., FREE!

Yes, complete High-Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Expert Book of 33 Games, etc.

Accept our home trial offer and let the table win every member of the family. Color-photos, low prices, and easy terms all shown in our handsome book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." *It's FREE.* Lest you forget, **mail the coupon now.**



"Baby Grand"
Combination Carom and
Pocket Table with Accessory
Drawer that holds full
playing outfit.

This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 31K, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Send free postpaid your color photo book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your home trial offer

Name _____
Address _____ (518)

PERSONALITY is one of the biggest factors in business today. But there are some men who are so likable that it actually counts against them. The client he's trying to convince is so taken with

him that he actually forgets the business he represents. We say of a man like that that he is personality plus. Personality is like electricity. It's got to be tamed to be useful.—Edna Ferber.

THE FRA



STORES THAT SELL ROYCROFT HAND- MADE GOODS : : :

Altoona, Pa.—Wm. F. Gable & Co.

Brooklyn—Abraham & Straus.

Buffalo—Wm. Hengerer Co.

Caldwell, Idaho—Botkin Harmon Drug Co.

Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.

Columbus, Ohio—The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.

Des Moines, Iowa—Yunker Brothers.

Elkton, Md.—Robt. B. Frazer.

Estes Park, Col.—Gracraft Shop.

Geneva, N. Y.—L. H. Barth.

Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Taylor & Co.



*For Wonderful Gifts and
Artistic Furnishings Visit
These "Roycroft Shops"*

DISTRICT attorneys, judges and lawyers do not know a thing about the prisons, because they have not done time—that is, most of them have not. The best thing that could happen to the judge

would be to spend a term in prison. I recommend the pick and shovel as being superior to golf for elderly gentlemen when they feel the need of exercise.

—Thomas Mott Osborne.

THE FRA

STORES THAT SELL ROYCROFT HAND- MADE GOODS : : :



Johnstown, Pa.—Rothstein's.

Louisville—Stewart Dry Goods Co.

Massena, N. Y.—Adele M. Johnson.

Minneapolis—New England Furniture Co.

New York—Lord & Taylor.

Oklahoma City—Kerr Dry Goods Co.

St. Louis—Stix, Baer & Fuller Dry Goods Co.

St. Petersburg, Fla.—Commercial Art Studio.

Savannah—Leopold Adler.

Warsaw, N. Y.—C. L. Kerr.

Winnipeg, Man., Can.—Hudson Bay Co.

Youngstown, Ohio—Love Drug Store.

*For Wonderful Gifts and
Artistic Furnishings Visit
These "Roycroft Shops"*



SOME of our greatest industrial organizations have learned their "A B C's" in waste elimination and have found themselves well repaid, but they are still at the beginning, and the time is coming

when every man who lays any claim to business ability will have to keep the question of waste before him constantly as now he does those of credit and collections, buying and selling.—*Edison.*

THE FRA



C-203—\$5.00
FLOWER-VASE
Height, 6 inches
Decoration of
German Silver



C-502
PENCIL-HOLDER
75 Cents



C-102
VASETTE
50 Cents
Height
4 inches

EASTER FLOWERS

How Charming: A flower or two arranged with studious carelessness in a dainty Roycroft Copper and Crystal Vase!

The vases themselves are wonderful. All Roycroft articles of Hand-Wrought Copper are. They are the embodiment of painstaking care, artistic judgment and the mature skill of a craftsman.

Decide that a few pieces of Roycroft Hand-Wrought Copper shall grace your own home. Or send one to each of your best friends with your card or "Greetings" enclosed. All shipments prepaid.

The Roycrofts, East Aurora, N.Y.

Copper
and
Crystal
VASE
Japanese
Style
C-108
\$2.00
Height
8 inches



C-404—\$2.00
Diameter, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches



C-402—\$2.50
SCONCE
Height $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches



C-101—75 Cents
VASETTE
Height, 4 inches

LET every child have his little bookcase in the nursery—or a shelf in the library which he may call his own. Let him be encouraged to read good books and to care for them. He will then come

to feel that friendship with them which is the greatest joy of the intellectual life.

It is in the home that the child forms the most permanent elements of his character. Here his familiarity with books

THE FRA

Guaranteed

PUNCTURE - PROOF and for FIVE THOUSAND MILES



LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed puncture-proof under a cash refund and guaranteed in writing to give 5,000 miles of service. What more can a car owner ask?—the absolute elimination of Puncture and Blow-out, with Long Mileage *Guaranteed*. The ingenious construction of LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires makes puncture impossible and they live long because made of "vanadium" treated rubber under the exclusive LEE Process.

LEE *Tires*

PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "24"

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers of Rubber
Goods since 1883

CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNA.

*Distributors in all
the Principal Cities*

*Look up "Lee Tires" in
your Telephone Directory*

TRADE MARK



*Zig-Zag Tread
The Scientific
Non-Skid*

should begin; and here he should get his literary inspiration.—*Walter Taylor Field.*



A man's measure is his ability to select men, and materials and organize them.

BUSINESS is a game of skill, in which a knowledge of its rules, with the mind, body, and soul stamina to play it to the end, will win the greatest reward.

—*E. St. Elmo Lewis.*

THE FRA



Elbert Hubbard's 10 Greatest Business Essays and

THE FRA \$1 FOR SIX MONTHS

ELBERT HUBBARD was a Farmer, a Printer, a Publisher, a Banker, a Blacksmith, an Author, an Inn-keeper, a Manufacturer, a Lecturer, an Editor, a Publicist! Does this sound impossible? In the group of Industries called the Roycroft Shops is found definite proof that this unusual man could do all these things well! Yet, when asked his occupation, he always answered, "A Businessman"! Not since Ben Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* has the Human Philosophy of Business been so well written as in these booklets.

You have some friend who should read *THE FRA*. Send us a dollar and give him a subscription for six months, retaining the set of Elbert Hubbard's Ten Greatest Business Essays for yourself—or extend your own subscription. Address:

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



ARE you optimistic? I ask you the question point-blank. Do you persist in seeing the bright side of life? Do you believe in the triumph of good over evil? Of all human qualities optimism is the

most to be desired. Point of view is what decides things. Says the Pessimist: "This world is a bad old world. It is a world of wars and famines and pestilences and disasters. The history of the world is the

THE FRA



YOU won't need this young lady any longer—our invalid is picking up finely.

"Thanks to you, Doctor—and to you, nurse."

"And to Malt-Nutrine—we couldn't have put strength in nearly so fast without it. Even with nurse gone and when you don't need me any longer, faithful OLD Malt-Nutrine must stay behind with you to complete the good work of strengthening and building up our friend."

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic



is warmly recommended by physicians for the convalescent, the weak and the anaemic. It is a strengthening food-tonic—aids digestion and does not overburden. Should be taken at each meal and before retiring by all who are tired, overworked or undernourished.

Don't let anyone tell you there's something as good. There are some cheaper preparations calling themselves malt preparations—they are beverages, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what makes it cost more than imitations and what gives it its value to you. Insist.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request.

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, U. S. A.



most distressing literature in existence. Men lie and steal and betray and murder. All life ends in death." But, says the Optimist: "This world is a good old world. The sun rises every morning to

shed its fervent rays of warmth o'er the land. And the stars peep out at night to light the lonely traveler's way. And men are capable of truth and honesty and human kindness. Life multiplies itself."



EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.
*Harvard University Medical School, '88;
 College of Physicians and Surgeons
 (Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physi-
 cian and Surgeon in Cook County Hos-
 pital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics,
 College of Physicians and Surgeons
 (Chicago).*

What Others Say!

Doctor Moras has written a Common-
 sense Book on *Autology*, and by so
 doing has placed the Standard of the
 Creed of Health further to the front than
 any other man who has lived for a
 thousand years.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

I have read your *Autology* with care.
 It has been of unusual interest through-
 out, and from beginning to end makes a
 splendid environment for producing active
 thought.—*Luther Burbank.*

I have seen some criticisms of *Autology*
 that make me smile and I should like to
 say that about all the health magazines I
 know will be compelled to get more
 knowledge before they will ever be able
 to bring together as much vital and
 truthful knowledge, in so small a space,
 as is contained in *Autology*.
 The truth is that the backbone of the
 book *Autology* is fundamental, fur-
 nishing a basis on which readers with
 the right kind of brains can build their
 own theory and practise of eating and
 otherwise caring for their health.—*Dr.
 J. H. Tilden, Editor of "The Philo-
 sophy of Health," Denver, Colo.*

Autology saved my life. Three of the
 best physicians here told me I would be
 compelled to have an operation for
 Appendicitis. Nevertheless I have had
 no pain or indications of it since follow-
 ing *Autology* eight years ago. It
 has been nothing less than a "Godsend"
 to me.—*Mrs. C. K. G. (Name on
 request.)*

I am getting better of the hardening
 of the arteries; all dizziness and heart
 thumping have disappeared.—*E. C. C.
 (Name on request.)*

We consider *Autology* one of the most
 wonderful books ever written.—*"Phys-
 ical Culture" Magazine.*

Address: Edmond R. Moras, M. D., 519 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.

Science for the Prevention of POOR HEALTH!

The secret of Health and Vigor lies not hidden in musty medical books nor is it concealed behind the bulgy brows of the busy diagnosticians.

The secret of Health and Vigor lies in yourself. It is within the reach of all. It is a case of knowing some fundamental "whys" and "wherefores" about yourself.

Man's normal state is perfect health. The idea that we must have a "family physician" is absurd. Because at the last all the doctor does, or can do, is to assist Nature. Sometimes he does not. Then it is said to be a "serious case."

The proposition is—why not give Friend Nature a show in the first place? Why not study the problems she has to contend with and endeavor to assist her yourself? Why not redeem yourself before you are "down and out"?

That is what Dr. Moras teaches you *how* to do in his book on the science of Autology. Autology, you might say, is the "Science for the Prevention of Neglect and Abuse to the Human Body." And by the same token it is the "Science for the Prevention of Disease and Poor Health."

Dr. Edmond R. Moras has made the pathology of disease his life-work. Through his twenty-one years of private practise and hospital experience he has collected volumes of scientific data concerning poor health and disease, its cause and inception. And his conclusion is summed up in two pregnant words—"Know Thyself"—Autology.

AUTOLOGY is painstakingly and accurately compiled. It is clear and understandable. It is written for the layman, giving him all the experience of the time-tried, successful practitioner. It has proven a source of inspiration to untold thousands. It has meant a release from a sickly, inefficient, devitalizing existence into a healthy, happy, successful life. It can do the same for you.

Free—"Guide to Autology"

For your further information Dr. Moras wants to send you free of charge his explanatory booklet, "Guide to Autology," describing and discussing AUTOLOGY. It contains much valuable information, and, like its Big Brother, is written in a style piquant and absorbing. Send for your free copy today. There is no obligation.

And so we have the two sets of facts. The world is a bad old world and the world is a good old world. And no man can change either set of facts. But he can say which set he chooses to look at.—*Edwin Piper.*

Wise businessmen keep out of court. They arbitrate their differences—compromise—they can not afford to quit their work for the sake of getting even.
 —*Elbert Hubbard.*

THE FRA



American Fence and Steel Fence Posts

AWARDED
PANAMA PACIFIC
GRAND PRIZE
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Big, full gauge wires—full weight—full length rolls woven with a mechanically hinged joint. Superior quality galvanizing—proof against hot sun, sleet and snow.

American Steel Fence Posts, cheaper than wood and more durable. Last a lifetime. Hold fence secure against all conditions.

Sent Free Write for booklet on how to set posts and erect fence. Every farmer should have it.

Dealers Everywhere

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
Chicago New York Pittsburgh Cleveland Denver

What We Will *PRINT* For You

Correct Calling-Cards and business-like Business-Cards

Business Stationery that will not shriek or bite the hand of him who reads

Appropriate Little Booklets; you furnish Text or we'll furnish Text, and No Extra Charge

Private Compositions in Broadside Form—Poetry especially—when you want a limited number of copies *made right*

Envelope-Fillers—especially some of Elbert Hubbard's Mottoes—with your advertisement on them

Greetings, Proclamations, Resolutions—Printed on Fine Vellum or Handmade Paper in one or more colors—type or hand-lettered

Personal Embossed Monogram Stationery

Catalogs—that will not compete with the Mad Job-Printer's Dream of Luxury

Private Books or Very Limited Editions, printed and put together by Masters of the Craft

Circulars, Posters, Illustrated Inserts of all kinds, Price-Lists—anything!



No matter how Large the Order you send us—or how Small the Order—it will receive scrupulous attention—it will be printed by men who know their business; it will be **DELIVERED ON TIME**



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York State

WITH one foot far advanced, one arm aloof,
He, with a force, exulting in its might,
Hurled every star full to the red world's night,

That late was set within the white world's roof.

—“Dawn,” by George Beebe.

Work is for the worker.

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THE FRA

ELBERT HUBBARD'S MASTERPIECE

THE LIBERATORS, OR ADVENTURES IN THE CITY OF FINE MINDS, contains the cream of Elbert Hubbard's thought and the essence of Roycroft Philosophy. It is representative of the man—helpful, inspiring, full of vital truth—the serious, philosophic, religious aspect of that exuberant, fun-loving, big-hearted man who has been aptly called "the Play-Boy of East Aurora."

THE LIBERATORS contains among other things, many early Roycroft books—now rare and out of print—complete in themselves; notably:

The Man of Sorrows; A Tale of Communism; By Rule of Three; The City of Tapate; Michelangelo; The Titanic; Simeon Stylites, the Syrian; Old John Burroughs; The New Religion; Joaquin Miller; The Potter's Field.

THE LIBERATORS is a book of 815 pages and is printed in two colors on Italian Handmade paper, in the Early Venetian Style—a page within a page—from classic type, clear and easily read. Fifteen photogravures, from original drawings by famous Roycroft Artists, illustrate the volume. The book is a tall copy, measuring 8 by 12 inches, and is solidly bound in true Roycroft fashion. Corners and back of genuine pigskin. Price, \$10.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Some of the Contributors

Hudson Maxium
John D. Archbold
Freddie Welsh
Walt Mason
"Capt. Jack" Crawford
Richard Le Gallienne
Judge Lindsey
James Whitcomb Riley
Leigh Mitchell Hodges
Terence V. Powderly
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Ed. Howe
Howard Elliott
Hugh Chalmers
Bolton Hall
Joe Mitchell Chapple
Elizabeth Towne
Billy Sunday
Senator Root
Hon. Franklin K. Lane
Dr. O. S. Marden
Ernest Thompson-Seton
H. J. Heinz
David Starr Jordan
Dr. Crane
John J. Lentz
Billy B. Van
Michael Monahan
David Bispham
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Roger W. Babson
Chauncey M. Depew
Ellen Key
Andrew S. Rowan
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R. F. Outcault
James Ball Naylor

In Memoriam FREE!

With a Year's Subscription to *The Fra*

In Memoriam is an expression of Love and Appreciation of Elbert and Alice Hubbard and their work, from some three hundred of the World's Greatest Men and Women. ¶ It is a collection of letters and excerpts coming from all nations, creeds and professions—a spontaneous tribute laid at the shrine of two great souls. ¶ It is full of quaint and curious experiences, little intimacies and interesting confidences from those with whom they had clasped hands and exchanged greetings.

In Memoriam is a book of 360 pages, beautifully printed in two colors on fine paper, illustrated with ten photographs in halftone, and bound in sage-green, semi-flexible, antique sheepskin.

In Memoriam Is Not For Sale

It is given FREE as a PREMIUM to NEW FRA SUBSCRIBERS or to OLD FRA SUBSCRIBERS renewing or extending their subscriptions. Or, you may have the book sent to yourself and *THE FRA* sent to a Friend for a year.

Send TWO DOLLARS at once as a subscription to *THE FRA* for a year if you wish to own this wonderful and unique world tribute to the memory and lives of Elbert and Alice Hubbard. This edition is limited 50 50 50

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

LIFE is a fragment, a moment between two eternities, influenced by all that has preceded, and to influence all that follows. The only way to illumine it is by extent of view.—*William Ellery Channing.*

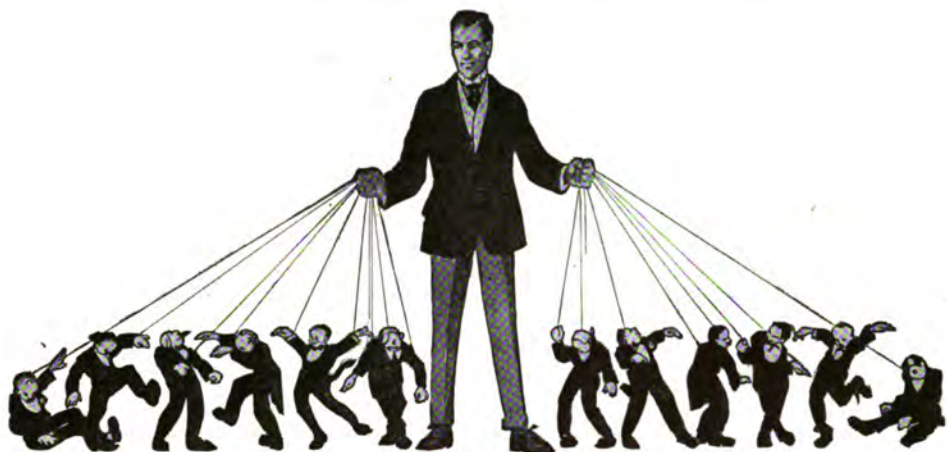
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NEWS ITEM—*The Ladies' Waiting-Room of the Pennsylvania R. R. Station at East Aurora was recently mopped out with a solution of Concentrated Lye and Formaldehyde, Spring has come!*

THERE is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully, and cheerfully as we can.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE FRA



Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it Depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The Sixty-Nine Methods for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to throw off worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous System.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body Health.
Difficulties in Mastering Habitual Habits.

Power of Will Makes You the Master

Yours can be the master mind controlling the actions, the thoughts, the very destinies of your fellow men. You can learn to overcome seemingly insurmountable handicaps that have hitherto effectively barred your way. You can rise to heights undreamed of, through the Power of your Will if you but know how. For Power of Will is the driving force wherein lies the secret of every world achievement—of every man's really great success.

The Power Behind the Brain

Thousands of men are thinkers and planners. Thousands are able to create really good ideas—while but few have the will power to carry them out—to overcome the obstacles blocking the path to success. This is because from earliest childhood the mind is trained, while the Will—which is the motive power of the brain—is wholly neglected. Yet the Will is even more susceptible to training than the brain—and by the same methods—by intelligent exercise and use.

"Power of Will"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

May Transform Your Life

The users of "Power of Will" have experienced results through its study which border on the miraculous—it has enabled thousands to carry to a conclusion plans which they had worked on unsuccessfully for years—it has made active men of affairs out of pitiable down and outers—it has transformed those who had always been the pawn of others into self-confident, powerful leaders—it has enabled men and women held down by petty fears—by trivial daily incidents, to brush them aside as though made of paper mache—it teaches self-mastery—control of appetites and desires—it has cured drunks of long standing—it has made innumerable sick people well—it has brought peace and happiness to nervous, discontented, envious natures, and it has enabled strong successful men by the thousand to accomplish bigger things by giving them even greater power to use in their dealings with others.

No matter what your occupation in life—no matter what your age—"Power of Will" can help you by giving you the power to say "I will," by giving you unwavering determination to carry out your purpose in spite of all—by showing you how to succeed where others fail—as over 75,000 men and women owners of "Power of Will" can tell you.

Send No Money—Examine Book First

Although "Power of Will" is a 400-page, leather bound book containing more material than many \$25 correspondence courses, the price is only \$3. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon on the right, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon, or write a letter NOW, before you turn this page.

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Over 75,000 Users

Power of Will has already helped over 75,000 people—a record equalled by no other single course of any kind in the world. Such men as Judge Ben. B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Ambassador to U. S.; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; General Manager Christenson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty.-Gen. of the U. S.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; B. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co., and literally thousands of other successful men like them are amongst the users of this great work.

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get \$300 to \$50,000 worth of good out of it."
—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West. Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"Will Power" is a compilation of mighty forces. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$900—cost \$3; profit \$897."
—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"He who reads it and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd."
—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers Assn., Cowles, Neb.

"Here is \$3 for you, 'Power of Will' received. It is the book I've wished for, for years." J. L. Seawall, Clerk of Supreme Court, State of No. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.

Pelton Pub. Co., 21H Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit \$3, or return the book in 5 days.

Name.....
Address.....

AFTER collecting the particulars of **L**IFE is made up of little things. It is 400,000 cases of smallpox, I am compelled to admit that my belief in vaccination is absolutely destroyed.—Dr. A. Vogt, Berne University, Switzerland.

offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.—George MacDonald.

"If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year, do you suppose," the Walrus said, "that they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear.

THE FRA

A School in the Hills of New York

limited to fifty boys each having the benefit of definite study, guidance and directed development by the School's Head, assisted not only by men teachers of experience, vision and point of view, but also by individual tests made by Elizabeth Ross Shaw, the School's psychologist.

A High Grade Preparatory School

where the curriculum incorporates the elements of *Manual, Industrial and Vocational* training. The Course of Study is broad and most comprehensive, but is adapted to meet the demands of the *individual*. All departments are well equipped physically, the boy having the advantage of intense academic instruction as the classes are very small and the contact with teachers, both in class and out, is daily and interested.

A Community where the Individual has Full Sway

and where boys—old and young—mingle in proper companionship with minds mutually attuned to right living and right doing. The academic day is over at One o'Clock, then begin the tasks for the *Community*. Three hours each afternoon are spent in erecting buildings, building bridges, making roads, gardening, harvesting ice, logging, etc., etc.

A Play Group of Healthy Young Animals

whose muscles jump keenly to the spring of the Ski, the hop of the Toboggan, the glide of the Skate, the bound of the Ball. Two hours daily, outdoor or indoor sports are practiced with vim; in competition defeat or victory mars not the fun of the game.

A Place of Business where Finances

have their being in the boys' tuition and also through income from Guests who may live at The Inn; from the Summer colony living in the School's Tents and Bungalows; through its farm. The boys know the *Joint Income of the Community* goes toward the betterment of the Schools, thus enabling—

A Low Tuition of \$700

to cover the entire cost of the boy's board, lodging, books, school supplies, laundry and a *Spring trip of interest*. This sum may be paid yearly in advance or half yearly; if the latter—\$350 September 15th; \$350 January 15th—there are no extras. *School term begins October first; closes May twenty-eighth*, but all year round arrangements may be made.

Details relative to entrance of your boy to take the place of one of the six graduates of this year, may be had by addressing the School ☛ ☛ ☛ ☛

THE RAYMOND RIORDON SCHOOL HIGHLAND ☛ ☛ ULSTER COUNTY ☛ ☛ NEW YORK

270 Acres; Garden; Farm; Gymnasium; Lake; All Sports; Library; Complete Laboratories; Independence.

Electric Light; Steam Heat; Pure Water; Exceptional Table; Sound Health.

THE greater our love, the greater the surface we expose to majestic sorrow; wherefore none the less does the sage never cease his endeavors to enlarge this beautiful surface.—*Maeterlinck*.

viii-d

WE never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.

—*J. C. and A. W. Hare.*

The DEVIL DEFIED!



ARILLA M. RICKER
has written a book in
which she excommuni-
cates the Devil and
relegates all preachers
to the Old Women's Home.

☞ Threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise mean nothing to her. She hooks a can to sulky Cerberus and tacks Old Pluto's hide to the Smokehouse-Door. Then, to show that she is in dead earnest, she jumps aboard the House-Boat on the Styx and scuttles it. All for the Good of the Cause and to prove that she is n't Senile at Threescore Ten and Six, or afraid of losing her Reservation in the New Jerusalem.

☞ The book is titled —

"I DON'T KNOW — DO YOU?"

☞ Marilla, you know, has a way of standing up before the learned D. D.'s and asking them the most embarrassing questions. She persists, at the most inopportune moments, in popping up with suggestions which, to say the least, are intolerable — scandalous, shocking, sacrilegious, irreverent, heretical — Ugh! — at least so to sanctimonious ears. After which she pours forth such a cataclysm of argument — a veritable Hellfire of Forensic, sustained, supported and buttressed by sound, incontrovertible facts — that the entire structure of theological dogma comes clattering down around her ears. The crash of tottering Idols raises a continuous din throughout the book.

☞ "I Don't Know — Do You?" is beautifully printed on fine paper with an autographed photogravure of the author as frontispiece. The book is a tall copy, and is attractively bound in boards, with marbled-paper sides and leather back, and title stamped in gold on dark green. Silk marker. It is a right royal volume for library or bookshelf. *Price, \$1.50.*

Send your orders to

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



WHEN you know that Good is the only permanent power and the inevitable outcome of all torment—then—you shall cease to worry about others or yourself.

—*Mary L. Burton.*

Give a woman the best of it, as she has the worst of it even if she gets the best of it.—*C. W. Monahan.*

Helpful men are safe men.

THE HIGHER PRAISE



"It's a great car."

Over storm-roughened, winter roads, a car forces its way swiftly across the plains, reaches the Continental Divide, climbs steadily and surely up the ice-coated, eighteen-mile ascent, tops the brow, then moves rapidly downward to the town in the foothills.

A curious crowd gathers around. Dimly on the sleet-encrusted radiator they make out the trademark bearing the name: "Saxon."

"It's a great car," they say, one to another.

Turn time back a short space. The day of the famous hill climb has come. The race for premier honors begins. The crowd clustered at every point of vantage is a-buzz with excitement.

Finally the last car finishes the arduous climb up the winding mountain road.

There's a consultation of judges, a comparison of times, then announcement of first, second, third

places. And the winner—bears on its radiator this name: "Saxon."

"It's a great car," says the crowd.

Time and again this phrase—"It's a great car,"—leaps from the lips of thousands upon thousands of owners.

The man who has driven only costly cars says it with a distinct note of surprise in his voice.

The expert—from the depths of his experience with many cars—repeats it with an emphasis, which implies that he has voiced the ultimate in praise.

"It's a great car."

Thus the world pays its tribute to the "Saxon."

Below you'll find listed the specifications of both the New Series Saxon "Six" and the New Series Saxon "Four"—together with their prices.

Write for interesting booklet Saxon Days. Address Dept III.

New Series Saxon "Six" \$785

A big, roomy, light-weight, 5-passenger touring car; yacht-line design; lustrous finish of lasting newness; 112 inch wheelbase; six cylinder high-speed motor of marked power on minimum gasoline consumption; 2½ inch bore x 4½ inch stroke; 32 inch x 3½ inch tires; two-unit electric starting and lighting system; Timken axles and full Timken bearings throughout the chassis; helical bevel gears; linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floor boards; and a score more of further refinements.

New Series Saxon "Four" \$395

A handsome, rugged, powerful roadster; stream-line design; 96 inch wheelbase; 28 inch x 3 inch tires; 15 h. p. L-head, high-speed motor of unusual power, smoothness, quietness, flexibility, operative economy and coolness under all conditions; four cylinders cast en bloc; crank case integral; 2½ inch bore x 4 inch stroke; 40 inch seat; three-speed sliding gear transmission (only standard roadster under \$400 with three-speed transmission); Timken axles; Hyatt Quiet bearings; honeycomb radiator; dryplate clutch; ventilating windshield; signal lamps at side; adjustable pedals; vanadium steel cantilever springs; and fifteen additional improvements.

Saxon Motor Car Company Detroit



THE world-changing mission of the spirit and genius of the United States has been generally obscured and lost sight of since the close of the Nineteenth Century. For three or four generations we

had cherished the tradition that the political and social order in this country was somehow fundamentally different from that of old-world states. America stood forth unique—great with a spiritual

THE FRA



Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent of others, but always in danger from natural laws.

To the extent that we assist one another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for production, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better food and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

He should not forget who makes his

clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the more he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take our government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform our duties under the most favorable conditions. Interdependence means civilized existence.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

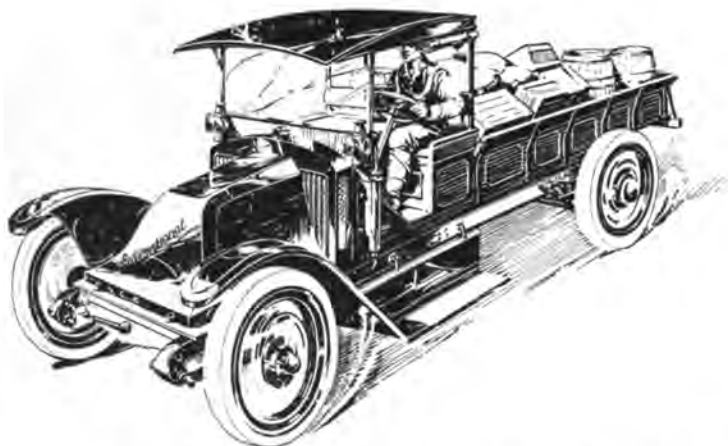
Universal Service

portent that was incomparable. Since 1898 this sense of national uniqueness has been suspended. For the moment we have been content to think of ourselves as just one of "the great powers," which is

of course a claim far lower than that made by our fathers—amounting, in fact, to a temporary abandonment of their purpose and a threatened apostasy from their faith.—*Charles Ferguson.*

THE FRA

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE



Money invested in an International Motor Truck pays a high rate of interest. An International truck keeps customers satisfied by giving them prompt, regular service. With an International, business is extended to its widest limit. But, more important than these, is the fact that—

*The International Motor Truck is sold by a Company
whose Success Depends upon the Service it Gives!*

This Company maintains a complete service station in 88 principal cities throughout the United States. Each station employs expert truck men and carries a full stock of repair parts, from a set of chains to a complete power plant. Both men and repairs are at a customer's command instantly in case of accident. We make it our business to keep our customers satisfied, just as you do. We hope a buyer of an International will never have an accident, but if he should have, we do not allow it to interfere with his business for one minute longer than is absolutely necessary ☛ ☛

These are the newly announced rock-bottom prices:

Model M	—1,000 pounds capacity, water-cooled	-	\$ 710
Model E	—1,500 pounds capacity, heavy duty motor	-	950
Model F	—2,000 pounds capacity, chassis only	-	1,500
All prices cash f. o. b., Akron, Ohio			

Write for complete information on International Motor Trucks

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

160 Harvester Building

CHICAGO U S A

BELIEVE in work. I never forget for one moment that time is precious. I never forget that the sun does not stand still, and if a man is not careful the sun will leave him with his work unfinished.

It is easy enough to accomplish something if you set out for it in earnest.

—F. Hopkinson Smith.

Babies are the dice of destiny.

THE FRA

Spring Song

—the melody always old and ever new! The tune that sets young feet a-twinkle and old hearts a-dancing.

This is the magic spirit you bring into your home—the spirit of dance and song.

Cecilian Phonograph

With this marvelous instrument to entertain the whole family you are independent of opera, theater and dance hall.

Our \$50
to You Sent On Approval

This beautiful phonograph is equal in tone production and finish to any \$100 machine. But you will be the judge. Send for the *Cecilian*—use it and if not satisfactory send it back at our expense. A postal will bring all the facts.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Dept. H329
New York Chicago Kansas City
Ft. Worth Portland, Ore.
Write house most convenient



THE most natural privilege of man, next to the right of acting for himself, is that of combining his exertions with those of his fellow-creatures, and of acting in common with them. The right of asso-

ciation, therefore, appears to me almost as inalienable in its nature as the right of personal liberty.—*De Tocqueville.*

A man is a god in the crib.

THE FRA



L-14
MATCH-CASE
50 Cents



L-21 — NAPKIN-RING
50 Cents



L-22 — FRAME-PURSE
PRICE, \$1.25

ROYCROFT HAND-MODELED LEATHER

articles range in price from 50c to \$50 each, depending on the size and the amount of work put into each piece. Between these extremes you will find many "happy mediums." A few are shown on this page. Purses, hand-bags, music-rolls, tie-cases, manicure-cases, bill-folds, pocketbooks, table-mats, etc. Each exquisitely designed. Each modeled by hand by an artist who has found his work. ¶ Gift packages are a Roycroft Specialty. We enclose your Card or "Greetings" and prepay Delivery Charges. Shipments prompt.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA

NEW YORK



L-13
KNIFE-CASE
50 Cents



L-41 — KODAK-ALBUMS
PRICE, \$5.00 Size, 11½ x 8½ inches
Mounting space, 8 x 10 inches 25 sheets
Modeled Cowhide
PRICE, \$4.00 Size, 10½ x 7½ inches
Mounting space, 7 x 9 inches 25 sheets



L-53 — HAND-BAG
Size, 5½ x 6 inches
PRICE, \$3.50



L-28 — ROYCROFT BOOKMARK
PRICE, 35 Cents

IN time, perhaps, mankind may be wise enough to let trade take its own course, find its own channels, and regulate its own proportions, etc. At present, most of the edicts of princes, placarts, laws and

ordinances of kingdoms and states for the purpose prove political blunders, the advantages they produce not being general for the Commonwealth, but particular to private persons or bodies in the

THE FRA

57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES
Foods • Sauces • Relishes • Condiments
Pure • Clean-made • Appetizing

It's the sauce that makes spaghetti good. The Italians know that—and long experience in cooking spaghetti has taught them the secret of making good sauces. The sauce that gives that enticing flavor to

HEINZ SPAGHETTI

(Cooked ready to serve when heated)



is made on the recipe of a famous Italian chef—by an Italian chef—in the immaculate Heinz kitchens. We leave the verdict of its goodness to you.

Try a can at our risk. The grocer will refund your money if you are not pleased.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties



Home of the 57

State who procure them, and at the expense of the rest of the people.—*Franklin.*

The folks who do big things are not in bondage to their bodies.

EVERY generous nature desires to make the earnings of an honest living but a means to the higher end of adding to the sum total of human goodness and human happiness.—*Frances E. Willard.*

xv

THE FRA

Luxeberry WHITE ENAMEL



Homebuilding

stimulates a desire for the beautiful that prompts the selection of Luxeberry White Enamel and Liquid Granite.

Luxeberry White Enamel—lasting, washable, beautiful—can also be modified to the newer tones of ivory and French gray in either brilliant or dull effects.

Liquid Granite Floor Varnish is the great general purpose finish. It is waterproof, wear resisting and suitable for all interiors.

Write for interesting book on wood finishing.

BERRY BROTHERS
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Walkerville,
San Francisco, [246]

Liquid Granite FLOOR VARNISH

Sympathy is like the consistency of colors—
all the woes of earth blend to make it
beautiful.—*George Beebe.*

Genius is only a little talent, tacked on
to a mighty lot of work.

—*Nettie Hall Austin.*

As a man thinketh, so is she.

xvi

Graft is a fool policy.

THE FRA

DEVOTED TO BUSINESS AND
THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR

JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



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ELBERT HUBBARD PUBLISHER

Vol. XVII

APRIL, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

No. 1

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Elbert Hubbard and the Kiddies

Bert Hubbard




KNEW Elbert Hubbard in his everyday life. I knew him to live his ideals as closely as a man could possibly do and still meet with sordid success the conditions of the times. He fully realized that

ideal conditions can never be brought about anywhere—without ideal people. And whether an ideal people will ever be evolved he always doubted.

IN his universal love of humanity, it is but natural that you should expect him to be vastly interested in all children. His ideas on education, schools, colleges, the parents, environment, have made big impressions on the thinking people who have read him carefully.

To make some little one happy seemed to give him real delight. All the kids in East Aurora knew him, and they always exchanged greetings on the street. Some-

times it would be, "Hello, John!" or "Oh, you Mr. Hubbard!" Away from home he was of general interest to all newsboys, who greeted him, "Cowboy, want a paper?" He always did. One time the newsboy on a train attracted him as being a good hustler. So to test him he gave him ten copies of *Who Lifted the Lid*—"Sell them for a dime each and I will give you ten more." That boy is a Roycrofter now.

But to the children who knew him most intimately he was "Uncle." Although he was a grandfather he never suggested in any way that he be called such. It seemed so out of place, too. Some folks, you know, are grandfathers long before their time. Perhaps "Uncle Elbert" was self-styled. Any Roycroft baby whose name was Elbert or Elberta (and there have been a number) always received a bank-book from Elbert Hubbard, Banker, showing a deposit of five dollars. With it came a note of congratulations and appreciation—"From 'e Uncle Elbert, with love and blessings." 

One

THE FRA

NOT only did his workers' honor him. Just how many copies of the *Garcia* and *Pig-Pen Pete* he has inscribed to Elberts—Smith, Jones, Lewis, Johnson, etc.—I could n't venture to guess. This compliment to him was always pleasing. Not as a personal matter, I am sure, but because the fond parents bestowed the name Elbert upon their child in recognition of the ideals as put forth by Elbert Hubbard; also in hopes that they might serve as an inspiration to young Elbert. I can still remember, as a boy, the thrill of being spoken to on the street by any grown man of the town. But I do not now recollect any man in particular who thus greeted me. My thrill might actually have lasted till now if Ingersoll, or Lincoln, or Webster, or Grant had lived in my town when I was a boy, and had called me by name or stopped to pat my head.

All his life Elbert Hubbard had a very tender love for little babies. He never missed an opportunity to fondle one. Any baby, anywhere, was of interest. Always an uncertain quantity, but with unlimited possibilities!

When a boy he delighted in taking his baby sister, Honor, on a horse with him. He rode bareback and would gallop the horse down the road to the town pump and back. His mother says she can see them yet—the baby's long white dress streaming out in the wind. These little trips gave her considerable worry, but Bert could ride well. Besides, he did n't do it just to be smart: he was taking care of Sister, like any big brother should.

His father, Doctor Silas Hubbard, was the only physician in their town, and consequently presided at all visits of the stork. This gave Elbert first information as to the new babies. He at once assumed part of the doctor's responsibility, and very often before the new arrival was a day old Elbert came around to make an inspection. You see, he had four sisters and no brother (except the adopted one he so charmingly tells about in that classic little story, *How I Found My Brother*)

Undoubtedly he looked with longing on all the new boy-babies—imagining each his brother.

But when the last baby came to his own house, he found his big sister out in the woodshed crying. "What you bawling about?" "Well, it's nothing but another nasty girl." "You should be glad it's something. I'm going to go see her." However, in an exceedingly busy life and at an age when all his babies had grown up, the thought of disturbed sleep and constant care of a baby held no charm for him. My family and I had just finished eating dinner with him one day. The baby had furnished much amusement and his attention to her had been constant. His remark seemed to express his thoughts of the flight of time—and the memory of the nights I had lengthened for him—when he turned to Alice and said, "Would n't it be fine to have a baby in the house—for about an hour!"

There are three little girls in my family, and their "Uncle" was very dear to them. They expect him back any time. The summers will come and go. They will look in vain for that kindly greeting and the little presents he always brought. The evening last April he left East Aurora for the last time he came to our little log house. He brought the children a box of Crane's chocolates and left it on the porch. The baby he carried around the garden as we talked. She has a little kernel under the skin behind each ear, which he discovered with great delight. "That's the only Hubbard baby you have," said he. "The kernels are the distinguishing mark of a genuine Hubbard." And she looked at him with wonder, not knowing that she was in the generation that was to produce another Hubbard the world would hear from. Some day, when she proves the theory that genius skips every other generation, I will tell her of his last blessing.

He did n't say good-by—just kissed the baby and waved us a salute, "We'll see you all again in seven weeks."

"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Belgium Fletcherized



ELBERT HUBBARD liked to play "catch"; when the train stopped at Medicine Hat for ten minutes; on Boston Common; behind the Hotel Biltmore—anywhere. On the Fifth Green of the Cambridge

Springs Golf-Course, we had tossed the ball and the merry persiflage, to and fro for an hour—when over the rise in the ground came a roly-poly figure in White Duck—Horace Fletcher!

'T was about the time the Ladies' Hum Jnl. had printed his picture with a full page of his Philosophy. So you see he had arrived and was respectable. It was permissible to let him play First Base! Horace Fletcher must have been sixty years young at that time. Common People who like to read the Hum Jnl. had just discovered the possibilities of FLETCHERISM. He sat in the center of the Spotlight. Moreover, he and his doctrine *deserved* attention. Twenty years he had practised and demonstrated his theories in Laboratories, and before Learned Bodies. Time the people, the real beneficiaries, should know him.

Horace Fletcher has taught Dietetics in the University of Cambridge and Yale; was Peripatetic Professor of Vital Economics for various Universities.

He gave his address as New York and Venice, but usually he was either going or coming ♣ His Workshop is the World!

When the Ball-Game was done, we rambled to a Hillside and rested. There Prof. Fletcher explained "Fletcherism." Never before had I known Elbert Hubbard to listen attentively for three hours to one man!

WHAT 'S the "inside" on Fletcherism? Scientific, based on accurate research, tireless experiment, wide observation, pregnant with the possibilities of a thousand Blackboard Talks, it is so matter-of-fact, so simple, people are incredulous ♣ No Black Bottle! No Latin Prescription! No Hokus-Pokus! No Charge! Simply CHEW YOUR FOOD!

"Chew my food? What nonsense! Of course I chew my food!"

Of course you do not! You are American and you bolt your food!

That 's why two million tons of pills are sold in America each year!

When you "FLETCHERIZE" you chew and chew and chew! Then for a change you masticate and masticate!

You chew until solids become liquids in your mouth, until liquids seep into your body—almost without your knowledge ♣ Advantages: restful meals, with plenty of time for intelligent conversation! Family gets acquainted ♣ No sleeplessness, no indigestion. No "you-have-to-have-your-appendix-removed-or-you-will-die."

Moreover, when you Fletcherize, just HALF the Food you usually consume satisfies your appetite!

You do not overeat as you do *now*!

HORACE FLETCHER came to Roycroft for several weeks that Summer. He had rest and some rare fun here.

Three

The girls regularly discovered little "Pods" on his plate, the fibrous, useless, hard-to-digest parts of the meal—which he had chewed—and chewed; with which he refused to burden his digestive organs! ¶ They called them "Hod's Cuds!"—and argued that FLETCHERISM was an Irish Bull! Moreover, they tried to "spoo" the Professor, but found he could chew the Lint as well as the Alfalfa!

Toward the end of his visit Professor Fletcher tried an Experimental Fast. For either eighteen or twenty days, he took no nourishment of any kind—unless water may be so called! He lost in weight, but apparently not in vigor. He played Catch with us every day. After the second day there was no hunger.

That Summer I weighed 184 pounds, which is some 20 pounds more than a man of my height and over-all dimensions should admit. Moreover, I was curious. So I talked "Fast" with Professor Fletcher. He advised me to try it. For eight days I walked the length of the Dining-Room without stopping, with disdain for ordinary mortals.

There are those who state I ate wieners and sauerkraut in the secrecy of my closet. But I stoutly—nay thinly, maintained that I was faithful to Cynara in my fashion. I lost twenty-two pounds.

HORACE FLETCHER has been in Belgium since the start of the War; associated with the Relief Workers.

From various sources has come the information that FLETCHERISM has done as much for Belgium as the Food Contributions of all Countries combined.

"Fletcherism" has made ONE ration serve for TWO people! One Ration Fletcherized has given as much satisfaction, as much sustenance, as much Health, as TWO!

From end to end of Belgium the destitute Fletcherized and gave thanks!

Perhaps one of the unmeasurable benefits that will come out of the War will be the distribution of the practical proof of

economy in food consumption made possible through Fletcherism!

Several weeks ago, Horace Fletcher dropped me a note from Belgium: "You make too much of my work—I simply gave what I had to give!—All the reward I ask is that the American People contribute cloth that the Belgians may have clothes to wear—I!"

If we must have a War Hero, why not present Horace Fletcher with the Gold Cross of the First Class, inscribed "To One of the Saviors of Humanity!"

Nympholepsy

NYMPHOLEPSY! When first I read this word, my attention was detained. I penciled on my cuff that it might sometime point a moral or decorate a chauncydepew. Lo, in perusing a late copy of Reedy's *Mirror*, I came across the same "Nympholepsy" inserted casually, as a matter of no moment!

An itinerant scandalmonger once told me that Mr. Bill Reedy spent all his evenings on his stomach in front of the fireplace engrossed with the Dictionary.

Lawks! I gave no heed to this loose-lipped defiler of honest art: "Go boil your head! Mr. Bill is too nearsighted to lie on his stomach and read the Dictionary." ¶ Umbungpung, I guess yes!

Nevertheless, "Nympholepsy" is "Nympholepsy," and there it was in the *Mirror*—when no proper person is supposed to even know what it means, except the editors of *The Cosmopolitan*.

In Mythologic Times a gentleman otherwise occupied with his gas-bills instantly developed a "Species of Demoniatic Enthusiasm" the first time he gazed upon a nymph.

When he forsook the runways of life to chase her into the forest-glades, they called him crazy. Perhaps he was.

A modern who has not been vaccinated, may contract "Nympholepsy," when on his peaceful way to Lodge he chances to pass a beauteous damosel all dolled out

in slim white gaiters and a bearskin bonnet: "Hoopla, Hoopla—hip-hoo-rah—the British Grenadiers!"

Another and fatal form of "Nympholepsy" is developed in the deep plush armchairs of City Clubs, patronized by the Old Boy who was but ain't!

He dozes and renews his triumphs!

Such a Nympholeptic is George Moore, an aged Irishman, who but recently has taken the World into his confidence with the *Memoirs of My Dead Life*.

I read so many harsh and envious reviews, I just knew I had to have that book. A pornographic Pittsburgher warned me, "Be sure to get the AMERICAN Edition."

¶ It seems the American Publishers of Yankee Puritan Stock, loath to lose an honest dollar, wanted to issue the "Memoirs," but insisted Moore should cut out a little of the lavender and old lace. George, faithful unto death to all his light-o'-loves, refused.

They compromised.

George was to omit several Third Acts—but, in turn, to take the privilege of writing an "Apology." Sure—Certainly! George Moore's "Apology," I am told, is exhaustive. He explains what was taken out, why, how he came to write it in the first place, the reason it really should be in, the importance of being true to one's self; the responsibility to others; what the Marquise would say should her name not be mentioned—and so on.

George lives in France.

I sat up in the Wash-Room of the Sleeper half the night, from Pittsburgh to Chicago, searching out the thrill. Just when I thought I had it, a man came in with a bottle of alcohol and told me he had lumbago—asked would I mind rubbing his back. I like the unusual; I rubbed blisters from his Equator to his Tropic of Capricorn.

When he went back to his berth, I went back to the book. I wandered around with George in and out of musk-scented boudoirs, gardens, haylofts, through violet meadows, along mossy mountain-sides—

quite all over France. His methods lacked variety; in consequence, the "Memoirs."

¶ Once only in Orelay, when he spent three hours questing for pajamas because a nightshirt would never, never, never do, I seemed best to sympathize and understand. Perhaps because I lived for an entire Summer in a two-by-four tent with Dickie LeGallienne and absorbed a little poetic temperament.

Even so, the book was dull.

I still think Dr. Osler's theory of chloroforming them at forty is just the thing. Especially the Nympholeptics who describe escapades with shapely and seductive young wantons of y'ars and y'ars ago—now sour and dour old women.

Efficient Waste

THE curse of this age is EFFICIENCY.

¶ Efficiency strives to make Machines of Men—and loses the purpose of Life. When we seek to make the *Thing* and not the *Man*—both are failures! Strive to "Speed 'em up"—to reduce "Motions," and presently the Worker is an automaton, and the product a tragic monument to Labor.

Produce First-Quality Men—and First-Quality Work naturally follows!

Man alone is worthy of Development ☛

Slivers' Last Exit

ONE leg flung out in front, the other sprawled to the side, his body bent over, his head a-rest on his knee, a queer smile on his face—so they found Slivers. The gas was turned on. The cracks were stuffed with rags. The Clown who had made millions laugh had played his Last Joke on himself; he was dead ☛ Just three years ago, I paid over to Slivers \$1,000 to give his wordless Baseball-Game once, for the especial pleasure of 10,000 men, women and kiddies. We believed it worth \$1,000 to make 10,000 people laugh and forget for half an hour.

Surely it was worth that much to Slivers,

Five

THE FRA

had some one made *him* "forget" for half an hour—let 'lone laugh!

Under the stars on a great circular stage, in a red-striped Jersey, and large, white muslin panties, false flat feet, a buffoon smirk done in black on a death-white face, a beautifully trimmed grease curl on his forehead, the slender Slivers gave us the NATIONAL GAME.

Played all the parts himself: advised the Invisible Pitcher, heckled the Invisible Umpire, caught the Invisible Foul, and made the Invisible Home Run!

Sounds flat? Well, 10,000 of us roared with laughter. Slivers was a genius in suggestion; a master of the pause; never doubting; ridiculous instinctively!

His pantomime was clean, delightful. He made the American look into the mirror of life and catch his own funny reflection. Yea, we laughed, howled!

I do not know Slivers' "Story." If I did I would not write it. He is dead; died alone—miserable and penniless. We could have better spared a thousand politicians!

☛ A friend to little children, a joy-maker, in love with mirth, Slivers should have lived forever!

Maybe in the memory of men he will! ☛

Slivers was forty-five years old; an hour before he died, a friend refused to lend him a quarter.

The Thirteen

HERE find a list of the Thirteen Immortals who shaped the existing civilization, whose influence will defy the ages. You may criticize, correct—and of a certainty consider!

Jesus Christ. A Jew; the apostle of gentleness, non-resistance, forgiveness; creator of a Faith that still preaches his Doctrine, but does not practise it ☛ A Man so GOOD his ignorant followers called him Divine! ☛ ☛

Napoleon Bonaparte. A Great Agriculturist, who harrowed a Continent, blasted conventions, plowed under reeking Court-Yards, fertilized a coming Civilization

with blood; who established for all time that World Dominion is not for any one man! ☛ ☛

Pericles. Founder of Athenian civilization; patron of Athenian culture, Athenian art; the first to present the doctrine that all men are equal; the first Ruler to decide War to be unmoral, unreasonable, and profitless.

Cæsar. A builder; a maker of roads; a statesman, a lawgiver, a writer, an orator, a mathematician, a philologist, an architect, a conqueror, likewise a civilizer; a man who waged a war to please a woman ☛ ☛

Shakespeare. Most marvelous of writers; a poacher; an actor; a plain man of sense; a weaver of words—whose monument is a Brewery.

Rousseau. A servant; a chorister; the father of several illegitimate children; a Protestant, a Catholic and again a Protestant; the man whose writings and harangues forced the French Revolution; the Patron Sinner of all Republics.

Darwin. A scientist; the man who made the "Seven Days of the Creation" a delightful myth; one whose Logic confounded Beliefs; a judge of the merits and pretensions of monkeys and men.

Columbus. The amazing Adventurer, who sailed on and on into "Hell's Fires." The Earth was flat—and he who ventured far enough would sail off the edge into Hell, where the Sun set each night! He sailed—to keep faith with an Idea.

Thomas Jefferson. A red-headed man; brains of the Continental Government; "the most receptive mind of his generation"; admired by Edmund Burke, a friend of Thomas Paine, a Freethinker on Religious and other subjects; an enemy to Black Slavery; composer of the Declaration of Independence.

William Morris. Who made Asbury Park and Niagara Falls souvenirs, plush furniture, carpets and stuffed birds, unpopular as Household Fixings; an author; a poet; a worker whose influence is felt for the better, in every Home in the World.

Ingersoll. The man who discharged the

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Devil and closed up Hell; a mental Emancipator; a giant in Lilliput.

Stephenson. The designer of the practical Locomotive; the "founder of railways," the organizer of modern methods of Transportation. A super-Harriman—with an Honest Heart.

Tolstoy. The discoverer of the dignity of Manual Labor; a rich man with a matured mind; a savant; a peasant who lived by sweat; a toiler with dirt under his nails and God in his Heart.

Cliff-Dwellers

A-TOP a skyscraper in Chicago, within a stone's throw of the Lion-Guarded Museum, the artists have built for themselves a quaint and curious clubhouse. It might be an unmolested thatched-roof farm in Brittany; with fire-places, broad and high; smoky, rough walls and rafters; food prepared with strange gravies and piquant sauces to eat; armchairs made for long-drawn-out yarns and tidbit tales afterwhiles.

You pay as you go. The Cashier's desk blocks the one exit—"Oh, yes, Jules is broke, and his Friend is also an Artist."

¶ Never mind, the Cliff-Dwellers are rich in experiences—Immortals in the know-how of living.

B———had delivered a Lecture at the Institute in the morning on *Strange Hallucinations in Modern Art*. B———prefers to talk to that intelligent minority rather than the unintelligent majority. Therefore, his Lectures are extremely unpopular, and tremendously patronized. ¶ Said B——— with his back to the Log Fire: "You remember Jean Bedeau of Minneapolis, who was the Frenchiest Frenchman in Paris in '95? You remember how he made 'soup' of the twenty-seven colors of the sky for his palette, 'Ze gra-and composite!' How the crazy idea was absolutely sound. You remember he was four foot ten, and made full-arm gestures, all above his collarbone—?

"Look at zat cloud, ze bright one! Now ze dark one! Now turn ze head! Look-queek! Again! Turn-queek! What do you see? Queek! Now make ze soup!—"

"And his color was always true; might have been borrowed from the sky itself! "

"Well, I met him on the Avenue, this morning. What do you think?—Announces his engagement! Going to get married! Jean! With a touch of the gout and a cane! Eyeglasses, sugar-loaf top hat, long-tailed coat! Veree, Veree dis-tang-gay! Wee-wee! Mon Dieu!

"When?" I queried.

"My friend," he wheezed, "in ze be-ootiful Summair! June ze Twenty-first! "

"You Coward! I accused him. 'That's the shortest night of the year.'"

"He was talking Minneapolis-straight when I slipped into the crowd and away."

Blatherskite Billy

BILLY SUNDAY is in Baltimore. ¶ Mr. Devil and his assistants, the Seven Capital Sins, have packed up their paraphernalia. They're off for Philadelphia in the morning.

When Billy was in Philadelphia last year, the Devil, acting under instructions, moved down to Baltimore for the Season. The Devil is Billy Sunday's Advance Agent; they work together under a Gentleman's Agreement; they divide the swag.

¶ So long as the Devil lives and prospers, the temperature of Hell is maintained, Billy has a job; a most excellent graft it is! But the Devil must be kept contented, happy, and busy, or Billy's business goes on the bum.

For years the Elect have argued, pro and con, whether Billy Sunday or the Devil could work the greatest injury to a city. Since it has been established that they toil together, that one is indispensable to and perfectly appreciates the other, the combination is considered invincible.

His Satanic Majesty will sojourn in Philadelphia until he re-establishes his Branch Agencies there on the same

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satisfactory scale. 'T were easily done. Billy's subnormal Philadelphia converts simply must have *some more excitement*. Either the Devil or Billy will do. They don't care a fiddler's cussword which *so*. After Philadelphia, Mr. Devil moves along to Buffalo, the burg Billy is due to hold up to national ridicule in 1917.

Time hurries on; the self-sacrificing Devil must get on the job and be dragged by the tail up and down Buffalo's Main Street to emphasize the need for Billy; to guarantee the PURSE.

Mr. Rodeheaver will please strike up the Band while the Scenes are shifted and the Performers change their costumes. The Local Committee will pass up and down the Tabernacle Aisles with peanuts, hymn-books, chewing-gum and tracts.

YOU may be flabbergasted by New York, astonished by Chicago, non-plussed by Boston. San Francisco may thrill you; Detroit enthuse you, New Orleans delight you—but Baltimore will hold you by your Heart-Strings.

More than any other city in America, Baltimore "remembers to live." Its people are friendly, generous, open-hearted.

In its homes and homelike clubs, of which there are dozens, the town lives its life quietly, comfortably, easily, pleasantly.

¶ Baltimore is *balanced* economically. No one overworks. Especially not the man who earns two or three dollars the day. There are no tenements in Baltimore. The workman owns his own little brick house, with its four marble steps, its twenty-foot brick sidewalk. On this brick sidewalk, on Summer Evenings, you will find an entire block reclining in rockers, observing the stars in their courses, visiting, entertaining, diffusing Good-Will! The Baltimorean, whatever his income, knows how to enjoy life.

He calls his neighbors and business friends by their First Names; he takes in the Theater, goes to the Ball-Game with regularity, plays Golf, patronizes Good Music, and Art that is Art; attends the

Pimlico Races, gives the preference to the delectable a-la-Maryland cookery; develops his Home Life, drives his car out through Green Spring Valley to cool off before he turns in at night, and in other ways deports himself as a Human Being.

¶ Unspoiled Baltimore has individuality, spirit, enthusiasm and charm. F. Hopkinson Smith has told of the charm of Baltimore, the charm of fellowship and courtesy, of breeding and the belief in the goodness of all Men; the charm of the knowledgable old gentleman, who knows what he knows, understands what he understands, whose judgments are kindly, sympathetic, intelligent—a character who rarely mistakes brass for red gold.

I have prowled around o' dark nights in most of the wicked cities of the world *so*. Without exception, Baltimore has less so-called "wickedness," less need for a Shyster Shouter like Sunday.

The skeleton in Baltimore's closet is that it has, unfortunately, as the city apologetically admits, seven famous "Bugs," and eleven senile millionaires who are afraid to die; frantic for forgiveness of their secret sins.

These are Billy Sunday's sponsors.

BILLY SUNDAY is a great money-maker—for Billy. He is an emotional, hysterical, narrow-minded, fearless, fanatical orator. He knows that of all the inmates of the Insane Asylums in America, eighty per cent are victims of religious mania. Billy Sunday plays on and develops this mania. Weaklings who might be safe for another five years throw a fit when Billy Sunday talks, and "hit the trail"—God help them!

The psychology of the Large Crowd—the larger the easier—the packed Tabernacle, the heat, the music, the excitement, the nervous strain—the erratic, senseless motion—MOTION—are high notes in this Pied Piper's Flute.

Not Logic; Not Truth; Not Sincerity *so*. Billy Sunday's Sermons on paper are dull, dreary, dry, uninteresting. I defy

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any one with ordinary sense to find either inspiration or an intelligent message in what Billy says. He spews platitudes. His "Sundaygrams" are the smartness of the salacious Old Rogue who in his impotence likes to roll it over in his mind.

¶ Permit us to quote Billy:

Why, a man with red blood in his veins can't look at half the women on the streets now, and not have impure thoughts.

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no chemise shirt?
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Don't you wear no underclothes,
But your corset and your hose?"

Princeton University says, "Many of Mr. Sunday's remarks are abusive, disgusting, or slanderous."

For the joy of it, I asked my fellow-sinner, Jonathan Hoyle, to correct the talk that Billy Sunday gave to the Baltimore ministers. Friend Hoyle found twenty-seven errors in it: "Ain't got none." "He has went"—That sort of stuff! Twenty-seven in a twenty-minute talk.

