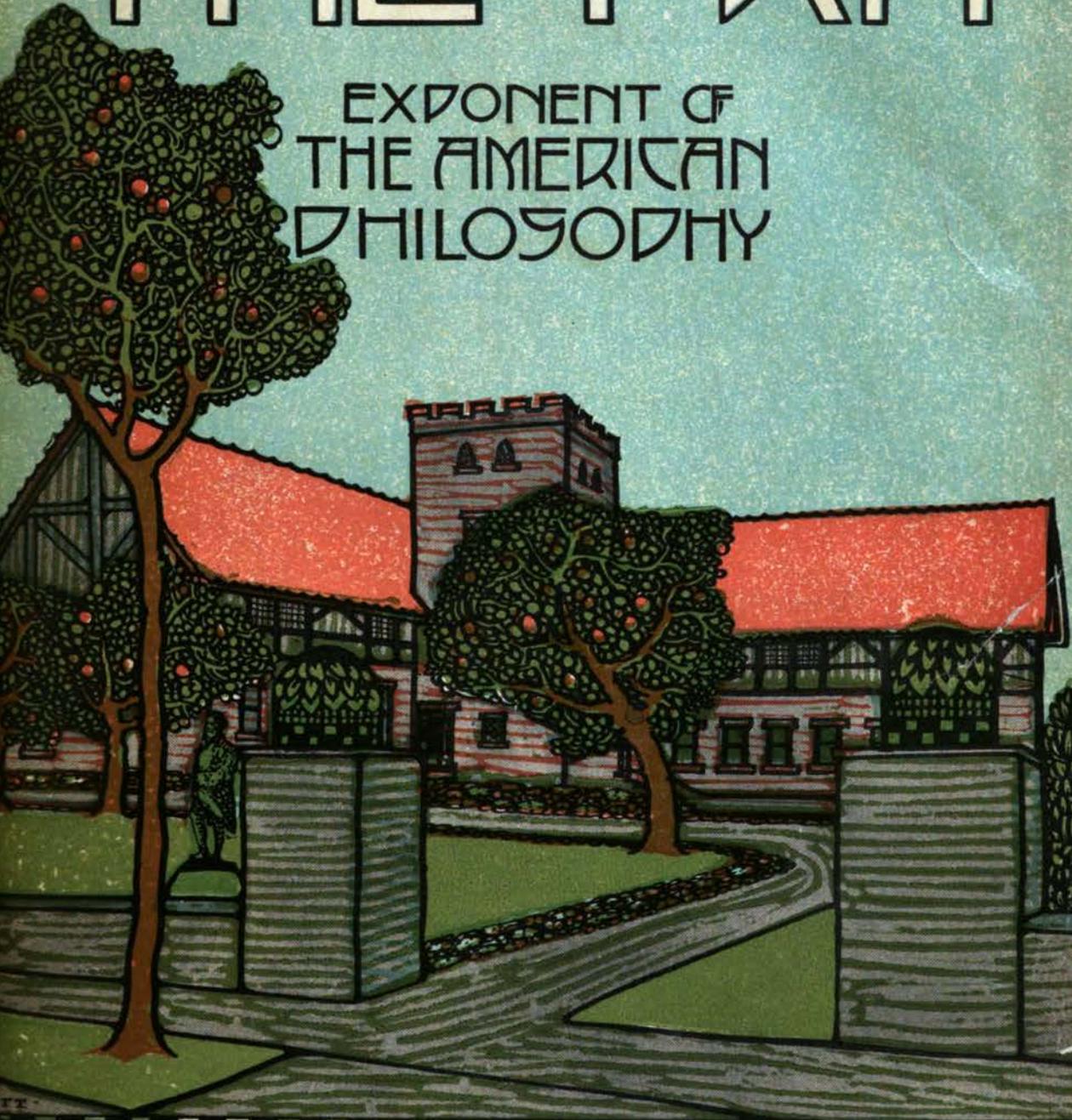


THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

Mitchell



THERE 'S going to be a decided shortage in automobiles of all classes this year. The pessimistic talk of some months ago has had its effect upon the manufacturers, and the result is simply this: that if you don't place your orders now and specify immediate *deliveries*, some of you will not have cars when you want them. Scores of you have doubtless held back your orders because you have thought there is going to be a reduction in prices. *That will not be the case with cars that are worth their prices.* So far as the Mitchell-Lewis Company is concerned, you may as well know now as at any time that there will be no reduction in prices—not even a penny's worth—and if you want a Mitchell you had better go to a Mitchell agent today. Remember this one thing: that this year Mitchell Service reaches the highest point of its development, and the word "Service" practically means Factory Insurance on your Car. Moreover, we have scattered "Trouble Men" throughout the country, whose sole business is to visit Mitchell owners and see that Mitchell cars are kept tuned up and in good condition.

The Car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay

"SILENT AS THE FOOT OF TIME"

ALL PRICES F. O. B. RACINE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.

THE FORA

EXPOONENT : OF
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PHILOSOPHY :

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No. 1

THE BUSINESSMAN IS THE
MAN WHO GETS THE BUSINESS

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FORA

The Art of Advertising



THE things that live are the things that are well advertised. The thoughts that abide are those which are strongly maintained, ably defended and well expressed * *

All literature is advertising, and all written advertising that grips attention is literature * Lies are launched and live, because they are well shoved off * *

Silence under unjust accusation is finely poetic, but a protest at the right time is more effective when dealing with Lobo, leader of the pack.

The railroads and other big corporations that remain silent under the gee-haw lash of the business-baiter have their silence pointed out as proof of guilt.

The world accepts a man at the estimate he places on himself. To let the rogues and fools expound and explain you to the multitude, and you yourself make no sign, is to allow the falsehood to pass as current coin. And soon

it becomes legal tender * According to the Common Law of England, a path across your property that is once used by the people becomes theirs for all time.

In America, now, millions of dollars are being expended by certain successful firms and corporations to correct a wrong impression that has been allowed to get a foothold in the public mind concerning them.

Just remember this: it is not the thing itself that lives; it is what is said about it. Your competitors, the disgruntled ones, are busy. The time to correct a lie is when it is uttered. So the moral is, you must advertise, no matter how successful you are.

You must advertise, wisely and discreetly, so as to create Public Opinion that is favorable to you * To stop advertising is to let your business run on momentum, and momentum is a gradual move toward a dead stop.

The Best Asset

THE Zeitgeist is always at work, always rolling up as a big snowball grows. The best asset you have is the good-will of the public, and to secure this and hold it, advertising is necessary. And the more successful you are, the more necessary it is that you

should place yourself in a true, just and proper light before the world, ere the lies crystallize, and you find yourself buried under a mountain of falsehood. "For be thou pure as snow and chaste as ice, thou canst not escape calumny." And the more successful you are, the finer target are you for rumor. The only man who is really safe is the man who does nothing, thinks nothing, says nothing, has nothing. He is the only one who need not advertise.

Advertising of Ancient Lineage

TO stand still is to retreat. To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the border of every successful venture pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising.

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new.

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

¶ The only names in Greek history that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts.

All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus.

All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the men of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's Lives. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare.

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to buy gasoline.

Horatius still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop.

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Damn your souls, we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it * *

Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air. ¶ Lord Douglas never said,

"The hand of Douglas is his own
And never shall in friendship grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high as they scorn the offered hand on Friday Afternoons, for centuries to come * *

Virginius lives in heroic mold, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call a virile pen, and who wrote such an ad for Virginius as he could never have written for himself.

Andrew J. Rowan carried the Message to Garcia, all right, but the deed would have been lost in the dustbin of time, and quickly too, were it not for George H. Daniels, who etched the act into the memory of the race, and fixed the deed in history, sending it down the corridors of time with the rumble of the Empire State Express, so that today it is a part of the current coin of the mental realm, a legal tender wherever English she is spoke.

Advertising a Fine Art

ALL literature is advertising. ¶ And in the final analysis all genuine advertisements are literature.

The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women—their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires—his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified.

It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds * *

A few conquer by fighting, but more battles are won by submitting.



Business



THE advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficent revolution. Up to the time of the Civil War a woman school-teacher was a curiosity. The typical schoolmaster, with his handy birch, can yet be vividly remembered by many. Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love

where before there were fear and force. "The teacher is the child's other mother," said Froebel. We did not believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two, the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government Offices at Washington. Women whose husbands, fathers or brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

By Eighteen Hundred Seventy, women were acting as clerks and saleswomen in shops and stores.

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time. In Eighteen Hundred Eighty I sent a MS. to Harpers, and got it back, with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any MS. that was not typewritten. I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine! I wrote an article on the arrogance of publishers. I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a harmony on the piano.

And it seems that is what the Remingtons thought, for when they wanted a woman to operate their machines, they asked for a musician, thinking that an alphabetical harmony could only be expressed by one who had acquired the "piano touch."

The typewriter-makers could not sell their machines unless they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use a typewriter.

And lo! in a short time Business Colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter and the typewritist rank in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation. Women typists receive in wages now over two hundred million dollars a year.

It is said that the lady typewritist has at times disturbed domestic peace; but trolley-cars, too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are almost sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other! The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition. This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward. No longer do you hear men talk of making their pile and retiring to enjoy it. The man who fails to get enjoyment out of his business will never enjoy anything—and what is more, will not succeed in business. Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort. The introduction of the one-price system has been a leaven that has worked its influence through the whole lump. Honesty as a business asset is everywhere recognized. If the goods are part cotton and look like wool, you are now frankly told that the article may be a yard wide, but it is not all wool. Among the Jewish clothing merchants, a class that used to take us in and do for us, being strangers, throwing in a pair of suspenders and a box of paper collars as salve for a bad bargain—the rule of absolute frankness is now universally recognized.

The one-price system, as opposed to the Oriental plan of haggle and the customs of booth and bazaar that existed since commerce began, is a saver of nerve-force beyond computation. Why should men seek to overreach each other? And the answer is: There is no reason—the way to succeed is to keep faith with your customer and secure him as a friend. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not do business with us.

✽

I look for the time when we shall set apart the best and noblest men and women of earth for teachers, and their compensation will be so adequate that they will be free to give themselves for the benefit of the race, without the apprehension of a yawning almshouse.

Commercial Progress



Two hundred years ago partnerships in business were very rare outside of the members of one particular family.

A man in business sold things—and most of the manufacturing was done by himself and his immediate family.

Then we find instances of brothers continuing the work which their father had begun, as in the case of the Elzevirs and the Plantins, the great book-makers of Holland.

To meet this competition, four printers in Sixteen Hundred Forty, in Antwerp, formed a partnership and worked together. A local writer by the name of Van Krugen denounced these four men, and made savage attacks on partnerships in general, characterizing them as wicked and illegal and opposed to the rights of the individual. One judge likened such a union to a fight where four men jumped on one. ✪ This view seems to have been quite general, for there was a law in Amsterdam forbidding all partnerships in business that were not licensed by the State.

The Legislature of the State of Missouri a few years ago made war on the department-store in the same way, using the ancient Van Krugen argument as a reason.

In London, in the Seventeenth Century, men who were found guilty of pooling their efforts and dividing their profits were convicted by law and punished for "contumacy, contravention and connivance," and were given a taste of the stocks in the public square.

The corporation was a Roman device for carrying out a big public work which no man could do in his lifetime. But the application of the idea to a private business was declared a scheme of oppression, a hungry octopus, a grinder of the individual.

The Joint-Stock Company

✪ HE rise of England as a manufacturing nation began with the plan of the stock company.

The aggregation known as the joint-stock company, everybody is willing now to admit, was absolutely necessary in order to secure the machinery, that is to say, the tools, the raw stock, the buildings, and to provide for

the permanence of the venture. ¶ The railroad systems of America have built up this country. On this thing of joint-stock companies and transportation our prosperity has hinged.

There are ten combinations of capital in this country that control over six thousand miles of railroad each. These companies have taken in a large number of small lines; and many connecting lines of track have been built. Competition over vast sections of country has been practically obliterated, and this has been done so quietly that few people are aware of the change.

Only one general result of this consolidation of management has been felt, and that is—better service at less expense.

No captain of any great industrial enterprise dares now to say, "The public be damned"—even if he ever said it, which I much doubt.

¶ The pathway to success lies in serving the public, not in affronting it. In no other way is success possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk are able to recognize it. You can only help yourself by helping others.

When P. T. Barnum said, "The public delights in being humbugged," he knew that it was not true, for he never attempted to put the saying into practise. He amused the public by telling it a lie, but P. T. Barnum never tried anything so risky as deception. Even when he lied we were not deceived. Truth can be stated by indirection. "When my love tells me she is made of truth, I do believe her, though I know she lies."

Barnum always gave more than he advertised; and going over and over the same territory he continued to amuse and instruct the public for nearly half a century.

The Saint Louis Union Station

✪ HIS tendency to co-operate is seen in such splendid features as the Saint Louis Union Station, for instance, where just twenty great railroad companies lay aside envy, prejudice, rivalry and whim, and use one terminal. If competition were really the life of trade, each railroad that enters Saint Louis would have a station of its own, and the public would be put to the worry, trouble, expense and endless delay of finding where it wanted to go and how to get there. As it is now, the entire aim and end of the scheme is to reduce friction, worry and expense, and give the public the greatest accommodation—the best

possible service—to make travel easy and life secure. Servants in uniform meet you as you alight, and answer your every question—speeding you courteously and kindly on your way. There are women to take care of women, and nurses to take care of children, and wheel-chairs for such as may be infirm or lame. The intent is to serve—not to pull you this way or that, and sell you a ticket over a certain road. You are free to choose your route and you are free to utilize as your own this great institution that cost a million dollars and that requires the constant presence of two hundred people to maintain. It is for the public, and was only made possible by a oneness of aim and desire—that is to say, co-operation.

Before co-operation comes in any line, there is always competition pushed to a point that threatens destruction and promises chaos; then, to divert ruin, men devise a better way, a plan that conserves and economizes, and behold, it is found in co-operation.

Civilization Is Evolution

CIVILIZATION is an evolution. ¶ Civilization is not a thing separate and apart, any more than art is.

Art is the beautiful way of doing things.

Civilization is the efficient way of doing things.

¶ The man who studies mankind and finds out what men really want, and then supplies them this, whether it be an Idea or a Thing, is the man who is crowned with honor and clothed with riches.

What people need and what they want may be very different.

To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need, but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in Potter's Field.

But wait, and the world will yet want the thing that it needs, and your bones will then become sacred relics!

This change in desire on the part of mankind is the result of the growth of intellect.

It is Progress, and Progress is Evolution, and Evolution is Progress.

There are men who are continually trying to push Progress along: we call these individuals "Reformers."

Then there are others who always oppose the Reformer—the mildest name we have for them is "Conservative."

The Reformer is either a Savior or a Rebel,

all depending upon whether he succeeds or fails—and your point of view.

Conservation is a plan of Nature. To keep the good is to conserve. A Conservative is a man who puts on the brakes when he thinks Progress is going to land Civilization in the ditch ✨ ✨

Brakemen are necessary, but in the language of Koheleth, there is a time to apply the brake and there is a time to abstain from applying the brake. To clog the wheels continually is to stand still, and to stand still is to retreat.

¶ Progress has need of the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all his time putting on the brakes.

The Conservative is just as necessary as the Radical. The Conservative keeps the Reformer from exceeding the speed limit.

Governments are good only when there is strong Opposition, just as the planets are held in space by the opposition of forces. And so civilization goes forward by starts and stops—pushed by the Reformers and held back by the Conservatives. One is necessary to the other, and they often shift places. But forward and forward Civilization forever goes, ascertaining the best way of doing things.

¶ In Commerce we have had the Individual Worker, the Partnership, the Corporation, and now we have the Trust.

What Is a Trust?

THE Trust is simply a partnership among corporations. The thing is all an Evolution—a moving forward. It is all for man, and it is all done by man. It is all done with the consent—aye, and approval—of man ✨ The Trusts were made by the People, and the People can and will unmake them should they prove an engine of oppression. They exist only during good behavior, and, like men, they are living under a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve.

Society always reserves the right to destroy the man or the thing that does not serve it. The Trusts are economizers of energy. They cut off waste and increase production.

The Trusts are here in spite of the men who think they originated them, and in spite of the Reformers who turned Conservatives and opposed them.

The crowning of Evolution will be the Age of Co-operation ✨ The operation of all big industries by the people and for the people will yet come. Competition has been so

general that economists mistook it for a law of Nature, when it was only a necessary incident.

Competition is no more a law of Nature than is hate. Hate was once so thoroughly believed in that we gave it personality and called it the Devil.

We have banished the Devil by educating people to know that the man who works has no time to hate and no need to fear.

¶ The Trusts are now getting things ready for Co-operation. A partnership of all the trusts with right motives would give us the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Humanity is growing in intellect, in patience, in kindness—in love. And when the time is ripe, the people will step in and take peaceful possession of their own.

And this time will come when fifty-one per cent of humanity outgrow selfishness and love their neighbor as themselves.

How soon do you think this will be?

Also, do you belong to the fifty-one per cent?

I believe in a Religion of Service—not a religion of services.

Humor in Advertising



HERE seems to be a growing science of advertising. It will never be complete. In fact, nothing ever is or will be finished. ¶

Everything is in process.

Mathematics itself is only a tentative agreement that two and two make four.

Everything in the world is becoming something else.

There is only one thing in creation, and that is energy.

This energy manifests itself in three shapes: atmosphere, hydrosphere, lithosphere—or, if you please, gas, water, rock.

These three forms, however, combine in a million ways. One of the things formed is man. His body is seventy per cent water, or more, ten per cent solid—the rest is gas.

This mass, vitalized in a certain way by Divine Energy, is man. When any one substance gets in excess, the particles that make up the man dissolve into their original elements and go on to make new combinations.

Advertising is a branch of the science of Psychology. And Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship and influence on one another.

Advertising includes two things, at least: one is publicity, the other is salesmanship. Before you can sell your commodity, the buyer has to know where it is, and something about it. So publicity precedes salesmanship.

If you can fix the name of your article and its peculiar qualities in the mind of the prospective buyer, interesting him favorably concerning them, you have pretty nearly sold him a bill. About all that is required is his name at the bottom of the order-blank or application, or his mug at the ticket-window hammering for the thing that is at the end of his tongue.

¶ That story of the tired, blase Englishman who appeared at a "booking-office" of the New York Central and asked for a ticket, and on being asked to what station, replied, "What stations have you, you know?" is simply fable. ¶ Individuals know what they want when they are laying down their good money.

Advertising is an education of the public as to the things they need, also as to the things they want.

Advertising tells who you are, where you are, and what you may have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. ¶ The individual who has nothing to advertise is a dead one, whether he knows it or not, and the individual who does not advertise the things he has, is on the toboggan for dissolution; and the constituent parts that make up his business will soon be evaporated into atmosphere, hydrosphere and lithosphere. Gas will probably get him.

A certain amount of lithosphere is absolutely necessary to life; but if you get too much you will have to order Lithia Water or drink buttermilk—according to Bishop Fowler and Doctor Tilden of Denver.

The Object of Advertising

¶ SUPPOSE I need not try to prove here that the object of the written and printed advertisement is publicity. In other words, advertisements are to be read. An advertisement that is not read is not an advertisement at all. There are many advertisements so beautifully written, so faultless, so perfect, that they are "faultily faultless, splendidly null," dead perfection, no more. They impress

no one. They contain neither wit nor wisdom. They are not bad enough to attract attention, nor good enough to thrill.

My idea is that a dash of humor in an advertisement is often a saving salt that will lure the reader on and fix in his mind the name of a thing, a person, a locality, which will eventually end in an order, and from one order into a permanent customer.

However, if an article is not absolutely bomb-proof, and a man is not a man from boots to bald spot, you had better not joke about him. What he then needs is oblivion, silence and the kindly crematorium.

Only a big man is able to wear a nickname and carry it off jauntily. Very few men are fit to be called "Abe," "Joe," "Tom," "Bill," "Andy," "Sandy" or "Al." The man who is not right fifty-one per cent of the time you had better address as the Honorable Johnson Bumpkins; otherwise, your publicity will shunt him into the cosmic ditch.

But if a thing is genuine and possesses virtue, the smile is all right. The merry Ha-Ha! can always kill the bad thing. Lies well laughed at are out of the game; but you can never laugh down the Prudential and its Rock of Gibraltar.

The Batten Boys and Pebeco

ALL of which is the result of a letter which I received from George Batten and Company, Advertising Agents, of New York City. Among the other valuable accounts that the Batten boys carry is that of Lehn and Fink, manufacturers of Pebeco.

I have tested Pebeco, personally, and tried it on my friends for a year or more. I am fully convinced that it is one of the finest preparations, if not the best, ever devised for the special purpose for which it is designed.

When Batten sent me a request to write six advertisements for Pebeco, I started in with one more or less humorous. Here it is:

Pebeco for Prevaricators

THE gentle Art of Lying is said to have had its beginning in the Garden of Eden. As a result, man's days are full of toil and moil, and woman's life is filled with woe. So was the knowledge of life paid for, and dearly.

Salvation has come upon the earth in many forms, but the Ananias Club still has a long waiting-list.

Since the first child "whacked" to his mother, there has been the not too gentle mouth-scrubbing, but seemingly to no avail.

The acid mouth exists. It causes tooth-decay, and tooth-decay means toothache and language luminous and picturesque, but unfit for publication.

Scientists avoid facing the truth, but the fact remains: the cause of acid mouth is lying. The Twentieth-Century mother is the first who has had a real scientific aid.

Pebeco Tooth-Paste will cure the acid mouth. It is the one deadly foe to the enemy of the oral cavity. If teeth are to be saved from the effects of a lying tongue, they must be thoroughly scrubbed immediately after each offense.

This means that some will have to work overtime. All should use Pebeco Tooth-Paste once a day as a preventive.

This will keep the mouth in perfect health and make truth-telling a toboggan-slide.

The child who is brought up with the Pebeco Habit will not spring white lies, and has less opportunity to develop the clinging habit of the red, black and blue, double deep-dyed prevarication of the maturer age.

The Pebeco Habit means that the Chancery Hold, and teeth and a soul may be saved.

Pebeco is becoming known through the land, and the generations shall rise up and call him blessed who has saved the race from its earliest and most deadly curse—acid in the oral cavity—late discovered to be caused by lying! And now the prophylaxis: Use Pebeco!

Write for trial tube and test-papers today. Yes, You! It may not be too late.

The Batten Advertisement

HIS copy came back from Batten with a sad epistle to the effect that my advertisement was preposterous and ridiculous and put Pebeco in an entirely wrong light before the public; and that neither George Batten and Company, nor Lehn and Fink, the manufacturers, would for an instant stand for any such trivial, trifling, unnecessary, absurd, foolish, insipid attempts at jocosity. If I wanted to advertise this excellent article, Pebeco, I must treat the whole thing in a dignified manner. Then was enclosed proof of an ad that was admitted to be about the proper caper. The advertisement that was enclosed I now print in full, nothing extenuating and setting down not in malice:

Does the Blue Test-Paper Turn Pink?

ONLY five out of one hundred, so say the dentists, escape having their teeth damaged by "acid mouth." This unnatural acidity of the mouth, slight as the amount of acid may be, gradually weakens the hard, almost indestructible enamel and finally dissolves it in places. Then the softer interior rapidly

breaks down and the destruction of the tooth is accomplished.

To know at once whether you are one of the "lucky five" or whether you are one of the ninety-five whose teeth must some day give way to the attacks of "acid mouth," send to us for these test-papers and try the test illustrated above. With these test-papers you can prove scientifically and convincingly just where you stand.

"Acid mouth" turns the blue test-paper pink. Just moisten a blue test-paper with the tip of the tongue and you prove the presence or absence of acidity in the mouth by exactly the same method that chemists use in their important laboratory tests and experiments. By the same test you can prove simply and strikingly that Pebecco Tooth-Paste is the one perfected dentifrice, scientifically formulated and chemically correct, which not only cleanses, whitens and polishes the teeth, but saves them by removing the cause of decay—"acid mouth."

Pebecco not only neutralizes acidity, but frees the mouth of the bacteria and germs underlying fermentation and acidity. It hardens soft, delicate gums and wards off many disorders of the mouth and throat with its prophylactic qualities. It is an effective deodorant, and gives the breath the sweetness and wholesomeness of health. Tartar and even stubborn discoloration are harmlessly removed by a consistent use of Pebecco. Gold fillings are brightened.

Pebecco is not a highly scented, saponaceous paste, but a perfect cleanser and preserver of the teeth, with a pleasant, revitalizing flavor that imparts to the whole oral cavity a refreshed, healthy sensation.

Pebecco originated in the laboratories of the P. Beiersdorf Company, Hamburg, Germany, and has long been recommended by conscientious dentists as a remarkably effective and absolutely harmless dentifrice—preserving the teeth from attacks of "acid mouth."

The Divine Kerosene of Plesantry

It will be noted that the advertisement of Batten and Company, which they put forth as a model, is serious, sincere, sober, grave and respectable. The only questions are: Will it be read, and does it contain enough essence of jamake so it will be remembered? The advertisement is certainly unobjectionable. Personally, I think that humor has its place in advertising as it has in every other function of life. A joke at a funeral is not always out of place. When Mercutio gasped, "This is a grave subject," Bill Shakespeare embalmed his name in undying amber.

I have joked a few excellent men into immor-

ality. Certainly I have not tacked their hides on the barn-door of obliquity. I have sent them dancing, flitting, flying toward the empyrean. Just let us note the following: Flynn of Atlanta; Hotchkin of Oshkosh; Fox of Philadelphia; Ali Baba of East Aurora; Doctor Gould of Philadelphia; the Reverend Doctor Albertson of Rochester; Professor Jarrett Bumball of Boston; Dean Hart of Denver; Bruce Calvert of Pigeon Roost; Bill Reedy of Clonmel; Gimlet Norvell of Saint Louis.

These men are all now national figures, largely through the fact that I have anointed them with the divine kerosene of plesantry.

Of course, there was a good deal of virtue in each individual; otherwise, it would not have been worth while. And if these men are ever ridiculous and preposterous, it will not be on my account, but because they have chosen to be. If any of these men have anything to offer the world in the way of talent or commodity, they now have a chance. They have been properly publicized.

A Case in Point

ONE of the advertisements I wrote for Bre'r Fox has been copied into "Printers' Ink," "Successful Advertising," "The Business Philosopher," "Publicity," and several periodicals in Europe, reaching over two millions of readers without any charge. The advertisement certainly did not hurt Fox. His business has doubled within a year—not on account merely of this one advertisement, but this advertisement helped him to get before the public as nothing else ever has. Here is the Fox ad:

At the Sign of the Rose—Fra Fox, He Knows

ONCE there was a man in New York who thought he had an enemy. Perhaps he had. And a very good way to have enemies is to be one. Our enemies are our friends who do not understand us.

The bad blood had been circulating between these men for some years. Both were lawyers.

Suddenly the New York man had an idea: he would send his enemy a bouquet of flowers, because flowers symbol emotions, you know—project an aura—stand for a sentiment. I hope you get me!

And so the man forwarded to Fra Fox, who knows, at the Sign of the Rose—Fox, the friend of Philistines and interpreter of emotions—Five Dollars, with orders to send to the enemy a goodly bunch of the following, assorted, namely, to wit:

Stramonium, commonly called Jimson-Weed;

Mimulus, misbegotten; Purslane, pulled plentifully; Skunk-Cabbage, a la mode; Chinkapin, done chuckaluck; Nightshade, a la carte; Pigweed, profuse; Burdock, biglienza; Cockleburs, copious; Burrmackintosh, bully-boy—all tied up with Rhus Toxicodendron.

Fra Fox never before received an order like that. He never has received one since. He disregarded orders, as he always does when the man wants to send the wrong thing. He sent, instead, American Beauty roses—the giver's card enclosed ❀ ❀

The recipient was knocked off his Mephistic Perch ❀ ❀

He wrote asking forgiveness.

The other man now realized that he was an Anserine, Asinine Hippogriff.

They met at Sherry's by appointment.

Now they sleep in twin beds and hold hands—poetically speaking.

Comes here then a Sarcastic Cuss, and declares this story is a lie on the face of it, since no lawyer ever sent five dollars to anybody, not even as a matter of hate.

Waive this and enter a demurrer in my name. Judgment in favor of Fra Fox, friend of Philistines—flower attorney for the Elect, and next-of-friend to all Lovers!

The Serious Side

FEW of the advertisements that I designed as pure joke matter were taken seriously and nearly swamped the supposed advertisers with orders ❀ I once advertised "East Aurora Sage," and offered to send sage-plants franked through the mail. We received something like a thousand requests from excellent people, to whom we had to forward blueprints.

At another time I advertised "Laurel for Poets," and advised every poet or would-be poet to start a few laurel-trees before he ground out his stuff, so as to have everything ready. Orders came by the dozen for slips of laurel and laurel-seed.

At another time I advertised that a certain Professor of Literature in the University of Chicago had discovered a way of making paper flowers that were really finer than the flowers made by God Almighty; that these flowers would deceive everything but bees, and it was expected as soon as the proper perfume was evolved that even the bees would be flim-flammed ❀ This Professor received hundreds of requests for bouquets. Some of the people sent money in advance, and the Professor got after me with Jagers and Jagers, Attorneys-at-Law, threatening to sue me for libel, and actually taking steps to get

out an injunction against any more jokes ❀ Publicity is not always desirable.

The simple point is this: Pebeco is an article of merit. Should it be advertised in a dead, serious, sober way—or is a smile and a glimmer of white teeth permissible? I leave the matter to the Elect, and invite replies; some of which I will publish, if they carry the phosphorus and show the actinic ray. Now then!

The Via Media is the route you take when a frank expression might hurt your business.

Love and Faith



YOU know the type of woman who requests the clergyman to omit the word obey—bless me! ❀ No woman is worthy to be a wife who on her marriage day is not absolutely lost in an atmosphere of love and perfect trust; and the supreme sacredness of the relation is the only thing which, at the time, should possess her soul. Is she a bawd that she should bargain?

Women should not "obey" men, any more than men should obey women. There are six requisites in every happy marriage: the first is faith, and the remaining five I have forgotten.

Nothing so compliments a man as for a woman to believe in him—nothing so pleases a woman as for a man to place confidence in her.

And at last the desire of the man and woman who are mentally and spiritually mated is to obey each other.

Obey? God help me! Yes, if I loved a woman, my whole heart's desire would be to obey her slightest wish. And how could I love her unless I had perfect confidence that she would only aspire to what was beautiful, true and right? And to enable her to realize this ideal, her wish would be to me a sacred command; and her attitude of mind toward me, I know would be the same.

And the only rivalry between us would be as to who could love most; and the desire to obey would be the one controlling impulse of our lives ❀ ❀

We gain freedom by giving it, and he who bestows faith gets it back with interest. To bargain and stipulate in love is to lose.

Perfect faith implies perfect love; and perfect love casteth out fear. It is the fear of imposition, and a lurking intent to rule, that causes the woman to haggle over a word—it is absence of love, a limitation, an incapacity.

The price of a perfect love is an absolute surrender * *

Keep back part of the price and yours will be the fate of Ananias and Sapphira.

To win all we must give all.

*

Education is simply the encouragement of right habits—the fixing of good habits until they become a part of one's nature, and are exercised automatically.

*

Co-operation



JAMESTOWN, North Dakota, is three hundred forty-four miles West of Saint Paul on the Northern Pacific Railroad *

It is a typical, thriving little city of the up-to-date variety, where any person who hustles and uses his sky-piece catches all wolves that sniff around his door, skins them, sends their pelts to market, and pockets the proceeds.

As our train drew into Jamestown and slowed up at the depot, I saw a sight that gladdened my heart for a month and a day. ¶ Thrills are scarce to the seasoned barn-stormer, and seldom do you see a unique and unforgettable thing for the first time.

And here is what I saw there at the station at Jamestown, North Dakota: a flower-garden, of, say, an acre, all divided up into little beds, where blossomed in rollicking beauty all the old-fashioned flowers that used to bloom in my mother's garden out in old McLean County * *

But flower-gardens are everywhere, you say. ¶ Wait a moment there, neighbor—not quite so fast. As I was saying, it was a regular spangle of multicolored beauty. And scattered around in that God's half-acre were fully fifty boys and girls of, say, from six to ten years old. They had watering-pots, hoes, rakes and shovels, and were working away quite oblivious and indifferent to the incoming train. Children fit into a flower-garden like birds and butterflies. The child belongs on the ground, and the

child at work with head and hands, happy and intent, is an inspiring sight.

The School Garden

¶ O there they were, right close along the railroad-track—the children and the flowers * *

I stood and stared!

Then I found my tongue and asked a man on an express-wagon what this all meant. ¶ He smiled and answered: "That, Mister, is a school garden. The land belongs to the railroad. The railroad company supply the seeds and tools, and they pay that woman over there for superintending the garden and teaching the children."

And my friend jerked his thumb toward a little woman, the only adult in the garden, down on her hands and knees showing two girls and three boys how to pull out the weeds without injuring the plants.

Now I do not know the woman's name. I do not know whether she is married or single. All I know is that a great railroad corporation, in this grasping, selfish age, at this particular point is co-operating with the public school in the matter of school gardens. That the garden is a decided success was apparent. That the children were happy was equally sure. ¶ That the little woman on her knees pulling weeds had found her work was proven by her healthy, smiling, sunburnt face.

"Who originated this railroad school garden?" I asked the little woman. "Nobody in particular," she said; "the railroad laid out the grounds, and then I wrote to the Division Superintendent of the road asking if we could let the children help. He answered, yes, provided I would see that they did no damage. ¶ Then I went to work with a few of the children. One day, the President of the railroad came through and saw what I was doing, and he gave orders, without my asking, that I should be put on the payroll as Station Florist, at twenty-five dollars a month. The school board pays me the same, so you see I am very fortunate."

The bell clanged, the whistle tooted twice, and I ran to catch my train.

*

A college that has its students devote one-half their time to actual, useful work is so in line with commonsense that we are amazed that the idea had to be put in execution by an ex-slave as a lifesaver for his disenfranchised race.

Organization



AMERICA owes her proud place among the nations to the energy, sagacity and insight of her businessmen in matters of organization.

Organization in America, based on the Science of Mathematics and the Law of Supply and Demand, has given us our wealth * *

To embarrass and legislate against organization, limiting it, checking it, thwarting it, is to curtail production. Supervision is necessary, but limitation, never. ¶ All Anti-Trust Laws, such as the Sherman Act, are born of fallacious reasoning * They are unscientific, being based on mistaken assumptions.

The mobs that tore up the first railroads in England, as well as the fine scorn of John Ruskin for the iron horse, were the result of a belief that this newly discovered power was going to enslave the people. So they wanted less power, not more. ¶ This is false reasoning. A few always suffer from an inability to adapt themselves to new conditions; but progress is for the many, not the few.

The occasional misuse of a good thing is no excuse for making war on the thing.

My father tells of a time when he changed cars seven times going from New York to Chicago. The journey took three days and three nights. And it would be the same now were it not for combination and organization.

The Keynote of Success

ORGANIZATION is the keynote of success. ¶ That the Sherman Act has been allowed to remain on our statute-books as long as it has, is an indictment of the intelligence of our lawmakers.

The same quality of brain that evolved the Sherman Act made war on the Department-Store, and if it had had its way would have destroyed the Mail-Order House, declaring that it was "a combination in restraint of trade," and drove the small dealer out of business * The logic of the men who passed the Sherman Act is exactly the same as that of those who oppose the Parcels Post. The natural, free flow of commodities being checked by a four-pound limit on packages sent through the mails, all larger packages being forwarded by concerns in

competition with the Post-Office Department, is a grave error in Economics.

In Russia, corporations are heavily taxed and looked upon with grave suspicion. Production by modern methods is limited.

There is not a single millionaire in Russia outside of the Czar and the Grand Dukes, and they do not count, since their business is consumption and waste, and not production.

¶ There is not a millionaire merchant in Spain, Portugal or Italy. The genius of organization is lacking in Europe, save for purposes of war — purposes of destruction. ¶ Our best talents in America are being used in the lines of creation, production, building and distribution.

All laws passed to punish "combinations in restraint of trade" are in themselves restraining trade * The natural laws of trade are automatic, and should be left alone by people who prize freedom.

The Age of Pericles

THAT bright spot in history called "The Age of Pericles" was simply a lull in the war-spirit, when Greece turned her attention from war to art and beauty.

Through the genius of America's businessmen, we will yet make the "Age of Pericles" perpetual, and the glory that was Greece will manifest itself all over this continent, and finally all over the world.

Had there been a Sherman Act in Greece, making co-operation beyond a certain limit criminal, there would have been no Parthenon.

¶ Energy, taking the form of human units, combines according to certain natural laws.

¶ Economics is as much under the domain of Nature as are the tides and the movements of the planets. Ignorance of the laws of Economics is the one thing that limits civilization.

¶ One hundred fifty years ago, practically all manufacturing was done in the homes in the form of handicrafts.

The invention of the steam-engine removed the handicrafts from the home to the factory. With the help of the machine one man can now do as much as eighty could one hundred fifty years ago.

We have twenty million workers in America, who, in the amount of work accomplished, are the equal of one billion six hundred million, one hundred years ago. Here we find a vast increase in the production of wealth. To use this wealth for human good, and not pauperize the workers, is the problem that confronts us.

The Use of Wealth

THE Sherman Act is a subtle scheme for curtailing the production of wealth, and as such is distinctly barbaric. It is the device of a lawyer, not an economist, and at the best is a palliation for the misuse of wealth. And palliatives, either in medicine, theology or sociology, are absurd and unscientific.

To limit the production of wealth because some one misused wealth, would be on a par with limiting health because some one had laughed out loud in meeting.

Don't be afraid that any one is going to take his wealth with him when he dies. Also, don't be afraid that he can tie it up so it will not bless and benefit mankind. The unfit are always distributing it, and killing themselves in the process.

Wealth is for the increased happiness of the race, and the science of economics will tell us when, where and how. One manufacturer in America has given to the world seventeen hundred libraries; also, twenty million dollars for the cause of peace, and one hundred million dollars for the cause of education.

Here are things that never have been done before since the race began. Granting that we do not yet always know how to make the widest and best use of wealth, this is but an increased argument for the Science of Economics. Economics is an evolving Science. We will never get to the end of it. Ideals attained cease to be ideals, and the distant peaks beckon us on, and on. Combinations that increase production should be encouraged, not forbidden. What this world needs is more wealth, not less.

MOST of the magazines that carry large amounts of advertising are sold on the news-stands, and are handled by the American News Company and sent by express. To increase postal rates on magazines would tend to drive the business more and more to the news-stands and to the Express Companies and to discourage individual subscriptions. To raise the postal rate is inexpedient. Let Congress compel the Express Companies to cease usurping the business of the Post-Office Department, and the question of deficits is solved. To raise postal rates in the face of the fact that the Express Companies now carry a deal of the second-class business and at a profit, is flying in the face of the people and will not be tolerated.

The Goal



THE genius of evolution is not exhausted in mere physical structure. Beyond bone and sinew and muscle, beyond sensation and emotions, it is destined to build a marvelous empire of mind—an empire that can be entered by the strong man only. A few great men are already at the gates of this domain of the Mind.

Man has lived too close to the earth hitherto. He has too long conceived of life as a mere physical process. But matter hides a sublime secret—Brain is the Conqueror.

Mind is destined to rule the universe. Mind is destined to be the lord of matter. Mind is the aim of all evolving processes.

Man must become master of himself before he can become the master of anything. And in this great enterprise Mind will be his instrument of overcoming.

We are still poor slaves of our emotional nature. In the whirlwinds of passion and sensation we are still as straws. We are hypnotized by the dead. We have worn too long the attribute of beast and bird of prey.

We are coming to know that in Mind we have the supreme liberator, the great regulator of the lower nature, the panacea that we have been looking for since we crept out of our forest lairs, brushed the hair back from our eyes and cried to the stars, Why?

From being the mere slaves of external forces that we are now, from being the mere sport of a godless Chance, from the mud and slime of our primitive nature, we may rise and become the Masters of our destinies, gods in our own right.

Cultivate self-control. That is the first step. Train your mind to master your emotional nature. Break your unruly passions over the wheel of Brain-Power.

The goal of evolution is Self-Conquest. Without that achievement life has no meaning, death is a vile jest, hope an obscene lure.

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 professed and professional Wise Men of the East.

Universal Salesmanship

By Alice Hubbard



FEW weeks ago I was admitted into the sacred precincts of an Advertisers' Convention.

I was a rank outsider, and I knew it. So I sat in the Women's Court—or, if you please, the gynecium—with nothing to do but listen and think. ¶ The discussions were most interesting.

What is good advertising?

What is poor advertising?

Who are advertisers?

Suddenly it came to me that every human being is an advertiser.

Everybody advertises—everybody and everything. ¶

The drunkard's horses advertise him, so do his wife, his cattle, his fences, his dogs—even his house and his barn.

The merchant advertises himself in his store. You know what kind of man he is when you enter his door and see the display of the goods, the quantity, the quality, the art or lack of art in showing them to his customers.

Every factory, every establishment, every piece of goods of any and all kinds advertises itself.

Advertising Supremacy of Men

ALL human beings advertise themselves without an advertising agency. In the business of advertising commercially, men are better advertisers than women.

Men use better methods. They have realized before women have that they have something to sell. They have realized that what they have to sell must bring a return at the end of the day. They have to make an accounting.

Almost every one tells you by his advertisements whether he has a thought or a commodity to sell; also, the grade and quality of the thought, the commodity or the service. You can very soon find, if it is in the line of commerce, whether you want to buy what he advertises, or not.

We have so far separated women from the business world, that we think of them rather as a commodity or an advertising feature than that they are advertising something of worth.

¶ And yet, at this time, we are realizing (and thinking people are formulating the thoughts into words) what these different

women stand for. There are women whom you know at sight are mothers, who carry the integrity of the world in their hearts, whose lives are given to preparing and giving to the world citizens of whom any nation may be proud.

There are women who are giving to the State their best service in the way of teaching; whose lives are manifestations of the noblest qualities that humanity has evolved; whose every attitude toward life is development; who are evolving the highest thought humanity can express. These are great, magnificent souls—the hope of the human race.

And there are women whose eyes are just seeing the light, who are blinded by it, and are moving indefinitely because the world is a new medium of life to them. They have until now lived in a prison-house and their horizon has been limited by four walls. They are good subjects for the eager cartoonist, because they are awkward and often grotesque. For the first time they are realizing that they have energy, that Nature demands that they use this energy; and they are learning wisdom through the expenditure of this energy.

The Business Sense in Women

AND there are many women who do not realize that they are still toys, dolls, playthings, a luxury, a burden, a tantalizing necessity. These are making the best bargain they can out of what they have that is marketable. ¶

Women, as a rule, cease playing with dolls at twelve. Many men play with dolls to the end of their days. And so long as dolls bring a high rental, dolls will be on the market. It is an indication of the dawning of the business sense in women, when they realize that opportunities for securing money—their avenue to independence—are few, that they utilize to the best of their ability the psychological moment in securing all the wealth they can. ¶ Fortune-hunters or bargain-hunters, they are sometimes called.

And they are advertising.

The advertisements which women carry are very simple after all. It does not take a scholar to understand—only the disinterested.

If women who are human beings first, and human beings always, and women incidentally, are pleasing to and needed by men, the dolls will disappear.

When men want companionship, the friend-

ship, the partnership and the love of great and noble women, they will find them.

As soon as women realize that a dress fitted over a coat of mail is neither desirable nor useful, they will cease advertising as display dummies and will make their clothing serve the uses of the body.

We advertise whether we wish to or not.

The Salesmen's Convention

☞ I HAVE had the privilege, too, of attending a Salesmen's Convention, and this was just as interesting as was the Convention of Advertisers ☞ ☞

Were salesmen born or made?

How can a man become a salesman?

What are the requirements for a salesman?

☞ Who are salesmen?