Because Billy does n't know? Oh, no! Billy attended Northwestern University. Billy knows. But Billy is a crooked seeker for effects. The Common People are supposed to talk that way—so Billy talks that way. Billy insists that one must not talk over the heads of the Common People. Of this crime Billy will surely escape conviction. I have sailed before the mast, slept in city parks, occupied a hall bedroom on the Bowery; ranged the open with Tramps: Billy's Pulpit Language would force a reprimand in many a Fo'castle or Side-Door Pullman.

Of course, Billy plays a part: the part of a mountebank; a tawdry egotist in grease-paint; a trafficker in the trite; a shrewd seducer of the mob; a contemptible, low fellow; a religious charlatan; a vile-tongued betrayer of "the Word"; a spiritual harlot.

Somebody sneezes in the Auditorium. "Here, you stop that!" says Billy, the self-appointed General Manager of Christ;

"my voice can't stand the strain." ♣ Somebody advises Billy that somebody has given up the Prayer-Meetings which are arranged to keep the Public Temperature boiling. Billy snorts: "You let him go and do it, and see what *I do!*"

Wild-eyed and hair-rumpled, my private detective wires me, he shouts from the Platform to the Powers of Evil: "Come on, come on! I'll take you all at once!"

¶ Just then an usher was sent down an Aisle to silence a pop-eyed little boy sitting on the edge of his bench, unconsciously exclaiming aloud, "Oh, gee!"

UNDER Billy Sunday's management, Christianity has become an "act"—or should I say a circus? ♣ A sort of a Single-Ring Animal Show?

Either Ringling's, Barnum's, or 101 Ranch will have to cancel its engagement in Baltimore this season, as Baltimore will be surfeited with sawdust and clowns!

¶ While I thumb the Baltimore newspapers, I wonder what Cardinal James Gibbons, "Jimmie" Gibbons, as he is lovingly called by all men of Baltimore, what this dignified old scholar thinks, what he feels, when he contemplates the competition of this vulgar babbler.

Billy introduces his troupe at the First Performance; a dozen or more selected soul-snatchers. "That lady on the end in the black dress is Ma Sunday." Like give-me-credit Al. Reeves, who presents the seventeen buxom, bubbly, billowy blondes in his gigantic and sure-to-please burlesque show. Only Al. has Humor ♣ In meditation, before he delivers his sermon, Billy twitches, jerks, chews his finger-nails, clears his throat, changes his chair from one spot to another, rushes over to his Organist and whispers, and ever and anon says, "Huh! Huh!"; profoundly propounds his arguments to himself. Talks aloud; gibbers, grimaces!

I hesitate to think how long they would detain him, should Billy unannounced wander into the Paranoic Ward of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

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Later, in presenting to a Tabernacle multitude the deathless lessons to be learned from the life of the Man of Sorrows, Billy, says the *Baltimore Sun*, "leaped from the platform to the pulpit, and swayed there poised on one toe." The *Baltimore Newspapers* naively record that Billy Sunday "does n't mind applause; in fact, he invites it."

What's all this about? you ask impatiently. What, indeed! I only know the reasons the *Newspapers* give. "Money fell into the plate like hail on a hot-house roof."

BILLY SUNDAY "made good" on the Kerosene Circuit. There he was discovered by those Influences that have decided Christianity is better dope for the Worker than a Square Deal. There the old men of Philadelphia found him.

Billy, consciously or otherwise, employs the first and most effective trick of Priestcraft; he takes the attention of the people off Worldly Goods, and fixes their thoughts on Celestial Rewards to come.

Now there are PRACTICAL men in America as elsewhere, who will risk their chances on Celestial Rewards, and take the Worldly Goods instead, and take them NOW. Therefore, Billy is popular.

¶ An entire year's schedule could be made up for him to include such towns as Paterson, N. J., Lawrence, Mass., Ludlow, Col., East Youngstown, O., not overlooking the Cotton-Mill Towns of the Carolinas, and the Coalmine Towns of Pennsylvania.

Billy's job is secure; he can sway the mob, and occupy tired, discouraged or empty minds. He creates FEAR!

Moreover, Billy knows the tragic weakness of the Protestant Church. On that he profits. He knows that the overwhelming majority of Protestant Clergymen are not Leaders. Their Church is so organized economically, they can not be Leaders. They are too dependent on their Front Pews. The desire for Leadership is soon starved out.

Scott Nearing says the Ministers are preaching PREPAREDNESS, siding with organized murder, because they can not grasp any problem that requires time to study. Their time is taken up with Churchly Chores; milking their Sheep! So when Billy comes to town, he tells all the ministers, churches, et al., just how they shall conduct themselves while he is there. Commands them arbitrarily!

Before he leaves Town he herds these Milksop Ministers into one church and talks to them with the respect a Third Mate gives a Shanghaied crew!

(a) "I know a minister and a ball-player who graduated from the same college. Minister's salary, \$1,000; Ball-Player's salary, \$6,000. Merely a matter of DELIVERY."

(b) "You fellows are shallow; when I open your front door, I am in your back yard."

(c) "I can take off your collars without unbuttoning them."

(Reference Joe Miller's Joke-Book, 1892 edition).

And not one of these Men of God tore this Money-Changer from the pulpit he desecrated, and threw him from the Temple! Nor said a word! But applauded their own disgrace.

By the Gods, they deserved what he said to them, and more and more!

No matter!

Destiny will strip the Lion's Skin from off this braying Ass, then strip his Ass's skin and nail it to the Barn-Door of Oblivion, once he works up his Ego to the point where he attempts to "save" Boston or New York.

So far, the only result of Billy's campaign in Baltimore is that it has caused some domestic confusion; a wife who finds her husband on the front steps at three in the morning, with sawdust on his shoes, can not tell whether he came zigzag from the social circle of the barroom or Saint-Vitus-danced-away from Billy Sunday's jagsters at the Tabernacle.

Again, no matter!

The Rent Bill

John T. McRoy



FEW of us ever reflect about every-day matters. So ordinary an event as paying rent has come to be regarded as a part of life—a something to be thought of only when figuring up the monthly household expenses. Not many stop to consider what rent is, why it is paid, and why that particular amount and no other is paid. Yet they who reflect on this every-day fact will in the end learn much more of political economy than many a textbook could teach.

Rent is paid for two distinct services—for the use of the building and for the use of land. That part which is paid for the use of the house is not called rent by Political Economists. The house is the capital of the house-owner, and the rent he gets for it is therefore the price for the use of his capital. But that part of rent which is paid for the use of land is clearly not a payment for capital. Why, then, do you keep doling out your money every month, to live on the land you occupy? Why is it paid? For several reasons. All land is not equally desirable. In the first place, some lands are more fertile than other lands. Two men with similar abilities may work just as hard with the same capital, and yet one produce ten bushels of wheat more per acre than the other, simply because he applies his labor to more fertile land. A business concern selling drygoods will do more business on Fifth Avenue, New York, than in any little town. A dressmaker will usually attract more customers on Main Street than on a side street. For such advantages rent must be paid. Why? Because people are willing to give more to be on the desirable land. It is easier to get rich on such land and men pay for this privilege. They do

not pay rent so much for land as the location of the land.

Or take a mother. She wants her children to be healthy and robust. She would not want to live in a malarial section. She would not wish to live too near vicious neighborhoods. For the advantages of more healthful spots, physically and morally, she must pay a higher rent. The effective reason is, that if she did not pay for these advantages somebody else would.

SO there is in the long run but one cause for the payment of rent, the every-day fact that, for a thousand and one reasons, people value one piece of land more than they value another. This defined, but one other question remains—what determines the exact amount of rent? •••

Let us suppose that you live on a farm adjoining which is an equally good farm that can be had for nothing. Would you pay any rent for the farm you are occupying? Certainly not, because you could get an equally good farm for nothing. So that the amount of rent is determined by the difference between what can be gotten out of the land you are paying for and the best free land. The best free land is called the "Margin of Cultivation." This, then, is rent. But it takes on many new and wonderful forms. I suppose that your family has sometimes debated as to whether it was not better to buy a lot than to keep on paying rent. And when you went to buy your lot, where you fondly imagined that Willy could play and Mary breathe good air, you found that it had a high price. What gave it this price? •••

Suppose the lot to be worth a rent of \$50 a year net. What will it sell for? Usually for \$1,000, which is twenty times \$50. There is a simple reason for this. Whenever any one puts his money into a fairly

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safe investment he generally gets about five per cent a year more or less. Unless, therefore, he can get as much out of land as out of other investments, he will not buy it. So that \$50 a year, being five per cent on \$1,000, makes \$1,000, the selling-price of the lot.

Perhaps some may object to our saying that the rent of a house is a payment for capital, and the rent of land is not. "This man," they will say, "has invested \$1,000 in this lot, and \$1,000 in a house. In one case the tenant is as much paying for an investment of capital as in the other." This is a mistake. The landlord pays \$1,000 for the land because he can now get \$50 a year rent for it. That \$50 a year is not payment for capital. Therefore, the \$1,000 is the price, not of capital, but of the privilege of collecting \$50 a year for location. But on the other hand, he pays \$1,000 for the building, not because he can get \$50 a year for it, but because that is the market-price for wood, brick, labor, etc. If one invests money in a building, it is certain that the building would never have existed had not this been done. Not so when we "invest" money in land: it exists whether we invest or not. All we do when we pay money for land is to change the ownership. When we invest money in labor products we create something, or buy them from the producer, directly or indirectly. Manifestly this is not true of land. When the landlord buys a house, he pays for something, but when he buys land he pays for the privilege of getting something from you.

WE hear continued complaints of high rents. How can rents be reduced? The one aim of this paper is to so analyze rent that any one with average faculties will easily comprehend its bearing on her expense-account.

The method by which we propose to lower rents seems, at first blush, ridiculous. Some economists purpose to lower rents by taxing land more heavily than it

is taxed today. But they also propose not to tax buildings at all.

Taxation, you say, is a dreary subject and has little interest for a housewife. Let us see. It affects the price of everything in the wardrobe and on the dinner-table, of the furniture, and also of the rent. It is just possible that a great many expenses worry you simply because you dismiss taxation by thinking it dry and uninviting. A reduction in oppressive taxes will prove as great a gain as an increase in income. It will make the family dollar go further.

It may seem peculiar, but it is true that a tax on the value of land can not be added to rent. It tends, if anything, to lower your rent. You are well aware that if clothes are taxed their price will go up. Less clothes will be produced, or the same amount of clothes will be produced for a higher price, in order to make good the tax. The same applies to a house. Tax houses, and fewer houses will be built. As a consequence, houses become more scarce in proportion to demand, and the rent goes up. But now consider land. If valuable land be taxed, will any less land be used? No, because when land is heavily taxed it does not pay to keep it out of use. A speculator in idle land is getting no annual income from his property. Heavy taxes are a liability to him, and the heavier the taxes the greater the liability. The higher the taxes, the more he is forced to improve or to sell, thus throwing more land into the market. A land-value tax acts unlike all other taxes. All other taxes lessen the production of goods and increase their price. A tax on land value increases the supply of available land and makes keener the competition between landlords for tenants, and thus lowers rent. Idle land makes land artificially scarce, and so raises rent. Used land makes available land more abundant, and so lowers rent. The laws of supply and demand are iron laws. Goods become cheaper when more are produced. Since taxation on land value brings more land

into the market, it increases the supply and lowers the price. To sum up, every other tax makes the supply less and the price more. A land-value tax makes the supply more and the price less.

Putting idle land into use has yet another effect. Idle land is unproductive. It gives no one employment. It gives nobody business. But were that land used, unemployment would be diminished, because opportunities for work would then be more numerous. By far the larger part of the United States is out of use. How much business and how many positions would be created were it to be used! This is known as the "Single-Tax" idea. It is a double-edged sword. It would lower the

price of all commodities by untaxing them. It would cheapen the cost of houses in the same way. It cheapens the price of land by lowering its net rent. It would not only make homes cheaper, but would, by reducing the competition in labor and business, increase the wages with which to buy the cheaper homes. It would make necessities of life cheaper, and men and women dearer.

Can the women who have votes spend an hour more profitably than in studying this tax question? And can the women who may soon have votes spend a little time more profitably than in studying this subject, which means so much to the family and to society?

The Farmer in the Army's Path

David Starr Jordan



HE burdens on the farmer in Europe everywhere are already greater than he can bear. He is taxed beyond endurance to pay the interest on the old war debts, which for all of Europe amounted to

\$30,000,000,000, "the endless caravan of ciphers," before this war began.

All wars are fought on borrowed money, and no war ever fought has ever yet been paid for by any nation. Only Great Britain and the United States, with some of the smaller nations, have ever tried to pay. On top of all this comes the burden of the costliest and most horrible war that was ever fought. Even to the farmer who lives away from the battle-line the burden is crushing. His sons are called to the slaughter on the pay of a cent or two a day—thirty cents a month in the French army, twenty cents a month in the Greek, the others in proportion. And if he is near the firing-line everything else goes. He may be thankful to be even a refugee. Less than four years ago, the Bulgarians,

with the Servians and the Greeks, rushed to the liberation of Macedonia. And when the war was over the Macedonian farmers swarmed up into Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian farmer said to him: "Why don't you stay in Macedonia? We went there to set you free. Now you come here to crowd our houses, to take our jobs, to die in our beds. My brother died in Macedonia. We can not support you. Oh, go back."

And the Macedonian answers: "Who told you to come down to trample our vines, to destroy our fields, to kill our cattle and sheep, to leave our houses for the Greeks to burn? I don't care if your brother is dead. Mine is dead, too, and we are all dying."

THE farmer of America gains nothing through the losses of the farmers of Europe. We are all in the same boat, and whatever harms the prosperity of one part of the world injures us all. For some of his products the American farmer may get a little more. For other articles, as cotton, in war-time, he may have no market at all. Whoever buys of him must have money to buy with. Food is cheap

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today in England because so many go without their usual food, buying only the cheapest articles. In London last year the finest fruit was sold for next to nothing. No one would eat Sussex peaches or Devon grapes while the Continent was burning. So it is everywhere.

In war there is no demand for luxuries, no care for comfort, no continuity of industry, no demand to buy, and among millions of people nothing to buy with. The interest of one nation is the interest of all so far as farmers and workmen are concerned ☛☛

The farmer has no greater enemy than war. He has no greater need than peace. And peace is the mission and the duty of a republic. A republic is a form of government fitted for minding its own business. Its business is mainly justice, sanitation, education and peace ☛ With fair play, good schools and security, the farmer can do all the rest for himself.

The war of today has its primal motive to keep the farmer down. It is, at bottom, the fight of pride and privilege against the common man. It is the last stand of imperialism against democracy. It is the last supreme effort of those who believe that some men and some nations are good enough to rule other men and nations against their will. This is not the whole story of the war, but it is what the war has come to mean.

All wars have their origin in wicked passions of men, mostly in these two—arrogance and greed.

No nation can make money out of any war, and no nation that begins a war can tell how it will end. But in every war there are some few men, contractors, gun-makers, iron-plate makers, who make a good deal of money. And so long as the Krupps, the Vickers, the Armstrongs, and the Schneiders of Europe, the "armor-plate patriots" of Germany, England and France, have their way, there will always be war, and the farmers of the world will pay for it.

The farmer is the foundation of prosperity,

and it is bad for the whole world when it goes ill with the farmer.

"Fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must pay for all."

AND the farmer must help us look after the politics of the world as well as that of his county, state, or nation. The conquests of science have made the whole world our neighbors. Our neighbor's Government concerns us closely. We must learn to watch it. Whatever we do not keep watch of soon falls into bad hands ☛☛

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Eternal publicity is the only safeguard against graft. Because world politics grants more secrecy and pays bigger dividends than local politics, it is now more corrupt than any other form of politics ☛ The emperors play at the ape and tiger game, using armies and ships as recklessly as boys playing with fireworks.

The trade prostration of the last four years had its source in the recklessness of Europe. Our Congress and our President had no part whatsoever in creating it. It is part of the uncertainty of all business, in the face of the crimes and the horrors which have actually come.

What the farmer wants, what every good citizen most wants, is security. The "armed peace," the truce among half-bankrupt nations armed to the teeth, is not peace. It is not security. As security, armies and navies have proved the ghastliest and costliest failure in history.

☛ The Balance of Power, another form of the same Great Illusion, now breaking up in measureless disaster, has failed over and over before. Each trial and each failure is more terribly ruinous.

The war system, the system of sabre-rattlers, war-traders, war scares, war robberies, and war corruption, has risen through our neglect. The people who pay for it must learn to put it aside—and they will ☛☛

Why not make this a world of friends?

The Bible in the Public Schools

Charles Edwin Knowles



ABOUT two years ago, William P. Greiner, of Buffalo, N. Y., was elected to the New York State Senate, largely through the efforts of people who clamored for the separation of Church and State; but soon after reaching Albany he introduced in the Legislature a bill providing for the daily reading of the Bible in the public schools. After a bitter battle the bill was defeated. This year Mr. Greiner introduced another Bible-reading measure. Perhaps it will reach a vote before this article is printed, but in any event the idea merits a few comments.

Whether Mr. Greiner's bill provides that the children of those not satisfied with the proposition may—sheepishly and amid the sneers of their classmates—go out of the room during the reading or not, is beside the question. The point is that under Greiner's measure the collection of books known as the Bible is to be read to the children as the infallible word of God, and that that being so, the State will be teaching religion.

Mr. Greiner would probably say that separation of Church and State means separation of the State from sectarian control and that the Bible is not sectarian. But the Bible is sectarian. Even if the Regents of the State and the preachers of different denominations, who are to select the parts to be read to the children, were able to agree upon them without bitterness—which is improbable—some of those verses would still be sectarian so far as the children of non-Jews and non-Christians are concerned.

The reading of the Bible also will open the door to further religious teaching in the public schools, for one recognition of a principle is used to justify another recog-

nition of the same principle. ¶ The slogan, "separation of Church and State," has heretofore been invocable against the proposition of the State assisting in the support of denominational schools, but once this Bible-reading measure is passed, the issue will be difficult of clarification, and before we know it we may find the different churches in politics fighting for their respective shares of the public money. This idea of the State teaching religion should be hit in the middle, right now.

I YIELD to none in appreciation of some parts of the Bible, and would like to have them read to the children as great pieces of literature, nor do I yield to any in admiration of some Bible characters. I take off my hat to Jesus every time I think of him. He had a keen sense of humor and a clear vision of the rights of man. He was not afraid to apply the Golden Rule. But listen. It does n't follow that the Immaculate Conception is true, or that the whale swallowed Jonah, or that Jesus turned the water into wine, or that the world was made in six days, or that a large portion of the human race is going to an eternal hell, Billy Sunday to the contrary notwithstanding.

The covers of the Bible do not enclose all inspiration. All of the writers of the ages who got on the wire—Marcus Aurelius, Tom Paine, Ralph Waldo Emerson, David Hume, Voltaire, Robert G. Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Thomas Jefferson, and others who in the quiet of their lives have thought out conclusions that have enriched our spiritual life—are writers of the real Bible.

No, Mr. Greiner, it is n't all in that one book, and if it were I do not believe it would be wise for the State to teach religion.

Religion is a private matter. The State should keep its hands off.

Fifteen



NATURE'S FOUNDLINGS

JAMES HARCOURT WEST



HEN lush Marsh-Marigolds their bloom
unfold
In moisty vales where April brooklets
run,

They lift their yellow radiance to the sun
In joyance never dreamed by market gold.
Near them frail Bloodroot—meek, though sanguine-stoled—

Her white plumes blossoming from juices dun—
Playfully trembles at the mocking fun
Of Cranesbill shuddering as if ghostly-old.
I laughed with them today on sunny banks
O'erhung by hemlocks widely topping all,
And raised my own glad song in quiet thanks
That on this busy, phantom-chasing ball
One soul at least was free to join the ranks
Of Nature's foundlings beyond city wall.

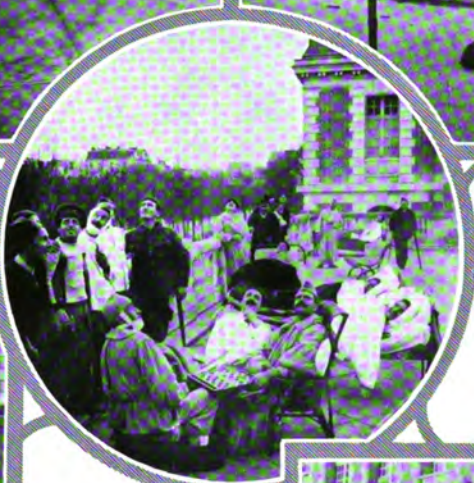




A Bucko Irishman Who Worked a Machine Gun After His Leg Was Shot Away



And Now He Makes a Joke of It—Asks "Which Leg Is Wood?"



Airship Overhead!!



Massaging "Dead" Members



Irish, English and French



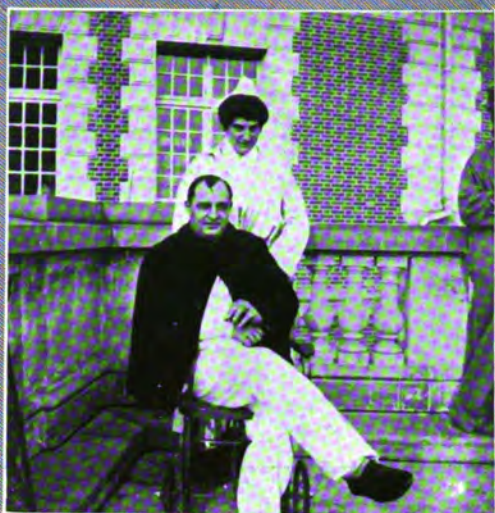
This French Woman Has Five Sons and Her Husband at the Front; She Works in the Hospital. The Sublime and Awful Fortitude and Courage of France Is Lined on Her Face.



Some French Churches After the German Bombardment



Note the Youth of This English Lad, Who Gave a Leg
for King and Country



A French Soldier Who Glories in His Likeness to Napoleon



Wounded Allies From Africa



Wounded Canadians



This Wounded Colored Soldier Had
Never Seen a Bathtub, So His Superior
Officer Had to "Stand by."



Electrical Treatment, to Restore Numbed Arms



A Son of the Desert, and a Soldier



This Is Not a Beautiful Picture,
But It's War Without
Its Uniform

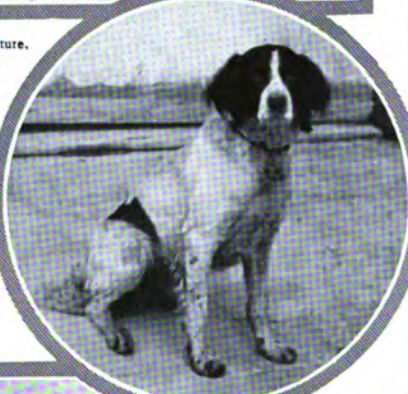


Note How the Trenches Zig-Zag For Additional Protection



Entrance to Trench

A Shell Exploded and
Buried a Trenchful of
French Soldiers; This
Dog Dug Out His Master's
Head. Though His Arms and
Legs Were Broken, the
One Soldier Lives.
His Comrades Died



Some Boys Who Will Not Come Home



Note Construction of Trench



A German Sharpshooter Sent His Bullet into the Nozzle of This Field-Glass Held to the Eyes of a
French Officer. All These Particles Were Removed From the Frenchman's Brain-Cavity. He Lives



O GOD OF WRATH

EDWARD H. S. TERRY

O GOD of wrath, if such there be,
As men were taught in days of old,
How canst Thou look on patiently
At Hate and Murder uncontrolled?

Let down the whirlwind and the flood,
The lightning and the chastening scourge;
Afflict the land that first spilled blood,
And out of it let Love emerge.

Canst Thou watch on indifferently,
When righteous men are put to shame
At deeds upon the land and sea
Too terrible for any name?
Some say that Thou art impotent,
And Gabriel's sword is dull with rust;
Stretch forth Thy hand ere Faith be spent;
Restore Thy people to their trust.

Be Thou the God Thou wast of old,
Who crushed Injustice 'neath Thy heel;
Indifference hath made men bold,
They keep Thy mighty earth a-reel.
Still let them know that Thou art God,
Nor let Thine awful anger cease
Till they, beneath Thy chastening rod,
Have learned the perfect way of Peace!

Everybody's Business

Charles L. MacGregor



TUART ROBSON'S:

"We fellahs at the club—ah, doncher-know, each one of us stwives to make evewy othah fellah think that he's a vewy devil of a fellah—but, he is n't!"

died with him. He

destroyed the only Bertie-the-Lamb manuscript shortly before his death, thirteen years ago. However, the system lives; but life-insurance agents have insured life to this merry scheme of bluff at dear cost to themselves.

Among the burdens of the business of life-insurance is the people's exaggerated idea of the big money paid solicitors, which agents have deliberately encouraged. This, with the weakness of which it is born, is responsible for past and present rebate evils, and for reduced commissions of the last ten years. These have combined to drive thousands of men and women from the business.

After ten years' trial, it is common talk that a new agent can not make a decent living with a commission contract, as regulated by the laws of New York State, which laws affect every agent everywhere, of every company entered in New York. In limiting the new business permitted, these laws seriously crippled the country's greatest life-insurance companies and their carefully organized facilities for rendering public service. One company had to discharge, with a single pen-stroke, more than 1,200 agents. It was also necessary to reduce the possible production of those who could remain, so as not to get more new business than the law allowed.

During the past ten years, with life-insurance recovering from the famous and infamously misrepresented and misconstrued investigation of the Armstrong

Committee, whose counsel and inquisitor was Mr. Justice Hughes, later, Governor of New York, the agent has suffered most. He has suffered because of sins only in part his. Drastic legislation completely demoralized agency forces. Only those salesmen continued who found it impossible to quit.

The agent may be excused for much of his Big Talk, because he is human and was inspired by forceful overlords who put it into his mouth. Such bombast, though, is unspeakably vulgar, usually untrue, would not be favorably received in other legitimate businesses or professions, serves no good purpose, and has been on the decline since the first distribution of income-tax blanks.

Apparently, it has been customary to select and appoint an Agency Official for his dominant mental and physical, rather than for his intellectual—not to say spiritual—qualities. He went on the job to get Business. He supplied underlings with rate-book, applications, and a resplendent line of conversation which entirely ignored that most sane law of averages which governs in the actuarial department and gives the great institution of life-insurance whatever strength and safety it has.

The late John A. McCall testified that the annual commission earnings of the average agent of his company did not exceed \$800. Now, ten years later, another giant company finds that its average salesman actually disposes of enough life-insurance policies to give him an income of not quite \$400 a year! This suggests that other extreme in the popular mind which drops, clear from the wonder-working hero and his easy money, to the down-and-outer on his uppers, who makes his last stand against financial extermination in a plea to his friends and others who are charitably disposed, to buy a policy. —

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SOMEWHERE between, in the great middle class where most of us belong, is the real life-insurance salesman. He has, in the majority of cases, taught himself, by hard work and experience. He honors his profession with careful, sincere performance, and helps make his neighborhood desirable.

He is aware that, as one editor recently wrote: "Public opinion rules, and the public in general knows as much about the workings of life-insurance as a hen does about statistics. The average citizen looks upon the life-insurance agent as a well-dressed brigand, to circumvent whom, in his nefarious schemes, is considered a mark of superior intelligence. The remedy for this condition, it seems to me, lies in the education of the great mass of the people to the tremendous advantages of life-insurance in general, and to an appreciation of the desirability of conserving the interests of such public benefactors, whose prosperity is the prosperity of all with whom they do business—in short, that the interests of all are in the truest sense of the term 'mutual.'"

¶ Such a one corrects or pleasantly ignores, as the case may indicate, the ordinary humorist who makes him play second fiddle only to the mother-in-law as victim of his wit. He painstakingly looks after the welfare of his clients while they live; helps them to live longer, very often, than they otherwise might, and, when they are gone, he promptly delivers needed cash for the family and obligations left behind by the average, improvident citizen, who, but for him, would surely have left less—perhaps, nothing at all. ¶ Unquestionably, the agent—the salesman, if you please—has *made* life-insurance in these United States. The agent accomplishes the annual writing of two billions of dollars of new life-insurance. To sell this commodity—most difficult to sell that exists—and to sell it for cash, to quote Alfred Hurrell, Counsel of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, "the personal relation had

to be established—not a casual acquaintance, where the names of the parties were both misunderstood on the introduction, but a robust friendliness which had to exist before business could be transacted." ¶

Consider for a moment the position of the life-insurance salesman fortunate enough to represent one of the companies which make a business of insuring impaired risks. Many millions of this class of protection are sold, each year, to individuals who, perhaps for years, have considered themselves uninsurable. The insuring of such men and women, many of whom may be granted properly safeguarded policy contracts, is among the greatest benefits of modern economic science. The salesman who can render such service to his customers is, by reason of its great value, so much more a benefactor.

¶ It is one thing to "write life-insurance," but quite another and a different thing to *represent* a life-insurance company, create a reasonable amount of good business, get it paid for, and then keep it on the books.

To be a lasting success, a life-insurance salesman's first concern must be the welfare of his policyholders—pre-eminence of the interests of his clients. He must make them realize that he is their attorney, and, at the same time, be faithful to his company. To make good in such dual capacity is to satisfy exacting demands. Only one of unusual capability and patience can qualify for this highest class of salesmanship. Fair and square, absolutely uncompromising with client and company alike, he must be willing to perform much labor gratis, as pay comes only with accepted business, for which he must collect and which he may never disturb; since, if he change companies, he can not, in justice to his customers, "take his trade with him."

¶ To the public, the agent is the company. Establishing proper interest in company affairs, improved legislation,

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taxes, supervision, health conservation, etc., is the agent's work; and on him, more than on all other influences combined, depends increased efficiency in life underwriting. He has had to prove his client's need of the protection he has sold him. He had to make him buy it. He must now induce him to safeguard and care for it. And all this—more too, must he do—either for nothing or, at best, with but indirect return.

It is clear, then, that selecting recruits who may appropriately enter the ranks of a disciplined army whose requirements call for men and women of such high order as should belong to the sales-force of the standard old-line life-insurance companies, is important. So, the Bureau of Salesmanship Research "for the promotion of efficiency in selection and training of salesmen," at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, to which Andrew Carnegie has given \$12,000,000, established with the co-operation of the National Association of Life-Underwriters, means more than it did, on first mention. Fortune pranks peculiarly at times. Circumstances shake into official prominence men who find their jobs queer. For various reasons, there are, over the country, lawyers, doctors, bankers, farmers, actively operating life-insurance companies. What do such men know about salesmen, except, perhaps, what is understood by nearly every one else—that they are just the individuals the shrewd, sharp salesman has long delighted in as his particular meat? Notably weak in the hands of salesmen, then, what show have they of commercial inexperience to make success in selecting and equipping salesmen of their own?

The Carnegie Institute should have a goodly and distinguished enrolment

THE worst sin of life-insurance management—therefore, one of the most serious burdens of the business—is the diabolical misrepresentation of probable income by agency officials, to their sales-

men, actual and prospective. The power that has rendered legal-reserve life-insurance invincible, "as safe as anything earthly can be," is a firm sticking to the law of averages. Therefore, it is a crying shame for salaried officials to get as far as possible from this same sane law of averages, and to harp on "the men who make \$10,000, \$15,000, \$25,000 a year selling life-insurance," when they know that such are exceptions, and that they, perhaps, even approximate this pace but a small part of any given year. Such dope, used to induce and prod salesmen, invites discouragement, dishonesty, embezzlement, and wrongs the great institution it curses by making of no lasting value the vast army of new and changing workmen to whom it is administered, who go forth, sore and willing knockers, ready to unload their sad tale of genuine grief. Increased efficiency requires that, if salesmen are to deal fairly with company and customer, companies must not mislead them nor take refuge in the fact that some individual official or irresponsible general agent did—even with the excuse of seeking to increase business.

S. W. Straus, a Chicago banker, President of the American Society for Thrift, says, "The most vital question in America today is individual preparedness, not individual preparedness for war, but individual preparedness for anything that may come—individual preparedness to live useful, steadfast lives for the benefit of humanity and prosperity." If *Everybody's Business*, planned and produced to enlighten, to emphasize this same idea—the absolute necessity of the care and attention of each man and each woman to his or her survival value—is helping you, it would encourage those responsible for it if you would let us know. But, anyhow, please remember this, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*: "Our right or wrong use of money is the utmost test of character, as well as the root of happiness or misery throughout our whole life."

A person who is careless about money is careless about everything and untrustworthy about everything."

Does it not follow, then, that exaggeration, untruth, light talk and lack of respect for money and its proper consideration are faults of character which seriously menace any individual or institution? If your habit has been to joke your life-insurance friend about his business and your carelessness of your own duty in regard to it, stop it. Allow him to serve you correctly. Help him maintain the dignity of this important subject.

Remember that, in buying life-insurance, you receive in exchange for your money no merchandise—just a mere "scrap of paper," evidence of your devotion to and provision for your family or business, after you are gone. ¶ Such a purchase is an altogether ideal transaction and is one in which your cash is invested in your ideal—a business operation it is your right to expect and to require shall be conducted, by all concerned, in a manner that shall be entirely consistent, as far as is possible for human means, with maximum efficiency.

A Simple Confession of Faith

Hilton B. Sonneborn, Sr.



AM not a Republican, a Democrat, a Progressive, nor a Socialist. I am not for Kings, nor against Kings, nor do I belong to any group of organized individualists. Neither am I a Jew, Catholic, Prot-

estant, Christian Scientist, nor Rationalist. I do not approve Freemasonry, nor do I disapprove. I am not opposed to any so-called fraternal and benefit association, nor am I in favor of them.

I see good in all things and evil in all things. I take for my religion the good, tending to build me up for right thinking and honest dealing with my fellows. I want to be on the square with myself first, and then, as much I can be, with others. Though I know I must wrong some one somewhere, it is my purpose to do the least wrong, and with Raphael I would say, "I am utterly purposed not to offend." I dislike no one. I hate nothing. I can not even honestly state that I loathe evil, for I can not separate the evil from man, therefore how can I love the foe and hate the thing he does, says and is, and yet maintain that I love my enemy when enemy and evil are one

and inseparable? I can not. I believe the world is growing better and better, and will, in time, evolve to cleaner and more righteous standards. Just how, I do not know. Nor can I justify this faith of mine by cold logic. I believe it, because I believe it is wholesome for me to believe it, though I freely admit that my own limited knowledge leads to conflicting belief.

I see but darkly the ways and motives of men. I can not follow their reasoning, if indeed their course in life is the result of introspection and reasoning. I do not know how men of means can be happy without relieving the misery all about them, unless they stand for a principle to which they will to hold, be it right or wrong. And this sort of casuistry forms nine-tenths of all faith and performance. I am much weaker and poorer than any one knows—than I dare to let any one know. My sympathies, however, go out strongly to those who appear to be the under side of conditions and circumstances, of which they are a part. I pity none so little as I do myself. I believe that in labor, justly remunerated, lies the salvation of this age, and I deplore nothing so much as the tendencies of men so universally shared by society, which threaten to cow, "fringe," and undo those, seeking to serve, yet living.

Twenty-five

Reincarnation

William W. Weltling



In a previous article on this subject I have stated that science has turned men from the belief of an everlasting future spiritual existence, to a belief in reincarnated existences on earth, but I did not show how science furnishes proof that the belief in reincarnation is rational.

There are many rational thinkers who have acceptable proof for the belief that man has not been created; that nothing, in fact, has been created, but *all that is* has always been; that we have not been put here, but that we have always existed in some form, and will continue to exist and remain part of the universe for all time ♣ ♣

In the light of this belief, nothing can be lost; and, as it is demonstrable that *mind is matter*, the substance that constitutes the mind or soul of a man will be forever preserved and used again in Nature's own way, beyond reasonable doubt reincarnated into conscious individual existences again and again, for it is the substance needed by Nature for this purpose.

ONE of our deep thinkers, Doctor William Colby Cooper, in his *Primitive Fundamental*, writes as follows:

"That the universe never had a beginning is unthinkable, but that it had a beginning is even more unthinkable, so to speak; each of these facts counters the other and must therefore quiet useless contention. There is not even a fraction of an argument in favor of the theory that the universe had a beginning, but there is an irrefutable argument for the opposite position ♣ This is it: Matter is indestructible. It follows in inevitable corollary that matter is uncreatable. If something can not be reduced to nothing,

something can not be evolved from nothing. The universe then was not created and therefore it had no beginning. Nothing was ever created. *All that is, excepting as to form, always was and always will be.*

¶ No mental scientist has ever written a book in which he did not treat mind as material—he has always *had* to do it. An immaterial spirit is unthinkable, and therefore has no existence for us, whatever may be our theory about the nature of mind. Try your best to think of a spirit without giving it *thingness*. You can not possibly do it, and that is because there is no *nothingness*. *There is no void in the universe* ♣ ♣

"In relation to mind and matter there have always existed two great schools of philosophy—the materialists and the idealists. The materialists *proved* beyond the possibility of rational doubt that all is matter. The idealists, on the other hand, established beyond possible question that all is mind. The materialists convinced you, in spite of yourself, that all is matter; the idealists enforced with equal logic the conviction that all is mind. The logic employed by both was legitimate logic—neither was sophistry—they were above casuistry. And yet, if dualism is correct, their conclusions were directly opposed to each other. In the light of monistic philosophy the whole difficulty is cleared away—both were right. *Mind is Matter; Matter is Mind*. This is true, because things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other."

THE rational thinker will accept Doctor Cooper's conclusions as sound, and therefore will also accept as true the belief that we, in life as well as in death, are an indestructible part of the universe; that death does not mean the end of what was once a man, but simply a change of form; that the mind or soul is composed of matter of an intangible nature, and it

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too has always existed as part of the universe, and can not be reduced to nothing; that after the death of the body the soul will simply return to the uncar-nate state from whence it came; and, in alter-nation between the incarnate and uncar-nate states, will remain a part of the cos-mos for all time to come, the same as it was during all time past, there being no end as there never was a beginning. While the foregoing is proof enough for most rational thinking men, a few have still greater proof in the knowledge of a theory of the working of our solar system, which shows that death and rebirth of planets, moons, comets, etc. is an end-lessly repeating process in the system, that likewise has always continued and always will; and that death and rebirth of life on earth simply follows the funda-mental universal principle by which death and rebirth of planets is possible.

The theory is called the "Processional Theory," because it shows that the planets are all traveling to the sun in a regular procession, in spirally decreasing orbits; and as a planet is drawn into the sun and consumed, a new one is born on the outskirts of the system and falls in procession at the end of the line. When consumed in the sun each planet is expanded into ether and pushed out by the expansion, filling an enormous space with its immense gaseous bulk; and all space in the system is filled with such gas or ether, from which, in the intense cold of the outmost limits of the system, solids are condensed and massed together form-ing new planets. It further shows that when a planet is expanded into ether, this ether, or highest refinement of matter, carries in itself in most refined condition all the elements known on the planet, and they will all be released again from the solids into which, through intense cold, this ether is condensed, when these have formed a planet that, in its journey to the sun, has reached an environment where temperature and other conditions are favorable to their dissociation.

WHETHER the souls of men will follow the earth to its solar disin-tegration and have their soul substance incorporated in the ether into which the planet is expanded, and come in again locked up in the solids forming a new planet until released by environal con-ditions, is problematical. It is not impos-sible that this may be, but it might be more reasonable to assume that the minds or souls of men in their uncar-nate state are denizens of the environment in the solar system most favorable for producing the carnate bodies necessary for their manifestation, and that they will remain in this environment, forsaking the planet that passes out of it for the new one as it comes in. A strong argument in favor of the latter supposition is that it provides for human life on each planet whenever it is in condition to support it, and does not demand that such life lie dormant for the billions and billions of years that must elapse, before a planet can be expanded into ether, be reborn, and come in again to the environment where human life is possible.

The Processional Theory affords a beau-tiful view of the entire universe, when once one has a clear understanding of the working of our solar system under this theory: a vast ethereal sphere of cosmic matter, highly refined and invisible: a heat center in this ethereal sphere, caused by the intense gravitational pres-sure of the vast mass of ether extending billions of miles in all directions, and which heat center we call the Sun; a region of absolute zero around the entire periphery of the vast ethereal sphere, in which intense cold the ether is condensed into solids and forms planets, which fall back to the sun in spirally decreasing orbits. For each new planet formed on the outskirts of the system, an old one, that nearest the sun, is drawn in and con-sumed, and expanded again into the ether from which it was originally condensed. Thus the system is an endless procession of planets with their moons, comets, and

other bodies coming in, and ether going out, the whole being one mighty living unit, pulsating between the expansion at the point of extreme heat, the gravitational center which we call the Sun, and the contraction and condensation in the region of absolute cold on the outskirts of the system, which action must go on forever and can never cease.

As every star is a sun and has a system like our own, the same view applies to them, and these systems are the living units of which the whole universe is composed, the principle of which extends

down to the infinitesimal atom, too small to be seen with a microscope, and which is not a solid particle, but a system in which smaller particles are revolving around a center of gravity, somewhat as the planets revolve around the sun.

As all matter in the universe is thus shown to be repeatedly reborn after disintegration, and the souls or minds of men are shown to be a part of this matter, rational thinking men will have no difficulty in accepting as true the belief that man will be reincarnated over and over again, infinitely ♣ ♣

The Conservation of Scenery

Albert M. Turner



AM not a Conservationist, nor a Landscape Architect, nor an Artist, nor even Censor to the American People.

I am just a Connecticut Yankee with some twenty years' experience in civil

engineering, which has to do mostly with facts as opposed to sentiment.

In 1913, after due deliberation, Connecticut established a State Park Commission, with power to consider the facts and propose plans, and it has been my privilege to assist that Commission in collecting the facts and formulating its plans ♣ ♣

ALL Artistic Scenery divides itself into three parts—Distance, Middle Distance, and Foreground.

The Distance has been painted by a Great Master, who has been at it a long time, and who continually rubs it out and does it over again in different colors. Its conservation gives us no particular worry, principally because so far we have never been able to get near enough to do it any serious injury.

The Middle Distance has been worked in,

somewhat laboriously but faithfully, by our ancestors for several generations, and as a whole, it does them credit. It feeds, clothes and shelters us, and in most cases is good to look at. Its individual owners are still at work on it, and again we are not disposed to worry.

The Foreground is largely our own work, and we have little reason to be proud of it. It is true that, like the rest, it is not finished, but it does not seem perceptibly to improve. It bears marks of haste and carelessness, and here and there something even worse. It should be at least a decent frame for the work of our predecessors, because it is so persistently obtrusive. We simply can't get away from it, and all the new power of gasoline is only able to blur it a little.

Many of us have noticed this before, and partly in deference to similar criticism our cities have already bought many hundreds of acres of ordinary land at an extraordinary cost for use as Foreground. Large sums of money have been spent in constructing labyrinthine drives through, over and upon such land, frequently with a fine disregard for its natural surface, but with eloquent testimony to the power of our high explosives, for no useful purpose except to make the most of this matter of Foreground, and to

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give us at least samples of Real Art to look at.

At the same time, for every-day use, the State has recently been constructing hundreds of miles of such drives, at an expense which the taxpayer hates to think about, through thousands of acres of the most charming natural scenery, with no attention whatever to the Foreground, which is left with the Middle Distance to the care of individual owners. In rare cases a pathetic row of bean-poles is set out at carefully measured and majestic intervals, which bear witness to our boundless faith in the power of Nature.

NOW the individual owner is fully occupied with the Middle Distance, on which he pays taxes. He also has to eat, and thinks he must do other things besides; but worse than all else, every little while he dies. But while he is still on the job, if a tree gets to be six or seven inches thick, a sawmill is quickly set up and a realistic stump is painstakingly added to the scenery. And he works right up to the Foreground. Apparently the only trees that never get big enough to cut are on hilltops or mountain-sides, where an occasional window would give us a glimpse of the Master at work.

If there is a running stream in this Foreground, it is commonly a reminder, sometimes to more than one sense, of the large sums expended in leading into it all sorts of so-called "waste products," including domestic sewage; of other large sums spent in vain efforts to purify it for drinking, to induce valuable food-fishes to live and thrive in it, and to persuade us that the oyster-beds at its mouth are benefited by its burden; as well as other large sums expended by the individual owner for nitrates, phosphates or what not, to replace some of these "waste products."

¶ This problem of the running stream is not precisely a part of the picture, nor one for the Park Commission to solve, but the streams themselves are an important part of the picture, and their complaint grows

louder year by year. The principle involved is surely the same.

None of these facts taken separately is new; they have all been discussed for some time, and most of them are likely to be, but in connection with them one more fact deserves to be remembered. While all these things are being done daily in Connecticut, and perhaps elsewhere, we solemnly write books about "Efficiency," "New England Thrift," "the hardheaded Yankee," make interminable speeches at never-ending dinners about our "modern civilization," "wonderful ingenuity," and "control over the Forces of Nature," and above all else we congratulate ourselves upon a "sense of humor" which all other people are supposed to lack.

Do I overstate the case?

Do we really care for scenery anyway, or only for that scenery which represents large sums of money?

And if a diagram is needed, the idea is to Burbank the Parks and the State Highways and see if the Master who is at work on the Distance won't help us out a little on the Foreground.

We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things we acquire power.

The City Invincible

Walt Whitman

I DREAM'D in a dream, I saw a city
invincible to the attacks of the whole
of the rest of the earth.

I dreamed that was the new city of
Friends;

Nothing was greater there than the quality
of robust love—it led the rest,

It was seen every hour in the actions of
the men of that city,

And in all their looks and words.

Success is a result of mental attitude, and
the right mental attitude will bring suc-
cess in everything you undertake.

Twenty-nine

Jersey Apothegms

Bert Moses



THE more you believe,
the less are you able
to think.

The melody of music
does not proceed
from the bass-drum.

¶ Size means little
—much of the dough-
nut consists of hole.

¶ Scars are worth all

they cost, no matter how you got them. A little science and a lot of sweat make a great combination.

The number of drugstores is in inverse ratio to the number of woodpiles.

Guilt is almost as immune as innocence if you have the price in your clothes.

It is quite as important to be honest yourself as to require honesty from others.

¶ An ability and a desire to render a useful service are the only tests of respectability.

Most lawyers are dam glad to get the job, no matter which side of the case is offered them.

Any one can buy advertising, but the genius is he who has publicity cast upon him without price.

Fame and reputation flow to the lawyer in proportion as he succeeds in keeping criminals out of jail.

The man intent on getting the law on his neighbor is preparing for his neighbor to get the law on him.

Quite often the man who is cheated thought he was going to get the best of the fellow who got the best of him.

The Christianity of Christ and the mad Dash after Dollars are not chemical affinities—really they will not mix.

The day is coming when the doctor who does not pay for his advertising will be looked upon as a man who has nothing worthy to sell.

It is a great art to avoid being caught. Beware of the man who uses his honesty as fly-paper.

Thirty

Truth is not true until it is carried out into decimals.

Ethical codes die, like men, and decency demands their burial.

The things that can not be taught are the things that enable you to bat over .300.

The world is redeemed by men and women whose brains do not think in a rut.

The policeman's billy does not change human nature, but the world has not yet found it out.

Some men prefer to scratch, because scratching is easier than going after them with a fine comb.

A kick from the rear does not rank so high in reform tactics as a pat on the back.

To be deceived occasionally is a sweet privilege, for thus may you avoid being the same kind of a dam fool twice.

Liars supply the necessary background to make Honesty conspicuous.

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is: Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

A Slant of Sun

Stephen Crane

A SLANT of sun on dull brown walls,
A forgotten sky of bashful blue.

Toward God a mighty hymn,
A song of clashes and cries,
Rumbling wheels, hoof-beats, bells,
Welcomes, farewells, love-calls, final
moans,

Voices of joy, idiocy, warning, despair,
The unknown appeals of brutes,
The chanting of violets,
The screams of cut trees,
The senseless babble of hens and wise
men—

A cluttered incoherency that says at the
start:

"Oh, God save us!"

A Little Journey to the Home of William Shakespeare

Elbert Hubbard

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.—"As You Like It."



HAVE on several occasions been to the Shakespeare country, approaching it from different directions, but each time I am set down at Leamington. Perhaps this is by some Act of Parliament—I really do not know; anyway, I have ceased to kick against the

pricks and now meekly accept my fate.

Leamington seems very largely under subjection to that triumvirate of despots—the Butler, the Coachman and the Gardener. You hear the jingle of keys, the flick of the whip and the rattle of the lawnmower; and a cold, secret fear takes possession of you—a sort of half-frenzied impulse to flee, before smug modernity takes you captive and whisks you off to play tiddlywinks or to dance the racquet.

But the tram is at the door—the outside fare is a penny, inside it's two—and we are soon safe, for we have reached the point where the Leam and the Avon meet.

Warwick is worth our while. For here we see scenes such as Shakespeare saw, and our delight is in the things that his eyes beheld. At the foot of Mill Street are the ruins of the old Gothic bridge that leads off to Banbury. Oft have I ridden to Banbury Cross on my mother's foot, and when I saw that sign and pointing finger I felt like leaving all and flying thence. Just beyond the bridge, settled snugly in a forest of waving branches, we see storied old Warwick Castle, with Caesar's Tower lifting itself from the mass of green.

All about are quaint old houses and shops, with red-tiled roofs, and little windows, with diamond panes, hung on hinges, where maidens fair have looked down on brave men in coats of mail. These narrow, stony streets have rung with the clang and echo of hurrying hoofs; the tramp of Royalist and Parliamentarian, horse and foot, drum and banner; the stir of princely visits, of mail-coach, market, assize and kingly court. Colbrand, armed with giant club; Sir Guy; Richard Neville, kingmaker, and his

barbaric train, all trod these streets, watered their horses in this river, camped on yonder bank, or huddled in this castle-yard. And again they came back when Will Shakespeare, a youth from Stratford, eight miles away, came here and waved his magic wand.

Warwick Castle is probably in better condition now than it was in the Sixteenth Century. But practically it is the same. It is the only castle in England where the portcullis is lowered at ten o'clock every night and raised in the morning (if the coast happens to be clear) to tap of drum.

It costs a shilling to visit the castle. A fine old soldier in spotless uniform, with waxed white moustache and dangling sword, conducts the visitors. He imparts full two shillings' worth of facts as we go, all with a fierce roll of r's, as becomes a man of war.

The long line of battlements, the massive buttresses, the angular entrance cut through solid rock, crooked, abrupt, with places where fighting men can lie in ambush, all is as Shakespeare knew it.

There are the cedars of Lebanon, brought by Crusaders from the East, and the screaming peacocks in the paved courtway; and in the Great Hall are to be seen the sword and accouterments of the fabled Guy, the mace of the "Kingmaker," the helmet of Cromwell, and the armor of Lord Brooke, killed at Litchfield.

And that Shakespeare saw these things there is no doubt. But he saw them as a countryman who came on certain fete-days, and stared with open mouth. We know this, because he has covered all with the glamour of his rich, boyish imagination that failed to perceive the cruel mockery of such selfish pageantry. Had his view been from the inside he would not have made his kings noble nor his princes generous; for the stress of strife would have stilled his laughter, and from his brain the dazzling pictures would have fled. Yet his fancies serve us better than the facts.

Shakespeare shows us many castles, but they are always different views of Warwick or Kenilworth. When he pictures Macbeth's castle he has Warwick in his inward eye:

Thirty-one

THE FRA

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
This guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's
breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observed,
The air is delicate."

Five miles from Warwick (ten, if you believe the cab-drivers) are the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. In 1575, when Shakespeare was eleven years of age, Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth. Whether her ticket was by way of Leamington I can not say for sure. But she remained from July Ninth to July Twenty-seventh, and there were great doings 'most every day, to which the yeomanry were oft invited.

John Shakespeare was a worthy citizen of Warwickshire, and it is very probable that he received an invitation, and that he drove over with Mary Arden, his wife, sitting on the front seat holding the baby, and all the other seven children sitting in the straw behind. And we may be sure that the eldest boy in that brood never forgot the day. In fact, in *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has called on his memory for certain features of the show. Elizabeth was forty-one years old then, but apparently very attractive and glib of tongue. No doubt Kenilworth was stupendous in its magnificence, and it will pay you to take down from its shelf Sir Walter's novel and read about it. But today it is all a crumbling heap; ivy, rooks and daws hold the place in fee, each pushing hard for sole possession.

It is eight miles from Warwick to Stratford by the direct road, but ten by the river. I have walked both routes and consider the latter the shorter.

Two miles down the river is Barford, and a mile farther is Wasperton, with its quaint old stone church. It is a good place to rest: for nothing is so soothing as a cool church where the dim light streams through colored windows, and out of sight somewhere an organ softly plays. Soon after leaving the church a rustic swain hailed me and asked for a match. The pipe and the Virginia weed—they mean amity the world over. If I had questions to ask, now was the time! So I asked, and Rusticus informed me that Hampton Lucy was only a mile beyond and

that Shakespeare never stole deer at all; so I hope we shall hear no more of that libelous accusation.

"But did Shakespeare run away?" I demanded. "Ave coorse he deed, sir; 'most all good men 'ave roon away sometime!"

And come to think of it Rusticus is right.

Most great men have at some time departed hastily without leaving orders where to forward their mail. Indeed, it seems necessary that a man should have "run away" at least once, in order afterward to attain eminence. Moses, Lot, Tarquin, Pericles, Demosthenes, Saint Paul, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Voltaire, Goldsmith, Hugo—but the list is too long to give. But just suppose that Shakespeare had not run away! And to whom do we owe it that he did leave—Justice Shallow or Ann Hathaway, or both? I should say to Ann first and His Honor second. I think if Shakespeare could write an article for *The Ladies' Home Journal* on *Women Who Have Helped Me*, and tell the whole truth (as no man ever will in print), he would put Ann Hathaway first.

He signed a bond when eighteen years old agreeing to marry her; she was twenty-six. No record is found of the marriage. But we should think of her gratefully, for no doubt it was she who started the lad off for London.

That's the way I expressed it to my new-found friend, and he agreed with me, so we shook hands and parted.

Charlcote is as fair as a dream of Paradise. The winding Avon, full to its banks, strays lazily through rich fields and across green meadows, past the bright red-brick pile of Charlcote Mansion. The river-bank is lined with rushes, and in one place I saw the prongs of antlers shaking the elders. I sent a shrill whistle and a stick that way, and out ran four fine deer that loped gracefully across the turf. The sight brought my poacher instincts to the surface, but I bottled them, and trudged on until I came to the little church that stands at the entrance to the park.

All mansions, castles and prisons in England have chapels or churches attached. And this is well, for in the good old days it seemed wise to keep in close communication with the other world. For often, on short notice, the proud scion of royalty was compelled hastily to pack a ghostly valise and hie him hence with his battered soul; or if he did not go himself he compelled others to do so, and who but a brute would kill a man without benefit of the clergy! So each estate hired its priests by the year, just as men with a taste for litigation hold attorneys in constant retainer.

THE FRA

In Charlcote Church is a memorial to Sir Thomas Lucy; and there is a glowing epitaph that quite upsets any of those taunting and defaming allusions in *The Merry Wives*. At the foot of the monument is a line to the effect that the inscription thereon was written by the only one in possession of the facts, Sir Thomas himself.

Several epitaphs in the churchyard are worthy of space in your commonplace book, but the lines on the slab to John Gibbs and wife struck me as having the true ring:

"Farewell, proud, vain, false, treacherous world,
We have seen enough of thee:
We value not what thou canst say of we."

When the Charlcote Mansion was built, there was a housewarming, and Good Queen Bess (who was not so awful good) came in great state; so we see that she had various calling acquaintances in these parts. But we have no proof that she ever knew that any such person as W. Shakespeare lived. However, she came to Charlcote and dined on venison, and what a pity it is that she and Shakespeare did not meet in London afterward and talk it over!

Some hasty individual has put forth a statement to the effect that poets can only be bred in a mountainous country, where they could lift up their eyes to the hills. Rock and ravine, beetling crag, singing cascade, and the heights where the lightning plays and the mists hover are certainly good timber for poetry—after you have caught your poet—but Nature eludes all formula. Again, it is the human interest that adds vitality to art—they reckon ill to leave man out.

Drayton before Shakespeare's time called Warwick "the heart of England," and the heart of England it is today—rich, luxuriant, slow. The great colonies of rabbits that I saw at Charlcote seemed too fat to frolic, save more than to play a trick or two on the hounds that blinked in the sun. Down toward Stratford there are flat islands covered with sedge, long rows of weeping-willows, low hazel, hawthorn, and places where "Green Grow the Rushes, O." Then, if the farmer leaves a spot untilled, the dogrose pre-empted the place and showers its petals on the vagrant winds. Meadowsweet, forget-me-nots and wild geranium snuggle themselves below the boughs of the sturdy yews.

The first glimpse we get of Stratford is the spire of Holy Trinity; then comes the tower of the new Memorial Theater, which, by the way, is exactly like the city hall at Dead Horse, Colorado.

Stratford is just another village of Niagara Falls. The same shops, the same guides, the same hackmen—all are there, save poor Lo, with his beadwork and sassafras. In fact, a "cabby" just outside of New Place offered to take me to the Whirlpool and the Canada side for a dollar. At least, this is what I thought he said. Of course, it is barely possible that I was daydreaming, but I think the facts are that it was he who dozed, and waking suddenly as I awoke gave me the wrong cue.

There is a Macbeth livery-stable, a Falstaff bakery, and all the shops and stores keep Othello this and Hamlet that. I saw briarwood pipes with Shakespeare's face carved on the bowl, all for one-and-six; feather fans with advice to the players printed across the folds; the Seven Ages on handkerchiefs; and souvenir-spoons galore, all warranted Gorham's best.

The visitor at the birthplace is given a cheerful little lecture on the various relics and curiosities as they are shown. The young ladies who perform this office are clever women with pleasant voices and big, starched, white aprons. I was at Stratford four days and went just four times to the old curiosity-shop. Each day the same bright British damsel conducted me through, and told her tale, but it was always with animation, and a certain sweet satisfaction in her mission and starched apron that was very charming.

No man can tell the same story over and over without soon reaching a point where he betrays his weariness, and then he flavors the whole with a dash of contempt; but a good woman, heaven bless her! is ever eager to please. Each time when we came to that document certified

to by "Judith X Shakespeare," I was told that

it was very probable that Judith could write, but that she affixed her name thus in merry jest. John Shakespeare could not write, we have no reason to suppose that Ann Hathaway could, and this little explanation about the daughter is so very good that it deserves to rank with that other pleasant subterfuge, "The age of miracles is past"; or that bit of jolly claptrap concerning the sacred baboons that are seen about certain temples in India: "They can talk," explain the priests, "but being wise they never do."

Judith married Thomas Quiney. The only letter addressed to Shakespeare that can be found is one from the happy father of Thomas, Mr. Richard Quiney, wherein he asks for a loan of thirty pounds. Whether he was accommodated we can not say; and if he was, did he pay it

Thirty-three

back, is a question that has caused much hot debate. But it is worthy of note that, although considerable doubt as to authenticity has smooched the other Shakespearian relics, yet the fact of the poet having been "struck" for a loan by Richard Quiney stands out in a solemn way as the one undisputed thing in the master's career. Little did Mr. Quiney think, when he wrote that letter, that he was writing for the ages. Philanthropists have won all by giving money, but who save Quiney has reaped immortality by asking for it!

The inscription over Shakespeare's grave is an offer of reward if you do, and a threat of punishment if you don't, all in choice doggerel. Why did he not learn at the feet of Sir Thomas Lucy and write his own epitaph?

But I rather guess I know why his grave was not marked with his name. He was a play-actor, and the church people would have been outraged at the thought of burying a "strolling player" in that sacred chancel. But his son-in-law, Doctor John Hall, honored the great man and was bound he should have a worthy resting-place; so at midnight, with the help of a few trusted friends, he dug the grave and lowered the dust of England's greatest son. Then they hastily replaced the stones, and over the grave they placed the slab that they had brought:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones."

A threat from a ghost! Ah, no one dare molest that grave—besides they did n't know who was buried there—neither are we quite sure. Long years after the interment, some one set a bust of the poet, and a tablet, on the wall over against the grave.

Under certain circumstances, if occasion demands, I might muster a sublime conceit; but considering the fact that ten thousand Americans visit Stratford every year, and all write descriptions of the place, I dare not in the face of Baedeker do it. Further than that, in every library there are Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and William Winter's three lacrimose but charming volumes.

And I am glad to remember that the Columbus who discovered Stratford and gave it to the people was an American: I am proud to think that Americans have written so charmingly of Shakespeare: I am proud to know that at Stratford no man besides the master is as honored as Irving, and while I can not restrain a blush for my English cousins, I am proud that

over half the visitors at the birthplace are Americans, and prouder still am I to remember that they all write letters to the newspapers at home about Stratford-on-Avon.

IN England poets are relegated to a "Corner."

The earth and the fulness thereof belong to the men who can kill; on this rock have the English State and Church been built.

As the tourist approaches the city of London for the first time, there are four monuments that probably will attract his attention. They lift themselves out of the fog and smoke and soot, and seem to struggle toward the blue.

One of these monuments is to commemorate a calamity—the conflagration of 1666—and the others are in honor of deeds of war.

The finest memorial in Saint Paul's is to a certain eminent Irishman, Arthur Wellesley. The mines and quarries of earth have been called on for their richest contributions; and talent and skill have given their all to produce this enduring work of beauty, that tells posterity of the mighty acts of this mighty man. The rare richness and lavish beauty of the Wellington mausoleum are only surpassed by a certain tomb in France.

As an exploiter, the Corsican overdid the thing a bit—so the world arose and put him down; but safely dead, his shade can boast a grave so sumptuous that Englishmen in Paris refuse to look upon it.

But England need not be ashamed. Her land is spiked with glistening monuments to greatness gone. And on these monuments one often gets the epitomized life of the man whose dust lies below.

On the carved marble to Lord Cornwallis I read that, "He defeated the Americans with great slaughter." And so, wherever in England I see a beautiful monument, I know that probably the inscription will tell how "he defeated" somebody. And one grows to the belief that, while woman's glory is her hair, man's glory is to defeat some one. And if he can "defeat with great slaughter" his monument is twice as high as if he had only visited on his brother man a plain undoing.

In truth, I am told by a friend who has a bias for statistics, that all monuments above fifty feet high in England are to the honor of men who have defeated other men "with great slaughter." The only exceptions to this rule are the Albert Memorial—which is a tribute of wifely affection rather than a public testimonial, so therefore need not be considered here—and a monument to a worthy brewer who died and left three hundred thousand pounds to charity.

I mentioned this fact to my friend, but he unhorsed me by declaring that modesty forbade carving truth on monuments, yet it was a fact that the brewer, too, had brought defeat to vast numbers and had, like Saul, slaughtered his thousands.

When I visited the site of the Globe Theater and found thereon a brewery, whose shares are warranted to make the owner rich beyond the dream of avarice, I was depressed. In my boyhood I had supposed that if ever I should reach this spot where Shakespeare's plays were first produced, I should see a beautiful park and a splendid monument; while some white-haired old patriarch would greet me, and give a little lecture to the assembled pilgrims on the great man whose footsteps had made sacred the soil beneath our feet.

But there is no park, and no monument, and no white-haired old poet to give you welcome—only a brewery.

"Ay, mon, but ain't ut a big un?" protested an Englishman who heard my murmurs.

Yes, yes, I must be truthful—it is a big brewery, and there are four big bulldogs in the courtway; and there are big vats, and big workmen in big aprons. And each of these workmen is allowed to drink six quarts of ale each day, without charge, which proves that kindness is not dead. Then there are big horses that draw the big wagons, and on the corner there is a big taproom where the thirsty are served with big glasses.

The founder of this brewery became rich; and if my statistical friend is right, the owners of these mighty vats have defeated mankind with "great slaughter."

We have seen that, although Napoleon, the defeated, has a more gorgeous tomb than Wellington, who defeated him, yet there is consolation in the thought that although England has no monument to Shakespeare he now has the freedom of Elysium; while the present address of the British worthies who have batted and fattened on poor humanity's thirst for strong drink, since Samuel Johnson was executor of Thrale's estate, is unknown.

We have this on the authority of a solid Englishman, who says: "The virtues essential and peculiar to the exalted station of British Worthies debar the unfortunate possessor from entering Paradise. There is not a Lord Chancellor, or Lord Mayor, or Lord of the Chamber, or Master of the Hounds, or Beefeater in Ordinary, or any sort of British bigwig, out of the whole of British Beadledom, upon which the sun never sets, in Elysium. This is the only dignity beyond their reach."

The writer quoted is an honorable man, and I am sure he would not make this assertion if he did not have proof of the fact. So, for the present, I will allow him to go on his own recognizance, believing that he will adduce his documents at the proper time.

But still, should not England have a fitting monument to Shakespeare? He is her one universal citizen. His name is honored in every school or college of earth where books are prized. There is no scholar in any clime who is not his debtor.

He was born in England; he never was out of England; his ashes rest in England. But England's Budget has never been ballasted with a single pound to help preserve inviolate the memory of her one son to whom the world uncovers.

Victor Hugo has said something on this subject which runs about like this:

Why a monument to Shakespeare?

He is his own monument and England is its pedestal. Shakespeare has no need of a pyramid; he has his work.

What can bronze or marble do for him? Malachite and alabaster are of no avail; jasper, serpentine, basalt, porphyry, granite: stones from Paros and marble from Carrara—they are all a waste of pains: genius can do without them.

What is as indestructible as these: *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*? What monument sublimer than *Lear*, sterner than *The Merchant of Venice*, more dazzling than *Romeo and Juliet*, more amazing than *Richard III*?

What moon could shed about the pile a light more mystic than that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? What capital, were it even in London, could rumble around it as tumultuously as Macbeth's perturbed soul? What framework of cedar or oak will last as long as *Othello*? What bronze can equal the bronze of *Hamlet*?

No construction of lime, or rock, of iron and of cement is worth the deep breath of genius, which is the respiration of God through man. What edifice can equal thought? Babel is less lofty than Isaiah; Cheops is smaller than Homer; the Colosseum is inferior to Juvenal; the Giralda of Seville is dwarfish by the side of Cervantes; Saint Peter's of Rome does not reach the ankle of Dante.

What architect has the skill to build a tower so high as the name of Shakespeare? Add anything if you can to mind! Then *why* a monument to Shakespeare?

I answer, not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England!



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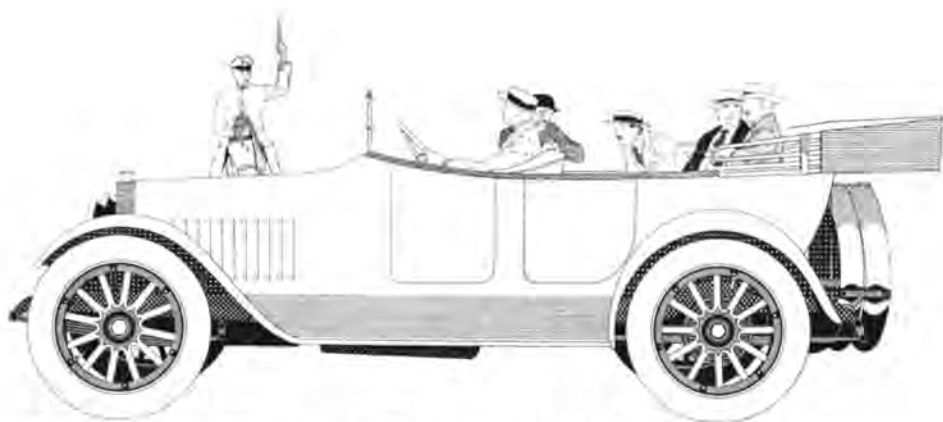
Her nimble acceleration gives you speed where you need it most—at all sensible and practical gaits. Her awareness, her response, are half-

WHAT strikes me as ridiculously funny and absurd, to say the least, is that a businessman has no right to express his opinion on the subject of religion or politics. He must take no decided stand

xviii

on *any* question, because it might hurt his business. In other words, we want a businessman to be a hypocrite—and all the world hates a hypocrite. The church uses a threat; the politician uses a club;

THE FRA



THE NEW 3400 R. P. M. CHALMERS

human. She'll leap, without fret or roar, from 5 to 30 miles an hour in the twinkling of any eye.

And she'll deliver 60 miles an hour any time you say—but why 60?

She's a car a woman may drive without uneasiness. The rough raw violence of high engine speed has been checked down and translated into golden acceleration—into the saving grace of fuel-economy.

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One little journey in this 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, and her spell will surely get you.

*Touring Car or Roadster, \$1050 Detroit;
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*Three-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1400 Detroit;
\$1900 in Canada*

*Colors: Meteor blue, or Oriford maroon
with gold stripe*

*Three-Passenger Cabriolet also furnished in
Valentine green.*

Chalmers Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

the unions use dynamite, and the businessman has a chunk in his throat all the time. Why, a Socialist or an I. W. W. can spout his vaporings and advertise his nonsense; the Salvation Army can beg

and shout its imaginations; the politician can boast and knock; but the businessman can have no expressed opinion on any subject—it might hurt his business.—*E. L. Moon.*

THE FRA



C-201
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Price, \$10.00 Height, 19 inches

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articles are the embodiment of art, beauty and craftsmanship. Note the new designs. Note even in these much-reduced photographs — the symmetry, the clean-cut outlines, the freedom from rococo and bizarre designs. Gift packages are a Roycroft Specialty. We enclose your Card or "Greetings" and prepay Delivery Charges *Shipments prompt!*

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Price, \$2.50 Width, 8 inches



C-804
SHALLOW FRUIT-DISH
Price, \$3.00
Diameter, 8½ inches



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Price, \$1.00 Height, 3½ inches

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C-506 — \$1.00



C-507 — 50 Cents



C-302
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best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light.—*Matthew Arnold.*



Success consists in the climb.

THE church says the earth is flat, but I know that it is round, for I have seen the shadow on the moon, and I have more faith in a shadow than in the church.—*Magellan.*

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¶ VERY Executive has an assistant, a right-hand man, one who takes the infinite details of systematic management off the chief's shoulders, and who in a pinch, if need be, can arise to the emergency and defend the breach.

¶ Such has been my duty for the past three years as assistant to the Superintendent of a big Corporation. The handling and execution of all the office details are mine, diplomacy and judgment in admitting callers, office correspondence—in a word, all the little things (and some of the big things, too) that some one must attend to in order to make the going easier for an already closely pressed Chief.

¶ Now, I wish to make a change. No, I am not out of a job—but I am still young, unmarried, ambitious. Also eager to learn and willing to work to learn. I want to gain a wider and more varied experience in the field of American Business than my present position offers me. ¶ Surely, some big Executive who reads *The Fra* has need of me, and I would appreciate hearing from him. Please address—W. M. G., care of *The Fra*, East Aurora, New York State.

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is a help and a boon when you want to select a few choice gifts for a few close friends—for Easter, for anniversaries, birthdays, weddings. Consult it!

¶ On these bright, cheerful Spring days when you decide that you should have some new home furnishings to add an extra touch of beauty here, or to supply a new-felt want there—a flower-vase, a fruit-tray, a table-mat, a couch-pillow, some candlesticks, or what not—

¶ Think of the new 64-page Roycroft Catalog and consult it.

¶ Or, if you have n't a copy, drop us a line and you will receive the Catalog by return mail—free.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

WHAT our people most depend upon is Business and not politics. We see strong indications that the people have about decided to ask the politicians to support business instead

of business supporting the politicians. The absurdity of expecting National Prosperity in the face of incessant business persecution is becoming better understood, and the growing sentiment is that

THE FRA



**F-08 — CHINA-CABINET
AND SERVING-TABLE COMBINED**

42 inches wide 20 inches deep
38 inches high to shelf

Oak, \$42.00 Mahogany, \$50.00

Panels in doors clear crystal glass, set in copper



Send For This CATALOG

We have a large, handsome Catalog devoted exclusively to Furniture, showing almost every imaginable piece for your home. It is well illustrated with large halftone pictures, which is the nearest approach to visualizing the beauty and serviceableness of genuine Roycroft Furniture that can be devised. This Furniture Catalog is *FREE*. We will be glad to send you a copy. Drop us a note, or else tear out this page and write your name and address on the margin.

THE ROYCROFTERS
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ROYCROFT FURNITURE

is like that made by the old Mission Monks of California—it is made of solid wood, no veneer. We use only the best grade of quarter-sawed oak and African or Santo Domingo mahogany.

We use no nails—but are generous in the use of pegs, pins, mortises and tenons. It is the excellent and painstaking workmanship that is put into each piece of Roycroft Furniture that gives it its rugged strength, its simple beauty and its everlasting wearing quality.



F-02 — SIDEBOARD

66 inches wide 40 inches high 26 inches deep
15-inch plate-glass mirror

Oak, \$90.00 Mahogany, \$110.00

Coppered glass panels in two center doors

business be given a chance. Help to crystallize this idea into a strong and instant demand—*W. B. Flickinger.*



Truth is a useful idea.

Heaven goes by favor, not merit. If merit won, your dog would go in and you would remain outside.—*Mark Twain.*



Gall can never fill a vacuum.



EASTER CONFECTIONS

The warm sunny days and frosty nights of late March and early April are ideal for tapping the Sugar-Maple Trees. The result is the "first run" of the sap—the best for syrup-producing purposes



ROYCROFT MAPLE-PECAN PATTIES

are made in the Roycroft Kitchen from the syrup of the "first run"—delightfully blended with selected Pecans. They are so different, you know—so quite unlike any other Confection—that a Box of Maple Patties is an especially acceptable and appreciated gift. They're pure and wholesome, too.

Box of 2 dozen Patties \$1.00

Box of 1 dozen Patties .50

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Send us your order—we will enclose your card or "Easter Greeting" and will mail the Box direct if you wish it

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vented by judicial process, long delays in deciding causes involving exercise of such stupendous powers are defects in the political system so serious as to threaten its existence.—W. Bourke Cockran.

THE FRA



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One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have if you will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitation and without notes.



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WE can not look around us without being struck by the surprising variety and multiplicity of the sources of Beauty of Creation produced by form or by color or by both united.—MacCulloch.

THE roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—More.

THE FRA

"TO LOVERS AND OTHERS"

(Second Edition)

BY HARRY C. MORSE

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."*



N exquisite literary gem; a nosegay of beautiful thoughts; a dainty, desirable and quite "different" Easter Gift for Friend or Lover, of which Elbert Hubbard said—

Love is all. I say to you that man has not imagination enough to exaggerate the importance of love.

The significance of this came to me with peculiar force the other day on reading a delightful volume of essays by Harry C. Morse, with the suggestive title, "To Lovers and Others."

Every civilization has been developed by the power of love, and there is no one but has a thought that seems to him divine about love and friendship.

In this exquisite little volume my Friend Morse has indeed given to literature thoughts which act as a ray of light to those who would find the path of wisdom that they may walk therein.

And the *Rochester TIMES* says:

A little book with a charm and value all its own. It leaves the impression on the mind as that of a garden filled with rare and delicate flowers. Few will read the chapter on Character Building, on The Thinking of Thoughts, and that other delightful essay on the priceless value of high ideals in love without new and nobler conceptions of all that life and love might be. In these days when so little beside the heavily-odored passion-flowers are to be found in the scented gardens of literature, it is pleasant to find a writer who sees what a delicate, chaste and exquisite thing love is. The writer suggests Emerson in his compactness and sententiousness of thought.

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AN actual love of God, a sense of desire and joy and fellowship going out toward that great unseen, intangible power that fills the world, is no slight and commonplace thing in our lives. It is the

highest attainment in the evolution of character, the fragrant blossoming of our spiritual nature.—*Walter Rauschenbusch.*

To know all is to forgive all.

THE FRA



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THE ROYCROFTERS
 EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

THE liberty of the press is the birth-right of a Briton, and is justly esteemed the firmest bulwark of the liberties of this country. I rejoice that liberty will have a resting-place, a sure

asylum in America, from the persecution of almost all the princes of earth.

—John Wilkes.

Happiness lies in equality.

THE FRA



THE RUBAIYAT

of Omar Khayyam

WE all love the Persian Tentmaker, with his Jug, his Bough and Thou. His poetic pearls lay beneath the sea of literature for eight hundred years. Fitzgerald then brought them to the surface, and here is his translation of the old optimistic pessimist's masterpiece—the Rubaiyat. ¶ We have given this gem a fitting setting—a binding of Semi-Flexible Leather, beautiful in coloring and design. The text is printed on India paper and is in two colors. The title-page is in three colors. *Price, \$1.00.*

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A SYMPOSIUM of thought, an up-to-date anthology of the doctrines of right living, liberty, equality, fraternity, education, enlightenment, free speech, selected from the works of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll, R. W. Emerson, and Elbert Hubbard. ¶ A beautiful Library Edition, size 10 in. x 7½ in., printed Roycroftie on fine quality Strathmore Japan, with photogravure inserts of the eight contributors; genuine Black Morocco back on which the title is impressed in gold; covers are special imported handmade boards, so marbled as to give volume tone and added value in the eyes of the Book-Lover. *Price \$3.00. Postage Paid.*

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By Elbert Hubbard

HISTORY of the Life and Times of John Brown of Osawatimie, told by Elbert Hubbard in true romantic style. ¶ Hubbard was ever a man to ferret out the fine character and sterling quality of the Great Martyrs of History whom the World disdained, scorned, hanged, burned, crucified and tried to submerge into Oblivion. ¶ Hubbard leads you straight into the heart of John Brown, the Man. He gives you a friendly, neighborly, sympathetic view of the Man who first declared War against Slavery in America! ¶ Bound in beautiful full-grain, semi-flexible Pigskin. Size, 8 in. x 5½ in. *Price, \$2.00. Postage Prepaid.*

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Pro or Con?

HAVE you ever read Elbert Hubbard's powerful appeal in behalf of the poor dumb brutes who are hamstrung and quartered to furnish living "demonstration" for the medical students? It is contained in "Pig-Pen Pete or Some Chums of Mine." ¶ "Pig-Pen Pete" also contains, well, Pig-Pen Pete, of course, the story of the wonderful Scotch Collie on the Roycroft Farm—"The Guinea"—"Why I Ride Horseback" and nineteen other stories and anecdotes about animals and the lovers of animals.

PIG-PEN PETE

is a book of 221 pages, illustrated, size 5¼ x 7¼ inches, beautifully bound in semi-flexible antique pig-grain leather, title stamped in silver on back and cover. The price of this particular binding is \$2.00. *Postage Prepaid.*

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

PREVIOUS to the Reformation the State stood behind the priest and enforced his edicts whereby thousands of innocent victims fell before the steel and flame of a merciless persecution. Today

the State stands behind the commercialized, fee-hunting doctor, and enforces his vaccination-fraud against the lives and health of millions of little children.

—J. M. Peebles, M. D.

THE FRA



L-32
VEST-POCKET CARD-CASE
Price, \$2.00
Size, 3 x 4 inches



L-42, TELESCOPE CIGAR-CASE
Modeled Cowhide
Size, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, \$4.00
Size, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches, \$3.00



L-26
MEMORANDUM-CASE
Price, 75 Cents
Size, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches

WHAT "ROYCROFT MODELED" LEATHER MEANS TO YOU!

Roycroft Leather articles are modeled—not stamped.

¶ There's a difference. A piece of modeled leather must be worked over by hand. The design is "brought out" from underneath, then filled in to make it stay.

¶ That is what gives Roycroft Modeled Leather character, individuality. Each piece is the creation of an artist who has made this his life-work. He feels a conscious pride in his work.

¶ By which you are assured select material, the best leather that can be bought, and a quality of workmanship that can not be surpassed.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York.



L-69—TRAVELERS' WRITING-CASE
Price, \$20.00
Modeled cowhide with detachable writing-pad
Size, closed, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ inches. Size of pad, 8×11 inches



L-39—PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME
WITH STANDARD
Price, \$4.50
Size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches
Size of opening, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Special frames to order

NO Revolution ever rises above the intellectual level of those who make it, and little is gained where one false notion supplants another. But we must some day, at last and forever, cross the

line between Nonsense and Common-sense. And on that day we shall pass from Class Paternalism, originally derived from fetish fiction in times of universal ignorance, to Human Brotherhood in accord-



Not Gray Hairs but tired Eyes Make us look older than we are. Old age and Dull Eyes tell-tale.

Don't tell your age!

After the Movies or Exposure in Wind, Sun and Dust Murine Your Eyes. Two Drops will rest refresh and cleanse.

"Wives for Dull of the Eye"
Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago.

What New Thought Does



It dissolves fear and worry.
It brings power and poise.
It dissolves the causes of disease, unhappiness and poverty.
It brings health, new joy and prosperity.
It dissolves family strife and discord.
It brings co-operation and development.

Letters in our files show New Thought has done the above for others—why not you!

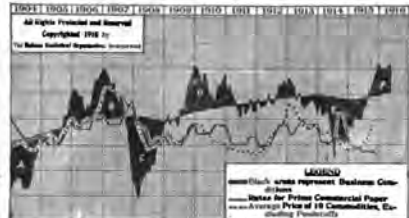
ELIZABETH TOWNE
Editor of Nautilus

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Knows

the value of New Thought; and tells about it in the little booklet, "What I Know About New Thought." More than 60,000 persons have sent for this booklet.

FOR 10 CENTS you can get the above booklet and 3 mos. subscription to Nautilus, leading magazine of New Thought. Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, editors. Edwin Markham, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A. M., Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D., Paul Ellsworth, Lida A. Churchill, regular contributors. Send now and we will include "How To Get What You Want."

The Elizabeth Towne Company, Dept. 957, Holyoke, Mass.



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Business as the result of war forms a great part of our present activity. What about your business when the war stops? Babson's Reports will help you.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department F-17 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Advisory Block, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS



SANITARIUM

Established 1897

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE is the parent school of Psychological methods of healing—Welterism, Magnetic Healing, Laying on of Hands, Mental Science and the other drugless methods which may be included under the broad general head of Suggestive Therapeutics.

¶ The Sanitarium connected with the Weltmer School is equipped with every modern facility.

¶ Each patient's room has electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water—roomy clothes closet—good ventilation—and many have private bath.

¶ We have regular physicians constantly employed in the Sanitarium and School; however, nearly all cases are cured without the use of drugs or surgery. Patients attending our Sanitarium receive benefits of every safe, sane and effective method of cure, and for one fee, which is less than the charge made at most sanitariums for the one particular method which happens to be the fad of the physician in charge.

¶ 18th ANNUAL CATALOG Will Be Sent Postpaid—Gratis Upon Request.

WELTMER INSTITUTE OF SUGGESTOTHERAPY
206 South Ash St. Nevada, Mo. U. S. A.

ance with the nature of things and our growing knowledge of it; from Political Government to Industrial Administration; from Competition in Individualism to Individuality in Co-operation; from War

and Despotism, in any form, to Peace and Liberty.—*Carlyle*.

A wise man does not need advice, and a fool will not take it.

THE FRA

The Coffee
One Quality, Only—the Best
Packed in 1, 2 and 3 lb. All-Tin Cans

WHITE HOUSE

Two Good Things You
Ought Not Try To
Do Without



Every reason in the world why
YOU should use these splendid
products—if topnotch quality,
purity, honesty, reliability and
economy are factors in your es-
timate of the right things to buy
for creature comfort.



BOSTON DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY CHICAGO

TEA and COFFEE

The Tea—Several Varieties—also
in All-Tin Cans $\frac{1}{4}$ and
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. net.



AFANCY IN-BETWEEN SHORT
ASMOKE OF BEST HABANA
TOBACCO IN COMPACT FORM—
15-cent quality, 3-cent size. If your dealer
does n't handle them, send us \$1.50 and we
will send you box of 50 with a fine leather
case to carry them in.

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO.
101 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.



"AT THE SIGN OF THE BULLDOG"
"COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO."

MERRIAM SEGARS
FRA
DARBY & JOAN
BARON DEKALB
SEGAR DE LUXE
HENRY IRVING
MILD — SWEET — AROMATIC

ADVERTISING is the most modern and powerful agent in the greatest modern task, which is distribution. Every intelligent American must be interested in advertising; for be sure of this—that if you ever succeed you will need to know about advertising: and if you don't know about advertising, your success will never be more than a small fraction of what it might have been—*Brisbane*.

The Soldier Model



In Bessarabia with the Russian army was Boardman Robinson, artist and traveler who painted this cover for Leslie's.

¶ One evening when he had wandered away from the correspondents' quarters, Mr. Robinson suddenly found himself in the midst of a bivouac of Turkomans. These picturesque fellows were dressed in the same barbaric splendor that their tribes have worn for seven hundred years. True to his artistic

traditions, Mr. Robinson immediately began to sketch one of the big fellows, but he had hardly shown paper and pencil when he was seized by his model and hurried along, the Turkoman expectantly caressing the hilt of his ugly curved sword.

¶ Fortunately for the artist, he was met by officers who knew him and ordered him released. It was explained that he merely wanted to make pictures, and not to collect data for the enemy. At this news his former captor became his willing model and the above picture was the result, sketched from life on the spot.

¶ Just as this cover of Leslie's reflects an intimate personal experience, so its contents represent the work of picture reporters *on the spot*, wherever world events are transpiring.

¶ Its striking pictures, its informative departments and its wise and conservative editorial policy make Leslie's welcome in more than 410,000 good homes—the largest circulation of any \$5 a year weekly.

Leslie's

Illustrated Weekly Newspaper

225 Fifth Avenue

New York

TO be successful a man must have faith—faith in his ability to perform whatever he has undertaken, and faith in the character of the act, or the purpose, to be accomplished. If he does not

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possess this positive force he is practically powerless. He may have the plan, he may have the desire to make that plan a reality, but he lacks the force that enables him to proceed.—*John R. Meade.*

THE FRA

1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915

To Write the Typewriter
History of 1916
Calls For The Machine
Which is Creating it



By Virtue of Advancement,
Prosperity, Growth
And
Ambition

The
Underwood
Is The Historian

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

BELIEVE the American people are on the eve of the greatest constructive period in the history of the world. "Hysteriacs," "Howlers" and "Wolfers" are figures of the past. Remedies are

wanted. The leaders of the future will be those who evolve solutions of the problems which confront every community in its development and progress.

—Senator Bourne.

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THE FRA



From a photograph made especially for SYSTEM

PRESIDENT FARRELL of the U. S. Steel Corporation greeting President Johnson of the Baldwin Locomotive Works at the recent Foreign Trade Convention. Speaking of **SYSTEM**, the Magazine of Business, as a monthly convention of business methods of progressive concerns, Mr. Johnson writes, "I have gotten ideas which are suggestive and interesting."



From a photograph made especially for SYSTEM

WHILE waiting to see Mr. John G. Shedd, President of Marshall Field & Company," writes a **SYSTEM** subscriber, "I noticed that **SYSTEM** was the one and only magazine on his desk." Another business man reports that "On a recent tour of America's distributing centers, **SYSTEM** was favorably discussed by many of the chief executives of large department stores."



From a photograph made especially for SYSTEM

THIS is Charles A. Whelan, one of the dynamic partners who made of a small Syracuse cigar stand the United Cigar Stores Company of today. "The topics of which **SYSTEM** treats," Mr. Whelan says, "cannot be left out of successful business. I read it at home but often take its enlightening suggestions to my office."



From a photograph made especially for SYSTEM

FREDERIC W. UPHAM'S success as President of The Consumers Company, he attributes, in part, to "our willingness to exchange business methods with other concerns. Time spent in contributing to **SYSTEM**," Mr. Upham says, "is well repaid by the valuable ideas we get from its pages, ourselves."

WILL YOU READ THE MARCH ISSUE OF **SYSTEM**?

BUSINESS men throughout the country are planning to increase sales, collect money, cut costs, buy, meet competition and increase their personal efficiency with the new, unusual business ideas packed into the March number of **SYSTEM**, the Magazine of Business. Prominent among contributors are President Farrell of the U. S. Steel Corporation, President Runnells of the Pullman Company, President Shonts of the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., Ex-Senator Burton and President Kelsey of the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. Nineteen complete articles—six departments packed with short cuts—graphic illustrations—hundreds of business ideas, plans, policies—in this big March issue and all by men who know. If not a regular reader, decrease your expenses, increase your sales and multiply your profits by getting a copy of March **SYSTEM** today.

SYSTEM

THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

IF YOUR NEWSDEALER IS SOLD OUT, WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW, AND MAIL WITH 10 TWO-CENT STAMPS TO THE PUBLISHERS, A. W. SHAW COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK OR, IF ABROAD, LONDON

If a man thinks every one is against him he will treat them so they will be. If he thinks every one is a friend he will treat them nice and they will be friends. If a man is suspicious of every one they will

be suspicious of him. You get just what is coming to you, good or bad—that's sure. If you keep on fighting, you'll get licked some time, good and plenty.

—*Outcault.*

The Soul of a Tired Business Man

"I read Collier's because it is balanced to suit the needs of the average tired business man. There is some fiction which is good, there are some timely articles which during the past year have been positively gripping and the editorials contain just the proper amount of clean philosophy and good humor to keep the doors of one's soul pleasantly ajar to the better things of life."—
F. E. B., Butte, Ia.

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

WHAT a joy is there in a good book, writ by some great master of thought who breaks into beauty, as in Summer the meadow into grass and dandelions and violets, with geraniums, and manifold sweetness. As an amusement, that of reading is worth all the rest. What pleasure in science, in literature, in poetry, for any man who will but open his eye and his heart to take it in.—*Parker.*

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Season 1916
THE ROYCROFT INN
OPEN APRIL 15th—!



SOME people have the idea that to gain admittance to the Roycroft Inn one must be a "Roycrofter," or a Republican, a Freethinker, a Socialist, a Suffragette or a Jimmykite—that there are Passwords, Secret Signs and What-Not.

❑ Fact is, the Roycroft Inn is an INN—and we welcome the Wayfarer whatever his Faith, Creed or previous condition of Servitude, and regard him as a Friend while he stays here—and afterward!

❑ Hundreds of Automobiles wheel up here on Sunday and other days—filled with folks who appreciate a well-cooked, generous meal.

❑ Dozens of Traveling Men who are "caught" in Buffalo on Saturdayspend Saturday Night and Sunday with us.

❑ Litterateurs who want an Ideal

Place to write, Artists bent on quiet, Businessmen who desire to forget it, Husbands and Wives who need a rest (separately or together), come here for a week or a month.

❑ A beautiful Inn invites you, intelligent companionship, jolly times; charming country, woods and glens, great stretches of fine fields, a winding stream. Horses for riding, Automobiles, Farm, Camps, dances in the Grove and at the Inn, out-of-door frolics. Old clothes or not, as you please. Mix, or hold your peace. All that makes up a life of wide-awake interest, cultured endeavor. Freedom from petty restraints. That's Roycroft.

❑ East Aurora is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed on Autoists. ❑ You're expected any time.

Rates, \$2.50 and up. American Plan.
Satisfying Meals. Out-of-Door Sleeping-Rooms.
Plenty of Baths. Quiet. Understanding!

THE ROYCROFT INN, East Aurora, N. Y.

NOTE: *Arrange to spend your Vacation here this Summer.*

THERE are two kinds of artists in this world: those that work because the spirit is in them, and they can not be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make

apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.—*Anna K. Green.*

Our greatest deeds we do unknowingly.

THE FRA



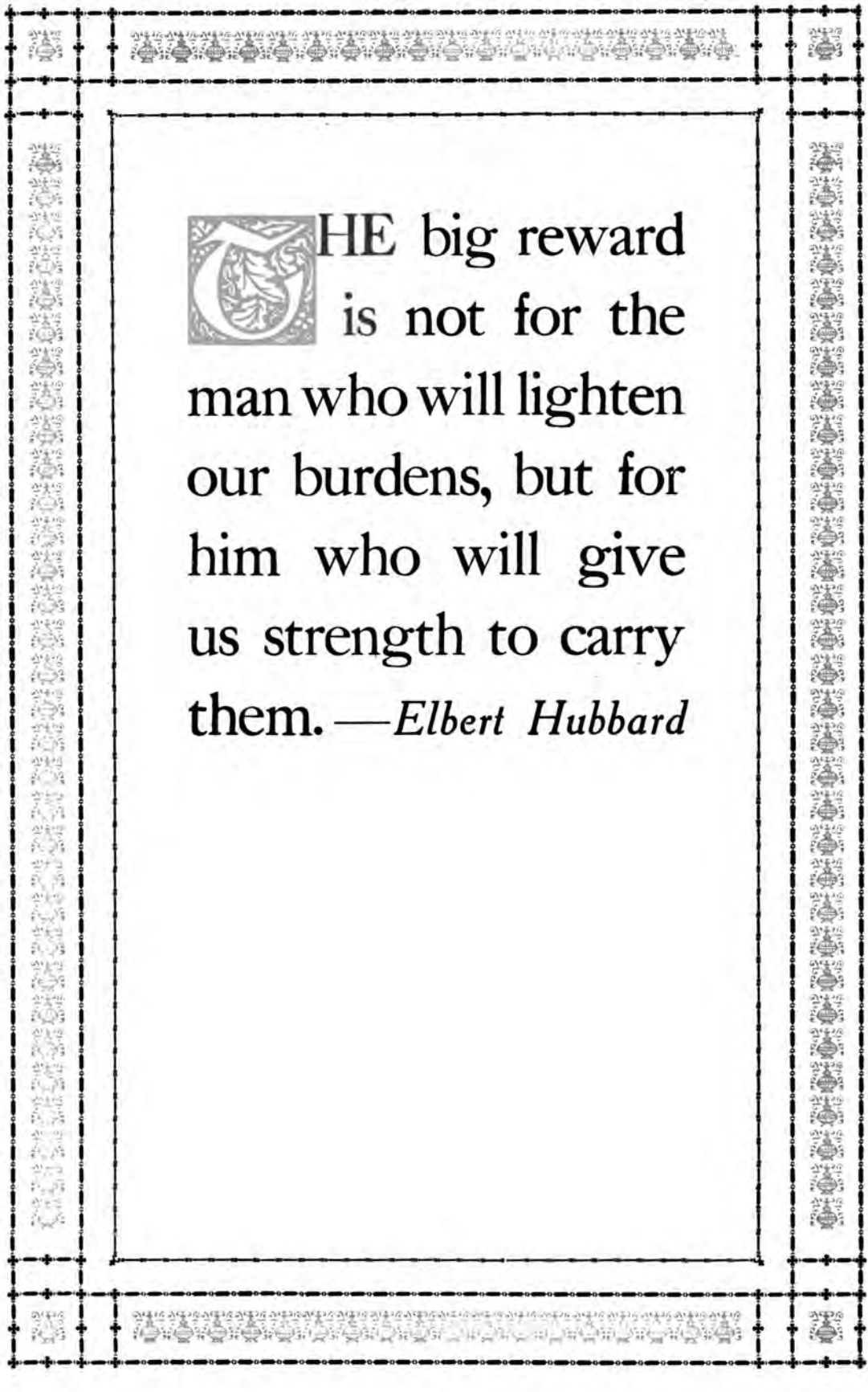
FOR PHILISTINES
AND ROYCROFTERS




MAY 1916

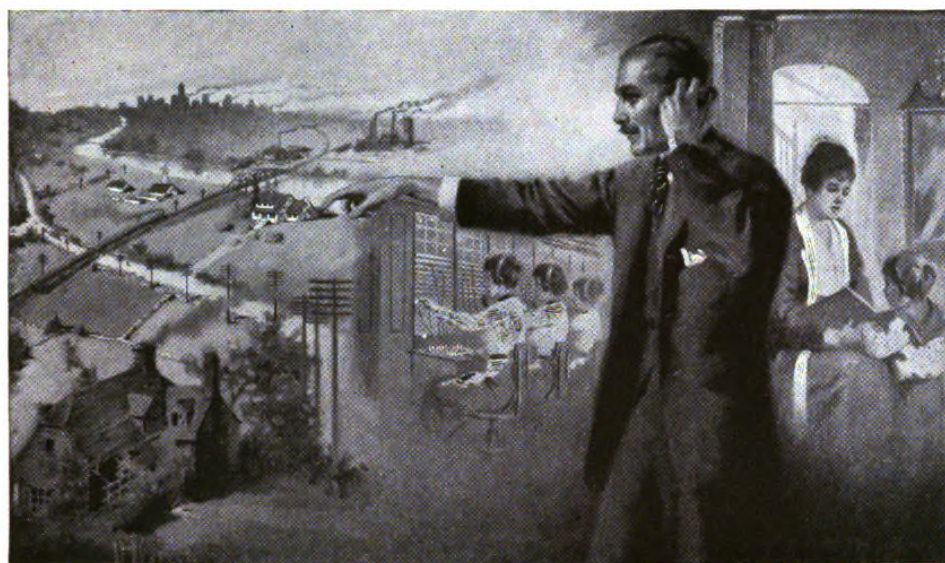
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ELBERT HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD PUBLISHER
EAST AURORA NEW YORK



HE big reward
is not for the
man who will lighten
our burdens, but for
him who will give
us strength to carry
them. —*Elbert Hubbard*

THE FRA



The Kingdom of the Subscriber

In the development of the telephone system, the subscriber is the dominant factor. His ever-growing requirements inspire invention, lead to endless scientific research, and make necessary vast improvements and extensions.

Neither brains nor money are spared to build up the telephone plant, to amplify the subscriber's power to the limit.

In the Bell System you have the most complete mechanism in the world for communication. It is animated by the broadest spirit of service, and you dominate and control it in the double capacity of the caller and the called. The telephone cannot think and talk for you, but it carries your thought where you will. It is yours to use.

Without the co-operation of the subscriber, all that has been done to perfect the system is useless and proper service cannot be given. For example, even though tens of millions were spent to build the Transcontinental Line, it is silent if the man at the other end fails to answer.

The telephone is essentially democratic; it carries the voice of the child and the grown-up with equal speed and directness. And because each subscriber is a dominant factor in the Bell System, Bell Service is the most democratic that could be provided for the American people.

It is not only the implement of the individual, but it fulfills the needs of all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

LET us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

THE law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

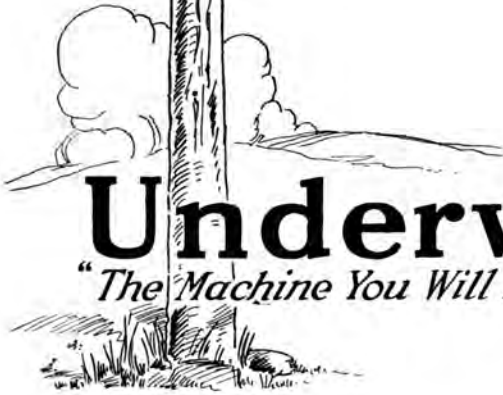
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*A Sign
of the Times.*



CONSTANTLY INCREASING
SALES OF
UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS

*—and a
Well founded
PROOF
of Business
PREPAREDNESS*



Underwood
"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

The big winners are invariably men who have snatched success from the jaws of failure.

Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling. As the sun returns in the

east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE FRA



"WHICH STORE WILL GIVE ME GREATEST VALUE?"

IT is the store that sells good merchandise at fair prices.

It is the store where you are waited on promptly.

It is the store where they do not make mistakes in charges, nor ask you to pay bills twice.

It is the store where you do not have to wait for change.

It is the store where the proprietor has time to see that things run smoothly.

Stores equipped with modern Cash Registers give this valuable service.

This machine furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip.

It prints on this the amount paid or charged.

On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it.

It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.

Such a store does not have to skimp on help or delivery to make up for losses through errors or carelessness in handling money.

They make all their legitimate profit.

It pays to trade in stores equipped with modern National Cash Registers.



LOOK FOR
THIS SIGN IN
THE WINDOW

MR. MERCHANT:

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits. We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation. Write for full information. Address Dept. AA.

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

IF you want to get on the right side of the man who foots the payroll—get at the rear end of your job and push forward. Exhaust the possibilities of your position. Don't exhaust your energy by

worrying about the things that ought to happen, but don't.—A. W. Shaw.

Remember this, you can always find excuses for not doing the things which you do not want to do.

THE FRA



Art, Letters and Life

impinge on the thought of every reflective person.
To compass them fully you need world-girdling vision.

Reedy's Mirror

the great *Mid-West Weekly* reflects with precision and brilliancy the image of contemporary thought in Letters, Esthetics and Public Affairs. Authoritative men in Europe and America highly approve the critical standards of THE MIRROR. It is an essential part of your mental equipment.

Better Sign the Coupon



Circulation Manager, "MIRROR"
Syndicate Trust, St. Louis

1. Here is my \$2. Send the MIRROR.
2. I'll try it. A quarter's worth.
3. Send a Free Sample Copy.

Name.....

Street.....

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The heroic man does not pose: he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic.

Still one thing remains to furnish the House Beautiful, without which guests

and books and flowers only emphasize the fact that the house is not a home. I mean the warm light in the rooms that comes from kind eyes, from quick unconscious smiles, from gentleness in

THE FRA

Stop Forgetting!



The average mind resembles a scrap pile.

Makes
Your
Mind
a File
—Not
a Pile



The Dickson Trained mind is as well ordered as a cross-indexed file.

Is your mind like a scrap pile—heaped up with a lot of unrelated, unclassified, unindexed facts? When you want to remember a name, place or date, must you grope uncertainly in this mixed-up pile seeking in vain to locate the desired information? And finally in embarrassment give it up? Summoned on any occasion to give facts and figures—does your mind become a blank? When suddenly called upon to speak—do you seek wildly to collect your thoughts—utter a few commonplace remarks—and sit down—humiliated? *Without Memory all the knowledge in the world becomes worthless. Stop Forgetting makes your mind a file—not a pile.*

I Can Make Your Mind as Systematic and Forget-Proof as a Card Index File

I can make you master of your mind's infinite ramifications—instead of a victim of its disordered details. The Dickson Method of Memory and Mental Training, perfected by 20 years' experience, is universally recognized as the most thorough, efficient, practical, simplest and popular system of its kind now before the public. Fully endorsed by leading educators and men of the day. This system so thoroughly trains the memory that you will be able to classify impressions, ideas, names, facts and arguments and have them ready at a moment's notice—at any time. It develops concentration and mental control—overcomes self-consciousness—enables you to think on your feet and to address an audience intelligently without notes.

Dickson Memory Training Has Helped Thousands

Mail the coupon, or give me your name and address on a postal, and I will send you statements from students in every walk in life—men who had exceedingly poor memories and developed them to an amazing perfection—men with remarkably good memories, who made them even better. Give me ten minutes a day of your time, and I will make your mind an infallible classified index, from which you can instantly select facts, figures, names, faces, arguments. *Perfect your memory and you can command what salary you will.*

Special Offer on "How to Speak in Public"

This de luxe, handsomely illustrated, richly bound book—regularly priced at \$2.00—for a limited period, I will present to every student who enrolls for the course in Memory Training, absolutely FREE. The book will train you to think on your feet—to express yourself clearly, logically and convincingly whether talking to one person or a thousand.



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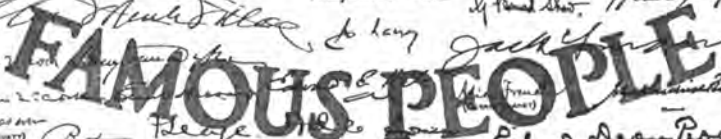
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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

tones, from little unpremeditated caresses of manner, from habits of forethoughtfulness for one another—all that happy illumination which, in the inside of a house, corresponds to the morning sun-

light outside falling on quiet, dewy fields.
—William Channing Gannet.

The happiness of a man in this life does not consist in the absence but in the mastery of his passions.—Tennyson.

FLASHLIGHTS OF



Publishers of the World-Famous Books "Heart Throbs," "Heart Songs" and "The Poets' Lincoln"

IF a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Samuel Johnson.*

WHAT AUTOLOGY MEANS TO OTHERS

Doctor Moras has written a Commonsense Book on *Autology*, and by so doing has placed the Standard of the Creed of Health further to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

I have read your *Autology* with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout, and from beginning to end makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.—*Luther Burbank.*

I have seen some criticisms of *Autology* that make me smile and I should like to asseverate, in passing, that about all the health magazines I know will be compelled to get more knowledge before they will ever be able to bring together as much vital and truthful knowledge, in so small a space, as is contained in *Autology*. ¶ The truth is that the *backbone* of the book *Autology* is *fundamental*, furnishing a basis on which readers with the right kind of brains can build their own theory and practise of eating and otherwise caring for their health.—*Dr. J. H. Tilden, Editor of "The Philosophy of Health," Denver, Colo.*

Autology saved my life. Three of the best physicians here told me I would be compelled to have an operation for **Appendicitis**. Nevertheless I have had no pain or indications of it since following *Autology* **eight years ago**. It has been nothing less than a "Godsend" to me.—*Mrs. C. K. G. (Name on request.)*

I am getting better of the **hardening of the arteries**; all dizziness and heart thumping have disappeared.—*E. C. C. (Name on request.)*

We consider *Autology* one of the most wonderful books ever written.—"*Physical Culture*" Magazine.

WELL OR SICK YOU NEED "AUTOLOGY"

Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. It is the Science of Livingness. It deals with the *practical business* of your *body and brain* as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents. ¶ With *Autology* there need be no such thing as pain and sickness in your life. *Autology* means truly, "A Happy New-Year—and many of them!"—the supreme happiness of health. *Autology* means bodily and mental freedom. Do you realize what that means? Do you want it? Then write for

FREE—"Guide to Autology"

which will give you priceless information. It is FREE—*Absolutely Free!* No matter what ails you it will pay you to investigate. ¶ EVERY SUBJECT is treated not only in a unique way, in plain everyday language, as interesting as any novel, but is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. ¶ EVERY CHAPTER is a gem and contains a wealth of information whose *health and brain value* can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

AND REMEMBER—IT'S FREE! SEND FOR "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" TODAY!

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EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.
Harvard University Medical School, '88;
College of Physicians and Surgeons
(Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physi-
cian and Surgeon in Cook County Hos-
pital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics,
College of Physicians and Surgeons
(Chicago).

AS to what is the just distribution of wealth there can be no dispute. It is that which gives wealth to him who makes it, and secures wealth to him who saves it.—*Henry George.*

The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force.—*Emerson.*



Which Is YOU? Increase Your Vitality! Make It Supreme!

An Entirely New Book—Sent Free on Trial—No Money in Advance

What makes most men and women so tired, so run down, so worn out before the day is over? What makes people fail in business or social life? What makes people old beyond their years? What keeps you from earning more money—more power—greater happiness? The reason, as Bernarr Macfadden clearly points out, is largely caused by nothing else than lack of vitality.

It takes more than ordinary health—more than ordinary vitality—to come out ahead in the crush of modern competition. Never before was it more true that life is a struggle in which the "fittest" win. And of what does fitness consist? What brings these success qualities? Analyze the men and women who have risen to positions of affluence and wealth and almost invariably you will find them endowed with a type of super health, super vitality that gives them the power to plan correctly and the strength and stamina to smash all opposition. Without Vitality Supreme, without this dreadnaught Force they would be "nobodys." With it they command and demand the world's best of everything. And they get it!

The Result of 30 Years' Work

Bernarr Macfadden has already shown thousands upon thousands of men and women how to develop, attain and maintain this Vital Force. In his own case he has seen it bring him from the point of death to a degree of physical perfection that millions of people have admired. He has seen it build scores upon scores of run-down, worn-out, sickly men and women into human dynamos of health and energy. In his new book, Vitality Supreme, he writes not from theory, but from the rich fund of knowledge he has gained in his 30 years of study and practice. He now tells for the first time, and in plain language, the secrets of super-health that have completely revolutionized the lives of people who have heard him lecture, who have read his writings or who have been under his personal care.



Develop Your Hidden Forces

In Vitality Supreme Bernarr Macfadden shows you how to develop, expand and bring out your latent powers—hidden forces. He tells you how to walk, how to stand, how to eat. He shows you how to strengthen, how to rejuvenate the source of stamina and virility, gives a new and startling way to thoroughly, naturally, druglessly cleanse the alimentary canal (the source of 90 per cent. of disease). He gives simple hints which can be practiced anywhere, at office, home or outdoors, for building inner strength. He tells you how to purify the blood, how to bathe properly, how to dress correctly, how to sleep right, soundly, rest-

fully. He shows you how the buoyancy, energy, ambition and force of youth can be maintained through middle age and in some cases to old age. And the wonderful part of this book is that by following the methods Mr. Macfadden suggests you begin to feel better, happier the first day, with almost no effort at all!

Our Remarkable Offer To You

"Vitality Supreme" with its 259 pages, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many books selling for \$3.00 or more. By special arrangement with the publishers of PHYSICAL CULTURE, the leading and most practical health magazine of the day, it is now possible for you to secure a year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE—12 big numbers—each copy containing over 100 pages of interesting and instructive information akin to the development of health, strength and vitality, together with Bernarr Macfadden's new book, for only \$2.00. The subscription price of PHYSICAL CULTURE alone is \$1.50. So you are getting a rare bargain.

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Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Vitality Supreme" together with the current issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, on approval without deposit. Then, if after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without this library of vital, practical youth and health-achieving knowledge, send the book back within five days after its receipt and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep the book, send us \$2.00, and you will receive the magazine regularly for a year. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon or mail a letter. But it is advisable to act today because this unusual no-risk offer is liable to be withdrawn at any moment.

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2824 Flatiron Building, New York.

MAIL THIS TODAY—NO MONEY REQUIRED

In moments of supreme test, remember that what others dare, you can dare.

—Sheldon.

Nature is lavish in the production of everything except great men.

viii

MUCH as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life we must in the main depend upon ourselves, and every one is his own best friend, or worst enemy.—Lord Avebury.

THE FRA



It's a Boy

—and your wife's doing splendidly



thanks to the fine reserve strength we gave her beforehand with Malt-Nutrine. And now to build her up quickly and to help nature supply food for this little one, we will continue the same splendid liquid-food- tonic.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REGISTERED PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

is recommended for expectant mothers and for nursing mothers. Nourishing and an aid to digestion—it is a great aid in building up the convalescent, the weak and the tired.

There are cheaper preparations calling themselves malt preparations—they are beverages, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what gives it its value to you. Insist.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

Anheuser-Busch St. Louis, U. S. A.



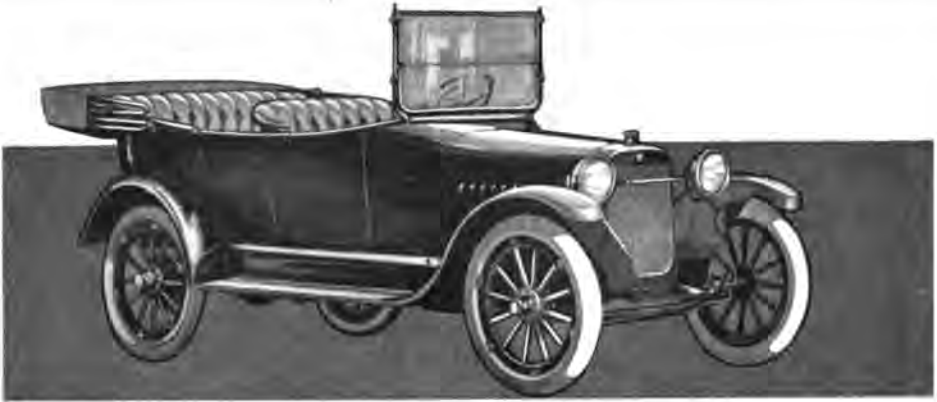
THIS truth comes to us more and more the longer we live: that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid

or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly, and to do it faithfully makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

ix

Spend a sane "Fourth" at Roycroft this year.

THE FRA



The evidence seems to be that this Saxon "Six" excels

Motor car buyers this past year saw strenuous rivalry in the price-class of Saxon "Six." Both "Fours" and "Sixes" filled the field.

Before many of each make were long in owners' hands the air was charged with claims and counter-claims.

The public at large found it difficult to reach definite conclusions. So thousands waited till the test of time and trial determined the class car from the merely mediocre.

And in waiting they proved their good judgment. For the rigors of the road soon thinned the ranks of many motor cars that failed to meet present-day standards.

At last it became obvious that one car had fairly earned top place. Those who gauged values with unprejudiced eye found the evidence only too clear.

Record after record had fallen before Saxon "Six." It had set a pace too hot for most. In speed, in power, in hill-climbing, in acceleration, and in economy it seemed to out-class all others in its field.

And those critical ones who had watched and waited now made their decisions.

The rush started at the New York Motor Show. In a week's time 1250 orders for Saxon "Sixes" poured in.

Nor was this a momentary sales spurt. For following close upon its heels came the Chicago Show where 2150 orders were received.

So when the month of January closed a record had been hung up—orders for 4085 Saxon "Sixes" had been recorded. And this in the face of the fact that winter months ordinarily are dull months.

Still there was no abatement. By wire and mail and cable the orders swept in. Buyers who had fronted the early flood of paper promises unmoved were capitulating to the proof of Saxon "Six" performance.



When Writing to Advertisers, Please Mention "The Fra"

And the month of February closed with another record established—a clear gain of 150 per cent over February of 1915. March set a similar record—and there is no sign of let-up.

So now—at the end of a year in owners' hands—the supremacy of Saxon "Six" seems unquestioned. It has won an amazing welcome. Men see in it a marvel of motor car progress.

And the price of Saxon "Six"—a new price for a quality car—recasts former ideas of what a high-grade car should cost.

For in this new series Saxon "Six" at \$815 you get a car whose very lightness denotes expensive materials and ablest engineering.

Where beauty and luxury are of resistless attractiveness. Whose smoothness and flexibility are comparable to those of the multi-cylinder motors of the newly designed costly cars.

Frankly, the demand is fast approaching our production limit. Late comers may be forced to content themselves with less than a Saxon "Six." So we urge you to see your Saxon dealer at once.

"Sixes" \$815; "Fours" \$395

Write for interesting booklet: "Saxon Days." Address Dept. III

Saxon Motor Car Co.,
Detroit

The Saxon Motor Car Company does not announce yearly models

(111)

TIMES without number we hear the complaint, "If I had only looked into it more closely." Often things look smooth and placid on the surface, and a hasty decision is made accordingly. And

not until after you have set sail do you realize the turbulent undercurrent which investigation might have disclosed. It seems to me that here is the secret of success or failure—this thing of not only

x

THE FRA



SEE

Yellowstone National Park

THIS SUMMER

Plan now to visit nature's greatest wonderland.

Northern Pacific

Through Gardiner Gateway

The original, scenic and only northern entrance.

Travel the Scenic Highway of the Northern Pacific Railway through the productive Northwest crossing the American Rockies and Picturesque Cascade Mountains to Spokane, and the Inland Empire, Rainier National Park, Puget Sound—the Mediterranean of America—North Pacific Coast Cities and Alaska.

Dining Car Service internationally popular—the route of the Great Big Baked Potato.

Connections at Seattle, Tacoma and Portland with steamship lines and Shasta Route for California points: **Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co.** between Portland-Astoria and San Francisco. Send for complete set of travel literature and let us assist you in planning your 1916 vacation.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Pass. Agent
509 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.

"SEE AMERICA"

Add the Northern Pacific Wonderland Poster Stamps to your collection. A dozen different sets; 5c per set.

looking before you leap—but looking thoroughly.—*Theodore N. Vail.*

Do not dump your woes upon other people—keep the sad story of your life to yourself ☸ ☸

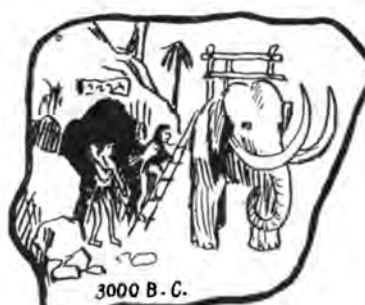
The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds.

—*Lincoln.*

xi

Come and forget it at the Roycroft Convention first ten days of July.

THE FRA



A Prayer

HUGH FINDLAY

DEAR LORD, my anger overflows
With righteous indignation,
That East Aurora and her folk
Must stand for such a station.

The landscape planted by Thy hand
Might stand some alteration,
But who beneath the clear blue sky
Could stand the Pennsy station?

We thank Thee, Lord, for hill and fen
And for our glorious nation,
But, Master, by some magic touch
Give us another station!



It is not merely capital and plants; it is not merely the strictly material things which make up a business; but the character of the men behind these things; their personalities and their abilities. The

men of this generation are entering into a heritage which makes their fathers' lives look poverty-stricken by contrast.

—John D. Rockefeller.

Orthodoxy is spiritual constipation.

THE FRA



Elbert Hubbard's 10 Greatest Essays and THE FRA \$1 FOR SIX MONTHS



ELBERT HUBBARD was a Farmer, a Printer, a Publisher, a Banker, a Blacksmith, an Author, an Inn-keeper, a Manufacturer, a Lecturer, an Editor, a Publicist! ❑ Does this sound impossible? In the group of Industries called the Roycroft Shops is found definite proof that this unusual man could do all these things well! Yet, when asked his occupation, he always answered, "A Businessman"! ❑ Not since Ben Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* has the Human Philosophy of Business been so well written as in these booklets ❑ ❑



❑ You have some friend who should read *THE FRA*. Send us a dollar and give him a subscription for six months, retaining the set of Elbert Hubbard's Ten Greatest Essays for yourself—or extend your own subscription. Address:

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



WHO can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it

should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral?—*John Stuart Mill*.