What is a salesman's time worth?

It was an interesting study in psychology and good practical commonsense—which possibly is the best psychology known.

I realized that everything is sold: "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us."

Yes, it is true! Every human being is a salesman. The difference in salesmanship is in the varying quality of the excellence in salesmen.

☞ From the discussions of these professionals, I came to the conclusion that the accepted term of a good salesman was, that the man who could turn over the most money in the shortest space of time, giving a square deal, was considered superior.

What is it that every individual has for sale?

☞ Time and energy.

Commodities are a result of time and energy. Modern philosophers tell us that nothing has intrinsic value except what can be turned into energy. Gold has no value, silver has no value, goods have no intrinsic value except food, clothing and fuel—energy-producing products.

☞ So, technically, no man has more than his time and energy to sell, and no person has less than these.

Then the quality of the salesmanship depends upon the energy which the salesman can generate, how he conserves it, how he expends it, and how he uses the time—a short period of which is his for use.

People who have had parents wise enough to realize that the greatest endowment they can give their children is health—ability to generate power or energy—have the great birth-right, and they are equipped for life.

Health is a condition which is necessary to

the radiation of energy, and man's first thought should be given to insuring himself in this inherent right.

Time is his. He does not have to provide that. He has only to use it—to use it in generating and expending energy.

We have a tradition that it is a necessity to teach boys to use their time in a way that shall render a service to humanity. Boys are expected to learn a trade, to become proficient in a profession, to fit themselves for work which will bring a compensation and has a universally acknowledged market.

So the boy expends his time with these facts in view. If he becomes self-supporting and is able to do more than take care of himself, he usually adds the responsibility of a family. His time and energy are expended in earning food, clothing and shelter for himself and his family. Then we say that he is a person of responsibility. We look up to him if he has excelled and shown superior wisdom in the expenditure of his time and energy. And this is well ☞ ☞

Development and Expenditure of Energy

☞ TRADITION also has given to us another law, and into this is mixed much of superstition and injustice. This law is with regard to the training of girls to develop energy and expend it.

Until within fifty years there was very little liberty given to woman in choosing an occupation ☞ ☞

It was accepted by all that she would be a housekeeper and a mother. Both of these are very worthy and quite necessary occupations; the disadvantage is in the limitation. She was prohibited from every other work until Froebel's time.

There was a market for such expenditure of energy, but the market was flooded, and the supposition was that the supply could be had for the asking.

It seemed like the free corncribs which Pompey and Cæsar set up for the Romans, and which, of course, the people did not value.

Sisters, wives, mothers, maiden aunts were in abundance, without money and without price except board and keep. In the country, many years ago, they used to hire the teacher, paying him three dollars a week and "found."

No such bargain was made with housekeepers and mothers. ☞ Plenty of work and "found" was the market price.

And it came to pass that women did not value time nor energy, and they ceased to work to develop energy.

Bad salesmanship! The poorest that can be imagined! ❄ ❄

In this present day, when any one comes looking for work we ask of him, "What can you do?"

¶ If the answer is, "Almost anything," we find that we have no vacancy in that department.

¶ If a person specifies that he is a bookbinder or a printer, and if all he wants is a living, immediately we have no opening in either department.

Directors of departments do not wish to supervise people who have no more ambition than to earn just enough for a living. It is not worth the supervision.

Experience has taught us that unless a person has more energy to expend than to earn just food and clothing, his services are of very little value in this decade.

The demand of this age is for men and women with energy, plus: salesmen who can make more than a living, and this demand is the hope of our race.

Woman's Services Cheap

WOMEN as a class have held their services cheap; and, I am sorry to say, they have given cheap service in many cases. But unless women realize the value of their own time and energy, no one else will.

¶ A girl who spends her first eighteen or twenty years in getting ready for one sale, one bargain, and feels that in this one transaction she makes herself exempt from the necessity of entering into the life of commerce ever again, is a poor saleswoman. One big sale is not estimated as business in the commercial world.

If this bargain is made, and the girl at twenty considers that from this time forward she is immune from all responsibility of making her time and energy valuable, she is losing identity and quickly falls into the class of dependents, minors.

We are sorry for the man who has to give security for the living of this woman for the rest of her natural life. We are sorry for her dwarfed soul and body.

If there is an unpardonable sin, it is that of neglecting to use opportunity ❄ There are people who see the opportunity of an opportunity. These have souls worth saving. ❄

If a girl were trained to understand and realize that her service must be that of an expert,

that she must equip herself for earning a living, and in this present age for earning more than enough to feed, shelter and clothe herself, she would develop energy and she would develop wisdom in the expenditure of that energy.

Where she is brought up to know the value of time, she will not spend her afternoons nor her mornings gossiping nothings over the back fence with neighbors, nor in the reception-room, using the same mental processes that are used by the idle poor, though her words may be more refined. Then she will have responsible work that will give her a dignity which only labor can give to any human being. She will then realize that she is an important part in the machinery of this great universe, and that it would be a calamity were she to stop her work for one day.

Woman will soon realize that she must be excellent in the work she is doing. If she is a musician, she can not dabble with music; if an artist, she can not use art for her amusement. Is she a mother, she will realize the joy and the responsibility of being the best mother, and she will make the care of her children her business. If she is in the business world, she will compete with men who recognize that business is a science whose laws do not give to ladies the most comfortable seats nor shield them from either imaginary or real enemies ❄ ❄

Then and Now

NOW, the world of work has opened its doors to woman and she may choose her occupation. Many, many women are in earnest in their work, and are awake to what it means to be a part of the moving, throbbing, living work of the world. They do their work, remembering that they are human beings first, last and always, being women quite incidentally; that men are human beings first, last and always, and men quite incidentally; that the value of time and energy is of equal importance to every human being on earth.

There was a time, and that not many decades ago, when the mother had an occupation that was considered by her of value. The nursery then was an institution in the house, and the house was maintained because of this nursery. The best room, the sunniest, the most comfortable was used for the children. The first and best thoughts of the mother were for the development of her children. She realized that the

child must have health, must be a dynamo of energy, must be trained to use this energy and to use it wisely and well.

Some of the houses—called homes—at the present time are merely clubrooms where are assembled coteries of people who maintain what is termed "society."

They entertain themselves in various ways. The occupation of the women who are in charge of these clubhouses is to plan entertainments for the coteries, giving careful attention to artistic effects of houses, gowns, and decorations in the way of flowers, and food. The thought of the original home has been lost entirely ❀ ❀

The occupation of the women who meet at these clubhouses is the skilful manipulation of tongues, cards and fine cutlery ❀ Much attention is given to certain arbitrary rules of dress and deportment.

The day passes, and possibly not one item of value has attracted the attention of these women during the time. To use the good Connecticut expression, they have "nothing to show for the day's work." They have paid with their lives, their time, their energy for a cap and bells.

The Dawn of a Better Day

❀ IN the active world, we give a money ❀ compensation to our Chief Executive, for the time and energy he expends in serving the people. To every employee, also—even to the men who clean our streets and carry away the litter—we grant compensation for service rendered ❀ ❀

We pay all professional people: doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, artists ❀ The orator sells his eloquence, the writer his thought. The singer, the player, demand compensation for their time and energy.

In the business world, everybody—office-boy, plowboy—receives a stated wage for the expenditure of energy and time.

We pay the teacher, that "other mother," for the time and energy spent by her in teaching and taking care of our future citizens.

But the mother sells her time and energy for love ❀ That is to say, the mother has not developed the business sense where she knows that in this world—which is a commercial and business world—she must not stand out and say her way is superior to the methods and the system which civilization has developed that each individual shall be a sovereign.

There are no slaves in America. We have no provision for beggars except the humiliating one of the poorhouse or charity ward.

No human being in America can keep his self-respect and sell his time and energy for nothing. Any one who does this belongs in the child class.

Every human being is a salesman, and we have these grades: good, medium, poor, bad, very bad, criminal.

We need schools of salesmanship where girls and boys shall be taught how to sell their time and energy.

"Earth gets its price for what earth gives us."

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

An Essay on Advertising

By Mike Kinney



O hum! So it's up to me to work a few "original thots" out of my system on the subject of advertising.

To advertise, according to Webster, means to warn or to make known. In the Bible, in Numbers xxiv, 14, you will find, "I will advertise thee what this people shall do." Then in Shakespeare I find this: "Therefore give me no counsel; my griefs cry louder than advertisement."

Back into the Dark Ages of the world's history I cast the white calcium-light of my searching intelligence and I find that even prehistoric man was prone to advertise his good deeds to the world. Feeling the God within him he chafed at the brief span of this earthly existence and in his feeble way he has attempted to pass down the record of his achievements to countless unborn generations. In prehistoric ruins we find the rude statues of our early brothers. On the walls of their temples they told of their deeds in the flesh. What an unavailing and pitiful struggle against the all-obliterating hand of Time!

So we stand today in our country graveyards among the toppling and falling gravestones and there on all sides in the epitaphs we see the same spirit of man advertising to the world his sorrow, his love and affection. Poor man!

In the shifting sands of Time trying to fix something permanent. What a hopeless effort! ¶ Verily, the philosophy of the beloved Robert Louis Stevenson is best: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." All we have is the journey—from the cradle up the hill to middle age and then down the hill to the finish, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. ¶ If all of us would just learn to travel hopefully, to be kind, to be gentle, as the days come and as the days go! Why waste our time in listening to the rumble of some distant drum? Riches take wings and fly away. Honors fade and crumble in the grasping. When it is all done, there is but the remembrance of some loving smile and a few tender words. All the rest falls to ashes.

Some Old-Timers

Oh hum! I would like to know what all this has got to do with advertising. ¶ Perhaps the best-known advertisers of times were the Egyptian kings—Rameses, Thothmes, Seti and Company. They set up their advertisements in temples, statues and obelisks. On the walls of their temples, on the bases of their statues and on the sides of their obelisks they wrote the advertisements of all their honors and dignities, their names, their trademarks or cartouches. They called themselves King of Kings and Lord of Lords. They advertised to the world that they were descended from the gods. They told of their lion-hunts and their battles and their victories. They did not want any mistake made about what "hot stuff" they were.

And then peacefully they laid themselves down to rest, or sometimes in battle they were hit on the head with a hammer. Then they were embalmed with spices and wrapped in fine linen. Today you can see in the Museum at Gizeh the mummy of the great Rameses who persecuted the children of Israel. Poor old fellow! He does n't look very royal now. Thousands trembled at his glance, but today the American bride and bridegroom lean over his glass case and inquire if his hair still grows. How have the mighty fallen!

Then when a Pharaoh died his successor proceeded forthwith to chisel his name and his cartouche and all his great deeds off the monument and have his own name and his own cartouche and all his own victories engraved on the granite in place of his predecessor's. There is so much cheerful human

nature about all this! So much respect for their ancestors! Still each king did it knowing his successor would trim up his record in the same unselfish manner.

But some did not have any successors, or the walls of the temple fell and the sands of the desert drifted over them, and thus the records were preserved down through the ages, so advertising men of today can study the advertising men of the days of Egypt.

Then along through the ages we find many advertisers. Pericles left his advertisement in the temples of Athens. I think it was Perk who remarked that he found Athens a city of mud and left it a city of marble. That was n't so bad for one lifetime. But if I remember my schoolboy lessons correctly a mob of his fellow-citizens got after Perk and gave him a run for his money.

But there was Aspasia (I think that was her name), and I suppose she sort of averaged things up for Perk. She was a lady with charming manners and it seems to me I have read Pericles admired her so much that he bought her a cottage and supplied her with necessary raiment for a number of years. It does seem that every great man in history had some kind lady who took an interest in him and helped him with his lessons.

Then as I skip down through the pages of history the next notable advertiser I strike is Julius Cæsar. Sure we all know him. He wrote his own advertisements, bound them in neat little volumes and had them published in Rome so when he was on the frontier of the world the Romans would n't forget him. He wrote all his advertisements in the third person, but he did n't let anybody forget for a moment that "Julius was on the job." I guess a good many of us remember how he starts his Commentaries on the Gallic War—"Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres"?

I remember I studied my Latin just because I wanted to know what Julius did next. I got stuck on the human interest in the story and as a result I generally made one hundred per cent in Latin.

So we can put Julius down as a good advertiser for his day. But in the end his fellow-citizens, with knives of "Diamond Edge" quality, let a little daylight into his anatomy. So Julius fell on the marble stones of the Senate at the feet of the statue of Pompey, sighing his last words, "Et tu, Brute!" which, being trans-

lated, means, "Oh, you brute!" although some say it means, "And thou, Brutus!"

The Great Napoleon

WITH a hop, skip and a jump the searchlight of my intelligence comes down through a few more centuries and for a passing instant we hold in the spotlight Napoleon Bonaparte. Can't you see him sitting on his gray horse as the sun rises on the memorable battlefield of Austerlitz?

Napoleon always believed in advertising. It is said he had the accounts of some of his battles written up before they were fought and started couriers back to Paris the day previous. Whenever he made a journey he took learned men along with him to write the human story. He believed in journalism. He patted journalists on the back and he was always ready to give them a little "copy." ¶ Just before the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt he took out his notebook and made a memorandum something like this: "Soldiers of France, from these Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you! Get busy!" Then he had these words sent wireless to Paris.

When he sat on his horse facing the Sphinx he had an instantaneous photograph taken of himself with one of the most approved kodaks, so today we have the picture of the Sphinx and Napoleon. Each gazed into the other's eyes and neither said nothing. Silences like that in history are always great reading.

¶ Some of our modern advertising writers hardly appreciate the value of an occasional silence. Shakespeare understood this, and you will note in "Macbeth" after the king is killed how effectively these silences are used. But of course some actors forget the silences, just as some ad-writers forget to leave enough white paper.

Then Napoleon had himself painted on any and all occasions. David, the painter, was his particular friend as long as he gave him a square deal in the way of plenty of advertising. But Napoleon had the kibosh put on him. He returned from Elba once, but Saint Helena was too far away. Aeroplanes had n't been invented. ¶

It seems to me the moral of this story on advertising is that it is not safe to stay for breakfast. There is Rameses—they got him. Pericles—they got him. Julius Cæsar—they got him. Napoleon Bonaparte—they got him. And as once in a while I take a squint at Fate

standing just around the corner with a stuffed club, I am prone to speculate as to what present-day Colossus will be the next victim—who knows?

The Fellow Who Does It

WUT to get back on my trolley. In all my investigations this one point stands out: If there had been no advertising writers to write about these great men, there would have been no great men. Happy is the man who has a good press-agent.

There was Socrates. He did n't do a thing but talk. He used to get out in the sunshine with a lot of young fellows around him and air his views. He never wrote anything, but he happened to have a pupil named Plato who acted as his advertising agent. And all of us now know what Socrates said, or at least what Plato said Socrates said.

Poor old Soc! He had Xantippe to keep the balance even. When he came home after a great mental flight before his class, Xantippe took all the conceit out of him by asking him how much salary he drew for all the public work he did. I will bet she told him that he was an ass to think "original thots" and give them out to the public for nothing. I guess she told him a regular salary and a safe living would beat posthumous glory to a frazzle. ¶ Then, as usual, the twenty-two shorts who lived in Athens "got" Socrates. I guess the small-caliber men will always get the big fellows, because there are more of them, and when they realize they are BB caps they all form a combination, stand together, and put the kibosh on the heavy artillery. So Socrates waved his hand gracefully to Xantippe, took hemlock, laid down on his couch and made an exit that will serve as a model of correct mortuary manners for generations to come.

Modern Advertising

O, hum! Ho, hum! Before I close this article, I must, in order to earn my princely salary, pass out a few thoughts on modern advertising.

Just mark this, Clarence: Advertising Does Not Sell the Goods, no matter what the advertising agency with its daily conference of twenty men, each drawing a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum, may tell you on the subject. Put it down that advertising alone will not sell your product.

There is one queer thing about these advertising agencies. They will come to you and

tell you how they can take your product and how they will increase your sales by their advertising genius. They will paint pictures to you of results that will make you think you already have the money in bank. But hist, brother! when you say, "This is great! Let's go into partnership; I will supply the goods and you supply the advertising and we will divide the profits," then what a pained expression will come over their faces. No, they don't do business just that way. You must plank down the cash to them for their advertising advice, and then, dearest, you take your chances on the results. The advertising agent takes his in cash—sometimes from the advertiser, generally from the publisher, occasionally from both ❦ ❦

But don't make a mistake. Advertising is a good thing and is not disappointing when its functions are properly understood and when it is handled with good judgment. Advertising is the voice in the wilderness preparing the way. It prepares the soil for the planting, but it is not the plant itself.

Attractiveness in Advertising

ATTRACTIVE advertising makes people in your community, your State, your country or in all countries know the name of your house. Your name becomes familiar. But not one man in ten thousand ever sits down and orders anything from an advertisement. He looks at the printed page and sez to himself, "That Twinplex Rotary Safety-Razor Sharpener is a great thing. It looks good to me." Then he turns the page and thinks the same thing about a new tooth-paste or a contrivance for straightening the nose, or he reads how to get rich on a forty-acre fruit farm in Arizona. ❦ Advertising just prepares the way for the salesman. It is only through the salesman that we get Real Action. By advertising, the mind of the customer is prepared for the Twinplex Rotary Safety-Razor Sharpener ❦ Then along comes the salesman and shows the sample. The merchant plays with it. He turns the handle. He watches the blades rotate. Then the salesman asks gently, "How many?" and the merchant "comes across."

There you have it—the preparation of the mind by the advertising, and the putting the ball over the plate by the salesman.

You will notice back of all advertising campaigns looms large the figure of the salesman—the man with the gentle voice, the man

with the human personality, the man who carries the sample. He is there—always there—and with him comes success. Why, sister, even the wholesale and retail catalog houses send out missionaries. They brag in their catalogs about not having any salesmen, but who is this who perambulates around the country talking to merchants, to farmers, making up lists and distributing catalogs? Wonderful, wonderful, is the power of printers' ink! But in front of printers' ink and behind printers' ink must be the man.

So, children, when it comes to your advertising campaign in your town, I say, by all means advertise. Get signs and put them up on the fences along the road leading to your town. Have your ads in the town paper. Make them short and snappy—but always have them there.

❦ The best advertiser in the city of Saint Louis is a man by the name of Melsheimer. He runs a saloon and his advertisement is in all the papers. It just reads: "Crawfish soup today at Melsheimer's."

That's all. But every man, woman and child in Saint Louis knows about Melsheimer's crawfish soup, because his advertisement is always on the job. Never obtrusive, never tiresome, taken in at a glance—but always there—and when a fellow is hungry, somehow his mind reverts to Melsheimer's crawfish soup.

❦ So let me advise you, if you are a live one, to advertise in your town and let them know you are in business. But don't stop there ❦ Remember, advertising is just the voice in the wilderness, telling them you are on earth.

Decency and Order

DON'T try to have a spotless store. While I believe in a certain amount of cleanliness, I never did like a man or a store who looked as if he devoted his entire life to keeping clean. That's the trouble with Holland. When I left that country I gave a sigh of relief. It was so oppressive to think of all the scrubbing and cleaning the Dutch are always doing. It was a change to get into Italy, where they go to the other extreme. An average between the Italians and the Dutch would be just about right ❦ ❦

I guess in my wandering, weak-minded way I have used up more than my share of space in this publication. Therefore, I now approach my conclusion, and that is that in the hardware trade (I am not posted on soaps or breakfast-foods) the man who counts is the Salesman.

The boy who carries the grip on the road and the boy who stands back of the counter in the retail store are still the great factors in this business. Advertising is all right in its place, but this here teamster would pay more money to get the clerks in retail hardware stores to recommend his goods than to all the advertising agencies with all their boards of directors and all their fifty-thousand-dollar-per-annum experts.

We want our boys with the grip to show samples of our goods to the boys in the store. These are the men behind the guns. A man may buy soap and buy nothing else just because he has seen it advertised; but when it comes to a tool, what the local merchant has to say in regard to the quality of that tool is, in my humble opinion, of more value than the printed picture and a bunch of smooth language written by some advertising agent who writes up a safety-razor this minute, toilet-soap the next, hosiery the next and a patent concrete-mixer the next.

Of course, when these few feeble remarks are read by the advertising fraternity, you will hear a howl from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. But these are just my own thoughts, and I am not trying to work off anybody else's ideas in the columns of this Exponent of The American Philosophy.

"High Cost"

WITH your kind permission, let me illustrate this idea in another way: In these days there is percolating to the overheated and perspiring mob a lot of dope in regard to the high cost of jobbing goods. Various and sundry high-browed gentlemen are getting up plans to reduce the cost of doing business by cutting out the traveling salesman. The retail merchant is to receive all the benefit in the way of lower prices. Well, after thirty years' contact with the retail merchant, when I read about these wonderful plans I just smiled—and smiled—and smiled. Gee! how hard somebody is going to get hit! Don't you think, brother, if the jobber thought he could sell just as many goods, or, to put it differently, if he could make just as much money on smaller sales without traveling salesmen, he would get rid of all his traveling salesmen? Let's be plain. All the jobbers in the country would get rid of their salesmen if they could. But they know they can't. They know they can't do business without them.

Therefore, they are not dispensing with their services very fast.

Why is the traveling salesman necessary? Listen closely and I will whisper into thine ear. It's because the retail merchant wants him.

Mail Orders are all right—in between traveling salesmen's trips—but don't for one minute, if you love your full-paid-up capital, conceive the idea that you can run any old business by mail alone. It won't work. I know. I have made experiments. In my day and generation I have offered retail merchants a special rebate on their year's business if they would send their orders by mail.

Yes, dearest, they did it for a little while and then the orders quit coming. The traveling salesman swiped the business. He was there on the ground with his personality and his human smile.

Now, Mr. Merchant, don't you know I am right? Don't you know you want the salesman to call? He cheers you up. He is interesting. He shows you new goods. He is your friend. He makes life better worth living. Just imagine running your shop without never having no salesman call. Horrible thought!

Of course if you don't want no salesman, just write and tell me and I will arrange a scheme so you can buy without him. But in the meantime I won't recommend to the boss that he discharge any salesman on account of the big rush of merchants who will want to save what the salesman costs.

Lots of businesses start with a blare of trumpets that they save the salesman's salary and expenses. But, Madeline, when you cast the searchlight of your intelligence around these businesses, you find—always and everywhere, in some shape or form—there is the salesman. When you come to market, dearest, and visit the wholesale catalog house, do they hand you a catalog at the front door and say, "Loved one, sit down and make out your order?" Not on your solar plexus! They give you a salesman and he shows you the samples, and they have large sample-rooms for the showing and selling of goods by salesmen. I have said it. Selah!

What is the difference between domestic science and keeping house? I'll tell you: it is about the same as the difference between securing a pass and accepting the courtesies of the road.

Modern Advertising

By Theodore S. Fettinger



ARDLY any one man in the big business concerns does more to see that the people get a fair deal than the advertising man.

In New York City there are meetings throughout the Fall and Winter months, many times a week, of men engaged in the profession of advertising, all studying how to improve advertising conditions, and, as a result of these meetings, newspapers and magazines are printing higher-grade advertising.

You can not have failed to notice that the best advertisers are now devoting their advertisements to simple, commonsense statements that intelligent people will readily believe, and not to boast, and brag, and generalities that mean little or nothing. The intent is to inform and convince the public of certain facts.

Of late years, numerous publications have adopted rigid rules against the publication of objectionable advertisements, though few have adopted such rules until they have grown to opulence through profiting by the publication of the very class of advertising they now exclude. ¶ It is a good sign, nevertheless, and leads to the belief that, in time, newspapers and magazines will hold themselves as responsible for statements in their advertisements as for statements made in their news and editorial columns.

Advertising has not always been as honest and straightforward as it is today.

The wisest merchants and manufacturers have found that dishonesty in advertising, while it does not cost social ostracism and may not put a man back of the bars, does not pay.

Values in Merchandise

DISHONEST public made whatever dishonest advertising there was in the past, and makes whatever there is today.

Expecting a merchant to sell without profit—a manifestly immoral proposition—has led the storekeeper to offer goods for less than you ought to pay for them, in order to interest and attract your trade.

Demanding the things you eat and wear and use for less and less money all the while has

led many storekeepers to attempt to meet this demand by encouraging the manufacturers to depreciate qualities that they might keep the prices low; and this attempt, failing to satisfy the insatiate demands of the public, has led to exaggeration and often to deliberate falsehood in advertising.

Why should people not be willing to pay a fair price for the things they buy—why not insist on paying a fair price? Why would it not be a good move to begin now and cease expecting so much for your money, put a ban on the product of the sweat-shop, and refuse to buy the product of underpaid labor?

Why not ask your storekeeper if the men and women who make the clothes that they are able to sell you so cheaply are paid fairly for their work? ¶ Why not endeavor to learn if child labor is employed in the making of the goods you use? Why not insist on really good things at fair prices, rather than drag down manufacturing and mercantile standards by always demanding cheaper stuff?

If the people would do this they would help mightily to raise the standards, insuring better pay and improved conditions for labor, encouraging the making of better goods, and make honest advertising not only advisable but absolutely necessary.

Encouraging Extravagance

ADVERTISING men and advertising have been charged with leading the public—especially the feminine portion of it—into extravagant habits, and, it is said, have spread discontent, making people wish for things they would n't think of if we did not keep eternally telling them about them and urging them to buy.

The best thing about these charges is that they are true.

I plead guilty.

Delighted to do so.

We hear many jests about women and their hats. Let me tell you men who talk so much about the encouragement of industries, that to satisfy the desires of women for hats there are six hundred factories in New York City alone, employing more than twenty-nine thousand persons, and the output of these factories in Nineteen Hundred Nine amounted to more than sixty million dollars—seventh on the list of New York's industries—far exceeding the output of Paris with all its high prices.

Do you believe in encouraging such an indus-

try, or would you destroy it and have your wives dress as do the Quaker women in Eastern Pennsylvania, with their old gray bonnets?

The Simple Life

YOU MIGHT to tell you right here that the jokes current about the cost of hats are gross exaggerations. Why, the average price paid for women's hats in Newark, in the best stores, is less than five dollars.

Suppose we ceased urging you and your wives to wear good clothes, furnish your homes in good taste, put in the latest sanitary equipment and the best heating apparatus, to use good foods and plenty of soap, to put on rosy cheeks and Grecian headdress.

Suppose we should go back to what we like to term "the simple life"—and it would be going back—what would become of these beautiful things that women wear and use to ornament your homes?

What would become of the silk-weavers, the lace-makers, the jewelers, the silversmiths, the potters—what of the artists and artisans? What of the nine million dollars annually poured into our Newark jewelry-makers for their pretty trinkets? What of the automobiles, five million dollars' worth of which are owned by people living in Newark and nearby?

The very fact that advertising often tempts people to spend money and leads to extravagance is its best defense, because it lifts us out of the ruts, enthuses and encourages us to make greater efforts, improves our condition, and thus compels progress.

Advertising a Positive Creative Force

THE world would lose much without advertising. It multiplies human wants, intensifies human desires, makes fashions, encourages constant change, leads people to dress better, to build better homes, to furnish them in better taste and to make them more comfortable and sanitary.

Advertising leads people to indulge in luxuries in their homes and so raise the standard of living as to make what are luxuries in one decade necessities in the next.

Advertising encourages the eating of pure foods, the drinking of better teas, coffees and cocoas. ¶ Advertising stimulates the desire for better apparel, thus creating a demand that would not otherwise exist, increasing production, and at the same time elevating the taste and culture of the community. ¶ Advertising creates a desire for beautiful and substantial furnishings,

thus educating the people to know the historical significance of various designs and color schemes, and leading them to furnish homes artistically, harmoniously and intelligently, and through this refining them.

Advertising has led the masses to put into their homes splendid musical instruments, thus advancing the taste for good music to an extent that would not have been accomplished otherwise. ¶ Any man who declares a disbelief in advertising writes himself down a derelict. ¶ There are those who profess not to believe in advertising, but with most of these it is a matter of money—false economy, often practised to the detriment of the business or profession they are in.

The Spirit of Advertising

WHAT spirit we call patriotism or civic pride, which leads us to make our cities more beautiful, comfortable and sanitary—superior to others—is prompted by the desire to have the city admired and favorably talked about, which is really the desire for advertising.

¶ It was the advertising spirit that created the great Prudential Buildings and the tall Firemen's Building. It was this that built the Singer Tower, and the Metropolitan Tower. ¶ Business buildings are made magnificent architecturally, and in interior appointments, almost wholly for advertising purposes. Banks are made to look massive and ornate that they may impress the beholders with their solidity. Theaters are made beautiful—not for art's sake, but for advertising. ¶ Railroad-stations are made grand—not to facilitate traffic nor for comfort, but for advertising. Cathedrals are erected—not wholly to the glory of God, but that they may impress those without with the sublimity of the spirit within. ¶ I do not doubt that the Pyramids of Egypt were built for an advertising purpose.

It is the advertising spirit that builds our magnificent statehouses, city halls, courthouses and parks. It is this that gives us our fine schools, our splendid fire-departments, our superior water-supply. ¶ The great World's Fairs, the grandest celebrations and pageants we have ever beheld, have been inspired by the desire for fame by the cities or countries in which they were held—and fame is advertising. ¶ The monuments we erect to perpetuate the memory of our great men is our way of glorifying them, or, in other words, advertising them and their deeds to future generations. ¶

Some Postal Figures

By Wilmer Atkinson



IN 1860 the postal deficit was \$10,652,543; in 1910 it was \$5,848,566. The postage-rate was four times greater in 1860 than now.

Coming down twelve years to 1872, the total weight of second-class matter was that year less than 65,000,000 pounds.

Now it is 817,428,141 pounds, more than twelve times greater.

Then the postage-rate was four times what it is now.

Then the gross revenue was \$21,915,426; now it is \$224,128,657, more than ten times as much.

Then there was no rural free delivery; now that system costs \$36,923,737.

Then there were no registered letters; now there are 42,053,574 a year.

Then there were issued \$48,515,532 of domestic money-orders; now there are issued \$547,993,641.

Then postmasters were paid \$5,121,665; now they are paid \$27,514,362, and their clerks are paid \$38,035,456.62.

Then city delivery cost but little; now it costs \$31,805,485.28.

In 1872 there were issued of stamps, stamped envelopes and wrappers less than \$18,000,000 (there were no postal cards); now are issued, including postal cards, \$202,064,887.96, more than ten times as much.

Observe that the weight of second-class matter is 752,428,141 pounds greater than in 1872, costing therefore (according to some official mathematicians), more than nine cents a pound for transportation, or a total of \$67,718,532.69. The deficit for 1910 is almost identical with that of 1872.

1885—1910

AS late as 1885 the government income from the issue of stamps, stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards was \$35,924,137.70.

In 1910 it was \$202,064,887.96, more than five times as much.

The number of registered letters issued in 1885 was 11,043,256; in 1910 it was 40,151,797.

The amount of money-orders issued rose from \$117,858,921 in 1885, to \$498,699,637 in 1910.

The total postal receipts rose from \$42,560,844 in 1885, to \$224,128,657 in 1910, an increase of \$181,567,813.

The postage-rate on second-class matter in 1885 was double what it is now.

During the intervening period the weight of second-class matter had increased about 600,000,000 pounds.

Now we will get down a little closer in this business and see what has happened within the last five years.

1906—1910

IN 1906 there was a gain in weight of second-class matter of 41,674,086 pounds; in that year the deficit was \$10,516,999.

In 1907 there was a gain in weight of 52,616,336 pounds—11,000,000 pounds more than in 1906; the deficit was reduced to \$6,653,283.

In 1908 there was a loss instead of a gain in weight of second-class matter of 18,079,292 pounds; the deficit went up to \$16,873,223, an increase over the year before of more than \$10,000,000.

In 1909 there was only a slight gain in weight of 28,367,298 pounds; the deficit went up to \$17,441,719.

In 1910 there was a gain in weight of 94,865,884 pounds, the largest ever known; and the deficit dropped to \$5,848,566.88.

From 1906 to 1910 there were 198,863,387 pounds increase in the weight of second-class matter; the deficit was \$4,668,432.12 less in 1910 than in 1906.

The impression is prevalent that the amount paid for railway transportation was cut down the past year, but the truth is that the railroads were paid \$44,654,514.97, the railway mail service and the Post-Office car service cost \$24,065,218.88, a total of \$68,719,733.85, which is more by a half-million than was paid in 1909, and over \$7,000,000 more than was paid in 1906.

It is claimed that there is no definite relation between deficits and second-class matter; very well, the foregoing are the official figures—let them speak for themselves.

What Causes the Deficit?

IN the whole history of the Post-Office Department, neither an increase of second-class matter nor a reduction of the postage-rate has ever increased deficits, no matter what burdens have been piled upon the service in the way of an extension of city delivery, the establishment of rural free delivery, the multi-

plication in number and increase of pay of officials, increase of government free matter, increase of railroad and other transportation charges, nor an increase in the obstructive energies of postal officials directed against the publishing business.

It has come to be generally understood and conceded that second-class matter originates mail of the other classes. The Postal Commission testifies that, "No sane man will deny that second-class matter is the immediate cause of great quantities of first-class matter." Mr. Madden and Mr. Lawshe said the same thing. Meyer said that "It is known that second-class matter is instrumental in originating a large amount of other classes of mail matter." To what extent this is so can not be determined with exactitude, but the official figures given throw a flood of light on the subject.

Increase in Second-Class Matter

HERE are four classes of (paid) mail matter: first, second, third and fourth. The first comprises letters and postals, the second newspapers and periodicals, the third circulars, and the fourth merchandise.

How, of themselves, could the first, third and fourth classes develop faster than the growth of population? Does not their extension depend upon the business energy and the intellectual activity of the people, and in turn do not these depend very largely upon the circulation of the Public Press?

It does not seem unreasonable to conclude that of the \$202,064,887.96 of stamps sold for the first, third and fourth classes of mail matter last year, \$150,000,000 of it originated immediately, remotely and cumulatively from the second class. How else than in some such way can we account for the prodigious development of the postal business, which has outrun population sixfold or more?

The late Senator Dolliver, at the American Periodical Association's banquet, at the New Willard Hotel, at Washington, a year ago, said, "I look upon every one of your little advertisements as a traveling salesman for the industries of the United States."

The amazing development of the industries of the country is in a large measure due to second-class matter; the great increase of second-class matter is due to the low postage-rate; and the wonderful expansion of the Postal Establishment is based chiefly upon

the widespread distribution of newspapers and periodicals * *

Why Repression and Curtailment?

THE foregoing figures are respectfully submitted; they are official; and their significance can be interpreted by any intelligent and thoughtful person. In the presence of these figures, is it too much to claim that the Government has never lost a dollar in transporting second-class mail, that it is by far the most profitable of any, and that, were it withdrawn or greatly curtailed by an increase of rate, the Postal Establishment would collapse into bankruptcy? ¶ In view, also, of the foregoing figures, it is hoped that the Government will assume a less antagonistic attitude toward the publishing business, and encourage and promote the circulation of the Public Press rather than repress and curtail it. Its obstructive course has been pursued too long, having no basis in justice, business foresight, nor commonsense.

Let there be a realization and an awakening!

To think is natural, and if not intimidated or coerced a man will evolve a philosophy of life that is useful and beneficent.

Businessmen in the Judiciary

By John Leary



HERE is no law excluding a businessman, layman, from the office of Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States or from that of Chief Justice of the United States. The office of Chief Justice or Associate Justice of that Court is open to laymen as well as to lawyers. The rule which has excluded businessmen from that office is solely the law of fitness—of adaptability * A hundred or more years ago, when the Court came into existence as one of the three departments of our government, it was considered that only a lawyer was sufficiently informed to understand and dispose of the work of that office; so lawyers only were appointed, and so they have continued to hold that, the most powerful arm of our government, to the exclusion of businessmen. Ought this to continue? Whatever reason there was originally for excluding lay-

men from this office has faded away under the advance of the intellectual enlightenment of the past hundred years.

Whether even today President Taft should appoint a businessman depends solely upon whether he can find one of sufficient intelligence to understand a disputed question, after it has been explained to him for hours and perhaps days. If there are no such businessmen, then that disposes of this inquiry, and the Supreme Court should continue to be exclusive to lawyers only, until such time as intellectual progress has raised the layman to the plane of the lawyer. And yet, whether the businessmen of the country are capable of correctly comprehending a dispute is not exactly the question, but rather, are they capable of as nearly comprehending it as a lawyer? For it must be borne in mind that many, if not most, of the decisions of our lawyer judges have been subsequently reversed and declared erroneous by other lawyer judges.

Laymen Judges

HIS consideration narrows the question somewhat until it becomes simply this: Does the present indicate a future, in which a Court consisting of both laymen judges and lawyer judges will prove less in error than the Court of the past, made up wholly of lawyer judges?

On this point every man will reach his own conclusion, according to his own estimate of the intelligence of the men of the country taken in conjunction with his conception of the nature of the work of the Court. For my own part, after some years of practise as a lawyer, I am beginning to suspect—slowly it is true, but yet surely—that the prevalent idea that lawyers alone are intelligent enough to decide the disputes which come before that Court is, proportionately, crediting lawyers with far too much and laymen with far too little intelligence. That there are, here and there at least, about the country, businessmen, captains of industry and of finance, masters of statecraft, leaders of great institutions of learning, of an intelligence sufficient to grasp any question that the ingenuity of man has ever devised, is very plain to me. I bear in mind that such a layman, if appointed, would have the assistance of his lawyer associates, where necessary, though it is safe to gamble that the laymen judges would not have to call upon their associate lawyer judges for

particular information nearly as often as the lawyer judges would find it necessary to call upon their laymen associates.

The Nature of the Work

BEFORE differing with me in this, please recall that a very clear and true conception of the great underlying basic principles of law—of human action—its objects, needs, ambitions and present desires, has become a matter of common intelligence with all our great laymen—in fact, of better understanding among them than among lawyers, not excepting those of great reputation. This brings me to the nature of the work of that Court. He is mistaken who imagines that that work is so profound, is of such depth in the Well of Reason, as to be penetrable only by a singularly gifted mind.

Questions just as obscure, just as complex and profound, and of exactly the same character, are every day being disposed of by all our laymen at the head of the great financial and industrial institutions of the country. That they are of the same character, you have but to cast your eye over the horizon of the country's immediate future, see all the great questions now awaiting and approaching settlement by the Supreme Court, analyze them with but a moment's thought, and you will find them questions more of pencil and figures, of the counting-room, or of the common logic of intelligent minds, than of law, flavoring only of legal essence in a degree so slight as to be in that respect a matter of common knowledge. All men know some law. All great businessmen know ninety-nine per cent of it. Few lawyers know that much. Again, I recall that the principles of law have become so universally understood and appreciated as to be common with us all, until it may be said that the science of law is no longer in the knowledge of it, but in its practical application to the needs of the country, and for this our great laymen are better equipped than our great lawyers. Holding this in mind you will readily see that all the really vital questions coming before the Court for the next twenty years are practical, not legal, questions, taking the term "legal question" to mean a technical question requiring technical training to comprehend.

Some Examples

TAKE, for instance, all those questions with respect to transportation—railroads—affecting so seriously what might be said to

be the fundamental wealth of the country, upon the wise and sane settlement of which depends our whole commercial progress. The rate question—when is a rate fixed by legislation so low as to be confiscation? When so high as demanded by the railroads that it becomes extortion? When is a particular rate an act of discrimination? Are not these, purely practical, business questions, better determined by a businessman?

The same may be said of the questions: What constitutes an overissue of securities, bonds or stocks? Or a refusal to issue, as demanded by needed repairs and improvements? So, also, what is interstate commerce? What is a trust? What is restraint of trade? What is a boycott? What is the real purpose and intent of the Sherman Act? What constitutes a delegation of authority to make laws by Congress and our legislatures to commissions? Are we ready for government by commission? Where does freedom of the press end? What is contempt of Court? And here we might divert to recall that respect for our Courts is, after all, but self-respect, and therefore can never be killed. Courts are theoretically nothing other than a congregation of the whole people. Disrespect of them is disrespect of ourselves. From this it follows that the men who officiate as judges should be the first of our officials to be criticized and the first to welcome it that they might know wherein they are mistaken. There is a wide gulf of difference between the Judge and the Court. Telling a Judge that his foot slipped or that he intentionally took a slide has no reference to the Court over which he presides. The Court is ourselves in our highest self. The Judge is his own little self. "Judges and Senates have been bought" of old. The God within us is never to be sold. Our Court is the "God within us." What constitutes official waste? What confiscation under pretext of taxation? So, too, with your currency and banking questions, and the questions of State rights. All have, in the light of the intellectual progress of the times, become practical, rather than mere legal questions.

Equipment of the Businessman

THE average businessman of today—whether he be banker, merchant, editor, railroad magnate, college president or retired capitalist—comprehends the essentials of law, which, after all, are but rules of his own

making, principles of his own acceptance, far better than the lawyer.

Surely it is sufficient that five out of the nine members of that Court be lawyers. I am a lawyer, and I say we have too many lawyers in official positions. By far too many in Congress and in our legislatures. Too many on the Bench. The Standard Oil fine of twenty-nine million dollars, reflecting its lack of business acumen, would never have been rendered had our Bench been tempered by the presence of lay caution and balance. "But," it will be said, "what are you going to do with the mass of ordinary cases before that Court, brimful, as they are, of legal complexities?" I deny that they are brimful of complexities or technical, or that they are such that lay intelligence can not easily penetrate them and understand. But for the purpose for which these lines are written—that is, to arouse inquiry as to whether it is wise to leave these great practical questions longer to the decision of lawyers solely—it is sufficient that I reply as it is said Chief Justice John Marshall replied to his Associate Justices, when, after long deliberation and much discussion as to how the point of a certain great case should be decided, and he finally expressed his views, they cried with one accord, "But where's your precedent, where's your precedent?" There came a wave of his hand towards the erudite Associate Justice Story, as he said, "Oh! Brother Story will find the precedents." And Brother Story did. I say to you that all the small technical questions occasionally arising in private cases, your laymen judges may refer to your lawyer judges for precedent and disposition, without fear of injustice being done.

If you consume more than you produce some one must labor to make good the deficiency.

Now I Understand

By Ernest Crosby

TAKE my place in the lower classes.
I renounce the title of gentleman because it has become intolerable to me.
Dear Master, I understand now why you too took your place in the lower classes, And why you refused to be a gentleman.

To know the worst is peace—it is uncertainty that kills.

The Matter With the Church

By J. D. Shaw



SEE quoted in "The World" some rather startling utterances by the Reverend Charles F. Aked, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York City. A few of these I reproduce as follows:

"The statistics gathered by Doctor Josiah Strong show that the gain of the churches in proportion to the gain in population is steadily and rapidly falling off. In the past twenty years it is less than half what it was in the preceding twenty.

"The question of decreasing membership and waning influence of religion is not a denominational question. It is not a national question. It is a question as wide as Christianity itself.

¶ "We are living in a period of transition. We have lost standing-ground in the old. We have not found adequate basis in the new. The physical sciences have given us a new universe. There is a new geology, a new astronomy, a new chemistry, a new biology. There is a new knowledge of all things in the universe and out of it. The Church has in large measure failed to assimilate the results of the new knowledge."

Now let's take an invoice of the facts admitted in the above three paragraphs. They are these:

¶ The gain of the churches in proportion to population is steadily and rapidly falling off.

¶ In the past twenty years it is less than half what it was in the preceding twenty.

This falling off is not confined to a single denomination or nationality, but is as widespread as Christianity itself.

We are living in a period of transition.

We have lost standing-ground in the old and have not found adequate basis in the new.

¶ We have come into possession through the medium of the physical sciences of much new knowledge which the Church has failed to assimilate.

We have a new universe, a new geology, a new astronomy, a new chemistry and a new biology in the field of natural science, while in that of supernatural religion we have the same old anthropomorphic God, the same old Devil, the same old Hell of fire and brim-

stone and the same old material Heaven of the ignorant and superstitious past.

The Church a Back Number?

FORMIDABLE array, that is, and yet how does this learned and eminent minister meet it? By treating with lofty contempt the primary and fundamental truth revealed by it, and by railing at the Church over one secondary to and dependent upon it. Hear him:

"The danger is not from direct attack on religion. This denial of belief, Atheism, has spent its force. What the churches have to fear is a more insidious danger—indifference."

¶ Doctor Aked, with all his natural ability and numerous opportunities for informing himself, fails to grasp the real cause for the conditions about which he is so much concerned, and this I am going to point out, but, before doing so, I will present a further sample of his reasoning. Following the last observation quoted he says:

"The man in the street says, 'The Church is a back number.' He feels that he can do without it. If you ask him whether he believes in a God, in the existence of an infinite power superior to man, the chances are that he will say 'Yes.' But questions of dogma, distinctions of creed, do not interest him and he refuses to concern himself about them. He has made up his mind that he can get along without religion."

Having thus pointed out the waning condition of the churches and the indifference of the masses, Doctor Aked says: "The time has come for frank speech." It is well, we are told, "that the Church should be cautious and bold—cautious in ascertaining the truth, bold in preaching it when once it is grasped." In this I agree with him, and upon his suggestion will indulge in a little "frank speech" with regard to the real cause of the "indifference" of which he complains and which he seems to regard as primary and fundamental.

A Weak Case

UNDER seven counts, I have allowed Doctor Aked to tell us of the Church's deterioration and inability to assimilate the results of modern scientific research, giving as the sole cause of this, indifference. But whence comes this indifference he so deplures? In seeking a remedy for any condition it is well to understand the cause of that condition. This, Doctor Aked has failed to do.

Why is he confronted with this widespread state of "indifference"? Why does the man in the street regard the Church as a "back number"? Why does he feel that he can do without it? There is just one answer to all these questions, though in stating it we may ring in many changes of expression. It is a general and widespread condition of unbelief, brought about by the results of modern Biblical criticism, scientific research and the utter inability of the Christian ministry to make good its theological affirmations.

Why is it that "questions of dogma" and "distinctions of creed" no longer interest people? It is because men do not believe in them as they once did, and have found out by experience that they are in no need of such a belief in order to live honorable and upright lives. You may call this Atheism, Pantheism, Agnosticism or any other kind of Infidelity. Doctor Aked refers to it as "denial of belief, Atheism," and declares with a supercilious air that it has "lost its force." He was never more mistaken in all his life. It is today the most forceful thing in the intellectual world, living and exerting its influence without the aid of any organization or well-paid priesthood.

The Finish of Dogma

UPON the revelations of science a few learned and conscientious men have, from time to time, so explained the natural universe as to do away with the old theological dogmas regarding the creation of the world, the inspiration of the Bible, the providence of God, the divinity of Jesus and the personality of the Devil; and the ministers, ordained to defend the faith once delivered to the saints, well-organized and paid to do so, are as helpless in their efforts to turn back the tide of honest skepticism as is a Kansas community before an approaching cyclone. ¶ Before the Church can ever assimilate the results of the new geology, the new astronomy, the new chemistry and the new biology of which Doctor Aked speaks, and which have been revealed to us by human thought and research, it will have to dispense with its anthropomorphic God, its unhistoric, unscientific and contradictory Bible, its barbaric ideas of Hell and Heaven, and, above all, its present array of cowardly priests and preachers, who rail at popular indifference instead of facing its one true cause—popular unbelief.

It is much easier for Doctor Aked to advise his

hearers that "the danger is not from direct attack on religion" than it is to meet those attacks in open, frank and reasonable controversy. Instead of defending the fundamental doctrines of the Church in a fearless, manly way, he contents himself with berating it for the indifference caused by the utter inability of the ministers to meet the arguments of those who openly challenge the fundamental dogmas of religion.

A Poor Physician

DOCTOR AKED admits the Church's failure and properly notes the facts that embarrass it, but he is utterly unable to suggest a remedy that is practical and that offers any relief. The Church is founded solely upon dogma, and yet questions of dogma have ceased to interest the people. In such an event one of two things should be done: either the dogmas should be defended by reasonable argument, or they should be abandoned and a new foundation adopted; but the priests and preachers go on drawing their salaries while they refuse to do either. They see their dilemma, but can find no way of escape from it.

Doctor Aked admits that men have found out they can do without religion, and if he is a close and careful observer he must know that they can do just as well without it as they can with it. Then why should he insist upon their having it at all? The only reason one can possibly suggest is that founded upon the assumption that religion is necessary for the future salvation of the soul. But what is a religion worth, even to the soul of man, when every dogma upon which it is founded has been discredited by the facts of science, of philosophy, of history and of human experience?

An Unsatisfactory Religion

AFTER all these years we are without any evidence of the existence of a God, and the theologians can give us no light on that subject. We are not under any necessity of saying there is not a God, but those who say there is one are in reason bound to prove their affirmation. This they have never done. In the past they tried to do so, but now they have even quit doing that. Doctor Aked comforts himself with the thought that, if you ask one of these indifferents "whether he believes in a God, in the existence of an infinite power, superior to man, the chances are that he will say 'yes.'" The chances are that he will say "yes," and the chances are that he will say

"no." But has he ever followed up that inquiry by asking some of them what sort of a God they believe in? or what they mean by the word "God"? It may interest him to do this. He will find any number of people who will say they believe in a God, but upon inquiry it will be revealed that they do not believe in the God of the Bible, or of Orthodox Christianity. Voltaire and Volney believed in a God, and so did Thomas Paine, but they did not believe in the God of Moses, of David, of Solomon, of Saint Paul, of Constantine, of Henry the Eighth, of Joseph Smith or of Mrs. Eddy. In these days every man makes his own God—that is, if he has any.

We are offered a religion that we do not need here, and are left in doubt as to whether or not there is a hereafter; and where is there a priest or a preacher who can give us one ray of light on that subject? Where is there one who will try to do so? As to what there is in the future, these so-called men of God seem to be as much in the dark as the rest of us. Doctor Aked is one of those doctors who can tell the patient, which, in this instance, is the Church, that she is very sick, but he does not know just why, nor what is best to be done for her relief.

The True Cause of Indifference

WHILE there are a few unthinking people who still believe in God, as a providential caretaker; in Jesus Christ, as a Savior; in the Bible, as the Word of God; thousands upon thousands, both in and out of the Church, have, deep down in their hearts, ceased to believe in any one of these propositions, and, finding the ministers unable, or at least unwilling, to prove them true, they have lost interest in them. That, and that only, is the cause of the indifference over which Doctor Aked is shedding so many tears. When men, as in the days of Calvin, Knox, Wesley and Cotton Mather, believed in God, "the infinite Judge who rewards the obedient and punishes the disobedient"; in Jesus, "the only medium between God and man," and in the Bible, "God's revealed word," they were not indifferent to the religion authorized by that word. The few who still so believe are not now indifferent to religion, but in every denomination, and throughout all Christendom, there are many who do not so believe, and the number of these is steadily and rapidly increasing. That, Doctor Aked, is what ails the Church.

It is not that men are worse than they used to be; they do not believe what they used to believe, they can not ever again so believe. We need a new religion founded on honesty, health, happiness and work.

No man is damned eternally as long as he tries.

Our Heroes of Today

By Joaquin Miller

WITH high face held to her ultimate star,

With swift feet set to her mountains of gold,
This new-built world, where the wonders are,
She has built new ways from the ways of old.

Her builders of worlds are workers with hands;
Her true world-builders are builders of these,
The engines, the plows; writing poems in sands
Of gold in our golden Hesperides.

I reckon these builders as gods among men:
I count them creators, creators who knew
The thrill of dominion, of conquest, as when
God set His stars spinning their spaces of blue.

A song for the groove, and a song for the wheel,
And a roaring song for the rumbling car;
But away with the pomp of the soldier's steel,
And away forever with the trade of war.

The hero of time is the hero of thought;
The hero who lives is the hero of peace;
And braver his battles than ever were fought,
From Shiloh back to the battles of Greece.

The hero of heroes is the engineer;
The hero of height and of gnome-built deep,
Whose only fear is the brave man's fear
That some one waiting at home might weep.

The hero we love in this land today
Is the hero who lightens some fellow-man's
load—
Who makes of the mountain some pleasant
highway;
Who makes of the desert some blossom-sown
road.

Then hurrah! for the land of the golden downs,
For the golden land of the silver horn;
Her heroes have built her a thousand towns,
But never destroyed her one blade of corn.

Somebody Must Go to Work

By Milo Hastings



THE most significant fact of the industrial history of the past generation is the rush of men from production into distribution ❄

Any increase in the number of those engaged in distributive occupations, whether competitive or monopolistic, means a higher cost of living, whether measured in dollars of gold or dollars of toil. It is a matter of primary arithmetic.

Problem One—One man's cost of living is six hundred dollars, and one man can raise one thousand six hundred bushels of potatoes. If three men are raising potatoes and one man is selling them, how much must potatoes bring a bushel to support the four men? Answer. Fifty cents.

Problem Two—If a second man quits raising potatoes and moves to town to make his living selling potatoes, what will be the price of potatoes?

Solution—If one man can raise one thousand six hundred bushels of potatoes, two men can raise three thousand two hundred bushels. The cost of living for four men at six hundred dollars each is two thousand four hundred dollars; therefore, to support the men engaged in the potato industry, three thousand two hundred bushels of potatoes must bring two thousand four hundred dollars, or seventy-five cents per bushel.

The second problem is an American reality. We have called it a rush to the cities; but it is more than a rush to the cities—it is the rush from productive into non-productive work, from wealth creation to wealth distribution, from independence to parasitism.

Not alone in agriculture, but in all fields of human effort, the number of wealth-producers has grown proportionately fewer, while the bosses and bargainers, exchangers and fe-takers have grown greater in numbers and greater still in wealth.

Some Startling Figures

ACCORDING to census figures, the same number of farmers that in Eighteen Hundred Seventy fed one hundred bankers, in Eighteen Hundred Eighty fed one hundred

thirty-one; in Eighteen Hundred Ninety, two hundred fourteen; in Nineteen Hundred, three hundred sixty-six. The parallel series of figures for officials of corporations are one hundred, one hundred thirty-five, two hundred twenty-two, three hundred eighty-six. On the same base of one hundred in Eighteen Hundred Seventy, the ratio of lawyers to farmers in Nineteen Hundred is one hundred fifty, that of preachers one hundred thirty-six, of doctors one hundred eleven and of undertakers four hundred twenty.

But it is in the world of buying and selling that the most remarkable showing occurs. The proportion of clerks and bookkeepers increased from one hundred to one hundred ninety-seven; commercial travelers from one hundred to six hundred eighty. Salesmen and saleswomen were confused with clerks before Eighteen Hundred Ninety, but in the ten-year period from Eighteen Hundred Ninety to Nineteen Hundred, the number fed by each farm more than doubled. In this count of the increase in non-productive occupations, we must not overlook the office-boy, four hundred sixty-four of whom dined in Nineteen Hundred on the products of the same number of farms that fed a single hundred thirty years before.

¶ That the foregoing figures do not signify a change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation is proven when we compare agricultural with other productive industries.

From the ratio of one hundred in Eighteen Hundred Seventy, the proportion of carpenters to farmers in Nineteen Hundred had fallen to eighty-seven, of blacksmiths to eighty-four, of shoemakers to sixty-five, of millers to fifty-two ❄ In these and many other productive occupations there is an actual decrease in the number of plates each farm must fill, which simply means that the increase in efficiency in milling or shoemaking has been greater than in agriculture. Had we started out to prove the increase of distributive occupations over productive ones by comparing carpenters with lawyers or shoemakers with commercial travelers, the figures would have been even more startling than those for agriculture.

The Farmer's Burden

WHAT the farmer must each year grow food for a greater number of non-producers is clearly shown in the more recent statistics of the typically agricultural State of Kansas. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety the popu-

lation of Kansas was one million four hundred seventy thousand. Of this number three hundred thirteen thousand lived in towns of one thousand or more inhabitants. In Nineteen Hundred Eight the population of the State was one million six hundred fifty-six thousand, while the town population had grown to five hundred ninety-nine thousand. This shows a decrease in the agricultural population of about ten per cent in the eighteen years. But Kansas crops since Eighteen Hundred Ninety, smoothing the curves to eliminate irregularities of season, have shown increases in yields substantially as follows: corn, forty per cent; wheat, fifty per cent; cattle, fifteen per cent; hogs, thirty per cent; dairy and poultry products, one hundred per cent.

The old settlers have retired and moved to the country towns. The farmers' sons have been educated away from the soil and have rushed to the cities for the soft snaps—the steam-heated house, the roller-top desk, the soft lights of the theater. Those who have remained on the soil, a constantly decreasing proportion of our population, are enabled, by improved methods, to feed us still; and, measured in dollars, they are charging more for the service than ever before—a fact very artfully used by those who would shift the blame from the present system of distribution. But it does not shift the blame, for the farmer, too, is a consumer, and pays taxes to the middlemen and monopolists, who multiply the prices of the products he must buy.

The Remedy

HERE is but one way to nail the responsibility for the rise in the cost of living, and that is to consider the entire scheme at once and pick out not only those who live by monopoly and graft, but those whose work is unnecessary or duplicative.

Had the former ratio of men who work in unstarched shirts to the every-day wearers of Sunday clothes been maintained, the cost of living both in the city and on the farm would have dropped as efficiency of production rose. When fewer shoemakers make more shoes for fewer farmers, and fewer farmers raise more food for fewer shoemakers, why should the cost of living rise? Reasons and fact find but one answer—somebody has quit work and is living off the worker.

Instead of a titled nobility of non-producers limited by a law of primogeniture, we have let

down the bars for one grand scramble, and half America is living by trading in that which the other half produces.

Somebody will have to go to work.

Inaction is only a gathering together of forces for the coming leap—the fallow years are just as natural, just as necessary, as the years of plenty.

On Government

By A. G. Wagner



HE form of government we now have is the best possible one for us. A better one will come when we are improved. For all artificial arrangements are concomitants and the out-growth of man, in kind and degree as are his developments or lack of them. People make government; government never makes the populace.

Man, like all else, is subject to constant changes. With his physical change and development go mental transformation and progress. And so ideas and knowledge can not possibly remain the same. To deny this would be equivalent to saying that humans and what they think are immune from universal processes. Thus it comes that we now see and have institutions and methods which were unthought of some time ago.

Further changes as to social arrangements are inevitable. In fact, they are going on all the time, slowly but surely. Convinced beyond a doubt, as most people are now, that society could not exist, nor tranquil association of humans be possible, without the "benevolent" restraining influence of some sort of sovereignty, it is more than likely that the time will come when we will see that such is not the case. Yea, more, future generations are sure to learn that when they arrive at the stage where each will no longer strive to take advantage of his fellow, every form of government is a hindrance to the free exercise of his brotherly impulses. Yes, even today, there are those who clearly see that the monster which oppresses us is government.

Nearly every one feels that there is something wrong. All are agreed that improvement could be and is desirable. The majority seem satisfied

to apply "remedies" that cure not. But only a few discern the cause for our unrest and discontent * *

The Futility of Compulsion

WITH the body politic as with the human body, ailments are symptoms of maladaptation. And adaptation comes from readjustment—adjustment and adaptation to Environment: not to institutions and other artificial methods, but to the real environments, those over which the human creature has no control whatever. Instead of doing this, man continues to flounder about, inventing and applying makeshifts intended to take the place of what can not be supplanted—always some form of restriction and compulsion. And the belief in the necessity of such futile methods is destined long yet to prevail.

Were it generally apparent that our reliance upon the efficacy and salutary nature of compulsory processes is most absurd, they would not exist an hour. But so persistent are ideas once set in motion, that multifarious repetitions of better ones are necessary before they will be adopted. This is being done all the time. Progress, betterment, may seem slow, but it is being made just as rapidly as can be.

Virtue Made to Order

IT is interesting to note the various methods proposed for making man good. Nearly every one of them is based on the erroneous belief that it can be done by coercion.

One of the schemes for improvement now popular proposes that we own things collectively, and all will be well. Being a departure from methods now in vogue, this cure-all is eagerly accepted by many * And the propounders of this "better" form of government are quite sincere and honest.

Man chafes at and resents every form of restriction, and when in that frame of mind commits the numerous unkindly acts attributed to him. Naturally, at heart, man is decent and fine. It is only the abnormal human who will do unbrotherly acts. He becomes abnormal because of restraint and fear. Hindered in his free movements, he tries to get what he wants in any way open to him.

The State of Freedom

AFTER we arrive at a state of free society, and when merit shall consist of who best can serve, no shackles or restrictions will be needed. No jail or punishment of any kind would be necessary for the recalcitrant. He

very quickly learns that his welfare and satisfaction depend on the service he renders to others, and would, very likely, soon adjust himself to such a natural form of human association * *

As said before, social arrangements will be, and are, as good as man is. And when we have developed man, the rest follows.

The usual and common thing that "reformers" try to do, is to better "environments." That seems to be putting the cart before the horse, since the "environments" aimed at are the effects of man's development, or lack of it—not the cause. True, effects in turn can, and do, become causes, but man himself is the primary base. And individual betterment seems to be the solution of current problems.

We want to do what is best for ourselves, and we have discovered that what is best for ourselves is best for others.

Persevera ad Victoriam

By Edwin Leibfreed

SAY! What kind of man is this
Who knows his lines, yet quits the play,
And makes the scene go all amiss
Because a shadow crossed his way?

The curtain's up, remember, lad,
And even though your part be small,
It's how you did it—good or bad—
That counts in acting, after all.

You did not choose your part, I know.
'T was handed out by Him who sees
The stations high and places low
Where fitness counts and efforts please.

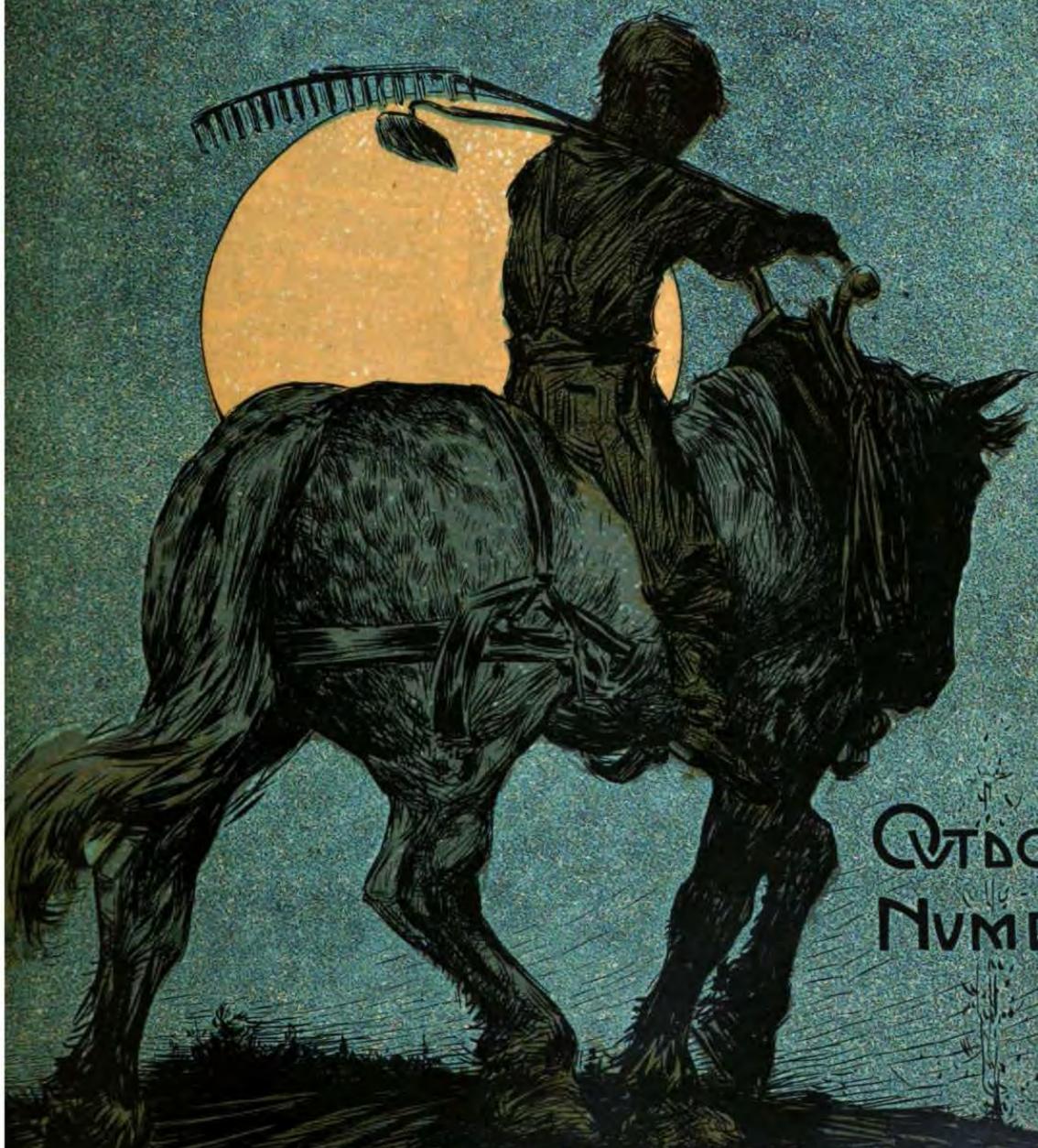
But this I swear: no play is good
If meaner parts be slightly done;
And every star has one time stood
Where you are now, and honors won.

The scenes must shift, the acts move on,
And you will scarcely know, my boy,
Just how you played, until it's done
And felt the flush of labor's joy.

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who can not keep silence has no right to speak.

THE FRA

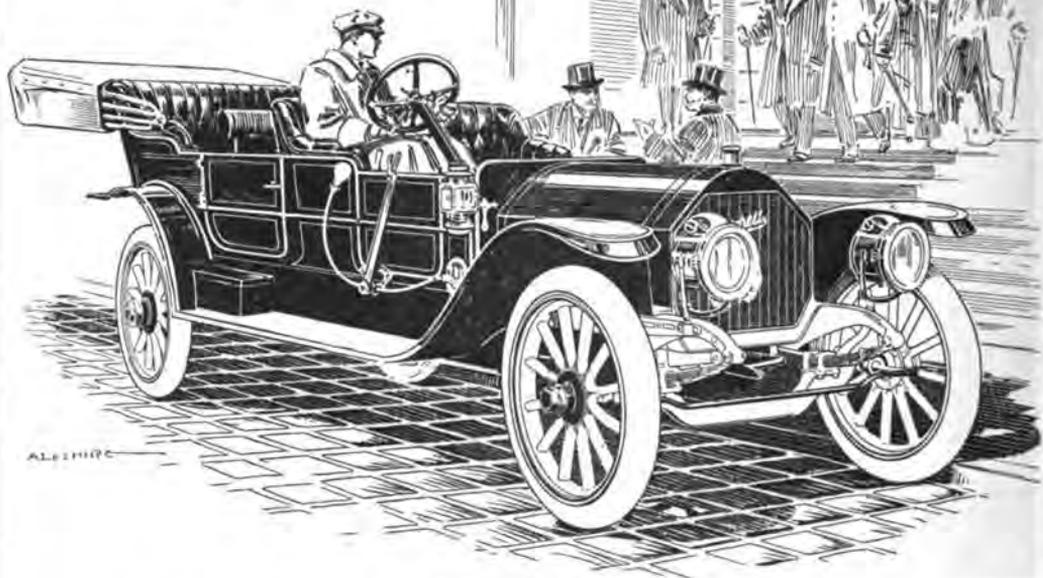
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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Monkeys and Man



HAVE been informing myself as to some of the ways, habits and customs of my ancestors. And here are a few things I have discovered :

The worst foe of a monkey in captivity is tuberculosis.

The chimpanzee, orang-utan and baboon in captivity all suffer from this same disease. And the great White Plague in the monkey tribe is identical with the disease in the human.

¶ Some years ago there were seventeen deaths among the monkeys at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, in the space of ten months, from consumption and pneumonia. This represented about one-third of the total number of simians in the Zoo. Among those which succumbed was a most wonderful and intelligent chimpanzee known as "Mr. Murphy." This animal was very valuable. He was so amusing that he was really the show of the garden, and a crowd was almost constantly around his cage. The papers had a deal to say of "Mr. Murphy."

Orders were given by those in charge that "Mr. Murphy" should have special care and attention. A thermometer hung in front of his cage, and steam-pipes surrounded it. The temperature was kept at an even and constant heat of eighty-five.

But alas, even in spite of the most loving and tender care, "Mr. Murphy" contracted a clinging cold. The poor thing coughed like a man, and the crowds laughed. His distress was funny. ¶ Then one day he died.

The autopsy showed a straight case of tuberculosis ¶

And then two men who had charge of the monkey-house, where the thermometer was constantly at eighty-five, also died of consumption ¶

The Outdoor Habit

¶ ABOUT this time somebody said : "Monkeys need a change as well as men ¶ Instead of bringing an equatorial temperature to Chicago, just let your monkeys get used to Chicago climate."

The monkeys were dying anyway, and so they just cut a hole through the wall, built a cage outside, and let the monkeys go out and in as suited the monkey mind.

The monkeys were very grateful for the change. It gave them a chance to get away from the visitors, and no matter what the weather was they were out several hours a day. The colds and coughs ceased, and the Great White Plague was given pause.

A few months ago I visited the Winter Quarters of the Sells-Floto circus at Denver. There I saw a roof-garden on the monkey-house—wired in, of course—but the monkeys came and went as they wished. The thermometer was around zero and the roof-garden was a mass of snow, but the monkeys reveled in it. They rolled and tumbled in the snow and washed one another's faces and snowballed like boys. Every now and then one would go down the ladder into the cage and snuggle against the steam-pipes, but in a few minutes he was outside again. That is the method of the Sells-Floto folks, and they have the sleekest, finest, happiest, healthiest lot of animals you ever saw in a show.

Artificial heat destroys the oxygen in the atmosphere; and if you prize health you must get out of doors several hours every day. Out-of-door schools have been tried, and there is only one report: the children have been immensely benefited in mind and body. Pale cheeks have become pink. Watery eyes have become bright. Listless minds have become alert. Tired bodies have become responsive. Our steam-heated schoolrooms, where children are bunched like monkeys in a cage, are culture-beds of bacteria. Disease and death in such places take heavy toll.

Education at the expense of health is a poor bargain.

Let science and commonsense come to the rescue.

It requires two to make a home. The first home was made when a woman, cradling in her loving arms a baby, crooned a lullaby. All the tender sentimentality we throw around a place is the result of the sacred thought that we live there with some one else. It is our home. The home is a tryst—the place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home, just as birds make a nest, and unless a man knows the spell of the divine passion I can hardly see how he can have a home at all; for of all blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting, loving companionship of a good woman.

Health and Habit



If you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want.

Health is the most natural thing in the world.

It is natural to be healthy, because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business.

Nature needs man, so he will be useful to other men. The rewards of life are for service.

And the penalties of life are for selfishness. Human service is the highest form of self-interest for the person who serves.

We preserve our sanity only as we forget self in service.

To center on one's self, and forget our relationship to society, is to summon misery, and misery means disease.

Unhappiness is an irritant. It affects the heart-beats or circulation first, then the digestion, and the person is ripe for two hundred and nineteen diseases, and six hundred and forty-two complications.

Medicine Only Palliative

Nothing you can take out of a bottle, or that you can rub on, will remove the cause of misery.

"Medicine is only a palliative," says Doctor Weir Mitchell; "for back of disease lies the cause, and this cause no drug can reach."

"I've got a cold in my head," said the man to the wise doctor. And the doctor replied, "Doubtless, for that is the only place where the microbe abides."

People who dread disease and fear disease have disease. The recipe for good health is this: Forget it.

What we call diseases are merely symptoms of mental conditions.

Our bodies are automatic, and thinking about your digestion does not aid you. Rather it hinders, since the process of thinking, especially anxious thinking, robs the stomach of its blood, and transfers it to the head.

If you are worried enough, digestion will stop absolutely.

The moral is obvious: Don't Worry.

"This horse is all right, unless he gets scared," said a horseback rider to me, the other day. And I answered, "So am I!"

In public speaking I have often noticed that when I am anxious to make a big speech, I grow fearful about my voice, and begin to distrust my memory. The result is that I have to push that speech ahead of me for the whole blessed hour and a half, and am conscious of my feet and aware of my hands all the time. The result is a strictly Class B oratorical effort. ¶ That is to say, it was an effort and not a pleasure for either the speaker or the audience. For a speaker supplies the mood for the audience. If the speaker is happy, the audience is, also. And as before hinted, we are only happy when we forget ourselves and do not know whether we are happy or not.

Creatures of Habit

HOSE rare times when I make a big impression upon my auditors are when I go upon the stage with a certain amount of indifference, simply taking care not to have overateen. Then I start in slowly, and soon the thoughts are coming along, just as fast as I can use them. The air is full of reasons, and all I have to do is to reach up and pick the ones I want.

With good health it is the same—just a few plain rules, and the whole matter is automatic and self-lubricating. Health is a habit.

We are ruled by habit.

There are three habits which, with but one condition added, will give you everything in the world worth having, and beyond which the imagination of man can not conjure forth a single addition or improvement. These habits are:

The Work Habit.

The Health Habit.

The Study Habit.

If you are a man and have these habits, and also have the love of a woman who has these same habits, you are in Paradise now and here, and so is she.

Health, Books and Work—a part of the time out-of-doors—with Love added, are a solace for all the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune—a defense 'gainst all the storms that blow, for through their use you transmute sadness into mirth, trouble into ballast, pain into joy.



Be sincere, but don't be too serious—at the last, nothing matters much.

About Vacations



HERE are three good reasons why all employees should have vacations ✱ ✱

One is so the employer can see how easily anybody and everybody's place can be filled.

The next is so the employee can see, when he returns, how well he can be spared, since things go right along without him ✱ ✱

The third is so the employee can show the employer (and moreover so the employer can understand) that the employee is not manipulating the accounts or engineering deals for his own benefit.

Many a defalcation could have been avoided had the trusted man been sent away for a few weeks every year, and an outsider put in his place ✱ ✱

Beyond these, the vacation has little excuse. ¶ As a matter of recuperation the vacation does not recuperate, since, as a rule, no man needs a vacation so much as the person who has just had one.

The man who is so run down that he needs a vacation can never adjust or reform himself in two weeks. What he really needs is to reform his life ✱ ✱

To work during the year at so rapid a pace that in August one's vitality is exhausted, and a rest demanded, is rank folly.

What we all need is enough vacation every day so that we can face each morning with health sufficient to do our work in gladness.

¶ That is to say, we need enough of a play-spell every day to keep us in good physical condition.

¶ The man who is done up and fagged out has not found his work.

And the man who lives during the year in anticipation of vacation does not deserve one, for he has not ascertained that it is work, and not vacations, that makes life endurable.

There be good people who travel by the gorge route so incessantly that their livers go on a strike, palates finally declare a lockout, and then they laud Bernarr MacFadden, and proclaim fasting a virtue.

All this until reasonable health returns, when they again buy commutation-tickets via the whirlpool and play hockey with their in'ards.

¶ If you hustle so continually that your system

demands a vacation, you have gotten where you can not do good work.

If you have reached a point where you can not do good work, you can not enjoy your vacation ❀ ❀

If you absolutely need a vacation you are not in the mood to enjoy it, because it is thrust upon you by necessity, willy-nilly.

Things forced upon us are never pleasant.

The only man who can really enjoy an outing is the man who does not need it.

And the man who keeps his system so strong and well balanced that he does not need a vacation is the one who will eventually marry the proprietor's daughter and have his name on the sign.

Before you manage a business, you had better learn how to manage your cosmos.

I know, because I take vacations myself.

Be on the lookout for the great joys, and never let mosquitoes worry you into a passion.

The Man With the Hoe



ROBABLY I know more clearly than did Mr. Markham himself, just what he had in view when he wrote "The Man With the Hoe."

The trouble with the hoe-man is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion ❀ ❀

The hoe is all right, and all men should hoe. If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time ❀

To hoe all the time slants the brow. ¶ Never to hoe tends to hydrocephalus and nervous prostration.

Many men never hoe, because they say, "I don't have to." It is a fool's answer.

Then many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game-preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of the hoe-man is found in abundance, there is an army of two hundred fifty thousand fighting men who have to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground.

¶ Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men.

Some one must hoe.

All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground ❀ ❀

If you never hoe and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness. If you help the hoe-man hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars.

Let us all hoe—a little.

The beauty with which love adorns its object becomes the possession of the one who loves.

On High Olympus



LL the gods come from near the Equator. We who live on the Fortieth Parallel produce men—occasionally.

The Jews gave us Jehovah, a fantastic old bachelor of thunders and scourges, as testy as King Lear, and as childish ❀ The Mohammedans gave us Allah, who punishes with fire, and rewards with flesh—an ironic, hot-blooded, Falstaffian god who acts as a "bouncer" in a celestial seraglio.

The God Idea was carried from Egypt to Greece, where there was an inscription on a tablet to the "Unknown God." Paul saw that inscription, but when he wrote about it he failed to tell the whole truth. He only related what pleased him. The whole inscription was, "To the Gods of Egypt, Assyria, Africa, India, Rome and the Unknown God of the Unknown Lands."

Greece was cosmopolitan. She believed in all the gods, but had faith in none. Athens of old was on exactly the same parallel that bisects Main Street in East Aurora.

Greece gave us Olympus and its Divine Boarding-House.

The pagan imagination was anything but commonplace. It was metaphysical, philosophical, poetic, comic, dramatic—but it was not platitudinous.

Olympus was an aristocracy.

Deification of Human Attributes

UBLIME, cruel, satanic, merciful, these supermen and superwomen of the Greek imagination were based on life itself. They

were the personifications of real aspirations and passions. They were bubbles blown from pipes of clay by healthy beings who loved the world, the flesh and the devil.

And so, no matter how far these bubbles went into the empyrean, they still pictured the earth, its sweet seductions, its redemptive pains and the sex aura, worn not as a shroud as in the monastic myth, but as a garment of glory. Olympus was a place of quality, the Versailles of the imagination—not a Vatican of croaks or a mausoleum of canonized corpses or apotheosized renunciants who had worn out their capacity for sin.

Olympus was beautiful. There was no stench of skulls, no reek from the unaired beds of Allah's houris, no insipid, simpering angels whose whole eternity was spent in telling Yahweh how fine he was as an Adman and General Manager.

There was air and there was light on Olympus. A cosmology was here raised to the dignity of sport. Whichever way you turned you faced the beautiful. Whatever door you tapped upon opened on the Infinite. Every step on those heights was like a magical levitation.

Mysterious, suggestive, equivocal, in passing through the great Greek myth the imagination throws out its flaming, colored shafts from zenith to nadir.

Everything is fecund on those heights. Death is the one inconceivable thing. Homer and Æschylus and Plato and Sophocles have been there before you. In that world every poet is a pioneer. The eyes of those gods never see the same thing twice, because their brains never focus twice in the same direction.

Those giant mosaics of a spent people, Olympus! all those gods and goddesses; those Titans and those shadowy dwellers on a lesser Olympus, the earth; those satyrs and fauns, the Eumenides, the fabulous beings that peopled land and sea. How many millions collaborated in the evolution of those dreams!

The Purpose of Paganism

WHAT mind put the first tint of that stupendous dream on the dead palette of Reality? Who was that Rembrandt with the drop of transfiguring color in his alembic? Who was that Phidias who chiseled with his brain-brawn the brow of Apollo? Who was that Michelangelo who charted in imaginative ecstasy that ether-capped Olympus that was to eject from its mysterious ovum gods and

goddesses as long-lived as the star which fostered them?

Against that monstrous background of the Unknown that man in all ages gashes with the lightning of his thought, Olympus stands out unalterable in time, a masterwork of alto-rilievo whose sculptured figures are posed for eternity.

Aristophanes, who played Pontius Pilate to Greek mythology, hurled his anathemas in vain. For, ironically, he was the amanuensis of Momus himself, the God of Mockeries. The tears of Christ, flowing for two thousand years from the unknown heavens whereto he ascended, have not washed away that breedy world of antique thought. Christ lives; Venus reigns: He wept; she laughed.

The gods of Greece were not an ambulance corps. Olympus was not a dispensary. To be carried into the presence of Zeus on a stretcher was no aid to immortality. Paganism did not seek to amend Nature. It personified the Real. Facing life with every sense agape, it uttered a lyrical amen. Bounding from the heart of the ageless Mother it uttered a hosannah to the sun.

Time, Man and Genius

PAGANISM was dynamic; it took the part of the eternally pulsating atom against the frosty glamor of Nirvana. It struck the cymbals of victory over the grave.

It threw dice with Destiny, knowing that Destiny is a blackleg. To lose or win—there is no difference. To have lived and to have played the game—that was glory, and that was success. To live is to triumph.

Power and beauty, ecstasy and frenzy, a riant diabolism, the sense of a weltering joy—that was its metaphysic.

Man is a dike between Time and Eternity; and he gleams with the waters of both. He is the corybantic apparition. He is dancing a cancan on a little star. His life is a delirium. He is a crack-brained god. His seventy years are an orgy of feeling and thought. This shatter-pated upstart makes a superb gesture, even before the gates of Hell. The life of the dullest of beings is ever an epic. The more of a rogue the man is, or the bigger the fool, the finer the story.

Genius is Dementia Americana. The winged hounds of Time and Space have sunk their fangs into our souls, and we have spiritual rabies.

Thus do I see the soul of Greece, and the gods that pontificated on Olympus are the multi-incarnation of that soul.

Front this lusty dream of man with the filigree of our theological headlines of today. The stars housed in my skull, the lightnings locked in my veins, the passions pent and tombed in my nethers are veritable sins!

Power lies abed and sucks the nipple of a withered breast. Beauty petitions at the gate of Mammon. The Christ-blood still flows from those immedicable wounds that know no healing. And we who once beheld Aphrodite shake the sea from her tresses and once were chum to satyr and faun, and on another time dogged the footsteps of Diana—we are almsmen to a manger, cuffed into a charnel-house, crowned with the sweat of fear, bughouse to Billy Sunday, the shortstop of Deity.

From that trans-stellar Olympus we are come to a mourners' bench. From the parley of the gods we are come to the bickerings of Gargantuan eunuchs. We who once wore the laurel-wreath now wear the mildewed helmet of the Salvation Army. The beaker once filled with ambrosia is now a monstrosity from which one may quaff an apocryphal Holy Ghost. Pegasus has become a Palm Sunday ass. Jason is a missionary who decoys the heathen, and his golden fleece comes from the fleeced. The Bacchic amphora graven with mystical festive rites is become a consecrated bowl of bacteria wherein Ignorance dips its unmanicured finger-tips.

Pantheism and Religion

CHRISTIANITY has amputated life at the water-line. It has diluted the blood of the veins of Venus. It has thrown the cowl of asceticism over Apollo. It has put a crown of thorns on Pan—at least it has tried to.

But the snows on Olympus have not melted, and in the veins of Time are the seeds of the old gods, who are incarnated again and again on the earth.

Religions are passing epidemics, but Pantheism is as immortal as matter, as indestructible as sex, as eternal as sensation. Pan, once declared dead, is now the only god that is alive.

Life is a gradual death. There are animals and insects that die on the instant of the culmination of the act for which they were created. Success is death, and death, if you have bargained wisely with fate, is victory.

Preparing for Old Age



OCRATES was once asked by a pupil this question:

"What kind of people shall we be when we reach Elysium?"

And the answer was:

"We shall be the same kind of people that we were here."

¶ If there is a life after this, we are preparing for it now, just as I am today preparing for my life tomorrow.

What kind of man shall I be tomorrow? Oh, about the same kind of man that I am now. The kind of man that I shall be next month depends upon the kind of man I have been this month.

If I am miserable today, it is not within the round of probabilities that I shall be supremely happy tomorrow. Heaven is a habit. And if we are going to Heaven we had better be getting used to it.

Life is a preparation for the future; and the best preparation for the future is to live as if there were none.

We are preparing all the time for old age. The two things that make old age beautiful are resignation and a just consideration for the rights of others.

Richard Mansfield's Ivan

IN the play of "Ivan the Terrible," the interest centers around one man, the Czar Ivan. As played by Richard Mansfield, we simply got a glimpse into the life of a tyrant who had run the full gamut of goosedom, grumpiness and grouch.

Incidentally, this man had the power to put other men to death, and this he does and has done as his whim and temper might dictate. He has been vindictive, cruel, quarrelsome, tyrannical and terrible. Now that he feels the approach of death, he would make his peace with God. But he has delayed the matter too long. He did n't realize in youth and middle life that he was then preparing for old age.

¶ Man is the result of cause and effect, and the causes are to a degree in our hands. Life is a fluid, and well has it been called the stream of life—we are going, flowing somewhere. Strip Ivan of his robes and crown, and he might be an old farmer and live in Ebenezer.

¶ Every town and village has its Ivan. To be an Ivan, just turn your temper loose

and practise cruelty on any person or thing within your reach, and the result will be a sure preparation for a querulous, quarrelsome, pickety, snipety, fussy and foolish old age, accented with many outbursts of wrath that are terrible in their futility and ineffectiveness.

King Lear and Ivan

ABYHOOD has no monopoly on the tantrum. The characteristics of King Lear and Ivan the Terrible have much in common. One might almost believe that the writer of Ivan had felt the incompleteness of Lear, and had seen the absurdity of making a melodramatic bid for sympathy in behalf of this old man thrust out by his daughters. ¶ Lear, the troublesome, Lear to whose limber tongue there were constantly leaping words unprintable and names of tar, deserves no soft pity at our hands. All his life he had been training his three daughters for exactly the treatment he was to receive.

All his life Lear had been lubricating the chute that was to give him a quick ride out into the black midnight storm.

"Oh, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" he cries.

There is something quite as bad as a thankless child, and that is a thankless parent—an irate, irascible parent who possesses an underground vocabulary and a disposition to use it.

The false note in Lear lies in giving to him a daughter like Cordelia.

Tolstoy and Mansfield ring true, and Ivan the Terrible is what he is without apology, excuse or explanation. Take it or leave it—if you do not like plays of this kind, go to see Vaudeville.

A Fearful Apparition

MANSFIELD'S Ivan was terrible. The Czar is not old in years—not over seventy—but you can see that Death is sniffing close upon his track. Ivan has lost the power of repose. He can not listen, weigh and decide; he has no thought or consideration for any man or thing—this is his habit of life.

His bony hands are never still—the fingers open and shut, and pick at things eternally. He fumbles the cross on his breast, adjusts his jewels, scratches his cosmos, plays the devil's tattoo, gets up nervously and looks behind the throne, holds his breath to listen.

When people address him he damns them savagely if they kneel, and if they stand upright he accuses them of lack of respect. He asks that he be relieved from the cares of

State, and then trembles for fear his people will take him at his word.

When asked to remain ruler of Russia he proceeds to curse his councilors, and accuses them with loading him with burdens that they themselves would not endeavor to bear.

He is a victim of amor senilis, and right there if Mansfield had taken one step more, his realism would have been appalling, but he stopped in time and suggested what he dared not express.

This tottering, doddering, slobbering, sniffing old man is in love—he is about to wed a young, beautiful girl. He selects jewels for her: he makes remarks about what would become her beauty, jeers and laughs in cracked falsetto. In the animality of youth there is something pleasing—it is natural; but the vices of an old man, when they have become only mental, are most revolting.

The people about Ivan are in mortal terror of him, for he is still the absolute monarch: he has the power to promote or to disgrace, to take their lives or to let them go free. They laugh when he laughs, cry when he does, and watch his fleeting moods with thumping hearts.

¶ He is intensely religious, and affects the robe and cowl of a priest. Around his neck hangs the crucifix. His fear is that he will die with no opportunity of confession and absolution. He prays to High Heaven every moment, kisses the cross, and his toothless old mouth interjects prayers to God and curses on man in the same breath.