Strong drink makes no man more useful; but it renders many a useful man useless.

xiii

The Roycroft Convention this year promises to be the biggest and best.

THE FRA



This Energetic Chalmers 3400 r. p. m. Roadster

Roycrofters rejoice over this new Roadster. Her engine has enriched the delights of popular-priced motoring and imbued the Open Road with new enchantment.

It is the same 3400 r. p. m. engine that has cast the spell of its sparkle over the land, putting almighty pick-up into the harness of operating economy that pays back 18 miles of safe but spirited going for every gallon of gas.

Its speed of 3400 revolutions per minute is the highest ever attained in an American stock model.

High engine speed and long engine life are here imperishably combined, for the higher the crankshaft speed, the less the side-thrust. And side-thrust means wear and tear on cylinders, pistons, and bearings.

The 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers is not the kind of engine that will tear itself to pieces with its own brute violence.

The raw racing might which this engine would readily have developed was prudently checked down by Chalmers engineers.

For what shall it profit a motorist if he gains even the speed that gouges records out of race-tracks, and loses the far greater boon of ease, endurance, economy, acceleration, and ruly obedience?

By adding this smart Six-30 Roadster to the famous 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers breed, its builders have placed on the market an energetic beast that combines alert capability with distinction of appearance.

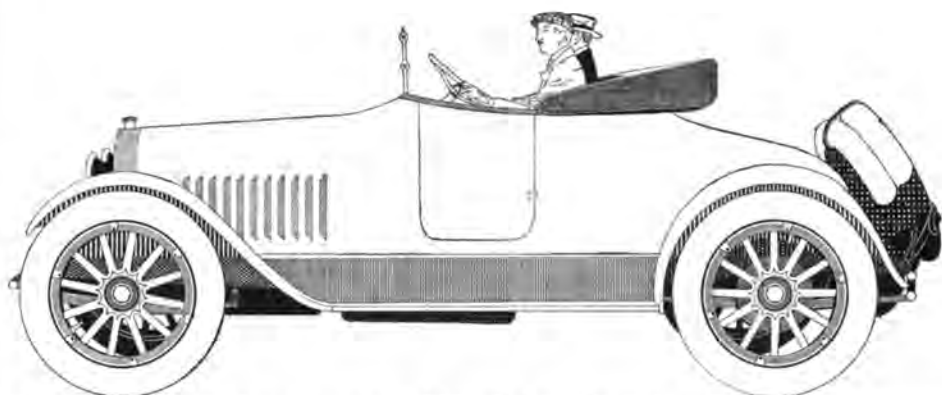
THE future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the

inspiration of the great musician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge.

—John Fiske.

In a world where death is, there is no time to hate.

THE FRA



Charms Two Continents With Its Spirited Performance

She reduces the necessary evil of gear-shifting to an undreamed-of minimum, and conquers hills and rut-riven roads on "high."

She crawls adroitly through the thickest congestion of city traffic on "high" without sulk or impatience—delivers 60 miles an hour without lurch or whimper.

Her riding comfort is a revelation. It springs less from her resilient cushions of multiple-leaved vanadium steel springs, her 9-inch upholstery, and genuine leathers, than from her faultless delivery of a smooth, serene stream of might at every speed. Which also explains why she adds many, many miles to the life of your tires.

You may have her in Oriford maroon with hood to match, or Meteor blue with black hood, also with wire wheels, at extra charge, in red, primrose yellow, white or black.

One little Indianapolis lass calls her "Charms"—and her conduct charms owners all the way from the Cascades to the Andes. One enchanting spin, and you, too, will be a 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers Roadster convert.

Ask your dealer about Chalmers service inspection coupons, negotiable at all Chalmers dealers everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

Two-Passenger Roadster, \$1070 Detroit
Three-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1440 Detroit
Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1090 Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



THE prosperity of any commercial nation is regulated by the prosperity of the rest. If they are poor, she can not be rich; and her condition, be it what it may, is an index of the height of the commercial

tide in other nations.—*Thomas Paine.*

HOME is the resort of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where supporting and supported, polished friends and dear relations mingle into bliss.—*Thomson.*

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At East Aurora, N. Y.—The annual Roycroft Convention July 1-10, 1916.

THE FRA

SPEND YOUR VACATION AT ROYCROFT



SOME people have the idea that to gain admittance to the Roycroft Inn one must be a "Roycrofter," or a Republican, a Freethinker, a Socialist, a Suffragette or a Jimmy-kite—that there are Passwords, Secret Signs and What-Not.

¶ Fact is, the Roycroft Inn is an INN—and we welcome the Wayfarer whatever his Faith, Creed or previous condition of Servitude, and regard him as a Friend while he stays here—and afterward!

¶ Hundreds of Automobiles wheel up here on Sunday and other days—filled with folks who appreciate a well-cooked, generous meal.

¶ Dozens of Traveling Men who are "caught" in Buffalo on Saturdays spend Saturday Night and Sunday with us.

¶ Litterateurs who want an Ideal

Place to write, Artists bent on quiet, Businessmen who desire to forget it, Husbands and Wives who need a rest (separately or together), come here for a week or a month.

¶ A beautiful Inn invites you, intelligent companionship, jolly times; charming country, woods and glens, great stretches of fine fields, a winding stream. Horses for riding, Automobiles, Farm, Camps, dances in the Grove and at the Inn, out-of-door frolics. Old clothes or not, as you please. Mix, or hold your peace. All that makes up a life of wide-awake interest, cultured endeavor. Freedom from petty restraints. That's Roycroft.

¶ East Aurora is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed on Autoists. ¶ You're expected any time.

Rates, \$2.50 a day and up. American Plan.
Satisfying Meals. Out-of-Door Sleeping-Rooms.

Write For Beautiful Free Booklet

THE ROYCROFT INN, East Aurora, N. Y.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fear of his condition.

xvi

Character will draw condition after it.
—H. W. Beecher.

A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you; not what you choose to pay for it.—John Ruskin.

Plan to attend the Roycroft Convention July 1st to 10th.

THE FRA

DEVOTED TO BUSINESS AND
THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

FELIX SHAY

EDITOR

JOHN T. HOYLE

MANAGING
EDITOR



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
THE COPY
TWO DOLLARS
THE YEAR
FOREIGN POSTAGE
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

ELBERT HUBBARD PUBLISHER

Vol. XVII

MAY, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

No. 2

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Elbert Hubbard—Worker

Bert Hubbard



OW does he find time to do all his work? I never could quite comprehend, myself. But I was often asked the question. However, I think I know. So would you if you had had an opportunity to analyze a

day or a week of his time, and to couple up all the various little ways and methods he had for making every minute count. And he did it every day, every week, all the time, consistently.

It is so easy to be inert, to stop the action of our minds. Ten hours a day for six days a week is about the limit a man can work at physical labor. Eight hours seems to be the day of a brain-worker. What is done with the other hours of the twenty-four? Six to eight in sleep, and the rest at pastime, pleasure, eating, exercising. All right. But Elbert Hubbard did n't follow customs most men do. We waste our time, the most valuable thing there is.

He had no waste moments, strange as it may seem. This was because he first had a very active brain—which knew no rest except in sleep. And because he very systematically cared for his body, his sleep gave him rest. I believe he averaged nine hours' sleep out of every twenty-four.

¶ But because I say he did not waste a moment, I do not mean that he would forego his exercise, his pastime or eating. His pleasure was a constant thing with him. He got it out of his very existence, and he did not seek to be happy or amused. He carried his own good time with him. Seldom did he go to a theater—unless he was to be the star performer. Yet he knew the stage and all its people.

¶ In the last few years of his life he had attained the height of his power to work. From his boyhood up he constantly developed through discarding follies and useless endeavor, a habit of making every effort one of production. He made his play a part of his work always. He knew, better than most men, that consistent

Thirty-seven

exercise in small quantities is the proper way to keep a body in fit condition, and that only with a healthy, active body could he keep his mind in like condition. He did not use tobacco, strong drink, or the pasteboards. "I put no enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains."

Exercise in the open air was his only medicine. His father was a doctor, but the old man never practised on his children. What a beautiful contempt he had for the medical profession!

ELBERT HUBBARD'S business was the creation of ideas and "putting salt on their tails." They came to him out of the air, and his faculty of grabbing them when they came and holding them is probably the answer to the question, "How does he find time to do all his work?"

He had a way of calling four or five of us from our desks at any old time during the day, to go out on the lawn and pass the ball. This gave him a change, a rest and a chance to exercise. Incidentally, it did us all good. But while we played, his mind kept working. Suddenly he would say: "Keep it going, boys—I'll be back in a minute. I got an idea." We always laughed, for we knew he would n't be back.

Perhaps you remember his article, "Why I Ride Horseback"? It throws a sidelight on him I may fail to focus.

I have seen him very often stop his horse by the roadside and pull out a pad and pencil, write down the idea and go on. Or while attending a lecture he would write on the back of an envelope or anything that was handy. But the more dramatic habit of getting out of bed in the night to record a sleepy inspiration was not his. Visions and dreams he would hold till morning when the daylight would clarify them. He burned no midnight oil.

¶ Because he was such a worker himself, his very presence among the Shops was an inspiration to us all. His personality seemed to permeate the atmosphere. Everybody worked. It was always a real joy to me to be of help to him.

Thirty-eight

TO look back over the past twenty years and sum up the work he has done and the results he accomplished seems to make the query as to how he did it a most natural one. For fourteen years straight without a break, he wrote one *Little Journey* a month, and was always a month ahead of the printer. Each one required a vast amount of study and reading. He wrote nearly every bit of each issue of *The Philistine*. He averaged seventy-five lectures a year. Besides, he did much writing for other magazines, newspapers, and advertising propositions. And all this time he managed and built up the Roycroft Shops. Work was his hobby, his pleasure. He worked while he played and he played while he worked. A holiday was like any other day. All days were holidays. Sundays were as beautiful as Mondays. "Remember the weekday to keep it holy." He believed that work was the greatest blessing of mankind, and he proved it.

One of his theories was that to start a new year by laying off meant a wrong start. Hence in the Roycroft Shops we always started right by working on New-Year's Day.

But after all, I think he did no more work than any other man can do who is willing to apply himself to his job as he did. I believe there was one quality in him that enabled him to do his work, more than any other. It was his power of concentration. With his wonderful memory and absorbing qualities of mind, coupled with an earnestness of purpose and a sane idea of living—so that no hours or days were lost through disability—he did his work and passed on.

"And I know: That I live in a world where nothing is permanent but change: That the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms. And that the reward which life holds out for work is not idleness nor rest, nor immunity from work, but increased capacity, greater difficulties, more work."

"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Mind Dominant



PROFESSORS of Psychology, from Aristotle to William James, are so familiar with the subject that they make it unfamiliar to us.

Only learned gentlemen of a kind and sort may read the

books that other gentlemen *per se* of their rank and ilk do write.

Into minute particles the predigested psychological matter is divided that the mental ameba may envelop and absorb. Though we do absorb enough to live on, ameba-like, we exist without eyes or brains—without a conscious knowledge of that which gives us life.

Certain phases of Psychology approach the secrets of Health and Happiness and Eternal Youth. Therefore, 't is a pity that the subject is not so presented, without side references or academic wrangle, without footnotes or classroom jargon, with clearness and completeness, that the Man-on-the-Street may read and grasp. Time after time we have bored through Treatises that in turn bored us through, and addled such brains as occupy our chondrocranium with crisscross conclusions and echoes of echoes until we have prayed, "O Lord, make him say it soon!"

So for the nonce we will terminate and take over the Psychologist's usufruct, and feeble-mindedly attempt to unscrew the unscrutable!

EITHER the mind dominates the body or the body dominates the mind, partially or entirely! The resultant types we call Mental or Vital; the half-and-half or Motortype is a hybrid—something of both and something more.

The high type of human is Mental; identify this type as the "absent-minded" College Professor who forgets when it's mealtime, forgets to put on his collar; who perchance is concerned with matters of more importance.

The low type of human is Vital; he never misses a meal or a drink, and he adorns himself with red tie, checkered vest and diamonds, or does the best he can!

Simeon Stylites, the Syrian monk who lived atop a sixty-foot pillar, three feet wide, for thirty-seven years, was a mental-plus type. He cast clear the bondages of the World and the Flesh, found surcease of sorrow and desire in meditation. The Christian Martyrs who were thrown into the arena of the Colosseum at Rome, to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, were Mental types. Sympathy for them is wasted. Long before physical death actually came they had passed on in spirit, and left the poor body to its fate.

¶ The Spartan boy who secreted a wolf beneath his cloak to tear his vitals gives us a glimpse of heroic Mind dominant.

¶ When the Mind sits enthroned, physical whimperings sound far off, impersonal. We know a frail little man of today who for three years has been racked and persecuted by the ravages of tuberculosis, who night and day knows no rest, but who smiles and writes us cheerful letters and never once mentions his afflictions, except to jest. That man is all Mental.

Thirty-nine

THE FRA

When Mary Baker Eddy developed the fundamentals of Christian Science, she carried the principle of Mind over Matter to the *n*th degree. She gives us an Ideal. But a week ago, I came East with a man in his abundant thirties. At college he had been an athlete; guard on his football-team, shot-putter; a great hulk of physical energy. A German professor shared the table with us in the diner.

Incidentally, the German ordered two soft-boiled eggs and tea for his dinner. The two-hundred-pounder ordered a cocktail, soup, three vegetables, roast-beef rare, a salad, dessert and coffee.

Moreover, he had the effrontery to joke the learned man: "Professor, on that diet you'll have to put weights in your shoes to hold you down to Earth."

"My friend," the Professor retorted quizzically, "pray do not concern yourself. I am twenty years your senior, but I will be walking the earth when you are a moldering and decomposed mass underneath—because of your diet."

ALL real poverty is poverty of the mind.

Labor troubles are based primarily on mental smugness or mental incapacity. Henry Thoreau supplied all his physical wants with \$22 a year. His methods are no secret! Bruce Calvert, the Twentieth-Century Thoreau, who lives on the top of a hill, requires only \$21.50, and part of that he passes out to needy wayfarers. Factory workers get away from the land, away from their natural habitation, develop false ideals, false appetites, surrender their liberty to appease their appetites—and blame the result on some other mental inefficient who owns more money but perhaps no more happiness. Wealth is not a certificate of wisdom. The Englishman who stated with a yawn that life was merely a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning gave us a view of his own mental limitations. Yet life for most of us is merely a matter of sleep, work without interest, three meals, a "good time" and sleep again!

Forty

The Upper-Class concern is to decorate their carcasses with do-dads to impress each other, to own a larger car than their neighbors, to eat better food or at least more food, to scramble with their friends for dividends in the dirt. In the Fall to go to the Maine woods to shoot live things that better fulfil their destiny; in the Summer to go to a Seaside Resort, to kill the less fortunate financially with envy; Mrs. Grand Larceny may change clothes four times a day while Mrs. Petit Larceny may change only twice.

A COLLEGE woman called at the house the other night to interest me in an Extension Study Course.

"Whom do you find to be your best 'prospects'?" I asked. "Women or men—educated or uneducated, prosperous or poor people?"

"Oh, *women!*—and middle-class people who want to get on and up. Poor people are too tired. Wealthy have n't the time!" Always I confront the inbred indifference of people who believe that when they come away from School or College, all STUDY is completed—and successfully. Show me people who say, "Where shall we go tonight?"—"What's doing?"—"What's on at the Movies?"—and I will show you people who are mentally dead—putting in time 'till the body wears out. Sincerely I believe that the physical animal should be comfortably housed and fed, watered and exercised. But with equal sincerity I believe the Mental should dominate and train the Beast—Your Mind or the Beast's Mind will dominate! Should he win, what you will be depends on whether the Beast wants to wallow in slime and mud; whether he wants to sleep; whether he wants to kill. Alfred Tennyson in his *In Memoriam* to Arthur Hallam wrote, "So much to do, so little done, such things to be."

Intelligence begs, "Give us more Time!"

Ignorance asks, "What to do?"

Perhaps the most tragic result of Matter dominating Mind, of mental hibernating,

is the vast number of people who *inherit* their Religious "Beliefs," *inherit* their Political Views, *inherit* their Prejudices! On the foreheads of such people is the legend, "Closed—gone out of business."

BEFORE an ultra-radical article or an opinionated article is published in *The Fra*, we can estimate almost exactly the number of cancelations it will produce! ¶ Nevertheless, depression comes with the mail when one reads, "I do not agree with you, cancel my subscription." "Do not agree!"—Who wants any one to agree? We want them to *weigh and consider* another man's opinion. Is not one sincere and fearless opinion, however at fault, worth a dozen commandments? ¶ Imagine editing, or contributing to, or reading, one of the asinine publications that refuse to offend a subscriber for a bribe—or for nothing less than a bribe!

Louis Eytinge

LOUIS EYTINGE is a convict; that is to say, he was convicted, whether or not guilty. For years his address has been Penitentiary, Florence, Arizona. But not for much longer, we believe. ¶ Louis Eytinge has demonstrated that he is a Good Citizen, better than most. Under handicaps that would have discouraged any but an exceptional man, he built up a Mail-Order Business of National Importance while in Prison. He not only benefited other Convicts with the proceeds, which was his intent, but as an unexpected side-issue, his Sales Literature attracted the attention of the Businessmen of the World. Now, from his wonderfully creative mind comes a Business Publication for Businessmen, called *POSTAGE* (office, 44 Bromfield St., Boston), edited by Eytinge in Prison. The purpose of *POSTAGE* is not only to curtail the criminal waste of Postage-Stamps by Businessmen everywhere, but to teach them by example and exhibit to make Direct Advertising, Circu-

lar Matter if you please, *EFFICIENT* ¶ Last week I asked a Mail-Order man, who spends \$100,000 a year in reaching his Trade *DIRECT*, through the Mails, what he thought of *POSTAGE*. He said: "It's the first Business Publication that has ever given me actual *HELP*!—actual *PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS* ¶ Not 'theory,' but *ASSISTANCE*!" Personally I get help and inspiration from Louis Eytinge: firstly, because of what he *IS*, and secondly, because of what he *KNOWS* and *tells me*, in *POSTAGE*! ¶

Save the Girl?

NEWSPAPER articles, magazine "specials," anti-vice societies, mothers' leagues, long-winded exhorters, have sing-songed, for eons it seems, "Save the girl!" All right, *SAVE* the Girl; but please remember to save the *BOY* too! Until the boy arrives, Girls are quite harmless, simpering, sacheted somebodies! The Boy causes all the trouble! The Boy Problem alone is plain as A B C. The Boy Problem plus the Girl Problem is complicated. Note the popular attitude: "Nice Young Girls!" "Those *Bad Boys*!" There you are! You tell the boy he's *bad*, and soon he takes your word for it; he lives up to the reputation *you* give him! ¶ The girl is a delicate flower that must be preened and prinked and placed in the sunny window of the house! The boy—damn him!—where is he? Send him downstairs to sift the ashes! "What time did Willie get in last night?" says Father with a frown. "11.30"—Mother, meekly! "Well, you young vagabond—no more spending-money; no ball-game Saturday—and you shall NOT make that trip!" ¶ See how just and farsighted is Father! ¶ Willie loses the privileges he loses, but there comes a day when Willie's hide and sensibilities are so toughened that Father runs out of adequate punishments to fit the crimes! Then what?

One supper-time Father beats sullen, white-faced Willie with a barrel-stave; to oblige mother he does not quite kill him, but calmly and virtuously states: "I quit. I have done *my* part! He may now go to the Bow-Wows—!"

Willie goes. That night he does not come home at all! Willie is society's and Father's Pet Outlaw! Willie is locoed! *☛*

I SAY it's a shame and a sin for Fathers to make enemies of and desert their seventeen-year-old Sons!

Just because Willie wants to be a MAN!

¶ The World deserves what it gets from the Young Fellows, with the Future locked up inside them—when they are left to rot up an Alley!

Nor will an organization ever do much for the American Boy until it recognizes his "rights" as he sees them!

The Y. M. C. A. is so concerned with the boy's After-Life that the present one is a secondary consideration!

Moreover, the average Y. M. C. A. Secretary is a Mollycoddle, a Jimmykite, and a Lollypop, from the *Boy's viewpoint!*

¶ Since the BOY SCOUTS have become a feeder for the debilitated State Militia, have "sold out" as it were to Militarism, they too are regarded with suspicion.

No organization that I know seeks to capture the Boy's loyalty, seeks to improve his mind and body, unless it conceals a "Joker" somewhere! That Joker the Boy sees First! Then it's all off.

HOME, you say, solves the problem! *☛* No—because when a Boy comes seventeen and asserts his individuality and independence and refuses to reflect Family Thought, his Father calls him a thug or a simpleton, decides he's not half the man Papa is, persecutes, nags and abuses him! Three years hence, when the Boy has gone to China or to Jail, Father whines, "Why was n't I more considerate?" *☛*

When a boy needs friendship, guidance, and a counselor, he roams the streets desperately and despondently, or puts in his time in a treadmill job, earning

"spending-money," a pitiable pittance! *☛* If you want to HELP Boys, why not make them your Friends—on a basis of ABSOLUTE EQUALITY? Invite a crowd of Boys into your Home.

Find out what they want, not what *you* want them to have. Deserve this confidence. Spend your money on them; you will never spend it to better advantage. I would rather invest my money in boys to help them through their Doubtful Years, to help them meet manhood with heads up, than to have bought Bethlehem Steel at 34!

Ole Kaintuck

SPRINGTIMES I just naturally get restless. One of my feet is a loose foot, and it wants to be a-movin' and a-movin'! Springtimes especially *☛* I am going to risk my health and safety, before the East Aurora P. R. R. Ticket-Office! When I come away, the chances are the Pasteboard reads "Somewheres in Ole Kaintuck."

Blue grass, moonshine and sunshine, horses that are horses, and dozens of so-help-me-bob yarn-swappers; unspoiled Kentucky Cardinals who just like to sit around and hitch their wagons to stars, and shoot at the cuspidor.

'Long in May, I go down again to get a mate to my stallion "LUCK." I will spend two days with Col. Allen Edelen of Burgin. He will have ready for me a great-great-grandniece to LUCK, on his Sire's side. I will pretend to be disappointed at first, just so Col. Edelen will let me "try out" Luck's sisters, and cousins and aunts! *☛* My idea of a Friend is a Kentucky horse; and my idea of a Kentucky horse is the aristocratic Blue-Grass blue-bloods Col. Edelen raises at *Glenworth* *☛* Before I leave I'll order Luck's Niece shipped to East Aurora; I intended to all along. Then out of the Blue Grass I travel overland into the Booze Belt to a Town where nobody has anything to do 'till tomorrow. Never mind the town's name, but the

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Salt River Tigers were recruited there in '61. Should you insist, I will name the town Robleyville, and suggest that its streets are lit with noses.

REMEMBER, years ago, when I was a stranger at BOTTOMS, Bud, the Bartender, intimated that I would find it interesting to visit one of the Mountain Monasteries—a Distillery. Next day the Ole Jedge drove me up, and introduced me as "America's greatest living—etc." That was enough to open all the casks! Bud told me the Ole Jedge stood in. "He rushes the lodges and the churches around election, and talks about the Demon Rum, but he don't mean it, he don't. The Ole Jedge, he's with us, he is!"

There were 2,997,842 barrels of the Real Stuff stored on that mountain-side. Some of it since grandfather was a boy. I am a teetotaler and told them so. I also recognize hospitality when I meet it.

"Medical purposes," Bacchus assured me—and reached for his cantharus. We sampled his Private Stock first, to make sure that it had not spoiled.

In the seventh vault, where they keep the White Whisky, the "First Shots," the Ole Jedge asked me did I know how to identify a Kentucky gentleman. I was not quite all present and accounted for, but I managed to simulate a negative. "Well," announced His Honor, "a Kentucky Gentleman never lets a drink get stale on his breath."

The bibulous host slapped the Ole Jedge on the back and said, "That's a good one"—and we had another. Then I lost count.

WHEN I came to, I was on Bottoms' Front Porch, where gathers the wit, the intellect, the wisdom and culture. The Ole Doc had just remarked to me, "I tell you, Suh, it gives me pleasure to agree with your Third Premise, but it sure do seem that the contingencies of the situation most certainly do weaken your Fourth Premise—."

Fortunately for me, Col. Witherspoon was then overheard to command the gentlemen who entirely occupied the front of the Bar inside to "Fire and Fall Back!" Some one on the Front Porch ironically and needlessly observed, "Col. Witherspoon has hollow legs."

On the Courthouse Square adjoining, the Auctioneer broke in, confiding in a loud and strident voice to his audience: "There's nothing the matter with this yere lil' horse, 'cept that she's blind in the eye next to the Courthouse and blind in the eye next to the Saloon."

The while I wondered what had been my Fourth Premise!

While I blinked, and swallowed, and pondered, Bud stuck his head out through the window for a breath of fresh air. The Lieut.-Gov. requested Bud—"meaning no offense"—to show me his crippled arm. Without embarrassment, Bud protruded a burly right all sound and impressive. "Perhaps it is my vision—you know the Ole Jedge and I——!!"

"Taint youh vision, suh!" the Lieutenant-Governor explained: "The trouble with Bud's arm is internal; an involuntary Nerve Complaint. That arm of Bud's simply can't reach the Cash-Register." Captain Caruthers, who had his arm shot off at the elbow in the Wilderness, but who wears the sleeve full of rocks to lose none of its effectiveness, was aroused from his doze by the laugh on me! He tilted down his chair and contributed a yawn and a yarn of his own.

"I'll never forget the first time I see Ole Jedge in Court—when he was a high-tighty whippersnapper back in '68."

"Casey Carter called Mick Noonan an Irish skunk; when Casey recovered consciousness he had Mick arrested. Ole Jedge volunteered to defend Mick. Ole Doc and me were on the jury."

"Gentl'men of the Jury!" says the Ole Jedge with his God-forgive-us Sunday manner—"place yourself in my Client's position!" He changes poses and says, 'Captain,' says he, 'what would you do

Forty-three

if Casey called you a *Kentucky* skunk?'—an' without losin' a breath—' Doctor, what would *you* do if Casey called you a *Scotch* skunk?'—and to Jake Hartmann, ' Mr. Hartmann, what would you do if Casey called you a *Dutch* skunk?'—An' all you other gentl'men '—with a sweep of his arm—' what would you do if Casey called you the *kind of skunks you are?*' "

" I never did say that! " protested the Ole Jedge, and started up. But he was guffawed down.

Col. Witherspoon, who had waddled out the door unnoticed, and down the steps, stopped long enough to admonish us, "Gentlemen, this noise is most unseemly, most unseemly—and there's a Mule Buyer in town—and this porch is very conspicuous, very conspicuous—! "

* * * * *

YES, my loose foot is troubling me these days—it 's a-movin' and a-movin'. Col. Edelen will be expecting me soon! I had LUCK out at six this mornin'—that Niece sure will be fine company for him; sort of o' Home Folks!

That San Diego Critic

SOME 24,000 communications have reached us praising the *New Fra*—and otherwise. But one man especially deserves Honorable Mention. Each month he writes us 64 pages criticizing the 32 text-pages of *The Fra*, in detail. Men of East Aurora who never read *The Fra*, including the Editor, start to inquire 'long about the Tenth of the month, " Is San Diego in yet? " You see, the son-of-a-gun never signs his analysis—so we call him " San Diego."

He gives us the three kinds of Truth, the WHOLE, ONLY, and NOTHING BUT! Sometimes he makes us smile with his swelling compliments, and sometimes he makes us squirm—but his " Publication " is read, down to the Printer's Devil.

You know Ed Bok composes the Ladies' Hum for ONE Lady out in Iowa—and darn it, we 're getting the same disease.

Forty-four

We say to one another, " Wonder what San Diego will think of *THIS?* " "

Permit us to advise that Literary High-binder that unless he gives us his name before Xmas, we 'll send Ali Baba out to California with our trained Type-Louse Hound to hunt him to his lair.

Temperament

LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS was born and educated in Louisville, Ken.; then given a whiff of travel abroad and a brief period in German schools before he entered Harvard.

In 1877 the Harvard Law School found it necessary to " suspend its rules " to grant to boy Brandeis his degree; he was that young. The degree came with honors. For a while he lectured at Harvard on " Evidence." When Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., left the Harvard Law School to take a place on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, Brandeis was offered an Assistant Professorship. He declined.

SOME fifteen years later, Louis D. Brandeis lectured at the Massachusetts Technical Institute on the " Relation of Law to Business." Before he delivered that series of lectures, his conscience compelled him to study the subject—which, as all lecturers know, is quite unnecessary and unusual.

His discoveries in this research work produced a course of exceptional lectures that significantly influenced the youths of Massachusetts Tech. The influence on Brandeis himself set him right-about-face. Fifty years ago, the uses and abuses of law in the United States could be summed up in the words: Dignity, Eloquence, Lugs, " My Learned Opponent," Precedents, Caloric, Forms, Pride, Balderdash, and Professional Ethics! Also, we assume, " Judicial Temperaments."

Then the lawyer was a professional man, a scholar, with a hereditary right to all political offices. Or, he was Marks—" a lawyer, and a good one! "

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Now the lawyer is a Businessman. (Ambulance-Chasers and Pensioners excepted.) Lawyers as lawyers no longer superimpose their will on us—no longer frighten us with their death-rattle. Their Latin phrases no longer confuse or impress us. ¶ We give them the O. O. twice when they would substitute law for justice! We question their right to both feet in the Public Trough. We question their prerogative to propagate in Business America unless they render a Constructive Service. ¶ Found wanting, they get the merry tra-la-la from a disrespectful constituency. The firm of Sen. Sly, Beacon-Hill, Hellen-blazes & Boodler has had its day in court ☛ ☛

A LONG in 1892, Brandeis in search of truth detected these public impulses; detected and anticipated them; anticipated and approved them.

All his career from that point changed. Since find him bent on rendering service to the people!

"Brandeis began to concern himself with conditions which wage-earners and common folk face."

Since then Brandeis has fought *against* the Insurance Companies, *against* the Subway Grafters in Boston; *against* the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., *against* Ballinger and the Alaskan Coal-Land Grab; *for* the constitutionality of the Minimum Wage; *for* fair and sensible arbitration between employer and employed.

For the past four years, whenever a problem of Constructive Legislation confounded President Wilson, Mr. Brandeis, unofficial member of the Cabinet, was called in to advise and consult.

Mr. Brandeis has made powerful enemies; and who they are, gives him an unquestioned recommendation to the Supreme Bench of the United States.

With both Brandeis and Hughes to confront in the High Court of the Nation, crooked business (whether big or little) will become honest!

Note you, it takes more than Good Inten-

tions to catch a clever business crook; more than a Woolsack Somnambulist ☛ That's one objection to Brandeis on the Supreme Court Bench; he seldom sleeps, and never dozes!

Mr. Brandeis, 't is whispered, knows too much ☛ ☛

A NOTHER objection to Brandeis is, it will establish a "Bad Precedent" to permit a thinker, a radical, a friend of the worker, to serve as an ideal for young lawyers, now impressionable!

William H. Taft, Elihu Root and Joseph Choate "feel under the painful duty to say" that they oppose Brandeis. Could not Brandeis' case be well rested here? Could not the public judgment be trusted, with these three antediluvian, has-wasser Bourbons lined up against him?

For the Supreme Bench Brandeis is "not a fit person." Dangerous! Dangerous to whom, we ask? To what? When the Hold-Back Brigade answers *that*, Brandeis' appointment will be confirmed.

They call Brandeis a Radical. He is; the kind of Radical that has gone above law to find justice—justice lighted by intelligence and made merciful with understanding ☛ ☛

Millions of people in this country have lost confidence in the Courts and all they stand for. Rich men's courts they're called. The advent of Brandeis will restore faith where there is no faith!

Woodrow Wilson, who appointed a Pacifist Secretary of War; a Democrat, Secretary of the caste-ridden Navy; an Unknown Man Secretary of State (to replace a too-well-known man), has scored again in putting the "People's Lawyer" where he can work the greatest benefit to the greatest number, now and to come!

NOW that we have discussed the conventional side of the subject, will you please step into the Private Office, that we may review the real reason why Brandeis has not been confirmed long since! ☛ ☛

Forty-five

Softly now! Is the window closed? Any one near that keyhole? No! Well—aahh! Brandeis is a Jew!

Great-great-grandsons of Jew-Haters and Jew-Baiters still stink and foul the air with their rotten little prejudices!

Not one objector in a thousand can find any fair basis for the condemnation of Brandeis, his private or his public life.

South of the Mason-Dixon Line the newspapers state pork-barrellishly, "Justice Lamar's place belonged to the South."

The answer to that is the same answer President Hibben of Princeton made to the fifty-seven learned German Professors, who announced the Allies "lied":

"We expect gentlemen of scholarly attainments to substantiate statements with proofs!"

North of the Mason-Dixon Line, the newspapers state, "He lacks the Judicial Temperament."

Like the man who married the wooden-legged opera singer because of her voice!

THE third accusation is that Brandeis is "Radical"—as though any man who knows what Brandeis knows, has experienced what Brandeis has experienced, could be other than Radical. Conservatism, my friends, is often a respectable descriptive appellation, politely applied to Ignorance, Stupidity, and Backwardness! Brandeis is a JEW! For God's sake, let's not be backbiters, calumniators and liars. Let those opposed to Brandeis come out and say it—"Brandeis is a Jew!"

I'll give you another secret: Brandeis is not only a Jew—but, he's proud of it! Moreover, the Jews are proud of it, proud of Brandeis. Rightly, they should be! When 10,000 garment-workers struck in New York, six years ago, and neither they nor the 1,200 garment-manufacturers would yield, Brandeis was selected arbiter, and his adjustments still serve employer and employed, and keep peace in the house!

Brandeis is the Idealist that takes time from his day's work to further the Back-

to-Palestine Movement; the Back-to-the-Land Movement, of the oppressed Jews of Europe, to the Land of their Nativity.

Brandeis is approved by 3,000,000 Jews in America, and any man who has satisfactorily passed that inspection is a man!

Before we part, let us say this: Endemic America will never really realize its possibilities until the JEW is brought more into public life, more into positions of public responsibility.

'T will not be easy to accomplish. Only a Jew with the tested philosophy of Brandeis will stand up for the ignorant little boys to shoot spitballs at him!

Yes, we must have the Jew! He thinks *Internationally*—while we, bless us, "We come from the greatest Little City in God's own country, etc."

That the Jew has *brains*, all admit. But that his *Ideals* far and away o'ertop the averages of most Nationalities is but suspected by the Ignorami of caste and class.

Right here in America, there are Jews who would round out their country, develop it, lift it above the reach of the petty grafter; who would furnish a standard for what constitutes Unselfish Public Service. But the Jew can *wait* quite as well as he can *serve*. Perhaps we will advance a little and be better able to appreciate him when his turn comes!

OF course, there is no doubt as to Brandeis' confirmation as a Supreme Court Judge. The filibustering by the freebooters is to humiliate the Jewish people. Woodrow Wilson will insist on Fair Play, and that's all Brandeis needs.

Meanwhile, let us read another editorial or two on the "Judicial Temperament." Isn't that a great phrase? I like it because I know I have it. "Judicial Temperament!" Ab-so-lute-ly! See me show it off! Somebody just said to me, "Perhaps Brandeis will *not* be confirmed." Judicial Temperament! I'm going out behind the barn to titillate my risibilities and lawf a leg off.

A Start Toward International Peace

United States Senator John F. Shafroth



HAVE proposed an amendment to the pending Naval Appropriation Bill, reading as follows:

"That if at any time before the appropriations authorized by this Act shall have been contracted for,

there shall have been established, with the co-operation of the United States of America, an international tribunal or tribunals competent to secure peaceful determinations of all international disputes, and which shall render unnecessary the maintenance of competitive armaments, then and in that case such naval expenditures as may be inconsistent with the engagements made in the establishment of such tribunal or tribunals shall be suspended, if so ordered by the President of the United States."

This measure, if enacted into law, would say (by fair inference) to all the world, in the name of the American people:

"We, the most powerful of nations, prefer peaceful settlement of our differences with you. But if you will not have it so, we may, wisely or unwisely, arm ourselves even as you are armed.

"It is for you to determine whether or not encouragement shall be given to those among us who favor an armament, perhaps greater than any the world has ever seen. If, though inspired only by defensive intent, the militarist spirit here should grow ever stronger, it may upset all past *Balances of Power*. It may become a new menace to the world's peace.

"Will you, Europe and Asia, help to avoid Militarism by making it unnecessary for us to arm competitively?"

It can scarcely be hoped that such an International Tribunal as is contemplated by the amendment will be established during the period of expenditure

of appropriations made at this time. No matter—a beginning must be made.

¶ This declaration will moralize our Militarism; it will sterilize our "Preparedness" of all taint of aggression. Until its purpose be accomplished, this proviso should be repeated in every armament bill of this and other nations, as a reminder of a duty owed to the poor of all lands.

It will lead the way toward the establishment of a true peace-keeping power.

Some of those who are interested in this great subject believe that this power should consist of two Tribunals, one to hear "justifiable" quarrels, and another to hear quarrels about politics—about "honor"—about anything which is not covered by international law or special contract. Others believe that a single Tribunal might well hear all causes.

This difference of opinion is not important.

¶ More serious is the difference as to whether or not the Tribunal (or Tribunals) should be given direct control of armed forces as a sanction for their decrees and as a protection against States that may decline, at the outset, to support and submit to the new power.

Some believe that nations should not be asked to give up their competitive armaments. They hold that, in time, there would develop such confidence in the Tribunal, and such realization of the benefits flowing from submission to its decrees, that disarmament would voluntarily follow.

As against this view, others hold that it would be best to provide the Tribunal with armed force; that without this, simultaneous disarming of the independent nations (except for domestic police) would be impossible so long as any armed nations remain outside the agreement; and that independent arms might produce strife inside the Union, if only in disputes over the meaning of decrees.

They hold that nations must follow the example of those groups which make up nations ☛☛

That example is found in the substitution of *central* force for *competitive* force. If this be not done at the beginning, it is feared that the failure of a forceless court to secure peace would discourage internationalism and perhaps throw the whole movement backward.

It seems clear that *disarmament* legislation by independent nations can be predicted only on the supposition that a Central Force shall be directly controlled by a Central Peace Tribunal.

This phase of the subject is covered by Senate Bill 2710, introduced by me during the present session of Congress.

It contains a proviso almost identical with the one above quoted. But it also contains a tentative Draft of Articles of Agreement setting up an armed Tribunal and defin-

ing its powers ☛☛ These articles are restricted to peace-keeping. They are not legislative ☛☛

It was hoped that time might be found for the discussion of this draft. But just now the pressure of events is so great that it seemed best to reduce the effort to the dimensions given in the proviso quoted in the beginning of this article.

That proviso, by omitting reference to the particulars of organization of the Tribunal, seeks the support of all schools of Internationalists, and constitutes a simpler "first step" than that involved in Senate Bill 2710.

Help us to pass this simple proviso.

Oscar T. Crosby, 1707 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C., whose speech on this subject in Chicago seems to have attracted the attention of one of the Editors of *The Fra*, will doubtless welcome any help which others may give him in carrying on this propaganda.

Plea for Stammerers

Joseph J. Lamb



COME, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among the world's sorrows." ☛ Thus we read in the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet of the last century.

The jokes and the jests concerning the stammerer are as numerous as the sands of the sea.

Marshall P. Wilder, the late Prince of Jesters, told a joke on the stammerer that never failed to get across.

Sidney Wire, the British humorist, impersonated the stammerer for many years, and was a "howling success." Frederick Hall, the American writer, compiled a monograph entitled, "Fun With Stutterers." ☛ "Oh, the irony of the thing!" ☛ Take a little journey through the cities of the dead; there you will find the mortal

remains of many lofty souls; whose life-blood ceased to flow long before their prime—the result of the joker.

Homes for the insane possess more than their quota of hopeless cases, who incessantly cry: "It was the jester's fault! It was the jester's fault!"

If you have friends who stutter or stammer, never laugh at them. Never imitate them. Never criticize them for their infirmity. They need all the love, and all the kindness, and all the consideration that you can bring to bear.

By offering a word of encouragement, you will be rendering as decided a service to humanity as did the good Samaritan of old, who cared for his brother that had fallen among robbers.

Let us endeavor to strew acts of kindness along life's pathway for these unfortunates, and our joy will be boundless.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Bleeding Kansas

Paul S. Conwell



IN Kansas, as elsewhere, supply meets demand. Liquor, mostly whisky, is shipped in by wholesale, adulterated and boot-legged by wholesale and consumed by wholesale. Occasionally, the offender is landed and jailed; more often not.

Kansas is not famous because of prohibition—it's notorious. The sweeping claims made for "successful" operation and enforcement are mere exploitations by public officials who make fake stories answer for statistics, fearing the small but very noisy minority constituting the "reform element."

Prohibition was adopted in 1880 by 8,000 majority. Re-submission is bitterly opposed, for reasons best known to the dregs. After thirty-five years of trial, prohibition with all the trimmings has given Kansas an enormous rate of divorces granted wives for cruelty and drunkenness; an unusually high and increasing rate of pauperism; school systems ranking only twenty-ninth in efficiency; an extremely high and increasing rate of insanity, and almost the lowest church population in the Union. Kansas closed 220 schools during 1913. The 1915 census shows a population decrease of 18,404 since 1910.

PRIOR to six years ago, taxes were assessed on one-third valuation. Loss of revenue and population, coupled with increasing demands by State institutions, forced a change in the taxing system. The law was hastily amended, taxing property on full valuation. As the demands increased, "assessed valuations" likewise were inflated. Decreasing population and increasing taxes created the Kansas brand of high per-capita wealth.

For years, necessary aid has been denied educational and charitable institutions, to meet in a measure the needs of penal and correctional institutions. The 1915 State appropriations exceeded those of 1903 by 91 per cent.

In a special message to the Legislature, Governor Capper declared "our population has not increased," and as "assessed valuations" had reached the limit, the tax-rate must increase—and it did, for the first time in six years. He counseled rigid economy, admitting the aid demanded was highly necessary. "It is a case of doing the best we can," he said. He was then speaking for "home consumption" only.

Kansas had 735 paupers in 1910; 908 in 1915. The counties spent \$607,580.03 during 1915 in an effort to relieve pauperism among 12,871 people, independent of State and local charity aid, which aggregated millions.

KANSAS has three times more delinquent juveniles than Nebraska, though few more people. In 1914, 202 of the 396 boys sent to the reformatory were victims of boot-legging. "Save the boy!"

In January, 1916, 26 female Federal prisoners were transferred from Lansing State Prison to make room for a few penitentiary birds roosting in various county jails. One in every 1,096 Kansans was in prison in 1910. A dozen other States, notably Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota, had much lower rates.

Lack of room at the Topeka and Osawatomie asylums and in private institutions necessitated building a third State Asylum in 1913, costing \$165,000. Insanity is increasing at the rate of 700 cases annually.

Kansas has 44 per cent of farms and 33 per cent of homes mortgaged. In home-owning citizens she ranks thirty-second—and not first, as claimed.

Forty-nine

Kansas sent "the East fifty million dollars" during the 1907 panic because she owed it. In 1913 the railroads loaned the farmers money to buy seed-wheat and stock, canceling the freight-charges and charging no interest.

War prices aided the farmers. Nebraska enjoyed the same "prosperity," but the war caused Nebraska's "fortune"; in Kansas, as usual, it was a "victory" for prohibition. ♦ ♦

PER-CAPITA consumption of liquor is a matter of conjecture. Reliable figures are not available, save in isolated places. Ex-Governor Hodges claims it is \$1.25; Governor Capper says \$3.04. It is nearer \$30 than either. Crazy-quilt statistics are characteristic of Kansas "reformers." Shipments that can be traced are staggeringly enormous. In addition, large quantities are carried in as baggage, hauled in automobiles and sent in misbranded. A large mail-order drygoods house was recently indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for sending it in misbranded as malted milk.

There were 661 arrests in Topeka during 1914 for drunkenness; in 1915, 749. During 1915, exclusive of holiday trade, one express company delivered 136,000 quarts of whisky there.

In Wichita, 1,360 out of 3,782 arrests were for drunkenness in 1914, and 1,525 out of 4,390 were for drunkenness in 1915. The same ratio applies everywhere.

The "reform" Mayor of Parsons recently discovered that of 170 recent shipments into his fair city, most of it went to members of his own Bible Class! All received a gallon or more within the month. ♦ ♦

The Chief of Police of Wichita occupies a unique niche in the Kansas Hall of Fame alongside Carrie Nation. He was thrown out of office and into jail last July for running a wholesale blind pig in the city hall itself, while Governor Capper was bragging about "clean" Wichita out in California.

Fifty

A high-class club was raided in Atchison in December. A bar was "discovered"—not a barrel with a pine board laid across it either—where liquor was being openly sold. Governor Capper had been assured by the Mayor and Chief of Police shortly before, while the former was occupying a pulpit in Atchison, that the lid was on tight and to stay—likewise by the county attorney.

After the raid it was discovered that the Mayor was on the house committee of the club, likewise the Chief, and the "booze" was all bought from the county attorney's brother, who operated a wholesale liquor-house in Missouri.

To avoid heavy fines, if not going to jail, the Mayor and the Chief "compromised" with the Attorney-General and resigned after other leading citizens failed to coax him to accept merely an apology. To secure the raid fee in Kansas, the victim must be "landed."

PROHIBITION has never been and never will be a success in Kansas. Public sentiment opposes it, but is muzzled. All the "speaking out" about it is done by men who must praise it or suffer political defeat through the wrath of the "people." ♦ ♦

Kansas people are never permitted to forget the governing power. A noisy government is a nuisance government. Driven by despotic bigotry it strangles progress, murders prosperity. If given a chance, the people would register an overwhelming preference for a sane and regulated system of handling the liquor industry. Not that they desire saloons because they prefer drunkenness to sobriety, but because they prefer constructive statecraft to political demagoguery. Kansas is drunk now—drunk on prohibition, bunc and piffle. She is suffering from an over-capitalization of hot air and an over-production of wild-eyed reformers, yap statesmen and political tyrants. Common horse-sense has taken wings; intolerance is King.

The Apostrophe of Joseph of Arimathea

From Max Ehrmann's "Jesus: A Passion Play"



FAREWELL, strange youth, farewell! But two days thou wast a flaming scythe that mowed down the weeds in the Temple. Now, how still thou liest! What will they say in Galilee when thou comest not

again? They will miss thy sad sweet face, thy soft voice in the evening, and thy dreaming eyes, that had looked into the kingdom of God. The poor will miss thee. They have so few to care for them. Thy image will come to them in the twilight, and in the night-time they will dream they touch thy hand. A little while only will the world remember thee. It has always been so. Thou Jesus, hadst thou known better the ways of life, it might have gone less ill with thee. But thine eyes were in the stars. Thou wast love and fire and storm and love again. God made thee to strive. A flame he set within thy breast. Thou couldst not quench it. Thou wast a harp the world smote roughly, a reed that harsh winds broke in twain. Oh, Israel had need of thee and the better world which thou didst see in dream! Grasping and disputing priests and senseless ceremonies have made her loveless. Thy heart was full of love, but thou art dead. Farewell, sweet ardent youth; the twilight hills will miss thee, and the sunlit lanes of villages will not again kiss thy sandaled feet. And I, an old man, shall miss thee. In thee I saw again my youth, and thought I heard again the far voices singing, and almost heard my early God whispering behind thy words. While in their thoughtless beds thy murderers sleep, thou also sleepest. Yet if God, remembering still thy yearning soul, with balm of peaceful rest heal up thy cloven side, and send down warmth to pierce the earth and creep into

thy grave, thou wilt come forth whole and strong; for I shall hide thee in the earth from them that crave to tear and burn thy flesh. O God of Abraham, may I have died ere thou avenge this blood-dripping piece of earth! In the days of judgment, what curse wilt thou not send upon vain Jerusalem, that one day loveth a man and the next crucifieth him! Thou sleepest from thy weariness. The sun of thy brief day is set ere noon. I too am weary. I am old, my day is in the evening twilight; and hushed for me will be the far-off music of hope and the still whispers in the night, and broken the promise of the moon, when I shall sit and mourn. Farewell, gentle Galilean! I thought to serve thee better than to dig thy grave. Forgive me. . . . How still thou liest!

The ideas that benefit a man are seldom welcomed by him on first presentation

An Awakening

W. W. DeRenne



AND I was awakened by a dog howling in the silence of the night

"An evil omen," I thought. "Some poor soul is beginning the journey to the Great Beyond." And the clock struck one.

Later I was awakened by the twittering of the birds welcoming the dawn.

"A joyous omen," I thought. "Some happy mortal entering into life." And the clock struck six.

Again I was awakened—two telegrams.

☛ The first read: "Doris gave birth to a healthy boy at one this morning. Both well. Congratulations."

The second: "Come at once. Father died this morning at six o'clock."

Fifty-one

Winter in the Lap o' Spring

JAMES BALL NAYLOR

IT 'S the most pr'vokin' nonsense
That I ever heerd about!
Here 's the dandeli'ns a-bloomin'
An' the Johnny-jump-ups out;
Here 's the cherry-trees in blossom
An' the bluebirds on the wing—
But ol' Winter 's still a-linger'n'
In the flow'ry lap o' Spring.

It 's enough to make a body's
Temper fairly bile an' fizz,
Jest to see that gray ol' codger—
Stiffened up with rheumatiz!—
Limpin' round among the posies;
But the most disgustin' thing
Is to see the dotard lollin'
In the lap o' rosy Spring.

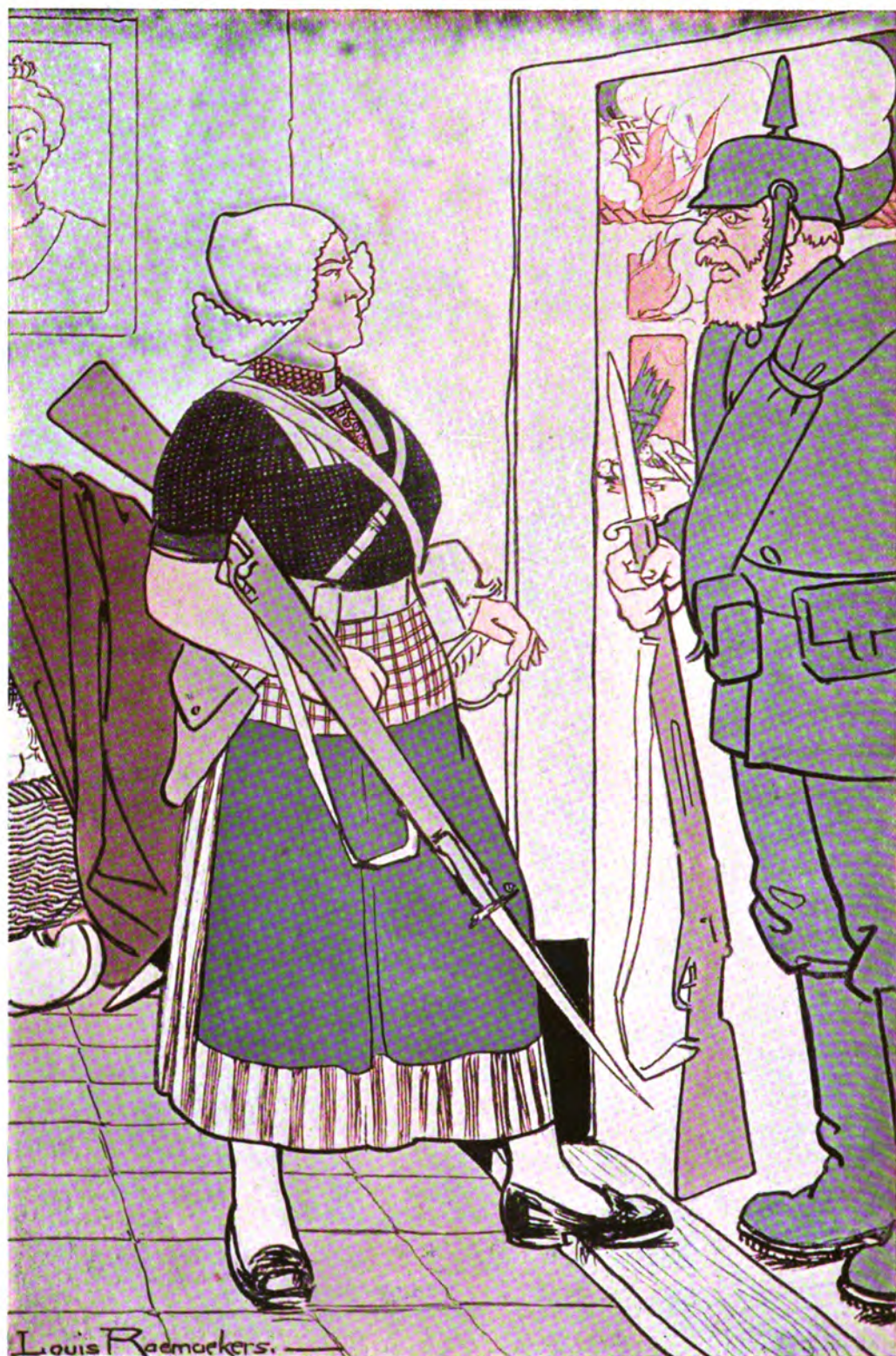
"She 's as purty as a picture!"—
Poets say, an' praise 'er form,
Claim 'er eyes 're bright an' sparklin'
An' 'er breath is sweet an' warm;
But I own that it amazes
Me to see that maiden fling
Both 'er arms around ol' Winter!—
I 'm a little *down* on Spring!

W'y, it 's set the people *talkin'*
'Bout the bold an' shameless pair,
An' the peach-trees 're a-blushin'
At the scanderlous affair;
W'ile the robins 're so shamed, sir,
That they skeercely dare to sing—
Fer that villain 's still a-cuddlin'
In the lap o' balmy Spring!



"To Your Health, Civilization!"

Fifty-three



THE FRIENDLY VISITOR

The German: "I come as a friend."

Holland: "Oh, yes! I've heard that from my Belgian sister."

Fifty-three-a



THE EX-CONVICT

"I was a 'lifer,' but they found I had many abilities for bringing civilization amongst our neighbors, so now I am a soldier."

Fifty-four

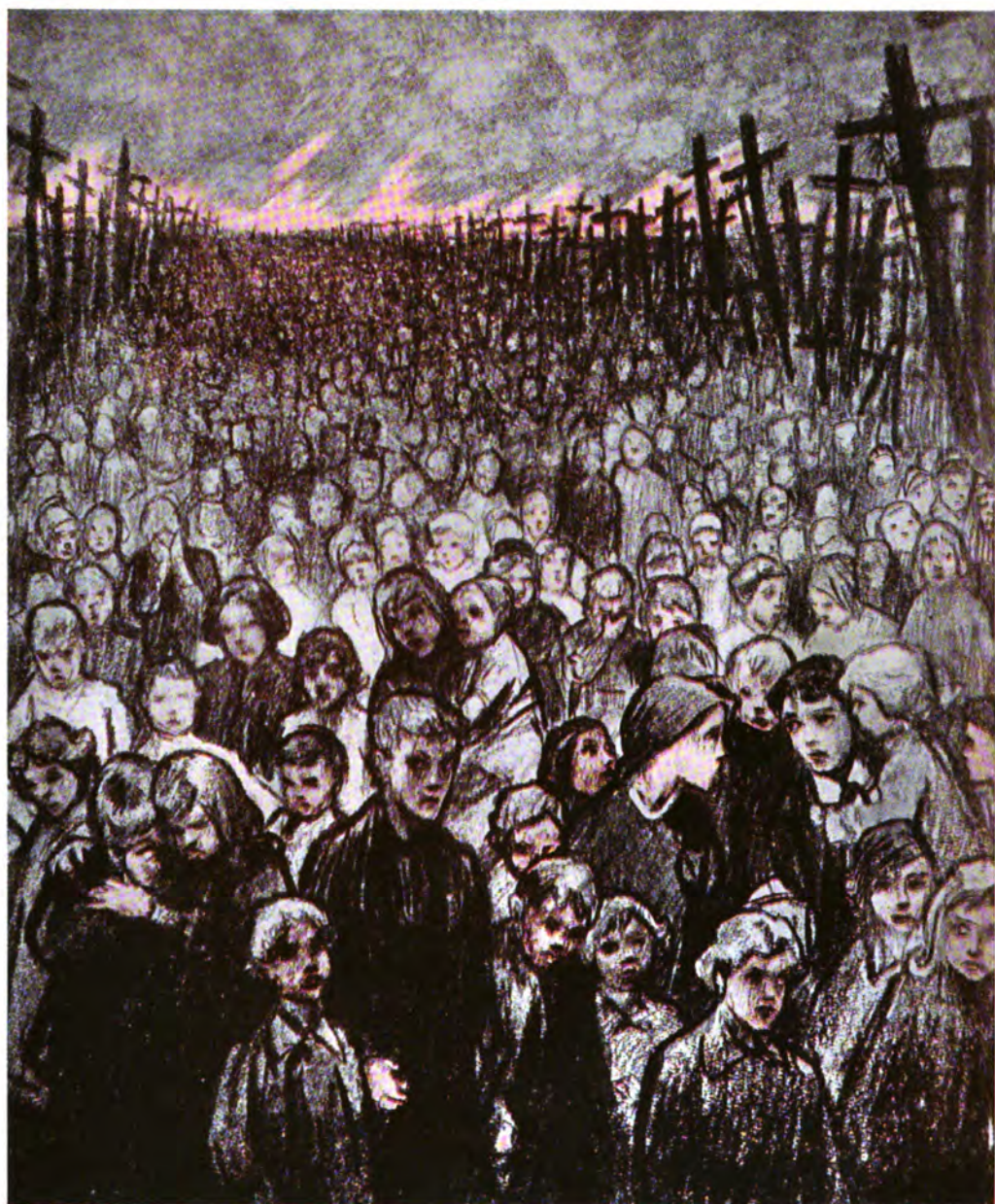


THE HOSTAGES
"Father, what have we done?"



MISS CAVELL

William: "Now you can bring me the American protest."



BELGIUM, 1916
“Where are our fathers?”

Fifty-five-a



THE PRISONERS

Fifty-six



EUROPE, 1916
"Am I not yet sufficiently civilized?"

Spring

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

HOPE, wide of high and wild of wing,
Rose with the sun-dawn of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough way plain,
And fill the worn old world with spring,
And heal its heart of pain.

Peace was to be on earth; men's hope
Was holier than their fathers had,
Their wisdom not more wise than glad.
They saw the gates of promise ope
And heard what love's lips bade.