If any one is talking to him he looks the other way, slips down until his shoulders occupy the throne, scratches his leg, and keeps up a running comment of insult: "Aye," "Oh," "Of course," "Certainly," "Ugh," "Listen to him now!"

There is a comedy side to all this which relieves the tragedy and keeps the play from becoming disgusting ۞ ۞

Glimpses of Ivan's past are given in his jerky confessions: he is the most miserable and unhappy of men, and you behold that he is reaping as he has sown.

All his life he has been preparing for this. Each day has been a preparation for the next. Ivan dies in a fit of wrath, hurling curses on his family and court—dies in a fit of wrath into which he has been purposely taunted by a man who knows that the outburst is certain to kill the weakened monarch.

The Secret of Salvation

 HERE does Ivan the Terrible go when Death steps in and forecloses the mortgage?

I know not. But this I believe: No confessional can absolve him—no priest benefit him—no God forgive him. He has damned himself, and he began the work in youth. He was getting ready all his life for this old age, and this old age was getting ready for the fifth act. ¶ The playwright does not say so, Mansfield did not say so, but this is the lesson: Hate is a poison—wrath is a toxin—sensuality leads to death—clutching selfishness is a lighting of the fires of hell. It is all a preparation—cause and effect.

If you are ever absolved, you must absolve yourself, for no one else can.

And the sooner you begin, the better.

We often hear of the beauties of old age, but the only old age that is beautiful is the one the man has long been preparing for by living a beautiful life. Every one of us is right now preparing for old age.

There may be a substitute somewhere in the world for Good Nature, but I do not know where it can be found.

The secret of salvation is this:

Keep sweet, be useful, and keep busy.

The New Thought is plain, simple, common-sense, God-given thought which all would think if they were unbought, unbribed and uncoerced.

An Urgent Message



HE lettergram—fifty words at night at the day-rate charge for ten—is proving a great success.

It was an experiment forced on the telegraph companies by a persistent, patient and plausible outsider.

It was one of those things concerning which nobody could foresee the exact result.

Men equally wise exclaimed, "Rodents!" or "Gr'r'r'eat!"

¶ A man high in the management of the Postal Telegraph Company tells me the lettergram promises to increase the company's revenues twenty-five per cent, and more.

It adds no increase to overhead charges, and only a slight advance in terminal expenses. The extra business keeps the wires warm, and the additional receipts are mostly velvet.

Conservatism of Big Businesses

 BIG concerns that are making money are very slow to make changes.

The successful man is usually a conservative—he is quite willing to let well enough alone. ¶ Betterments have to be forced on the big corporations, and often they are granted to appease the public. This is not because the men who manage big corporations are "bad"—it is simply because they are human.

And the very life of a corporation turns on its serving the public a little better all the time; otherwise, it will encourage an opposition which may give it the jiu-jit, a thing which every unprogressive man and institution deserves.

Now here is a suggestion for the Pullman Company, which, so far as I know, has never been made before.

But before I make the suggestion let me say that the Pullman folks give a good service.

¶ However, they might give a better one.

By common consent the patron pays an advance of ten per cent on the price of his berth for the services of a porter.

That is one thing which some folks kick on—not the twenty-five cents to George, or Jack Johnson, but just the fact that you have got to pay it, or else be disgraced and humiliated in your own mind.

How to get around that I am not going to explain at present. What I want the Pullmans to do, and do now, is to appease the public, by a betterment that is within their reach and will cost them absolutely nothing.

It is a well-understood fact, brought out before the Interstate Commerce Commission, that if all the lower berths are sold in a car, the Company is making money.

When they sell uppers, that is clear gain.

The Interstate Commerce Commission are considering a petition to make the upper berths one-half less in price than the lowers. A compromise will probably be effected at twenty-five per cent discount on an upper. Thus, when the lower is two dollars, the upper will be one and one-half.

If the Pullman folks would now make the price of a section three dollars instead of four dollars, or at the same ratio, they would

not only please the public, but make a great stroke of good business for themselves.

Every seasoned traveler knows that to get a really good night's sleep on a Pullman and enjoy your journey, you must have the whole section, and not pull the upper berth down.

¶ This gives you a chance to undress and dress standing up, and also gives you an opportunity to hang up your Stein-Blochs. Best of all, it affords a much-needed ventilation. ¶ If a three-dollar rate were made for a section, as against two dollars for a lower berth, nine travelers out of ten would take the section—why, yes, Bill, sure!

And the Pullman folks will yet do this.

The demands of the public must eventually be met.

The lettergram of fifty words was a necessity. We wanted to say things, but we hated to pay the extravagant, increased rate.

So the Pullmans must meet the reasonable demands of the traveler. They will be slow to do it, of course, because what is "reasonable" and what not must be carefully considered. ¶ And then the folks who manage the Pullman Company are men, not angels or demi-gods.

A Pertinent Suggestion

AND this brings me up to my suggestion.

Here it is: Let the Pullmans issue a general order at once that when a passenger pays for a lower berth, if the upper one is not sold, then the porter must not pull it down.

¶ The sale of uppers averages one to seven lowers; so if my idea is followed, six nights out of seven the traveler would have the joy of the extra space, all without any added cost to the Company.

The rule is now to pull down the upper berth, and let you use it for storage purposes.

I say, leave it up and let the occupant have the better ventilation and increased room. This means not a cent of expense to the company. ¶ It does mean an accommodation for the public.

Why not? There is not a valid reason that can be put forward against it. To insure the use of the section you must pay for it; but if the upper berth is not in use, you get it with the shelf up instead of down. This will educate the public to the great advantage of buying the section and make way for the three-dollar section, as against the two-dollar berth.

This I suggest, and patiently implore.

Is this an unreasonable and oppressive request on the part of a man who spends a hundred nights a year on Pullman cars?

Write us, Gentle Traveler, and tell us what you think.

Also, write the Pullman Company.

My opinion is that the order will go forth and our prayer be granted, that's what I think.

To teach is a good way to get an education. If you want to know all about a subject, write a book on it, a wise man has said. If you wish to know all about things, start in and teach them to others.

Canned Life



OW do you manage to keep so young with all your manifold duties?" I once asked my friend Bath-House John.

"Say," said the Statesman, "I'll tell you how I keep so young: I live Perfunk—see?"

To live Perfunk is a fine art. It usually means sound sleep, good digestion and length of days.

The man that is much before the public, who is meeting so many people, must do so in a perfunctory manner. To give issue to a genuine emotion when shaking hands with each would deplete one's life in a day. Hence canned goods are in order, and you give out capsule Number Six or Number Ten, as the case requires. The woman who is in society has a whole little round of stock phrases that meet every requirement; otherwise, she could not keep her plumpness, and conserve her ambish—see?

¶ The Canned Life has many advantages. This thing of doing the same thing every day at the same time, and taking all pleasures and recreations perfunk, of placing your duties in a row, with no worry beyond having a can-opener handy, is all very good. Most lives are Canned Lives, for we know exactly what the person will do or say under certain conditions, and where he will be at a certain hour. I have attended meetings of a whist club where not a remark was made the whole evening that had not been made at some former meeting. ¶ You step on a dog's tail, and you may safely

wager on what the dog will do. Just so you can anticipate the little neighborly whist-club players. A certain hand brings out certain remarks, and certain results liberate certain expressions in way of exultation, apology or disappointment. In all this you get the Career Perfunk—that is to say, Canned Life.

Over-Excitation and Under-Excitation

HOWEVER, there are some disadvantages that naturally accrue where any one policy of life is carried to an extreme. On this last point the learned Doctor Sulzkeimer, Physician to the King of Siam, has recently contributed a little pamphlet, a copy of which the Doctor was so kind as to send me. In this booklet, the claim is made that all diseases are caused by either too much excitement or not enough. Excitement of course increases the heart-beat—the pulse runs up, the eyes begin to glisten, thought flows—all the secretions are active. To a certain point this is well, for the digestion is aided, lungs expanded, and the glands, through exercise, are in condition to do their perfect work.

But of course if the excitement is continued beyond this certain point, the bodily functions become deranged, the nerves get tired of the tension, and eventually we will have a case of "Nerves," variously known as "Americanitis" or Nervous Prostration, with a fine array of local symptoms, covering every sort of twinge, tired feeling and bearing-down sensation mentioned by the celebrated Doctors Munyon and Pierce in their exhaustive and exhausting Wurx.

On the other hand are the diseases and complaints that come from lack of excitement—that is, too much Canned Life. The prevalence of insanity among the wives of farmers is caused by too much Canned Life. The poor creatures perish for the lack of a fresh thought. First in the list of diseases caused by the lack of excitement our learned author names cancer, which he explains is caused originally by a faulty circulation. A stoppage occurs, and Nature tries to relieve the distressed point by sending more blood to the spot. Then we get congestion and next inflammation. A certain amount of excitation at the right time, the author avers, would have freed the system from all congestion and made cancer impossible.

There is also a whole round of maladies that can be cured by a new thought, a new sen-

sation, or new surroundings. A little excitement or a new experience often clears the cobwebs from the brain.

Elizabeth Barrett was suffering from a partial paralysis, and a low degree of nerve force that was fast pushing her in the direction of melancholia. In fact, she was suffering from too much Canned Life. Love came to her, and she literally, as well as poetically, ran away, and got well.

This, of course, is an extreme case, but there are times in the life of every one when people pall, liver strikes, aches intervene and visions open of an operating-table, sterilizing-pans, nurses with white caps, and a doctor with bushy whiskers and rolled-up sleeves. Everything seems to be going to the devil.

When lo! there comes one bearing glad tidings. A new thought takes possession of us—we laugh and listen to a story or two and tell one—we go for a walk, the clouds lift and we forget we ever had a doubt or pain.

Is n't this the Healing Principle in Christian Science—simply good news?

God is good, there is no devil but fear, nothing can harm us, the Universe is planned for good! Ah! a new thought—all life is one, and we are brothers to the birds and trees. Our life is a necessary and integral part of the Energy that turns the wheeling planets, and holds the world in space.

All life is One—God is on our side. We are freed from fear, emancipated from apprehension, and filled with kindness toward every living thing, because all is ours, and we are a part of all we hear and feel and see. Circulation is increased, secretions flow, eyes brighten, beautiful thoughts animate us—saved by an Idea!

New Thoughts are hygienic.

Love is a tonic.

All life is one—God is on our side.

If you want a piece of work well and thoroughly done, pick a busy man. The man of leisure postpones and procrastinates, and is ever making preparations and "getting things in shape"; but to focus on a thing and to do it is the talent of the man seemingly overwhelmed with work. Women in point-lace and diamonds, club habitues and remittance-men—those who have all the time there is—can never be entrusted to carry the message to Garcia. Pin your faith to the busy man.

A Comparison



WHEN Emerson borrowed of Wordsworth that fine phrase about plain living and high thinking, no one was more astonished than he that Whitman and Thoreau should accept him at his word. He was decidedly curious about their experiment, but kept a safe distance between himself and the shirt-sleeved Walt; and as for Henry Thoreau—bless me! Emerson regarded him only as a fine savage, and told him so. ¶ Emerson loved solitude, but it was the solitude of a library or an orchard, and not the solitude of plain or wilderness. Emerson looked upon Beautiful Truth as an honored guest. He adored her, but it was with the adoration of the intellect. He never got her tag in jolly chase of comradeship; nor did he converse with her, soft and low, when only the moon peeped out from behind the silvered clouds, and the nightingale listened. He never laid himself open to damages. And when he threw a bit of a bomb into Harvard Divinity School it was the shrewdest bid for fame that ever preacher made.

Emerson had the instincts of Connecticut; that peculiar development of men who have eked out existence on a rocky soil. With this Yankee shrewdness went a subtle and sweeping imagination, and a fine appreciation of the excellent things that men have said and done. But he was never so foolish as to imitate the heroic—he simply admired it from afar. He often advised others to work their poetry up into life, but he did not do it himself. He never cast the bantling on the rocks, nor caused him to be suckled with the she-wolf's teat. ¶ He admired "abolition" from a distance. Whenever he went away from home it was always with a return ticket. He has summed up Friendship in an essay as no other man ever has, and yet there was a self-protective aloofness in his friendship that made icicles gather, as George William Curtis has explained.

Emerson and Shelley

IN no relation of his life was there a complete abandon. His essay on Self-Reliance is beef, iron and wine, and "Works and Days" is a tonic for tired men; and yet I know that

in spite of all his pretty talk about living near to Nature's heart, he never ventured into the woods outside of hallooing distance from the house. He could not ride a horse, or shoot, or sail a boat—and being well aware of it, never tried. All of his farming was done by proxy; and when he writes to Carlyle late in life, explaining how he is worth forty thousand dollars, well secured by first mortgage, he makes clear one-half of his ambition.

And yet, I call him master, and will match my admiration for him 'gainst that of any other, six nights and days together. But I summon him here to contrast his character with that of another—another who, like himself, was twice married.

In his essay on Love, Emerson reveals just an average sophomore insight; and in his work I do not find a mention or a trace of influence exercised by either of the women he wedded, nor by any other woman. Shelley was what he was through the influence of the two women he married.

Shelley wrecked the life of one of these women. She found surcease of sorrow in death; and when her body was found in the Serpentine he had a premonition that the hungry waves were waiting for him, too. But before her death and through her death she pressed home to him the bitterest sorrow that man ever can know: the combined knowledge that he has mortally injured a human soul and the sense of helplessness to minister to its needs. Harriet Westbrook said to Shelley, "Drink ye all of it." And could he speak now he would say that the bitterness of the potion was a formative influence as potent as that of the gentle ministrations of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who broke over his head the precious vase of her heart's love and wiped his feet with the hairs of her head.

The Beauty of Their Lives

IN the poetic sweetness, gentleness, loveliness and beauty of their natures, Emerson and Shelley were very similar. ¶ In a like environment they would have done the same things. A pioneer ancestry with its struggle for material existence would have taught Shelley caution; and a noble patronymic fostered by the State, lax in its discipline, would have made Emerson toss discretion to the winds.

Emerson and Shelley were both apostles of the good, the true and the beautiful. One rests at Sleepy Hollow, his grave marked by a great

rough-hewn boulder, while overhead the winds sigh a requiem through the pines. The ashes of the other lie beneath the moss-grown wall of the Eternal City, and the creeping vines and flowers, as if jealous of the white, carven marble, snuggle close over the spot with their leaves and petals.

Both have reached immortality, for their thoughts live again in the minds of the race, and their hopes and aspirations mingle and are one with the men and women of earth who think and feel and dream.

✽

The germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of arrested development.

Friends and Friendship



WHEN Charles Kingsley was asked for the secret of his exquisite sympathy and fine imagination, he paused a space, and then answered, "I had a friend."

The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes, and is able to partake of our joys. ¶ A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul.

The desire for sympathy dwells in every human heart ✽ ✽

We reach the divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the universal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one ✽ ✽

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all. The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that only exist in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfil the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible.

The Ministrations of Death

SHOULD the beloved pass from the earth while this condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead.

The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world where material wants jostle, and time and change play ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters. But the memory of a sweet companionship once fully possessed, and snapped by Fate at its supremest moment, can never die.

All other troubles are swallowed up in this. And if the individual is of too stern a fiber to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in the heart a perpetual eucharist.

And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead: they have ceased from their labors and are at rest. But for the living, when death has entered and removed the best friend, Fate has done her worst; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror.

¶ At one stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares sink to nothingness. The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all storms that blow, and though it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts unspeakable peace.

Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is always forgiveness, charity and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure.

The individual himself is nothing: he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with elemental conditions. To have known an ideal friendship, and had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that has gone, tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them.

Fear and Death



NATURE intended that each animal should live to an age approximating five times the number of years it takes to reach its bodily maturity. Man reaches his height and maximum strength at twenty, and should therefore live to be a hundred.

The brain, being the last organ developed, and growing until man is past seventy, should sit secure and watch every organ decline. As it is, the brain, with more than one-half of the individuals who live to be seventy, loses its power before the hands and feet, and death reaps something less than a man—all through too much exercise for the brain, or not enough.

It is, therefore, very evident that if the sum of human happiness can be increased, life will be much extended, and the danger of dying at the top obviated.

Of all the mental and physical polluters of life, nothing exercises such a poisonous effect as fear. Fear paralyzes the will, and either stagnates the secretions or turns them loose in a torrent.

Jealousy, cruelty, hate, revenge, are all forms of fear.

Abolish fear, and every man and woman is an orator and an artist. The criminal and the untruthful person are obsessed by fear until the genial current of their life is turned awry. A man, like a horse, is safe until he gets in the fell clutch of fear.

When the Shah of Persia was asked the average length of human life in his country, he replied, "Some die old, some die young—only God can tell how long anybody will live."

Luther died at sixty-three, Calvin at fifty-three and John Knox at fifty-seven. Luther and Knox were in prison, and Calvin only escaped by flight. All were under sentence of death; all lived under the ban of fear. All were literally scared to death.

Theology and Law

NOW, if you were asked what factor in human life had contributed most to fear, would you not be compelled in truth to say theology?

Theology, by diverting the attention of men

from this life to another, and by endeavoring to coerce a l men into one religion, constantly preaching that this world is full of misery but the next world would be beautiful—or not, as the case may be—has forced on men the thought of fear, where otherwise there might have been the happy abandon of Nature. Next to theology, in point of harm, is medicine, which is the study of the abnormal, and the constantly iterated thought that the "family physician" was a necessary adjunct to life itself—which thought has bred in mankind the fallacy of looking to the doctor for relief from pain, instead of to ourselves. Should we not understand the laws of life well enough at least to be as well and happy as the birds and squirrels?

The third great engine of human misery has been the law. Eighty per cent of the members of all our lawmaking bodies are lawyers. Very naturally lawyers in making laws favor laws that make lawyers a necessity. If this were not so, lawyers would not be human.

What Is Law?

UNTIL very recent times, and in degree I am told it is so yet, laws are for the subjection of the many and the upholding of the privileges of the few. The few employ a vast lobby, while all the many can do is to obey, or be ground into the mire. All the justice the plain people have they have had to fight for, and what we get is a sop to keep us quiet. The law, for most people, is a great, mysterious, malevolent engine of wrath. A legal summons will yet blanch the cheek of most honest men, and an officer at the door sends consternation into the family. The district attorney prosecutes us—we must defend ourselves. "And if you have no money to hire a lawyer, you are adjudged guilty and for you justice is a byword," says Luther Laffin Mills, the eminent lawyer.

And here is the argument: The fear of death, the fear of disease, as fostered by the doctors, and the fear of the law, as disseminated by lawyers, have created a fog of fear that has permeated us like a miasma, and cut human life short one-third, causing the brain to reel and rock at a time when it should be a serene and steadfast pilot of our lives.

"What then?" you ask. "Shall we go back to savagery?"

And my answer is, No! We must, and will, and are, going on, on to Enlightenment.

An Elementary Lesson for a Business Primer

By Alice Hubbard



HERE is constructive proof that man has evolved from a very low form of animal life.

¶ There is the same kind of proof that in this form of life he was indolent and inert.

¶ He grew only through activity.

So long as he had enough to eat and opportunity to rest he made slow progress in evolution.

¶ Probably not until circumstances brought hardships and

moved him into a colder climate did he evolve into an active being. ¶ It was many ages before his activity had any definite form.

One of the earliest expressions of the activity of animal life was fighting, using muscular strength to overcome opposition.

Animal man did not at first seek out enemies. He simply destroyed what came in his way and stood between him and what he wanted.

¶ The weaker of the combatants was the one first to evolve a brain. He was defending himself, and was compelled to match skill against brawn. Necessity drove him into using all his powers, and the exercise evolved brain.

¶ It was long after man became intelligent that he had the ambition to enter into offensive warfare. Fighting meant hurting, injury, pain, often death. The animal would not invite these until he had a surplus of energy.

Then he challenged to combat, just for the fun of the exercise. ¶ Play is the modern civilized expression of surplus energy.

Football and prize-fighting are relics of prehistoric manifestations of life in abundance.

¶ The ambition of conquest followed the ambition of fighting.

Man had evolved a brain before he made a plan for his activity and worked with a purpose.

¶ This creator of a plan had been the weaker physically, had evolved brain through necessity, and had found a power more effective than muscle.

Satisfying the Divine Impulse

CONQUEST requires ability to construct and execute. This is possible only through the action of the imagination.

The wars of Ancient Greece were conquest.

Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, were all conquerors, their one purpose being to play the big game, with the world as a chess-board. It was fighting, plus skill, to get what they thought they wanted.

Conquerors have wonderful physical heroism. They have imagination, courage, ambition and great energy. They risk their all and the lives of countless thousands to win laurels, lands, position, and to satisfy the divine impulse to express energy.

People who are active most of the time, no matter what their motive may be or what results they accomplish, are busy people. ¶ The ant, the bee and the spider are busy. They use intelligence in their activity. They accomplish results. They have method, system, order. They work for the good of all, and not for individuals. They sacrifice individuals when this sacrifice benefits the whole.

The work to be accomplished is all that interests them. And they are eternally occupied with it.

¶ The history of the bee, the ant and the spider shows that they have evolved no new skill, power or purpose since Jove dwelt secure on Olympus and bees gathered honey from flowers on high Hymettus—since Solomon expressed the wisdom of his time, and urged the ant as a model as teacher and exemplar—since Robert Bruce learned his lesson of perseverance and courage from the spider in a hut in Scotland.

¶ There is little intellect, though great intelligence, manifested by these insects. But brain has not evolved. For four thousand years there has been with them no progress in invention, method or system. So far as we can observe, the bee, the ant and the spider are static.

The ant, the bee and the spider are busy, but we do not apply to their activity the term "business."

Man's Highest Manifestation

BUSINESS requires something more than continued activity. Organization, system, definite purpose, progress, wisdom, evolution, human betterment are involved in business.

¶ Business is the latest and highest manifestation of man's evolution.

Business is young. The methods and principles in use today were not generally recognized a decade ago. And business is still in the formative stage.

Philosophers—seers—can prophesy what it will be.

Modern businessmen—the scientists of our

time—have not yet realized what they have done and are now doing for humanity in the work of evolving business principles.

Business has put into use all practical inventions, all machinery, and it has developed the skilful manipulation of machinery.

Doctor C. A. Bowsher says that "man is not the measure of power, but man is the measurer of power."

Business has placed man in the position of creator, a manipulator of energy.

Man is no longer an individual—he is a multiple of individuals, a master of machinery, a measurer of power.

His voice can be heard a thousand miles ✧
His messengers have outstripped the speed of Mercury. His arms are lengthened indefinitely. All of his senses have been strengthened and increased. His days are not full of sorrow, and threescore years and ten is no longer his limit of life.

Man has been multiplied by infinity, because he partakes of the power of the Infinite. He is expressing universal energy.

Man's Highest Achievement

✧ **MAN'S** highest achievement is developing intellect ✧ ✧

Ability to think outside of his personal needs has taken man out of the class to which man belonged a hundred years ago.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that the domesticating of animals, the skill developed in caring for and using them, was the prime factor in civilizing man.

The woman's care of her children developed a skill that was power. After the children were grown and her cares were fewer, her habit of mind had given a mental exercise such that her attention could be turned to subjects other than food and clothing.

When man could think of themes, not things and people, when his mental activity became impersonal and apart from self-interests, man reached a vantage-ground where he could see cause and effect, sure results of certain actions. He had prescience. He could say with certainty what events or incidents would follow a given action. This was not fortune-telling, but mental sight which came from the light of reason, judgment and imagination.

Man ceased to live in the senses all of the time. He had an intellectual life—a new world ✧
In this new life he could see the benefit to humanity of bringing things from where they

were in abundance, to his home, where there was a lack of these things.

Transportation

✧ **THE** next step was to exchange this for that. ✧ Transportation followed production. Good roads was the natural sequence of transportation.

Good government—a general government—came to protect the merchant from robbers and molestations ✧ Money—a medium of exchange—followed, when men valued their time and developed discrimination, choice.

And all these things were a result of man's increasing wants. It was a manifestation of surplus energy—more power than enough to provide mere food and shelter.

In man's primitive state he was an individualist, without love or thought for another. He had no affection, only attraction. His relation to his fellows was single. He was supremely selfish, with no thought for another's welfare, no sense of obligation to another or to others.

The mother developed the social qualities. From caring for her young, she extended her interest to others near her. This extension of individual interest evolved into family government, the clan, the tribe, the state, and finally an elaborate plan for general government ✧

The Evolution of Commerce

✧ **FROM** the production and transportation for an individual evolved commerce ✧
People who became interested in the difficulties and success of commerce became busy. When they developed method, system, order, prescience, they entered into embryonic business.

As man develops, his needs increase. He must find exercise for his brain and heart as well as for his body. His power to express energy must find ways to satisfy this natural desire. Water soaking into wood fiber causes expansion of the wood, and its desire to express is stronger than any known force. We call this obedience to Natural Law.

Man invents, creates, ventures, endures, persists, and miraculously wins, in obedience to this same Natural Law. It is Nature working through man with the certainty and power of gravitation.

Man's brain develops until he sees Law and understands a little how it works. He complies with it, puts himself into a position to use Law and to be used by Law.

This is a new era in man's experience. From dealing with persons and things exclusively, he works with ideas, the impersonal—the uncarinate, to use Doctor Bowsher's word. "He who pleads his own case has a fool for a client," is a legal saw. But it is truth. Man's brain will not work well until man forgets himself and his personal interests. The brain demands perspective, is hyperopic, but it is blind when self-interest is involved.

The intellect is impersonal in its activity, though it may be stimulated into action by personal needs.

The intellect works in the unseen world of thought, though it makes the skilled hand create and express its thought in form and color * *

Business is the wise manipulation of energy. Business implies wisdom, brain activity, skilled muscles and trained nerves.

The Demand for Efficiency

IN the process of business, man is manipulated as human machinery—that is, without regard to his personality. In business a prince is no better than a plebeian unless he has more skill, more ability.

"What can you do?" is the one question Business asks. It never asks who you are, who were your ancestors, nor what peculiarities you have. Business has this quality, once ascribed to Deity: it is no respecter of persons. Hence, Business is justice. Business has no pets, no favorites, coddles no weaknesses, gives no palliating excuses for incompetence. ¶ Business demands brain development, efficiency, loyalty, perseverance, persistence, justice, exactness, fact, truth, promptness, reliability.

Business makes no excuses for ignorance and can not forgive the sins of ignorance. It works as does the engine that draws the train of cars in safety from one side of this continent to the other, that takes your steamboat from one continent to another.

Business works, as does this engine, in compliance with law; it can not make laws—it complies with law, obeys law, works in harmony with law. When it breaks laws it ceases to be business, and has become something else.

Some Basic Principles

THE basis of business is justice, unseasoned with mercy. Mercy belongs to sociology, not business. Mercy is for the weak and indigent. Business might well be pictured as Nemesis

holding the scales at balance. Business demands so much in one side of the scale and exactly the same amount in the other.

It reckons with the fact in Nature that there is no such thing as receiving something and giving nothing. It knows that Wisdom can not be borrowed, can not be loaned, and that industry, loyalty, experience, skill, honesty must be earned by the person who has them.

¶ The Governor-General of the Sudan has given a proof of his appreciation of the fact that something for nothing and much for little pauperizes and makes degenerates of his people. He has had posted everywhere that tourists may see the following notice:

"Travelers, while in the Sudan, are particularly requested to refrain from gaining an easy reputation for generosity by giving money to children, beggars, and other persons who have not earned it.

"At present the population of the Sudan has not been demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving, but it will not require much of this to make the demand 'Bakshish!' as importunate and annoying to travelers as in Egypt itself, and to cause a considerable number of natives to forsake the paths of honest industry for the unwholesome existence of preying on others.

¶ "His Excellency, the Governor-General, trusts that all travelers will consider this as a personal request from himself."

Business recognizes the fact that action is the law of life; that the highest rest is in motion; that any man who has not a surplus of energy is not in Business. Business is not carried on by dead men, neither is it a product of hospitals, insane asylums, houses of correction, nor institutions for deficient human beings * *

Business is exercise. It is the expression of health and wisdom and skill.

Feeble-minded energy as expressed in gossip has nothing to do with Business except to disintegrate—like barnacles on a ship—for business deals with the uncarinate.

The Maintenance of the Home

THE fundamental purpose of business is to maintain the home. The purpose of the home is to care for children, to perpetuate and evolve the race. Business is the means to this end.

But in the operation of business, sociology does not enter directly—that is, we do not consider man except as an idea, hence as

an ideal. He is presupposed to be as perfect as a machine is perfect in every part, no weakness, no faults—a perfect part of a perfect organism. A weak drive-wheel can not be tolerated, nor an imperfect bearing. So an ideal person is demanded in business. He must have intelligence, he must be honest, he must have health, he must live a life that gives a clear conscience, a keen mind, a strong body, controlled nerves—that is, he is an evolving man ۞ ۞

And business is the means by which man shall become moral, civilized, intellectual, refined, wise, just and capable of loving.

The beginning of business was in individualism—one person taking care of himself. Next, the care of children, then the care of weak people. ۞ Commerce was about all there was implied in business for a long time. Barter was the means used—so much wood in exchange for so much wheat.

Value of Time and Energy

۞ HE use of money as a means of exchange facilitated the development of business. A new era in business has come with the general enlightenment of the people that has resulted from the steam-engine, quick transportation, the telegraph, telephone, cheap artificial light, daily newspapers, abundant magazines, inexpensive books, increased needs of the people, and ways of meeting these needs. ۞ Because of business, men (yes, even women) have awakened to the fact of the inestimable value of their time and energy. Time and energy must have a recognized value put upon them.

We have blundered along in the darkness, thinking Economics was a subject over which the gods alone had control, and we left it to them until chance played havoc with our lives.

۞ When men ceased depending upon gods, and depended upon themselves, they developed brain, until they now see that business is a science, that there is an absolute surety of a certain demand, and that there will be an equal surety for a market.

Just a little mathematics is required to make an accurate estimate of what the year's demands will be.

Publicity of what the needs of the people are, and a national, then an international market, and the element of fear in Business will be removed. Business will be stable. The element

of chance will be discovered to be a myth and will go with ghosts, goblins, hobgoblins and wraiths ۞ ۞

Supply and Demand

۞ HERE is a large farm in connection with The Roycroft Inn and Shops. It has not taken long to adjust the products of the farm to the needs of the Roycroft family—wheat, potatoes, garden vegetables of all kinds, all fruits that will grow on the Fortieth Parallel, eggs, milk, cream, butter, beef, bacon, lamb, oats, corn, grass, clover, even alfalfa, horses to do the farm-work and horses for pleasure, woods, fields, hills and the running brooks. ۞ This was an item of interest, but it did not take the co-operation of many brilliant brains to accomplish this economic program.

It is no more difficult to work in millions than in tens ۞ ۞

The market for the world can be arranged.

Until the invention of the typewriter, there were no women in business. In fact, business was supposed to be masculine in every feature.

۞ Business was represented by brain. The woman stenographer and typist introduced skill. Then she offered much needed advice, opportunely. If she gave it at other times, she received lessons in discretion, and, if wise, learned them.

She also learned that her time and energy were valuable, also her word, her promises, her judgment, her loyalty. Her desire grew to make herself capable and of worth in a larger world than she had ever before known. She found that freedom and independence were just as dear to her as they were to men.

۞ It was a new life to her. The bicycle came along just in time to give her the sense of winged victory which she needed, and she rode in the great procession of the new business life ۞ ۞

Wealth and Poverty

۞ OMAN has been an important factor in making the world awake to the fact that wealth is reputable and that poverty is a disgrace. She has gone out from the ranks of the paupers and has become a wealth-producer, an earner.

She has made men realize that women who are mothers and homemakers are doing the work which is the only reason for business.

۞ She has taught men that they can not pauperize women without making paupers of them ۞ ۞

She has taught herself and her sisters that a gossip is busy, but that there is no such thing as business gossip.

She has learned with men that there never was a lie nor a dishonest act that would stand analysis, close scrutiny, nor the test of time. Strict honesty is all that will be accepted by modern business.

She has also learned to her great benefit that there is no sex in business, no scapegoat, no "ladies first." Beauty, weakness, cuteness, pertness, sweet impudence, charming frailties, are not valuable as business assets.

She has found that business demands genuine worth in woman and man, and that qualities of the highest value may be developed in business * *

She has learned that chivalry was pampering weakness and covering a multitude of sins for men and women; that there is no fact in life that does not affect woman just as much as it does man; that her sweetness is nothing unless illumined by the light of intelligence; that a foolish woman is just as objectionable as a foolish man; that woman has a brain just as capable of being developed as has man.

¶ Woman has found that she is as capable of development in business as is man.

When a woman has no family, or has surplus energy, and is like Solomon's Ideal Woman, she may and will become a part of the business life of today, thereby becoming a more intelligent part of the economic plan of which she is a factor.

Mutuality

TOGETHER man and woman can become enlightened when they will know that greed means auto-intoxication, then death. They together, but not separately, can understand that the time and energy of all men and all women are valuable. Together they can work out a plan by which a more just price will be recognized for intelligent work. More people will become intelligent, efficient, loyal, wealthy. Big fortunes will be modified and there will be no poverty, because men and women will become skilled.

Side by side man and woman went out of the garden of idleness into the barren field. Hand in hand they will labor and make the desert an Eden where God will walk and commune with them as man with man.

* *

TO WIN ALL WE MUST GIVE ALL.

Light and Life

By Joseph Blanco White

MYSTERIOUS Light! When our first parent knew

Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great seething flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun, or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?

Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious
strife?

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

* *

A man may belong to the Superior Class, but if his bones are full of pain and his mind perplexed, his social station availeth little.

* *

The Railroad and the Farmer

By B. F. Yoakum



THE most important steps for the farmer and for the railroad to take are towards closer co-operation.

Co-operation is a word often used and often misused; sometimes carelessly used and sometimes used with intention to mislead. When used fairly, it not only should imply an intention to help one another but it also implies the ability to do so.

It carries with it the possession by each party of some element of strength or of service which can be helpfully joined with what the other party can contribute to the partnership. This constitutes true co-operation. The farmers and the railroads have something to co-operate with and something to co-operate for. The products of the farm and farm-supplies constitute forty per cent of the freight of Western railroads. Therefore, each has substantial ways and means of helping the other. First, let us eliminate the men who foster hatred and malice only for the purpose of

widening the breach of friendship between the producer and the transporter. Such men will assume any attitude they believe will help their own selfish ends.

Politician Not Needed as Go-Between

 THE railroads, with their warehouses and other facilities, are in a position to offer what millions of dollars would not supply. Taking products from the farm to the consumer's table, and aiding the farmer to get the best prices, are ways in which the producer and the transporter can work profitably together. If the railroads can be instrumental in increasing the cotton-growers' profit one cent a pound, it means an annual increase in profit to the farmers of sixty million dollars. If these sixty million dollars are in the hands of the farmers, it will aid in the education of their children, their families will buy more goods, they will build better barns, they will put more new land under cultivation, and they will raise better cattle and better horses. It will all go to the mutual upbuilding of the farmers' and the railroads' interests. On the other hand, if the sixty million dollars go to speculators, it is of no benefit to the farmers or to the railroads. ¶ The railroads and the farmers have permitted the politician to play one against the other. The farmers have not been organized so that they could work direct with the railroads for their mutual benefit.

That beneficial results follow co-operation between the man who produces and the man who transports is proven by sound business principles. Every analysis of the question shows it, and good business judgment endorses it. The only objection will come from that class of politicians and political lawyers which have thrived upon the prejudice it has created. Formerly the railroads thought they had to do business with the farmer through the politicians—a very unbusinesslike method. That class of politicians is a go-between that can be safely cut out.

Importance of Organization

 ORGANIZATION of different interests has come to stay. Its strength has grown more within the last twenty years than in all the time since the foundation of our Government. The most important force yet to come for the welfare of our Nation will be the land-owners of America when organized. ¶ Their organization is not only important to themselves, but important to the consumers whose

cost of living is too high. It is not the prices the farmers receive that make living expenses so high. The high cost of living is largely chargeable to the dealers' profits made between the farmers and the consumers.

Profits

 BUSHEL of beans for which the producer in Florida receives two dollars and twenty-five cents, with the transportation fifty cents for the eight-hundred-mile haul, should not cost the consumer in New York six dollars and forty cents a bushel. The producer receives thirty-five per cent of what the consumer pays; the transporter eight per cent, and the dealers fifty-seven per cent. This is not a fair division. ¶ A bale of cotton, which sells for sixty dollars at the Southern gin, should not become a speculative article costing the spinner seventy dollars per bale, with the transporter receiving only four dollars and fifty cents per bale for the thousand-mile haul from the farms of the South to the cotton-mills of New England. The cost to the spinner should be the farmer's price with the transportation cost added. Any additional profit should go to the farmer.

The average price of eggs to the consumer in New York throughout last Winter was thirty cents a dozen. The average price paid to the farmers in the States of Arkansas and Missouri for eggs was fifteen cents a dozen. The railroad charge for the haul of one thousand three hundred miles was two cents a dozen, including breakage, which the Government estimates at ten per cent. The men who receive the eggs in New York in the morning and deliver them during the day take thirteen cents a dozen profit, equal to forty-three per cent.

The farmer works to produce the food, the consumer works to pay for it, the dealer under organized methods takes the lion's share of the profits. It is through organization of the producers working closely with the transporters that foodstuffs can be placed on the table of the consumer at a fair price.

Every banker, and every merchant in every community, should aid the farmers in finding a way to handle their produce with the greatest profit, and in helping to increase the supply and demand by cheapening the cost to the consumer. ¶

The rice-farmers of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas can not sell their rice for more than two and one-half cents a pound. The consumer in New York is paying ten cents a pound for

rice. It costs to transport rice from Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas to New York one-half cent a pound. If the rice-farmer were paid three and one-half cents a pound and the dealer received one cent a pound, which is twenty-five per cent profit, rice could be sold in New York at twenty pounds for a dollar. What I am trying to make clear is that the rice-farmer could receive one cent a pound more for his rice and the consumer could get twice as much for the same money if through proper organization the product could go from the farm to the consumer, leaving one cent a pound to the dealer. Therefore, every member of every community in which products are grown, and every consumer who must pay for these products, is interested in aiding the farmers to organize a system of doing business direct from the field to the table. Effective organization can not be had by creating prejudice through politicians who have no relief to offer. ¶ The California Fruit-Growers are organized. They were widely scattered and losing money ten years ago, just as cotton-growers are widely scattered, unorganized and losing money today.

The railroads of this country are not bankers or furnishers of money, but they are organized and can co-operate. It is to the interest of the railroads to work with the farmers; it is to the interest of the farmers to work with the railroads. This statement can not be contradicted, and this being true, why should they not take advantage of each other's strength? No manufacturing institution, no commercial organization, no manufacturing association, with its interests extended into every State and foreign country, has ever found it to its interest not to work with the transportation companies in a perfectly legitimate manner, nor would it think of permitting any influence to come between its business and its friendly relations with the railroads. Business methods that apply to one business, when it comes to money-making apply equally to any other.

Proposed National Legislation

¶ An important subject on which the Farmers' Union is urging national legislation is more stringent regulation of immigration. This subject has two sides. We can not afford to place too great a restriction as to number of immigrants, but we should follow the Canadian plan of encouraging the best farmers and selecting them with great care.

Within the last five years four hundred thousand Americans, principally farmers, have left the United States for Canada, taking with them an average of one thousand dollars each. During the last five years there came into the United States five million immigrants. Statistics show that last year each American who went to Canada took with him as much value in cash, live stock, farming implements, etc., as forty-four immigrants brought with them. Every American going to Canada becomes a producer; seventy-five per cent of the immigrants coming to the United States remain in our already overcrowded cities to be fed and sheltered. American farmers going to Canada can be depended upon to produce foodstuffs and new wealth. Canadian Government officials, all of whom are taking a personal interest in securing the best class of farmers for their country, estimate that this year more than one hundred thirty thousand Americans will go from this country to Canada.

This exodus to Canada is a serious matter and one of which our public men will soon begin to take notice.

All we hear from Washington is military exploitations and unimportant political controversies. All we hear from most of our Congressmen and State legislators is the preaching of false doctrines against the institutions of the country. There is seldom a word of encouragement for the upbuilding and development of the country's resources.

Government Aid for Agriculture

¶ ANOTHER demand that is being urged is more liberality in national appropriations towards agricultural projects, and less money for battleships. National legislation to aid agriculture is of the greatest importance. ¶ Figures show for themselves what the politicians whom the farmer has followed blindly are doing for themselves, and what they are not doing for the farmer. As was shown by a member of the Appropriations Committee, of the total revenue to the Government this last year seventy-one dollars out of each one hundred dollars was used for military expenses. This is much greater than it should be and calls attention to the fact that from the same revenue only one dollar and eighty-five cents out of each one hundred dollars was used to aid in agricultural development. For public highways, so important to the farmer, on which our best authorities show that if we

had the same class of public roads in this country that they have in Europe there would be a saving to the producers of this country of two hundred fifty million dollars annually, the same Congress appropriated two cents out of each one hundred dollars.

Drain the Mississippi Valley

ST. LOUIS stands at the head of twenty-five million acres of the richest valley of the world, with all the advantages of being cheap land in price, but rich and productive. If made available, American farmers who have left their country to better their conditions could afford to sell out in Canada and return to the Mississippi Valley with profit and comfort to themselves and live under their own flag. This great valley, with the valley lands of other States amounting to seventy-six million acres, is idle and unproductive awaiting drainage. For drainage, this same Congress set aside one cent out of each one hundred dollars from the public fund.

If the Government would spend one and one-half million dollars a year for twelve years in surveys for drainage and in opening waterways to the Gulf, it will make available twenty-five million acres of Mississippi Valley land ready for ditching at a cost to the Government of seventy-five cents an acre. When this valley is surveyed and drainage channels opened, landowners will put the land in cultivation as fast as drainage will permit. Certainly if the Government can spend thirty-five dollars an acre to put water on three and one-half million acres in the Northwestern States, it can afford to open its own waterways at an expense of seventy-five cents an acre to take water off twenty-five million acres.

The States of Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana are begging for reclamation by drainage, but few of the politicians at Washington are disposed to give this subject attention. Not long ago the United States Senate passed a bill appropriating three and one-half million dollars to buy a few blocks of land to show the Capitol at Washington off to better advantage. This is the kind of reclamation which receives support without much thought being given to it. It is our money with which they are so careless, giving so little attention to the best ways of spending it. The same amount of money used in digging ditches and in opening an outlet to the Gulf for drainage (which at the same time would be navigable for handling products of the

Mississippi Valley by water) would go a long way towards draining the Mississippi Valley, which, when opened for agriculture, will furnish eighty-acre farms for three hundred twelve thousand five hundred families, or one and one-half million persons.

If we only had more men in public life today who would take the same interest in working out these important questions on a practical commonsense basis, leaving off their tirades against railroads, their services would be of greater advantage to the farmers and to the consumers.

The kind of politics which has been preached to the farmers for the last twenty years has been the thing which has kept the farmers for twenty years from advancing their interests and keeping pace with others who are organized. What effect would such a politician have if he should talk to an organization of produce-merchants, condemning bankers to whom the dealers must look for capital to carry on their business? They would laugh him to scorn.

Public Warehouses

THE time will come when States will construct public warehouses and supervise their operation under safe rules and regulations. The first State to give this advantage to the planters will be Louisiana. There will be some objection to this movement, but there are always objections to any movement that has for its object the bringing of farmers into closer relations with the business world, curtailing the profit between them and consumers. Under this proposed Louisiana warehouse system, every farmer individually or through organization could ship his cotton to New Orleans and hold it until he is ready to sell, and his warehouse receipt will be as good in the hands of a cotton-mill owner in Providence, Rhode Island, or Manchester, England, as the contract of the speculator to deliver them cotton.