War after war, change after change,
Hath shaken thrones and towers to dust,
And hopes austere and faiths august
Have watched in patience stern and strange
Man's works, unjust and just.

As from some alpine watch-tower's height
Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
So from Time's mistier mountain-lawn
The spirit of men, with inward sight,
Yearns towards a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free.

Let My People Go!

Carlos Montezuma, M. D.



TO believe that the Indians are being rightly cared for by the Indian Bureau is a National Delusion. If the Indian Bureau is wrong, the Indians are wronged. Truth hurts, but it is never

wrong and in the long run it conquers. The Indian Bureau is the only obstacle that stands in the way, that hinders my people's freedom.

Today the Indian Bureau is founded on a wrong basis. It is un-American. It is pursuing unnatural methods to reap natural results. Being unnatural, it has come to be a heavy burden instead of a help to the Indians. It has gone into commercial business; it is methods and methods and promotions. The reservation is the life of the Bureau, and the Bureau is the death of the Indian.

The reservation is a hothouse, the wrong "melting-pot," a demoralizing prison of idleness, beggary, gambling, pauperism and ruin—where the Indians remain as Indians, a barrier against enlightenment and knowledge. There is not one redeeming feature on the Indian reservation for the Indians. The Indians condemn it; any one who knows the reservation condemns it, and those who have thought seriously to ascertain its redeeming qualities have condemned it; even the Indian Department condemns it, but does not dare to say so, or it would be without a job.

WHEN the United States Government signed treaties with the Indians, it assumed by that action that the Indians were men, capable of transacting their business. It is violating the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and the intent of those who signed treaties with the Indians, to force the Indians to be wards and prisoners.

Fifty-eight

I can not combine words strong enough to express the blackness of this crime against human beings. This has been done and is being done now. What right has this government to miscarry its own justice? It is appalling and inexplicable that the palefaces have taken all of the Indian's property, the continent of America, which was all he had in the world.

Poor Lo is still an easy mark, yet what is the reason? He has been kept back and not taught to play the same card as the other fellow, and the interested party has been doing all of his business for him.

In legal business matters, the interested party can not act for himself and for the other fellow too. But that has been the method adopted ever since the Indian fell in with his self-appointed guardian. What is the difference? The Indian does not know it!

It seems so incredible that we Indians must fight and kill the very institution that was organized to free us, in order to free ourselves. The last thing the Indian Bureau thinks of is to let go of the Indians. It will fight to the last ditch because they are its bread-and-butter—they are its money and it has sacrificed its service to the cause.

Progress has been going on and the Indian has been made to believe that he is progressing also, when in fact he has been at a standstill and deluded from the real progress.

GREAT crises involving human rights suffer neither time nor compromising; expediency is vital. Let us not hesitate any longer, but let us free the Indians at once. There is only one paramount obligation that this country owes to the Indians—namely, freedom. Commonsense teaches us that when you free the Indian in civilization, the Indian will civilize himself—it is automatic and involuntary. *so so*

THE FRA

The emancipation of the Indians must come from outside the Indian Bureau. America's freedom did not come from England. The Negroes were not freed by the slaveholders. Therefore it is useless to look within the Indian Department for relief; it must come from the outside—from Congress and the people.

The abolishment of the Indian Bureau will not only benefit the Indians, but the country will derive more money annually from the Indians than the government has appropriated to them. Why? Because by doing away with the Indian Bureau you stop making paupers and useless beings and start the making of producers and workers **•••**

The Indian Bureau has destroyed the noble character of the Red Man and he is today a helpless automaton. All he can do is submit.

HAS the Indian no right to express himself or to be consulted and give his approval and disapproval of the construction of a dam on his domain?

Has he no right to say what part of his reservation may be sold?

Coming down to the fine point, has the Indian any right to open his mouth, to think for himself or to do for himself or even to live for himself? Not at all—not at all! The Indian Bureau—the Indian Bureau does it all.

Fairly speaking, *The Century of Dishonor*, by Helen Hunt Jackson, bears a tale that is mild in comparison with the present Indian administration. The iron hand of the Indian Bureau has us in charge. The slimy clutches of horrid greed and selfish interests are gripping the Indian's property. Little by little the Indian's land and everything else is fading into a dim and unknown realm.

The Indian's prognosis is bad—unfavorable, no hope. The foreboding prodromic signs are visible here and there now: and when all the Indian's money in the United States Treasury is disposed of—when the Indian's property is all taken from him—

when the Indians have nothing in this wide, wide world—when the Indians will have no rights, no place to lay their heads—and when the Indians will be permitted to exist only on the outskirts of the towns—when they must go to the garbage-boxes in alleys, to keep them from starving—when the Indians will be driven into the streets, and finally the streets will be no place for them—THEN, what will the Indian Bureau do for them? NOTHING, BUT DROP THEM: the Indian Department will go out of business.

In other words, when the Indians will need the most help in this world, that philanthropic department of the government which we call the Indian Bureau will cease to exist; bankrupt, with liabilities—billions and billions—no assets. What a fate has the Indian Bureau for my people! **•••** That most eloquent Christian preacher, Wendell Phillips, once said, "The Indian race is the one which the people of the United States have most to dread at the Judgment-Bar of Almighty God."

And with all your getting, get busy.

Amuck

B. F. Griffin

MAD the Malay runs amuck—
Kreese in brown-veined fist,
Foam upon his bitten lip,
Eyes and soul atwist,

Nothing on him but a clout,
In him flame to slay,
Naught too weak or pure to pass,
Naught but death to stay.

Clad with gold and steel and lead,
Cloaked and helmed complete,
Shining armor, fist of mail,
Lord of corps and fleet,

Ribboned, starred, spurred, scabbarded,
Girt with men and guns,
With uhlans, dreadnoughts—now amuck
A full blood-brother runs!

Fifty-nine

Cavorticism

Nathan Haskell Dole



EARTHQUAKES level cities and bring about a new civilization. Colossal wars, like the present cataclysm in Europe, seem to be similar manifestations of hidden explosive powers, perhaps called into ex-

istence by sun-spots and affecting that vast entity which we know as humanity and which is made up of single separate entities, just as the human body is made up of cells. All sorts of revolutions are taking place in mind and matter.

We are witnessing a strange ferment and development in all the allied Arts. Tame as Wagner now seems, this upturn, as far as Music is concerned, may have begun with him, and the name applied to what once seemed subversive and insane—"Zukunftsmusik"—the Music of the Future"—has a deeper meaning than it then implied.

The Art of Painting took up new principles. First we had Impressionism, and all the wrath of the Conservatives was leveled against the primary-color schemes and against those that affected to render shadows in violet and sunlight in chrome-yellow and foliage in Prussian blue. But now Manet and Monet and the earlier painters of that school are almost old-fashioned, so far are they behind the Post-Impressionists, Futurists and other faddists of the palette.

Wagner is left almost buried under the deluge of innovations presented by Richard Strauss. Debussy has revived and carried to extreme lengths the whole-tone scale, making a new school, of which Cyril Scott is at present the leading English exponent.

In Paris they are beginning to print Music without any bars at all: it is Futurism and Symbolism and Vorticism rampant.

IN Italy they have gone a half-universe ahead. A few months ago, a concert given in the Storch Theater at Modena, before an audience of two thousand persons, illustrated the music of the so-called "*Bruiteurs futuristes*." It was arranged under the direction of the Futurist painter Russolo and his colleague, Ugo Piatti, in collaboration with the Futurist composer, Pratella, and the motlibriste-poet, F. T. Marinetti, who contributed a memorable discussion of the new system, which, of course, is ferociously attacked by the old-fashioned *passeists*, who load them with "invectives and coarse insults," not hesitating to "egg them on" (in the literal sense of the word) with explosive shells.

A few weeks later a second concert was given with greatly improved instruments. It was attended by many distinguished representatives of the Italian Press, who are said to have received the efforts of the strange orchestra of noise-machines with applause and enthusiastic hurrahs. The four pieces, especially composed for the occasion, were entitled: "*Reveil de Capitale*," "*Rendezvous d'Autos et d'Aeroplanes*," "*On dine a la Terrasse du Casino*," and "*Escarmouche dans l'Oasis*."

The orchestra was made up of fifteen *bruiteurs*, consisting of three *bourdonneurs* (hummers), three *eclateurs*, one *tonneur* (thunder-machine?), three *siffleurs*, two *bruisseurs*, three *glouglouteurs* (gobblers?), one *fracasseur*, one *stridenteur*, and one *renacleur* (snorter).

A printed account of the affair furnished by Signor Marinetti says, "In spite of a certain lack of practise on the part of the executants, who were not sufficiently prepared by reason of the small number of hasty rehearsals, the *ensemble* was in most particulars perfect and the truly soul-stirring effects obtained by Russolo revealed to all the audience a new

acoustic delight." ¶ The article goes on to say that the four pieces on the program called *reseaux de bruits* "are not simple impressionistic reproductions of the life surrounding us, but are moving *bruitistic* syntheses." By a clever variation in the sounds, the noises (*bruits*) really lose their accidental and imitative episodic character and become abstract elements of Art. In listening to the combined and harmonized tones of the *eclateurs*, scarcely a thought is suggested of autos, of locomotives or of running waters, but a great emotion is aroused by this futurist Art, absolutely unexpected and resembling nothing but itself."

WE are evidently in the whirl of a tremendous era of new things, musically, dramatically, poetically and plastically speaking.

Poetry is feeling this impulse. Signor Marinetti in his thesis argues that all syntax must be destroyed, that all adjectives and adverbs must be abolished, that the verb must be used only in the infinitive—an easier task in Italian and French than in English—that for emphasis every substantive must be doubled by its synonym, and that no punctuation-marks are to be allowed. Instead, we are to have such signs as are employed in algebra and geometry, these mathematical symbols having the deepest significance and arousing in the mind accustomed or introduced to them a wonderfully subtle reach of imagination. The poet may be permitted to indulge his inventive powers in creating new onomatopoeic sounds, so to suggest battle, murder and sudden death or whatever else he is attempting to bring before the emotions.

A New York Poet of the gentler sex is writing and getting published *superprose* creations after the model of Signor Marinetti and his over-coterie. Miss Amy Lowell, who is the chief representative of the Imagist and verslibriste school in this country, and who frankly calls her lucubrations "Polyphonic Prose," has been

reciting them to the accompaniment of a bass-drum hidden behind a screen and heartily banged by a delightful little darky boy.

A Boston Poet, hitherto unknown or almost unknown to Fame, is hoping to attract attention and win himself cash by devising a wholly new system of punctuation to be instituted in public readings of his own high-potentialized productions. The period is to be represented by a kettledrum, the comma by a piccolo, the dash by a bass-tuba reinforced by a trombone and bass-clarinet; while the colon and semicolon will be *cantingly* (to use a heraldic term) voiced by a newly invented instrument which imitates the noise made by an automobile coal-truck in the act of emptying the coal. This last is regarded by all the friends whom he has taken into his confidence as a remarkably subtle effect. The sound of the pouring coal suggests not only the coal and semi-coal-on (that is half on), but also symbolizes the infinite possibilities of fire latent in the coal and hence in the poem.

¶ In face of the vast perspectives opened out by these revolutionary movements in Poetry and Music, the tragedy of the War sinks into comparative insignificance. It may be added that while the English and Italian languages have no suitable terms for these new schools and musical instruments, and one has to go to Paris for them as well as for styles in ladies' hats, we have a word that sums up Impressionism, Futurism, Symbolism, Imagism, Proprepostandsuper-Subardentism, Vorticism and all the rest—we have it or we at least have the power of inventing it—the simple and all-comprehensive epithet—*Cavorticism*.

I think it really better, if you have to choose, to drink beer out of an earthen pot, and be kind and gentle, than to have a sharp nose for other folks' faults and be continually trying to pinch and prod the old world into the straight and narrow path of virtue.

Sixty-one

Justice, Not Expediency

Henry Frank



THE problem whether woman should enjoy the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship presents no more difficulty than the problem whether man should enjoy such favors. The human race is a

unity. Woman is human as well as man; no less, no more.

Once grant that certain rights are justly bestowed upon human beings, by the very reason of their existence, then by no process of logic can woman be denied their exercise more than man. It must not be forgotten that, just as many who attempt to solve the social problems of the day divide the race into two distinct classes, differentiated only by sex, so once the masculine sex was also divided into many classes, differentiated only by privilege. But as the intelligence and the force of the initiative developed in human consciousness, gradually these special privileges were wrested from the grip of the usurpers, and larger sections of the masculine division of humanity were permitted to enjoy rights and favors which had previously been denied them.

At one time a very limited and exclusive section of the masculine sex monopolized all the public favors and privileged immunities of their age, compelling the vast majority of their own sex to submit to their unquestioned and overweening authority. But as the intelligence and the force of the initiative developed in human consciousness, gradually these special privileges were wrested from the grip of the usurpers, and larger sections of the masculine division of humanity were permitted to enjoy rights and favors which had previously been denied them.

¶ This process has continued for many ages, until today we *think* there is no such royal and specially endowed class existing in this Republic. Of course we all know that such a class does still exist, but it secures its favors now through surreptitious and clandestine methods, by indirection and deception. Once the privileged class of men commanded by divine

right. Now it can only command by pretending to serve.

But the point I wish to make is, that every iota of such favors as the multitude have secured in past ages has been wrested from the grip of usurpation pretenders who claimed that either by divine right or by the right of might they were privileged above the commonalty.

NOW, as woman is human the same as man, and as she is justly and logically endowed with the same rights, privileges and immunities by nature as is man, it follows that by no process of reasoning can she be denied their exercise and enjoyment. But it also follows that, as certain classes of men were forced to struggle in order to seize what rightly belonged to them from other classes of men, so women will be forced to struggle, agitate and contend, in order to secure what justly belongs to them.

The entire problem resolves itself, then, not into a question of sex, but a question of justice.

I contend that Justice knows no class, no race, no sex. What is just for one is just for another. What man is privileged by Nature and Society to enjoy, that also woman, by virtue of the fact that she is a member of the human race, is likewise privileged to enjoy. The only modification of this deduction would lie along the line of self-preservation and expediency.

Society, as an organism, is endowed with the right of self-defense as is the individual. Hence society may deny to all or any of its members any right, privilege or favor, whose exercise would result in the disintegration of its organization and disrupt the purpose of its collective existence. Therefore, society may refuse the privilege of franchise and citizenship to foreigners unless they are proven to be sufficiently devoted to the Government to swear to maintain it; it may refuse

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citizenship to criminals, as the trend and logic of their occupations are against the established order; it may in reason refuse the privilege of the franchise to idiots, etc., for these unfortunate persons are drifting against the current of the social solidarity, and either wittingly or unwittingly seek its disruption. Therefore, society is justified, on the principle of self-defense, to deny citizenship and its accompanying privileges and immunities to such classes of beings.

On the ground of self-defense, society might also justly deny the franchise to womankind, could society show that such denial is necessary for its self-preservation. But this would be so palpable a *reductio ad absurdum* that the most bare-faced and rankest henchman of any man-made political party would not venture on its proclamation.

THE only remaining ground, then, upon which denial of the citizen's franchise to womankind can be defended is that of expediency. Not the expediency of society, for that principle is involved in the principle of self-defense, but expediency to womankind. Would it be expedient for woman to possess the franchise? Would it result in her higher happiness, in the elevation of her moral character? Would she be as good a mother and rear her children as well if she exercised this privilege? Would she be as devoted a wife and obey her official duties as well? Would she continue to hold as great an influence over man as she does at the present time? Would not man lose respect for her, and would not the glory of chivalry fade before her glorified political position? Would she not be forced into the exercise of duties for which she is by nature disqualified? Would she have to accept the office of sheriff, hangman, patrolman, street-sweeper, soldier? Would she not be wholly transformed in appearance in due time, and because of these mannish duties be compelled to assume mannish apparel,

and thus lose the ineffable charm of her sex's glorification?

All these questions are so insinuating, and seem to carry with them such weighty and responsible conclusions, that the great majority of people, hearing them, without sufficient reasoning capacity to analyze and interpret them, immediately construe their negative replies into unanswerable arguments against the granting of the franchise to womankind. But it may shock some hollow pates to hear that, all and several, these questions and their imagined answers have absolutely nothing whatever to do with the substance of the problem under discussion, and their bearing upon it is of no greater importance than the varying colors of the moon in the changing seasons.

It is not at all a question of individual or sex expediency which confronts us, but simply and only a question of social justice. The same arguments that are now brought to bear, as deductions from expediency, against the granting of a franchise to womankind were all once arrayed in most formidable display when the demand for larger privileges was made for unprivileged and oppressed classes of men. Did not our royal forebears hoist these time-honored objections on the loftiest pedestals of logic when the American rebels sought to wrest from parliament the privileges that were due them? Did not the privileged class bring forth these same arguments when some years ago Gladstone insisted on extending the franchise to millions of his fellow-subjects in spite of their penury and ignorance? Was not this, indeed, the strongest argument that was advanced by the defenders of slavery in the old regime; and, are there not, in fact, many reactionaries today who insist that Democracy is a failure, and that the franchise should be restricted to the propertied and educated classes?

If, indeed, there is any logical force in the argument at all, then it must be impartially and universally applied. If it is inexpe-

dient for womankind, in the interest of her sex, to possess and exercise the privileges of citizenship, then let us at once wrest the privilege from millions of men who today exercise it to their disqualification in character and morals. What of the Tammany henchmen, who utilize the prerogatives of citizenship by peddling out their franchises to the highest bidders, and stoop to unmentionable violations of the criminal law in order to prove their loyalty to their leaders? What of those millions who make barter of their electorate rights and struggle for citizenship merely for what it will advantage their persons and pocketbooks? What of those legislators who, entering the halls of legislation all innocently, are suddenly waylaid by the tempter, and sell at once their votes and their consciences to the keen promoter with the round stomach and the fat lips, whose eloquence is less weighty than his golden overtures?

What indeed of those superb specimens of American citizenship who sit robed in the ermine of judicial authority, and bethinking not themselves of their oaths or their reputations, suddenly learn to twist the threads of the law to such unshapely confusion that a "Gamaliel must come to judgment" to disentangle them? And why do they do this? Peradventure because possessing the rights of citizenship they control a power that leads them into temptation. Hence, "like Lucifer, they fall," but, unlike Lucifer, they do rise again into higher offices with more privileges and more temptations. Now, I ask, if there is any virtue in this principle of expediency, then why should it not be as impartially applied to all classes of citizens? Why must we insist on applying it only to woman to prove to her that should she possess the elective franchise it would necessarily result in her ruin? Observing that it has resulted in the "ruin" of so many highly and prerogated male citizens, and that nobody rises to demand that for the sake of their future moral character and spiritual

happiness the franchise should be henceforth denied them, such an argument advanced as an objection to the bestowal of the franchise upon womankind appears to be rather thinly clad and diaphanous.

MUCH, however, might be presented to show that even granted that there is relevancy in the argument for expediency, yet its want of logic is so palpable that none but half-thinking wits would propose it. Look for a moment at the theory of chivalry. It is contended that because of chivalry, of the sense of gallantry on the part of man, of the feeling among women that they always will have a protector in case of assault, that thereby the chastity and sexual virtue of womankind has been maintained. Now, of all the myths that ever rose sublimely on the credulity of mankind this is the most absurd. Would one reason, but for an instant, he would discern that the very feeling that a man is always at hand to defend in the hour of temptation conduces at once to the sense of weakness on the part of woman; instead of such a situation developing her capacity for resistance and self-defense, it makes of her a coward and a simpleton. Perhaps nothing else in the whole unhappy history of womankind has caused a more unfortunate condition for her or created in her breast a more profound consciousness of her own weakness, than the false theory of gallantry or chivalry which has posed as the palladium of her virtue. Truth is, as a rule, the very man who stands in her defense at the moment of assault, and by a show of bravery drives off the offender, would be the first to take advantage of her weakness, as soon as he is certain that his rival will not return to the scene. This fact is confirmed by the very decrees of the divorce courts. How often does the gallant husband, who shoots off the assailant, instantly resort to the courts for relief, that he may himself enjoy the mesalliance with another woman he has been courting, and leave his now defenseless

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wife to all-comers who may take brutal advantage of her "protector's" absence!

If history teaches us anything, it is that no greater blessing could befall woman-kind than that she should learn that she is herself the true defender of her own honor, and that if she entrusts its sacred care to any custodian other than the dignity and immaculateness of her sex, she exposes herself to that very degradation from which she had hoped false gallantry would defend her.

It seems to me, then, that judged in the light of universal history, the whole argument of expediency falls to the ground. But, again I say, the problem of woman's enfranchisement is not at all a question of expediency and propriety; it is not a question of social protection from the invasion of a vicious and disintegrating element; for both these deductions are

illogical and ridiculous. It is simply a question of justice. Woman is a female human being. As such she is justly entitled to all the same rights, privileges and immunities as are male human beings.

No man in his right mind would dare to say to a woman, "You are not a Human Being." Then every woman in her right mind is wholly justified in saying to man: "As I am a human being, the same as yourself, you are not entitled to any social advantages or political privileges to which I am not entitled. As we both exist under the same government, I insist that if that government grants you certain privileges which it denies me, merely because of the difference in our sexes, then I am justified in becoming a rebel to my government, till such time as you make me a citizen who shall be permitted to swear allegiance to its maintenance."

The Supreme Manifesto

O. W. Kinne

I AM Universal, God, Creator;
Master of all principals and places;
Autocrat of the celestial spaces;
Monarch of the systems and the spheres.
I am Absolute, All-Wise, Eternal;
Builder of the seas and their foundations;
Shaper of events and correlations;
Warder of the seasons and the years.

I am Great, Omnipotent, Majestic;
High Commander of imperial forces;
Guide and Guardian of the counter-
courses;
Chief Administrator of the laws.
I am Infinite, Divine, Director;
Dictatorial head of cosmic order;
Self-appointed Scribe and sole Recorder
Of inscrutable Effect and Cause.

I am master of the means and measures
Used in every earthly undertaking;
Used in every making and unmaking—
Used in every process of the world.

I am Potentate and Prince Superior:
Nothing can occur without my pleasure;
Nothing can escape my righteous measure,
Though all objects were about me
hurled.

I am minister—likewise marauder—
Mover of all interests, wise or wasteful;
Though they may appear to be distasteful,
Still I generate them with my breath.
I am Uttermost, the Everlasting;
Organizer of the generations;
He that disregards my observations
Merits condemnation—I am Death.

I am All in All—the Past, the Present,
Yea, the Future lies within my keeping:
Whether they remain alive or sleeping,
Every creature yields at my command.
All existences in Earth and Heaven,
In the temporal state of the eternal,
Move at my behest—I am Supernal—
Self-sufficient, Omnipresent, Grand.

Sixty-five

Little Journey to the Home of Jean Paul Marat

(Born May 24, 1743: Assassinated July 13, 1793)

Elbert Hubbard

Citizens: You see before you the widow of Marat. I do not come here to ask your favors, such as cupidity would covet, or even such as would relieve indigence—Marat's widow needs no more than a tomb. Before arriving at that happy termination to my existence, however, I come to ask that justice may be done in respect to the reports recently put forth in this body against the memory of at once the most intrepid and the most outraged defender of the people.

—Simonne Evrard Marat, to the Convention.



THE French Revolution traces a lineal descent direct from Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. These men were contemporaries; they came to the same conclusions, expressing the same thought, each in his own way, absolutely independent of the other.

And as genius seldom recognizes genius, neither knew the greatness of the other.

Voltaire was an aristocrat—the friend of kings and courtiers, the brilliant cynic, the pet of the salons and the center of the culture and brains of his time.

Rousseau was a man of the people, plain and unpretentious—a man without ambition, a dreamer. His first writings were mere debating-society monologues, done for his own amusement and the half-dozen or so cronies who cared to listen.

But, as he wrote, things came to him: the significance of his words became to him apparent. Opposition made it necessary to define his position, and threat made it wise to amplify and explain. He grew through exercise, as all men do who grow at all; the spirit of the times acted upon him, and knowledge unrolled as a scroll.

The sum of Rousseau's political philosophy found embodiment in his book, *The Social Contract*, and his ideas on education in *Emile*. *The Social Contract* became the Bible of the Revolution, and as Emerson says all of our philosophy will be found in Plato, so in a more exact sense can every argument of the men of the Revolution be found in *The Social Contract*. But Rousseau did not know what firebrands he was supplying. He was essentially a man of peace—he launched these children of his brain, indifferently, like his children of the flesh, upon the world and left their fate to the God of Chance.

Out of the dust and din of the French Revolu-

tion, now seen by us on the horizon of time, there emerge four names: Robespierre, Mirabeau, Danton and Marat.

Undaunted men all, hated and loved, feared and idolized, despised and deified—even yet we find it hard to gauge their worth, and give due credit for the good that was in each.

Oratory played a most important part in bringing about the explosion. Oratory arouses passion—fear, vengeance, hate—and draws a beautiful picture of peace and plenty just beyond.

Without oratory there would have been no political revolution in France, nor elsewhere. Politics, more than any other function of human affairs, turns on oratory. Orators make and unmake kings, but kings are seldom orators, and orators never secure thrones. Orators are made to die—the cross, the torch, the noose, the guillotine, the dagger, await them. They die through the passion that they fan to flame—the fear they generate turns upon themselves, and they are no more.

But they have their reward. Their names are not writ in water; rather are they traced in blood on history's page. We know them, while the ensconced smug and successful have sunk into oblivion; and if now and then a name like that of Pilate or Caiaphas or Judas comes to us, it is only because Fate has linked the man to his victim, like unto that Roman soldier who thrust his spear into the side of the Unselfish Man. In the qualities that mark the four chief orators of the French Revolution, there is much alloy—much that seems like clay. Each had undergone an apprenticeship to Fate—each had been preparing for his work; and in this preparation who shall say what lessons could have been omitted and what not! Explosions require time to prepare: revolutions, political and domestic, are a long time getting ready. Orators, like artists, must go as did Dante, down into the nether regions and get a glimpse of hell.

JEAN PAUL MARAT was exactly five feet high, and his weight when at his best was one hundred twenty pounds—just the weight of Shakespeare. Jean Paul had a nose like the

beak of a hawk, an eye like an eagle, a mouth that matched his nose, and a chin that argued trouble. Not only did he have red hair, but Carlyle refers to him as "red-headed."

His parents were poor and obscure people, and his relationship with them seems a pure matter of accident. He was born at the village of Boudry, Switzerland, in 1743. His childhood and boyhood were that of any other peasant boy born into a family where poverty held grim sway, and toil and hardship never relaxed their chilling grasp.

His education was of the chance kind—but education anyway depends upon yourself—colleges only supply a few opportunities, and it lies with the student whether he will improve them or not.

The ignorance of his parents and the squalor of his surroundings acted upon Jean Paul Marat as a spur, and from his fourteenth year the idea of cultivating his mental estate was strong upon him.

Switzerland has ever been the refuge of the man who dares to think. It was there John Calvin lived, demanding the right to his own belief, but occasionally denying others that precious privilege; a few miles away, at beautiful Coppet, resided Madame de Stael, the daughter of Necker; at Geneva, Rousseau wrote, and to name that beautiful little island in the Rhone after him was not necessary to make his fame endure; but a little way from Boudry lived Voltaire, pointing his bony finger at every hypocrite in Christendom.

But as in Greece, in her days of glory, the thinkers were few; so in Switzerland, the land of freedom, the many have been, and are, chained to superstition. Jean Paul Marat saw their pride was centered in a silver crucifix, "that keeps a man from harm"; their conscience committed to a priest; their labors for the rich; their days the same, from the rising of the sun to its going down. They did not love, and their hate was but a peevish dislike. They followed their dull routine and died the death, hopeful that they would get the reward in another world which was denied them in this.

¶ And Jean Paul Marat grew to scorn the few who would thus enslave the many. For priest and publican he had only aversion.

Jean Paul Marat, the bantam, read Voltaire and steeped himself in Rousseau, and the desire grew strong upon him to do, to dare and to become. Tourists had told him of England, and like all hopeful and childlike minds, he imagined the excellent to be far off, and the splendid at a distance: Great Britain was to him the Land of Promise.

In the countenance of young Marat was a strange mixture of the ludicrous and terrible. This, with his insignificant size, and a bodily strength that was a miracle of surprise, won the admiration of an English gentleman; and when the tourist started back for Albion, the lusty dwarf rode on the box, duly articulated, without consent of his parents, as a valet.

As a servant he was active, alert, intelligent, attentive. He might have held his position indefinitely, and been handed down to the next generation with the family plate, had he kept a civil tongue in his red head and not quoted Descartes and Jean Jacques.

He had ideas, and he expressed them. He was the central sun below stairs, and passed judgment upon the social order without stint, even occasionally to argufying economics with his master, the Baron, as he brushed his breeches. This Baron is known to history through two facts: first, that Jean Paul Marat brushed his breeches, and second, that he evolved a new breed of fices.

Now, the master was rich, with an entail of six thousand acres and an income of five thousand pounds, and very naturally he was surprised, yes, amazed, to hear that any one should question the divine origin of the social order. Religion and government being at that time not merely second cousins, but Siamese twins, Jean Paul had expressed himself on things churchly as well as secular.

And now, behold, one fine day he found himself confronted with a charge of blasphemy, not to mention another damning count of contumacy and contravention.

In fact, he was commanded not to think, and was cautioned as to the sin of having ideas. The penalties were pointed out to Jean Paul, and in all kindness he was asked to make choice between immediate punishment and future silence. Thus was the wee philosopher raised at once to the dignity of a martyr; and the sweet satisfaction of being persecuted for what he believed, was his.

The city of Edinburgh was not far away, and thither by night the victim of persecution made his way. There is a serio-comic touch to this incident that Marat was never quite able to appreciate—the man was not a humorist. In fact, men headed for the noose, the block, or destined for immortality by the assassin's dagger, very seldom are jesters—John Brown and his like do not jest. Of all the emancipators of men, Lincoln alone stands out as one who was perfectly sane. An ability to see the ridiculous side of things marks the man of perfect balance. ¶

The martyr type, whose blood is not only the seed of the church, but also of heresy, is touched with madness. To get the thing done, Nature sacrifices the man.

Arriving in Edinburgh, Marat thought it necessary for a time to live in hiding, but finally he came out and was duly installed as barkeep at a tavern, and a student in the medical department of the University of Saint Andrews—a rather peculiar combination.

Marat's sister and biographer, Albertine, tells us that Jean Paul was never given to the use of stimulants, and in fact, for the greater part of his career, was a total abstainer. And the man who knows somewhat of the eternal paradox of things can readily understand how this little tapster, proud and defiant, had a supreme contempt for the patrons who gulped down the stuff that he handed out over the bar. He dealt in that for which he had no use; and the American bartender today who wears his kohinoor and draws the pay of a bank cashier, is one who "never touches a drop of anything." The security with which he holds his position is on that very account.

Marat was hungry for knowledge and thirsty for truth, and in his daily life he was as abstemious as was Benjamin Franklin, whom he was to meet, know, and reverence shortly afterward.

¶ Jean Paul was studying medicine at the same place where Oliver Goldsmith, another exile, studied some years before. Each got his doctor's degree, just how we do not know. No one ever saw Goldsmith's diploma—Doctor Johnson once hinted that it was an astral one—but Marat's is still with us, yellow with age, but plain and legible with all of its signatures and the big seal with a ribbon that surely might impress the chance sufferers waiting in an outer room to see the doctor, who is busy enjoying his siesta on the other side of the partition.

¶ If it is ever your sweet privilege to clap eyes upon a diploma issued by the ancient and honorable University of Saint Andrews, Edinburgh, you will see that it reads thus:

"Whereas: Since it is just and reasonable that one who has diligently attained a high degree of knowledge in some great and useful science, should be distinguished from the ignorant-vulgar," etc., etc.

The intent of the document, it will be observed, is to certify that the holder is not one of the "ignorant-vulgar," and the inference is that those who are not possessed of like certificates probably are.

A copy of the diploma issued to Doctor Jean

Paul Marat is before me, wherein, in most flattering phrase, is set forth the attainments of the holder, in the science of medicine. And even before the ink was dry upon that diploma, the "science" of which it boasted had been discarded as inept and puerile, and a new one inaugurated. And in our day, within the last twenty-five years, the entire science of healing has shifted ground and the materia medica of the "Centennial" is now considered obsolete.

¶ In view of these things, how vain is a college degree that certifies, as the diplomas of Saint Andrews still certify, that the holder is not one of the "ignorant-vulgar"! Is n't a man who prides himself on not belonging to the "ignorant-vulgar" apt to be atrociously ignorant and outrageously vulgar?

Wisdom is a point of view, and knowledge, for the most part, is a shifting product depending upon environment, atmosphere and condition. The eternal verities are plain and simple, known to babes and sucklings, but often unseen by men of learning, who focus on the difficult, soar high and dive deep, but seldom pay cash. In the sky of truth the fixed stars are few, and the shepherds who tend their flocks by night are quite as apt to know them as are the professed and professional Wise Men of the East—and Edinburgh.

BUT never mind our little digression—the value of study lies in study. The reward of thinking is the ability to think—whether one comes to right conclusions or wrong matters little, says John Stuart Mill in his essay, *On Liberty*.

Thinking is a form of exercise, and growth comes only through exercise—that is to say, expression.

We learn things only to throw them away: no man ever wrote well until he had forgotten every rule of rhetoric, and no orator ever spake straight to the hearts of men until he had tumbled his elocution into the Irish Sea.

To hold on to things is to lose them. To clutch is to act the part of the late Mullah Bah, the Turkish wrestler, who came to America and secured through his prowess a pot of gold. Going back to his native country, the steamer upon which he had taken passage collided in mid-ocean with a sunken derelict. Mullah Bah, hearing the alarm, jumped from his berth and strapped to his person a belt containing five thousand dollars in gold. He rushed to the side of the sinking ship, leaped over the rail, and went to Davy Jones' Locker like a plummet, while all about frail women and weak men in life-preservers bobbed on the surface and were

soon picked up by the boats. The fate of Mullah Bah is only another proof that athletes die young, and that it is harder to withstand prosperity than its opposite.

But knowledge did not turn the head of Marat. His restless spirit was reaching out for expression, and we find him drifting to London for a wider field.

England was then, as now, the refuge of the exile. There is today just as much liberty, and a little more free speech, in England than in America. We have hanged witches and burned men at the stake since England has, and she emancipated her slaves long before we did ours. Over against the home-thrust that respectable women drink at public bars from John O'Groat's to Land's End, can be placed the damning count that in the United States more men are lynched every year than Great Britain legally executes in double the time.

¶ A too-ready expression of the Rousseau philosophy had made things a bit unpleasant for Marat in Edinburgh, but in London he found ready listeners, and the coffeehouses echoed back his radical sentiments.

These underground debating-clubs of London started more than one man off on the oratorical transverse. Swift, Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke—all sharpened their wits at the coffeehouses. I see the same idea is now being revived in New York and Chicago: little clubs of a dozen or so will rent a room in some restaurant, and fitting it up for themselves, will dine daily and discuss great themes, or small, according to the mental caliber of the members. During the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, these clubs were very popular in London. Men who could talk or speak were made welcome, and if the new member generated caloric, so much the better—excitement was at a premium.

Marat was now able to speak English with precision, and his slight French accent only added a charm to his words. He was fiery, direct, impetuous. He was a fighter by disposition, and care was taken never to cross him beyond a point where the sparks began to fly. The man was immensely diverting, and his size was to his advantage; orators should be very big or very little—anything but commonplace. The Duke of Mantua would have gloried in Jean Paul, and later might have cut off his head as a precautionary measure.

Among the visitors at one of the coffeehouse clubs was one B. Franklin, big, patient, kind. He weighed twice as much as Marat: and his years were sixty, while Marat's were thirty. ¶ Franklin listened with amused smiles at the

little man, and the little man grew to have an idolatrous regard for the big 'un. Franklin carried copies of a pamphlet called *Common Sense*, written by one T. Paine. Paine was born in England, but was always pleased to be spoken of as an American, yet he called himself "A Citizen of the World."

Paine's pamphlet, *The Crisis*, was known by heart to Marat, and the success of Franklin and Paine as writers had fired him to write as well as to orate. As a result, we have *The Chains of Slavery*. The work today has no interest to us excepting as a literary curiosity. It is a composite of Rousseau and Paine, done by a sophomore in a mood of exaltation, and might serve well as a graduation essay, done in F major. It lacks the poise of Paine, and the reserve of Rousseau, and all the fine indifference of Franklin is noticeable by its absence.

They say that Marat's name was "Mara" and his ancestors came from County Down. But never mind that—his heart was right. Of all the inane imbecilities and stupid untruths of history, none is worse than the statement that Jean Paul Marat was a demagogue, hotly intent on the main chance.

In this man's character there was nothing subtle, secret nor untrue. He was, in fact, simplicity itself, and his undiplomatic bluntness bears witness of his honesty.

In London, he lived as the Mayor of Boston said William Lloyd Garrison lived—in a hole in the ground. His services as a physician were free to all—if they could pay, all right; if not, it made no difference. He looked after the wants of political refugees, and head, heart and pocketbook were at the disposal of those who needed them. His lodging-place was a garret, a cellar—anywhere: he was homeless, and his public appearances were only at the coffeehouse clubs, or in the parks, where he would stand on a barrel and speak to the crowd on his one theme of liberty, fraternity and equality. His plea was for the individual. In order to have a strong and excellent society, we must have strong and excellent men and women. That phrase of Paine's, "The world is my country: to do good is my religion," he repeated over and over again.

¶ In the year 1779, Marat moved to Paris. He was then thirty-six years old. ¶ In Paris he lived very much the same life that he had in London. He established himself as a physician, and might have made a decided success had he put all his eggs in one basket and then watched the basket.

But he did n't. Franklin had inspired him with a

passion for invention: he rubbed amber with wool, made a battery and applied the scheme in a crude way to the healing art. He wrote articles on electricity and even foreshadowed the latter-day announcement that electricity is life. And all the time he discussed economics, and gave out through speech and written word his views as to the rights of the people. He saw the needs of the poor—he perceived how through lack of nourishment there developed a craving for stimulants, and observed how disease and death fasten themselves upon the ill-fed and the ill-taught. To alleviate the suffering of the poor, he opened a dispensary as he had done in London, and gave free medical attendance to all who applied. At this dispensary, he gave lectures on certain days upon hygiene, at which times he never failed to introduce his essence of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Some one called him "the people's friend." The name stuck—he liked it.

In August, 1789, this "terrible dwarf" was standing on his barrel in Paris haranguing crowds with an oratory that was tremendous in its impassioned quality. Men stopped to laugh and remained to applaud.

Not only did he denounce the nobility, but he saw danger in the liberal leaders, and among others, Mirabeau came in for scathing scorn. Of all the insane paradoxes this one is the most paradoxical—that men will hate those who are most like themselves. Family feuds, and the wrangles of denominations that, to outsiders, hold the same faith, are common. When churches are locked in America, it is done to keep Christians out. Christians fight Christians much more than they fight the devil.

Marat had grown to be a power among the lower classes—he was their friend, their physician, their advocate. He had no fear of interruption and never sought to pacify. At his belt, within easy reach, and in open sight, he carried a dagger.

The crowds that hung upon his words were swayed to rank unreason by his impassioned eloquence.

Marat fell a victim to his own eloquence, and the madness of the mob reacted upon him. Like the dyer's hand, he became subdued to that which he worked in. Suspicion and rebellion filled his soul. Wealth to him was an offense—he had not the prophetic vision to see the rise of capitalism and all the splendid industrial evolution which the world is today working out. Society to him was all founded on wrong premises, and he would uproot it.

In bitter words he denounced the Assembly and declared that all of its members, including

Mirabeau, should be hanged for their inaction in not giving the people relief from their oppressors.

Mirabeau was very much like Marat. He, too, was working for the people, only he occupied a public office, while Marat was a private citizen. Mirabeau and his friends became alarmed at the influence Marat was gaining over the people, and he was ordered to cease public speaking. As he failed to comply, a price was put upon his head.

Then it was that he began putting out a daily address in the form of a tiny pamphlet. This was at first called *The Publiciste*, but was soon changed to *The People's Friend*.

Marat was now in hiding, but still his words were making their impress.

In 1791, Mirabeau, the terrible, died—died peacefully in his bed. Paris went in universal mourning, and the sky of Marat's popularity was darkened.

Marat lived in hiding until August of 1792, when he again publicly appeared and led the riots. The people hailed him as their deliverer. The insignificant size of the man made him conspicuous. His proud defiance, the haughtiness of his countenance, his stinging words, formed a personality that made him the pet of the people.

Danton, the Minister of Justice, dared not kill him, and so he did the next best thing—he took him to his heart and made him his right-hand man. It was a great diplomatic move, and the people applauded. Danton was tall, powerful, athletic and commanding, just past his thirtieth year. Marat was approaching fifty, and his suffering while in hiding in the sewers had told severely on his health, but he was still the fearless agitator. When Marat and Danton appeared upon the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, the hearts of the people were with the little man.

¶ But behold, another man had forged to the front, and this was Robespierre. And so it was that Danton, Marat and Robespierre formed a triumvirate, and ruled Paris with hands of iron. Coming in the name of the people, proclaiming peace, they held their place only through a violence that argued its own death.

Marat was still full of the desire to educate—to make men think. Deprivation and disease had wrecked his frame until public speaking was out of the question—the first requisite of oratory is health. But he could write, and so his little paper, *The People's Friend*, went fluttering forth with its daily message.

So scrupulous was Marat in money matters that he would accept no help from the government. He neither drew a salary nor would he

THE FRA

allow any but private citizens to help issue his paper. He lived in absolute poverty with his beloved wife, Simonne Evrard.

They had met about 1788, and between them had grown up a very firm and tender bond. He was twenty years older than she, but Danton said of her, "She has the mind of a man." Simonne had some property and was descended from a family of note. When she became the wife of Marat, her kinsmen denounced her, refused to mention her name, but she was loyal to the man she loved.

The Psalmist speaks of something "that passeth the love of woman," but the Psalmist was wrong—nothing does.

Simonne Evrard gave her good name, her family position, her money, her life—her soul into the keeping of Jean Paul Marat. That his love and gratitude to her was great and profound, there is abundant proof. She was his only servant, his secretary, his comrade, his friend, his wife. Not only did she attend him in sickness, but in banishment and disgrace she never faltered. She even set the type, and at times her arm pulled the lever of the press that printed the daily message.

Let it stand to the eternal discredit of Thomas Carlyle that he disposes of Simonne Evrard, who represents undying love and unflinching loyalty, by contemptuously calling her a "washerwoman." Carlyle, with a savage strain of Scotch Calvinism in his cold blood, never knew the sacredness of the love of man and woman—to him sex was a mistake on the part of God. Even for the sainted Mary of Galilee he has only a grim and patronizing smile, removing his clay pipe long enough to say to Milburn, the blind Preacher, "Oh, yes, a country lass elevated by Catholics into a wooden image and worshiped as a deity!"

Carlyle never held in his arms a child of his own and saw the light of love reflected in a baby's eyes; and nowhere in his forty-odd volumes does he recognize the truth that love, art and religion are one. And this limitation gives Taine excuse for saying, "He writes splendidly, but it is neither truth nor poetry."

¶ When Charlotte Corday, that poor, deluded rustic, preched the rooms of Marat, under a friendly pretense, and thrust her murderous dagger to the sick man's heart, his last breath was a cry freighted with love, "A moi, chere amie!"

And death-choked, that proud head drooped, and Simonne, seeing the terrible deed was done, blocked the way and held the murderess at bay until help arrived.

Hardly had Marat's tired body been laid to rest

in the Pantheon, before Charlotte Corday's spirit had gone across the Border to meet his—gone to her death by the guillotine that was so soon to embrace both Danton and Robespierre, the men who had inaugurated and popularized it. ¶ All Paris went into mourning for Marat—the public buildings were draped with black, and his portrait was displayed in the Pantheon with the great ones gone. A pension for life was bestowed upon his widow, and lavish resolutions of gratitude were laid at her feet in loving token of what she had done in upholding the hands of this strong man.

But Paris, the fickle, in two short years repudiated the pension, the portrait of Marat was removed from the Pantheon, and his body taken by night to another resting-place.

Simonne the widow, and Albertine the sister, sisters now in sorrow, uniting in a mutual love for the dead, lived but in memory of him.

But Carlyle was right—this was a "washerwoman." She spent all of her patrimony in aiding her husband to publish and distribute his writings, and after his death, when friends proved false and even the obdurate kinsmen still considered her name pollution, she took in washing to earn money that she might defend the memory of the man she loved.

She was a washerwoman.

I uncover in her presence, and stand with bowed head in admiration of the woman who gave her life for liberty and love, and who chose a life of honest toil rather than accept charity or all that selfishness and soft luxury had to offer. She was a washerwoman, but she was more—she was a Woman.

Let Carlyle have the credit of using the word "washerwoman" as a term of contempt, as though to do laundry-work were not quite as necessary as to produce literature.

The sister and the widow of Marat wrote his life, republished very much that he had written, and lived but to keep alive the name and fame of Jean Paul Marat, whose sole crime seemed to be that he was a sincere and honest man, and was, throughout his life—often unwisely—the People's Friend.

A GREAT book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what a treasure it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love, and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come.—*Theodore Parker.*

Seventy-one

A Prison Sonnet

BY 31,454

WHEN Sydney was the idol of his
hour;

When Bayard set a pattern for all
knights;

When Shakespeare's genius startled
by its flights

And drew from out the Muses' splendid
dower

His songs of martial camp and beauty's
bower;

When Magna Charta forced a grant of
rights,

If we but knew their story, common
wights

Cringed low beneath the heavy hand of
power.

And more than we had cause for loud
lament,

And more than we excuse for bitter
curse,

Though history passed o'er their pil-
fered purse

And dull, sad eyes and bodies, labor-bent,
To paint the golden glory princes lent

A fleeting space unto the universe.

THE FRA

What Would It Mean to You?

What would it mean to you if you doubled your mental and physical capacities? What would it mean to you if your vitality, energy and recuperative powers were doubled and if the strength of your heart were wonderfully modified; your nervous system energized; if your powers of comprehension were made unusually keen—if, in other words, your physical, physiological and mental personalities were doubled? This is precisely what you can do for yourself through the conscious use of the principle of evolution. What would it mean to you?

Become superior to your present self. Conscious Evolution can make a better human being of you physically, physiologically and mentally. You can do more for yourself through the conscious use of the principles of evolution than you can imagine. Evolution can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it—I guarantee it.

The pleasure which is had through the possession of a greater physical, physiological and mental personality is unlike any other pleasure of which a human being can become conscious. Cultivate your cells through the simple principles of evolution and realize to the greatest extent possible the keenest pleasure of living in full.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest. I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it: five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

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"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

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My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

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Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

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is spreading
throughout the world

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"I can not recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I can not recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

Let man then learn—that the highest dwells within him. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he must go into his closet and shut the door, as Jesus said.—Emerson.

After eighteen hundred years' profession of the creed of Peace—Christendom is an armed camp.—Lecky.

An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

THE FRA

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

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sought by too many anxious to use it.
—Bourke Cochran.

A professional never exploits his talent. Only the amateur wants to perform on any and all occasions.—Nettie Hall Austin.

THE FRA

WEEKLY LETTERS FOR SALESMEN

BY "PROFF BOJACK"

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at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of armies, might hear the morning stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy.—John Hay.
Heaven is a habit, and so is Hell.

THE FRA



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THE FRA

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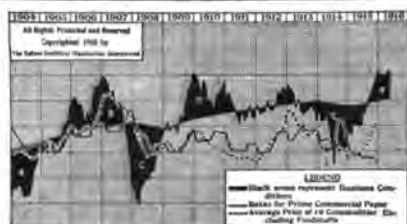
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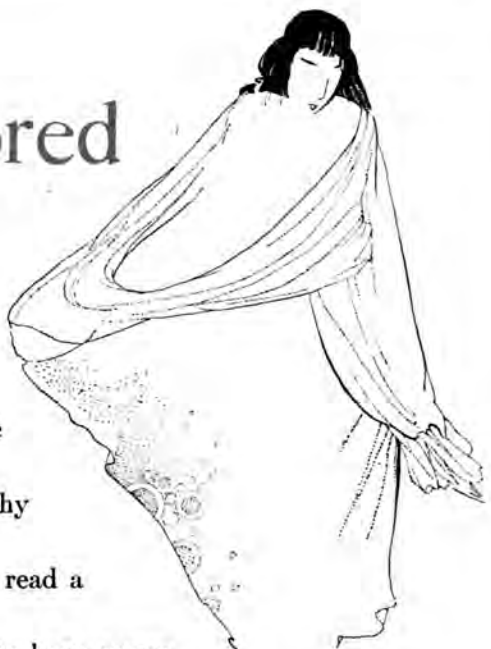
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He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.—*J. Stuart Mill*.

BLESSED are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things,

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There will be some of America's biggest men and women at the Roycroft Convention.

but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

—*Thomas Hughes*.

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THE FRA



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Published Monthly at East Aurora, New York
(Required by Act of August 24, 1912)

Publisher	Elbert Hubbard II
Editor	Edward J. Shay
Managing Editor	John T. Hoyle
Business Managers	None

Names of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

Elbert Hubbard II
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That's Roycroft Furniture. It is also built for people who enjoy and appreciate artistic House-Furnishings. The Roycroft Inn is an eloquent testimonial to this fact. ¶ Before you buy any new Furniture this Spring, we urge you to consult the Roycroft Furniture Catalog—which will be sent FREE on request.

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DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear

them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God bless thee with blessings beyond hope or thought, with blessing which no word can find.—Alfred Tennyson.

Are You Doing the Work You Love? Why Not?

EDISON does more than any man in the United States. He is never tired. That's because he does the work he is really fitted to do—the work he loves. But men's real talents are rarely discovered. How about yours? Choosing the wrong vocation means drudgery and third-class work; it means—often enough—complete ruin. Half the world's troubles come from this one source. Don't be a square peg in a round hole; feel the joy of accomplishment. Find out what your real talents are through this new work.



A Little of What You Get

Great men of all ages knew how to choose men. Self knowledge the first step to self development. Parents who do not know their children. Life ruined because of wrong vocation. 90 per cent of people enter employment blindly and by chance. The misfit wastes his best powers. The stimulation of success. Exhaustion from uninteresting work. Misfit often means poverty, disease, crime, death. Man who has found his work finds success.

What to Bear in Mind When Selecting a Vocation. The Physically Frail. The Fat Man. The Man of Bone and Muscle. Slaves of Machinery. The Impractical Man. Hungry for Fame. In the Wrong Profession. Unscientific Selection of Employees and Employers. Organization. Analysis of Positions. Analysis of Executives. Analysis of Employees. Analysis from Photographs. Woman's Work. Practically a complete course in salesmanship. The Psychology of Persuasion. Power to Persuade Essential to Success. Persuasion in Discipline of Children. How to Sell Goods. Getting Favorable Attention. Getting Interest. Getting Desire. Getting Decision and Action. Handling the Indisubmissive. Need for Character Analysis. Efficient and Satisfactory Service. The Scientific Basis of Character of Analysis. How to Learn and Apply Science of Character Analysis.

chology, physiology and biology. Many scientists, like William James, had an inkling of it. From their work and from my study of medicine and related sciences, I evolved this new science of Character Analysis. I have tested it for 15 years. I have employed labor in large organizations. I have taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. I have taught thousands by mail, the Governor of a State—the owner of one of the biggest newspapers of the United States. At the suggestion of the Review of Reviews Company I have written this book.

This Book—Send No Money

As long as this first edition lasts you can have this work for a special low price. The advance demand for this work almost takes up the edition. If you do not find in this book matter that will make important differences to you in your work, in your health, in your success, in your social relations, send the book back. But don't wait. Don't drift any longer—begin to steer your life to a definite goal. Begin by sending this coupon now.

KATHARINE M. H. BLACKFORD, M.D.

The Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, - New York

"Analyzing Character"

The New Science of Judging Men; Misfits in Business, the Home and Social Life. Dr. Katharine M. H. Blackford's New Work based on the Science of Character Analysis. 400 pages.—Illustrated.

DO you really know yourself? Do you realize that your judgment of yourself is colored by your own weakness? Read this book and then look at yourself in the glass and you will find in yourself possibilities you did not dream of. You will find, perhaps, that you are going the wrong road, trying to put over a fight which your body is not prepared for. And yet that head of yours, your hands, your voice, would reveal to you another talent, which you never suspected.

Take advantage of the talents that are in you. Get an unbiased judgment of your mind and ability. Character Analysis is not guess-work. It is a science, based on psychology, physiology and biology.

Many scientists, like William James, had an inkling of it. From their work and from my study of medicine and related sciences, I evolved this new science of Character Analysis. I have tested it for 15 years. I have employed labor in large organizations. I have taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. I have taught thousands by mail, the Governor of a State—the owner of one of the biggest newspapers of the United States. At the suggestion of the Review of Reviews Company I have written this book.



Fra 4-16

Katharine M. H. Blackford, Review of Reviews Company, 30 Irving Place, N. Y.

Send me charges prepaid your book "Analyzing Character," 400 pages. I agree to send \$3 in five days or return the book at your expense.

Name _____ Address _____

Love," hope, fear, faith—these make humanity, these are its sign and note and character.—*Browning.*

Be sincere, but don't be too serious—at the last, nothing matters much.

THE holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.—*Mark Twain.*

THE FRA

Going West ?



**LET'S GET
ACQUAINTED**

The Pacific Slope of North America has more of real interest than any similar area in the world. Knowing all about this country is our business. That's why Sunset is a source of complete, vital, interesting monthly information concerning the Great West. Our Service Bureau—at your service—is ready to tell you anything you want to know about routes, resorts, automobile highways, hotels, or business and farming opportunities out here.

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IT is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul.—*Cicero*.
An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preaching.

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DIE when we may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—*Lincoln*.

THE FRA



L-16
SCISSOR-CASE
50 Cents



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PENWIPER
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L-20—SADDLE-PURSE
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\$1.25

Slang is a foul pool at which every dunce fills his bucket, and then sets up as a fountain.—*Ambrose Bierce.*

A collection of books is the true university of today.—*Carlyle.*

I deem no government safe which is under the vassalage of any self-constituted authorities, or any other authority than that of the nation, or its regular functionaries.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

THE FRA

Sail the Seas of Romance with Morgan Robertson!

YOU can sail with Morgan Robertson in any one of his four golden argosies out of a humdrum world into a world of magnificent adventure. You will touch strange ports of the Seven Seas and you will always be in the company of red-blooded men, urged by the wanderlust and the zest of living into rare adventure. You will see in the offing Chinese junks laden with booty-mad pirates. You will follow with breathless interest stirring battles waged against these outlaws of the sea. You will learn the wonderful secrets of the ocean-bed and its teeming life. You will see men and women, the pioneers of your race, facing mighty dangers far from the clang of civilization. These four wonderful books of Morgan Robertson are yours without cost when you accept the following offer. Just open a volume, turn on your reading-lamp, slip deep into your library chair, and you're off to every port of adventure.



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MORGAN ROBERTSON'S dying wish was that his frail little wife might be allowed to spend her declining years free from want. Yet this wish came very near not being realized. It is only this movement, participated in by McClure Publications, Metropolitan Magazine, and the public, that stands between his widow and want. She has no children to provide for her; no relatives; no insurance fund; no other source of income except that which comes through the sale of her husband's books.

THE 4 BOOKS FREE

THE 35 Morgan Robertson stories, embracing his best work, are in four handsome cloth bound volumes—1,000 pages—over 300,000 words printed in new easy-to-read type—titles stamped in gold. You send only ten cents with the coupon. After that, one dollar for four months to pay for the magazines, twelve months each, at less than retail prices, and that's all! The books are yours **FREE**. If you wish to pay all at once, send only \$3.75. If you prefer full leather binding, send \$5.75. Magazines may be sent to different addresses. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine, your subscription will be extended.

You can pay your tribute to the dead genius and help to smooth his widow's way. Send us your subscription now for McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World. This brings you Morgan Robertson's books free. We will pay for the volumes. We will pay the carriage charges on them. We will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty—if you will pay for the magazines less than what they would cost you on the newsstands—and you may pay for your subscription in easy monthly payments.

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It is a matter of supreme importance how one educates oneself.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Let the friend know that those faults which he observes in his friend his own

xxviii

faults attract. There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspected.

—Thoreau.

Push on—keep moving.—T. Morton.

THE FRA

That old Eagerness to Get on the Job

To operate at high speed day after day, and *enjoy* it, the body requires a full quota of its essential foods—albumen (the builder) and phosphorus (the vitalizer). Ordinarily the body gets this from the regular diet.

But in periods of unusual work or worry, the normal diet does not supply sufficient of these vital foods to replace and repair the wasted body cells and nerve tissues. Then the joy goes from work, and the body lags at its task.

Those who have put their trust in Sanatogen in such emergencies have not done so in vain. For Sanatogen gives just these vital foods and *in most easily digestible form!*

That is why Hon. W. C. Adamson, M. C., Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, was able to write that he had "found Sanatogen valuable to restore wasted energies and to compose the nerves in cases of long-sustained effort." And why Sir Gilbert Parker was able to acclaim Sanatogen "a true food- tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to overworked body and mind."

Scores of other prominent laymen and more than 21,000 physicians have gone on record *voluntarily* approving the use of Sanatogen, after having watched and felt the benefits derived from it.

Why should not these benefits be *yours*, too?

Sanatogen is sold by good drug-gists, everywhere, in sizes from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize Inter-national Congress of Medicine, London, 1913



Send

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

for Elbert Hubbard's Book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy, together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 34-Y Irving Place, New York City.

WHY should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within, who is incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the

neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.—*Thoreau*.

Man is a creating animal, and the natural desire of the child to "make things" should never be discouraged.

xxix

THE FRA



C-203—\$5.00
FLOWER-VASE
Height, 6 inches
Decoration of
German Silver



C-502
PENCIL-HOLDER
75 Cents



Copper
and
Crystal
VASE
Japanese
Style
C-108
\$2.00
Height
8 inches



C-102
VASETTE
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4 inches

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How Charming: A flower or two arranged with studious carelessness in a dainty Roycroft Copper and Crystal Vase!

The vases themselves are wonderful. All Roycroft articles of Hand-Wrought Copper are. They are the embodiment of painstaking care, artistic judgment and the mature skill of a craftsman.

Decide that a few pieces of Roycroft Hand-Wrought Copper shall grace your own home. Or send one to each of your best friends with your card or "Greetings" enclosed. All shipments prepaid.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.



C-404—\$2.00
Diameter, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches



C-402—\$2.50
SCONCE
Height, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches



C-101—75 Cents
VASETTE
Height, 4 inches

LOVE is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interest he meets with present

pleasures; but love is that sun against whose melting beams the winter can not stand.—*Tupper.*

Avoid the pleasures that leave a burnt-sienna taste in your mouth.

THE FRA

Puncture-Proof Pneumatic



PUNCTURE and blow-out easily destroy the best ordinary pneumatic tire, wasting time, temper and tire money in millions. There is *One Tire* that successfully resists puncture.

LEE Tires
PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

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PUNCTURE-PROOF: LEE Puncture-Proof Pneumatic Tires are Guaranteed puncture-proof under a cash refund. A succession of overlapping, small impenetrable discs behind the cushion, completely armor the carcass and inner tube, *positively preventing puncture.*

5,000 MILES OF SERVICE are assured under a written guarantee. The LEE "vanadium" process *toughens the rubber* and imparts a vast power of resistance.

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Look up "Lee Tires" in your Telephone Directory

TRADE MARK



I WOULD move out of the State rather than be compelled to vaccinate my child. My father died from smallpox after being vaccinated, and my sister was crippled through being vaccinated. There

are many cases on record in and out of this city of great harm, and even death, through vaccination.—*George Michels, Health Commissioner, Passaic, N. J.*

Ants never sleep.—*Emerson.*

xxxi

THE FRA

OUTSTANDING FACTS ABOUT INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS

1. Over 13,000 Internationals are now in use—more than of any other motor truck made.
2. International service branch organization is the most complete in the United States.
3. International trucks were awarded the Medal of Honor at the San Francisco Exposition, 1916.
4. In Michigan, the home of the motor truck, the registration shows 324 trucks in use, as compared with 259, the next highest in trucks of all classes.
5. In Chicago, St. Louis, and other big truck-using centers, Internationals outnumber all others.
6. Volume of 1915 International sales gained 100% over the 1914 sales.
7. Two new large 6-story additions to the factory at Akron, O., have doubled the capacity.
8. The International Harvester Motor Truck Works is the largest buyer of solid rubber tires in the world.
9. All International models may now be had with either solid or pneumatic tires.
10. International Motor Trucks are sold and used consistently and satisfactorily everywhere, in city and country, on the level and in the hills.

Popular Models—Low Prices

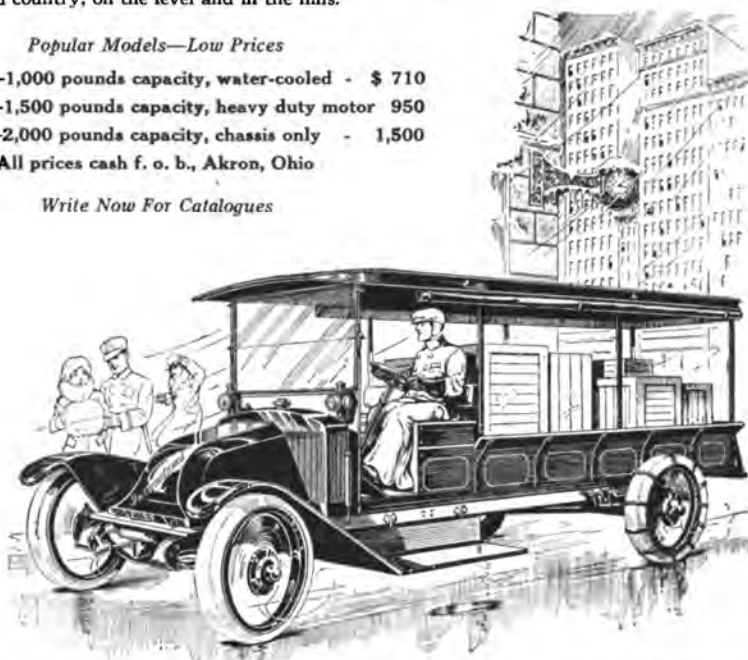
Model M —1,000 pounds capacity, water-cooled - \$ 710

Model E —1,500 pounds capacity, heavy duty motor 950

Model F —2,000 pounds capacity, chassis only - 1,500

All prices cash f. o. b., Akron, Ohio

Write Now For Catalogues



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

160 Harvester Building

CHICAGO U S A

THERE can be no such thing as a nation flourishing alone in commerce; she can only participate; and the destruction of it in any part must necessarily affect all. When, therefore, governments are at war, the attack is made upon the common stock of commerce, and the consequence is the same as if each had attacked his own.—*Thomas Paine*.
The truth of truths is love. —*Bailey*

THE FRA



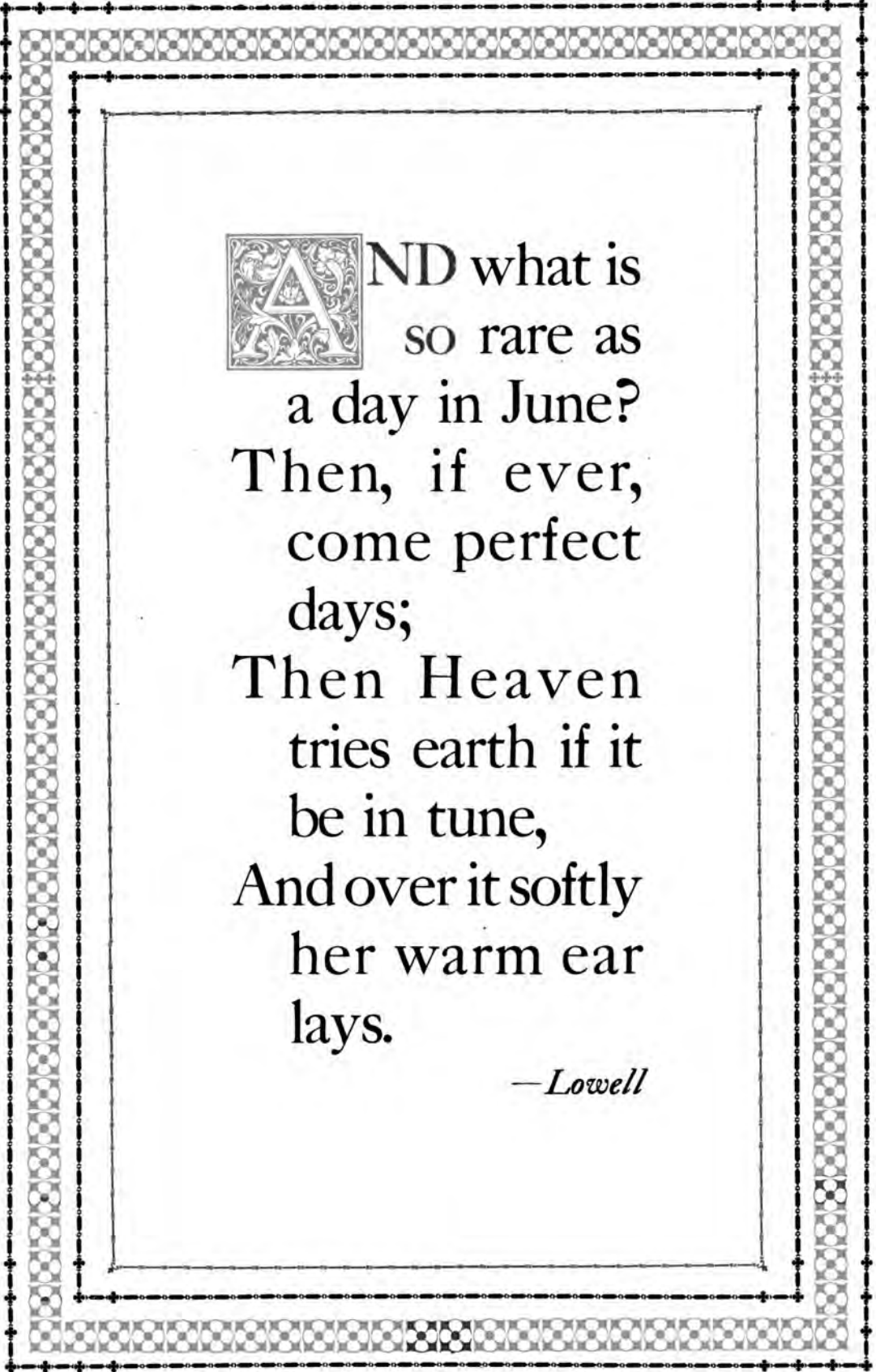
FOR PHILISTINES
AND ROYCROFTERS




JUNE 1916

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ELBERT HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD PUBLISHER
EAST AURORA . . NEW YORK



ND what is
so rare as
a day in June?
Then, if ever,
come perfect
days;
Then Heaven
tries earth if it
be in tune,
And over it softly
her warm ear
lays.

—*Lowell*

THE FRA



Teach children to get a receipt

IT is often necessary to send children to the store. It is irritating when they bring back the wrong change. Usually it means a trip to the store for father or mother to straighten it out.

Have you had this experience only to find that the clerk couldn't remember the transaction? Or that he insisted it was not his error? Either you got the missing change with an apology, or the proprietor gave it back reluctantly, or he wouldn't give it back at all.

If the clerk feels he is right, he may suspect the child.

If the proprietor is convinced you are right, the clerk is open to censure.

In either case an unpleasant impression is left, and confidence destroyed.

Merchants who equip their stores with the up-to-date National Cash Register render their customers a more than ordinary service.

They protect the buyer, child or grown-up, against disputes. They pro-

tect their clerks against errors. They protect themselves against loss.

This machine furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip.

It prints on this the amount paid or charged.

On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it.

It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.

It pays to trade in stores equipped with the up-to-date National Cash Register.

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

MR. MERCHANT :

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits.

We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation.

Write for full information. Address Dept. AA.



LOOK FOR
THIS SIGN IN
THE WINDOW



THE present generation is willing, and indeed often eager, to be led; but it is averse to being driven, and it wants to understand the grounds and sanctions of authoritative decisions.—*Chas. W. Eliot.*

Death may be but the provision for taking us abroad, ere we have stopped too long at home, and unsealing the closed inlets of wisdom, affection and reverence, by the surprise of new light.—*Martineau.*

THE FRA

AMERICAN BEAUTY VASE

A tall, splendid piece of work, beautifully proportioned and wrought by hand out of solid copper. A noble, massive creation that stands 19 inches high—a thing of beauty and a joy forever



C-102
VASETTE
50 Cents
Height
4 inches



C-104
WALL
FLOWER-
HOLDER
\$1.50
10½ inches
over all



AMERICAN BEAUTY VASE

C-201

19 inches high	\$10.00
12½ " "	7.50
7 " "	3.50



C-106
COPPER
AND
CRYSTAL
VASE
\$2.00
Height
8 inches



C-105
COPPER
AND
CRYSTAL
VASE
\$2.00
Height
8 inches

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

WANT to live in a world that is free from the law-made privileges that beget the poverty from which we all suffer; and that is free from the terror of hard times, of lost jobs, of periods of sickness and accident almost as fearful as death.

—Frederic C. Howe.

Time has shaken the bottle of knowledge and we are all of nearly one color of ignorance and wisdom.—David Swing.

ii

You are invited to attend the Annual Convention at the Roycroft—July 1st to 10th

The Drink for Little Folks

It is well known that tea and coffee are harmful to children, but they crave a hot, invigorating drink at table, just like older folks, and they should have it.

Both tea and coffee contain "caffeine," a drug which physicians and food experts say retards body development and hinders mental progress.



INSTANT POSTUM

is the ideal table beverage for children.

Delicious as any mild Java coffee, Postum has a similar tang and flavor, but is absolutely free from any drug or harmful substance.

This delicious pure food-drink is made of whole wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, and blended just like coffee.

Postum is wonderfully attractive to children and brings satisfaction and happiness to everyone at table, including older folks who want to keep youthful health and spirit.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

NOTHING is more Noble, nothing more Venerable than Fidelity. Faithfulness and Truth are the most Sacred Excellences and Endowments of the Human Mind.—Cicero.

GOOD Roads, Flowers, Parks, Better Schools, Trees, Pure Water, Fresh Air, Sunshine and Work for Everybody—these things, to me, are Religion.

—Robert Collyer.

iii

Spend a Sane Fourth at the Roycroft Convention this year—July 1st to 10th

THE FRA



MID-YEAR SIX

High-speed economical six-cylinder motor of enormous power; wheel-base, 127 in.; anti-skid tires on rear; complete equipment, including engine-driven tire pump, reversible headlights, etc.

Mitchell

\$1325 f. o. b. Racine

For Five-Passenger Touring Car or Three-Passenger Roadster. Seven-Passenger Touring Body \$35 Extra. New Mitchell Eight, \$1450 f. o. b. Racine.

257 Cars in One

This New-Model Mitchell, out April 15th, was completed after the New York Shows. All the beautiful touring models shown at the Shows were considered in its design.

And our experts examined 257 models to combine in this Mitchell all the best new ideas in body and equipment. No other car on the market has nearly so many of the latest-style attractions.

26 Extra Features

In addition, this New Mitchell has 26 features not found in other cars.

Some are extra equipment — like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, gasoline primer on instrument board, etc.

Some are comfort features, like

the Bate cantilever springs. No other car ever built compares in easy riding.

Some are beauties and conveniences — things you want and things you'd miss. When you see them — one by one — you will not want a car without them.

The Mitchell factory — covering 45 acres — was designed and equipped by John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert. He has worked out here 10,000 factory economies. In ordinary plants a car like this would cost 20 per cent more to build.

That saving pays for these extras. They give you by far the greatest value to be found in a high-grade car. You will find a hundred things here to delight you.

Mitchell-Turner Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

GENIUS is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore a nation characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry.
—Matthew Arnold.

Violence ever defeats its own ends. Where you can not drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles.—Hazlitt.

THE FRA



Goodness, man! I hardly recognized you
—I never saw you looking so well—been away?

"No sirree! I've been as hard at it as ever, but I take what I call my concentrated vacation, golf, rest cure and exercise with every meal and before I go to bed." "Give me the recipe—or is it a prescription?" "No—it's a liquid-food- tonic. As you know, my Doctor ordered a complete rest—when I showed him *that* was impossible he said.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK
 Liquid-Food-Tonic



An aid to digestion—a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Taken before retiring, an aid to sound sleep. Recommended for the overworked, the anaemic and the under-nourished."

Don't let anyone tell you there's something as good. There are some cheaper preparations—calling themselves malt preparations—they are beverages, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what makes it cost more than imitations and what gives it its value to you. Insist.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.5 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request.

Anheuser-Busch St. Louis, U. S. A.



BEFORE we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it upon others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us

will soon smile, too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others happy.—*Maeterlinck.*

Those who can take the lead are given the lead.—*Arthur T. Hadley.*

Annual Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

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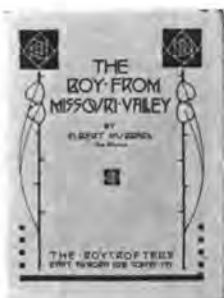
THE FRA



Elbert Hubbard's 10 Greatest Essays and **THE FRA \$1** FOR SIX MONTHS



ELBERT HUBBARD was a Farmer, a Printer, a Publisher, a Banker, a Blacksmith, an Author, an Inn-keeper, a Manufacturer, a Lecturer, an Editor, a Publicist! Does this sound impossible? In the group of Industries called the Roycroft Shops is found definite proof that this unusual man could do all these things well! Yet, when asked his occupation, he always answered, "A Businessman"! Not since Ben Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* has the Human Philosophy of Business been so well written as in these booklets.



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EFFORT is chiefly lost through misapplication. The men who know the most have n't done as much for the world as the men who do the most. "Waiting until tomorrow" has destroyed more

businesses, ruined more lives and annihilated more armies than the power of enmity.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—*Edmund Burke.*

vi *The Roycroft Convention (July 1st to 10th) is each year attended by scores of National Celebrities*

THE FRA

SAXON "SIX"

A big touring car for five people

Whether judged by its refinement and finished perfection in construction or by the high standard of its road performance, Saxon "Six" at \$815 is essentially a class car. You'll find it the top place car of the times at anywhere near its price.

While the wide seats and deep upholstery are partly accountable for the supreme comfort you feel when riding in Saxon "Six," the chief reason lies in the long vanadium steel cantilever springs that gently cradle the car over the roughest roads.

Write for interesting booklet, "Saxon Days." Address Dept. 111

SAXON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

The Saxon Motor Car Company does not announce yearly models

(449)



It is courage that enables men to win the battles of the business world. It is discouragement that makes success impossible. If you are afraid of any particular thing, that fear begins to minimize the

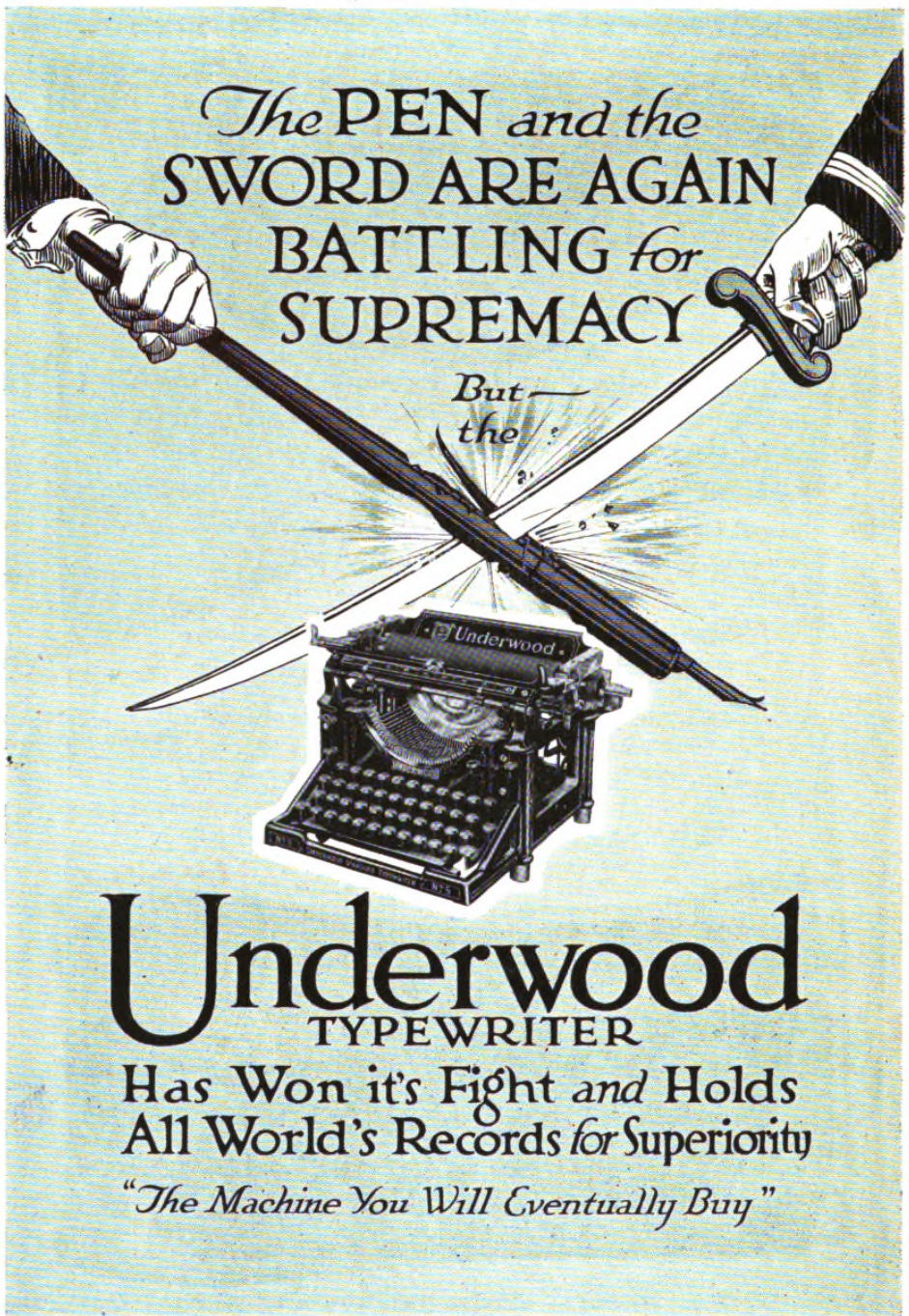
effect of your efforts the moment it takes possession of the mind. To begin an undertaking with fear of failure is a reasonable assurance that failure will follow.—John R. Meader.

*Make your Reservation in advance to attend the July 1st to 10th
Convention. Write Roycroft Inn* vii

THE FRA

*The PEN and the
SWORD ARE AGAIN
BATTLING for
SUPREMACY*

*But —
the*



Underwood
TYPEWRITER

Has Won its Fight and Holds
All World's Records for Superiority

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

YOUR purpose—your purpose!—never forget that. I read an immense novel of Balzac's lately and the one thing that has remained with me from it is this: "Can you go to sleep every night with

one fixed purpose in mind and strengthen in it from day to day?" That is the question which every man must put to himself, and as he shall answer it, so shall be his success or failure.—*Michael Monahan.*

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The Annual Convention at the Roycroft will come off as usual—July 1st to 10th

WHAT AUTOLOGY MEANS TO OTHERS

Doctor Moras has written a Commonsense Book on *Autology*, and by so doing has placed the Standard of the Creed of Health further to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

I have read your *Autology* with care. It has been of unusual interest throughout, and from beginning to end makes a splendid environment for producing active thought.—*Luther Burbank*.

I have seen some criticisms of *Autology* that make me smile and I should like to asseverate, in passing, that about all the health magazines I know will be compelled to get more knowledge before they will ever be able to bring together as much vital and truthful knowledge, in so small a space, as is contained in *Autology*. ¶ The truth is that the *backbone* of the book *Autology* is *fundamental*, furnishing a basis on which readers with the right kind of brains can build their own theory and practise of eating and otherwise caring for their health.—*Dr. J. H. Tilden, Editor of "The Philosophy of Health," Denver, Colo.*

Autology saved my life. Three of the best physicians here told me I would be compelled to have an operation for *Appendicitis*. Nevertheless I have had no pain or indications of it since following *Autology* **eight years ago**. It has been nothing less than a "Godsend" to me.—*Mrs. C. K. G. (Name on request.)*

I am getting better of the **hardening of the arteries**; all dizziness and heart thumping have disappeared.—*E. C. C. (Name on request.)*

We consider *Autology* one of the most wonderful books ever written.—"*Physical Culture*" Magazine.

WELL OR SICK YOU NEED "AUTOLOGY"

The new scientific word "*AUTOLOGY*," coined by Mrs. Moras and myself, has now been accepted by The New Universities Dictionary as a standard word of the English language. ¶ *Autology* is no theory, no fad, no creed. It is the Science of Livingness. It deals with the *practical business of your body and brain* as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents. ¶ With *Autology* there need be no such thing as pain and sickness in your life. *Autology* means truly, "A Happy New-Year—and many of them!" the supreme happiness of health. *Autology* means bodily and mental freedom. Do you realize what that means? Do you want it? Then write for

FREE — "Guide to Autology"

which will give you priceless information. It is **FREE—Absolutely Free!** No matter what ails you it will pay you to investigate. ¶ **EVERY SUBJECT** is treated not only in a unique way, in plain everyday language, as interesting as any novel, but is as vital to your well-living as breathing and eating. ¶ **EVERY CHAPTER** is a gem and contains a wealth of information whose *health and brain value* can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

AND REMEMBER—IT'S FREE! SEND FOR "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY" TODAY!

Address: Edmond R. Moras, M. D., 519 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Illinois



EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.
Harvard University Medical School, '88;
College of Physicians and Surgeons
(Chicago) '89; Formerly House Physi-
cian and Surgeon in Cook County Hos-
pital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics,
College of Physicians and Surgeons
(Chicago).

YOU can not say about a work of art,
"You can not understand it as yet."
If I can not understand it, it means that
the work of art is poor, for the function of
art is to make people understand that

which was not clear to them.—*Tolstoy.*

HE is happy whose circumstances suit
his temper; but he is more excellent
who can suit his temper to any circum-
stances.—*Hume.*

Plan your Vacation at East Aurora—July 1st to 10th

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THE FRA

\$1090 Detroit



Quality First



15,000 OWNERS OF 3400 r. p. m. CHALMERS

They've driven 1,000,000 miles since last November, and with one voice they are saying:

"She's there. She has won my friendship and my confidence. \$2000 wouldn't buy her, if I couldn't get another 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers.

"First time she passed me I picked her for a winner. I followed her two miles. Then she went around a sharp turn, up a hard grade and I lost her. She literally ate that hill.

"Next day I stopped in and looked her over; drove her a few blocks, and bought.

"She's clipped off more than 10,000 miles now and worked in nicely. She seems smoother and sweeter each time I drive. And I didn't

dream she'd take so little gas. I kept a record for a month and found I was getting over 18 miles per gallon.

"I admire her immensely; admire her style; the way she rides bad ruts; her work on hills. But above all I admire the way she saves herself.

"She never spends all of her power. Even at 50 or 60 miles an hour she still holds something in reserve.

"In deep sand; in mud to the hub caps; or when I hit that twisting hill ahead, she makes the work seem so easy that I marvel. But I know the reason.

NOT for success alone,
Not to fair-sail uninterrupted
always,
The storm shall dash thy face, the foam
shall cover thee all over,

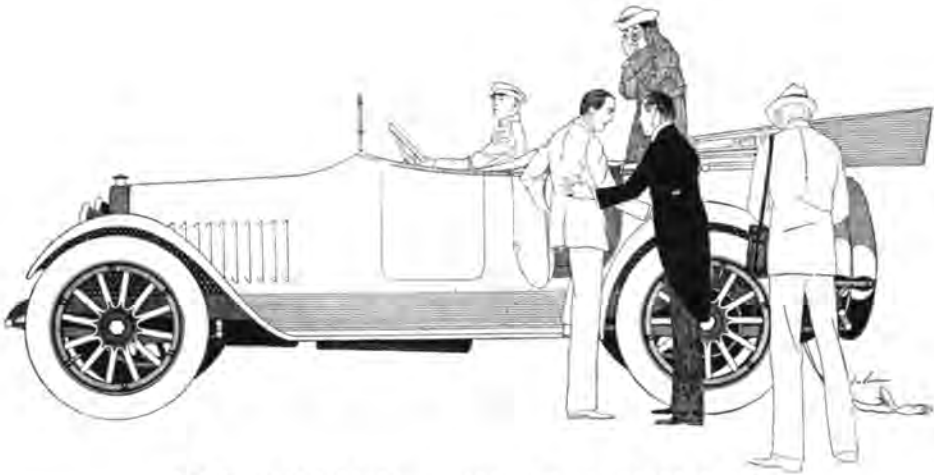
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and sur-
mount them all.—*Walt Whitman.*

It may make a difference to all eternity
whether we do right or wrong today.
—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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Be Sure to attend the Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

THE FRA



ARE SAYING: "SHE'S A WINNER"

"It's that 3400 r. p. m. engine.

"3400 r. p. m. spells magnificent reserve. It means she never has to exert herself. It means uncanny performance with canny thrift of fuel. And it means a five-year life.

"Because at 10 miles an hour she requires only 500 r. p. m. or 16% of her power. At 20 she uses only 33% of her strength. At 30 her exertion is only 1500 r. p. m., less than half the total might she possesses.

"90% of my driving is done between 10 and 30 miles an hour. So, except on rare occasions she's called upon to exert only 10 to 40% of her strength, holding 60 to 84% in readiness for fast acceleration, vigorous hill-

climbing and bursts of 50 and 60 miles an hour, if I want such super-speed.

"She's my idea of a real automobile."

Ask your dealer about Chalmers service inspection coupons, negotiable at all Chalmers dealers everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1090 Detroit

Two-Passenger Roadster, \$1070 Detroit

Three-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1440 Detroit

Color of Touring Car and Roadster—Oriford maroon or Meteor blue. Cabriolet—Oriford maroon, Valentine green, or Meteor blue. Wheels—standard dark, primrose yellow or red. Wire wheels optional on Roadster or Cabriolet at extra cost.

Chalmers Motor Company - Detroit

Be not prodigal of your opinions, lest by sharing them with others you be left without.—*Ambrose Bierce.*

Tomorrow is a long way off when you want something done today.—*E. K. Piper.*

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior: not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons, or opinions, or possessions.—*Emerson.*

Arrange your Vacation July 1st to 10th—Philistine Convention

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THE FRA

Twenty-First Annual Convention of Philistines at East Aurora JULY 1st to 10th, 1916

¶ ALL Philistines, all Roycrofters-at-large, and all Readers of *The Fra* are invited to come to East Aurora for the First Ten Days of July this Year to attend the Convention of the Intellectually Elect.

¶ There will be Two Programs each day, more or less formal; up-to-the-minute Subjects, usually tabu, will be discussed by worth-while, well-known Men and Women.

¶ PROF. SCOTT NEARING (once of the University of Pennsylvania) will debate with a suitable opponent "PREPAREDNESS."

¶ CAPTAIN RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, Hero of the *Merri-mac*, and Hudson Maxim have been invited to debate this subject with Professor Nearing.

¶ John J. Lentz will discuss "*Better Babies*"—authoritatively! Horace Fletcher will give us his "*Reminiscences of Belgium*" the First Year of the War. Harry Weinberger will enlighten us on the "*Sanger Case*." Dr. Carlos Montezuma will describe to us the Pressing Problems of the Indians. Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner will explain her system of Education. A dozen or more other

stars of the First Magnitude will be here: Hon. John Barrett, who will explain the true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine; Leigh Mitchell Hodges, the "Optimist" of the *Philadelphia North American*; "Capt. Jack" Crawford, Poet and Chief of U. S. Scouts; Carrie Jacobs Bond, Composer; Henry Frank, Independent Liberal; Leland Powers of Boston,—not overlooking minor planets, satellites, comets, moons, fireflies, will-o'-the-wisps, and some belated June bugs.

¶ Introductions are not necessary! You know everybody, and everybody knows you, or wants to! There will be walks afiel, to the Farm and the Woods; Health Ball on the Lawns, and "Catch" on the Playground; Tennis; Golf; Canoeing on the Romantic Cazenovia; Horseback Riding—and Strolls! Strolls! Arguments, much and many—Fine Fellowship and Delightful Music.

¶ No charge for Lectures, Concerts—No Extras—just your Board and Room at the Inn—at \$2.50 a day and up—American plan!

¶ Free Auto meets all trains.

¶ Perhaps it would be well to let us select your room for you *NOW!*

Ask us to send you a Free Booklet—"A LITTLE JOURNEY TO ROYCROFT"

Address: THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

LET me learn day by day the value and high doctrinality of suffering. Let me suffer always; not more than I am able to bear, for that drives a man mad; but still to suffer some, and never to sink up to

my eyes in comfort and grow dead in virtues and respectability.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Love and virtue are one, and a lapse from virtue is a lapse from love.—Hubbard.

THE FRA



CAZENOVIA CREEK AND ROYCROFT PARK



THROUGH THE ORCHARD TO THE SPRING

FOURNIER—LANDEAU Outdoor Summer School of Art

ALEXIS JEAN FOURNIER and SANDOR L. LANDEAU will conduct an Outdoor School of Art at East Aurora this Summer giving instruction in Figure and Landscape Painting, for which the beautiful vistas over woodlands, hills, valleys, running brooks, rocky glens of the country surrounding East Aurora are so aptly suited. "Not my Manner, nor his, do we strive to Teach, but the Spirit that's Your Own, is our aim to Reach." Thus succinctly is given the aim and purpose of the School. Both Mr. Fournier and Mr. Landeau have seen service under the foremost Teachers on the Continent, men like Harpignies, Laurens and Constant. Their work has been exhibited and commented upon from the Paris Salon and Crystal Palace Exhibition, London, to the Panama-Pacific Exposition

WHO'S WHO and WHY!

ALEXIS JEAN FOURNIER, Pupil of Jean Paul Laurens, Benjamin Constant, Henri Harpignies, and in Julian Academy of Paris; Member of Cliff Dwellers' Club and Artists' Guild, Chicago. EXHIBITED: Paris Salon, 1894-95, 1899-1900, 1901. Crystal Palace, London. Exhibition of Selected Paintings by Artists of the West, 1906, and Annual Exhibitions of Western Artists, in 1907-08, 1913-14. PICTURES at Detroit Museum; Muskegon, Michigan; Public Library, Woman's Club, and Minneapolis Club, Minneapolis; St. Paul Institute, St. Paul; Kenwood Club, Chicago, Panama Pacific Exposition, etc.

SANDOR L. LANDEAU, American artist. After an expedition in Old Mexico, he went to Paris, France, where he studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant and in Julian Academy. The last twenty-four years, Mr. Landeau traveled quite extensively in Europe. Also, in Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, Morocco, Canary Islands, Scandinavia, Russia, Spitzbergen and Bear Islands. Honorable Mention Paris Salon. Gold Medal, 1907, Paris Salon on his large Painting, *For the Lost of Sea*. Honorable mention Buffalo Exposition; exhibited Paris Salon, Liege, Belgium, Munich, and other countries.

Tuition Terms: For Entire Season, Three Months, \$75; Single Month, \$30. Accommodations in village from \$6 a week and up: At Roycroft Inn, American Plan, \$2.50 a day—with 10% discount by the week!

Golf, Canoeing, Dancing, Music, Lectures — WORK—PLAY—HEALTH! — Bring Your Tramping Togs! School Open June 15th to September 15th, 1916 — Instruction suited to the individual.

Address: ALEXIS JEAN FOURNIER, East Aurora, New York



ALONG CAZENOVIA CREEK



THE ROYCROFT SPRING

In this world a man must either be an anvil or a hammer.—*Longfellow*.
It is n't work that kills men, it is worry.
Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is

the rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery; it is the friction.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.
—J. G. Holland.

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Meet the Big Men and Women of the Country at the Annual Roycroft Convention
—Week of July 4th

THE FRA



The Canoe-Club Grounds



The Tennis-Court

VACATION LAND THE ROYCROFT AT EAST AURORA



BEFORE you make any decision as to where you will spend your Vacation this Summer, send for the booklet, *A Little Journey to the Roycroft Inn*.

It will tell you why East Aurora is more than a "Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad thirty minutes from Buffalo." It will tell you why you will enjoy your Vacation here this Summer.

THE ROYCROFT INN is a beautiful, artistic, restful Hostelry. The renown of the ROYCROFT SHOPS and the wonderful things that are wrought out of Copper and modeled in Leather, the artistically bound Books, the fine, sturdy

Furniture produced here in the big stone Workshops surrounded by green Campus and Shrubbery, the consciousness that all this represents the Life-Work and Enthusiasm of its Founder, Elbert Hubbard — envelops the place in a wealth of tradition and human history which reaches the hearts of hundreds who spend their Vacations at East Aurora each year.

HERE you meet the tousle-haired Literati bent on absorbing inspiration and star-dust; Artists who discourse about Cezanne and Matisse and who can prove to you in five short minutes why the Post-Impressionists are the Latter-Day Saints in the Field of Art — or not! Businessmen — yes, tired businessmen galore with their good wives,



Dining-Room — Roycroft Inn



Living-Room — Roycroft Inn

OELOQUENT, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the

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world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet!*—*Raleigh*.

Planning your Vacation? Make it from July 1st to 10th—the Roycroft Convention

THE FRA



Outdoor Lecture-Platform



Roycroft Park from the Spring

advertising men, lawyers, doctors, reformers, socialists, I. W. W.'s, bankers, Bible students, Drama leaguers, cow-punchers, Lake Mohonkers, Nihilists, Chautauquans, vegetarians and vivisectionists.

THE ROYCROFT INN in Summer is a veritable Milky Way of Celebrities, a galaxy of shimmering, scintillating, agitating human high lights who hold forth their heretical doctrines from the Peristyle of the Inn, in the Music-Room or in the Chapel, sometimes even out in the road with one foot on the curb and the other stumping miles below down on the macadam.

THE ROYCROFT offers you a Vacationists' Paradise that is utterly unlike any other. There is nothing rough, raucous, blatant or blaring about a Roycroft Summer Vacation. It is essentially quiet, intellectual and inspiring. Horses for riding, Automobiles, Camps, Tennis, Canoeing, Tramps Through the Woods, Dancing, Lectures, Music.

EAST AURORA is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed on Autoists. ¶ You're expected any time.

Will you come to see us this Summer?

RATES, \$2.50 A DAY AND UP. AMERICAN PLAN
SATISFYING MEALS. OUT-OF-DOOR SLEEPING-ROOMS

Write for Beautiful Free Booklet

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Roycroft Shop — Main Building



Rochester Ad Club in Convention at the Inn

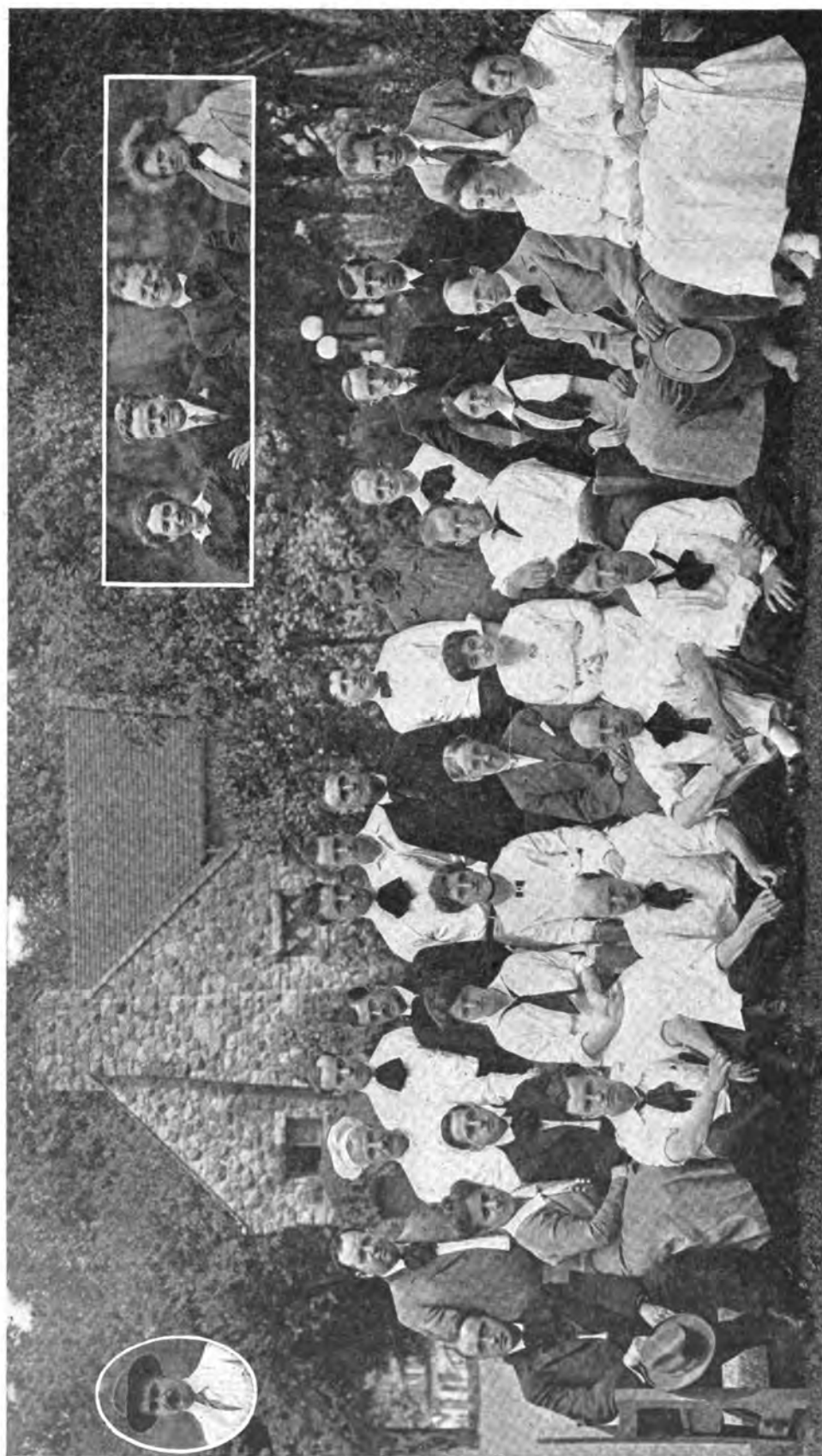
THE goal sought for by all mankind is freedom—freedom from thralldom, whether contained within the shackles of ancient or modern religious creeds, or within prejudices which are the out-

growth of environment and false teachings. Truth leads to freedom, for truth is freedom while error is slavery. Truth is progress, light and heaven. Error is defeat, darkness and hell.—*Floyd B. Wilson.*

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Shake hands with the Who's Who at the Annual Convention of the Roycrofters and Philistines—July 1st to 10th

THE FRA



Roycroft "Heads," and all other Roycrofters, including Ali Baba, Velvet Joe, and the Print-Shop "Devil," invite you—yes, you! —to come along and make merry at the 21st Annual Convention of Philistines, July 1-10th, 1916 — East Aurora, N. Y.

The 21st Annual Convention of the Roycrofters and Philistines will be Celebrated
July 1st to 10th

THE FRA

DEVOTED TO BUSINESS AND
THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR

JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



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ELBERT HUBBARD PUBLISHER

Vol. XVII

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

No. 3

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Elbert Hubbard's Economics

Bert Hubbard



RECENTLY got a letter from a *Fra* reader saying: "Cancel my subscription! I can't read your articles because, while you profess reverence for a great and good man, your father, you call atten-

tion to the stern side of him by telling of things he did which were severe. What if he was unreasonable at times?"

The intent of my articles has been to throw side-lights on the character of a man who, take him all in all, was very human. I have not endeavored to idealize him or surround him with a halo. One so versatile and many-sided as Elbert Hubbard must needs have been a man of many moods and striking characteristics. I have not tried to portray only the side which reflects the great and sublime. It has been my desire to give a close-up, intimate impression of him in his daily life that his readers and admirers other-

wise would not get. Webster defines a genius as: "A man endowed with uncommon vigor of mind. A man of superior intellectual faculties."

To have read Elbert Hubbard's writings very naturally prompts the expression from his reader, "What a genius!" But how natural, too, it is from a distance to imagine that the man was superhuman. Surely I would not underestimate him or try to impress the thought upon you that he was less than a superman. Just the reverse. But having in my mind's eye the picture of him as a man who ate and slept and walked through the daily routine of life, meeting its problems with the same measure of the commonplace as you and I, it seems to me that I owe no one an apology for treating my subject with a freedom such as comes only from intimate association.

MOST men of greatness have been called eccentric. Undoubtedly their eccentricities have been largely the reason for their greatness. The same energy that

Seventy-three

THE FRA

enables a man to reach a sublime height of thought or a pinnacle of fame and success, also makes him, under certain conditions, concentrate his forces upon trivial things with extreme care. As an example: I have known Elbert Hubbard to spend a hundred dollars making a sheep-pasture on the Roycroft lawns—the purpose being, of course, to beautify the landscape and provide scenery for Alex Fournier to put on canvas in the twilight of a summer day. You can easily imagine the damage a dozen sheep would do to a perfect lawn. Yet a few days before, when the sod was soft and some Roycroft boys punched holes in it with their heels during a little football practise, there appeared on the bulletin a classic notice suggesting dire things if repeated. The comparative damage done by the boys was not noticeable to what the sheep did.

Consistent economy is impossible except as a science, and then only when applied by machinery. We are lavish with our money or our praise on the one hand, and ultra-economic on the other. It just depends. Usually the latter is under the guise of endeavor to stop a leak or fill a rat-hole.

THAT reminds me of when I was engineer in the Printshop. We had one of those little up-and-down boilers. I had blown off the water the night before, and when I fired up in the morning I forgot to put in fresh water. Seven o'clock came, but no steam. Suddenly I found the reason and beat it out the back way, fearing an explosion. But I remembered that boilers don't blow up without water in them. So I went back and after pulling the fire and letting her cool off, put in water and fired up again.

The first fire, without water in the old kettle, had sprung the flues—and my, how they leaked! It was next to impossible to keep the fire going. Something must be done, and quickly! There were six pressmen waiting and the *Phil* was late anyway. "John" had been away on a lecture-

tour, and did n't get his copy in. Right there I thought of how Ali Baba had stopped the cistern's leaking by putting bran in the water. You see, the bran stuck in the cracks and swelled up. Why not try it in the boiler! I rushed to the barn, got a quart of bran and mixed in some cornmeal for a binder. Then I took out the safety-valve and proceeded to stuff the perfectly good grain into the boiler.

Just then my father came to the press-room and took in the situation. My recollection of all that happened and all he said is blurred. Only one particular thing stands out. He had on an economical streak that morning. The idea of using valuable horsefeed to plug a leaky boiler! I tried to explain that I knew of nothing cheaper. Well, he did! And presently he brought me a bushel-basketful of stable debris. The leaks were temporarily plugged up, and the bran and cornmeal went back to the feed-bin.

How that old boiler did foam! I did n't know whether it had much or little water in it. But every little while I would shoot some in for luck. That was before the days of Safety First. Just why the thing did n't explode I don't know. The same kind Providence that looks after the kids and the fools probably was on my side. We saved the bran and cornmeal though, even if the boiler did foam over into the engine and stop it a dozen times that day. I imagine that economy of that sort is an inbred proposition. The spending of money in chunks is an acquired habit or ability—that is, with a man who begins life poor and is obliged to conserve. It is easier for him to save than to spend. Elbert Hubbard was a good businessman. He knew how to save money, how to make it and how to spend it. He was conservative and he was extravagant—at times—just as we all are. He went to the widest extremes. This—because he was a genius and therefore eccentric. Everything, though, at the last is only relative. One can be unheard of by doing nothing and saying nothing.

"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

Free-Speech Bigots



WAS born in a Roman Catholic home, of Roman Catholic parents. I attended a Roman Catholic School until I was ten years old. At times I sang in the Choir and served Mass as an Altar-

Boy! *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

I have swung an Incense-Lamp, doused a congregation with Holy Water—and I have learned to recite by heart a seventy-two-page, eight-point catechism.

I am quite familiar with Original Sin, Venial Sin, Mortal Sin, the Seven Capital Sins, by precept and by experience.

I have taken all the formal Degrees.

I know the value of Indulgences, Dispensations, and just how to climb out of Purgatory, and what it costs.

Nevertheless, I can not conscientiously feel that I have ever been a Roman Catholic. As I see it, I can not be anything unless I have conviction—and when it came time for me to have convictions, I found that I wanted to *know and compare*, before I subscribed. I am at it yet.

I have very little liking for Roman Catholic Theology—I believe it has outlived its day and generation. I think it unfortunate that we seemingly still lack the strength to outgrow it.

Contrariwise, I have the kindest memories of priests and sisters; their gentleness and goodness, and withal their simplicity and their harmlessness!

With this as a premise, I believe I may discuss a little happening in Haverhill, Mass., some days back, with a degree of understanding of Both Sides!

THOMAS E. LEYDEN, an ex-Catholic Priest, who styles himself an "Evangelist," attempted to hold a meeting in Haverhill to tell the good people just how and why the "Roman Catholic Hierarchy opposed the Public-School System."

He was billed as the "Converted Roman Catholic Preacher"!—Unfortunately for Mr. Leyden, the Audience did not take kindly to his Message. They broke up his Meeting and chased him out of town.

"T was a "Mob"!—and the Mob practised "Violence"! They denied the gentleman "Free Speech"!

All of which was wrong!

Sunday next, half the Protestant ministers of Massachusetts found a Live Text in the incident. They cussed out the Catholics, generally and generously, from the time of J. Iscariot. To keep up the temperature, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, of the free SUNDAY COMMONS, Boston, invited Mr. Leyden to speak from his platform. Again—all of which was wrong!

FREE SPEECH is the first necessity of Democracy. Without Free Speech, Greed and Graft, Creed and Ignorance, rule and oppress the people. Progress stops.

William Lloyd Garrison etched on the sensitive surface of this Civilization these words: "*I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.*"

We echo and applaud him.

But Free Speech is not necessarily Frenzy! Not Bigotry! And an ex-Catholic Priest

Seventy-five

THE FRA

who yawps and yelps and kiyis and froths at the mouth; who for any pretext sicks the Protestants on to the Catholics and the Catholics on the Protestants is simply trying to transmit *Personal Hatred*.

It is absurd to make a Religious Issue of his mouthings. He has no forthright message. His eyes are on the past, not on the future! His desire is to warm over a feud of the Middle Ages! He's a Bigot! I know how those Catholic boys felt when Leyden came to their town to poison the minds of their Protestant neighbors! To lie about their Church, their Priests!

"This Backslider! This Deserter! This Renegade!" And they heaved a brick, and another!—Which, you will agree, was a waste of bricks!

Anti-Papists or Anti-Protestants of the prejudiced breed of Leyden should be left to the Fool-Killer—who stands them up in a corner of his Paradise and lambastes the meanness out of them, with a sockful of Limburger Cheese!

If you question that Leyden is a Broad-Minded Teacher, permit me to quote: "The Public-School System was established to insure an enlightened people who might read and interpret the Bible!" Do you wonder that some one caressed him with a cobblestone?

The Bible has no more to do with the Public Schools of these United States than the *Koran*, the *Talmud*, the *Philosophy of Epictetus*—and not so much as has George Ade's *Fables in Slang*!

When the *Protestant Bible* is read in the Public Schools, it is not only *Religious Teaching*—it is *Sectarian Teaching*. Certainly such a practise is not in harmony with the principles of *Religious Liberty* expounded by our forefathers!

Yet this past Winter the Legislature of the State of New York consumed much time and taxpayers' money considering a Bill framed by Sen. William P. Greiner, providing for the daily reading of the Bible—the *Protestant Bible*—in the Public Schools of this State.

Not until a prominent Catholic Divine told them that he would withdraw all Catholic children rather than submit them to the *forced teachings of another Faith*, was the Bill defeated!

Even then, the nice little provincial State Senators could n't understand why *THE Bible* was not "good for everybody?"

Sunday mornings my little boy attends the Methodist Sunday School. Some Sundays, for variety, he attends the Presbyterian Sunday School. Always he "remembers" what was taught him. Sunday noon, across the Dinner-Table, he instructs the Family in the Religious Life.

That is as it should be.

I choose to let the little chap broaden his vision. I hope he will always reason out his decisions! That's Sunday—and *FREE ACTION* of Will!

But suppose you want to teach my boy some Faith or other, in a Public School on Monday morning? Or persistently and perniciously read aloud a Book to him, good or bad, that is a *symbol* of some Faith? In a School supported by taxes received from people of *many Faiths*? Then I am ready for war, red war!

Because you have no right! Because in this country the Church and the State are *twain*! Because I suspect you of proselyting! Because it is n't *fair*!

Catholic Schools are supported by Catholics—and by voluntary funds! Moreover, Catholics who desire their children to have *Religious Teachings* as well as *regular School Studies* must support these Private Institutions and then turn 'round and support the *Public Schools*.

There is no complaint on this score!

But surely it is an imposition to expect them *not* to feel indignant when the *Protestant Bible* is read in the "Public" School. Surely you can not hope for them to smile or approve!

On this question there can be no argument: so long as the *Protestant Bible* is read illegally in Public Schools, to Catholic, Jewish and Mohammedan Children, *injustice* is being done!

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I say, take the Protestant Bible out of the Public Schools and you not only remove the Catholics' (and the Mohammedans' and the Jews') just cause for complaint—you help to eliminate the need as felt for Parochial Schools. You take away from the Catholic Priest the only potent argument that insures the support of the competitive Parochial Schools.

To eliminate the objection to the present Public-School System of America, first eliminate the feature that finds itself objectionable—i. e., the *Protestant Bible!*

MAYOR BARTLETT vetoed the Permit given to Mr. Leyden to speak in the Haverhill City Hall—but four short-sighted Councilmen overruled him. Mayor Bartlett's logic is sound and he has commonsense, as you may discern:

"These buildings are the common property of all citizens. The money of Protestants and Catholics and Jews built them and supports them, and to allow their use for the purpose of attacking any Class who have proprietary rights in them would be a violation of the trust imposed upon me as the Mayor of the whole city."

Rabbi Charles Fleischer, who resigned his Synagogue, but who has the greatest respect for Jewish people, and Tolerance and Good-Will for all People, let his kindly heart and his knowledge of the necessity for Free Speech betray him into encouraging Leyden: "Free Speech is more important than the hurt feelings of anybody." Yet Dr. Fleischer knows that were he himself to be converted to, let us say, Catholicism, he would not have the *poor judgment* to defame and vilify the Jewish Religion or to miscalculate the motives of its preachers!

¶ Seven Hundred People came out to hear Mr. Leyden at the Boston Sunday Commons. There was a plentiful sprinkling of Cops. Praise be, nothing happened! Except that Mr. Leyden took an hour to talk ten minutes' worth!

Nevertheless, a few more Press Notices for him—like this—and Redpath may

make him an offer to do the Kerosene Circuit this Summer!

Underestimated

FOR Laboratory use, I purchased this week the twelve Journals that are supposed to hold the attention of the American Woman. I became acquainted with a condition which an intelligent Woman described to me as "tragic!"

I found "How to Cook"—"How to Select Furnishings and Fixings"—"How to Keep House," and "How to Care for Baby." I found Styles that literally prostitute. I found Puerile Fiction! I found maudlin sentiment, disguised as "Stories With a Moral!" I found the Adventures of the Sweet Young Damsel who went up against the Heat and was badly singed, but not quite burned; an interesting invitation to maidenhood! I found Experiences, by Ladies with the minds of Roues: "How I Got a Divorce From My Husband"—"How I Found My Husband Out!"—"What Ended My Bliss!"—Stuff that would make Eleanor Glyn faint with professional jealousy.

I am ashamed to say I found absolutely nothing for the American Woman's Head-Piece, but cold cream and "Hair Color." You can not read this mess without coming to one of two conclusions: Either the American Woman is a Rockaby-Baby, Come-and-kiss-me-Will Simpleton, or else these Publications *underestimate her!* I choose the latter!

Such man-made magazines exist and prosper because the Women with Minds have been busy; very busy; too busy.

But when a crude typewritten carbon copy comes to my desk, with the "News" of the Women who are bound Upward and Onward—and a Million-Dollar Publication comes representing the Baby Dolls—I say to myself, "The Baby Dolls have it"—and give Equal Suffrage the go-by as a Live Subject!

The way to let mere man know what Woman can do—is to do it! When Men

Seventy-seven

say, "Woman's place is the home," they can prove it by the present mushy lot of Female Publications!

I herewith nominate Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, President, and Beatrice Forbes Robertson-Hale, Manager, of a Company-to-be, to issue a *Brain Magazine* of 2,000,000 circulation, *of Women, for Women and by Women*.

All other Suffrage Work to stop until the Go-Ahead Women demonstrate that they can get together on this vital *educational* monthly; educational for women and ultra-educational for men—especially Publishers and Editors, who, it is insinuated, "Mold Public Opinion"!

Follies!

I CAN not vouch for the truth of all that's set down here—Ali Baba is prone to exaggerate. But I tell it to you as he told it to me yesterday afternoon while we fixed the horse-corral fence! Baba's Neighbor subscribes to the Hearst Newspapers, and Baba borrows them the next day. So he's always in touch with Metropolitan Doings, and in a sort of Long-Distance fashion participates in what goes on. Moreover, he has opinions! For weeks before the Willard-Moran Fight, Baba was in a quandary. He did not know whether to subscribe to the Sentiments or the Sports Page or the Last Page of *The Journal*. On the Last Page, Brisbane barked that Prizefighting was Brutal, Immoral, Degrading! Inside, on the "Best Sport Page in New York," Tad Dorgan dilated on the Manly Art of Self-Defense—called the Pugs, Modern Gladiators and Physical-Culturists.

Day before the Fight, Baba was arguing the ethics of the case with Cy, who is a Methodist Deacon, and the Red One, a Cynical Philosopher. While they were all talking at once, Lou Calder dropped in from New York to sell us several carloads of Paper Stock—and to tell us the Market was going higher!

Lou settled the controversy by inviting

the disputants to return to New York with him as his guests and attend the fight.

We sent the Roycroft Band down to the Station to see them off. Ali Baba wore his cowhide boots and hickory shirt; Cy, the frock coat and ascot tie he uses exclusively for funerals; while Red had asked me for the lend of the loan of my new Sears-Roebuck Sombrero—and what could I say but "Yes"!

You understand, please, that this trip was made in the interest of the Higher Morality; to determine withal the status of Mr. Hearst; his sincerity; his influence.

I AIN'T kickin'!" Baba expostulated, as he rested while I drove some ten-penny nails into a two-by-four, "but if I was that feller Hearst, I'd fire Brisbane and raise Tad's salary. The money ain't in Morality; it's in Prizefightin'. But mebbe Hearst knows; he's given two pages to prizefights and only two columns to Editorials agin 'em. Mebbe these two last columns are jest to "Whoa-Bossie" Ministers o' the Gospel.

"Y'know," he continued, "Lou got us a Box, an' say—that feller Willard can hit as hard as St. Jerome!"

"How did the other boys enjoy it?" I asked him as a feeler.

"Ole Red, he just sit there with that damn Big Hat of yourn pulled down over his eyes, and never opened his trap 'cept to grunt! Cy, he s'prised me! He yelled, 'Soak him, Moran! Soak 'im in the brek-fust, Moran!' and he *smoked stogies!* Say, don't mention it to the Boys—but Cy, he acted just like a *Sport!*"

NEXT day Lou sed he had an appointment with Mr. Charles Schwab, and would we excuse him for an hour.

"'Sure,' I tol' him, 'and give Charlie our regards! Tell him next time he comes to East Aurora, he can show me how to milk that spotted heifer, agen!'"

"Then Cy and me and Red went for a walk on Fifth Avenoo, kinda lookin' to find the Building Jay Kaufman owns. Before

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we 'd gone a block, a fresh choofer asked Red, 'Where did you get that Hat?'

"Red dodges us, and went up to that young feller and sed, sez he, 'Please repeat, my anemic and eloquent young friend, and I 'll tear out five miles of your Little Intestines and hang you with 'em to a Lamp-Post!'

"I took hold of Red, 'Gosh darn ye! Do you want to get thirty days in the Calaboose?' but I doubt I 'd 've moved him if Old Alex Fournier did n't bob up jest then, outa nowhere.

"Alex was all done up in that checkered suit of his'n and a cane! 'Red,' sez he, 'that man is your social and mental inferior! Let him alone! I want you to come along and see how my Barbizon Exhibit is hung. Jess two doors up! I value your judgment on Light and Shadow,' sez Alex, and Red, who always did like Soft Stuff, linked arms with Alex.

MONDAY night, Lou took us to the Hippodrome, 'cause Cy insisted! Afterwards, he said there was another show in town, 'The Midnight Follies,' a show held on top of a roof!