Standard Oil Company

THE Standard Oil is admittedly the best managed commercial organization of the world. Every economy is practised, every unit of expense is at the minimum, every force works in harmony with every other force, every department is organized in a manner to assist every other department. Oil is the only commodity of common use in every family that has shown a decrease in cost to the con-

sumer within the last ten years. This has not been brought around altogether from the fact that oil has been discovered in different sections. It has been through a splendidly equipped organization for doing business with the least possible cost to its owners. Coal is also being found in different localities, yet coal has advanced in the last ten years forty per cent. New-found iron-ores are being brought into markets from various places, yet nails, bar iron and everything we use on the farm and in construction have advanced sixty-four per cent. I use the Standard Oil to illustrate what business organization can do. If the same principle is applied to the farming interest, so that every saving is made from the farm to the consumer, starting with good public roads and warehouses where products can be stored for the market, it would not be unreasonable to say that the increased profits on present production to the men who produce would be twenty-five per cent, or two billion dollars.

The Small Farmer's Lot

 NOT many of us understand or sympathize with the small farmer, which class of farmers will naturally be the last to understand and appreciate the benefits of organization. The small grower lives in the country, isolated and less in touch with every-day developments and commercial methods. It is that class of people whom the politicians continue to influence, whose minds they can more easily poison, and to whom the demagogue can preach false doctrines, continuing the breach between them and the railroads.

The life of the small farmer is different from any other class of people. He is engaged in cultivating and gathering his crops. His recreation is his home life, his church and an occasional barbecue and political speeches.

It does not make any difference how good the intentions of a man may be, when he gets a jolt in the ribs with a plow-handle, it is human nature for him to follow the doctrine of the men who speak sympathetically to him, tell him of his hardships, and teach hatred against the men who do not follow his occupation. The amount of money the small farmers receive, depending upon good rains or limited production through long droughts, determines whether they can educate their children and whether their wives and children shall have one suit of clothes, an extra dress, or a pair of winter shoes. *

Increased Cost of Living

 THE cost of food, coal, clothing, etc. has advanced since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight an average of forty-four per cent. In other words, it requires one dollar and forty-four cents today to purchase the same goods that one dollar would purchase ten years ago. The difference of four hundred and forty dollars on one thousand dollars means a great deal to a great many people. They must find a way to increase their income, or decrease their cost of living. Transportation has not contributed to the increased cost of living, as freight-rates have been steadily reduced. Neither have reductions in freight-rates benefited the consumers. Through reductions in rates made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, State Railroad Commissions and legislative acts, railroad earnings are now two hundred forty million dollars less annually than they would be if the rates of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight were in effect. It has been stated that this two hundred forty million dollars taken from the railroads was that much gain to the public. To contradict this statement and to show that the consumer did not benefit by reductions in rates, it is only necessary to compare bills now and in past years. You pay no less for your clothes, your shoes, your hats, your household furniture, your farming implements, etc. On the other hand, rates are only ninety per cent of what they averaged from Eighteen Hundred Eighty to Eighteen Hundred Ninety.

This two hundred forty million dollars taken from the railroad earnings went to the dealers, who saved that amount on the goods and commodities sold to the consumers, and who charged you just as much as or more than you paid for the same goods before.

Issuance of Railroad Securities

 ONE of the subjects upon which the politician creates prejudice against the railroads is the so-called burden placed upon the people through the overissuance of securities. Two hundred forty million dollars a year is four per cent on six billion dollars, which is forty-three per cent of the total capitalization of the railroads of the United States. This extra profit of two hundred forty million dollars a year to the dealers is just as great a burden as if paid for legitimate increase of capitalization used in new construction and improvement of train service, only it is paid out in a different form. The thing the railroad and the consumer

are jointly interested in is the fact that under present political methods of doing business, the railroad stands the loss of its revenue, and the consumer does not get it. Recent legislation has been in the interest of the comparatively few of the country's population who live on the profits between the producer and the consumer, and all they get through freight reductions is that much added to their profits.

I believe in railroad regulation. I am opposed to excessive capitalization. I am also opposed to legislation that places future construction in the hands of existing companies, which will be against the best welfare of our agricultural interests, handicap every farmer who has not convenient transportation facilities, and continue idle the many million acres of good land remote from railroads.

Legislative investigating committees will not solve the question of cost of living. Such committees are political, and politics will influence their deliberations. The cost of living will never be too great in this country when products can go direct from the railroad-station to the consumer at near first cost.

While we are adjusting business let us adjust all things equitably for all classes, and frame laws that will encourage agricultural development. The railroads ask for no special legislation in their interest. They only ask to be let alone until business can be adjusted to the operation of the present laws. There is no country in the world which enacts as many laws as does ours for the control and regulation of its institutions, which laws are repealed by the enactment of other laws before there is an opportunity to give them a fair trial or to adjust the business of the country to meet their requirements.

The railroads can not reach the small farmer; for their statements and representations would be received with suspicion. Public speakers who understand the facts and who state them correctly can not effectively reach them, as there are ten demagogues talking to the farmers to every man who talks the truth. Demagogic politicians are slow to see the changes of political methods that are coming. They are fighting them, but their fight will be in vain. Conditions are changing; the people are going to know for themselves more about the institutions of the country with which they do business, and are going to adjust personal differences without political intervention.

How to Retain Beauty

By Mary R. Alling



If you would keep and increase the beauty with which Nature dowered you at birth, you must cultivate high thoughts, fine emotions, temperance and self-control ❁ ❁

The Greeks were the most beautiful people of ancient times. Some critics have given to us, the people of the United States, the palm for beauty in this, our day. Whether we deserve this commendation or not, judged by the highest standards we are not yet a beautiful people; and, to become one, it is desirable that we should change our national motto, which seems to be "Everything in Excess," to that of the Greeks, which was, "Nothing Too Much."

As you go to and fro in business, shopping and social pleasures, look for your ideal of beauty in the children, the women and the men whom you meet. You will see much promise of beauty in the young and little fulfilment in the adults; yet, almost every adult face shows possibilities of beauty that have been neglected or ruined. ¶ In ultimate analysis the beauty of an adult face is the beauty of expression, and that beauty is the composite product of all the thoughts and emotions that are allowed to express themselves on the face. As you look at the adult faces you can often tell in just what kind of thought and emotion their owners have indulged to the marring of beauty.

Arrogance, harshness, greed, selfishness, secrecy, cunning, cowardice, fear, laziness, hate, envy, conquest at any price, despair and failure are suggested on the faces; and they are there because their owners have allowed these qualities to become active factors in their mental life.

The Befulness of Passion

☞ ONE of us is perfect, and an occasional stirring up of the mud of bad passions and spewing it out is good for the soul; but one should beware of how much mud he creates, lest he become unable to react against it and spew it out.

And it is generally better to suppress the expression and to get rid of the mud of vicious thoughts and unholy emotions without any

one else's knowing one has had them. For every such thought and emotion that one allows another person to see on our faces, to hear in our voices, to affect the posture of our bodies, leaves its impress in our muscles; and the same or similar impress, often repeated, becomes indelible, becomes permanent on the face, in the voice and in the carriage of the body ❀ ❀

Moreover, every such thought and emotion crowds out its opposite; and these opposites are not only in themselves the loveliest expressions of our human nature, but are also the makers and preservers of beauty.

To be modest and gentle, to be generous and considerate, to be frank and truthful, to have courage and industry and hope, to love, to feel compassion, to help another to win, to strive against all odds: these are not only the attributes that make the noblest successes in life—they are likewise the most potent makers of physical beauty.

For the body is only a vehicle which constantly adjusts itself to the moods of the user of it who dwells within. It is the clothes of the soul, and he who does not wish others to think that his soul is coarse and mean and ugly must take pains to show, by his bodily expressions, that he is fine and large and lovely within.

Mankind has come from the stone up through the plant and the beast, during millions of years in desert and forest and jungle, and the attributes of those ages are a substratum in us all. But, having become human, been allowed to incarnate in a body made in the image of God, each one of us should try to suppress the selfish insensibility of the stone, the indolent fixity of the plant and the cruel brutalities of the beast, in order that we may grow toward the godlikeness and be truly human ❀ ❀

Into our hands is committed the further process of evolution; and to retain and increase the beauty one started with is only to be faithful to our most manifest obligation.

 PROFESSOR RICE, of the University of Missouri, advises his students that in selecting hens that will lay, to examine their toe-nails. A hen that has her toe-nails well worn down and polished is a great hustler—she is an out-of-door hen, and only a hen that is industrious lays many eggs.

Moral—well, fill it in for yourself.

Our Next Generation

By Ralph Duval



IN the bright morning of life children express their natural happiness in jolly games and romping sports, obedient to that same law which prompts the kitten to pursue its tail, sets the brook laughing over the pebbles, and bids the lark carol in the budding elms ❀ “Lambs play always—they know no better.” ❀ How to encourage most wisely, how to organize and control most properly this play instinct, which is the child's inalienable right, is one of the foremost problems of our cities, for it has come to be recognized that, in the making of the new American, the suppression of play means disease and crime. Civilization is tight, tense. In fact, it has been pointed out recently that our civilization, as it is tending, is quite a difficult matter to survive. We pay too much for weapons for the destruction of the human family—too little for agencies to reconstruct the race. The ancient Spartans carried their feeble and deformed children into the mountains to die of exposure. Modern humanitarians endeavor to realize the highest possibilities of the most unpromising individual. Two thousand years ago the Greeks discovered the importance of reverence for the human body in developing their nation. The culmination of their glory came when they worshiped Apollo and the Milo. The Athenians caught the playground idea when they taught their youth to use the bow, ride the horse, and speak the truth.

To Grow Old—Keep Young

 AMERICA has been too busy with the Rockefeller problem to discover the value of organized, methodized, supervised physical training. Rockefeller, like Taft, plays his eighteen holes daily. Life is a little more than keeping out of jail and almshouse. The greatest sin is the waste of health—the most valuable asset any human possesses. A healthy, pulsing body is the foundation for the “smile that won't come off”—the red-blood corpuscle is the beginning of every enjoyment and success. John Fiske wrote a book to show that prolongation of infancy is the distinguishing mark of civilization. To grow old—keep young.

That is to say, length of days comes as a natural sequence of revitalizing the body by daily systematic exercise in the open, thus renewing thy youth like the bald-headed eagle.

Formerly the country supplied stamina for the city, which drained a large watershed of rural huskiness and brawn. The passing of the farm requires artificial substitutes for the chopping-block, stone walls and plowed fields which developed men who in after-life bore off the city's prizes. "New Hampshire raises men," said Webster. To be immaured in close, unwholesome workshops is not conducive to producing the finest crop of humans. But the cry against child-labor does not mean the encouragement of child idleness. Rather discipline and training under competent supervision and the utilization of the playground for first steps toward a vocational calling. Joseph Lee maintains that the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job.

The Hope of the Future

PREVENTIVE medicine is more important than curative medicine; to improve, protect and develop the coming, is greater than to conserve or cure the passing, generation. Children of older growth are responsible for the delinquencies as well as the health and happiness of the younger. Each generation passes off a self-confessed failure if it does not make life more beautiful, satisfying and abundant for the next generation.

Minors constitute one-half our population. For their protection and well-being, they are dependent upon the legalized voter over twenty-one years. When a horde of kids ceases to pour out of our schoolhouses at noon and four o'clock, the wheels of our factories will cease to turn, storekeepers will pull down the shutters, butchers, bakers, lawyers and bankers will hang up the fiddle, the city will be dead and "gravestones growing in the streets."

It is this Hope of the Future which keeps the city alive. Therefore a municipality owes these youngsters a debt of gratitude and must recognize that their physical development is as important a concern of the city as the mental—the athletic field of equal importance with the schoolhouse.

Music is for many; art is for few; physical education is for all. Tom, Dick and Harry, Mary, Hannah, Jane, all are benefited. It is optional whether you obey laws made by the General Court (you can go to jail if you

prefer), but obedience to natural and spiritual law is compulsory—every infraction brings unescapable punishment.

Let Us Have Playgrounds

NOW that the Call of the Spring is again in the air, let us rededicate ourselves to this problem of juvenile recreation.

In Bible times, the camel, a patient, harmless, slow-moving beast, was the only interruption threatening those gamins playing in the streets of Jerusalem. Today the increasing automobile menace is an invitation to catastrophe to any one upon the highways. Boys might as well play on the grade crossings. Something could be said about the gasoline-tinctured dust-bath. These refuges would serve as a precautionary measure benefiting both joy-riders and street arabs. It is unlawful to play in the streets as much as to trespass on private land. The especial point I wish to make is that these sports must be recognized as a part of human life, and recreation grounds must be provided by law.

If any member of the municipal council were to lay out a new city for thirty-odd thousand inhabitants, to contain thirty-eight saloons and two hundred or more automobiles, I believe he would see the necessity of setting apart two fields where the minors could enjoy their sports under police protection. We admire the spirit of those Boston boys who demanded of General Gage the restitution of their coast destroyed by British soldiers.

Moral Influence of Sport

ORGANIZED sports have a moral influence. "Crime is a question of athletics," said the Earl of Meith. By creating interest in wholesome games the hoodlum may be brought to a more manly respect for law and decency, and also turned away from the barroom, gambling-joint and jail. The growing mind is filled with clean, exhilarating, elevating thoughts. Some day compulsory outdoor exercise will be a part of Young America's curriculum, just as formerly the Harvard freshmen were compelled to make the President's hay.

There is no more efficient method of stamping out the alarmingly prevalent tuberculosis than this physical activity in the unvitiated oxygen. Too many have their health mortgaged to the village doctor.

Again, children learn to know one another better in the field than in the schoolroom.

The give and take of personal competition develops a knowledge of human relationships which serves when they go out in the world. The open field gives opportunity for mass-play and team-work. Large bodies of children may be trained by wholesale. In the schoolroom, education is largely of the parrot order—imitative, committing by rote, following leading strings; in the freedom of the play-field, the expanding mind, feeling its power within, is given opportunity to develop initiative and to assume natural leadership. The self-conscious child in the schoolroom becomes self-forgetful in the field.

Officers and Equipment

THE concentration of population is increasing so that available breathing-spaces are steadily becoming more difficult to obtain. Real-estate values are shown to be twenty-five per cent higher next to a playground in the large cities. In size two or three acres are required to accommodate a football gridiron, a baseball diamond, running-track, tennis-courts, gymnastic apparatus, croquet-field, swings, teeters and sandbanks for the little tads. The equipment would be contributed by private organizations. The youngsters themselves should take charge of the laying-out and erection of the essential structures as far as possible. This gives them a pride and property-right in the playstead.

Most important of all is the physical director, who might co-operate with the city physician in examining each individual and point out what sort of exercise would be best suited to a normal development. The duties of this director would be to arrange the program of contests, act as a coach, keep the players clean-tongued. He should inculcate loyalty, honesty, self-sacrifice, alertness, co-operation, team-work. His would be a great responsibility, having more intimate relations than the schoolteacher. The crop of boys needs cultivation as much as corn, tomatoes or pole-beans. Massachusetts holds a place in the forefront of the Union by reason of education. It has small agricultural and mineral resources, but the skill of its workmen and the advanced position of its thinkers are due to education. This careful training and discipline must extend to physical development.

Some day there will be playground curators who will rank with the best character and ability in the land.

As the Battle of Waterloo was said to have been won at Eton, so the problems of the future of our Republic are being worked out on the athletic fields. Clear-thinking students of eugenics—the science of improving the race—recognize the silent revolution going on as to what constitutes true education of youth, and know that those cities which fail to provide the public playground are guilty of criminal economy ❀ ❀

Brain work is just as necessary as physical exercise, and the man who studies his own case, and then plays one kind of work off against another, finds a continual joy and zest in life, and his days shall be long upon the land.

Franklin and Freedom

By Joseph Fels



PHILADELPHIA is indebted to Justus C. Strawbridge for a beautiful statue of Franklin. The statue is in the highest degree pleasing, and appears well to match the encomium bestowed by Washington:

Venerated for benevolence,
Admired for talents,
Esteemed for patriotism,
Beloved for philanthropy.

He who knows Benjamin Franklin only from his extraordinary, varied and persistent services to his country, State and city; his observations and pioneer work in gathering secrets from Dame Nature; and the homely and quaint maxims of "Poor Richard," has not sounded the depths of his feelings, has not yet learned the whole worth of the man. There are three subjects that engaged Franklin's thoughts which, I am sure, he would emphasize, could he converse with us from his pedestal by the Post-Office. His counsel might not be welcomed by the people of Philadelphia, but I am sure none could take offense, for his benevolence was innate.

"His statue in Boston was placed," said his eulogist, "to receive, and, I had almost said, to reciprocate the daily salutations of all who pass."

In such kindly spirit I wish to speak of three subjects which engaged Franklin's thoughts.

They concern the questions of trade, peace and the tenure of land.

A Free-Trader

FRANKLIN opposed the doctrine known as "protection," sometimes defined as "public taxation for private purposes." He was not of that timid class known today as tariff-reformers. He did not even believe in tariff for revenue. He believed that any governmental interference between buyer and seller was wrong and productive of evil. He was uncompromisingly a free-trader. The importance of the subject will justify quotations at length.

"And when the government had been solicited to support such schemes by encouragement in money or by imposing duties on importation of such goods, it has been generally refused, on this principle: that if the country is ripe for the manufacture, it may be carried on by private persons to advantage; if not, it is folly to think of forcing Nature. The governments in America do nothing to encourage such projects. The people by these means are not imposed on by either the merchant or the mechanic."

I make no comment further than this; we have progressed since then, yet complaints of imposition today are widespread.

In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, when the Colonies were restive under the restrictions imposed by England, Franklin suggested the following proposal:

"Whenever she (England) shall think fit to abolish her monopoly and allow us a free commerce with all the rest of the world, we shall well-nigh agree to give and pay into the sinking fund one hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum for the term of one hundred years."

To counteract the proposed restraining acts of Parliament, Franklin moved in Congress, July Twenty-first, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, as follows:

"That all custom-houses in the Colony shall be shut up and all officers of the same discharged from the execution of their several functions, and all the ports of the said Colonies are hereby declared to be henceforth open to the ships of every State in Europe that will admit our commerce and protect it."

Franklin Not Alone in His Views

FRANKLIN'S biographer, the lamented Albert H. Smyth, said, "Franklin's freedom of trade was based on a natural

right." Personally I am a free-trader. I respect every man's right to buy or sell to the best advantage, believing that "mind your own business" is the best part of the Golden Rule. May I respectfully suggest to my fellow-citizens that, if Franklin's theory be unsound, their settled judgment of Franklin's wisdom must be revised? The revision must include also in its disapproval the opinions of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry and all the signers of the Declaration of Independence; for therein is an indictment of George the Third "for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." It must also question the wisdom of that provision of the Magna Charta which declares:

"All merchants may safely and without molestation depart from England and come to England as well by land as by water, to buy and to sell, free from all evil duties."

It is interesting to note that the just and gentle founder of Pennsylvania, that "holy experiment," did, for the general good, refuse a great financial temptation (entirely legal) for a monopoly of trade with the Indians. Penn had recorded his feelings that Pennsylvania had been given him to honor the Lord's name, and to serve His truth and people, that an example and standard might be set up to the nations; therefore, "I determined not to abuse His love, nor to act unworthy of His providence, and so defile what came to me clean."

Further Proof

ALTHOUGH Franklin's opinions were radical, they were expressed with so much moderation, kindness and persuasiveness that further quotations are tempting. In a letter to Peter Collinson, he wrote:

"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, placerts, 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 State who procure them, and at the expense of the rest of the people."

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-four, in a letter to Vaughn, he wrote: "I am sorry for the overturn you mention of those beneficial systems of commerce that would have been exemplary to mankind. The making England entirely a

free port would have been the wisest step ever taken for its advantage."

There are hosts of sincere Protectionists who fear the ruin of their country if traders be allowed to fetch and carry without let or hindrance. To them I commend Franklin's words written in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four:

"It were therefore to be wished that commerce were as free between all nations of the world as it is between the several counties of England: so would all by mutual communication obtain more enjoyment. These counties do not ruin one another by trade; neither would the nations."

Cobden, whose mind, Smyth says, was fertilized by Franklin, held that the moral progress and elevation of a people depend, first of all, upon a removal of carking care, and upon the ability to secure, with reasonable labor, the loaf, the coat and the roof. It was clear to Franklin, as to Cobden, that free trade best provided for the certainty of these conditions for his countrymen, but his interest was broader than the Colonies—it embraced the world. In a letter to the Englishman, Hume, he writes:

"I have lately read with great pleasure the excellent essay on the jealousy of commerce. I think it can not but have a good effect in promoting a certain interest too little thought of by selfish man, and scarcely ever mentioned, so that we hardly have a name for it; I mean the interest of humanity, or common good of mankind. But I hope, particularly from that essay, an abatement of the jealousy of the commerce of the Colonies."

A Citizen of the World

THIS "interest of humanity or common good of mankind," for which Franklin sought a name, shall we call it cosmopolitanism—a citizenship of the world? It is that for which saints have prayed, and philosophers have taught, and poets have sung. Yet with clear vision Franklin saw in the trader, however humble, however selfish or prosaic, yet unconsciously its missionary, a courier for civilization, a promoter of peace on earth and good will among nations. Instead of "setting the dogs upon him," he advised that the trader should be welcomed with open arms. "Many," said the prophet, "shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." It is the demand of the trader which removes barriers separating mankind; witness the Atlantic cables, the Suez Canal, the Simplon

Tunnel, and the brave attempt at Panama, appalling in difficulty. Success to them all, workers together for good! Well has Stephens said: "Trade is the Peacemaker of God, and in her service shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.'"

That Franklin's desire for the general good was not mere sentiment is shown by his refusal to patent several successful inventions. Disapproving privilege in others, he would not profit by it for himself. "I declined," said he in his Autobiography, "from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, namely, that as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad to serve others by any inventions of ours, and this we should do generously and nobly." And the last public paper by Franklin, within two months of his death, was a plea for the liberation of the blacks.

War and Peace

HOWEVER tempting the subject may be, let us leave it to consider briefly Franklin's testimony against war. In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-three, after the return of peace, he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks as follows: "I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace. What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads and other public works, edifices and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery to thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labor."

"Never a good war or a bad peace!"—an amazing conclusion! However much you or I may differ with Franklin, let us realize the breadth of his sympathies. Perhaps we, as a people, are mistaken in our alarms and preparations for war. Perhaps it may not be necessary or advisable to prepare the Big Stick and the Dreadnought. Perhaps by a scrupulous respect for the rights of all men—white, black, brown or yellow—they may come to love us, and never dream of harming us! So thought William Penn; his "holy experiment" was successful. So also thought Lycurgus the Spartan—"for he did not fence the city with walls, but fortified the inhabitants with virtue, and so preserved the city forever." So also thought Ulysses S. Grant (alas! that his thought was too late). On his return from his voyage round the world, he said:

"Though I have been trained as a soldier, and participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a great committee of nations will settle international differences, instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe." ¶ Before, therefore, we approve of another war, let us pause to think of the advice of Franklin; let us look beyond the pomp and circumstance of war; rather let us in imagination look upon devastated fields, upon bereaved households, upon broken mothers, sad-eyed widows and helpless children. The glory is transient; the grief is permanent.

The Land Question

WHAT were Franklin's thoughts upon the land question?—a question which, slowly here, but swiftly in England, is engaging political thought, and promising dramatic developments. The question was not in his day pressing, as the question of trade had been. The settlements on the seaboard were trifling; behind them lay a continent untouched. Franklin has, however, recorded interesting observations. I quote from his "Internal State of America."

"We are sons of the earth and sea, and like Antæus in the fable, in wrestling with a Hercules we now and then receive a fall; the touch of our parents communicates to us fresh strength and vigor to renew contests. The truth is that, though there are in America few people so miserable as the poor of Europe,

there are also very few that in Europe would be called rich. It is rather a general happy mediocrity that prevails. There are few great proprietors of the soil, and few tenants; very few rich enough to live idly on their incomes." ¶ We pride ourselves upon having progressed since that day. We have millionaires and multi-millionaires, also we have tramps and paupers. The strain of business life is increasing. Women and children are pressed into the ranks of labor; the fireside and the playground are drafted for the machines. And on our streets at night I see sadder sights than these. We have progressed.

Let us quote from Franklin's "Observations on the Increase of Mankind":

"Land being thus plenty in America, and so cheap that a laboring man that understands husbandry can in a short time save money enough to purchase a piece of new land sufficient for a plantation whereon he may subsist a family, such are not afraid to marry, for if they even look far enough forward to consider how their children, when grown up, are to be provided for, they see that more land is to be had at rates equally easy, etc.; but, notwithstanding this increase, so vast is the territory of North America, that it will require many ages to settle it fully, and till it is fully settled, labor will never be cheap here, where no man continues long a laborer, but gets a plantation of his own."

Those hopeful words were written in Seventeen Hundred Fifty-one by a man thoughtful, careful and restrained in the use of language. Franklin did not foresee. The lapse of time is far from having been "many ages," yet today Labor is cheap—dirt cheap. That being whom the Psalmist declared to be a little lower than the angels, whose possibilities are boundless—that being whom Shakespeare apostrophized so gloriously as "in apprehension so like a god"—is a drug upon the market. When you built your new opera-house, such beings fought for a chance to dig its cellars. To meet the needs of the poor, so vast is the problem that charity finds it necessary to be "organized" and statistical; and the quality of mercy has become strained. We read, and forget, that the bread-line at the Bowery Mission has increased from one thousand five hundred to two thousand men—not vagabonds, says the Mission Superintendent, but men out of work. And newspaper accounts of suicides because

of despondency are common. The vast territory which was to be a safeguard against poverty for "many ages" is but sparsely settled. Yet stories of distress are commonplace, perennial and, alas! "tiresome." We dismiss them with a shrug.

The Encroachment of Monopoly

QUAST January Secretary Garfield submitted information of thirty-two thousand cases of alleged land frauds, mainly in States West of the Mississippi. The fact is ominous. Lowell saw that destruction lies that way, as destruction had waited for Rome, "Where Idleness enforced saw idle lands, Leagues of unpeopled soil, the common earth, Walled round with paper against God and Man."

In our own favored land, monopoly is making its stealthy way. There are scores of individual and syndicate holdings ranging from twenty thousand acres each to twenty million acres each. Yet we wonder at the increase in the cost of living, and the "drift to the cities"; and we cry, "Back to the land!" Let the slum dweller who would work in the Master's vineyard go back to the land if he will and if he can; he will find ample room unoccupied, but owned, "held for a rise." He must make terms with monopoly; and between the landlordism of the slums and the landlordism of the fields he is between the Devil and the deep sea.

Nature's Limitation

QU PHILOSOPHER has told us that in Nature there are no punishments; there are only consequences. In Nature, as in mathematics, two and two make four, yesterday, today and forever. But when we consider the remedies which we apply to the consequences, the words of John Stuart Mill can not be too often repeated, "When the object is to raise the general condition of a people, small means do not merely produce small effects; they produce no effects at all." The good intentions of our Good-Government Clubs and our Municipal Leagues are acknowledged, but—"Hell is paved with good intentions." Addressing themselves to effects instead of causes, their labors are as those of Sisyphus. **Q** We complain that the men in the bread-line sell their votes; what else have they to sell? Neglecting equity, we defraud and disemploy them; we do not attend to the public business; the public business is neglected, and the con-

sequences annoy us. "Drive thy business," says Poor Richard, "or it will drive thee." **Q** Had similar conditions existed in Franklin's time, I think he would have studied them; he would have been put upon inquiry; his benevolence was of a kind that walks with open eyes, that traces effect to cause, that seeks remedy, and is not satisfied with palliatives. But at that time the question was not urgent, and the public demands on Franklin's time were constant. Otherwise, I think he could not have failed to concur in the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson. Being in France thirty-four years afterward, and observant of the causes which soon after brought to pass the French Revolution, Jefferson wrote: "Whenever there are in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for man to labor and live on."

The Single Tax

QHE last letter which I shall quote is most pleasing and most important—a fitting finale. It was written in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight from London to Du Pont de Nemours in France—that Du Pont whose sons founded the powder works near Wilmington, Delaware:

"I received your obliging letter of the Tenth of May, with the most acceptable present of your 'Physiocratie.' There is such a freedom from local and national prejudices and partialities, so much benevolence to mankind in general, so much goodness mixed with the wisdom in the principles of your new philosophy, that I am perfectly charmed with them, and wish I could have stayed in France for some time to have studied at your school, that I might by conversing with its founders have made myself quite a master of that philosophy. I had, before I went into your country, seen some letters of yours to Doctor Templeman, that gave me a high opinion of the doctrines you are engaged in cultivating, and of your personal worth and abilities which made me greatly desirous of seeing you.

"I am sorry to find that that wisdom which sees in the welfare of the parts the prosperity of the whole seems yet not to be known in this country. It is from your philosophy only that the maxims of a contrary and more happy conduct are to be drawn, which I therefore

sincerely wish may grow and increase till it becomes the governing philosophy of the human species, as it must certainly be that of superior beings in better worlds."

Like most strong men, Benjamin Franklin was careful and moderate in his language, as we have seen. It is therefore worth while to examine doctrines of which such a man says, "I am perfectly charmed with them," and for which he hopes such growth and increase that they may become the governing philosophy of the human species.

The Physiocrats

THE physiocrats were philosophers and political economists who lived in France in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. The most prominent members of the school were Turgot, the King's Minister of Finance, and Quesnay, his favorite physician. Their doctrine was, in a word, the narrow one that government should do no more than to protect and preserve the rights of life and property, and to administer justice. Governmental interference with production and exchange was not allowable. Trade was to be free, and the entire revenue, the "impot unique," was to be taxed from the rent of land. This proposal of Quesnay to substitute one single tax upon ground rent for all others was praised by the elder Mirabeau "as a discovery equal in utility to the invention of writing, or the substitution of the use of money for barter."

Do these words appear to be extravagant? That I regret, for extravagance is weakness. Yet they are as moderation itself when compared with those of one who is notably calm, philosophical and moderate. It was of this philosophy that Franklin wrote, "I am perfectly charmed with it"; it was of this philosophy that he expressed the hope that it might finally govern the whole race; it was this philosophy that he thought worthy of superior beings in better worlds.

"A Solemn Message to Mankind"

THE philosophy which so charmed Franklin, and from which he hoped so much, was unhappily placed. It was making progress, undoubted progress, when the storm of the French Revolution broke; it was overwhelmed, and became naught but a memory to the students of history. It is a curious fact that this doctrine should have been independently thought out and revived in after-years by a young man who knew nothing of the great

Frenchman who preceded him; a young man, moreover, who was born in Franklin's loved city of Philadelphia, a reader of Franklin's works, and an eager attendant upon lectures at the Franklin Institute; like Franklin, too, a printer, a philosopher and a free-trader. He wrote what John Russell Young characterized as "a solemn message to mankind." The message was "Progress and Poverty," couched in masterly English worthy of the subject. But as of old, so today, a prophet is not without honor, but in his own country and among his own kin. Lightly regarded in his native city and land, his revived doctrine of the "impot unique," the doctrine which had so charmed Franklin, here known as the "single tax," is, in the Antipodes, in Germany and in England, marching apace. I think the time will come when Henry George's birthplace on Tenth Street will rival in attractive power our Independence Hall.

Benjamin Franklin once wrote of his gratification in the thought that his works were respectfully quoted by others. But I acknowledge more than a feeling of respect; I have had a keen pleasure in thus spreading further the pure and peaceable counsels of this printer, philosopher and statesman.

When next I pass the statue by the Post-Office I shall be mindful of the advice of Franklin's eulogist at Boston. I shall tip my hat, and shall almost expect the face of bronze to light with pleasure ❀ ❀

No man is ever any better than he wants to be. ❀

Our Hope

By John Leonard Conrad

OUR hope is that some day
 We shall have a religion of life,
 Not of death;
 A religion for this world,
 Not for a world to come;
 A religion that shall be an every-day religion,
 Not one of Sundays only;
 A religion that shall be based on action,
 Not only on belief;
 A religion of trenchant truth and vital grasp,
 Not one of dogmatic formula and complacent
 self-indulgence;
 One that takes in the whole man,
 Not only a part of him,
 And that the least part.

Two Storks

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman



WO storks were nesting. ¶ He was a very young stork—and rather narrow-minded. Before he married he had consorted mainly with striplings of his own kind, and had given no thought to the ladies, either maid or matron.

After he married, his attention was concentrated upon his all-satisfying wife; upon that triumph of art, labor and love, their nest; and upon those special creations, their children. Deeply was he moved by the marvelous instincts and processes of motherhood. Love, reverence, intense admiration, rose in his heart for her of the well-built nest; her of the gleaming treasure of smooth eggs; her of the patient, brooding breast, the warming wings, the downy, wide-mouthed group of little ones. ¶ Assiduously he labored to help her build the nest, to help her feed the young; proud of his impassioned activity in her and their behalf; devoutly he performed his share of the brooding, while she hunted in her turn. When he was a-wing he thought continually of her as one with the brood—his brood. When he was on the nest he thought all the more of her, who sat there so long, so lovingly.

The happy days flew by, fair Spring—sweet Summer—gentle Autumn. The young ones grew larger and larger; it was more and more work to keep their lengthening, widening beaks shut in contentment. Both parents flew far afield to feed them.

The Cosmic Urge

¶ WHEN the days grew shorter, the sky grayer, the wind colder; there was large hunting and small success. In his dreams he began to see sunshine, broad, burning sunshine, day after day; skies of limitless blue; dark, deep, yet full of fire; stretches of bright water, shallow, warm, fringed with tall reeds and rushes, teeming with fat frogs. ¶ They were in her dreams, too, but he did not know that. ¶ He stretched his wings and flew farther every day; but his wings were not satisfied. In his dreams came a sense of vast heights and boundless spaces of the earth streaming away beneath him; black water and white land,

gray water and brown land, blue water and green land, all flowing backward day by day, while the cold lessened and the warmth grew. ¶ He felt the empty, sparkling nights, stars far above, quivering, burning; stars far below, quivering more in the dark water; and felt his great wings, wide, strong, all-sufficient, carrying him on and on! ¶ This was in her dreams, too, but he did not know that.

An Unnatural Mother

¶ "It is time to go!" he cried one day. "They are coming! It is upon us! Yes—I must go! Good-by, my wife! Good-by, my children!" For the Passion of Wings was upon him.

She, too, was stirred to the heart. "Yes! It is time to go!" she cried. "I am ready! Come!" ¶ He was shocked; grieved; astonished. "Why, my dear!" he said. "How preposterous! You can not go on the great flight! Your wings are for brooding tender little ones! Your body is for the wonder of the gleaming treasure!—not for days and nights of ceaseless soaring! You can not go!"

She did not heed him. She spread her wide wings, and swept and circled far and high above—as, in truth, she had been doing for many days, though he had not noticed it.

She dropped to the ridgepole beside him where he was still muttering objections. "Is it not glorious!" she cried. "Come! They are nearly ready!"

"You unnatural mother!" he burst forth. "You have forgotten the Order of Nature! You have forgotten your children! Your lovely, precious, tender, helpless little ones!" And he wept—for his highest ideals were shattered. ¶

Freedom

¶ WHEN the air was beaten white with a thousand wings: it was like snow and silver and sea-foam, there was a flashing whirlwind, a hurricane of wild joy, and then the army of the sky spread wide in due array and streamed Southward.

Full of remembered joy and more joyous hope, finding the high sunlight better than her dreams, she swept away to the far Summerland; and her children, mad with the happiness of the first flight, swept beside her.

"But you are a mother!" he panted, as he caught up with them.

"Yes!" she cried, joyously; "but I was a stork before I was a mother! and afterward!—and all the time!"

And the storks were flying.

THE FRA



EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY



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No. 3



LAURA NELSON HALL as "Everywoman"

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THE FORA



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THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY :



Vol. 7

JUNE, 1911

No. 3

¶ The Wide Domain of Happiness Has
Never Been Mapped, but Sorrow Has Been
Surveyed and Known in Every Part ¶

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THE OPEN ROAD AFoot WITH THE FRA

My Lady Vaudeville



VER at the Saint Francis the other night, vaudeville was up for discussion. A certain good man who was present had considerable to say about "loss of dignity." Some one asked him if he had read the "Essay on Silence." He answered, "No; but I have seen extracts from it." ¶

Bless my soul, Terese, the man whose chief asset is his dignity would do well to hug it close.

¶ The Reverend T. Dewitt Talmage was once taken to task by a country preacher at a Chautauqua for his lack of dignity.

The man explained kindly, but frankly, that the way Talmage opened his mouth and swung his arms was anything but graceful.

Talmage listened with patience, and finally asked the man the amount of his salary. The answer was, "Six hundred dollars a year."

¶ "How many people do you preach to?" "Oh, about a hundred."

Then Talmage asked how he should repeat

certain passages of Scripture, according to the critic's ideas. The kind gentleman explained, and offered to put Talmage through a little needed drill in elocution.

And Talmage said: "Why, if I spoke it that way, I'd be just like you. I, too, would preach to a hundred people and get just your pay!" But the party never saw the point.

A Vaudeville Audience

¶ I'VE just swung around the Western Orpheum Circuit, closing in Los Angeles—twelve straight weeks.

And I've made a great discovery.

It is this: A vaudeville audience is made up of human beings.

They are man and woman; they have their troubles, trials and difficulties, hopes, ambitions and loves.

Some are learned; some illiterate.

But learned people are not so learned as they would seem; and simple folk are not so stupid as we usually think.

A vaudeville audience is made up of folks.

They come to laugh, to be amused, to "forget it."

Yet, if you can sound their heartstrings, they will respond.

This is because they are folks. ¶ I make them laugh ۞ ۞

Also, I make them think.

And always and forever they listen with kindly, respectful attention.

Never have I been affronted or interrupted by any one in an Orpheum audience.

Sometimes somebody laughs in the wrong place, but this always happens, anywhere—even in church.

I do not play down to a vaudeville audience.

I play up ۞ I use good grammar, but not absurdly good, and I endeavor to state a few truths that will be remembered.

And my mail shows that, in degree, I succeed. Dozens write me saying they saw me and heard me and that I have benefited them and helped them to live and face the duties of the day.

And what is better, hundreds of new subscribers are secured for "The Philistine" and THE FRA ۞ ۞

Take the Cash and Let the Credit Go

I HAVE not gone into vaudeville to make money ۞ ۞

Incidentally, I do make money; but the money comes simply as the result of a performance into which I put my heart and soul.

To have a contempt for an audience is to get theirs ۞ ۞

To be indifferent to an audience is to be paid in kind ۞ ۞

To respect an audience, to feel it a privilege to face an audience, to realize down deep in your heart a sympathy for them as men and women, and to be filled with a great, welling desire to bless and benefit them—although it may be only to amuse, and make two grins grow where there was only a frown before—these things are the formula of success.

I am proud of being a good vaudevillian.

I am proud I can hold the job down; that my services are in demand; that I can go back to a theater where I've been before, and be greeted with a generous welcome.

I am glad that on my second engagement I have been paid more money than I was at first, as I was in Chicago.

I am proud that I can "come back."

Money is the measure of appreciation.

Compliments are pleasant, but it is the cash that counts.

I have heard of persons who took up vaudeville, just for the dollars there were in it.

Take my word for it, they never made much money ۞ ۞

People who work just to make money, don't. ¶ To center on your pay-envelope is to linger around Seventeen Dollars and Fifty Cents a week ۞ ۞

Depend upon it, when you find a man or a woman getting five hundred or a thousand or more a week in vaudeville, or anything else, you have an individual who gives a unique, peculiar, individual and undivided service ۞ ۞

That is what genius is, if anything: the ability to put your whole heart into your tasks, and to love your work.

And Yet I'm Not in the Back Row

IN vaudeville, you meet just fourteen audiences every week. This means, say, twenty thousand people, or more, for you never preach to the same congregation twice. ¶ A very good time to make a speech is when you have an audience.

No preacher in the world talks to as many people as I do in vaudeville.

No preacher I ever saw gets as much fun out of life as I do.

No preacher in the world makes as much money as I do.

The Temper of the House

DO you say that a vaudeville audience is made up of ignorant, idle and frivolous people? ¶ If so, then they need me.

Why should I pick the cultured and the educated? They know more than I do. They do not need me.

But you are wrong about a vaudeville audience—they are not an idle, trifling lot of people ۞

They are, as a rule, active, busy, useful people.

They work with their hands and head; they often have the hands that labor, the backs that carry heavy burdens, and the hearts that grieve. They form the intellect as well as the sinew of their community.

They go to the Orpheum for rest and diversion. There they find change, and are able to forget, for a brief space, the cares that corrode and the pains that gnaw.

They laugh and they relax, and thus are they refreshed and rested.

Amusement is a panacea. To divert is to bless.

"The merry laugh doeth good like a medicine," saith Solomon. If this is so, then the Orpheum is a wholesale drugstore with a Peruna factory on the side.

As for the players in vaudeville, they are people of purpose.

It is easy to be clever on occasion, but to be clever twice a day for a month, on the minute, that is different.

These players are hired not only for their skill in supplying amusement, but also because they conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen.

¶ On the Orpheum Circuit you must not only have talent, but you must also be consecutive.

¶ Conduct counts with the booking-office.

The rounder or the boozier may get one engagement, but there he stops.

Life is too short for dealing with the man who needs a keeper.

Vaudeville is business, run by businessmen who are actuated by many motives. They keep faith with the public, and therefore the people whom they employ must be true. They must be genuine.

I have never seen an intoxicated man around an Orpheum Theater stage. I have never seen rudeness or discourtesy among stage-hands or artists * *

Always there is kindness, courtesy and the desire to co-operate and lend a hand.

And the tendency of Orpheum vaudeville is up, not down; more and more does it appeal to men and women of worth.

It supplies the laugh in which there is no bitterness.

It amuses without degrading. It relaxes tired nerves. Incidentally, it instructs. Always it rests and refreshes. It forms a fit preparation for the work of the morrow—more work and better work.

Success in Vaudeville

☛ AUDEVILLE does not interfere with my writing. I have the whole of each forenoon to myself, and from the stage experiences I get many a good idea.

I am proud that I can keep well and do my tasks with joy and satisfaction.

I am glad that I can work, laugh, play, study.

¶ I am glad I can mix with many people and influence them.

I am glad I can laugh with them; and I am glad I can laugh at myself.

Vaudeville is no place for a whipped-out man.

¶ The very essence of vaudeville is smiling spontaneity * *

The person driven into vaudeville to retrieve the hazard of a lost fortune is a failure from the moment the spot-light hits him.

Now you know why so many eminent writers, singers and players have failed in the twenty-minute act.

They went down into vaudeville, instead of going up. And the gloomsters were engulfed by their own gloom. The equilibrator of fun was a thousand miles away.

They had talent, but their think-cells were not vitalized by the friendly joy-germ.

In vaudeville your words must be blended by the actinic ray of personality; otherwise, you are flat, stale and unprofitable.

You can't memorize things, and then calmly shoot them into the orchestra and gallery and have them go. You have to get acquainted with your folks—be on friendly terms with them—even chummy and confidential, for only then are they yours.

You might as well commit to memory a few nice things and then go pass 'em out to your girl as to hope for success by playing vode perfunk. You can only win when you jabber to the dear one right out of your heart: then she understands, no matter what you say or how you say it.

Awkwardness is not fatal, provided there is a man behind it.

In vaudeville, time and tempo are the two great things. So says Bill Crissey, artist, writer and man of brains. Ten seconds too quick or too slow and you have missed the mark—as George Washington wrote in his diary after having proposed to Mary Phillipse and been turned down hard: "I believe ye ladye was not in ye moode."

Vaudeville presents no problems. It does not wring your emotions. It does not send you away mystified, in doubt, depressed.

Vaudeville exercises your diaphragm, liberates the secretions, aids elimination, and fortifies your nerves, making you immune 'gainst unkind fate.