"Alex came with us, and we shot up in an elevator and squared away in a kind of a Restaurant, at a little tin table. Nothin' on the table but a half-dozen wooden hammers. Lou said it was a MENTAL play and the hammers were to test the *mentality* of the audience.

"Alex sounded my head and I passed 100 per cent. Red and Cy refused to be tested because they said if I could pass, any damphool could! I told 'em that *they* ought to know what damphools could do!

¶ "Jess then, somebody lifted the Curtain and out came the prettiest lot of Little Girls I ever did see—all harnessed up in hoop-skirts, like Old Man Spencer's Aunt used to wear 'em!

"They were n't on no stage, but right smack in front of us. They all smiled at us friendly-like, and I noticed Cy and Red hitched up their chairs!

"Next time they came out they were

covered over with Balloons, and they switched around like a lot of fillies! I seed a smart young college feller reach out with his cigarette and touch a balloon and 'Bang' off it went. The girl did n't mind a'tall. Then a lot of other fellers did the same, and I asked Lou was it all right

"He said, 'Sure!'—so I took Alex's Cigarette and when I saw a nice chuckly little black-eyed one come around, I stabbed at a balloon. She jumped skittish-like, and my Boot slipped on that goldarn floor, my chair shoved out from under me, and down I went kerplunk!

"All those fresh young fellers haw-hawed, and the girls ducked back behind.

"Minute after out came a Cowpuncher all dolled up like Roger Hoeft. Says he, 'I think the Visitors have been lickerin' up! '—an' somethin' about 'the more you drink the further you reach!'

"I thought he meant me, so I told him, 'Looket here, you Movie-Picture Puncher, I never took a drink in my life! You bring out your bad horse—and jess let's see whether you or I can ride him!'

"The Audience cheered me, and the Puncher he felt pretty cheap, I guess, an' ducked behind the curtain; an' he did n't bring on no horse, he did n't!

"'Stead of a horse—he came out with a Lil Gal. They danced all around the room over a rope. The gal wore a red shirt and cowboy pants with long hair on 'em.

"Lou nudged Red and asked him, 'Some Angora Chaps—Eh, what!'

"And Red answered him, 'No—Some Chap's Angora!'

"Well, it wuz ge'tin' late, and Lou he up and sez he had to see Mr. John Wanamaker that same day *early*.

"Jess then, the curtain fell back again—and I 'll be hornswoggled if that Cowboy and his friends had n't tied one of the slickest little girls to the front end of a Cannon! Half her clothes tore off!

"I said, 'For Gawd's sake, Lou, they ain't goin' to kill that little girl for havin' some harmless fun this evenin', are they? —I ain't goin' to let 'em!' sez I.

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"He sez, 'Oh, No! Baba!—Nobody will hurt her—She's jest posin'! She's a Model. Daytimes she poses for pictures!'"

¶ "I took another look, and by cracky, Felix, it just came to me how an interesting feller like Alex could get any fun out of paintin' pictures!"

"'Land o' Goodness!' I sez to Lou, sez I, 'here's one poor, no-nothin' Ole man that's going home!'"

Baba's Travelogue was rudely broken into by Velvet Joe, who stuck his head out the Barn-Door to overhear Baba's last words. "Going home!" he shrilled contemptuously, "You don't go 'way from here tonight, Baba, 'till you feed the Stock! You walked out of this Barnyard last night, with one of the Visitors, your tongue a-waggin' at both ends! Who did your Chores?—I did! You come in here right now—and do your own milkin'—!"

An Irish Bull

AROUND my grandfather's place there worked an old Irishman who came over following the Famine in 1847. A Revolutionary spirit, he had become embroiled in 1848 with the Young Ireland Party. For days, in hiding in the Peat-Bogs, he had gone without food until the chance came to run for it. Eventually, he made his escape to sea. Many the time I have sat, mouth agape, and listened to his wonder-tales of the lion-hearted bravery of the Irish—"Bedad, some day Ould Oirland will be free!"

¶ "But why did n't you win *your* Rebellion?" I would ask him.

"Shush, me lad!—The trouble with the Irish is that they are all descindints of Kings—and ivery wan of them thinks for himsilf. Every wan of them comes to a differint conclusion. Then, Wurra! Wurra! along marches the domned English, four abrist, who niver think, and catches the Paddies going in different directions, and kills them off like hares, one at a toime!"

¶ With 100,000 Irish Boys at "The Front," a number of the descendants of

Irish Kings but recently started another half-baked Rebellion!

I admire their pluck and my heart beats warm for them, especially as I recognize in them the dupes of Germany. But I damn the kind of hot-headed Donnybrook Leadership that will wipe out in a day the good John Redmond has accomplished in a lifetime!

With Home Rule for Ireland at the end of the War a certainty—with the long, miserable squabble for Irish Liberty to be over at last—the Sinn-Feiners attempt to demonstrate to England that under no circumstances must England dare to hope for even a "neutral" attitude from the Irish Isle in time of trouble.

Self-Preservation may now compel England to hold on, though most Englishmen would hasten to welcome a solution to the "Irish Question!"

When Mrs. Pankhurst announced, in 1914, "Until this War is over, Equal Suffrage for English Women can wait," she thus with a sentence did more for "the Cause" than would a hundred years of sullen Rebellion.

Did the Irish profit by this example of wise policy? Not they! They cabled a code-message of Victory to George Sylvester Viereck, put on their O'Sullivan Rubber Heels and hurroo'd and hurraw'd themselves down *Sackville Street* and got shot up with artillery for their pains.

God help the Irish! They can help everybody but themselves!

Censored

WHEN Omar philosophized, "The moving finger writes and having writ—not all your Piety or Wit can cancel half a line," he laid himself open to the indictment that he had never held down an Advertising Job.

I know a hundred Advertising Men who have writ half a line, a sentence, a page, conscientiously, convincingly, intelligently, interestingly, to have the whole goldarn thing canceled, censored, wiped

out by the Big Blue Pencil in the Front Office—without either Piety or Wit.

The Advertising Man, above all the impotent things that swim, crawl, screech, hoot, fawn, bite, smirk or grimace, must stand patiently by and see the work he has given his life to, broken and twisted, to make it conform with "House Policy."

¶ Each Advertisement must contain a representation of the "Package," the "Trademark," a picture of the "Boss," the "Slogan" and the "Signature." Any Advertising Idea that does not include these cast-iron figures gets stabbed in the fracas with the Blue Pencil!

You are familiar with the conventional "Trademark": a daffodil rampant in the right claw of a Screech-Owl, resting on the east end of a Jackass, nibbling alfalfa! Underneath are the words, "I did n't raise my boy to be a soldier"—"Votes for Women!"—and "Safety First!"

Perhaps a successful advertisement requires especially constructed identification-marks nailed to it. Rather, the idea, suggesting a service to be rendered, impresses me. "*Your friends can buy anything you can give them—except your photograph.*"—There 's an Eastman idea, and presented in twelve words it's the most effective advertisement of the year!

¶ I attended a little meeting the other evening of Bibliophiles. Books three, four, five hundred years old were exhibited, analyzed. Type-pages, margins and proportions were especially noted.

A bright Bookworm suggested we inspect a few pages of present-day Advertising and judge them typographically.

The *Literary Digest* was the magazine whose pages were riffled. Hart, Schaffner & Marx's advertisement of the Old Man in the Chair, the Young Man and the Young Woman, was deemed the worthiest, the best designed.

BUT—the universal criticism, the thing that spoiled the page, was the Trademark dragged in by the heels to serve no purpose, except the very doubtful one of HOUSE POLICY!

The Trademark crowded the copy "out of true"—pushed it off to one side—cramped the arrangement; found itself alone, alone and unsupported—a smudgy thumb-print on an otherwise perfect page. Though it may have been gross injustice to the co-operative spirit of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the men assembled (not Advertising Men) agreed that the Trademark had been stuck in "afterwards" by the Front Office.

I recall writing for a Journal some years ago the Business Experiences of a great man, and *under his signature*. The man had not been "in print" in years, and the story was revolutionary, a scoop. It required a bit of diplomacy to get permission to publish it at all. Yet the Editors of that publication spent a morning with me evolving a smart caption—*How to Make a Million in a Minute*. Oh! but it was smart, and cheap!

Lives there an advertising writer with soul so dead, who never has ground his teeth and swallowed his gullet when the Plain Businessman has said: "That is n't it—I won't presume to criticize or suggest, but that is n't it! Now I know just what I want, but THAT IS N'T IT!"

My heart's sympathy goes out to the Advertising Man who for economic reasons must stay with the work, and take the discredit and be judged by "Copy" the Front Office has "revised"!

I have always believed that a man qualified to criticize an advertisement should be qualified to write a better one. And is he? N-o-o-o-o!

An Idea is an idea. No two men may see it in exactly the same light! When the Front Office censors, the Advertisements *all read alike*; all without life, or lift or inspiration! The little variations, and maybe absurdities, that make them "Human" are trimmed out! They are as interesting as a Frame Factory-Building! I give a word of warning to that all-wise, all-seeing, omnipotent arbiter, that infallible emasculator, who blue-pencils, pooh-poohs, cuts out, eliminates, extracts every

line of ingenuity, originality and cleverness—the LAW OF COMPENSATION works for him as well as for the man he bullies!

He or his Father just happened to hawk his wares when first the World was flat—he just happened, perhaps, to be there when they struck "ile"—he just happened to wander into Canaan when the milk and honey was placed on the Buffet. He must not put the Creative Minds around his establishment in prison, or the reaction will get him!

"Safe and Sane" is the slogan of a coward! The History of the World was written by men whom their Neighbor thought just a little bit "touched"—sun-kist, moonstruck! Your Advertising-Man's Judgment may improve on yours—even though you did grow up with the business!

¶ Fact is, your clever Advertising Man may be the Competitor who will put you out of Business within five years' time. Capital is always searching for brains! Don't underestimate him—either fire him or give him your full confidence.

Unless you mend your ways, my Blue-Pencil Friend, when you pass out, no comets will be seen in the Sky and a Great Silence will prevail on the Earth. Silence, because the People will be reading the kind of advertisements that you once said "Ain't just it"!

Slowing up the Quick

F. B. WILLARD, Master Artist of the HARTFORD GRUB STUDIOS, New York, advocates the *Light* Lunch, but not the *Quick* Lunch.

His fifteen cleanly Eating-Places on Manhattan Island can serve you a perfect Lunch in ten seconds; but Mr. Willard maintains you make a gastronomic error when you guzzle it in ten minutes.

All Americans are in a hurry; many of these hurry-up hustlers bolt their food—when actually they are victims of Habit, with forty minutes to spare! Indigestion comes.

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Indigestion develops a Groucherino, and a Groucherino is not a Good Customer for anybody, any time, anywhere.

Thereupon Mr. Willard scratched his Boston Baked Bean and pondered. To wit and to woo he came to East Aurora.

¶ "Boys, I have it! I'm going to speed up their Minds and slow down their Legs, adjusting both Ends to help the Middle!"

¶ And he uncovered his Idea!

Now when you reach for your Coffee and Crullers, your Ham-Sandwich or your Piece of Pie at the HARTFORD LUNCH, the Intelligent Young Man behind the Counter passes you the Order and with it a tasteful Roycroft Booklet of Mental Pot-Pourri to top-off on!

While you masticate the Sandwich and sip the Coffee, you likewise imbibe a little knowledge on Timely Topics!

"*The Future of Servia.*"

"*Wu Ting-Fang's Chinese Republic!*"

"*WHY Preparedness?*"

Presently a half-hour has elapsed—and but Two Chapters of the Story remain. You order an Orange, or an Olla-podrida, and finish the Lunch, and the Essay, in forty minutes exactly!

A fifteen-minute walk before you return to the Office assists the digestion of both the mental and the physical Fare!

Next day you return to HARTFORD LUNCH and bring a Friend that you may make clear to him the obtuseness of the Author's attitude on PREPAREDNESS. And why not?

Is n't this a country of Free Speech? Are n't the HARTFORD LUNCH arm-chairs comfortable; the food appetizing? "No, thankee, August; I'll not have another Cup o' Custard—I've had three already!"

All of which demonstrates that you can't keep a Squirrel on the ground, catch a Weasel asleep, or prevent a Thinker in any Line of Business from benefiting his Friends, his Customers, while he likewise benefits himself.

Viva la HARTFORD LUNCH!

Banzai Willard!

Play to a Purpose

Winifred Sackville Stoner, Author of "Natural Education"



OW much precious time is wasted by both big folks and little folks in aimless play! There is nothing aimless in Nature. We are Nature's children. Why, then, should we kill time in trying to amuse ourselves in playing games without a purpose?

I am not advocating Work as a substitute for Play. "Work is for an end, but play is the very end itself." Work is life's gnome, while Play is a bright fairy. Work is any occupation in which we engage without the help of bright Fairy Interest. Play is occupation directed by this glorious sprite. Mr. Edison says that he plays when he is busily engaged in his laboratory, and all of us who have some special mission in life are willing to stick to our endeavor and find joy in occupation as long as "Interest" remains with us —

AS I have traveled all over the world and watched children of various nations and different walks of life in their games, I have felt sad to think of the time and energy that is wasted in so-called play. It is my hope to persuade all of my brothers and sisters of all ages to learn how to play and to keep on playing until they reach the massive gateway which leads to another life, where, I hope, there will be still more and better play. ¶ If we parents would forget our years and follow in the footsteps of Julia Ward Howe, who played when she was a great-grandmother, we might all reach the one hundred and fiftieth milestone which scientists say is the allotted age of man. When some one asked Julia Ward Howe how she managed to keep so youthful at ninety, she said: "When

I was a mother I played with my children. When I was a grandmother I played with my grandchildren, and now that I am a great-grandmother I play with my great-grandchildren."

And the games in which this great author engaged were, as I have recently learned from one who knew her, games to a purpose. She knew the power that jingled facts exert over children's minds, and she used jingles to teach the wee folks information which they should know. She believed, as I have always believed, that it is foolish to supply education or the nourishing fluid of existence to children for nine months in the year and then let them starve for three months called "vacation." We do not give water to flowers for a certain length of time, and then leave them without this life-giver for another set period.

The crying need of today is for schools to teach the art of parenthood. And to be good parents we must know how to play with our children. There is too much time spent in schools and colleges learning about "ologies" and "isms." Every school and every university should teach young students of both sexes how to prepare for parenthood, the object for which they were created.

THERE is no reason why information upon all subjects can not be given to children in the public schools in play form. Games may be taught to little folks which will not only give needed information but also be so interesting that the child will continue to play after school-hours and the word "school" will be as attractive as "Moving-Picture Show." Children so taught will grow up to love play, and they will be able to teach their children in the art of play to a purpose. And parents who know how to play with their little ones have far greater influence in molding children's

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characters than those who wear pokers up their backs and stand on their own supposed-to-be dignity.

The Japanese as a people are very loyal to their parents and entertain the highest respect for them. The foundation of this great love and respect is laid not through fear of parental punishment, but because Japanese mothers and fathers play with their little ones. And the Japanese games, I am glad to say, all teach useful lessons.

¶ Play to a purpose is taught to us by all animal mothers. Let us watch old Mother Tabby as she plays with her kittens. When she shows them how to catch their tails or to leap for a ball she is training their muscles so that when they grow up they will be able to earn their own livelihood catching rats and mice. ■ ■

Why should not mothers and fathers train their little ones with a view to efficiency even in the cradle?

THERE are but two things worth attaining in life: to learn self-control and to be so equipped that we can be of service. There is no greater joy than the joy of service. And my argument is that games should be played to learn these important factors in a life of success and happiness. ■ ■

Along such lines I have striven to educate my little daughter Winifred, who at the age of twelve years was pronounced by Dr. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, "To know more and to be able to do more than the average college graduate." Winifred is not a genius. She is but a well-developed—I might say, all-round-developed—happy, robust, thirteen-year-old girl, who has learned how to play to a purpose and thus get the best out of life.

Before her birth I tried to give her a heritage of smiles and good health, and as soon as she was born I talked to her as if she were an intelligent being—not an animated vegetable. I do not believe that children's nerves are injured by

talking to them in the early baby state. In fact, I am convinced that the very reason we have nervous babies is because parents put the little ones in dark rooms and expect them to sleep away their existence. I believe with Edison that we all sleep too much and eat too much. And I do not agree with physicians who say that it is good for babies to cry. When they cry they are hungry, uncomfortable or want to be amused. And I believe in amusing them.

When Winifred Stoner was but six weeks of age I tied a red balloon to her wrist, and as she waved her hands in usual baby fashion the balloon went up and down. This attracted her attention and amused her. Then I would talk to her about this toy, calling it red, round, pretty, light, etc., and in time she learned to know the meaning of these adjectives.

¶ At the foot of her bed I hung bells of different tones, each tied with a different-colored ribbon. Sometimes I would ring these bells and speak of the red color, blue color, etc. At other times I let her amuse herself by fastening a string attached to the bells, to her hands or feet. As she would kick her feet or wave her hands she caused the bells to ring, and in her earliest babyhood days she showed pleasure at the sound.

I AM a strong believer in training children's senses in the cradle and in amusing them by bringing the god Music into the nursery. In all of my games for children of all ages, music plays an important part, and I find that little ones who are early given training in eurhythmics, or co-ordination of mind and muscle, not only learn how to play musical instruments with little trouble, but also learn to become rhythmic in mind and body and have the ability to learn foreign languages even more quickly than they learned their own.

Any one remembers a fact presented in jingle form better than if given in plain prose. I use jingles sung to well-known

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airs while playing simple games to teach important facts in history, physiology, mathematics, and in fact all of the sciences.

The ball, which has long helped to bring health and happiness to children, is my best help in teaching children to count, in giving them some idea of metrics while scanning Vergil's Aeneid, and throwing the ball in rhythmic motion and in developing muscles.

A sand-box is another rightful heritage of every child. If you teach baby that he must not turn himself into a human sand-pile, by holding his hands every time he attempts to put sand into his mouth, for at least one day, he can then play in the sand with no harm to himself and find great amusement as well as instruction. Through a sand-pile I taught my little girl many important facts in geography, history, geometry, etc.

IN my natural educational schoolrooms I claim that there are but three things necessary to give a child an educational foundation. These tools are a typewriter, a good dictionary and "The Book of Knowledge."

A typewriter fascinates even two-year-old babies, and through the aid of this fairy machine I teach the kiddies how to read, to spell, to punctuate, to speak good English, and to memorize classical gems. Any normal child of five years of age can easily learn how to read in ten days via the Typewriter Play Route. The same fairy teaches him how to observe and to concentrate, and also develops the muscles in his fingers so that when he wishes to play on the piano or some stringed instrument he will have little trouble.

NO one likes to do anything when told that he must do it. If we tell Johnnie that he must run out of doors and play "Hide-and-Seek" with Mary, he does not want to play. We must first arouse his interest, and keep the tyrant's word

"MUST" from our vocabularies. Children may be taught to play many games with a good old dictionary. This book should be the source of amusement as well as information for the whole family. With it I use the wonderful children's encyclopedia called "The Book of Knowledge," which answers almost any question children may ask. The game of asking questions is a delight to every child's heart, and it may be made a pleasure to parents when they learn how to answer these questions.

As parents owe everything to the children they have brought not only into this world but for the world to come, it is their duty to make the pathway to knowledge one of joy rather than drudgery to the wee folks. This may be easily accomplished if mothers take more time for constructive play with the little ones than for housework and embroidery. No mother who has young children has time for elaborate embroidery and lace and bead work. She should save her eyesight for reading to the children, and if something must be neglected let her leave her beds unmade in the morning and take walks or play games with the kiddies.

When fathers come home in the evening they should not think that they are the demigods who can sit in quiet and read the evening paper while mothers put the youngsters to bed. It is their duty to play games with the little ones, and to help their wives tuck the babies into bed. Many educational games may be played by parents with children which will be instructive to the parents themselves, and thus every one will be made happy. Then, after the youngsters have gone to bed, Father can enjoy his well-earned newspaper and Mother can revel in the books she loves best.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, first find out what you are now.—*Ruskin*.

Eighty-five

Capital and Savings

Frank A. Vanderlip, President The National City Bank of New York



ENGLAND, France and Germany were formerly bankers for the world. Since the beginning of the war these nations have furnished no new capital to other countries heretofore largely dependent upon them. Practically every country in South America has been caught in the midst of the construction of public works, the completion of which it was expected would be financed in Europe. Such countries are now turning to America for capital. It has been estimated that the European market in 1910 to 1913 furnished for public utility development in this country \$100,000,000 a year. Today, instead of placing new securities in Europe, we are buying back securities formerly placed there. Instead of counting on fresh funds from that quarter we are giving consideration to carrying on interrupted development in countries which had expected to finance in Europe.

WE are facing a period when the demands upon capital are going to be very great, and the rates are going to average higher than we have been used to. In addition to the requirements of foreign governments, the railroads and industrials which have been pursuing a policy of retrenchment will have important demands for capital.

You may answer that, in spite of this, money is plentiful, that the banks have extraordinary surplus reserves and are lending money at a lower rate than they have done in years before. Do not be deceived by the present banking situation. Do not let low rates for bank-loans lead you into any belief that the destruction of capital in Europe will not have its effect upon the price of investment

capital in America. It is true that we see the lowest bank-rates that we have known in years, and that there are the greatest surplus reserves that our banks have ever held; but there is an essential, fundamental difference between bank funds and investment funds. The great fund of money in the banks is not capital owned by the bankers which they may invest at will. It is a fund held by the bankers subject to the order of their depositors, and must be invested in the main by the bankers in such manner that they can get it back at short notice. It is true that the banks at the moment find their most pressing problem as to the finding of ways to invest their idle funds, but they can only invest a moderate amount of these funds in securities that represent permanent expenditures.

CAN not let this opportunity pass without speaking of a subject which is of primary importance to us as individuals and as a nation.

While I am firmly convinced that we, in common with the warring nations of Europe, must bear in part the burden of the destruction of wealth that war is causing, I believe there is something being added to the other side of the balance-sheet through the experiences of war. It is hardly correct to total up the entire military expenses of the belligerents, and conclude that there has been a destruction of that amount of wealth without compensating entries on the other side of the world's balance-sheet. Europe will undoubtedly learn many lessons out of this horrible experience. The most valuable will be lessons of the spirit. It can hardly be doubted that out of these fearful trials will come what may amount to national spiritual regeneration. This is hardly an appropriate time, perhaps, to dwell on that phase, but one might at least raise the question of

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whether we may not, even from this distant view of the Old-World turmoil, hope as a nation, also to be gaining something in way of a saner apprehension of true and just standards. Not touching on the spiritual effect of this world convulsion, although I must admit that is an attractive and indeed very practical field of speculation, we might at least consider if we are not likely to learn some valuable economic lessons from this experience. One such lesson, it seems to me, that our new financial relationships to the rest of the world should emphasize, is a very simple and old-time lesson, which we in our years of prosperity have too often forgotten—the lesson of thrift. We have an opportunity now, indeed we have a duty, to become a wellspring of capital for the world. Anxious hands are reaching toward us from every quarter. The old main sources of capital for the world's material development may not have run permanently dry, but, for the present at least, their supply is wholly diverted. While we shall ourselves feel the cessation of that flow in our own direction, there are other countries that are left with needs so pressing that our opportunity to supply those needs becomes almost an international obligation. So we face the need of a new fund of accumulated capital, a fund not only large enough to meet the demands of our own industrial development, in so far as those demands have heretofore been met by Europe, but large enough to pay back to Europe the greater part of what we have heretofore borrowed there; large enough also to now, in turn, make some great loans to the very sources of our former springs of capital, so that those nations may continue to buy from us our produce and products—and finally, large enough so that we may, in some considerable measure at least, take on the responsibilities of supplying other nations with development capital which they can no longer get in Europe.

Is it possible that our investment fund

can be so augmented that it can support such new and large drafts? I believe it is possible—although I am not sure it is probable. If we could as a people comprehend our new financial relationships, if we could apprehend what benefits would ultimately flow to this country, if we should fully grasp our world opportunities, and amply discharge the financial responsibilities that come hand in hand with those opportunities, we would see that never before was national thrift quite so important to us. We have the wealth and the income to add so easily to the investment fund all that the new demands will call for. To my mind, it is almost a patriotic duty to make it clear that individual thrift must be the foundation on which to build a structure of international financial pre-eminence.

Such pre-eminence as may be ours, if we will, must rest on a store of mobile wealth, the source of which can only be millions of sober, thrifty people who spend less than they earn, and wisely invest what they save. If others could see this opportunity for rendering a world service, and gaining the position that great service gives, I believe there would be an almost patriotic fervor in curbing extravagance and in accumulating savings. If we clearly apprehended what some of the great financial currents of the day signify, what opportunities they are carrying us towards, and what financial strength we shall need to meet fully our responsibilities, we would regard our savings in a new light and, perhaps, even as a new duty.

EVERY man comes into life bringing his history with him. We are a part of Nature. We were down on the cosmic blueprints. We can not build our lives successfully upon a theory of separateness. Not to grow apart but to grow together is our destiny. Competition, castes, classes, must give way to social and economic solidarity. Co-operation is the keynote of the future.—*Bruce Calvert.*

Eighty-seven

The Day of the Lord

Charles Kingsley

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand !
Its storms roll up the sky ;
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;
All dreamers toss and sigh ;
The night is darkest before the morn,
When the clouds are heavy then breaks the dawn ;
And the Day of the Lord is at hand !
The Day of the Lord is at hand !

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Freedom and mercy and truth !
Oh, Come ! for the earth is grown coward and old !
Come down, and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring and Love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the Day of the Lord at hand !
The Day of the Lord at hand !

Gather you, gather you, hounds of Hell—
Famine and Plague and War ;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare !
Hireling, Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,
In the Day of the Lord at hand !
The Day of the Lord at hand !

TO HELL WITH THE HYPHEN!!

ALL-AMERICANS ;
ALL CITIZENS OF LITTLE EAST
AURORA, ALL GOOD ROYCROFTERS,
AND ALL INTERESTED IN "LIFE,
LIBERTY AND THE PURSVIT OF
HAPPINESS?" **NOT IN WAR!**



ALI BABA
YANKEE



ROBERT E. LEE
COLORED



JOHNNIE SPEARMINT
INDIAN



J. H. CLARINGBOLD
CANADIAN



PANCHO VILLA, JR.
MEXICAN



MAX KADET
JEWISH



WILL BODKIN
IRISH



ARTHUR HEAPS
ENGLISH



OWEN ROBERTS
WELSH



ALEXANDER PYDE
GERMAN



LOUIS SCALA
SICILIAN



GEORGE LITTLE
SCOTCH



LOUIS LEPAGE
FRENCH



GEORGE LEWIS
GREEK



ALFONSO MINNELLI
ITALIAN



LOUIS BALBER
RUSSIAN



SADAKICHI



KARL OESTREICHER
AUSTRIAN



JOHN HALL
DANISH



JOHN ROES
HOLLANDER



OTTO ROSSANDER
FINNISH



AXEL EDW. SAHLIN
SWEDISH



HARRY ARMADING
SWISS



JEROME ARMADING
SWISS



ELROYAL NORGARD
NORWEGIAN

Peace

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WERE half the power that fills the earth with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

Is it, O Man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the eternal harmonies ?

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of Christ once more say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

The Pan-American Policy

Hon. John Barrett, Director-General, Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.
Formerly United States Minister to Argentina, Panama and Colombia



SOMETIMES feel that all this discussion of the Monroe Doctrine is entirely in vain, that there is nobody who is an ultimate court upon the subject—nobody who can decide just what is its interpretation or its meaning or its significance. I know that I would not for a moment pretend that any views which I have upon the subject are final. In my humble experience as minister in three American republics and during the nine years that I have had the honor of being the Director-General of the Pan-American Union, I have striven earnestly to get what I call the Pan-American viewpoint of the Monroe Doctrine. Now, I do not ask any one to accept what I say as final, but perhaps I look at this subject from a viewpoint a little different from that of many persons, because I have the rather unique position and experience of being the only Pan-American officer in America—not only one who is an officer of the United States, but who is in every respect equally an officer of the other Latin-American countries. Each day it is one of the duties of the members of my staff to lay before me the consensus of opinion of the newspapers of every important capital of the Western Hemisphere; and therefore, while I am actually in this country, I am able to follow closely the views of the peoples of other lands upon this subject under discussion.

AS one who has been intimately associated, officially and privately, for nearly sixteen years with Latin America and Latin Americans, I may be permitted to make a few humble suggestions, which, if followed, might affect the permanent

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status of the Monroe Doctrine among the American nations, and yet again might not! *se se*

I believe the time is coming when there may be evolved from the Monroe Doctrine itself as a principle and phrase, and there-upon substituted for the Monroe Doctrine as a principle and phrase, the principle and phrase of a "Pan-American policy." By that I mean a Pan-American policy acceptable to and approved by not only the United States, but all the American republics, a policy belonging to each and all on the same basis of attitude and action, protecting alike the sovereignty and governments of each—which is, after all, the delicate point—without the offensive suggestion of preponderance, dictation or domination of one nation like the United States. It is a common error among some of the statesmen and essayists of the United States, whenever they speak or write anything about the southern republics, to patronize them. This is a fatal error—always thus reminding them of the power and mightiness of the United States, as if the United States were both "papa" and "mamma," and they a group of little children playing in the back yard. Coupled with this are the equally common errors: First, that of not recognizing the extraordinary greatness and progress of some of the republics, even if others are not so progressive; and secondly, of classing them all as having revolutionary tendencies, in spite of the fact that two-thirds of Latin America, in area and population, has known no serious revolution whatever in the last twenty-five years.

THIS Pan-American policy would adopt, absorb and enlarge the Monroe Doctrine as an original policy of the United States into a greater and all-American policy, where each nation would have the

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same rights of attitude, the same dignity of position and the same sense of independence as the United States now has. By eliminating the attitude of absolute dictation and centralized power, which the Monroe Doctrine has been interpreted in Latin America as applying to the relations of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, by the substitution of "Pan-American" for "Monroe"—thus including all the American nations as sponsors—and by the substitution of "policy" for "doctrine" and thus removing the hard, unyielding, dictatorial and didactic suggestion of the words "Monroe Doctrine," about which every Latin American is a little sensitive, a long step will be taken towards a new era of Pan-American comity and Pan-American confidence.

It is not the Monroe Doctrine in itself as a principle, but the *interpretation*—and mark my word—the *interpretation* thereof, as indicated in the published opinions of many prominent Latin Americans on this subject, that is not acceptable to the majority of Latin-American countries and statesmen. This is a point that has been clearly overlooked by the critics of the Monroe Doctrine in the United States. If its haphazard interpretation can be supplanted with responsible and reasonable judgment, the majority of arguments against the doctrine in Latin America, and also in the United States, in describing it as obsolete will fail absolutely in their purpose and logic.

A distinguished Yale professor, for whom I have profound regard, leaving the safe fields of archeological study, and venturing into the complex relations of international politics, calls the Monroe Doctrine an "obsolete shibboleth." How in the world any one man can assume to pass that judgment upon a great policy or doctrine, I can not possibly understand. I fear that in his academic viewpoint he has exaggerated the importance which the Latin-American countries attach to the Monroe Doctrine, and he has attributed to that much-assailed and suffering

Doctrine all kinds of faults which are due to entirely other and different causes, such as North American ignorance and lack of appreciation of South America.

IN conclusion, the Monroe Doctrine in its final analysis, in my opinion, will continue to be a great *international* principle only to the degree that it is evolved into this greater Pan-American policy; and from a Doctrine of the United States alone into a policy of all the American republics, and now, if you follow me, though it is a little complicated, to the degree that it is evolved from being *subjective* on the part of the United States alone towards all the other American republics as *objective*, to being *subjective* on the part of each towards each and all the others as *objective*. That is, making each and every American republic feel that it is part of its policy towards each and every other American republic, instead of being just the policy of the United States alone towards all these other countries. To be still clearer in my idea I would say that I mean to evolve the Monroe Doctrine from being *subjective* on the part of the United States towards the other American republics in an *objective* position, to being *subjective* on the part of each and all towards in turn each and all as *objective*.

Then we will have achieved that ideal, unselfish, fraternal relationship of the American governments and peoples which will give a new worth and a permanent, acceptable significance to Pan-American relationship, Pan-American accord, and the status of the Pan-American Union.

THE new church will be founded on moral science. Poets, artists, musicians, philosophers, will be its prophet-teachers. The noblest literature of the world will be its Bible—love and labor its holy sacraments—and instead of worshiping one savior, we will gladly build an altar in the heart for every one who has suffered for humanity—Emerson.

Ninety-five

Walt Whitman and War

Thomas B. Harned, Literary Executor of Walt Whitman



THE greatest war in the history of mankind is now being enacted in Europe. It is needless to discuss the causes of this war or what nation or nations are responsible for it. There is some diversity of opinion on that subject. We can all agree that such a holocaust is a disgrace to civilization. That there have been cruel, barbarous and infamous outrages committed, there can be no doubt. A weak and unoffending nation has been ruthlessly trodden upon, by a violation of a solemn compact. Undefended cities have been assaulted with bombs—killing inoffensive inhabitants. Passenger-ships with thousands of passengers have been torpedoed without notice, and wholesale murders perpetrated. History will stamp with eternal infamy any nation or nations guilty of such savage and unnecessary acts.

WALT WHITMAN has said, in his somewhat coarse but effective way, that "War is ninety-nine per cent diarrhea and one per cent glory." This may be an extravagant statement, but it suggests these most important questions: How can war and all its horrors be avoided? Is a policy of blood and iron necessary for the advancement of civilization? When will there be such a federation of the world that all international disputes can be settled without resort to force? Is it necessary for every nation to be armed to the teeth in order to be "prepared" to resist attack or take the offensive when deemed desirable?

WALT WHITMAN was one-half Quaker by birth, and a Hicksite Quaker in much of his belief. This did not prevent

him from presenting himself as a soldier at the outbreak of the Rebellion. He was not too old, but his gray beard made him appear much too old for service. His brother George was a soldier and was wounded in one of the early battles of the war. Walt immediately went to the front to render assistance. He did not realize at the time that this signaled his permanent removal from New York and Brooklyn, and yet it is a fact that he never again returned to either city except to pay an occasional visit. He wintered partly with the Army of the Potomac. It was thus he began his historic service in the hospitals. Out of so innocent a beginning so much resulted. He did not go South intending to do what eventually his tranquil spirit spontaneously got him into the habit of doing. The work fell to him in the drift of events. He loyally accepted its responsibility. With more than martial heroism he nurtured ceaselessly the sick and wounded without discrimination as to whether they were from the North or the South. Try to conceive of Whitman as an impromptu nurse in the crowded hospitals where thousands lay sick, wounded, dying. It has been estimated that he contributed in some way to the comfort of at least 100,000 of these victims of the war. He served where service was needed. He never looked for men who had merits, but for men who had wounds. He wrote letters home for these men. He read to them. He ran their errands. In his knapsack he carried paper, postage-stamps, oranges and miscellaneous articles of comfort. From many he received the final message, and to many he imparted the last word and caress. The memoranda of this period published in *The Wound-Dresser*, edited by the late Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, contain the best story of the war extant. These memorabilia present war in aspects never before quite

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so graphically apprehended, without containing specific argument against war; his account constitutes the most powerful arraignment of war in our literature, and perhaps in any literature. Whitman's service in the hospitals was without pay. For years he lived in a garret on two meals a day, that he would have more to contribute to those who needed his help. And this service broke him down. Doctors called it "Hospital Malaria," but it ran deeper than that. It was heartbreak. His splendid physique was sapped by labor and watching, but it was still more affected by the lavish emotional outlay involved.

HIS ministrations did not end with the war. There were many sick and wounded left in the Washington hospitals. As one of his literary executors I have in my possession the letters he wrote to his mother after the war. I will take up a few of them at random and give some extracts verbatim.

He writes: "There have been several died in the hospital, that I was with a good deal since I last wrote, one of consumption, one of abscess of the liver, very bad. I was down there Sunday afternoon, carried a great big twelve-pound cake for the men's supper; there was a piece for all and very acceptable, as the supper consisted of plain bread and a thin wash they called tea and some miserable apple-sauce—that was all.

I carry a big cake often of Sunday afternoons. I have it made for me by an old mulatto woman cook that keeps a stand in the market; it is a sort of molasses pound-cake—common but good. I have received a letter from old uncle Otis Parker, the old man that I got pardoned, down at Cape Cod, Mass. He is very grateful." ❧

On May 14, 1866, he writes:

"I spent yesterday afternoon at the Quartermaster's Hospital. It is the old dregs and leavings of the war—old, wounded, broken-down, sick, discharged soldiers who have no place to go. It is a

shame that the Government has provided no place for such cases of the volunteer army—they are just taken here, to prevent their dying in the street. Others go to the poorhouse. A good many break down after discharge and have no pensions—and what is eight dollars a month these days anyhow?"

He had been preparing a Christmas feast for the soldiers in the hospital. On December 24, 1866, he writes to his mother:

"I got Jeff's letter sending me money towards the soldiers' dinner—it was more than I asked for, and was very good of them all. I have not had any trouble myself worth mentioning. The dinner has been got up at my instigation. I have contributed handsomely, but they (the hospital stewards, etc.) have done the work. Well, dear mother, this is Christmas-Eve, and I am writing in the office by gaslight so it will be ready to go tomorrow."

And then on January 1st, 1867, he writes to his mother:

"The dinner at the hospital was a complete success. There was plenty, and good, too—turkey and four or five vegetables and mince-pie, etc. Then I purchased a large quantity of navy plug, and smoking-tobacco, and pipes, and after dinner everybody that wanted to had a good smoke. Then I read some amusing pieces to them for three-quarters of an hour for a change and sat down by those who were worst off, etc. Nobody else came in that day. They have a chaplain, but he is a miserable coot like the rest of his tribe."

In another letter he writes:

"I have been down to the hospital a great deal lately. A friend of mine that I have known over three years, a Maine soldier named Radcliffe, was very low, bleeding at the lungs. He died Sunday morning. It was a great relief, because he suffered much." ❧

And again he writes:

"I went to the hospital yesterday after-

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noon—took a lot of tobacco, etc. I wrote several letters. There are quite a good many: some with sickness, some with old wounds, two or three in the last stages of consumption, etc. I go every Sunday, and sometimes Wednesday also. There are many of the patients very young men, country boys, several from the Southern States, whose parents and homes and families have been broken up, and they have enlisted in the regular army. Then they get down with fever or something and are sent to the hospital. I find most of them can't read or write. There are many of these homeless Southern men now enlisted in the regular. They have no other recourse."

These are only specimens. These men showed much gratitude, and frequently wrote to him when they had reached home. I will quote from one more letter to his mother:

"Within a week I have had two invitations—one from a young fellow named Alfred Pratt. I knew him in one of the hospitals two years ago and more. His folks are farming people, out in Northwestern New York near the shores of Lake Erie. He writes half the letter, and his father and mother write the other half, inviting me to come there and pay them a visit. The parents say they will do everything they can to make a country visit agreeable. The letter is very old-fashioned, but very good. Then I had another invitation from a Michigan boy. He has got married and has a small farm not far from Detroit. Do you remember Lewis Brown, the Maryland boy who had such a time with his leg and had it amputated at last in the Army Square Hospital? He is quite well otherwise, and has got a place in the Treasury Department." ❧

REMEMBER one of the evenings at his little Mickle Street shack in Camden, N. J. Sidney Morse, the sculptor (a friend of Emerson), had been spending some weeks in Camden making a bust of Whitman. He was about to leave the

following day, and it was a farewell visit. Whitman was unusually pensive, and with his cane was trying to rescue something from the litter of papers which covered the room. He failed to find it. Walt said: "It is of no consequence, Sidney, but I wish very much, if you ever come to think well of it yourself, that you would first make a bas-relief of my hospital days. Just a suggestion—a cot with just a soldier boy limp and listless on it, and perhaps me there by his side. I tried with pencil this morning to indicate my feeling as to what it should be, but it got spirited away. I'd like that, it seems to me, more than anything else—and to have you do it. They were the precious hours of my life—my mother's love and the love of those dear fellows, Secesh or Union. It was awful, or would have been had it not been so grand. They took it all in the most matter-of-fact way—no complaining—the fate of war. One Rebel boy quoted Emerson (he had been to Harvard):

'Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore.'

It seemed to me all the while, *not* that I was out nursing strangers, but right at home with my own flesh and blood. No ties could be stronger. My heart bled hour by hour as for its own. I don't know why I go talking to you on a subject I usually keep sacred, but I must show you the little notebooks with the blood smudges. I tried to edit them for the printer, but it was like plucking the heart out of me.—I wish I could find it, and if I do I will send it to you.

"A special verse for you—a flash of beauty long neglected—
Your mystic role strangely gathered here,
Each name recalled by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep within my heart—recording for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names or North or South
Embalmed with love in this twilight-song."

A Woman and the Law

Harry Weinberger of the New York Bar



CHRIST before Pilate, Socrates before his Judges, Robert Emmett in the toils of the law, Sidney giving his head for an idea, "Crazy" John Brown hanged because he wanted to free the slaves,

Ferrer facing a firing-squad, Tyndale burned at the stake for translating the Bible from Latin into English—how the law executes, burns and kills those who believe in the learning and advancement of the people, and who fight for liberty! Prometheus is the immortal example of dying in order to give light to the human race.

The trial and jail was all ready for Margaret H. Sanger, called by the law wicked and obscene—that is, one who believed in certain additional knowledge of sex and contraception for the men and women of the United States. It was a felony to teach the slave how to read and write—and knowledge to the masses seems still to be a crime.

Mrs. Margaret H. Sanger, mother of two healthy children, formerly a maternity nurse and social worker, who had inaugurated a Birth Control League, and a monthly paper under the title of *The Woman Rebel*, was indicted by a United States Grand Jury in the Southern District of New York for advocating the repeal of the law which prevents doctors from giving information to mature women and men of harmless methods of limiting families, by contraception. Her articles presented the usual arguments, pointing out the necessity for this information for the working people, the poor and the disinherited, and gave as her desire the developing of the quality and not the quantity of children in America. The articles on which she was indicted pointed

out in varying terms, and by various writers, why the law should be repealed or amended in part, and were the usual type of articles that call for the repeal of laws on the statute-books. The articles did not give the actual information of how to prevent conception.

THE repeal of the amendment of the law to allow the dissemination of contraception information would only place this country alongside of all other countries of the world on this question. No one will contend that in this country we are more moral than in any other country in the world, though we might have to plead guilty to being more hypocritical, more prudish.

In the case of two agitators who were arrested and convicted for the distribution of a pamphlet, which gave the actual information of how to prevent conception, and had taken an appeal, Judge William N. Gatens of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in dismissing the case, remarked: "It seems to me that the trouble with our people today is that there is too much prudery. Ignorance and prudery are the millstones about the neck of progress. Every one knows that. We are all shocked by many things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves, but we have n't got the nerve to get up and admit it; and when some person brings to our attention something we already know, we feign modesty and we feel that the public has been outraged and decency shocked, and, as a matter of fact, we know all these things ourselves." Despite the law, thousands of pamphlets giving contraceptive information are being distributed throughout the country, and Emma Goldman has been arrested in New York City for orally disseminating the methods of birth control.

The rich and well-to-do of this country have the knowledge of contraception,

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as indicated by their small families, but the poor still suffer for the want of the information *•••*

Where men work on a regular salary, the number of children in a family usually determines what the family shall wear, the amount and kind of food the family shall eat, where it shall live, and how much schooling each child shall have *•••* An exhaustive investigation showed that the incomes of almost two-thirds of the wage-earners' families (including the earnings of father, mother and children) were less than \$750 a year, and of almost one-third were less than \$500 a year, and that a family needs at least \$700 to live decently. The death-rate of babies whose fathers earn less than \$10 a week is 256 per 1000; while those whose fathers earn \$25 or more a week die at the rate of 84 per 1000. Thus, the babies of the poor die at three times the rate of the fairly well-to-do. What should the poor do about it? Statistics show that in our largest cities many children are noticeably underfed and ill-nourished. All children ought to have at least a grammar-school education, and yet only one-third of all children in our public schools complete the grammar school, and less than ten per cent finish high school.

Millions of families in the world are deciding how many children they shall have. Contraception is real and no longer in the realm of the impossible. Human beings have taken one step further towards the absolute control of their own bodies and their own destinies, and a further step forward in the control and the conditions and circumstances under which they shall live. This knowledge once acquired by all, individuals as well as races will build on it to higher things. It has been stated that the majority are opposed to the dissemination of this knowledge. Even if this was so, which I deny, I would reply to that with a saying of Faguet's: "Ah, what a terrifying labor, what a frightful responsibility, to think for oneself! How much easier to think

what the herd is thinking! 'Freedom of thought'—why, it is the rarest of all phenomena." *•••*

MARGARET H. SANGER, who pities and loves mankind, wanted to help it, and was thought by the law and the United States Government unworthy of pity and fit for hate. When the case of the people of the United States against Margaret H. Sanger was called for trial, Mrs. Sanger, being her own lawyer, replied "Ready," but the Government was not ready, and the case was adjourned. Three times was this done. After the third adjournment and without the defendant, Mrs. Sanger, being present, and without her consent, the District Attorney moved before the Court to have the indictments dismissed, giving as an excuse that Mrs. Sanger had not repeated the offense. Glorious news for all criminals—no trials and convictions where the offense is not repeated; but alas, it is too good to be true—and the excuse was merely given because some excuse had to be given for the dismissal of the indictments and the harassment of Mrs. Sanger through more than a year.

¶ As we look back over the history of the world, we thrill with the triumphs of the fighters and dreamers for the advancement of mankind, whose actions changed the course of the human race. Sidney, paying with his head for the idea expressed by him, but not published, that all men are created equal, was not more glorious than Margaret H. Sanger suffering for the publication of her ideas on contraception *•••*

Among "things that perish never" will be the story of a frail little woman offering to do battle with the power of the United States Government, and the Government refusing the encounter. Call the roll of the battalions which fought till they died, call the roll of the individual heroes big enough to die for a principle or an ideal, and Margaret H. Sanger's name may be the last, but not the least, on the roll-call.

Her Chair

Leigh Mitchell Hodges



HER chair was vacant today—for the first Sunday in many years ☛ ☛

Never before had he noticed the pattern of the old, faded "tidy" hung on the back of the rocker—for always she was leaning against it.

Now he saw two birds, worked in floss that once was red. And in one corner, two initials.

These stood for her name—before she gave up part of it for him. The name by which he first loved her!

How the years crowded back against him! How loud the silence seemed! So loud that he did not hear the door opened by the faithful old woman who had stood by them through the years of struggle and who, in the morning of that darkest day a week ago, had stopped him on the stairs and said:

"Mister George, surely you will send for Miss Mary now, for I don't think she'll last another day."

Instantly his face had hardened—but he told her to send for Mary if she chose. And when the sweet-faced woman came that evening—just before the end—he spoke to her for the first time in eight years ☛ ☛

"It was old Anna who wanted you to come," he said, as she hesitated at sight of him in the sickroom.

Eight years before—in a frenzy—he had faced her—his only child—in this same room and told her to pack her clothes and leave the house forever.

When her frail mother knelt at his feet to make one last plea, he terrified both of them with the only oath they ever had heard from his lips.

"I am done, done!" he shouted. "Never again speak her name to me. To think—that after these years of toiling to give her

all I wanted her to have and make her all I wanted her to be, she should repay me like this! And my family name! Let her go to him, and go now. I am done!" ☛ He had kept his stony pledge. From that hour he had not spoken her name, nor of her—and none spoke it in his hearing. Fortunately, such natures are rare, but they freeze into being once in a while. And here was one.

Even the sight of his wife, fading away through this sorrow, did not change him. The blood of a Plymouth elder coursed in his veins.

The day of the funeral Mary had started toward him, as if to speak, but he waved her away. After she got back to her little home in the county seat, she wrote to him. But old Anna herself had seen him tear up the letter without opening it.

He had kept his word—and that to him was everything. He had said he was done and he *was* done!

"Is there anything special you want me to do this morning?" said the old servant, to let him know she was in the room ☛ ☛

He turned, startled, but when he saw her confusion, almost smiled.

"You might straighten out this room," he said. "I think we'll make it a sitting-room—it's so sunny. Is there a place in the attic for this chair?"

"I think I could make room for it," said Anna. "I'll take it up now."

"No, I'll take it"—and, lifting it, he started down the hall.

At the top of the attic-steps he stumbled, and the cushion fell from the chair. From under it fluttered a half-sheet of note-paper. As he stooped to pick it up, he saw writing—in her hand.

He moved over to the low window, and read:

"You never will listen—but some day you may find this and read it, George. If

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you do, I want you to ask yourself just one question. What if I had trusted you as Mary trusted the man she loved? Maybe this —"

No more was written.

He read it again—and again.

He did not know more than a minute had passed, until Anna called up to see what was wrong. And she was surprised to see him carrying the chair when he came down. "I can find a place for it!" she said.

"So can I, Anna"—and in his voice was a something she had not heard for many years ♣ ♣

He set the chair down, tenderly, and walked over to where she stood. She almost went limp when he placed his hands on her shoulders, and—for tears—neither could see the other, close as they were standing.

"Anna," he said, "I am going to take it over to Mary this afternoon."

The Joy of Identification

George W. Coleman



AFTER the animal wants have been satisfied, the greatest joy is found in the recognition and appreciation of one's fellows. There is an added joy in labor when you can point with pride to the result of your labor ♣ The reason that factory labor is so trying is not only because of its monotony, but also because of its anonymity.

Even though we may not own the thing we make, we are happy if it can be identified as ours. This great mansion may belong to a noted millionaire, but the architect, the contractor, the engineer, the mason, the carpenter, the decorator and others all point it out to their friends as a house they helped to create.

That is one reason why writing for the press is so fascinating to so many people. It enables you to translate a bit of yourself into something concrete that is instantly recognizable everywhere as yours—if you are permitted to sign what you write. And that, too, is the reason why ordinary newspaper-work is drudgery—because it is unidentifiable.

A man who has built up a great business, or founded a useful institution, or led a noble cause, takes a lot of healthy satisfaction in the mere identification of his

personality with the work accomplished, entirely apart from any financial reward that may have come to him.

To have lived faithfully and worked hard for fifty long years and yet have nothing tangible to show for it but a pair of gnarled hands, not even a home bought with the savings from a life of drudgery, is bitterly pathetic ♣ ♣

To be privileged to do something every day that indelibly takes the impress of your personality, whether it be written in material things or in flesh and blood, is to be in the way of happiness, no matter how hard the toil nor how long the hours.

Great will be the success of that manufacturer who first discovers how to introduce personality into machine-made goods, for both customers and employees will rise up and call him blessed.

IN every man's life pilgrimage, however unblest, there are holy places where he is made to feel his kinship with the Divine; where the heavens bend low over his head and angels come and minister unto him. These are the places of sacrifice, the meeting-ground of mortal and immortal, the tents of trial wherein are waged the great spiritual combats of man's life. Here are the tears and agonies and the bloody sweat of Gethsemane ♣ Happy the man who, looking back, can say of himself: "Here, too, was the victory!"

—Michael Monahan.

A Little Journey to the Home of Socrates

(Born June 5, 469 B. C.—Died 399 B. C.)

*I do not think it possible for a better man to be injured by a worse.
... To a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when
dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods.—The Republic.*



It was four hundred seventy years before Christ that Socrates was born. He never wrote a book, never made a formal address, held no public office, wrote no letters, yet his words have come down to us sharp, vivid and crystalline. His face, form and features are

to us familiar—his goggle eyes, bald head, snub nose and bow-legs! The habit of his life—his goings and comings, his arguments and wrangles, his infinite leisure, his sublime patience, his perfect faith—all these things are plain, lifting the man out of the commonplace and setting him apart. ¶ The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon and the *Dialogues* of Plato give us Boswellian pictures of the man.

Knowing the man, we know what he would do; and knowing what he did, we know the man.

¶ Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a stonecutter, and his wife Phaenarete. In boyhood he used to carry dinner to his father, and sitting by, he heard the men, in their free and easy way, discuss the plans of Pericles. These workmen did n't know the plans—they were only privates in the ranks, but they exercised their prerogatives to criticize, and while working to assist, did right royally disparage and condemn. Like sailors who love their ship, and grumble at grub and grog, yet on shore will allow no word of disparagement to be said, so did these Athenians love their city, and still condemn its rulers—they exercised the laborer's right to damn the man who gives them work.

¶ Socrates was a product of the Greek renaissance. Great men come in groups, like comets sent from afar. Athens was seething with thought and feeling: Pericles was giving his annual oration—worth thousands of weekly sermons—and planning his dream in marble; Phidias was cutting away the needless portions of the white stone of Pentelicus and liberating wondrous forms of beauty; Sophocles was revealing the possibilities of the stage; Aeschylus was pointing out the way as a playwright, and the passion for physical beauty was everywhere an adjunct of religion.

Prenatal influences, it seems, played their part in shaping the destiny of Socrates. His mother followed the profession of Sairy Gamp, and made her home with a score of families, as she was needed. The trained nurse is often untrained, and is a regular encyclopedia of esoteric family facts. She wipes her mouth on her apron and is at home in every room of the domicile from parlor to pantry. Then as now she knew the trials and troubles of her clients, and all domestic underground happenings requiring adjustment she looked after as she was "disposed."

Evidently Phaenarete was possessed of considerable personality, for we hear of her being called to Mythaeia on a professional errand shortly before the birth of Socrates; and in a month after his birth, a similar call came from another direction, and the bald little philosopher was again taken along—from which we assume, following in the footsteps of Conan Doyle, that Socrates was no bottle-baby. The world should be grateful to Phaenarete that she did not honor the Sairy Gamp precedents and observe the Platonic maxim, "Sandal-makers usually go barefoot": she gave her customers an object-lesson in well-doing as well as teaching them by precept. None of her clients did so well as she—even though her professional duties were so exacting that domesticity to her was merely incidental. It was only another case of the amateur distancing the professional.

FROM babyhood we lose sight of Socrates until we find him working at his father's trade as a sculptor. Certainly he had a goodly degree of skill, for the "Graces" which he carved were fair and beautiful and admired by many. This was enough: he just wanted to reveal what he could do, and then to show that to have no ambition was his highest ambition, he threw down his tools and took off his apron for good. He was then thirty-five years old. Art is a jealous mistress, and demands that "thou shalt have no other gods before me." Socrates did not concentrate on art. His mind went roaming the world of philosophy, and for his imagination the universe was hardly large enough.

I said that he deliberately threw down his tools; but possibly this was by request, for he had

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acquired a habit of engaging in much wordy argument and letting the work slide. He went out upon the streets to talk, and in the guise of a learner he got in close touch with all the wise men of Athens by stopping them and asking questions. In physique he was immensely strong—hard work had developed his muscles, plain fare had made him oblivious to the fact that he had a stomach, and as for nerves, he had none to speak of.

Socrates did not marry until he was about forty. His wife was scarcely twenty. Of his courtship we know nothing, but sure it is Socrates did not go and sue for the lady's hand in the conventional way, nor seek to gain the consent of her parents by proving his worldly prospects. His apparel was costly as his purse could buy, not gaudy nor expressed in fancy. It consisted of the one suit that he wore, for we hear of his repairing beyond the walls to bathe in the stream, and of his washing his clothing, hanging it on the bushes and waiting for it to dry before going back to the city. As for shoes, he had one pair, and since he never once wore them, going barefoot summer and winter, it is presumed that they lasted well.

THE silken-robed and perfumed Sophist was sport and game for Socrates. For him Socrates recognized no closed season. If Socrates ever came near losing his temper, it was in dealing with this Edmund Russell of Athens. Grant Allen used to say, "The spores of everything are everywhere, and a certain condition breeds a certain microbe." A period of prosperity always warms into life this social paragon, who lives in a darkened room hung with maroon drapery, where incense is burned and a turbaned Hindu carries your card to the master, who faces the sun and exploits a priedieu when the wind blows east. Athens had these men of refined elegance, Rome evolved them, London has had her day, New York knows them, and Chicago—I trust I will not be contradicted when I say that Chicago understands her business! And so we find these folks who cultivate a pellucid passivity, a phthisicky whisper, a supercilious smirk, and who win our smothered admiration and give us gooseflesh by imparting a taupe tinge of mystery to all their acts and words, thus proving to the assembled guests that they are the Quality, and Wisdom will die with them. This lingo of meaningless words and high-born phrases always set Socrates by the ears, and when he could corner a Sophist, he would very shortly prick his pretty toy balloon, until at last the tribe fled him as a pestilence. Socrates

stood for sanity. The Sophist represented moonshine gone to seed, and these things, proportioned ill, drive men transverse.

In Socrates was a little jollity and much wisdom pickled in the scorn of Fortune; but the Sophists inwardly bowed down and worshiped the fickle dame on idolatrous knees. Socrates won immortality because he did not want it, and the Sophists secured oblivion because they deserved it.

WE hear of Socrates going to Aspasia, and holding long conversations with her "to sharpen his mind." Aspasia did not go out in society much: she and Pericles lived very simply. It is worth while to remember that the most intellectual woman of her age was democratic enough to be on friendly terms with the bare-footed philosopher who went about regally wrapped in a table-spread. Socrates did not realize the flight of time when making calls—he went early and stayed late. Possibly prenatal influences caused him often to call before breakfast and remain until after supper.

Just imagine Pericles, Aspasia and Socrates sitting at table—with Walter Savage Landor behind the arras making notes! Doubtless Socrates and Mrs. Pericles did most of the talking, while the First Citizen of Athens listened and smiled indulgently now and then as his mind wandered to construction contracts and walking delegates. Pericles, the builder of a city—Pericles, first among practical men since time began, and Socrates, who jostles history for first place among those who have done nothing but talk—imagine these two eating melons together, while Aspasia, gentle and kind, talks of spirit being more than matter and love being greater than the Parthenon!

In several instances we hear of Socrates reminding his followers that they are "weak as women," and he was the first to say "woman is an undeveloped man." But Socrates was a great admirer of human beauty, whether physical or spiritual, and his abrupt way of stopping beautiful women on the streets and bluntly telling them they were beautiful, doubtless often confirmed their suspicions. And thus far he was pleasing, but when he went on to ask questions so as to ascertain whether their mental estate compared with their physical, why, that was slightly different. It is good to hear him say, "There is no sex in intellect," and also, "I have long held the opinion that the female sex is nothing inferior to ours, save only in strength of body and possibly in steadiness of judgment." And Xenophon quotes him thus: "It is more delightful to hear the virtue of a

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good woman described than if the painter Zeuxis were to show me the portrait of the fairest woman in the world."