I am not trying to get a moral jackscrew under the stage. I am just meeting people in a friendly way and expressing for them a few facts they know, but which perhaps they do not know they know until I tell them.

This does not mean that I am going to devote the rest of my life to vaudeville—I've a deal of other work to take care of.

Some one, of course, has to look after things on The Roycroft Farm, and I can't leave all that to the boys and girls—fine and willing though they be.

Where I Have an Advantage

AND yet, I would be dull indeed if I did not realize that I have one great advantage over my partners on the bill, and that is, that I have a constituency in the audience * *

If I went on the stage as they do, absolutely unknown, there might be a different result. For instance, there is always applause when I enter. Then there is quiet, and the auditors sit back and say, "Show me." But the average performer enters in a vast, expansive silence, and the audience makes no sign until he demonstrates that he has the joy-goods.

I am both a performer and an exhibition * People come to see how bad it is. In all the theaters where I appeared, at every performance we had a generous sprinkling of the Elect, who made their presence known and felt. ¶ All speaking and singing is a collaboration between the listener and the performer, and if the listener fails to do his part he gets a very poor performance; that is to say, he gets what he deserves.

I noticed that vaudeville performers were almost without exception young people, that is, between twenty and thirty years of age. The average vaudevillist at forty is out of the game. The only thing that will save him then is a record. And this alone will not possess the saving salt unless he be able to do and say things that are really worth while. But his record gives him the speaker's eye, and Thomas Brackett Reed said that to get the speaker's eye was half the battle.

Uncle Joe Cannon in Vode

TAKE it from me on the word of a White Rat in good standing, the world will very soon see a man who has the speaker's eye, a man of seventy-five, make an Eva Tanguay record on the vaudeville stage.

This man is our old college chum, Uncle Joe Cannon. News will leak, and unless some unguessed catastrophe occurs, Uncle Joe will get his entrance music at the Majestic in Chicago the second week in November.

Chicago will have Uncle Joe just one week, and no more, although the management made big offers for a hold-over.

Then Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles, one week in each place. The honorarium is to be simply three thousand dollars a week.

I prophesy that the house will be sold out clean, matinee and evening, a week in advance for every performance, over the whole route. ¶ The other performers on the bill will be the regular, good, standard Orpheum talent—nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice.

The Eleventh Commandment

ALL requests that Uncle Joe make his initial appearance in New York City were gently turned down. But Chicago rather appealed to Uncle Joe. As everybody knows, he himself is a resident of the Succor State, and for several years it has been Uncle Joe's custom when he wanted a little recreation to run up to Chicago, and when there he always attended the Majestic.

He and the late Ed Kohl were great friends. ¶ They knew humanity, knew the world, and both were showmen from up the creek. Not many people knew the real Ed Kohl. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. He was one of the big boys, and was at his best only with the big 'uns.

Uncle Joe and Lyman Glover have known each other for a great many years, and are fond of each other. Glover was formerly a newspaper-writer, and he and Mr. Cannon have campaigned it together many a moon. ¶ I hope no one will consider it to the discredit of Uncle Joe when I state the fact that he is a fiend for the playlet, and a stunt or a scrap, mental or physical, appeals to him. Incidentally he is a great joker, and has a sincere and subtle appreciation for a good wheeze, whether he puts it over himself or some one else turns the trick.

One secret of his perennial youth is the fact that he looks upon the world as God's great vaudeville, in which we are all on the bill. He fully realizes that none of us will get out of life alive. He knows the Eleventh Commandment—which is ten more than a great many people know. The Eleventh is this: Do not take yourself too dam serious.

Uncle Joe is decently rich, but not absurdly so. He is worth pretty nearly two million dollars. So he really does not need the money; but every good man has a dream of what he would do if he had a few thousand yen extra that he had no use for. ¶ And it so happens that Uncle Joe's dream is to combine industry with pedagogics so that when a boy goes to college he will also be earning a living.

Uncle Joe has sent a dozen or more boys to the Illinois State Agricultural College at Champaign; and now he has hired one of the best teachers away from the Ames (Iowa) Buckwheat Kindergarten, and has placed this man on his big farm near Danville. This man was taught by Beardshear, the boss of us all when it comes to teaching. His business will be to encourage, socially and mentally, all the workers on the farm, of which there are something over one hundred. He will keep in close touch with them and endeavor to stimulate them mentally; also to look after their bodily health, so as to keep them up to the highest degree of efficiency. So here we get practical farming combined with education. It is the first time in history, so far as my knowledge goes, that a farmer has hired a college professor who will get busy and give the farm-hands mental massage. The money that Uncle Joe will draw in vaudeville will, every dollar of it, go into teaching boys, not only how to be good farmers, but also how to be good citizens ✧

"Politicians I Have Known"

INCIDENTALLY, Uncle Joe will have a pile of fun out of the experience. He will speak anywhere from ten to forty minutes just as suits his inclination; and the general subject advertised will be "Politicians I Have Known," which will give him a chance to start with a story, tell as many as he wishes, and incidentally state a few good, sound, sensible, wholesome truths about politics in America. ¶ Uncle Joe says that the best time to make a speech is when you get an audience. Here he will have from two to three thousand people waiting expectantly for him every afternoon and evening. These audiences will never be the same, so a repetition of theme will be no sin. ¶ Mr. Cannon has the qualifications of a good actor. He has the quick intuition, a thorough appreciation of time and tempo, and he knows how to be funny without being ridiculous. He is our one many-sided American, and is big enough to do this thing without losing dignity, because dignity with him is no veneer. Parties with a nice coat of paint had better keep away from the crowd.

But this man is what he is. You may like him or not, but he is genuine, and he has personality plus. When he steps out of the wings—lighting as he goes one of those great big Bull-Dog cigars, pointing out to the Northwest, wearing

a Stein-Bloch smart suit, patent-leather shoes, and a soft Fedora tilted at a slightly vicious angle over one eye—the audience will howl with delight.

It will be a picture long to be remembered ✧ It is arranged that Uncle Joe shall have a special library setting, so when he comes in and discovers the audience he will remove his Fedora and lay it deliberately on the table. As he removes his gloves, he will stroll down front smoking like a chimney. He will then throw the cigar into the footlights, and proceed to hand over the gleeful and gladsome radium.

One of the Kings of Earth

THE Orpheum Circuit simply place their chain of theaters at the disposal of Uncle Joe. His friends and admirers will take possession of them; and if any stray mavericks get into the corral, they will leave with their ears cropped and Uncle Joe's brand upon them. ¶ In out-of-door speaking, according to the usual junket of the political junkarinos, a man speaks from the tail-end of a car to a vast mob who howl at the wrong time. Usually the speaker is in competition with a brass band near at hand, so no one ever remembers what is said. But in the Orpheum Theaters you get courteous and close attention, and your caloric can all be keyed in a conversational way, which is essentially the hold of our Uncle Joe. He is a Gotch in his close, quiet, intimate, cross-buttock distinctions. It is always a joy to watch him chase a thought through a maze, for he always fetches up with the brush, triumphant ✧ ✧

A few years ago I went with a Congressional party in the capacity of a newspaper-man to the upper waters of the Mississippi. The particular plan in mind was to purchase Lake Itasca and a tract of land surrounding it, and set this tract apart as a National Preserve—which, by the way, has since been done ✧ Uncle Joe was the big man in our party. The journey included a twenty-mile ride across the country in spring-wagons. Things around that way were rather rude and crude and decidedly of the pioneer order, but we met some very charming people, just the same.

Some of the settlers had arranged an outdoor dinner under the trees, and here we dined. The Indians came in from the Reservation to see the representative of the Great White Father at Washington. The lumber-jacks had come from the sawmill, the farmers from the slash-

ings, and into the spirit of the motley bunch entered Uncle Joe. He took off his coat and helped the girls set the tables. He took a papoose off the back of a squaw and carried this papoose around in his arms, and of course we did the obvious thing and said the baby looked very much like its father.

After dinner Uncle Joe helped wash the dishes in a stream near at hand; and I saw as I never had seen before how this man was able to bind his constituents to him with hoops of steel.

¶ The secret was simple personality.

A gray-haired, motherly old lady asked me who he was, and I told her. She said, "He does n't look like a great man, and the Lord knows he does n't act like one!" All this was a very great compliment to Uncle Joe, for these people recognized his humanity and felt a kinship to him. And I thought of the story of Curran, the great Irish advocate, who took in hand an obstreperous witness who knew a lot of things he did not want to tell, and the first thing Curran did was to ask the man for a chew of tobacco. Then he sat down, put his feet on the table, gazed out of the window, chatted in a friendly way with the fellow, and got the whole story.

Probably the witness never realized that he was in the presence of one of the kings of earth.

¶ It is a great thing to co-operate, to mix with people, to know them—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, and to see the good in each and all wherever you go. And this the Honorable Joseph Cannon is able to do. He is a stock star in God's great cast, and can work anywhere, or hold horses in front, if need be.

Incidentally, he has a very picturesque vocabulary, which I regret he can not use on the Orpheum stage—provided he reads and obeys the rules that are tacked on the inside of the door of his dressing-room. There he will find a list of words which are oshkerspeil. Whether our Uncle Joe will say that rules are made only to be broken, we do not know—but by paying seventy-five cents we can find out. ♪

The Ethics of Vaudeville

ROTESTANT churches are open Sunday morning, Sunday evening, and an hour on Wednesday evening. The rest of the time, save in exceptional cases, they are closed. The Orpheum Theater is open afternoon and evening three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In the course of time it will evolve

itself into a sort of public forum, without losing its distinctive characteristic as an amusement-hall. This is the ambition of both Fra Morris Meyerfeld and Fra Martinbeck.

If one looks back now to the variety-theater of twenty years ago and compares it with the Orpheum of today, he will note a wondrous change for the better. Audiences then thought they owned the theater, and if an act did not suit some particular gang they started a disturbance, which the manager looked upon as part of the performance.

This precedent still survives in Cincinnati and some of our river towns. In a certain Pennsylvania town not long ago some one broke out in a loud ha, ha! in one of the quiet and effective parts in "The Music-Master." Others took up the howl, and David Warfield, the gentle, the generous and the kindly, was obliged to retire from the stage and the curtain was run down.

I once lectured in a certain town in Middle New York, in a local theater.

The committee insisted on taking me from the hotel to the stage-door of the theater in a closed carriage. The distance was only a few blocks, and I protested. They then explained in tragic whispers that there was a gang of hoodlums, made up largely from the best families, who had a habit of lying in wait in the alley and pelting with decayed vegetables the actors as they entered or left the theater, and the committee was afraid of what might possibly happen to me.

My protest that I was not an actor went in vain—this time I was.

But this spirit of hoodlumism has been eliminated absolutely from the Orpheum theaters. You will find in them an atmosphere of courtesy and good will.

It seems to be thoroughly agreed that if people buy tickets and they do not like one act they can afford to sit quietly and wait for the next, and out of eight different acts they will surely find something that pleases them. Things that one enjoys some one else may not. To have fun is all right, but just remember that when your fun interferes with the fun of others, it ceases to be fun and the kibosh is needed. Orpheum audiences are always sent away happy and radiant.

Modern life supplies us with big problems that we are trying to solve all day, and when we go to a theater we want rest and recreation.

¶ Perhaps some years ago life's problems did not weigh upon us as they do now, and so we took on artificial ones at night.

The "Blue-Bird" of Maurice Maeterlinck was the one play that filled the New Theater, and this was because the play was charged with charming, fascinating, compelling gaiety that rested and refreshed.

Orpheum Vaudeville is an uplift, a benefaction and a benediction, and into it Fra Martinbeck is introducing all the phosphorus that the public will fletcherize. And if this tour of Uncle Joe is pulled off as planned it will mark an epoch in the onward and upward march of the stage.

There are just two parties who can purify the stage. These are the actors and the audience. The business of the manager is to bring these two parties together so they can work like the Gold-Dust Twins.

Uncle Joe has just turned into the Home-stretch, but he is coming even and steady, with several links that he can let out before he reaches the wire, if needed.

He is slim and lithe. Also, he has the mental agility which marks the man who is filled with a noble discontent. Your Uncle Joseph has never fallen a victim to arrested development. Age can not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

Alice Yorke says, "Any girl can succeed in musical comedy who is Easy to look at."

Stage Whispers



WILL never be quite satisfied until Fra Martinbeck rents the New Theater and gives us ideal Orpheum in New York City. Prices could be \$1.50, \$1.00, .75 and .50. The interior of the New Theater is ideal. The seats rise on a perfect semicircle in a gradual incline. There are no galleries ❄️ ❄️

The third gallery in a theater is a false note, an anachronism, a hoodoo, and I am glad to see that it has been omitted in the superb new Orpheum Theater in Seattle. When you fence off and separate your cheap seats and put these ten-cent boys by themselves, you destroy the atmosphere of your house, and run a big

risk of making a ten-cent monkey of your players. This reacts on your audience.

Every player of sensibility is aware, inwardly, of the gallery every second he is on the boards.

¶ George Fuller Golden, a man of exquisite parts, told me that after playing for twenty years he was never able to overcome that dread of a discordant note coming from the gallery ❄️ ❄️

You treat people in a certain way, and you get a certain quality of conduct. The whole architectural feature of a ten-cent gallery is an invitation for a disturbance. That the disturbance very seldom comes is fortunate, but the fact that it may come any time hangs like a pall upon the house. The orchestra and boxes are aware of the mob, or supposed mob, that is presumed to prow around up in this dark, dank and dismal place, known as "the gallery."

Put these people on a par with the whole house and where they can see the rest of the audience, and they are just as gentlemanly and quite as sensible and appreciative as are your people in the orchestra. The man who eats on your backdoor step will never have quite as good table manners as the man who is seated at your table. All patrons of a theater should be seated at the table.

Seattle's New Theater

SEATTLE is going to eliminate the ten-cent gallery. The cheapest seats will be twenty-five cents.

The old skating-rink, which was used by the Orpheum people in Seattle, with only one floor, had the great disadvantage of putting a large part of the audience at a distance from the stage. However, the place gave a feeling of security to the performer which quite a number of singers and monologists remarked to me. ¶ In the New Theater you get the entire audience on one floor. There they are in a mass, rising gently seat above seat. You can see them all; they all see you. An easy conversational voice reaches every ear. Every seat is close enough to the stage, so no facial expression need be lost, and the actor is given an opportunity to hand out the subtleties ❄️

The Stage-Manager

VERY theater has two atmospheres, one of the stage, and another of the auditorium. The man who gives the atmosphere back of the asbestos is the stage-manager. This man is king in his own department,

and has the powers of artistic life and death over every one who enters his domain by the alley route.

The stage-manager is always known by his first name. If he has two names, no one knows the last one, except his attorney. Some of these stage-managers have no Christian name—like Abe, for instance, of the Majestic in Chicago. The rest are Pete, Paul, Oscar, Bill or Hi ♪ Pete, of Spokane, is one of the most picturesque of his class. In Vode it is always morning until after the matinee, and when you appear you are always greeted with: "Good morning! How fine you are looking! You did splendidly last night! Certainly you knocked them cold!" and this desire to encourage and spread good cheer is a specialty with Pop Pete of Spokane. ¶ Pete looks upon the performers as sort of Babes in the Wood, and exercises a fatherly care over all, and if there is a "Sisters" act or a Wire-Walking, Pete is especially full of the Republican idea of protection.

Just before the opening performance at the beginning of the week, Pete goes down to the dressing-rooms under the stage, dances a double shuffle, and makes a speech to the artists, most of whom are safely locked in their rooms. At the conclusion of the speech, there are mingled Boos and Ohs and Ahs and Zing-Zings. The first speech is usually about like this: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is the desire of this management that you should keep off the stage until your act is called, until we get the show well under way, and if you want to go up and visit with the stage-hands we will be glad. Enjoy yourselves to the fullest and best; and don't make so dam much noise down here that the audience can't hear the people on the stage. You are all great folks, and we know how you knocked them off their seats in Kanakee and Kawanna; but now you are in Spokane, and a becoming modesty is really not out of place. God bless you all! Thanking you for your kind attention I now retire."

Sometimes in the middle of the week, Pete comes down and gives us another wheeze as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: The Ghost walks on Saturday at one o'clock. Be here sharp to get the good Mazuma. Take care of it like little birdies going after a bug. You are making money now and everything is bright and glorious with you. But hard times are coming, and you can not turn the mill with

the water that is past. Thank you very much for your appreciation and applause."

Everything Pete does he does with an eye to the gallery of his cosmic self. He is always doing a stunt, and if he was half as funny on the stage as he is off, he could give the whole show himself.

Managerial Proclivities

♣ ♪N Portland the stage-manager is a baseball ♣ ♪ fiend, and all the stage-hands, and players who care to, play One-Old-Cat on the stage every night from seven forty-five to eight-fifteen, when the lights blink for the overture. The stage is religiously cleared, and a big, soft baseball does duty.

When the program gets well under way, there is always a poker-game in the room of the prop man. The ante is ten cents and no more, and there the players play with most religious zeal.

For the most part, stage-hands and stage-managers are dead-game sports—very much like barbers. But in Oakland I struck something definitely different. The stage-manager there is a Christian Scientist with a socialistic bias. He wore clean linen, patent-leather shoes, a modest One-Hundred-Dollar pearl in his four-in-hand. All of the stage-hands seemed to partake of his peculiar qualities. If they had any spare time they read "Science and Health," or Karl Marx, or Emerson. They were full of metaphysics and artistic and economic prunes. ¶ Every performance, while waiting for my act, I watched the stage-hand on the right wing gently and gracefully push the scenery into place. They would not think of allowing me to play in One; they gave me a library setting in order to preserve the poetic unities—masses of books, bric-a-brac, a bust of Shakespeare, and finally they placed a picture of Prince Kropotkin on an easel. On the table was a big open volume. Some one placed a pair of spectacles in this open book. These were removed, however, on the second night by the stage-manager, who did not believe in spectacles. As I watched my graceful stage-hand fix up the scene with never a rush or show of hurry in his movements, he would turn to me now and then and make remarks about Ricardo's Theory of Rent.

This man owned a little five-acre farm up in the foothills, undecorated by a mortgage. Each of these stage-hands had a bank-account; and the particular buttons known as Smiles, who

rushes on and removes a chair in One, proudly showed me his savings-bank book. When I made bold to hand him a little of something to add to his balance, he proudly waved me aside and said, "Under no circumstances do we accept gratuities; but if you would present me with an inscribed copy of one of your books I would be most proud. You seem so much more like us stage-hands than one of the acts!" ¶ On my last night in Oakland, the leader of the orchestra passed me up the biggest bouquet I ever saw. It took a bushel-basket to hold that bunch of roses, and Smiles had to pop out from the Number One entrance and help me carry off the posies. These flowers were presented by the stage-hands. It really knocked me silly. It only proves that a man can wrestle scenery and props, and yet be filled with very big and generous emotions.

As for Christian Science on the stage, however, I will say that I found a good many performers mousing in their "Science and Health": Jimmy Cunningham of the Empire Big Four Quartette—who would ever think it!—assuring you as you went on, "All is One, all is One—Mind is Supreme." Mr. and Mrs. Allen are Christian Scientists, and have done much to spread their beautiful faith among the stage-people. Then there is Ellison, the singer, a most charming gentleman who communes with his better self in the silence, with closed eyes, before facing the spot. And always he does good work, with never a fear of the gallery, because he has given 'em treatment.

The Perils of Trainmen

JAMES J. MORTON, the Boy Comic, weight two hundred and forty, is another Scientist ❦ ❦

I met Jim, first, going over on that long Sunday day-ride from Spokane to Seattle.

He is a Harvard man with generous culture and a fine appreciation of every beautiful thing. He is as impressive as Judge Smith. But to see him off the stage no one could ever possibly imagine what sort of a performance he would give ❦ ❦

In the troupe with Morton was a girl who also played kid parts; but while Morton is a giant, this girl looks the genuine thing.

I suppose she weighed about ninety pounds, but seeing her around in the depot waiting-room I thought that of course she was a chee-ild, until Jim pointed her out and introduced me to her ❦ ❦

Her hair was bobbed and tied with an enormous pink ribbon that flopped as she danced and jumped around over the seats. She wore red patent-leather shoes with black tops, and socks instead of stockings. Her dress barely came to her knees, and her belt was one of those loose things that dangled around her hips. She was a most amusing and entertaining kidlet.

"How old do you think she is?" said Jim to me; and I answered, "Oh, nine or ten, but big of her age!"

"She is twenty-eight," said Jim, "and there is a bet on that she can not ride to Seattle on a half-rate ticket. These duds you see her in are simply her stage-clothes. I bet that she will make the journey all right unchallenged. Joe Jenny over there in the corner put up twenty-five dollars and said she would not."

The girl bought her half-rate ticket, crouching down and putting her retousse nose up above the window at the ticket-seller. He looked at her big pink flopping bow, and handed out the half-rate without question. She went through the gate all right and entered the Pullman. She gave her ticket to Ollie Mack, and then lay down with her head in Mack's lap and her feet up in the window, with her bare legs, Scotch fashion, toward the end in view.

The conductor came through, took the tickets, glanced at the "kid" and did not say a word. The car was full of acts, and we were all on, because it takes only a very little thing to interest the genus actor. This was a sure-enough play. ¶ There were quiet side bets made that the conductor would pinch her when he came back.

When he returned, however, she was sitting up, and he merely reached over and chucked her under the chin, and gave a sort of paternal love slap at her big pink bow.

In an hour or two the conductor came back and took the only vacant seat, with his little green tin box in front of him. He began to count up his tickets. Then it was that Jim Morton went over and dared Joe Jenny to put up five more that the girl would not go and sit on the conductor's lap and help him count the tickets.

The money was put up, and the facts explained to the girl. She took an orange and went dancing up and down the aisle, jumping from one side to the other. Finally she stopped and stared at the conductor, and asked him what game he was playing.

He smiled, of course, and then went on to explain the matter to her. She went up closer, she looked at the tickets, she examined some of them, she leaned over on the conductor's shoulder, and so—God help me!—in a minute she was seated on his knee with one arm around his neck.

And so they had a very jolly time of it—this beautiful, innocent child of twenty-eight and the fatherly conductor of forty.

Certainly she had him going all right, all right!

Well, What Do You Know About That!

HE day wore on, as the days do. We reached Seattle, and Joe Jenny was thirty plunks to the bad. The next evening, in the dining-room of the hotel, Jim Morton, Joe Jenny and I sat quietly fletcherizing on a modest lunch; when who should come in but the conductor and this girl, now transformed into a full-grown woman by a wonderful fifty-dollar hair effect and a clinging gown with a lengthy train which she carried over her arm. They seated themselves over in one corner.

"Would n't that give you the gumwillies!" exclaimed Joe Jenny in a stage whisper.

"Oh, I don't, know," yawned Jim; "I saw them dining together every evening last week over at Davenport's!"

"Then he knew she was twenty-eight all the time!"

"Certainly; that is why he passed her at half-rate!"

"Stung!" said Joe.

Nature is lavish in the production of every-thing but great men.

The Ladder of Truth

By Ernest Crosby

IN, justice, fear, an angry Judge—with these we are on the lowest round of the ladder of truth.

How long the world dwelt there, and how many still look back regretful to those days!

One step higher and we find forgiveness and a Father.

For most men that is the last word, but we must press upward.

Beyond fatherhood and brotherhood we grope toward organic oneness—we dimly feel that God is palpitating, all-embracing love.

Getting a Start in Vaudeville



HE success of modern vaudeville, from the salary point of view, has turned the heads of a good many girls at the glove-counter * *

My old friend, Billy Gould, is running a weekly article in "Variety," headed, "Getting a Start in Vaudeville." * The curious thing about Billy's very entertaining dope is that he never tells how to get the start.

Probably the reason he does not tell is because he does not know. Anybody who knows will not tell. Those who can, do; and those who can't, start a Dramatic School * The fact is, there is no formula for getting a start. The thing all turns on personality. You can, or you can't! And those who can, can not tell how they do it. But depend upon this, the people who get big pay render a big service—in vaudeville or anything else.

I know dozens of people who can give just as good a performance as Alice Lloyd—and they admit it—but we would all pay them good money to desist.

I suppose that every one meeting with a degree of success on the vaudeville stage is being constantly importuned by the would-bes. The would-bes are very sure that the managers have it in for them; just as most young writers regard publishers as being in conspiracy against budding genius.

The fact is, publishers are always on the lookout for good stuff; and the people who hire vaudeville talent are praying hard that they may make a find. Any one who can do anything a little better than anybody else is going to get a quick hearing and a big contract.

My advice, however, to any one about to enter vaudeville would be this: Don't!

Seemingly the pay is large for the service rendered. People say, "Only twenty minutes afternoon and evening! What do you do with all the rest of your time?"

The fact is that twenty minutes afternoon and evening burns up all your phosphorus, and between times you are getting ready for that awful twenty minutes and getting over the last. No good player ever grows blase and calloused. The twenty minutes is standing right out before him from the moment he

awakens; and the better you play, the more the thing stands on the footboard and leers at you. ¶ When, at one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, a newspaper man found Lincoln all a-tremble just before he was to speak, the man said, "Can it be possible, Mr. Lincoln, that you who have been speaking in public for years are thus agitated before making a speech?" and Mr. Lincoln replied, "Young man, I have spoken well."

Priests and Actors Extra-Hazardous Risks

☞ LIFE-INSURANCE actuaries tell me that actors are the most hazardous risk they are called upon to carry. There is only one profession that involves a greater physical risk, and that one you would never guess in a thousand years, and so I will tell you: it is the office of Catholic priest.

A ripe old age to a priest or to an actor is a positive miracle. The actors do not die young for the same reason that priests do. The priests die young because they are good—and for a few other minor reasons. The actor dies young because he is mentally short-circuited. During that intense twenty minutes he is carrying ten thousand volts on a line that is only built for a thousand.

In vaudeville there is very seldom reciprocity complete between the audience and the actor. The actor stands out there alone and does his stunt without the collaboration that art requires. ☞ This is why he is emptied and exhausted with his effort of twenty minutes. The pressure is not the same on the outside that it is in. He is doing his work in a vacuum. ¶ You say that one hundred dollars a week is big pay for this little bit of fun and frolic. I think one hundred dollars a week is very small pay indeed; and depend upon this, the man who gets five hundred dollars a week in vaudeville does not get a cent more than he is worth.

When you get one thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand dollars a week you are then not only doing the work but supplying the usufruct, or the cumulative good name and good will of a life that has done big.

That is, when they pay Uncle Joe Cannon three thousand dollars a week, they pay not only for his performance, but for the use of his good name and his record—with the momentum of great thoughts, great deeds, and big, bitter fights in the imminent deadly breach. ☞

In vaudeville the intensity of the work makes the business decidedly narrowing. Any one with mental ambitions and aspirations can not afford to go on the vaudeville stage. The leisure, the peace, the equanimity, and the big, broad out of doors are to such a one lost and tabu forevermore.

You live in this narrow world of the mime, and your little life is bounded by the boards—the footlights to the South, the wings to the East and West, and North of you is the olio. ¶ Above, in the clouds, partially overhanging you, with grim-set faces, sometimes pickled in alcohol, crouches that thousand-headed thing called the gallery.

Inside, you are ready to burst. Outside is the vacuum which you, yourself, are obliged to fill, or else be smothered through the lack of reciprocal pressure which holds the planets in space. A vaudeville audience, having paid its money, does not laugh until forced to. But if the patrons of vaudeville would limber up and help the players more they would get a deal better show. Try it!

A Poor Preparation for Old Age

☞ KNOW one splendid man and woman who have done one sketch for fourteen years. They do their work superbly well, but they can never do anything else. They have dreams of an ideal play, and they work at it in fractions and sections, but they will never get it together and put it over. A booking-office can not exactly turn them down, so they are given work one week out of four or one week out of six. You see, they have worked the territory until they are no longer a novelty, and other and younger people have come along and are pushing them to the wall. ¶ Vaudeville, like all acting, is not a good preparation for old age. The continual travel fixes the wanderlust in the being in a way that it can only die with him. I am glad to see, however, that there is a tendency among some of the best vaudeville people to invest their money in real estate and have a farm somewhere in the hills, that they can turn to as a refuge. Billy Van, for instance, has never let the stage cheat him out of his love for the soil. Mr. and Mrs. James Barry are also country folks; and dozens more could be named similar to these. Most vaudevillists dive into the game and play it with such abandon that they die in it, like dear, old Harry Lee—Whitehorse Harry—one of the

most handsome and impressive men it was ever my good fortune to meet. Harry was planning big things; and while on his way to meet an engagement the doctors ordered him to the hospital. In a week he was dead—the new play in manuscript under his pillow ✽

The Fiend Who Leads the Orchestra

NOTICED there was very little jealousy, if any at all, among the vaudeville players; whereas, in the legitimate drama it often happens that each actor thinks that everybody else in the play is working against him. In vaudeville, however, you do your own work, and each act is chopped off separate and complete from what has gone before and from what follows.

You stand on your own merits, sink or swim, survive or perish. There is only one man who can unhorse you, and that is the leader of the orchestra. Every good vaudevillist who requires music in his "turn" hates the orchestra leader with an undying scorn. Always and forever as the breathless and irate actor rushes from the stage, he informs the onlookers in the wings, thus: "He crabbed my laugh, he crabbed my laugh!" ✽

That is to say, the leader played too fast or too slow, and smothered the applause to which the act was legally entitled.

The poor leader certainly has his work cut out for him. Not only does he have to stand as the butt of the jokes, and pass up the prop bouquet; but if things go well he gets no credit, and if they go ill it is simply because he could not read music if it was a foot high.

The Ubiquitous Legit

THE next antipathy of the vode is for the legit. All vodes, if they are working at all, have money. Very few legit do. Whenever a vode has a week off, he goes and hangs around the theater where he played last. This is his home, his inn, his own familiar dwelling-place, and the stage-hands and actors are his family and friends.

When a legit strays into a vaudeville house it is only for one purpose, and that is, to borrow money. I was just tugging at my collar, getting ready to go on, when in walked Scream Welch—his own act out of the way and therefore ready for conversation. He sat down on my trunk, and turning his Ben Butler eye toward the ceiling remarked, "Damn the whole bunch!" and then relapsed into silence. ¶ I knew he wanted to tell me something, and

so said, "Who are you talking about, Scream?"

¶ "Oh, the legit!"

"What has happened now?"

"Well, one of them was just out in the hall and wanted to see you. I told him you could not see him and would not see him under any conditions, but if he would tell me what was the matter I would try and fix him out."

¶ "He wanted to borrow five, and you loaned it to him," I said.

"Certainly! You can't let people starve, can you?"

I offered to pay Scream back the five, but he scorned to touch the money. It gave him such a delicious secret pride, this ability to minister to the starving legit, who doubtless had scorned him in days ago.

Chasing the Rainbow

ANY stories at the expense of the legit one hears from the vodes. These are samples:

A legit playing heavy parts was busted in a town. The villagers took up a collection and sent him on to the next place. Here he was going to retrieve his lost fortunes, and had arranged to put on the play of "Hamlet." He arrived with his fur collar turned up around his ears and his nerve with him, for hope in the heart of a legit never dies. He climbed on to the village hack with the driver, and looking toward the hill a mile away, remarked: "What a beautiful sunset! What a most beautiful sunset!"

And the yap who drove the hack remarked: "That haint no sunset. That's the opery-house burnin' down!"

Another legit starts an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show—Shakespeare no longer being appreciated. The treasurer runs away with the box-office receipts. The heavy ham who owns the show has an idea he will sic' the bloodhounds on the absconding treasurer. So they start the bloodhounds on the trail, and they chase the treasurer twenty miles over the hills and far away. There they catch up with him; but he, being on good terms with the dogs, simply feeds them and starts an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show of his own. So the legit is not only out of money, but loses his dogs.

Stories like these, picturing the discomfiture of a legit, are accepted everywhere behind the scenes with relish.

These things are here mentioned to show that vaudeville players are but human, after all ✽

The Able-Bodied Josh

IN Saint Louis, something happened at one of my appearances which was not down on the official program.

I am booked to speak for twenty minutes, but I have discovered that twenty minutes straight off the reel is a little too much, and so I divide the thing up into a first appearance of twelve minutes—when I fire off a final skyrocket and bow myself off the stage under cover of the smoke.

Usually there is a burst of applause; although on one occasion when I anticipated the applause it was not there, and when I came out to respond to the encore I appeared embalmed like black beetles in an amber of silence.

The stillness engulfed me; and right at my elbow in a box three feet away, I heard a lady's shrill voice shoot up above the orchestra, and the words she said were these: "Is that all that man does?"

This started a laugh, so I got my applause just the same, as I sent a sidelong grimace at the inquisitive dame and opened up my stops for Part Two.

But usually the appearance and the disappearance, off and on, now you see him and now you don't, is a great psychological move.

So, in Saint Louis I had given my little twelve minutes straight, bowed off, jumped on again—for fear the applause would die away—ready to give the second edition. But, to my great surprise, as I appeared the second time, I bumped into a fat man who had already taken possession of the stage. This man had stepped out of a private box, in the interval of five seconds that I was gone.

There he stood, and the audience was applauding him, not me.

The man who had jumped my claim was William Marion Reedy, writer, speaker, philosopher and dairyman. I had not seen him before, although I was afterward informed that he was seated in the shadow in the right-hand box next to the stage—but here he was now, facing the audience.

He looked to me as big as Jack Johnson. In any event, the audience was interested in him—as an audience is always interested in anything else than the actor if it has the ghost of a chance. Any harmless, unnecessary cat can get a hand at any time if it strolls on the stage.

In Fact, I Lose My Identity

AND there stood Bill! He waved a big pudgy paw at me, motioning me off the stage. I retired, not knowing what else to do; and standing there in the wings I listened to him make this little speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my painful duty to inform you that the clever individual who has just entertained us is not Elbert Hubbard. He is somebody made up to impersonate him. I know Elbert Hubbard well, and I want to vindicate his good name here and now. Who this man is that we have just seen I do not know, neither do I care; but I denounce him as a fraud and an impostor." And he retired from the stage.

There was an interval of silence, then a wild yell of applause, and cries of "Hubbard! Hubbard!" I came out, but the audience was so full of jamake that I was not allowed to speak for a full minute. In the interval, I was cudgeling my brain what to say, and when I did speak I said something like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I do not know who this strange individual is who has come forward and explained to you that I am not Elbert Hubbard; but I wish now to make the frank confession that although I am not Elbert Hubbard, I am something just as good. My name is William Marion Reedy."

The point was a little too subtle; it was what you call a slow joke, but it finally got going, and the curtain fell as the orchestra started up with a crash and bang for the next act.

To show that I did not get the joke over as well as I hoped, the box-office told me afterward that there were over twenty people came and demanded their money back, as they came to see the real Fra Elbertus—not a fake. The sissy at the box-office tried to pacify them by explaining that the real Fra was a fake anyway. But it would n't go.

ABOUT a year ago Francis Wilson was feeling a bit on the bink. A nerve specialist looked him over and said he was all right, and if he smoked just one cigar a day and no more, he'd be all right.

A month after, Francis saw the sawbones, and of course was asked how he was getting along.

"I'm smoking the one cigar a day, as you ordered, but it is nearly killing me—you see I never smoked in my life until you ordered it!"

The Immanent Actor



HE stage-instinct in man is profounder than the instinct for the written word. Man is naturally both dramatic and theatric. He is a born mime. He struts, he rants, he apostrophizes * He invented the thrilling melodrama called history in order to immortalize his absurdities * He individualizes the ideal of the species, the ideal of becoming something other than he is.

And Death finally boos him off the boards * Books bring life to us at second hand. The literary instinct is the instinct to be Spectator. Painting gives us colored, speechless images of life * *

The art-instinct is the instinct to be a good reporter. Music is the instinct of the relative for the Absolute. It evokes the aspiration for beatification and freedom * It weaves one mystery around another. It interprets an Illusion by a parable of sounds.

The stage alone—the tragic instinct, the comic instinct—reproduces to the ear and eye the very gesture of woe, the cry of joy, the titter of the everlasting contretemps, the thud in the dark after the sublime attitude in the light. Life is here rendered to us directly. Event is made flesh and blood. A human being is before us in the pinch of circumstance. Fatality is arrayed in the same clothes on the stage as it is in the kitchen.

An Imitation of Life

HE immobility of the image on canvas, the completed, unsuggestive gesture of sculpted stone, the immeasurable padding of books give place in the play to living murderers, thieves, adulteresses, suicides. Our selves are blown back full into our faces. In the great tragedy, in the great comedy, the padding is cut out of our daily lives, and by the art of selection by a supreme master—an Ibsen, a Moliere, an Æschylus—we see the bare bones of Destiny, the fleshless ribs and the palpitating heart of life.

The play is an art-form that imitates the form of life itself. The Greeks represented the gods as seated on Olympus watching the play of cross-purposes, enjoying the impact and crash of stupendous antitheses, warming up as each

tragedy approached its fifth act. The author of the Book of Job conceived the world as a stage. And he made the Almighty and Lucifer co-authors of the world-comedy. Job is mankind. Heaven and Hell are leagued against us. Job is so tremendous that only the Comic Idea can grasp it. It is the work of some Oriental Aristophanes—who became terrified as the end of his enormous jest floated before his eyes *

The Garden of Eden Play

HE whole story of Eden and the Fall is set for a play. The curtain rises on an Arcadian scene. It falls on a judgment pronounced by a god hidden in the wings of human consciousness. The balefires of human destiny are lighted there. The play that began as a pastoral ends as a tragedy. The play will be continued later at Bethlehem in Judea. Eve shall beget a virgin * Adam shall beget a virgin-renunciant. It shall be a magnificent epilogue. The apple that was bitten in Eden shall be the piece de resistance at the Last Supper * *

The great play must be as sinister as life—not life as we would have it in our dreams that stem from the Utopias of Hope; but life as it exists in the cold, flat, unmisted mirror of Mind. It must give to us the glory and the irony of our godlike rebellions and transgressions. We walk an Olympian peak shot out of Hell. Around us watch and brood the Eumenides. Above us reigns the disastrous passivity of an impersonal God. And through us the Inexorable urges us toward our predestined ultimate damnation or apotheosis. That is life, and the play that reproduces life must be struck from those molds. It must give us something of the muffled parley of this mite of errant dust with the eyeless, noiseless Flycatcher.

The individual soul is framed in a gray, misty mystery. Here we stand, you and I, upon this grain of congealed sun-spark, bandying blows with an Unknown Thug * Life itself has bandaged our eyes. Death is merely the end of a fidget.

The World's Greatest Tragic Drama

ROMETHEUS, Ædipus, Antigone, Electra, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, Oswald, Alving, Brand, Master Solness, Faust, Phædra: Guess what they mean! Pluck the veil from Isis! Despoil God of His mystery!

The "Ædipus Rex" of Sophocles is the greatest tragedy of all time because, better than any

tragedy ever conceived, it shows us in one majestic sweep of the pen the inexorability of Law, the complexity of the relations of man to man, the hideous possibilities that lie ambushed in this infinite combination and recombination of matter and motion which we call life, and because it sweeps forever from its throne the beneficent providence which the cunning optimism of man has shaped deep within the heart of his imaginings.

Only Job and "Faust" compare in loftiness of theme with this most terrible and forbidding of all tragedies, and in technique Job and "Faust" are bungled when one compares to them the swift action of "Ædipus Rex," the marvelous joinery of event to event, the rigid precision with which the monstrous jaws of predestined Doom open and swallow with a mathematical gulp those two pitiful motes, Ædipus and Jocasta. It is like watching a shadow creep over the surface of a glittering disk. Despair and hope travel alternately over the soul of the King as he picks up this thread or drops that thread of the web being woven around him; but each smile grows sicklier and each shadow deepens as the waves of suspicion that he has committed incest with his own mother rise higher and higher in his mind. When each link in the chain is forged he exiles himself from the sun, and in an outburst of fury proscribes and excommunicates himself.

"King Lear"

SHAKESPEARE conceived "Lear" in a bitter moment when Love had turned her back upon him and Life was "not in ye moode." He wrought it out on lines of the great Greek masterpieces. Victor Hugo has said that "King Lear" is the excuse for Cordelia. "Shakespeare carried Cordelia in his thought, and created that tragedy like a god who, because he had an Aurora to put forward, makes a world expressly for it." This is one of Hugo's beautiful exaggerations. Shakespeare wrote "King Lear" for the same purpose, conscious or unconscious, that Æschylus wrote his "Prometheus" or Sophocles the "Ædipus Rex," or Byron his "Cain." Tragedies run in grooves, and plots are few.

In "King Lear" Shakespeare aimed to depict the most terrible war that could be conceived of. He aimed at nothing less than an exposition of universal anarchy. He sought out one of the profoundest instincts in men and women—the love of parent for children, of brother

for brother—and set them at war—civil war. In a malign universe nothing is impossible. He seems to say, Behold I show you the hideous possibilities inherent in the world where there is only Fate! I will show you father against daughter, brother against brother, and son against parent! In "King Lear" I will strip Nature and the Unknown God of all the sentimental finery that faith and belief have decked them out in and bludgeon kings to the earth, where they shall sprawl like clowns ridiculed and spurned by their children; I will put children born out of wedlock into place and power and drive the good of heart into storm-riven heath, where they shall live on toads and roots and offal; I will put out the eyes of conquerors, and make kings and fools herd together, while on high the gods shall laugh in the thunder and lightning, seeing thus the straits of man.

Shakespeare's Cordelia

HERE is nothing more majestic in all dramatic literature than Cordelia, whose soul is as spotless as her tunic. She stands out silhouetted against all that gloom and that series of sinister catastrophes like a white dove that wings its way through giant thunder-clouds. In her, human love comes into its own. Man may expect nothing from on high; he is the sport of the gods. But here on earth is the balm, and Cordelia, proud, lofty of spirit, is destined to hold her father in death and smooth to rest the turbulent waves of unreason that beat out the light in that old man's brain. That children have rights that are superior to parental love is something that never had entered the brain of Lear. The revolt of Cordelia is to him the extinction of the universe; he seems to hear Time's very timbers cracking. He storms, he rages, he glares, he struggles in his impotency; he spits at the world; he bites, gnaws, scratches, mews, howls—running the gamut of his fury. The broken old man carrying his dead daughter—what pathos in his voice! What heartrending solicitude! What exquisite tenderness! What a piteous dumb appeal he makes to the vengeful gods! Why strike his beloved one in death at that moment? Why at the instant of the coming springtide in that old man's heart should Fate spread Winter through their veins and set upon their heads the hoarfrost of the grave? Shakespeare does not answer. The rest is—silence.

San Francisco's Problems



WHEN that strong and able man, Woodrow Wilson, was congratulated on his election to the Governorship of New Jersey, he replied: "A Democratic victory is not a success. At best it is merely an opportunity."

San Francisco has won the Panama Exposition for Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. The many-headed mob look upon this as a victory. The real

fact is, it is only an opportunity. The actual work is yet to be done.

But San Francisco now has the approving nod of Uncle Sam. She has the site, she has the money, she has the enterprise; but the transformation of chaos into cosmos still remains. ¶ That San Francisco will produce the most impressive world's exposition that has ever been seen is the sincere belief of everybody whose opinions are worth while. No such opportunity has ever before been offered, and all that has gone before will be a lesson, a warning, an example, an inspiration.

The Band of Leaders

THE Board of Directors of the Panama Exposition is as follows:

John Barneson	A. W. Foster
W. B. Bourn	R. B. Hale
M. J. Brandenstein	I. W. Hellman, Jr.
John A. Britton	S. Fred Hogue
Frank L. Brown	C. W. Hornick
P. T. Clay	Homer S. King
William H. Crocker	James McNab
J. H. Crothers	Charles C. Moore
Andrew M. Davis	Thornwell Mullaly
Charles De Young	Dent H. Robert
M. H. De Young	James Rolph, Jr.
Alfred I. Esberg	A. W. Scott, Jr.
Charles S. Fee	Henry T. Scott
Henry F. Fortmann	Leon Sloss

Rudolph J. Taussig

I had the honor of meeting with these men on several occasions, on my recent two weeks' visit to San Francisco.

These men are, none of them, figureheads. They are all individuals. All have accomplished big things in the world of human endeavor. ¶ They all are men who carry big responsibilities—their burdens seem to become them.

In their meetings I noticed there was a deal of good cheer, an absence of quibble, and a bit of boyish banter, not unbecoming. None of them is fighting for first place in the Kingdom of Heaven. And so far as I could see, no one of these men is necessary to the success of the Exposition, because there are no weaklings in the bunch. If they should all die but one, this one would get busy and go ahead to fame and fortune.

The Chief Magistrate

THE present Mayor of San Francisco is the Honorable P. H. McCarthy. He was elected on account of his success as President of the Building-Trades Council. He is a carpenter by trade, and I am told is a very good one. Ten years ago he was a day-laborer. The labor element elected him to the present office.

Great credit must be given any man who has come up from the ranks as has this man. But when I asked one of the big newspaper-men of San Francisco what I should say about McCarthy, he answered: "It is cruelty to children to say anything about him. Silence is a great tribute."

However, as McCarthy refuses to step out of office into the sheltering oblivion of a trades-union, where he belongs, but stoutly maintains that the city needs him as Mayor, and none other, during the Exposition, a few words are here in order.

McCarthy is what he is: a very commonplace individual lifted into a high office by brute force. His position is a most uncomfortable one. He is surrounded on all sides by men who tower above him. When he makes a speech, some one writes it out for him and he memorizes it. He then explodes it with the same raucous, whizzing, assaulting style known best to the labor agitator.

To re-elect this man and thus make him the Exposition Mayor would be a most embarrassing misfortune.

The man requires a perpetual apology—which no man does who is in a station to which he belongs. When Two-Forty horses get into the Free-for-All Class, explanations and apologies are in order. But who can explain the necessity of an explanation?

In this great emergency, delicacy, kindness and commonsense demand that the Honorable P. H. McCarthy shall retire to the rear and keep ingloriously out of reach of the spot-light.

The Roycroft School for Boys



PROBABLY the most successful modern experiment in the way of teaching boys to be useful is that of the Interlaken School at La Porte, Indiana.

The credit for the success of this institution should be given to Raymond Riordon and Doctor Edward A. Rumely.

No other men in America, of whom I know, have thought out the subject of the education of boys with the same freedom

from prejudice and the same large open vision that these two men have, and then acted on it.

¶ The general plan is very simple. It is merely that each boy shall go to school a part of the day, studying the usual things that boys study out of books; and then the other part is devoted to outdoor work on the farm and garden, or employed in building houses, barns, laying out roadways, constructing sewers, bridges, taking care of live stock, and doing all the usual necessary work that intelligent and successful farmers do.

Learning by Doing

TO send a boy to school is not enough. He is educated in his spare moments, away from the schoolroom, quite as much as in the schoolroom.

Wherever he goes he is receiving impressions, and his mind, like his body, is never at rest.

¶ From twelve to sixteen, seventeen or eighteen years of age, boys are filled with the idea of doing something heroic. ¶ This is the time when they run away, and often rightly, too.

¶ They are following the bent of their natures. They want to overcome obstacles, and do something that requires physical skill.

The late Professor William James of Harvard suggested two years' industrial conscription, as opposed to non-productive militarism.

This desire for bodily prowess must be met in a legitimate and natural way. There is a certain heroism in scientific forestry, caring for live stock, constructing buildings—doing difficult tasks; and if the boy can be made to think the thing out for himself and do the thing for

himself, he will find a joy and satisfaction in it. And best of all it means mental development. ¶ It is the creative period, and if we do not allow the creative period to manifest itself naturally, the same tendencies will find vent in destructive ways, and behold we get the hoodlum and the vandal.

And just here, let it be noted, ancient Rome had no monopoly in her struggle with Goths and Vandals.

Mr. Riordon has discovered, however, that things in which a boy has a part in the making, he will care for and protect; and so at Interlaken instead of vandalism we find the boys caring for and conserving their property.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man first evolved himself through the care of animals, and through the domestication of animals he domesticated himself. ¶ The care of pets is a natural tendency and desire of youth.

This means responsibility, and the inclination should be encouraged, not repressed.

City boys take more kindly to the business of farming than country lads. The reason farmer boys sometimes hate the farm, and are filled with the desire to get away from it, is because they have had a double dose of the farm. ¶ Too much of anything is bad.

But indoor schoolwork and farming should go hand in hand; and I believe the time will come when agriculture will be taught in all public schools.

Food is the primal need. We get our living out of the soil, and no man can be healthy, happy or wise who is separated from mother earth. ¶ ¶

The child will dig in the sand before he can talk, and find satisfaction in the exercise. And a knowledge of the soil and of the things it will produce when rightly manipulated is the foundation for sanity and efficiency in every walk of life.

In fact, man is a product of the soil.

The New Education

— Y business is writing. I can do several other things. But the thing I get the most joy out of is this Cadmean game of expressing my thoughts in words. And I find

that my farm experience—much of it gained in boyhood days—my knowledge of trees, plants, flowers, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, guinea-hens, guinea-pigs, frogs, pollywogs, bugs, bees and butterflies forms a valuable addition to my vocabulary.

All Nature, says Emerson, is for symbol and suggestion. Everything we see should remind us of something else; and without for an instant setting myself up as a pedagogic pattern, I still maintain that no man can be considered an educated man who is not on good terms with mother earth, and with all the wonderful things that creep, crawl, run, climb, burrow, swim and fly.

Mr. Riordon knows the philosophy of Pestalozzi and Friedrich Froebel in every particular, and I believe has greatly improved on the methods of these masters—as indeed he should, because we have opportunities which the masters never enjoyed.

The improvement which Mr. Riordon has made in teaching, over the philosophy of Switzerland and Germany, lies in the fact that he holds that all schoolteaching should be incidental.

¶ The boy is not merely getting ready to live. He is living now; he is making himself useful; he is doing something for somebody.

And this is the first, last and one great lesson we must all learn—that success lies in Doing Something for Somebody. We can only help ourselves as we help other people. Non-productive effort, getting ready to do something useful, is n't nearly so good as to be useful right now.

At Interlaken the boy is not waited on and cared for; he cares for himself.

If he has a horse, he has to feed it, curry it, bed it, water it, and look after it in every way. That is his one, own, particular job—the things you own you must care for.

He must take care of his clothes, care for his room, make his bed, see that his room is ventilated ❁ ❁

He is not going to school; he is living his life.

¶ The lessons that he learns each day out of books, he applies in his work.

If he studies arithmetic, as of course he does, he figures out bills of lumber, measures the height of trees, the depth of furrows, digs post-holes, knows whether a post is four feet

high or five or six; knows the width of roadways, the weight of a load of gravel, and all of the thousand and one things that practical men should know, and that boys acquire so easily and rapidly if they are brought in contact with them before they are sixteen, but which they never acquire afterward except under great pain, labor and irksome discipline.

Life for discipline is unnatural and absurd; that is where militarism is faulty.

In the army the commissary supplies everything. Where things come from, the soldier never knows—it is none of his business. His work is to obey orders. The creative impulse dies ❁ ❁

Military schools will discipline all right, but they do not foster initiative and invention. Their business is to destroy spontaneity and make puppets, not men.

But the discipline that comes from living is beautiful and right, because it is natural.

Any school that puts forth discipline as the first thing in life is founded on a false philosophy and is bound to produce people who have to be housed and fed by the labor of others ❁ ❁

As for the philosophy of Pestalozzi, Friedrich Froebel, Stanley Hall, George Dewey, Raymond Riordon and Doctor Rumely, or the late William James, let us just say right here that they hold no caveat or copyright on their knowledge, neither do they pretend to.

They do not stand alone in their ideals.

They are merely prominent types of men and women everywhere who now realize the absurdity of making a youth immune from useful effort, and segregating him from the world of life and usefulness in the hope that he will be useful by and by.

The best way of becoming useful is to acquire the habit of being useful.

Interlaken and The Roycrofters

FOR sixteen years East Aurora has been agitating this idea of education through work ❁ ❁

Probably, if cross-questioned, Mr. Riordon would acknowledge his obligation to East Aurora in telling him some of the things he knows, thus corroborating his ideas, and giving him the courage to do and dare.

One big stride to the front taken by the Inter-laken School is in its purchase of six hundred forty acres of land surrounding Silverlake in Indiana. Several hundred acres of this land has been farmed and then been allowed to run down and become worked out through unscientific methods.

The plan is now to bring this land back to a high state of cultivation through rotation of crops, intensive farming, and all that science now knows and does—all by the effort of pupils in the school.

The educated man of the future will be a farmer, not a poet. He will deal with plows and harrows, not throstles, doves, pigeons and passions. More and more is the educated farmer coming into demand in every line of human endeavor. The agricultural schools, and the farm departments that are being installed in most of the big colleges, reveal the tendencies of the times.

And this brings us up to the vital point; and that is this: that The Roycrofters have now made an arrangement with Mr. Raymond Riordon and he is to have charge of the School Department of The Roycroft Shops.

Our entire plant is to go on just as it has before, but all of our facilities and equipment are to be at the disposal of Mr. Riordon and his force of teachers and the boys who will make up The Roycroft School of Life.

Mr. Riordon appreciates the fact that in the way of teaching facilities the Roycroft has a rare equipment.

For sixteen years we have been evolving workers in leather, metal and woods.

We here have bookbinders, printers, copper-workers, blacksmiths, plumbers, road-builders, carpenters, potters, painters, designers photographers, cooks and farmers.

We have more than three hundred acres of fine, tillable land, now under a high state of cultivation. In addition, we have one hundred sixty acres of woodland, rough and wild.

We have fifty horses or so, hundreds of head of swine, cattle, thousands of chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks, and all that goes to make up an efficient farm equipment.

Under the direct, immediate and personal supervision of Mr. Riordon and a scientific

farmer, our school will take on a new lease of life.

Beginning September Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, we will be ready to receive boys from twelve to twenty years of age.

One-half the day will be spent in studying the regular school curriculum. The other half of the day will be spent on the farm, working out of doors.

The endeavor will be to live the natural life, and to do that which allows the body and mind to evolve naturally, easily, beautifully and well.

¶ We will work for sanity, truth, efficiency; for all that is kind, helpful, beautiful, effective.

Politeness and a consideration for the rights of others will come along as a natural evolution.

¶ To live a useful life will be the one central theme and purpose.

By playing off one set of faculties against another, and following no one course of study until it becomes irksome, evolution, we believe, will do its perfect work.

If this world is ever to stop the production of invalids, criminals and parasites, the change can be brought about only through the forming of right habits in the young.

There will be discipline in The Roycroft School, but Mr. Riordon knows how to keep his discipline out of sight.

At The Roycroft Shops we have an art-gallery, a music-room, a brass band, an orchestra and several singers and players who are rarely skilled.

We also have an auditorium where lectures and concerts are given several times every week. Many visitors of note come to see us, and these are often invited to speak to our people * *

Among those who have given addresses at East Aurora the past year are United States Senators Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, Robert Owen of Oklahoma; Congressman William Sulzer of New York; Honorable Cuthbert Pound, Judge of the Supreme Court; Honorable Truman C. White, Judge New York Supreme Court; Honorable E. K. Emery, Judge New York Supreme Court; Honorable Albert W. Scott, Jr.; Marshall P. Wilder; Henry Clay Barnabee; Buffalo Jones; Clara Barton; Marilla Ricker; John Davey, the Tree Man;

W. M. Truesdale, President Lackawanna Railroad; the Reverend Henry Frank; the Reverend Madison C. Peters; Doctor C. A. Bowsher; Alfred Henry Lewis; Harold Bolce, and various other men and women, good and great, of national note. These meetings are all free to our pupils and workers.

The charge for board and tuition at The Roycroft School for the school year, from September to June, will be Five Hundred Dollars, which includes board, instruction and books ❁ ❁

All the boy will be required to supply will be his clothing, and this will be of a very strong and simple sort. A list of what he requires in this way will be sent on application.

Mr. Riordon is not going to leave Interlaken, but will continue as its superintendent and will, with Doctor Rumely, push the extension of the movement. Interlaken will go right on

just as it is and has been, only doing the thing a little better as the seasons pass.

A new crop of boys is coming along every year, and this matter of teaching on a commonsense basis is just barely in its beginning.

There is no danger of the matter being overdone; and the hope is that the Interlaken School and The Roycroft School will supply an object-lesson in simple, plain, commonsense methods that will inspire various others to go ahead and do things on a like basis, and do them better.

If you are interested in teaching, come and inspect our plant and see what we have done, what we are doing, and what we are trying to do ❁ ❁

The place is East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York, eighteen miles from Buffalo from which place trains leave Central Depot every little while.



WE must breathe more,
laugh more and love
more ❁ Ozone and
friendship | will be our stimu-
lants—let the drugs, tobacco
and strong drink go forever.
Natural joys bring no head-
aches and no heartaches. Get
busy.—ELBERT HUBBARD

This for his own good, and for the good name and good taste of San Francisco.

You might as well introduce a bass-drum into a string quartette and hope for harmony, as to have this man on the Exposition Board.

The Next Mayor

THE business of the Exposition and of the city will be so closely blended that the Mayor must act in harmony with the best interests of the Exposition. He must be a man whose name and presence will honor the city and the Exposition. He must be a businessman and a diplomat. He must be able to think, to speak, and to keep silence when he should—for, at the last, no man can speak as wisely as he can look.

The Exposition Mayor should be a looker. He will be, himself, an exhibit, and will have to be in the front window a good deal of the time.

¶ In looking over the men who sat around the big table of the Board of Directors, it struck me that Albert W. Scott, Jr., was the man for Mayor. Scott looks the part. He would make a magnificent basso profundo in grand opera. He has youth on his side, being under forty. His height is six feet two inches, and I should say that he weighs about an even two hundred pounds—in the shade.

He has presence, voice, gesture, and all of the equipment for the part, mental and physical. He is a horseman, a wrestler and a ball-player. The worst I can say about him is that he is a lawyer, and the best I can say about him is that he does not work at the game; for, although he is a member of the San Francisco Bar, and has been for fifteen years, he is at the head of a big business house—quite the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast. This business gives him enough ballast to keep him down so his feet are on the earth all the time.

He has had to deal with labor strikes and various big emergencies. He received an advertising in an international way when, after the alleged earthquake in April, Nineteen Hundred Six, he was made President of the Street-Repair Association. It will be remembered that on that occasion the city government went by the board and men were appointed in each particular line of work who were able to carry out the job.

Here was a city of streets full of chuck-holes in which you could lose a house and lot. Pavements, sewers, water-pipes, falling debris

blocked the way. Only a man of physical power and big mental initiative could tackle the particular job that was cut out for A. W. Scott, Jr. Moreover, there was no fund upon which he could draw. He had to plan his own finances, and do things without legal warrant—and take the chances of getting the approval afterward of the people whom he served.

He is the man who cleaned up the streets of San Francisco and who gave us the new and beautiful San Francisco, more than any other individual. He organized the house-cleaning day, in which everybody—men, women and children—got busy and went after the garbage-cans. He eliminated the rats and did the job as thoroughly as Saint Patrick kiboshed the snakes from Ireland.

He replaced boards with concrete, and started bonfires where untold millions of microbes perished, and bacteria went down to death.

¶ He organized backyard societies and gave premiums and prizes to those who had the most beautiful gardens in their backyards. He distributed flower-seeds, vegetable-seeds, rosebushes and trees to an extent that no man can say; for he himself kept no record of these things. He simply did the work and let others write the record.

All this time his own house was transformed into a Red-Cross Hospital, where his wife, his mother, his daughter, and the whole household worked and toiled with but one thought in mind, and that was the alleviation of want and woe in San Francisco, the stricken.

¶ It would be absurd to say that this man worked alone. All I intimate here is that he was one of the big leading factors in the rejuvenation of the city.

He is a lover of letters, an appreciator of all forms of art. He has traveled far and wide, also fast and furious. He knows everybody and has seen everything. He is a Native Son, the child of a Forty-Niner—who has shed his provincialism and stands out now as a citizen of the world.

Scott is a home-loving man, and while he belongs to all the clubs, if you want to find him evenings call him up at his house. The safe man is the man who is on intimate terms with one woman, and no more. A. W. Scott, Jr. and his wife are chums, friends, comrades, partners, lovers. It is very fortunate indeed when a man has a wife to whom he can explain

his plans. Scott's wife is his helpmeet. She is for him hands, feet, eyes and ears. Mrs. Scott was a big factor in securing the approval of Congress for San Francisco as the Exposition site * *

Mrs. Scott is a natural social leader, without taking this thing called "Society" too seriously. She enters into the game, yet realizes the final vacuity of it.

James Rolph, Jr.

UT Fate has decreed that Scott shall not be the Exposition Mayor. There was a strong feeling that Scott should be the candidate, but he has now withdrawn his name in favor of James Rolph, Jr.

The man who has the endorsement of the Panama-Pacific Directors will be the next Mayor of San Francisco—and Rolph seems to be that man.

Rolph has specific gravity. He is rich, and he is both respected and respectable.

He is President of the Merchants' Exchange; President of the Mission Promotion Association; President Mission Bank; President Mission Savings Bank; Member of Hind-Rolph Company; Director California and Hawaiian Sugar-Refining Company; Director California Title Insurance and Trust Company; Director Shipowners and Merchants Tug-Boat Company.

He has presence, poise and power, and no one will ever have to apologize for him or ask him if he is anybody in particular.

The Labor Problem

MC CARTHY was elected on a Union Labor ticket while the Democratic and Republican parties were enjoying a private scrap * *

This is not likely to occur again.

The Labor vote in San Francisco is less than forty per cent of the entire vote cast.

In municipal politics there should be neither Republican nor Democrat, for these names really mean no issue, save in Federal affairs, even if they do there.

There is, however, a genuine issue up in San Francisco, and it will not down.

The issue is whether an employer shall be allowed to employ his own help.

P. H. McCarthy says he shall not—all interests to him are secondary to this.

That one word "scab" leaps easily to his lips on all occasions.

A builder contracted for mill trimmings from

an Eastern mill to the extent of forty thousand dollars. He well knew that these trimmings would not be handled in San Francisco unless the goods came from a Union mill, so he took pains to place his order where there would be no question.

But alas! four months intervened between the signing of the order and the delivery. In the meantime, the mill had been placed on the black-list because it had put in boilers made in a non-union shop.

The train-load of doors, windows and flooring arrived at Oakland, and no truckmen would touch it, much less carpenters use it. Long rows of houses were waiting tenantless for the doors and windows.

Appeal was made to McCarthy. Explanations were of no avail. Double time to the carpenters was offered. McCarthy simply hissed that one word, "Scab!"

There is now a ban, even on Union carpenters, unless they have been in the city three years. Thousands of men are idle, yet there is a scarcity of labor.

Manufacturing in San Francisco has fallen off seventy per cent in ten years. The building trades have flourished, but building is not business. It is expenditure, or a preparation for business at best.

The fight now is not with New Orleans, indifference, or inertia at Washington. All that was easy. San Francisco's fight is within her own border—between Union labor and liberty * *

Law of Pivotal Points

GRANTING all that can be said as to what Unionism has done for labor, it still remains a fact that power, uncurbed, ends in tyranny. The tyranny of capital is not so bad as the tyranny of labor, because capital is more shrewd and realizes that there is a point beyond which labor can not be successfully exploited. This point once passed, capital commits slow suicide.

Labor knows nothing of this Law of Pivotal Points. Unchecked, she would keep demanding more wages and shorter hours, until there came a time when she ceased to work at all. The ambition of Labor is to have all that the capitalist has, and then live just like him.

Mayor McCarthy now looks and acts like the capitalists he has seen pictured in "Puck" and "Life." He has the loud, lofty ways of the stage tyrant. He is drunk on success.

That Union labor must be trimmed in San Francisco long before Nineteen Hundred Fifteen is very sure—otherwise there will be no Exposition ❦ ❦

If the Unions would consent to allow all bona-fide exhibitors to bring their own laborers, without regard to whether they were union or non-union, and agree to handle such materials without quibble or question—and then stand by the agreement—the crisis would be bridged.

❦ But McCarthy, the Labor boss, to all such appeals hisses, “Scab!”

The interests of the people at large are nothing to him—he has clutched power and tasted blood. Nothing will satisfy him but a double 'elping. He was born across the sea, and the air of liberty has made him giddy.

The first move in the direction of having a successful exposition will be the dynamiting of McCarthy. He is the one rock that blocks the channel.

To put up a man in opposition to McCarthy who is an outspoken opponent of Unionism—say a man like General Otis—would at once precipitate a strike all along the line, and create a sympathy for the doomed McCarthy. The man who toasts McCarthy to a dark-brown turn must be a man who is willing to recognize Unionism within certain limitations. He must possess a degree of sweet reasonableness—a thing that the present Mayor does not have in his kit.

Democrats and Republicans alike will flock to the standard of Rolph. He is a diplomat and a pacifier. He is willing to arbitrate.

This time there will be but two tickets in the field. One will be the Exposition Ticket and the other will be the Union-Labor Ticket. The victor will be James Rolph, Jr.—but I do not envy him his job.

The Site of the Exposition

❦ ❦ T a hazard, and without any official tip from anybody, I make the guess that the site of the Exposition will be Golden Gate Park.

To have the Exposition on the water-front of the Bay, facing the East, would place it in a very convenient position, and no doubt would bring a greater attendance than to place it in Golden Gate Park, where a trip across the city is required to get within the golden gates of the Exposition.

But there is one positive objection to placing the Exposition on the water-front, and that

is the matter of sewerage. To allow the sewage to empty into the Bay might cause pollution of its waters, and before the Exposition was over would make a vast howl go up from adjacent towns and cities, even if it did not cause an actual jump in the death-rate.

San Francisco is now, I believe, the healthiest city in America, and no chances of putting it lower down on the list should be taken. Hygiene says Ocean, and not an inland bay where two hundred thousand people are to congregate daily ❦ ❦

Also, I believe that every visitor to the Panama-Pacific Exposition should get a good view of the rolling, tossing surf of the Pacific Ocean. That view straight out to the West, out where stretches four thousand miles of salty, tossing tide, is something which many would miss if the Exposition faced the Bay and not the Sea.

❦ The Exposition must face the West, not the East ❦ ❦

That the Board of Directors will make a mistake either in selection of a site or in the selection of the Director-General, the world need have no fear.

This thing is going through. And the San Francisco Exposition of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen will mark an epoch in the history of the world.

The Exposition President

❦ THE President of the Panama Exposition has been chosen in the person of Charles C. Moore, a man of intellect, education and big ability.

Mr. Moore was formerly President of the Chamber of Commerce; he is now President of the Charles C. Moore Engineering Company; Director of the California Insurance Company; Director Central Trust Company; Director Mechanics Savings Bank; Director West Coast Life-Insurance Company.

As President of the Panama Exposition his duties will be social and administrative. He will receive delegations from foreign countries, look after various committees, wear a high hat, and participate in doings where the large cold bottle and the small hot bird are in evidence. I hardly think that either the bot or the bird are wholly to his liking, but he is a man who can adapt himself to any position and do it gracefully. At the same time, he carries enough brain ballast so that what he says will go.

His ability to do justice to a double-breasted Prince Albert will never be in dispute.

The Director-General

HERE still remains, however, the selection of a man to act as Director-General. ¶ This is the most important position to be filled. The man must be a creator. He must be both dynamite and a dynamo. The success of the Exposition turns on this man's business ability; for, in spite of all the poetry and the playing of the bands and the outpour of oratory, there will come not only the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, but there will also come the year Nineteen Hundred Sixteen.

In Nineteen Hundred Sixteen some one must sweep up the peanut-shells, and face the honest populace. One row of figures will tell whether the Panama Exposition has been a success or not, and when this report is given out to the public no fine-spun exegesis will be required in explanation. The thing will tell its own story. Will these figures be in black ink or red? God knows! * *

That row of figures, which is now simply X, will be the work of the particular man who is selected as Director-General.

This man, in any event, will receive no thanks from the public at large for his services. Also, the office will carry with it no salary. The reward for doing a big task is to have done it.

¶ Cities and Republics are all ungrateful, and what now is required is a man for Director-General who knows this fact in advance, and who, like Fuzzy Wuzzy, does n't give a dam.

¶ The Board of Directors of the Panama Exposition is made up of men who have all grown to man's stature and estate. But one man on that Board, in particular, has been vilified and reviled as no other man in America has * *

That man is Michael H. De Young.

Some of the best writers in California—in fact, the best writers in the world—have dipped their styli in vitriol and etched this man's name on the tablets of infamy. Thousands have been industriously engaged in tacking his hide on the barn-door of obliquity.

Phrases, coined to express contempt of "Mike De Young," have added to the gaiety of nations, and passed into the current coin of pornographic Billingsgate.

Visitors to San Francisco are regaled with extracts from this literature of abuse. One particularly fine phrase—which carries with it a burst of laughter whenever it is sprung—was tried on me a few weeks ago in San

Francisco. The remark was so outrageous and so tremendously inclusive in its scorn that I could not help admire it, and then I asked when this remark was made. I was told that it was first expressed twenty-nine years ago, but has been hand-polished and set to popular music from time to time.

The point is simply this, that this defamation began a quarter of a century ago, and more—and the man still holds his position.

He publishes the best paper on the Pacific Coast, a fact that is a fact, since it is admitted by William R. Hearst, who is himself a stubborn fact.

The San Francisco "Chronicle" began as a weekly dramatic publication, foisted on the public every little while by youngsters with ego plus and a plentiful lack of small change. From such small beginnings it has evolved into a daily that wields a powerful national influence. And it is stronger today than it has ever been.

Mr. De Young is a rich man, and various attempts from time to time to show that he got his money in an illegitimate way have ended merely in the beautiful abusive phrases at which I have hinted.

Nothing in the way of times and places has ever been proven. To live is an offense, and the pack never bay loudly unless there is a quarry. De Young's crime is success.

I wonder how much borrowed money these inky belliakers owe De Young that they should ridicule and revile him so!

The Personality of Michael De Young

NATURALLY, I felt considerable curiosity to see this man, at mention of whose name so many people turn red and sputter in falsetto.

Mr. De Young is rather under middle size in stature, but carries the crown of his head high and his chin in. He looks like Napoleon, and is aware of the fact. He is a lover of art, a lover of literature, and has ideas on every subject that relates to the genus homo.

Beneath his grim and silent front I discovered a very kindly and appreciative side to his nature * *

I was told that he has his own sweet way in everything, and that when he makes a statement you have to agree with him or kill him. However, he has three beautiful daughters, and the pictures of these girls I saw on his desk and hanging on the walls of his office.

Later I met the young women, and noticed that anything they wanted from their father was theirs. He was absolutely under their dominion—hands, feet, brain and pocketbook. ¶ Fortunately, they are sensible women and do not abuse their power. What their father lacks in good looks, they make up.

I noticed also that Charles De Young, son of M. H. De Young, who is general business manager of the San Francisco "Chronicle," always spoke of his father as "Mr. De Young." And a man who can bring up children to respect and love him can not be wholly bad, no matter what the inksters say.

The offense of Michael De Young lies in the fact that he has personality plus. He moves men aside wherever he goes. Before him might go a crier shouting, "Make way for individuality!" In any event, they have to make way for De Young or be pushed into the gutter. ¶ That the man is supremely selfish is doubtless true. No success equal to his is possible without the rhino hide and a goodly amount of the crocodile proclivity.

Life is too short for soft phrases—he gets the thing done and lets them howl.

When De Young wants to be silent he is the silentest man I ever saw in my life. He can run the thermometer down to Cairo at any time he wishes to.

In the meetings of the Executive Board of the Exposition, I noticed that, although De Young was not chairman, when a decision was required he snapped it out regardless of proprieties—and there was good sense even if not good manners behind his decisions.

The mildest criticism I ever heard made of him was that, "he is the king of buttinskis." The power of the man is conceded. His sanity is that of the cash-register. His sense of color and proportion, and his appreciation of art, are things very seldom found in the think-box of a practical businessman. His courage is undisputed, except by those who make a business of vilification. He is rich beyond the dreams of avarice; and as for his honesty, one recalls that good old classic story of the passenger-conductor who was called up on the carpet by the general passenger-agent, in the good old days before the Hepburn Bill arrived on the horizon. ¶ This particular conductor owned a block of houses, two farms and a hotel, all saved in ten years' time on a salary of one hundred dollars a month.

He was told that he was to be fired on general principles, and his argument was: "Well, if you fire me, then the man you put in my place has got to save enough money to buy a block of houses, two farms, and a hotel. I have these now, and it will be money in your pocket to keep me in my place, as I have all the property I care to look after."

A Master Organizer

DE YOUNG has all the property that he wants. He is worth, perhaps, oh, say ten million dollars, which is quite an absurd sum for any man to own unless he is engaged in gigantic enterprises, which De Young is not. ¶ Mr. De Young has a wonderful nose for detail. He knows everything and nothing. He is as wisely diffuse as was the Corsican. Beside knowing detail and being able to stop leaks, he is also able to plan in a big and generous way. Also, as a builder and decorator he has rare good taste.

Not another man in the United States has had so much to do with expositions as has this man. He was Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine; one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chicago Exposition; Commissioner-General to the Omaha Exposition; Commissioner to the Saint Louis Exposition; and General Manager of the Midwinter California Exposition of 1893-1894, and this Exposition was a big success in a financial way and otherwise.

De Young as Director-General would succeed by the law of elimination. He knows everything that will not work. He is as clever as P. T. Barnum—and as a showman is just as big a success. ¶ To elect to this position of Director-General a man who is what we call a first-class, well-balanced gentleman in every particular would be quite absurd.

The First Assistant

MERSON has said that a man who would perform a great and beautiful work as a businessman must have a foreman who is not quite so honest as he is himself.

De Young seems to fulfil the requirements. Nobody claims that he is too fine.

If the people of San Francisco and California can swallow their bile and focus on this one individual, the Fair will be an assured success; especially so if Albert W. Scott is chosen as First Assistant to the Director-General. Scott combines the graces and can carry the message, but De Young is the dynamo.

Is Scott big enough to play second fiddle—to act as Bertrand to this Corsican? I think he is * *

He knows De Young, and while he recognizes his limitations he realizes also his virtues. If any man can manage De Young without De Young himself knowing it, that man is Albert W. Scott.

To scorn De Young, the strong man, at this time when a strong man is needed, would be deliberate idiocy. If a pilot knows the channel and can carry the ship through in safety, it is all we should demand. Let the party keep his idiosyncrasies.

As for all those highly virtuous people who hate Mike De Young, let me say to them this: Not one of you can fill this office of Director-General. All you can do is to sit on the fence and give advice. The task is a herculean one. It will kill the man who successfully carries it through. That is the way Nature works; she always demands the life of the creature who performs an extraordinary service. The messenger arrives, but falls dead at the feet of the king. Mike De Young will carry this fight through to successful victory and when the thing is done, he will be a used-up man. If you hate him so cordially, and want to dispose of him, why then not sacrifice him to the God of Business Battles, letting him hold the Exposition's nose to the bank until every galoot is ashore!

Then Hic Jacet Michael H. De Young—and good riddance, goddam him!

The next generation will then erect a bronze statue to his memory, and on it, surrounded by bay-leaves, the pilgrim will read these words:

HE WAS THE UNSELFISH PROTECTOR OF THE PEOPLE; AND THE ONLY THING WHICH HE ASKED WAS OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE MANKIND.

*
 VISITOR at Long Acre Building last week reported seeing in the hallway, Teddy Da Roose, William Jennings Bryan, Albert J. Beveridge, and Senator La Follette, all waiting to see Mister Hopkins on business very special, which they refused to divulge.

*
 What a superb thing it would be if we were all big enough in soul to see no slights, accept no insults, cherish no jealousies, and admit into our heart no hatred.

Realism and Impressionism



N literature, as in all art, there are two separate and distinct schools * *

Just now one school is called Realism, and the other Impressionism. These schools have been known by various names, but the thing itself is ever the same; and between these schools there is an endless war.

¶ The fight is as ancient as Aristophanes and recent as Professor Harry Turston Pick.

Armistices are sometimes agreed upon, but the battle again rages sooner or later.

The difference between Realism and Impressionism is that one describes the thing, while the other only suggests it.

Impressionism makes you think. Realism does the thinking for you.

Not long ago I saw a picture which seemed to me to be Impressionism of the pure type.

¶ It was a canvas entitled, "Waiting."

It showed a woman seated on the sands of the sea. The woman's back is towards us and over her head is held tightly a tattered shawl.

¶ A bulge to the right of the shawl tells you that within her arms the woman holds a child.

¶ You do not see the child, yet you know it is there—hugged closely to the mother's heart.

¶ You do not see the woman's face, but you know that she is looking out upon the restless, tossing tide.

And you know that she is waiting for a ship that will never return.

However, if you, yourself, have never waited for a footstep that shall never come, and listened long for a voice that shall nevermore be heard, the picture will mean little to you.

¶ But if you have lived and suffered and known and felt, you will see despair written large across the dull, threatening gray of that sky; and wrecked hopes in every curve and line of the angry waves.

But the long monotonous stretch of yellow sands will speak to you of a hope that never dies, and the bulge in the shawl will tell of a love that is stronger than death. And you will have more sympathy for suffering humanity in your heart, and for a day, at least, will be filled with a desire to benefit and bless. Thus does art help the world on its way.

Love and Conquest

By Alice Hubbard



IN a recent issue of a popular magazine there is an article about women. Especial attention is given to women who are paid for their work.

Several statements that the gentleman makes in these pages are fact. Also, much that he has left unsaid, or for you and me to say, is fact.

¶ The reason for the following statements is that what the writer states about women's

wage is not true unless there are appended some facts he did not state.

Even a casual observer will admit, I think, that Nature intended woman to be a very important factor in her great scheme of perpetuating the human race.

Woman has also been a prominent factor in the evolution of the race, in bringing refinement and culture to the race.

Whatever woman has done in the industries of the world's work has been over, above and beyond the work, the travail, the pain of being the mothers of all the men and all the women at present on the earth.

So far as we can trust history to record facts, all of the men and women of the past seem to have had mothers. Possibly all of the generations yet to come, will be the sons and daughters of women.

A few fathers have confided to a select audience that the office of paternity is not hazardous, nor could it be considered by men of great energy as an absorbing occupation.

Man's Occupation

¶ MEN sell their time and energy. Their work is the cultivation of foodstuffs, clothing material, building materials, furnishings, machinery, their transportation, storage and use; also, literature, music, oratory and art. ✽ ✽

Beside these there are the occupations of fighting, killing, making, selling and buying death-dealing instruments, and devices for making maimed men tolerate life; also, of making humanity drink and then providing a sobering process.

An important occupation, and one which causes severe anxiety lest they can not get

it and will lose it after it is once theirs, is that of governing the people—legislating that the people shall pay a tithe or several tithes of what money they earn, and then legislating how the governing class shall spend it.

This, I believe, is considered the most hazardous occupation known.

“Farewell to hope, all ye who enter here,” is said to be written over the entrance to all palaces of government, but it is not legible to those who enter.

Woman's Work

¶ BUT Motherhood is in itself an occupation. ✽ At least mothers of large families seem to have their time well filled when the energy has been expended that is necessary to the intelligent care of several children, and to the home which shelters them until the children are grown.

And when the children are grown and away from home, what is there for the mother to do? Here is sometimes a tragedy.

Of all the occupations to which man gives his time and energy, there is but one which woman did not originate—this one is war. History does not show that women ever made a profession of killing human beings, nor that they fought or killed except to provide food for their babies.

Woman could through her physical force have been successful in warfare, for she had the muscular power. But she was not aggressively quarrelsome. Her children, their care, and the energy required to make herself and family economically independent absorbed her time and satisfied her desires.

The business of war belonged to males.

It was brute force meeting brute force. However, the means by which warfare is now operated have entirely changed from the primitive one.

Men fight with their brains, not their brawn. Calculus, scientific measurements, mathematical accuracy, knowledge of delicately adjusted instruments, skill in manipulation, stenography, typewriting, nursing, all enter into the business of war as now conducted. Woman's work is required.

Ask Clara Barton.

It is more brain than brawn that is required in war today.

But women do not want war, any more than do wise and gentle men, for their highest and

best desire is for the salvation of the race, not its destruction.

The First Home

WOMAN probably made the first home. It was crude—just a shelter for her moaning, crying, little ones when the storm had been severe.

The key that has unlocked the brain-cells of all women is love.

Mother-love stirred the intelligence of the primitive mother so that she saw where her babies could be sheltered from cold and rain. She crept into a cave with them. They became quiet. They slept and her heart was again at peace ❁ ❁

But their wants drove her out next morning to find food. Again her brain was quickened, as her love for her children made her relieve their needs. ❁ The home was good for the babies: it was shelter, a haven, and the mother added comforts to it—a bed of leaves. Boughs from the trees became covering. Skins of animals made clothing.

The Man in the Cave

WHEN one night a man crept into this home. He, too, wanted shelter, rest and safety.

❁ Possibly a woman always feels toward a man that he needs her care somewhat as does her child. It may be, too, that man feels that a woman is to be cared for as a child. Schopenhauer thought so. However, she was once independent.

In any case, this man remained in the new house—probably because he wanted to. He came and went at will.

Finally he brought his food home. The woman tasted it.

This was the moment when her independence was exchanged for interdependence. Ultimately man and woman became interdependent, a degree of which does not seem to have interfered with their mutual happiness.

One day the light in the doorway of this home was interrupted by the shadow of another man. He had come for the same reason as had the first—namely, that he wanted to. The man in the house challenged his right to enter, and the two males fought until one died.

The conqueror claimed the home as his. He had defended it from the enemy. That it was his enemy, not the enemy of the children for whom the home existed, nor of the woman who had made the home, did not enter into the mind of either man or woman.

In this primitive state woman had strength, and strength in abundance. She had capability equal to her needs and to the needs of her children. The co-operation of the woman and the man gave the opportunity for more wants to develop ❁ ❁

Brain has evolved as the needs and wants of the race have increased.

The Weaver and Her Housebound

WHEN the time came that man provided a part of the food that the children needed, the woman invented and developed industries. She became skilled in spinning and weaving, and finally was called the wife or weaver. The man who became housebound—that is, who came to the home and went at will—was the husband.

The woman ground the corn and cooked it. She made cloth, learned to dye it, and make it into garments. She evolved simple arts. She domesticated animals and raised vegetables, fruits and grains.

She carried produce and her baby from place to place as she needed.

With her own hands she made a crude home from tree-trunks and branches, and made the tools which she used in the preparation of them ❁ ❁

As man took possession of the home, so he took possession of the woman and her children. He has had leisure. His natural method of acquisition has been through conquest.

The woman's first business and her occupation was that of a mother. Her time and energy were occupied with the bearing and care of children. She evolved through the invention and making of whatever ministered to the welfare of her children. The motive power of her activity was mother-love.

The man's work was conquest. He took care of himself, and his surplus energy was given to fighting and taking booty. When he shared the responsibility of the home, it came through his attraction to the woman. His association with the family group developed sentiment for the children more or less enduring.

The government and education of the family was first exclusively with the mother. She taught her children to care each for itself early in its life, to hunt, to prepare its food. She taught them what to eat, what to reject, how to protect themselves from enemies that came to prey upon them. She taught them the relation of one child to the others. All this

was the work of the mother. She demanded obedience and enforced her demand.

When man fought less, the habit of expressing energy caused him to consider the industries which woman had developed. He took possession of them according to his nature of conquest. He took her inventions and developed them. She was busy with her family.

The Home—An Institution

UNTIL a hundred and fifty years ago, the average home still had for its purpose a marked semblance to the original home—a place to care for and teach children. The nursery was the center of thought and it was an institution. Then the first interest of the mother was her home, because it was necessary to the welfare of her children. Children meant home, and home meant children.

The mother was a busy woman. She must provide for her household. If the husband helped, that was well, but in any case she must provide for her family.

A woman of superior energy had a flock of sheep, enough to provide the wool for the clothing of her family in Winter.

The sheep-shearing was an important event in the year's work.

The wool was cleansed, dyed, carded into rolls, spun into thread, woven into cloth, cut and made into clothing.

There must be cows for milk, butter and meat, and tallow for candles; pigs for bacon, ham and lard.

The garden must be productive and furnish food for the Summer. Fruits, vegetables and herbs must be dried and preserved for Winter use.

Wheat, rye, barley and corn must be raised in abundance.

More than enough to fill the needs of the household, the husband might care for in the fields and in the market-place. But the mother protected the home.

The housewife was busy from early morning until late. The seasons brought various events of interest to children and adults.

The mother was a person of importance. She needed little money with which to buy, because she herself supplied nearly all of her needs and those of her household.

Money was scarce, and barter was the usual way of trading; so eggs, butter, bacon or lard could buy luxuries not raised on the farm.

The money from the market-place was taken care of by either or both persons interested. After the ginger-jar was full, other places of safety were made.

The methods, fashions, habits, ambitions, customs and vices of the Courts of Kings and seats of ambitious governments had little to do with the average home. Honest, industrious people had beautiful Necessity for their constant companion. They had few books, and fewer stories that told of extravagance and false or unnatural ideas of living.

All light except that of the sun was expensive, so early to bed and early to rise was more than a maxim.

Everybody had a variety of physical exercise, a multiple of interests, and not enough leisure to grow introspective nor too sentimental. Young people about to marry were not too refined to realize a little what responsibilities they were assuming, and were at least as provident as birds.

In such families there was thrift, much severity and sternness, some kindness, a little love, and there was developed health, energy, ambition, honesty, integrity.

The girls in these families had one destiny—marriage.

There were distinctive standards of qualification for girls and boys. A girl must have chests of linen of her own manufacture, from the raising of the flax to the bleached articles stitched by her own hands and stored away ready for use. This was girl's work and she was educated to it. She must also have blankets enough which she had woven.

The youth provided the house; the maiden made it a home.

The finances of the young couple were no secret. Interested relatives discussed and passed upon the eligibility of each and their fitness for responsibility.

Marriage was more than a social event, and the bride did not exhaust her energies in a series of giving and attending receptions and parties.

People without credit had to live within their means.

As a rule the women were well, for they had healthful occupations, and vital interests engaged their attention.

A girl who did not marry was called an "old maid," and the term was one of reproach. She was supposed to lack genuine worth;

to be incapable, incompetent and most unfortunate. She was practically a pauper. Unless she was the daughter of a rich man she went from house to house of her relatives and they endured her often unwelcome visits. No one wanted dependents then, any more than they are desired now.

The Modern Moloch

UN^{TIL} within a hundred years the history of nations has been a record of the causes leading to war, an account of the battles in these wars, the names and heroic acts of the commanders, the decisions and change in maps caused by the wars made by Kings or other rulers of a country.

A footnote now and then might record, in later times, the invention of some machine or device, the use of which has benefited mankind and partially evolved the race out of its barbaric thirst for blood.

Boys had partaken of the nature of the mother; girls had developed the aggressive qualities of the father, and the race—male and female—became nearer a unit in its purpose and desire ❦ ❦

Modern men learned the lesson the Ancient Greeks learned, that Eirene, the Goddess of Peace, carried in her arms Pluto, the God of Wealth ❦ ❦

Many men turned their minds to industries. Weaving, one of the wife's occupations, became an industry carried on in great factories by men, for the wife was still weaving for her household, spinning, knitting, sewing, cooking and housekeeping for her family at home.

One by one the occupations of the wife became great industries, carried on in mammoth factories by men. The same spirit of conquest that was once used in war was now used in conducting these industries.

The wheels of machinery turned faster and ever faster ❦ One invention crowded upon another's heels, so fast they followed. "Hurry! hurry! hurry! hurry!" sang the wheels.

Faster and faster worked the skilled fingers and more and more alert grew the brain. Man was awakening to a new life.