A CAPTIOUS friend once suggested to Socrates, this: "If you prize the female nature so highly, how does it happen that you do not instruct Xantippe?"—a rather indelicate proposition to put to a married man. And Socrates, quite unruffled, replied: "My friend, if one wants to learn horsemanship, does he choose a tame horse or one with mettle and a hard mouth? I wish to converse with all sorts of people, and I believe that nothing can disturb me after I grow accustomed to the tongue of Xantippe."

Again we hear of his suggesting that his wife's scolding tongue may have been only the buzzing of his own waspish thoughts, and if he did not call forth these qualities in her they would not otherwise have appeared. And so, beholding her impatience and unseemliness, he would realize the folly of an ill temper and thus learn by antithesis to curb his own. Old Doctor Johnson used to have a regular menagerie of wrangling, jangling, quibbling, dissatisfied pensioners in his household; and so far as we know he never learned the truth that all pensioners are dissatisfied. "If I can stand things at home, I can stand things anywhere," he once said to Boswell—as much as to say, "If I can stand things at home, I can stand even you." Goldsmith referred to Boswell as a cur; Garrick said he thought he was a bur. Socrates had a similar satellite by the name of Cheropho, a dark, dirty, weazened, and awfully serious little man of the tribe of Buttinsky, who sat breathlessly trying to catch the pearls that fell from the ample mouth of the philosopher. Aristophanes referred to Cheropho as "Socrates' bat," a play-off on Minerva and her bird of night, the owl. There were quite a number of these "bats," and they seemed to labor under the same hallucination that catches the lady students of the Pundit Vivakenanda H. Darmapala: they think that wisdom is to be imparted by word of mouth, and that by listening hard and making notes one can become very wise. Socrates said again and again, "Character is a matter of growth and all I hope to do is to make you think for yourselves." That chilly exclusiveness which regards a man's house as his castle, his home, the one sacred spot, and all outside as the cold and cruel world, was not the ideal of Socrates. His family was his circle of friends, and these were of all classes and conditions, from the First Citizen to beggars on the street.

The idea that all good things are for use and belong to all who need them was a favorite maxim of Socrates. The furniture in his house never exceeded the exemption clause. Once we find him saying that Xantippe complained because he did not buy her a stewpan, but since there was nothing to put in it, he thought her protests ill-founded.

The climate of Athens is about like that of Southern California—one does not need to bank food and fuel against the coming of winter. Life can be reduced to its simplest forms. From his fortieth to his fiftieth year, Socrates worked every other Thursday; then he retired from active life, and Xantippe took in plain sewing. Socrates was surely not a good provider, but if he had provided more for his family, he would have provided less for the world. The wealthy Crito would have turned his pockets inside out for Socrates, but Socrates had all he wished and explained that as it was he had to dance at home in order to keep down the adipose. Aristides, who was objectionable because he so shaped his conduct that he was called "The Just" and got himself ostracized, was one of his dear friends. Antisthenes, the original Cynic, used to walk six miles and back every day to hear Socrates talk. The Cynic was a rich man, but so captivated was he with the preaching of Socrates that he adopted the life of simplicity and dressed in rags and boycotted both the barber and the bath. On one occasion Socrates looked sharply at a rent in the cloak of his friend and said, "Ah, Antisthenes, through that hole in your cloak I see your vanity!"

Xenophon sat at the feet of Socrates for a score of years, and then wrote his recollections of him as a vindication of his character. Euclid of Megara was nearly eighty when he came to Socrates as a pupil, trying to get rid of his ill-temper and habit of ironical reply. Cebes and Simmias left their native country and became Greek citizens for his sake. Charmides, the pampered son of wealthy parents, learned pedagogics by being shown that, in households where there were many servants, the children got cheated out of their rightful education because others did all the work, and to deprive a child of the privilege of being useful was to rob him of so much life. Aeschines, the ambitious son of a sausage-maker, was advised by Socrates to borrow money of himself on long time without interest, by reducing his wants. So pleased was the recipient with this advice, that he went to publishing Socratic dialogues as a business and had the felicity to fail with tidy liabilities.

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But the two men who loom largest in the life of Socrates are Alcibiades and Plato—characters very much unlike.

Alcibiades was twenty-one years old when we find him first. He was considered the handsomest young man in Athens. He was aristocratic, proud, insolent, and needlessly rich. He had a passion for gambling, horse-racing, dog-fighting, and indulged in the churchly habit of doing that which he ought not and leaving undone that which he should have done. He was worse than that degenerate scion of a proud ancestry, who a-knieping went with his lady friends in the Cincinnati fountain, after the opera, on a wager. He whipped a man who admitted he did not have a copy of the Iliad in his house; publicly destroyed the record of a charge against one of his friends; and when his wife applied for a divorce, he burst into the courtroom and vacated proceedings by carrying the lady off by force. At banquets he would raise a disturbance, and while he was being forcibly ejected from one door, his servants would sneak in at another and steal the silverware, which he would give away as charity. He also indulged in the Mark Antony trick of rushing into houses at night and pulling good folks out of bed by the heels, and then running away before they were barely awake.

His introduction to Socrates came in an attempt to break up a Socratic prayer-meeting. Socrates succeeded in getting the roysterer to listen long enough to turn the laugh on him and show all concerned that the life of a rowdy was the life of a fool. Alcibiades had expected Socrates to lose his temper, but it was Alcibiades who gave way, and blurted out that he could not hope to beat his antagonist talking, but he would like to wrestle with him.

Legend has it that Socrates gave the insolent young man a shock by instantly accepting his challenge. In the bout that followed, the philosopher, built like a gorilla, got a half-Nelson on his man, who was a little the worse for wine, and threw him so hard, jumping on his prostrate form with his knees, that the aristocratic hoodlum was laid up for a moon. Ever after Alcibiades had a thorough respect for Socrates. They became fast friends, and whenever the old man talked in the Agora, Alcibiades was on hand to keep order.

When war came with Sparta and her allies in the Peloponnesus they enlisted, Socrates going as corporal and Alcibiades as captain. They occupied the same tent during the entire campaign. Socrates proved a fearless soldier, and walked the winter ice in bare feet, often pulling his belt one hole tighter in lieu of breakfast, to

show the complaining soldiers that endurance was the thing that won battles. At the battle of Delium, when there was a rout, Xenophon says Socrates walked off the field leisurely, arm in arm with the general, explaining the nature of harmony.

Through the influence of Socrates, the lawless Alcibiades was tamed and became almost a model citizen, although his head was hardly large enough for a philosopher.

SAY what you will, you 'll find it all in Plato," said Emerson. If Socrates had done nothing else but give bent to the mind of Plato, he would deserve the gratitude of the centuries. Plato is the mine to which all thinkers turn for treasure. When they first met, Plato was twenty and Socrates sixty, and for ten years, to the day of Socrates' death, they were together almost constantly. Plato died aged eighty-one, and for fifty years he had lived but to record the dialogues of Socrates. It was curiosity that first attracted this fine youth to the old man—Socrates was so uncouth that he was amusing. Plato was interested in politics, and like most Athenian youths, was intent on having a good time. However, he was no rowdy, like Alcibiades: he was suave and gracious at all times. He had been taught by the Sophists and the desire of his life was to seem, rather than to be. By very gentle stages, Plato began to perceive that to make an impression on society was not worth working for—the thing to do was to be yourself, and yourself at your best. And we can give no better answer to the problem of life than Plato gives in the words of Socrates: "It is better to be than to seem. To live honestly and deal justly is the meat of the whole matter."

Plato was not a disciple—he was big enough not to ape the manners and eccentricities of his Master—he saw beneath the rough husk and beyond the grotesque outside the great controlling purpose in the life of Socrates. He would be himself—and himself at his best, and he would seek to satisfy the Voice within, rather than to try to please the populace. Plato still wore his purple cloak, and the elegance and grace of his manner were not thrown aside. Would n't it have been worth our while to travel miles to see these friends—the one old, bald, short, fat, squint-eyed, barefoot, and the other with all the poise of aristocratic youth—tall, courtly and handsome, wearing his robe with easy, regal grace! And so they have walked and talked adown the centuries, side by side, the most perfect example that can be named of that fine affection which often exists between teacher and scholar.

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Plato's Republic, especially, gives us an insight into a very great and lofty character. From his tower of speculation, Plato scanned the future, and saw that the ideal of education was to have it continue through life, for none but the life of growth and development ever satisfies. And love itself turns to ashes of roses if not used to help the soul in her upward flight. It was Plato who first said, "There is no profit where no pleasure 's ta'en." He further perceived that in the life of education, the sexes must move hand in hand; and he also saw that, while religions are many and seemingly diverse, goodness and kindness are forever one.

His faith in the immortality of the soul was firm, but whether we are to live in another world or not, he said there is no higher wisdom than to live here and now—live our highest and best—cultivate the receptive mind and the hospitable heart, "partaking of all good things in moderation."

It takes these two to make the whole. There is no virtue in poverty—no merit in rags—the uncouth qualities in Socrates were not a recommendation. Yet he was himself. But Plato made good, in his own character, all that Socrates lacked. Some one has said that Fitzgerald's Omar is two-thirds Fitzgerald and one-third Omar. In his books, Plato modestly puts his wisest maxims into the mouth of his master, and just how much Plato and how much Socrates there is in the Dialogues, we will never know until we get beyond the River Styx.

SOCRATES was deeply attached to Athens, and he finally became the best known figure in the city. He criticized in his own frank, fearless way all the doings of the times—nothing escaped him. He was a self-appointed investigating committee in all affairs of state, society and religion. Hypocrisy, pretense, affectation, and ignorance trembled at his approach. He was feared, despised and loved. But those who loved him were as one in a hundred. He became a public nuisance. The charge against him was just plain heresy—he had spoken disrespectfully of the gods and through his teaching he had defiled the youth of Athens. Ample warning had been given him, and opportunity to run away was provided, but he stuck like a leech, asking the cost of banquets and making suggestions about all public affairs. He was arrested, bailed by Plato and Crito, and tried before a jury of five hundred citizens. Socrates insisted on managing his own case. A rhetorician prepared an address of explanation, and the culprit was given to understand that if he read this speech to his judges and said

nothing else, it would be considered as an apology and he would be freed—the intent of the trial being more to teach the old man a lesson in minding his own business than to injure him.

But Socrates replied to his well-meaning friend, "Think you I have not spent my whole life in preparing for this one thing?" And he handed back the smoothly polished manuscript with a smile. Montaigne says, "Should a suppliant voice have been heard out of the mouth of Socrates now; should that lofty virtue strike sail in the very height of its glory, and his rich and powerful nature be committed to flowing rhetoric as a defense? Never!"

Socrates cross-questioned his accusers in the true Socratic style and showed that he had never spoken disrespectfully of the gods: he had only spoken disrespectfully of their absurd conception of the gods. And here is a thought which is well to consider even yet: The so-called "infidel" is often a man of great gentleness of spirit, and his disbelief is not in God, but in some little man's definition of God—a distinction the little man, being without humor, can never see.

When Socrates had confounded his accusers, this time not giving them the satisfaction of the last word, he launched out on a general criticism of the city, and told where its rulers were gravely at fault. Being cautioned to bridle his tongue, he replied, "When your generals at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium assigned my place in the battle I remained there, did my work, and faced the peril; and think you that when Deity has assigned me my duty at this pass in life I should, through fear of death, evade it, and shirk my post?"

This man appeared at other times, to some, as an idle loafer, but now he arose to a sublime height. He repeated with emphasis all he had ever said against their foolish superstitions, and arraigned the waste and futility of the idle rich. The power of the man was revealed as never before, and those who had intended to let him go with a fine, now thought it best to dispose of him. The safety of the state was endangered by such an agitator—the question of religion is really not what has sent the martyrs to the stake—it is the politician, not the priest, who fears the heretic. ¶ By a small majority, Socrates was found guilty and sentenced to death.

Imperturbable and conversing calmly to the end, he drank the fatal cup of hemlock, surrounded by his sorrowing friends and disciples. "Thus died the man," says Plato, "who of all with whom we are acquainted was in death the noblest, in life the wisest and most just."

Pickett's Charge

(July 3, 1863)

Fred Emerson Brooks

WHEN Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
For three long days, with carnage fraught,
Two hundred thousand men had fought;
And courage could not gain the field,
Where stubborn valor would not yield.
With Meade on Cemetery Hill,
And mighty Lee thundering still
Upon the ridge a mile away;
Four hundred guns in counterplay
Their deadly thunderbolts had hurled—
The cannon duel of the world!—
When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
Dread war had never known such need
Of some o'er-mastering, valiant deed;
And never yet had cause so large
Hung on the fate of one brief charge.
To break the center, but a chance;
With Pickett waiting to advance;
It seemed a crime to bid him go,
And Longstreet said not "Yes" nor "No,"
But silently he bowed his head.
"I shall go forward!" Pickett said.
Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg:
Down from the little wooded slope,
A-step with doubt, a-step with hope,
And nothing but the tapping drum
To time their tread, still on they come.
Four hundred cannon hush their thunder,
While cannoneers gaze on in wonder!
Two armies watch, with stifled breath,
Full eighteen thousand march to death,
At elbow-touch, with banners furled,
And courage to defy the world,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
None but tried veterans can know
How fearful 't is to charge the foe;
But these are soldiers will not quail,
Though Death and Hell stand in their trail!
Flower of the South and Longstreet's pride,
There 's valor in their very stride!
Virginian blood runs in their veins,
And each his ardor scarce restrains;
Proud of the part they're chosen for:
The mighty cyclone of the war,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
How mortals their opinions prize
When armies march to sacrifice,
And souls by thousands in the fight
On Battle's smoky wing take flight.
Firm-paced they come, in solid form
The dreadful calm before the storm.
Those silent batteries seem to say:
"We're waiting for you, men in gray!"
Each anxious gunner knows full well
Why every shot of his must tell
On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
What grander tableau can there be
Than rhythmic swing of infantry
At shouldered arms, with flashing steel?
As Pickett swings to left, half-wheel,
Those monsters instantly outpour
Their flame and smoke of death! and roar
Their fury on the silent air—
Starting a scene of wild despair:
Lee's batteries roaring: "Room! Make room!!"
With Meade's replying: "Doom! 'T is doom"
To Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
Now Hancock's riflemen begin
To pour their deadly missiles in.
Can standing grain defy the hail?
Will Pickett stop? Will Pickett fail?
His left is all uncovered through
That fateful halt of Pettigrew!
And Wilcox from the right is cleft
By Pickett's half-wheel to the left!
Brave Stannard rushes 'tween the walls,
No more disastrous thing befalls
Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
How terrible it is to see
Great armies making history:
Long lines of muskets belching flame!
No need of gunners taking aim
When from that thunder-cloud of smoke
The lightning kills at every stroke!
If there 's a place resembling hell,
'T is where, mid shot and bursting shell,
Stalks Carnage, arm in arm with Death,
A furnace blast in every breath,
On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'T is Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
Brave leaders fall on every hand!
Unheard, unheeded all command!
Battered in front and torn in flank;
A frenzied mob in broken rank!
They come like demons with a yell,
And fight like demons all pell-mell!
The wounded stop not till they fall;
The living never stop at all—
Their blood-bespattered faces say:
" 'T is death alone stops men in gray."
With Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

Stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg
Where his last officer fell dead,
The dauntless, peerless, Armistead!
Where ebb'd the tide and left the slain
Like wreckage from the hurricane—
That awful spot which soldiers call
"The bloody angle of the wall,"
There Pickett stopped, turned back again
Alone, with just a thousand men!
And not another shot was fired—
So much is bravery admired!
Pickett had charged at Gettysburg.

THE FRA

HELD TO "STRICT ACCOUNTABILITY"

ALI BABA, *Ambassador*

Your article about Brandeis I have read with great interest. It has the right ring to it and is well written.

I have had your father's picture in my office for many years. As you no doubt know, he was a very near and dear friend of mine, and I would like to continue the friendship with his son. My home at Mamaroneck is only a short distance from New York—less than an hour by automobile. If you happen to come to the city sometime, perhaps you could favor me with a visit. I could send the car to the city for you.

I am very glad indeed to note that you are continuing *The Fra* successfully.

I enclose my check for \$2.00, for which please send me *The Fra* for one year, to Mamaroneck, New York (my country home).

Sincerely yours,

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Nathan Straus.

I want to congratulate you on that strong issue of May. Those colored pictures were certainly effective, especially that drawing on page fifty-three. You are doing a great work.

Joe Mitchell Chapple,
Editor, "National Magazine," Boston, Mass.



You show plainly the effect of the training you have had under your distinguished father, and yet you give us that individual touch of yourself which yet bears that imprint of the vanished hand. You have, in fact, the thumb-mark of your paternity.

New York, N. Y.

David Bispham.

But what has captivated my humble self are the articles by Elbert Hubbard II. I shall look eagerly for more of them and longer. You write the best of any of *The Fra* contributors. You are all sympathy, like your good and great father. You relate things with such perfect understanding.

Andrew Nordloef.

Minnesota Cement Construction Co., Inc.
Long Prairie, Minn.

I like Bert's article in the last number—fine. It was very interesting where you told about your Father trimming up the peach-sprout for you. Felix, I like the way you passed it over to Mr. Chambers and our Nell Brinkleys. You are giving us what we need, all right.

Bayview, Ore.

George W. Colvin.

You are deservedly fast earning the comment of your parents, "Good boy, Bert—good boy!" leaning over the balcony and looking down upon your work. Go ahead with your articles, which you select without fear or favor. The energy of Felix shall be the example and without cessation.

Uniontown, Pa.

R. A. Oleshak.

The new cover scheme is a great improvement. One thing I would like to ask—could n't you get Bert Hubbard to increase his monthly contribution by a page or two?

New York, N. Y.

Franklin T. Siersema.

In your last issue you asked for criticisms. Mine is—give Bert more of the front pages. But don't cut off any of Shay's work.

Musselshell, Mont.

Carl Shafer.

I assure you that it is a source of real pleasure for me to know that you are qualified to carry on the work of your father. You show initiative, and I am glad to see that you have the courage of your convictions. It pleases me to see that while you have tintured *The Fra* with a new personality, you have by no means obliterated its former characteristics.

Sprague, Wash.

Dr. C. M. MacKenzie.

I am delighted with *The Fra* and am so glad that Elbert Hubbard II is following so closely his father's ideals and principles and that he is succeeding so finely. When your father passed away, I feared the high standing *The Fra* had always had might die out, but I did not know you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss M. H. Hoogland.

I thought the last number of *The Fra* under the guiding mind of the Seer—the First Master of Roycroft—last year, was the "ne plus ultra" of magazineology, but the March *Fra* came "under the wire" ahead.

Carver Chiropractic College,
Oklahoma City.

Willard Carver.

Your April *Fra* is an improvement. I like the cover and size much better. The Felicitations by Felix Shay are great. He has both the punch and the vim in his articles. The article in April *Fra* on Billy Sunday hit the mark. I like Bert Hubbard's little talk every month. He appears so plain and simple that I can't help but admire him.

Two Harbors, Minn.

C. Arthur Magnuson.

PROPERLY speaking, the land belongs to these two: to the Almighty God; and to all his Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men

can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell land on any other principle; it is not the property of any generation.

—Thomas Carlyle.

Fortune befriends the bold.—Cicero.

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Be One of the Elect and attend the Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

THE FRA

WITH A TOUCH OF THE HEROIC!

If each number had n't been so good I might venture to say more than I shall. It would be hard to pick out any one feature and say, "This is the best." I have enjoyed reading every article in every number. The picture section is good. Perhaps the poems are the greatest change from *The Fra* of times gone by: I have always read them before the other articles. Another feature that strikes me as especially good is, "Felicitations." *Sibley, Ill.*

L. S. Ashley.

Upon the lamentable death of Elbert Hubbard, I was fearful that his incomparable genius—lost by the terrible tragedy—would react to dim the brightness of the paper. In fact, I had anticipated the inscription "hic jacet" would most necessarily find a resting-place over its remains, due to the absence of the guiding hand. However, its bright, snappy, readable appearance now testifies all the more heartily in your favor, as well as that of your able Editor.

W. L. McConnell.

State Compensation Insurance Fund,
San Francisco, Cal.

It is with pleasure that I enclose my check to renew my subscription to *The Fra*. I take this opportunity to commend you on the improvement injected; for a while I was in a quandary if it were possible to fill the void caused by the loss of your much-lamented Father, but with no resemblance of flattery will say that you have proven more than equal to the emergency.
*Wrought Iron Range Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Walter Wimmer.

I read *The Fra* because of its spirit of freedom. I like a magazine that is vigorous enough to make me damn half it prints.
Cannon Ball, N. D.

A. McGaffey Beede, Ph. D.

The new *Fra* came to hand last week, and I want to congratulate you on the new form. It is so handy, so "pockety," that I am sure it will be much more enjoyable to the commuter and the fellow who likes to have a magazine with him at all times.

Victor Lee Dodson.

Wilkes-Barre Business College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Just between us *The Fra* is some book and I am always looking forward to the next issue. Felix Shay is some pumpkins with me and I tout him on my rounds, and let me say frankly if I had to choose between my sample-case and my *Fra* I would—There is only one *Fra* and plenty of sample-cases.
Rochester, N. Y.

Wm. H. Purves.

I look forward anxiously every month for *The Fra*; wish to say it was at first a Curiosity, then a Pleasure, and now a Necessity, for I feel I need it. The nurses in training too have formed the habit of asking me for it if I forget to hand it to them.
Homeopathic Hospital, Pottstown, Pa.

Miss Edith M. Whitman,
Supt.

Accepting the general invitation to your subscribers for criticism or comment as to the policy and appearance of *The Fra*, I would say bind it in butcher paper if you want to or grocer's paper if you like—even sandpaper would be appropriate. Make it any size which is to the advantage of The Roycrofters. It is not the size or the binding but the contents which interests and greatly pleases.
Newport News, Va.

L. C. Branch.

Your affiliation with the interests of John Barleycorn as evinced by such statistically biased and wholly untrue articles as "Bleeding Kansas" should lapse every subscription you have in Kansas. Member of Executive Staff 1916, Sam. T. Harris.
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Just a brief word of praise for the new *Fra*. I could dig up a page of high-sounding words, but none would give comfort of mind in telling one's feelings so well as a simple every-day vocabulary. Your contributors are well chosen, and your publication is one of the few which I read from cover to cover. Your pages of illustrations are worthy of mention, and your taste in their selection is one which has received much consideration.

National Press Club,
Washington, D. C.

C. M. Mansfield.

I have been a reader of *The Fra* and *Philistine* for quite a number of years, and I must confess that I derive a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment in reading them, although, being of German parentage, I do think you jump on my forefathers a little bit severe at times, yet I must confess that perhaps if I had been through with what you have, I would feel as you feel, and as both of us are American citizens, I for one will endeavor not to take offense at your Anti-German utterances published in *The Fra*.
Wilmington, N. C.

H. E. Bonitz.

Enclosed please find check for \$3.00 with the names of three friends. Kindly send *The Fra* for six months with my compliments, stating that I consider it the best Three Dollars' worth of Printers' Ink in the U. S. A.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

S. C. Jamison.

I have enjoyed *The Fra* extremely—took several copies with me on an 8,000-mile trip to S. F. (and from Canadian Rockies to Mexico) in November last, and brought them all back, not finding there was a single page I wanted to throw away after reading.

New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Elinor Ware Remer
(Who is in her 66th year)

I receive *The Fra* regularly and find it as much to my taste if not more than it was under the old management.
Chicago, Ill.

Wm. D. Appel.

EVERY man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve

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Every reader of *THE FRA* wants to attend the Roycroft Convention sometime—
Mark it down, July 1st to 10th

THE FRA

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE AN EDITOR

There was never a truer saying than "Providence never fails to furnish another to fill the shoes of a truly great personality, and Evolution sees to it that each successor is a trifle better than the predecessor." That I have made up the "saying" myself on the spur of the moment does not make it less true. There was a Felix Shay to follow an Elbert Hubbard, and it is a compliment to Felix to say that he is going Elbert "one better" and a compliment to Elbert, also, for he did much to develop Felix. *Lotus Club, New York, N. Y.* *Horace Fletcher.*

To me, the best "Felicitation" you have written is the one in the May issue—"Save the Girl."

I never could just say what I thought was wrong with the Y. M. C. A., but you have said it. *Penobscot Bldg.* *Charles A. Merrell.*
Detroit, Mich.

I have read "Pushing the Pendulum" over again and again and have tried to reason out why the otherwise good things and articles in this number should be (according to my thinking and reasoning) spoiled, seeming deliberately to have been written to hurt and belittle two of the greatest and grandest organizations in existence for the helping of humanity as it is. I am no member of the Y. M. C. A. and no honorary member of the W. C. T. U. *Mohnton Knitting Mills,* *A. S. Hornberger.*
Mohnton, Pa.

I have been thinking I would have to cut out *The Fra* and one or two other of the six periodicals coming to my house, but I have read that about Brandeis in May issue. It's simply great and fine. If you are that kind I want to stay with you. *Madison, Conn.* *Frank C. Dowd.*

I would like to say that I am distinctly and dimly disappointed in the cheap, slapstick, slangy article in the last *Fra*, re Brandeis. It bears no signature, and the authorship is either being dodged or it emanates from *The Fra* itself. Mr. Brandeis is distinctly of the turncoat type, and he reminds me of a glorified ambulance-chaser. *Member, Cleveland Stock Exchange,* *F. S. Borton.*
Cleveland, Ohio.

I want to send my thanks and appreciation of the article, "Billy Blatherskite," in the April *Fra*. Could I do so, I would send you the price of a Million Copies for that article to be distributed in every city where he is to conduct his nefarious game. It is a thoroughly splendid showing-up. *Brooklyn, N. Y.* *Carl W. Petty.*

The comment on Billy Sunday struck me as being unfair and insincere—as being for effect only. And now, lest that be too raw, I will say that the only part I enjoyed was the nice pen-picture of the Baltimorean's life, out on the sidewalk of a summer night, gazing up at the stars and talking to his good-looking wife sitting on the top marble step. Which made me think of my old days in Baltimore some fifteen years ago. *Easton, Pa.* *S. Roland Hall.*

I am surprised to find an article like the one entitled, "Prussian Mercy," written by Felix Shay, in the December *Fra*. Such a lot of absurd fanaticism should not appear in this neutral country. *Detroit, Mich.* *H. Goettelmann.*

"Real Democracy" in the March *Fra* is the "dope." The day is coming. Church people are thinking more today than they ever did. They will come to it by and by. Some of us who look at things the same way will not be doing a useless service, will we, if we give ourselves to helping them gradually to see the light? I think not. *Paris, Tenn.* *Lambreth Hancock.*

The article in the January *Fra*, "Preparedness for U. S." was great. I had been watching with great anticipation for you to come out on this question, and my expectations were fully realized in the January *Fra*. I do not believe that dear old Elbert Hubbard could have said it much better; and that is saying a lot. Felix surely delivers the goods. *Butler, Indiana.* *Irvin Steininger.*

Jump on Felix and tell him to change his idea about Preparedness. I am surprised at a good American like him being opposed to it. *Clarksburg, W. Va.* *G. V. Graham.*

Felix, I think, is not only a great writer but a profound thinker. His ideas of religion and manner of worship as expressed in the March *Fra* are right. I would like to meet him, look into his eyes, and take him by the hand. I wish him well. *Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.* *John W. Burgess.*

I have just read the awakening of Felix in "America First" in the last *Fra* and am up in the air over it. In these six columns, without wasting a word, he has certainly sounded the truest keynote of Americanism since the days of Lincoln. *Idaho Falls, Idaho.* *Richard Conway.*

Elbert Hubbard would never have stood for "Blatherskite Billy." This article bears the earmarks of the intolerant Irish Papist. *Riverton, Va.* *J. L. Carson.*

I have just had the pleasure of reading your article, "De Movies," in the March number of *The Fra*, and take this way of applauding the entire article, but especially that portion in which you accuse "the Moving-Picture Interests of using every worn-out Stage Trick since Euripides' time." *Aberdeen, Wash.* *L. G. Isaacson.*

I feel it a deep delight in congratulating you for the way you keep the standard of *The Fra* up with the old. Felix can't be beat as an editor, and the contributions are broad, keen, wholesome and American. Many's the valuable lesson I've received from the new *Fra*. I am glad to see that it combines with it the "punch" of *The Philistine*. *Cincinnati, O.* *Arthur Dondero.*

IF a thousandth part of what has been expended in war and preparing its mighty engines had been devoted to the development of reason and the diffusion of Christian principles, nothing would

have been known for centuries past of its terrors, its sufferings, its impoverishment and its demoralization but what was learned from history.—*Horace Mann.*

Never say "Fail" again.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Plan your Vacation at East Aurora—July 1st to 10th

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THE FRA

GOOSE GREASE, CASTOR OIL and CRISCO

It is hard to pick out one feature for special commendation, they are all so well worth while, but the editorials of Mr. Shay appeal to me immensely. He has sized up Billy Sunday to a T according to my way of thinking and I am glad to know that there is one man who dares write what he thinks of such ancient and barbaric forms of religious hypnotism.

Old Lyme, Conn.

J. Franklin Pineo.

Please accept my thanks for your courtesy in sending me a recent issue of *The Fra*, containing an article on "Real Democracy." I was greatly interested not only in this article, but also in many others. The analysis of "De Movies" was especially incisive and true. In fact, I enjoyed this number so much that I think I shall fulfil a somewhat delayed purpose of subscribing.

Morris H. Turk.

Westminster Congregational Church,
Kansas City, Mo.

In all the issues of *The Fra* I see you ask for suggestions, etc. I have none, only it's the only thing that comes to this ranch that is read from cover to cover. That Felix Shay is a "wolf" with his pen. It's a pleasure to read a man that can think aloud.

Saint Gall Ranch,
Fort Stockton, Texas.

Neal Tanguary.

I have read your article entitled, "Real Democracy," with a personal pleasure which I am sure you will understand. My greatest interest in your article is in the fact that you grasped the spirit and intent of the Forum and approved of it as a means of democratizing religion and relating religion in a broad and effective way to the real seven-day-in-the-week problems.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, Rev. John W. Ross.
Buffalo, N. Y.

I thank you for your article on "Real Democracy." It is not only most readable in itself, but entirely synchronizes with my own convictions.

Rev. Harold Marshall.

Melrose Community Meetings, Melrose, Mass.

Thanks for your manly stuff in the February *Fra*, "95 Per Cent Pro Ally," which only reached me last night. It's fine to think that you have properly analyzed the sentiments of your country.

"London Opinion," John Hart.
Strand, London, W. C.

"Felicitations" are always readable, but this month they seem to me unusually good. For instance, your article on Bareback Billy Sunday of the one-ring circus is to me full of good common horse-sense. The Rev. Billy has always seemed to me to fit beautifully into this crazy age of cabaret, Castle walk, tango, slapstick vaudeville and all the other tomfoolishness.

Hannibal, Mo.

Miss Nettie Hall Austin.

This burg is being Sundayized and I regret that Felix did n't give us more, *much more* of the Blatherskite matter.

Baltimore, Md.

Chas. A. Zipp.

I want to thank you for the "Billy Sunday" article in last number of *The Fra*. Humbug and deception are always obnoxious, and especially so when employed by a man of Sunday's intelligence. It's mighty pleasing to me to know that there is an editor who believes in publishing straight-from-the-shoulder truth, even at the risk of offending a few hypocrites.

New York, N. Y.

F. E. Mitchell.

Your article, "America First," was without a doubt the most enjoyable, interesting, forceful, and sensible thing I remember reading. Coming at this time when every one in the country is bewailing the shortage of this and that and something else that we formerly imported, it should exert a powerful influence in awakening the good people of this country to the fact that America can produce anything that any other nation can—and what is more, produce it better. I wish there was some way to have this article reprinted in every publication in the United States, so that every reading person might get the good from it that I did.

Lockhart, Texas.

Eugene Whitmore.

Allow me to thank you for your virile and sympathetic article, "95 Per Cent Pro Ally," in the current *Fra*. I appreciate the stand you have taken and look forward to your articles every month.

Winnipeg, Canada.

William Kavanagh.

When I read your articles in the December and January issues of *The Fra* I said to myself, "Good Felix, give the Germans the devil." And now I find that's what you're doing—since reading the February issue. I hope they do not pass you one of their Kussed Kultur Bombs, nor a dose of their poisoned limburger.

Highland, Kansas.

Warren Kitzmiller.

The *Fras* came. My, what a Magazine! What pictures of the war! I guess I will be a strong *Fra*-ite. I think Felix Shay a hummer.

I surely enjoyed "America First." I am a college man preaching in the midst of the Kentucky Mountains. The fact that I am kinder shut off from the outside makes *The Fra* unusually welcome. I guess I won't agree with all it says.

Hyden, Ky.

John Cunningham.

Would say that we read *The Fra* with a good deal of interest and enjoyment, and with all due respect to the late Elbert Hubbard, you have made many improvements not only in the appearance of the magazine but in the editorials as well.

Sea Beach Packing Works, Inc.

P. H. Higgins.

Aberdeen, Wash.

TO improve the golden moment of Opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered, which might once have been supplied; and much time

is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.—*Samuel Johnson*.

I would rather have my unworthiness of love forgotten, than my unworthiness of life forgiven.—*George Beebe*.

xx Be Sure to attend the Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

THE FRA



The Bubbling Vitality of Youth!

Startling Free Book "Conscious Evolution"

Tells How — Mail the Coupon

HOW many times have you longed for the wonderful vitality—the boundless energy—the perfect health of youth?

What is there in life that you could n't accomplish if you had the enthusiasm, optimism and physical "pep" that were yours when a youngster?

To realize what that means, just look back to your acheless, painless childhood days, when you didn't even know that you had any "insides"—when everything you tackled was fun—when you were on the jump from early morning till night, putting every ounce of enthusiasm you possessed into everything you did—when you knew no such thing as fear or discouragement—when your mind was as nimble as your feet.

Just imagine, if you can, what a return of such wonderful health would mean to you in your business—in your home—in your social life. Men by the thousands have trebled their incomes—unearthed a new kind of happiness and become ten times more successful in every way through the wonderful health—physical and mental, acquired through Conscious Evolution all of which is explained in the free book—mail the coupon.

The Cells Are What Count

The body, as you know, is composed of billions of cells. When we are young and lead an outdoor life, these cells all do their duty. As we grow to manhood and womanhood and our method of living changes, the cells become weak and inactive, in some cases totally dead. They have n't the power to run the human machine as nature intended. A return to the wonderful health of youth can only be brought about by rejuvenating the cells. This is what Alois P. Swoboda does through Conscious Evolution, as explained in his free book. Send for it.

A Sensational Discovery

Since announcing his wonderful discovery, Swoboda has proved in thousands and thousands of cases that by his simple and natural method of recovering and increasing the forces and capacity of every cell, tissue, fiber and organ, anyone can become a youngster in health and energy—literally doubling his personal efficiency, nerve power and health power. Men and women in all parts of the earth testify as to how Swoboda has given them a keener brain, a more superb energetic body, stronger muscles, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality, how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state. In fact, Swoboda seems to have discovered the fountain of perpetual youth as you will surely agree after reading his remarkable free book.

Swoboda is not the only perfect example of the Swoboda System. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy, and his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person and in his pupils the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Startling Book—FREE

If you think you are totally well, if you feel only a little below par, if you have resigned yourself to your fate after many years' suffering and many experiences with medicines, then by all means let Swoboda send you his new copyrighted book on health, strength and efficiency. Read what his system is, what it has already accomplished. You will be intensely interested in every page, in every sentence, in every word.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or even a postal card and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1945 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. By all means do not delay, do not say, "I'll do it later," but send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is in your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write now.

READ WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT SWOBODA!

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself. It has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I feel that I must express once more my sincerest and warmest appreciation of the benefit you have given me. Had anyone told me that I could possess such fine quality of body and such development as I do at present, after nine weeks of Conscious Evolution I would have said that they were raving mad. I could write you a whole lot about your Conscious Evolution. I feel so thankful. There is no better value on God's earth than what you offer, and anyone who doubts your statements must be indeed more than skeptical. I would consider it an honor to have you use my letters in every way you think fit."

Please send me your free copyrighted book, "Conscious Evolution."

Name

Address

City State

Mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1945 Aeolian Bldg., New York City.

When you are a traitor to yourself—by living wrongly—why should you expect others to be true to you?—*Mary L. Burton.*
Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Swift.*

Nature does not say, "You must not"; but she says, "If you do, you must pay the price, for I can not make it less." Nature does not argue.—*Harry C. Morse.*
The best worship is stout labor.—*Carlyle.*

xxi

Planning your Vacation? Make it from July 1st to 10th—the Roycroft Convention



Vantines
The Oriental Store

SUMMER-HOME FURNISHINGS

TO facilitate ordering by mail, direct from this advertisement, we illustrate above a limited selection of distinctive and unique oriental objects of utility, that will lend a touch of quaintness to any room of your summer home, to the veranda, and to the lawn.

No. 19S — Chinese Rattan Chair	
Price	\$6.50
No. 7S — Chinese Rattan Table	
Price	\$6.75
No. 9218S — "Niasie" Tea Set, 15 pieces.	
Price	\$3.50
No. 1818S — Bamboo Circular Tray, holding tea set.	
Price	\$1.00
No. 103S — High Back Chinese Rattan Chair.	
Price	\$9.00
No. 8026S — Circular Straw Cushion in gay colors.	
Price, set of 6	\$1.00
No. 0720S — Kee Chong Grass Rug, 8 x 6.	
Price	\$2.50
Other sizes up to 8 x 10	
No. 1118S — Chaise Longue, Chinese Rattan.	
Price	\$15.00
No. 0420S — Brilliant colored striped grass Madagascar Cushions.	
Price	\$1.50
No. 10956S — Japanese (Reed) Screen	
Price	\$9.75

Write for Catalog No. 6. Mailed postpaid on request. Contains thousands of suggestions for the artistic decoration of summer homes. Illustrates and describes all the new Vantine importations, including Oriental articles of art and utility for presentation purposes or personal use.

A. A. VANTINE & CO. Inc.
FIFTH AVENUE AND 39TH STREET
NEW YORK



ROYCROFT MAPLE-PECAN PATTIES

intrigue the taste for more. And no wonder. They are made from the pure "first-run" Syrup of the Sugar-Maple, tastefully mingled with the choicest of nutty, oily Pecans. It is the wholesome Pecans, in fact, that add an indescribable something—a "nutritious" taste, we call it—to Roycroft Maple-Pecan Patties

BOX OF 2 DOZEN PATTIES \$1.00

BOX OF 1 DOZEN PATTIES .50

Postage Prepaid

¶ The Patties are packed in a dainty box, tied with ribbon. An appreciated and quite different confection to give a friend or sweetheart, or to pass around among the Home Folks. We will be glad to mail your box of Patties direct if you wish, with your card or "greetings" enclosed

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

Old people and children are natural and frank. The rest of us are what the other fellow wants us to be.—*Nettie Hall Austin.*

We must love our friends for their sakes rather than our own.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

xxii

Arrange your Vacation July 1st to 10th—*Philistine Convention*

The only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and can not be mortified—expects nothing and can not be disappointed.

—*Washington Allston.*

THE FRA



Seat Cover Prices Down 50%

NOW ADD BEAUTY AND LUXURY TO YOUR NEW OR OLD CAR!
 Give your new or old car that touch of refinement, luxury and distinction added to any car by Globe Seat Covers. Don't pay high prices or have Seat Covers made to order. Globe Seat Cover prices are actually 50% lower than all others—50% less for Seat Covers equal in materials, in fit, in workmanship and beauty to the highest priced kind. We guarantee this—we prove it or you need not pay.

Buy Direct—Save Half

Here are examples of how we undersell others: \$40 Chalmers Seat Covers, \$20; \$60 Packards, \$30; \$40 Cadillacs, \$20; \$30 Buicks, \$15; \$27 Maxwell, \$13.50. Other cars at proportionately low prices—exactly 50 per cent saved. We sell direct from factory to car owners—you save middlemen's profit.

Every Car Needs Them!

They add to the appearance of any car—save leather upholstery—preserve its life, elasticity, comfort. It costs but a trifle to replace Globe Seat Covers—it costs many times more to replace leather upholstery. They eliminate the soiled clothes nuisance—can be detached for cleaning easily and quickly.

Perfect Fit For Any Car

We have correct patterns of every model of every car and guarantee glove-like fit and perfect workmanship. They are ready for delivery—no waiting—no mistakes—no alterations. The pleasure of motoring is actually enhanced by Globe Seat Covers—they're cooler than leather in Summer—warmer in Winter—more comfortable to sit on.

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Send name, model and year of your car and we will send you our low prices with 15 samples of Globe waterproof and washable fabrics. When you order we will ship on approval—you pay only if satisfied. Your car needs them—write us NOW!

GLOBE SEAT COVER CO., 45 Hamilton Ave., Racine, Wis.



HERE are discriminating people in every community who want to purchase the best. These are our friends. They have made our business—our reputation. It is on account of them that we have determined never to offer for sale any article under the Beech-Nut Label until we are satisfied that it is better than any similar article.

—BEECH-NUT—
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wanted on good commission basis. More agents needed in many States. Experience unnecessary.

YOU CAN INSURE BY MAIL

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LOYAL AMERICAN LIFE ASSOCIATION

Dept.
63



Chicago
Ill.

There are some things I am afraid of;
 I am afraid to do a mean thing.

—James A. Garfield.

Experience joined with commonsense is a
 providence to mortals.—Green.

IN this simple and natural faith there will
 be no place for metaphysical complexities or magical rites; much less for
 obscure dogmas, the result of compromise
 in turbulent conventions.—Eliot.

xxiii

An Important Program is arranged for the Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

PRINTING!

Correct Calling-Cards and businesslike Business-Cards

Business Stationery that will not shrink or bite the hand of him who reads

Appropriate Little Booklets; you furnish Text or we'll furnish Text, and No Extra Charge

Private Compositions in Broadside Form—Poetry especially—when you want a limited number of copies made right

Envelope-Fillers—especially some of Elbert Hubbard's Mottoes—with your advertisement on them

Greetings, Proclamations, Resolutions, Diplomas—Printed on Fine Vellum or Handmade Paper in one or more colors—type or hand-lettered

Personal Embossed Monogram Stationery

Catalogs—that will not compete with the Mad Job-Printer's Dream of Luxury

Private Books or Very Limited Editions, printed and put together by Masters of the Craft

Circulars, Posters, Illustrated Inserts of all kinds, Price-Lists—anything!

No matter how Large the Order you send us—or how Small the Order—it will receive scrupulous attention—it will be printed by men who know their business; it will be DELIVERED ON TIME

THE ROYCROFTERS

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Use Galloway Masterpiece Engines

FOR shop, farm, city and country homes, house-boats, etc. Power for every job. Simplified design, unequalled workmanship, finest materials make Galloway Engines durable and economical

Write quick for new 1916 engine prices. From 1½ to 16 h.p.

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Wm. Galloway, Pres.

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300 Checks \$3.50—If numbered \$4.00

Size of check 6¼ x 3¾. Bound in three books, one-to-leaf. Stub conveniently arranged for entering deposits and carrying along balances. Sent postpaid anywhere in the United States and its Possessions, and in Canada, on receipt of price. Give your name and address, corporate name and number of bank, and color of paper desired. — Satisfaction assured.

B. F. OWEN & CO., Printers

Established 1857

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Everybody's Business is a reprint of a series of articles that have been running in *The Fra* discussing a most important phase of the Life-Insurance situation by Charles L. MacGregor of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company.

THE widespread interest which resulted from the publication of these articles and the vast number of requests that we received for duplicate copies encouraged us to gather the articles into an essay and have them printed in pamphlet form, edited by Mr. MacGregor. ¶ He takes the subject of Life Insurance, which is always submerged in a quagmire of incomprehensible statistics and abstruse legal phraseology, and writes about it in a fashion that the layman can understand and read with interest, even with gusto. ¶ Drop a dime in an envelope and we will mail you a copy. In lots of 100—and there are already 34 banks and insurance companies who have distributed *Everybody's Business* among their clientele—the price is 5 cents each. In larger quantities we will furnish special quotations.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

ALL stammerers are invited to spend their vacation with Brother Lamb, the celebrated speech specialist at Pittsburgh, and incidentally return home fluent speakers. ¶ Summer reservations are now being made. Direct your application to 1253 Franklin Street

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That's Roycroft Furniture. It is also built for people who enjoy and appreciate artistic House-Furnishings. The Roycroft Inn is an eloquent testimonial to this fact. ¶ Before you buy any new Furniture this Spring, we urge you to consult the Roycroft Furniture Catalog—which will be sent FREE on request.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Character—that is a thing apart. The character determines the morality of action, but only the intellect determines the skill of action.

—David Graham Phillips.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—Webster.

If you don't know what to do, suppose you don't

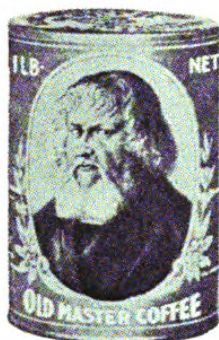
HAVE N'T you wished you could play EDISON DIAMOND DISC and PATHE PHONE records on your VICTROLA or your GRAFONOLA?



fits your machine and plays these records PERFECTLY. Delivered to you for \$5.00 in the United States. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Because it has a fragrance that allures.
Because it has a flavor that is unrivaled.
Because it has that richness, that smoothness, that indescribable something, that tokens quality.
Because she knows that "OLD MASTER COFFEE" reflects her good taste, the regard she has for her guests, and incidentally it adds to her reputation as a hostess. She can always depend upon "Old Master."
You can get "Old Master Coffee" at all high-class grocers, or direct from

THE BOUR COMPANY
"Master Makers of Master Coffee"
Toledo Kansas City

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One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have if you will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitancy and without notes.



The Key to Success

Stop Forgetting

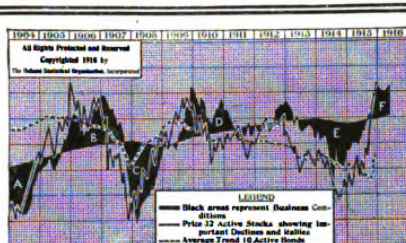
Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson School of Memory

During the past 20 years I have trained thousands of people to STOP FORGETTING—aided them to greater business and social success—I know positively that the person with a strong, tenacious memory, though he be far behind at the beginning of the race for success, advances and soon outdistances his forgetful rival. The demands of commercial and professional life are so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to succeed or even hold your own you simply must possess a good memory.

Get My Remarkable Memory Test Free

I've had this test copyrighted—it's the most ingenious and most conclusive test for the memory ever devised. I'll send it to you, free, also a copy of my book "How to Remember" and tell you how to obtain a copy of my De Luxe edition, "How To Speak In Public," a handsomely illustrated 82 book, absolutely free. Don't be handicapped with a poor memory any longer—write me today. Address me personally.

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Are they yet a purchase? What countries offer the most attractive opportunity for the investor?

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department F-21 of the

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Advisory Block Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in the World

RESTING quietly under an ash-tree, with the scent of flowers, and the odor of green buds and leaves, a ray of sunlight yonder lighting up the lichen and the moss on the oak trunk, a gentle air

stirring in the branches above, giving glimpses of fleecy clouds sailing in the ether, there comes into the mind a feeling of intense joy in the simple fact of living.

—Jefferies.

The Roycroft Convention (July 1st to 10th) is each year attended by scores of National Celebrities xxv

THE FRA

Health and Personal Power!

"The Attainment of Efficiency" Through Rational Methods
BY W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

This work by Dr. Latson indicates the avenues that lead to efficient and successful living and should be read by every man and woman who would reach their best and attain to their highest ambitions in business, professional, domestic or social life. The following are some of the many chapter headings:

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Dr. Lee, Editor

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Each of these chapters is full of practical suggestions that will prove invaluable to the reader. Bound in cloth, \$1.00. A very handsome paper-bound edition of this price, 50c., will be given with *Health-Culture* (\$1.00 a year) six months, both for 50c., money back if not satisfied.

HEALTH-CULTURE stands for higher ideals of life. Its aim will be to make men and women better Physically, Mentally and Morally, to save the lives of children, adding to the length of life and to the value of human existence by increasing the ability to accomplish and enjoy.

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¶ If you are C. 2. K. how good a Segar can be bought for 2 for a ¼ TRY the Connoisseurs' size of this brand

Sold manywheres



WE also make a dainty In-between Short Smoke of Best Habana tobacco in compact form—15 cent quality, 3 cent size. If your dealer doesn't handle them send us \$1.50 and we will send you box of 50 with a fine leather case to carry them in. The name is—La Real Cigarros.

JOHN W. MERRIAM & CO., 101 Spring Street, New York
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BLESSED are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating

whatever is noble and loving in another.
—Thomas Hughes.

Any man who is thoroughly interested in himself is interesting to other people.
—Wendell Phillips.

Make your Reservation in advance to attend the July 1st to 10th xxvi
Convention. Write Roycroft Inn

THE FRA



The Vogue of WICK FANCY HAT BANDS

COLOR'S the mode—the gorgeous hat-band and the scarlet scarf are gaily flaunting in the summer breeze.

The newest idea is to have your Wick Hat Band "go" with the costume or suit you happen to be wearing, either in harmony or exquisite contrast—and appreciation was never so keen of "the little hooks" on Wick Hat Bands for slipping them on and off.

Get the famous Wick Roman Bayadere—in 84 designs and patterns (\$1.50), or the Palm Beach Puggaree, gay with vari-colored silken bars, or one of the English Regimental Stripe Bands, or a plain single color Grosgrain Ribbon Band, or—but there are scores and scores to choose from, suitable for a woman's sports hat or a man's straw—mostly 50 cents each, some higher.

Wick Hat Bands may be seen at hatters, haberdashers and department stores chiefly, but order direct if you like, stating colors preferred.

(MEMO:—Send a dollar for two—post-paid. You will also receive a copy of the celebrated Penfield Baseball Poster).

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One multiplication table, by which all agree that 3 times 4 equals 12, is good enough for Catholics, Protestants and Revisionists alike. **BUT**—there are three separate and distinct versions of the Bible—each of which is claimed to be the only true word of God!

WHICH IS CORRECT?

The question is decisively answered, together with a good many more, in that remarkable book, the

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The Postal employs no agents: substantial savings thus effected go to you because you deal direct. You get more insurance for the same money, or the same insurance for less money.

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Find out what you can save at your age. Just give full name, occupation and exact date of birth and in writing. Just say: "Send for full particulars as mentioned in

THE FRA FOR JUNE"

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THE WELTMER INSTITUTE is the parent school of Psychological methods of healing—Welterism, Magnetic Healing, Laying on of Hands, Mental Science and the other drugless methods which may be included under the broad general head of Suggestive Therapeutics.

¶ The Sanitarium connected with the Weltemer School is equipped with every modern facility.

¶ Each patient's room has electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water—roomy clothes closet—good ventilation—and many have private bath.

¶ We have regular physicians constantly employed in the Sanitarium and School; however, nearly all cases are cured without the use of drugs or surgery. Patients attending our Sanitarium receive benefits of every safe, sane and effective method of cure, and for one fee, which is less than the charge made at most sanitariums for the one particular method which happens to be the fad of the physician in charge. ¶ 18th ANNUAL CATALOG Will Be Sent Post-paid—Gratis Upon Request.

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206 South Ash St. Nevada, Mo. U. S. A.

WHEN a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first

in hand be not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion.—Walter Scott.

xxvii

Spending a Sane Fourth at the Roycroft Convention this year—July 1st to 10th

Did you ever meet an Alligator Pear?



The alligator pear is not vicious—won't even bite (though frequently bitten) and does not look like the picture at all. The alligator pear is another of those sub-tropical delicacies which some western farmers are fond of growing to tickle the palates of discriminating people. Folks who like them gladly pay as much as fifty cents the pear—some profit for the grower!

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the West—*

We believe the Pacific Slope quite the most interesting section of the United States—and that is why *Sunset Magazine* is published. We have to keep posted on the West because we make it our business to give free, accurate, reliable information about the whole Pacific Slope Country, its lands and resources, what to see, how to see it, where to stop, the automobile highways, etc., a service that we are quite proud of, because we've helped thousands to know the West better. Perhaps we can help you. The coupon is easily clipped. Send it along now!

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the dictations of his conscience, unrestrained, except by equal, just and impartial laws.—*Blackstone*.

In this life there is but one sure happiness—to live for others.—*Tolstoy*.

xxviii Come and forget it at the Roycroft Convention the first ten days of July

THE FRA

ROYCROFT BOOK BARGAINS

AN AMERICAN BIBLE

ELBERT HUBBARD'S favorite book, because of its faithfulness to the ideals of true democracy. It is an anthology of the doctrines of liberty, equality, fraternity, education and right living, from such master minds as Franklin, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll and Elbert Hubbard.

Bound in Boards with green Morocco back, printed on Strathmore Japan—A beautiful edition - - \$3

Printed in Early Venetian Style—a page within a page—in two colors. Bound in semi-flexible leather, \$5

Printed in two colors on Handmade Paper after the manner of the ancient bookmakers. It is bound in full antique pigskin. A treasure for the bibliophile at a reasonable price - - - \$10

¶ Illustrated with photogravures taken from the original drawings by Gaspard and Schneider. *Postage Prepaid.*

THE *Rubaiyat* FREE WITH ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Fra—\$2.

THIS is the much-admired Roycroft deluxe edition of the Persian Tentmaker's Masterpiece. An authentic translation by Edward Fitzgerald, with an Introduction, which is now a classic, by the Hon. John Hay, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, selected from his noted speech before the "Omar Khayyam Club," London. ¶ It is a "long" volume, printed in two colors on a paper that is especially fitted to the subject. The binding is a Sea-green, Semi-Flexible Leather. The Title-Page is in three colors. ¶ Regular selling price, \$1.00. It is offered to you FREE with a year's subscription to *The Fra*—while they last, of course. Tear out this page, write your name and address on the margin, pin a \$2 bill to it—and mail it at our risk to

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

MESSAGE TO GARCIA

CARRY the Message to Garcia" is a Hubbard phrase that has become a part of our every-day speech. Elbert Hubbard always preached that the world craved for men who could think, plan and do, who were self-starters, who could "carry the Message to Garcia."

¶ *A Message to Garcia* is a business parable drawn from an actual happening in the Cuban War. Its aptness and cogency of thought was immediately recognized by thousands of Business Houses, who distributed the pamphlet to millions of employees. It has since been translated into eight foreign languages. ¶ Bound in full limp leather deluxe, 50c

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—in either event you want to read Elbert Hubbard's famous "Animal Book."

Pig-Pen Pete

is about animals and lovers of animals—by an Animal-Lover. It is full of amusing, interesting and instructive tales of the things that run, crawl, swim or fly—that whinny, bark, meow, cackle, grunt, squeak or whistle. It is a plea for kindness to dumb animals. A medley of tales bringing into play all of Elbert Hubbard's charm as a camp-fire story-teller. ¶ Illustrated, printed in two colors on a fine grade of paper, and bound in Semi-Flexible Art Pig - \$2

TIME AND CHANCE

THE race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—but Time and Chance happeneth to them all. This is the thought that is subtly conveyed like a leitmotif through all of Hubbard's writings. John Brown's body may lie moldering in his grave, but Elbert Hubbard has written why his soul goes marching on.

¶ Bound in beautiful full-grain, Semi-Flexible Pigskin. Price, \$2.00

GUEST-BOOK

THE ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it. The Roycroft Guest-Book provides a permanent record of the visits of your friends, and possesses a rare intrinsic value, by reason of the autographed contributions penned in its pages. The Roycroft Guest-Book is a source of joy in its reminiscences of those who have graced our home with their presence. ¶ Deckle-edge, watermarked paper, bound in finest Ooze-Sheep, turned edges. Price, \$3

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The first time I read an excellent book it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.—*Goldsmith.*

There is a certain sweetness and elegance in "little deeds of kindness," and in letting our best impulses have free play on common occasions.—*Joseph May.*
Envy is ignorance.—*Emerson.*

Annual Roycroft Convention—July 1st to 10th

xxix

A "Deadly Parallel"

It is interesting to see this list of prominent authors and artists who are making Collier's—and to read opposite them the opinions of readers on their work.

AUTHORS

A. Conan Doyle
Booth Tarkington
Rupert Hughes
Arthur Ruhl
Frederick Palmer
James Hopper
George Pattullo
Peter B. Kyne
Charles E. Van Loan
Grantland Rice
Victor Murdock
Carl Snyder
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Maude Radford Warren
Julian Street
Lincoln Steffens
Henry J. Allen
William Allen White
Edward Mott Woolley
Isaac F. Marcossan
Hamlin Garland
Alden Brooks
H. G. Wells
Bernard Shaw
Wm. A. Wolf
James William Fitzpatrick
Josephine Daskam Bacon
Inez Haynes Gillmore
Ida M. Evans
Dana Gatlin
Beatrice Grimshaw
Meredith Nicholson
Margarita Spalding Gerry
Earl Derr Biggers
Edgar Wallace
Vingie Roe
Edwin Balmer
Sax Rohmer
Richard Washburn Child
Gelett Burgess
Perceval Gibbon
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TO be bodily tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.—*Balzac.*

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You are invited to attend the Annual Convention at the Roycroft—July 1st to 10th

Man and woman are the two notes without which the human chord is not possible.
—*Mazzini.*

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine.—*Byron.*

THE FRA

ROYCROFT HAND-MODELED LEATHER BIRTHDAYS, GRADUATION AND ANNIVERSARY GIFTS



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We can all of us go straight forward and do our duty.—*Wellington.*

Ideals are like stars: You will not succeed in touching them with your hand, but like the seafaring men on the desert of waters,

you choose them as your guides, and following them, you reach your destiny.

—*Carl Schurz.*

Civilization is the expeditious way of doing things.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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Plan your Vacation for the first ten days of July and attend the Roycroft Convention

THE FRA



**BUSINESS
INCREASED
From \$10,000
— to \$50,000**



HEN Norman P. Shaffer & Company, dealers in leather and findings at 606 Lorel Avenue, Chicago, stopped using horses, their business amounted to about \$10,000 a year.

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CHICAGO U S A

I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day as each day came.—*Lincoln*.

Take off your hat to the man who minds his own business.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

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The Annual Convention at the Roycroft will come off as usual—July 1st to 10th


I am more afraid of my own heart than of the Pope and all his cardinals. I have within me the great pope, self.—*Luther*.

The fate of a child is always the work of his mother.—*Napoleon*.



ALL green
and fair the
Summer lies,
Just budded from
the bud of :-
Spring,
With tender blue
of wistful skies,
And winds which
softly sing.

—*Susan Coolidge*

UTUMN
to Winter,
Winter into
Spring,
Spring into Sum-
mer, Summer
into Fall—

Sorolls the chang-
ing year, and
so we change;
Motion so swift,
we know not
that we move.

—*D. M. Mulock*

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