Barter was a cumbersome mode of trading, so money was made more abundant. More money made more wants, and money made a quicker exchange of commodities.

Luxuries became necessities, and new luxuries were invented, which in turn became necessities ❦ ❦

Men were living fast. "From the towpath to the White House" was a quick journey. From section-hand to the presidency of a railroad on the limited, with no stops at small stations, was a journey which men took. From eating out of a dinner-pail to dining at the most fashionable hotel was an experience many men had.

There were gathered together fortunes that compared to Croesus' wealth as infinity to one.

❦ And all this was called business.

The Crucible

UN^D the home! ❦ It was there where it had been before business was business in the modern sense, but it was different. The mother's primal occupation—that of being a mother—had not changed.

The inventions of machinery and the speed of its running had not accelerated the time it takes for children to grow.

Strangely enough, the burden attending child-bearing had become heavier.

Men had made life easier and still easier for women, until activity in the generous sense was altogether discontinued for refined women.

❦ Sickness was followed by hospital experience, and both by Dementia Protectiana.

Women began to die from the lack of vital interests in life.

The old home had seemed slow to the big manufacturers. It was cheaper and easier to buy the linens for family use than to make them; cheaper, too, to buy clothes, shoes, millinery and gloves. Simple foods were not enough, so cooks were brought in, and laundresses, sewing-girls and the rest of the "Help" required to run an Establishment.

Woman awoke to find her old occupations gone—all but one, and that one became a burden, for it deprived her of this new social life, this expenditure of time and energy for amusement ❦ ❦

Woman tried to keep pace with man in his spending, but not in his business. She became fashionable and developed a love for the beautiful in a new sense.

Personal beauty was at a premium, and man invented ways and put upon the market all kinds of things to make women beautiful, young, attractive, charming, no matter what the foundation to work upon might be.

"On with the dance—no sleep till morn"—It made no difference.

Books became plentiful, so were magazines

and newspapers. Telephone, telegraph, quick transportation, money, ambition, made a new world and a new life.

Men and women are clumsy in adjusting themselves to the new.

Women, particularly, are bewildered. They have been witnesses of this changing condition, rather than an active part of it.

They have sensed—as has man—somewhat dimly that money has become the measure or sign of man's power, that money seems to be the direct route to independence and power; that the wife and mother occupation is the only one not paid for with money.

Byron, even Rossetti, claimed that the gift of poetry-making was of the Spirit—a gift of the gods alone. It was base to exchange the divine thoughts for money.

But the grocer, the landlord, and the clothier were not spirits, and obdurately demanded common money for what they served the poets with. What else could they do but acknowledge that while on earth they must do as other mortals and accept the medium of exchange given for the expenditure of time and energy?

So they emerged from the unenviable position of dependents, paid their debts—a part, at least—living in the world even if they were not of it.

The Measure of Success

FROM twenty-five to fifty cents a word is the price given for the songs of Orpheus today. The more divine the song, the more money is paid and accepted by the Muses.

Great musicians, actors, orators, preachers, teachers demand a high price for the expenditure of their time and energy, and are paid in proportion as the people appreciate the eloquence and wisdom given.

"Is he a great singer?"

"Surely he is. He receives two thousand dollars a night for his singing!" And no more questions are asked.

Physicians, surgeons, lawyers, politicians, business advisers, all have a price for expending their time and energy. The farmer, transporter, trader, merchant, builder, machinist, inventor, miner, street-cleaner, all demand money for their work.

And they receive money for it, or else they are openly acknowledged as failures or go into bankruptcy. When a man ceases to receive

money for his work, he has gone out of business, is independent of his earnings, or is a pauper.

What Is Love?

WIFE has lost her position of independence in the household which was once hers.

If her home is in the city, she has to buy many things. She receives no money for the expenditure of her time and energy. For her personal needs, her luxuries and her household expenses she must depend upon her husband for money.

Woman's natural sphere in life is not that of feeling exclusively, any more than it is of man's. She has work—much work that is hers to do. When this work is taken from her, she has too much time for sentiment and becomes unhealthy.

Love can exist only between equals—people who think alike, work alike and have mutual interests.

Sentimentality exists between an inferior and a superior.

Unequal activity and experience mean unequal brain development. And no amount of sentiment is a substitute for the ability to think and act intelligently.

Neither is sentiment love, nor a substitute for love.

Love has its foundation in mutual interests, not in a passing feeling when youth runs wild. Too much sentiment eats out the heart and wastes the life.

Absorbing work belongs to woman as well as to man.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan in his play, "The Rivals," shows the foolishness of over-sentimentalism. We laugh at the vacuity of minds, as he shows them, when life is given over to feeling.

Sheridan knew the folly of expecting to find angels on earth, female or male. He was a romantic lover himself, and never did he once hint that natural love—attraction—was other than holy, most beautiful and natural.

"All the world loves a lover" and reverences love.

Love is the life element of all activity, the inspiration of all art. The race without it would wither and die. "A power that makes for righteousness" has safeguarded and protected it.

Nature's love can not die. Maidens and youths have mated ever in the past, are mating today,

and will mate until maids and youths shall cease to be.

But to affirm that love will persist through the lives of all couples is to affirm without observation. Civilization has appended a condition to loving which is sometimes a penalty and which Nature has not in her reckoning at all. ¶ To love is the natural destiny of humanity. To idealize each the other is natural. But for two people to live together day after day during their lives, share all the hardships of life, all the successes, think together, agree on all important matters, forever love and respect each other, be friends, comrades and companions, is a proposition too great for Nature to arrange for—at least, she has not made this a law.

"The Things That Are Caesar's"

¶ **OVERS** who marry for love promise anything on their marriage-day. "Love, honor and obey?" yes, a thousand times yes—for that day and happily for many days to come * *

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow?" Nothing is quite good enough for the Beloved, nor is there a limit to what the youth would give * *

But some day, near or remote, Practical Life taps these two on the shoulder and says, "This is the planet Earth. You are subject to her laws * Work, buy, sell, suffer, enjoy, live. There are others. You are two of many."

And they have to heed what she says, willy-nilly * *

What then?
The man needs at least a part of his worldly goods with which he said he did her endow, in his business, and he takes them and uses them * *

She loves him as he is lovable, honors him as he seems to her honorable.

Both are human beings. Neither is perfect. Where each falls short of the other's ideal of the other, there is disappointment. If the marriage is founded on sentimentalism alone, castles and impossible-to-be-realized ideals fall.

¶ In a primitive, natural marriage there seems to enter no element of business—that is, no barter, no sale; it is a mutuality of giving * The proposition of dower, of the father giving the bride to the groom in ceremony, has come with trading, the business of civilization which followed the age of conquest.

The father gave legally the dower with the

bride. The husband bound himself in return to take care of this woman so long as she should live. He assumed a business obligation, which sometimes was the only part of the marriage-vow he could keep.

There are cases, even now, where such security—promise of shelter, food and clothing—is all that the wife desires. This class and women who have inherited a fortune are not under discussion; they are practically minors and not a part of the active, struggling, vital humanity that makes the living world today * *

Companions of Men

¶ **HE** women who are in deep unrest, who are doing things, who are talking and being talked about, are women who are the companions of men, their partners who with them have evolved brain and character.

These women can not be minors. They are neither children nor dependents. They know, as do men, that when you pauperize people you make paupers of them. They are as wise as is the governor-general of the Soudan, who asks travelers to give nothing to his people except on a business basis.

The blood of the father flows through the veins of the daughter, as well as does that of the mother * *

These women are individuals, partly submerged in the struggling, transition period of adjusting conditions to their needs.

You do not think much of the manhood of a man of thirty who goes to his father and asks for money to buy things.

Independent women resent such necessity * A woman who feels freedom in her heart and brain must have a recognized value in money for her time and energy intelligently expended—the recognized price for time and energy intelligently expended:

We have ignored or depreciated the value of the work of mother and wife, except with platitudes of sentiment that no one disputes—a passing word or a poem of praise.

We do honor to the men who can carve a wonderful statue, paint a picture, accumulate a fortune, or conquer in battle. They are the great of the earth. To them we give medals, pensions and rich gifts. For these we erect the Arch of Triumph and make a nation pause to do them honor.

But to the mother who gives her time, her power, her life, and gives to the world the

great men and women of the world, we give a few words and economic dependence.

So far as her independence of action in life is concerned, she has what her husband may give her with which to do the world's work outside of her home. She is dependent upon the mood, the ability and the temperament of her husband for the means to care for and teach the future citizens.

We have put such a penalty upon this occupation of motherhood, have so doomed it to obscurity and oblivion, that thinking women pause and count the cost carefully before entering it as a lifework.

Is it a wonder, then, that we are populating the world with not the best!

"The fittest have never survived," says Luther Burbank ❀ ❀

Go into the nearest public school and count the physically perfect children. Then enter the nearest private school and measure up the perfect there. Then note the women who are wage-earners, where money is paid for their work, and you must conclude that the self-preservation of one's independence is a law of Nature that is very powerful.

It is natural for a woman to be a mother.

It is natural for a woman to be independent. When only one of these natural instincts can be gratified, the stronger will survive.

Woman's Independence

HERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is filled with good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him except through his toil bestowed upon that plot of ground which it is given him to till."

Emerson has stated a law which thinking people recognize.

We are individuals. No matter how great and powerful may be the people who are nearest to us, "no kernel of nourishing corn can come to us except through" our own exercise, our own work.

No woman can keep or develop physical strength through vicarious exercise. If father, brother, husband, make things easy for the woman, lift everything, reach everything, provide everything, she will be physically weaker than man.

It is Law.

But there was a time when women took entire

care of themselves, and added to that the entire care of several children.

In the generations yet to come, the women will be physically strong if men have the wisdom to recognize that "no kernel of nourishing corn can come" to woman except through her own effort.

It is just as impossible for man to think for woman, to decide for her, to create for her, as it is for him to breathe for her. He can do these things only for himself.

There is neither vicarious atonement nor exercise ❀ ❀

All that is done for us we do for ourselves ❀
E. Dana Durand, Director of the Census, has just said:

"We're not going to make the census ridiculous, to please some housewives who think they are employed when they are not. No one is employed who does not earn anything, and a housewife earns nothing. A man or woman earns just as much as he or she gets in money."

¶ Women will not choose the occupations of Housewives and Mothers when there is recognition for them, honors for them, elsewhere, for women are human beings, with the ambitions and hopes common to the race.

In order for men to do good work, their best, a certain response, recognition, is required.

¶ The artist creating his masterpieces in complete obscurity is found in storybooks only. Somebody, somewhere, has given him vital recognition, or there is no great work done.

¶ The eternal quest is the search for recognition ❀ ❀

If women do great work as mothers, as homemakers, as housekeepers, they will have to receive recognition according to the worth of their work, and in the same medium that men receive theirs. They will have to receive money—the measure of power today—for their work, or they will not value their time and energy and will cease to use either intelligently.

Women are human beings first, last and always. There can not be one world for men and another for women, one standard for men and another for women, because they are living in one world, and their life is one. They are not far apart in desire, purpose and potential power.

Inaction is death. Action is life.

Every part of woman's brain should be exercised just as man's should. To make life easy for any one is to give sleeping-potions,

and the awakening is in the tomb of the Montagues * *

Interdependence

ANY statement as to what woman will do under circumstances new to her and untried, is a conjecture, not necessarily fact. Judging from the way women have met responsibility in the past, it were only fair to say that she will occasionally act wisely and well when she has a voice in political matters as well as in finance.

It is safe to say that she will use her influence to abolish war; that she will devote her time to life-giving, health-giving industries * She will not advocate the establishment of military schools, but schools where shall be taught dietetic righteousness, how to get and maintain a balance between the physical, mental and emotional life.

Woman would naturally return to teaching the fundamental occupations—planting, sowing, harvesting, preserving, building, clothing. She was the first teacher * She organized and maintained the first government. There is no part in the world's work that it is not natural for her to do, to be interested in and to be a part of * *

Take this natural work entirely away from woman, and she will become foolish and then die. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Women have used their time and energy uneconomically, wastefully, since they have been denied economics in their life. Their only taste of power has been in spending, and such power has dried the tears of many widows * *

Woman must now learn the price in her time and energy of money.

The race is one. Man and woman are interdependent. Their occupations are one.

Man is masculine and feminine. Woman is feminine and masculine.

There is no human interest that should not be of vital interest alike to woman and man * *

I think I know what Love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think Love is given us so we can see a Soul. And this Soul we see is the highest conception of excellence and truth we can bring forth. This Soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one Soul is, we imagine what all Souls may be—and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul.

Reflections

By Austin Woodward



"HAT will the other fellow think of me?" is responsible for more hypocrisy than anything else in the world.

The cachinnations of the insane are understandable only to the truly wise.

Progress often means to be kicked and cuffed.

Our strength lies in our weakness, and our weakness lies in our strength.

The minute you begin to worry about what other people think of you, you cease to be yourself.

Prayer is not word of mouth on bended knee; prayer is action.

There is greater blasphemy in one single hate thought than in a million mere, verbal oaths.

¶ When you begin to worry, you are beginning to think too much about Yourself.

Those who have suffered most, understand most * *

The eternal-punishment idea is the self-inflicted punishment of those who let others think for them.

The healing tendency of Nature is the abiding expression of the Great Unseen.

Give the under dog a show!

No man can appreciate life until he has known what it means to suffer in silence, and alone.

¶ Getting "stung" is part of the game of life: the point is, are you big enough to take a sting gracefully?

It pays to "keep sweet."

Life with many people is a matter of overrating themselves and their own narrow views and of underrating others.

The Universe is ballasted by the Law of Compensation—the Law of Love.

Companions: those who love and value the same things that you love and value.

No man ever rang true unless he was in earnest.

¶ A million roads lead to Rome. Some of the "bum" ones will land you there first.

You get whatever you give.

The cranky man is always "in wrong"—particularly with himself.

Do not dump your woes upon other people—keep the sad story of your life to yourself.

Long Life in the Profession

By William S. Sadler, M. D.



WE hear a good deal these days about the so-called "return to nature." This nature movement is very good in some respects, but it must be remembered that human genius has made many improvements upon Nature as she exists at present; that is, man in his present weakened condition was dealt with very harshly by Nature in some of her moods. The ingenuity of man has done much to improve the happiness of the civilized races, to prolong life, and to increase human efficiency.

We need all the virtues and hygienic uplifts of modern civilization, minus the vices and excesses of present-day living. Give us the benefit of modern scientific investigation and advanced thinking, minus the immoderation and intemperance so in evidence on every hand. And, too, we want the simplified life in its genuine simplicity, without the fads, freaks and fancies of every crank or ignoramus who may choose to inflict his dogmas upon an unsuspecting public.

Fresh Air and Sunshine; the Outdoor Life

MAN is an outdoor animal. He was made to live in a garden—not in a house. Sunshine is essential to the growth of all forms of legitimate life.

The vital resistance of an individual, a family, or a race of people, is an exact inverse ratio to the number of years they have been away from the soil; in other words, the shorter the time you have been away from the farm—all things being equal—the better your health; and the longer the time you or your ancestors have been "citized," the lower your vital resistance ❄️

Consumption (tuberculosis), pneumonia, bronchitis and catarrh are "house diseases." Man, or no other animal, contracts consumption when living altogether out of doors. The direct ray of the sun is fatal to the tuberculosis germ. These diseases attack only such men or animals as live in houses or barns.

Sunshine and fresh air are essential to animal life. With the exception of fresh, unfermented, unsweetened fruit-juices, sunshine is the only

known substance that will effectually kill disease germs and yet in no way harm the human body.

Oxygen is the vital fire of life. Food is useless without it. However well digested and perfectly assimilated the food, it is useless to the body without the oxygen by which it is burned up within the tissues. Without oxygen, digested food is just as useless as is the coal in the furnace when all the drafts are closed down.

❄️ Bedroom climate is responsible for many common maladies. If you can not work out of doors, then sleep out of doors, or as near to it as possible. Boost the fashion for outdoor bedrooms and sleeping-porches. Sleeping out of doors is a preventive, as well as a cure, for tuberculosis ❄️

Foul air is the curse of modern manufacturing. Take an interest in the men and women of the workshop ❄️ Aid the crusade for legitimate measures to enforce the proper ventilation of all shops ❄️

See that the school-children have fresh air and sunshine. Much of the stunting effects of the city schools is due to poor ventilation.

❄️ Agitate against the atrocious ventilation of churches and other audience-rooms. During the last century, the atmosphere of one church, during revival meetings, was so poison-laden that a single flickering candle was extinguished. This was regarded as an evidence of God's displeasure with sinners, as indeed it was—for sinners who denied themselves the blessing of God's free air.

Natural Breathing, or the Vitalized Air

IT is self-evident that the value of the outdoor life, with its intake of oxygen, is entirely dependent upon the full exercise of the breathing function. It does little more good to go outdoors without deep breathing than it would, when hungry, to go to the dining-table and refuse to eat.

Oxygen is Nature's tonic. We frequently prescribe breathing exercises in the open air for patients who want a tonic. Very few people appreciate the value of natural, full, and deep breathing ❄️

The lungs are the divine blood-purifiers. It is the only way Nature has of purifying the blood. In the place of taking sarsaparilla and other Spring medicines, ventilate the house, go outdoors, breathe deeply.

Do not breathe merely with the top of the chest, as a woman is forced to do when

wearing a tight corset. Let the diaphragm move up and down with every breath, so as to ventilate thoroughly the lungs at the bottom. ¶ Despondent people are always shallow breathers ✽ Bad breathing and worry go together. Get rid of both of them. Getting rid of either one will probably help in overcoming the other.

Shallow breathing beclouds the mind by causing a retention of blood poisons, and places heavy and unnecessary burdens upon the moral nature.

Brain action is heightened and stimulated by deep breathing.

The blood is purified and its circulation quickened by deep breathing. The blood is the vital stream that turns the wheels of life, and it must contain more, by weight, of oxygen than it does of digested food.

Every cell of the body must breathe for itself, but its countless millions of little creatures are suffocated if the lungs are not regularly and fully ventilated by proper breathing.

Superficial breathing decreases the elimination of the poisonous gases of the blood, thereby indirectly, slowly, but none the less surely, exposing every cell of the body to poisoning influences ✽ ✽

Deep breathing aids digestion, prevents dyspepsia, and favors healthy liver action.

Natural breathing is both a preventive and a cure for many forms of constipation, as the diaphragm exerts a downward pressure on the stomach and bowels of about two hundred pounds ✽ ✽

Deep breathing empties the portal vessels of the abdomen, the congestion of which is the chief cause of the "blues." When the blood is long stagnant in these vessels, the white blood-cells become so intoxicated and poisoned that they actually devour their cousins, the red blood-cells, thus giving rise to anemia and debility ✽ ✽

A flat chest indicates not only weak lungs, but in all probability curvature of the spine.

¶ Remember, it is just as important to have fresh air at night and ventilation in the Winter, as at any other time. Night air is just as pure, or a little more so, than day air. Do not forget to ventilate the sleeping-car.

Muscular Exercise, or the Active Life

MAN is a working machine. The study of anatomy seems to indicate that he was never made to sit down.

Physical exercise destroys body poisons and thus favors mental activity and lessens the moral struggle.

Exercise should not be excessive. Be moderate. Do not begin what you can not keep up. It is not necessary that we should spend all our time "oiling the machine."

We think regular, light and useful exercise is far superior to the modern athletics, which are greatly overdone and sometimes highly injurious. The ideal exercise is walking five to ten miles a day out of doors, with the arms swinging freely ✽ The health seems to be better if the regular physical exercise is useful, pleasant and agreeable.

Indian clubs, Delsarte, etc. are good exercises for young girls and invalids (they are useful for the cultivation of gestures), but they are practically useless for the development of muscle and the cultivation of health.

It is the heavy moves that count in the battle for health. Make yourself familiar with some system of self-resistive exercises. In these systems every move counts double. You are working against your own muscles and not against a dead weight.

A daily sweat is just as good for your health as your daily bread.

Systematic physical exercise is absolutely essential to good circulation and sound digestion ✽

Body-work is essential to first-class brain-work ✽ ✽

Muscular exercise promotes complete and regular bowel movement.

Physical exercise is a sure producer of deep breathing. (The average man breathes only one-half his capacity; the average woman but one-fourth.)

Scientific and Sensible Clothing

▶ CLOTHING should be physiologic and anatomic; that is, the clothes should be made to fit the body, and not the body to fit the clothes.

Avoid waterproof and rubber shoes as far as possible. They are unhealthful.

Clothe the extremities well. This advice applies with special force to young girls and women.

¶ Constrictions of the waist, as by the modern corset, favor liver and gallstone disorders, together with stomach trouble, constipation and other serious diseases.

Corsets worn by women, and tight belts by men, interfere with natural and normal respiration and weaken the abdominal muscles ✽



This is Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe in the character of "Nobody" in the play of "Everywoman." In order to be a Nobody you must be a Somebody. To see Mr. Cliffe is a thing to remember long. He gives us intellect, rarely subtle comedy, charming enunciation, and an occasional flash of silence that is packed with emotion. A great actor—and there are n't many of us.

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An Evening Prayer

E beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us awhile longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE FORA



EXPONENT : OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY :



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No. 4

The best service a book can render you is, not to impart truth, but make you think it out for yourself

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THE OPEN ROAD AFOOT WITH THE FORA

Emerson the Skeptic



YOU are spinning like bubbles in a river, you know not whither or whence, and you are bottomed and capped and wrapped in delusions," says Emerson in his essay on Montaigne.

The universe at any given moment is but a dissolving state of consciousness. Behind the arras of dreams there stands a Dreamer, and that there is a Dreamer and a dream are all the skeptic can affirm.

Skepticism is a system of arriving at provisional universals by skipping the particular. It holds to no one thing, but affirms an All. As a particle of salt is dissolved in water, so is a particular fact dissolved in its eternal Idea in the mind of the sage. Your object standing there in space, tangible and movable, has no more substantiality than the gorgeous color-bands woven by sunken Autumn suns. They are part and parcel of the cosmic mirage.

All things seen are but projections of the seer; all truths are aspects of the Truth;

each brain is a facet of the Universal Mind. The universe itself is but an arc of the uncircled eternal. The skeptic works by elimination.

The arch-skeptic is the arch-believer. He may smile indulgently at all your facts ranged neatly in their pigeonholes; but there is a Fact at which he will not smile. He is awed by himself. He will not believe his eyes, because there is an unlidged Eye within his soul that sweeps the infinite spaces. He will not believe his ears, because there ring upon the spiritual tympanum the whispered vibrations of a Law that is not dependent on the atom. He believes little in the rule of thumb and finger. Two and two may make four and an eighth on Jupiter. An extra cerebral convolution might have made it so on this planet.

An Order Built of Chance

THE "order" of the world is an order built of chance. Did the reverse hold true of every "universal" law, we would as dogmatically assert the "fixed order" of things; and we would get along just as well, or better—or worse.

Our reasonings are expressions of character; our divinations are related to temperament, and our widest scientific generalization is but

the orbit of the strongest sun-midge. Processes are eternal; facts are the ephemera of Time. Emerson held to the Processes: what the Processes promulgated he spurned. Our speech is mere cavil. No action is whole and completed. Our real thoughts are untongued. The heart has no lips. Our passions are but the jagged shards of an earthen vessel broken by too much usage. We are doomed to the unutterable. There is repetition, but no "order" in the universe ❀

Up to the steep Matterhorn of these negations the skeptic soul of Emerson toiled till it reached the pinnacle—the Oversoul that canopies all negations; the Oversoul that is unarithmetical and may not be numbered. There he dwells to this day—like the pinnacle of Mont Blanc, still, snowy and serene.

"Life is a bubble and a skepticism," he says in a passionate paragraph. Things reel and sway and pass beyond the senses in the minute. Men lay snares for the Present and are caught in their own traps. Youth girds itself for a battle that is never fought; manhood dreams of an old age that never comes. Childhood is best enjoyed when 't is past. The descent from anticipation to realization is sheer, and our actions are rounded by a leer. Like Faust, we are damned if we bid the present moment stay, and we are damned if we bid it go. Rest is stagnation; motion is dispersive. We are lost either way. If you are as coarse as Belial, or as ethereal as Shelley, you are doomed to doubt ❀

Systems, codes, conventions, moralities are put forth in trust and faith from the larval brain of man, and Time grinds them to smut. As the aspiring flame from Hecla's crater is lost in the pits of night, so are our highest exaltations lost in the swash of the durations ❀ Nothing is fixed. All things are travailing at birth or are entering on the death-spasm. Nothing that is born or dies can be final, and that which is not final is not true. The temporal order is apparitional. Governments are organized instincts—and instincts are sexual and stomachic. That which stands through eternal change is the law of change, and this, too, is tethered to the inner man.

Perspective Shatters Differences

TIME melts to shining ether the solid angularity of facts," says the great Transcendentalist. And this applies to moral as well as to physical facts. A proper perspective

shatters differences. Good and evil differ in time and clime. Shall I choose this or this—and how shall I know that that which I choose is true? What is right in Constantinople is wrong in New York.

Cain and Mary of Magdala are necessary ingredients in cosmic economy. Evil and good are spiritual systole and diastole. There is a vice slumbering in every virtue. Comparative sociology tends to weaken the safeguards which conscience imposes. Time melts scruples, and the conscience of twenty is not the conscience of sixty.

Patriotism depends on the accident of birth. If a man is born in a stable, is he bound to ride a horse all the days of his life? Theft is a matter of numbers: there are statues to Napoleon, but none to Jack Cade. Civilization is the closet where we hide the racial skeleton. Our vices are ancient virtues; virtues are vices that shall be. Altruism is a subtle mode of achieving egoistic ends. Self-sacrifice is the oblation of self to self. Religion is a mood, and philosophy, after all, is but temperament intellectualized. Note the Sherman Act!

A history of human opinion would be a history of mankind's errors ❀ The Galilean system is no whit better than the Ptolemaic. There is an increment of mystery—that is all. What difference does it make whether the earth goes around the sun or the sun goes around the earth, if we have not solved the mystery of motion? What difference does it make whether matter is an expression of mind or mind an expression of matter, if we can define neither term? The gods of the peoples are metamorphic, and scarab and Jove are but names. The telescope of Galileo increased the distance between us and the stars. Microscope, retort and crucible are not as useful as flint and spear and battle-ax.

Each brain is a premise, and what you believe, that is so. Civilization boasts that it has given us social order and humanized us, when in reality it has but subtilized the various forms of aggression. All things tend to complexity and perplexity. The simpler a thing is, the nearer it is to perfection. The Black Fellow can realize his ideals. Lord Byron could not. Highly elaborated cerebral processes beget highly elaborated aspirations. Simple natures start from simple premises, and a highly complex civilization is but a device for increasing human ills.

The Social Order Stagnant

EMERSON tells us that society never advances or recedes. It forever stands. He is skeptical of all "progress." In "Compensation" he riddles the Occident's pet illusion. The Eastern sage repeats the syllable "Om" a thousand times, and is self-hypnotized. The Western gascon bawls "Progress," and is hallucinated by the idea that he is moving in a straight line. There is social dilatation, but progress is an illusion. Mankind is like a blind horse traveling around a circus-ring. To acquire "knowledge"—in its Western sense—is a process of sharpening the claws the better to grip your fellow-man's throat in the competitive struggle.

If you pursue things, Time will devour you; if you stand still, you will devour Time. Emerson's law of compensation tallies with that profound saying of Seneca's, "For it is all one not to desire and to have." This is the essence of skepticism. It denies that any one thing is better than another, and affirms the identity of opposites. Rest on the Oversoul and watch the water-flies flit over the darkling currents of life. Bid no thing go; bid no thing stay; welcome the good and bad—and stand still. Action is founded on fear—the fear of one's self, the fear of silence, the fear of being alone. Action is an opiate, not a stimulant—it drugs the introspective self. Those who sleep, dream, meditate, achieve all that action unconsciously aims at and never attains—peace, calm, the lustral redemptions. Molt hope and fear and you enter the realm of the sage. The particular no longer usurps, and life in the supersensible begins. Opinions become brain-myths, and "forward," "backward" and "progress" the patois of fishwomen.

The Question Ever the Same

THE skepticism of the mystic is born of the idea that all things eventually flow back to their sources. The ages have solved nothing. The same fundamental problems that confronted Æschylus confronted Ibsen. The soul of Plotinus is revived in Maeterlinck. Œdipus and Hamlet were undone by the same inscrutable Fate. Job's piercing shrieks were echoed back from the mouth of Manfred-Byron on the heights of the Jungfrau. The sublime vision that overcame Buddha amid his purple sins sublimated the soul of Tolstoy; and the furies that lashed Orestes with serpent whips scourged Oscar Wilde to

his doom. Marriage, society, government are still open questions. Imago or butterfly, the spirit persists forever. You can not leash the spirit of Emerson to a system, nor hitch his star to a benzine-buggy.

Pessimism is a sublimated, transcendental optimism. The pessimist's ideals are so high that he will not, can not, conform his spirit to this world—the drifting cinder of a burned-up Asgard. Pure optimism is cerebral vacuity tempered by a stomach.

Sordidness of Practical Life

EMERSON disbelieved in the temporal order. Like all the mighty brotherhood, he was at war with the petty and the transitory. In the realm of Space, Time and Circumstance, the worst always happens because the bond-servants of the triple chain are always hoping for the best.

"The Transcendentalist" was a lecture delivered at the Masonic Temple, Boston, in January, Eighteen Hundred Forty-two. It is the great challenge to things as they are. It is not the challenge of the skeptic, but the challenge of the pessimist. It breathes the positiveness of all negations. What is worthy? asks Emerson. Your charities are sycophantic, your governments but organized theft, your civilizations a long train of felonies, and your boasted virtues but sleazy vices. Life is a degradation, and man lives in the slime-pits of lust. "Much of our labor seems mere waiting; it was not that we were born for." His thought is that of Buddha, the Man of Galilee, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Plato, Amiel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. These have all agreed, in diverse ways, on the essential sordidness of practical life. Life on the terms given us is an insult to the soul of man. Hurry us from this "Iceland of negations" into newer, deeper infinitudes, past these mephitic atmospheres! How came we to Molokai? We are the "butt-ends of men," the tailings of gods, celestial sawdust, leavings of past devilttries. I will none of it, cries our Hamlet of the white tunic in sublime disdain. Nor could that subtle-seeing eye be deluded by the vesture of things. "Thou ailst here, and here," said Goethe, sticking his finger into mankind's age-long sores. And thou rottest all over, said Emerson. These mechanical inventions—the gewgaws of a senescent race—shall all be destroyed and leave posterity with as little knowledge of them as we have

of the lost arts of Egypt, a civilization that is not yet cold in death. The seas shall sob their litanies over the places where you now higgie and haggle for your dole. Your temples and shrines shall become sun-food, and you shall sooner count the stars than number the nothings of daily speech.

The Outlook

THINGS will be neither better nor worse in times to come; they will be both. The balances are always kept. Evil will never grow less so long as men cling to the temporal order. Ixion is bound to his wheel, and while the wheel goes round there is no help for man. The things that are tangible are the things that are evil. Good is a negation. Transcendentalism is a negative good. It aims to release the individual. In the Spent Dynamic alone there is hope. On the crest of the final equilibration will man find rest. Life is a series of undulations and "illusion is God's method." Facts are mere bell-buoys on the stream of infinite being. The objective world is gelatinous. Transcendental pessimism seeks another order. ¶ The equilibration that Emerson dreamed of—is it aught but a wraith on the storm-billows? All motion tends to equilibration; yet a state of equilibration can not be preserved; motion begins again. And so are we played upon. The Pythagorean Harmony, the Spencerian Equilibration, the Emersonian Oversoul—are they not identical?

But we will wait. Patience! Our work is not here and the sidereal days are not for us. Passion born of fire, and thought born of pain, and beauty born of sex, and death born of life, mean nothing to us. We smile at your amblings and loathe your chicaneries. We sit with our hands folded waiting a call. If our souls were created for nothing, then to nothing we will return. "If I am the devil's child, I will live unto the devil." We will wait for eons; the waves of unguessed cycles shall foam upon unwombed worlds, and spit us forth in vestments new and strange; and still we shall wait the call of the Infinite Counselor. And if it come, we shall know; and if it do not come, we shall know, too.

When the valleys laugh and sing, it is not the farmer only, but all creation that rejoices. It is a prosperity that excludes all envy, and this can not be said of anything else.—Thomas Paine.

Pivotal Points



NE of the greatest things that Herbert Spencer ever wrote was an essay entitled, "The Law of Pivotal Points."

Down through history there are events that have changed the history of the world.

Lecky, the Irish historian, gives a list of pivotal dates, when things happened and civilization got a list to starboard.

¶ For instance, something happened on the Nineteenth of April, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, when the British marched out to Concord—and not all of them marched back again. ¶ In the lives of individuals there are pivotal points. We grow by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs.

There may be long stretches of fallow time when seemingly there is nothing doing. Suddenly, behold, we take a journey, we meet a person, we read a book, we hear a lecture. Loss comes to us in the way of fire, disaster, death, and forever after we are different persons. The particular event was a pivotal point in our life, and ever after we have a different view of things.

Doctor Maurice Bucke wrote a very wonderful book called, "Cosmic Consciousness," wherein he tried to prove that all the great men of the world are born again; and he gives a list of master minds who at the age of thirty-three were seemingly lifted out of the darkness into the light.

Paul, going down to Damascus to persecute the Christians, was stricken with blindness, and when he recovered sight saw things he had never seen before. It was a pivotal point in the career of Paul—also, a pivotal point in the history of the world.

A few months ago the papers were full of news from Portugal. Revolution was rife, and the leader of this revolution, feeling positive that the tide had turned against him, committed suicide. When, lo! instead of disaster, victory was pounding on the gates, and his colleagues and comrades swept on over his dead body to the success which their leader had not seen. Cato committed suicide on the eve of victory.

¶ Over and over again we find men ready to give up at the pivotal point, when, if they had

just kept on one day longer, opportunity would have busted in the door and had them by the cosmic scruff.

When things get awful bad something is about to happen. Mebbe a baby is going to be born. This baby may grow to be a man who will change boundary-lines.

Opportunity and the Rothschilds

WHAT is a wonderful sonnet written by John J. Ingalls on the subject of Opportunity, but the real fact is, Opportunity does not knock once on each man's door. Opportunity plays a continual anvil on every man's portals—but, of course, if he is knocking at the time he will not hear Opportunity when she knocks ❦

On June Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Fifteen, across the Battlefield of Waterloo strode at least two big men. One was an Irishman and the other a Jew. In truth, whenever anything special is happening, you will always find an Irishman and a Jew around somewhere.

This time the Irishman did not know the Jew, but the Jew knew the Irishman. The Irish are psychic and wonderfully sensitive as a people. But this time, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, did not know whether he was beaten to a frazzle or whether success in a Mother Hubbard wrapper was at the door ❦ Nathan Rothschild heard the army of the Allies singing as they built their campfires. ❦ No French were in sight.

Young Rothschild made the guess that the Irishman had won.

He pulled his saddle-girth two holes tighter, mounted his horse and rode to tidewater, eighty miles, before the sun arose. He gave a note to a man in a fast-sailing sloop who carried this note across the Channel and gave it to a messenger waiting on the other side.

❦ This man sprang upon his horse, galloped away and carried the note to London, sixty miles, in four hours.

The note was to the brothers of Rothschild and contained three words, "Buy English Securities."

They bought, with all the money they had and all the money they could borrow. They stretched their credit until it was ready to explode. They bought at fifty-three.

The official post followed twenty-four hours later with the news that the Corsican was in flight. ❦ English securities leaped to par, and have never since been below.

The move, however, on the part of the Rothschilds made them the financial kings of the world, and made England financially supreme. ❦ This was a pivotal point in the career of the wonderful Rothschild family.

It was also a pivotal point in the career of Arthur Wellesley, the Irishman. It fixed his name and hook nose in history for all time.

A San Francisco Combination

SOME years ago in San Francisco lived two clerks who had a scrap with their employer. One of these clerks was an Irishman, the other a Jew. They gave the Old Man advice, unasked for, and he very promptly and properly fired them both.

It was a pivotal point for these two clerks.

They went down into Chinatown and started a store, employing only Chinese clerks ❦ Whether they evolved pigtails or not I can not say, but both of them learned to chin-chin in Chink, and had the epigrams of Confucius at their tongue's end. Also, they wore their shirts outside their pants, in order to prove the poetic unities ❦

They began to import Chinese goods and sell them to American stores. Later, they moved over to China, and now they control practically all Chinese importations.

Address a letter to "The Irishman and The Jew, China," and it will reach this firm. If you do not know their names and their history, there is no need of my telling them—you would not remember them anyway. Look them up, or ask any man who is familiar with the Chinese trade to tell you about the Irishman and the Jew.

It was a pivotal point that made the fortunes of these young men—a pivotal point idealized and seized upon.

Are things going bad with you? Well, size them up, look them in the eye, and then right about face. It may be a pivotal point in your career.

❦
Dwellers in a wood, almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze, the fir-trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And Winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality.—Thomas Hardy.

Bailey and the Babies



BILL was up in the United States Senate, the other day, to consider the acceptance of a Pasteurizing Milk-Plant, the gift of Nathan Straus to the city of Washington.

The gift could only be accepted by unanimous consent. Every member of the Senate favored the matter, save Senator Bailey of Texas, alone.

In the United States Senate there are just four men, and no more, who possess positive personality. Bailey is one of these, but for prudential reasons let the other three go unmentioned. It will be remembered that Doctor Johnson once approached a man in The Strand, and asked him this question: "Are you anybody in particular?"

No one ever asked the Honorable Joseph Bailey this question. Bailey looks the part. Also, he admits it.

A man of personality is one who decides quickly—and is sometimes right.

Bailey is usually right! But when he is wrong, he is the wrongest man I ever saw. But sometimes, after he has made a wrong decision, he realizes it quite as well as anybody. And sometimes he acknowledges his error and his transgression is ever before him.

The man who has not made mistakes is not in my class.

No man is so wholly right that he can afford to say another man is wholly wrong.

But I think that when Bailey of Texas voted against the acceptance of this gift of the Pasteurizing Milk-Depot, he voted against the babies.

Bailey's argument is that he does not want to pauperize the people through paternalism. In the meantime many babies die, and broken-hearted mothers watch away the dark hours of the night by the pallid forms.

Bailey interposes a sentiment when human lives are at stake. If a man falls off the dock, we do not discuss the tariff on lumber before throwing the drowning man a plank.

Bailey does not take issue with the facts presented by Mr. Straus as to the feeding of infants—he only objects to the Government taking any interest in bottle-babies.

People should feed their own babies, he says, for babies are personal matter.

This is all right, too, but the people are the Government at the last. It is all for each and each for all—or should be.

Here is a great opportunity to do a splendid service for humanity, and for motherhood, especially, and God knows motherhood is no pleasantry!

It is a fact that Nathan Straus has cut down infant mortality, during the dreaded second year, fully twenty-five per cent, in all neighborhoods where he has established his milk-depots.

Government and the Baby Crop

THE Government expends vast sums in education. We all receive bushels of printed documents that we never read. We receive many garden-seeds that we never plant. We get a great deal of free advice from the Congressional Record that we never use.

The Government looks after horses, cattle, swine, poultry. The Government even issues a special brochure on the subject of guinea-hens as song-birds and their economic value for food and millinery uses.

But there is one crop that the Government persistently overlooks, and that is the baby crop.

I hope sometime there will be a Children's Bureau at Washington, devoted to everything that pertains to the health, happiness and general welfare of children.

The Government certainly would make no mistake in accepting this gift from Mr. Straus, who has devoted the best efforts of a long and useful life, and a fortune as well, to the scientific investigation of the milk question. The object of Mr. Straus in presenting this scientific Milk-Depot to the city of Washington is in the hope that it will serve as a pattern to various other cities.

Brer Bailey seemingly fears that Brer Berger is behind this scheme. For the city of Washington to take over a milk-plant for the benefit of the babies would be setting an example for the United States to do a like thing in various other ways. Oho! Also, Aha!

There is one point in this matter that should be borne in mind, and that is, that the city of Washington has no municipal government, but is under the control of a Congressional Committee.

One of the provinces of government is to teach the people. And the objection which Senator

Bailey opposes concerning a city supplying milk to its citizens does not apply to the work of the Government in the city of Washington. ¶ The Government is an instructor, a teacher, a leader, and has the power to take the initiative in these matters of human betterment—and it should. ¶ The Government looks after things when an epidemic of disease occurs. Nathan Straus says that the best time to take care of an epidemic is before it begins. Hence his fight for the babies.

Senator Bailey's Mistake

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S efforts to found a public-school system were met by exactly the same arguments that are now presented by Senator Bailey.

Yet to feed babies is quite as necessary as to educate them. And in truth, Mr. Straus is a teacher of mothers, at the same time that he is a feeder of babies.

This Pasteurizing Depot in Washington would be a school for mothers, where they would be taught the right feeding of their children.

Milk, being a partially predigested food, is especially sensitive to contamination: dust from the streets and from human hands, flies, mosquitoes, bugs, may easily contaminate cans of milk. Scarlet-fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid-fever, and tonsillitis germs are often transmitted through milk.

The second year of the child is the dangerous period. He is especially sensitive at this time, and impure milk can easily visit upon him a disease that quickly snuffs out his life, or sends him through the world crippled and inefficient ❄ ❄

To save the children is a great and splendid duty that we should not be slow to perform. ¶ As it is now, indifference and inertia have society by the foot.

Especially are our colored friends in Washington ignorant of the necessity of a pure milk-supply for their children.

This Pasteurized Milk-Depot that has been maintained for over a year in Washington at the private expense of Mr. Straus has saved hundreds, probably thousands, of children. Many of these were colored; and I am sure that the colored people of Washington appreciate this great work that has been done for them, which probably they could not have done for themselves.

It is too much to ask Mr. Straus to continue this work in Washington. He is establishing

other depots all over the world, and what he wants to do is to arouse enough interest in a community so this community will go ahead and continue the good work that has been begun ❄ ❄

In blocking the acceptance by the Government of the very liberal offer of Mr. Straus, Mr. Bailey has made a mistake. He is standing directly in the way of the best interests of the people. Personally, Bailey would not strike a baby, but this time his heavy boot has trod upon the innocent. ¶ Personally, Bailey is a friend of the babies; he is a friend to the mothers; in fact, he is a friend to every one in his calm and better moments.

In a few days I think Bailey will reach sanity on this milk proposition, and devote some of that exuberant energy that he used in blocking this pure-food measure to pushing it forward. ¶ The babies need Bailey. No political quillet and quibble should here prevail against a great human need.

Herod heard not the cry of the innocent, nor the moan of the mothers. Herod lives in history principally for this fact.

Another there was who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Bailey is big enough to side with the babies, not with the Herods of neglect and ignorance—and I believe he yet will.

An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preachment.

The Porcher



HE genus Porcher, when it evolves into Queen of the Porch, is a curious creature. She is apt to breakfast in bed, but about eleven o'clock emerges and scraps for her chair on the veranda of the Summer Hotel.

Then she retails her troubles to her neighbor, dilating on her maladies.

Her vocation is to catch all passing scandal in the maw of her mind, regurgitating it later for the delectation and divertisement of her kind—male and female.

Her vocation is to put your enemy in communication with your friends.

She knows everything and nothing. This last is strictly true—she knows nothing that is worth knowing. She has a smattering of literature, a jigger of science, gotten from "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and talks French like a cow: an alimoner de luxe with nothing to do, and all the time there is to do it in; a consumer who produces nothing but immoral, mental ptomaine; a victim of high heels and open-work lingerie that reveals charms which would be luscious if they were not o'er-ripe!

At dinner she appears in a wondrous gown, looking like a book done by apprentices of the Woman's Guild, bound in three-fourths pig, hand-tooled in gaudy gold, after designs by Chippendale ❀ ❀

Her shirt-waists are always peek-a-boo exceedingly—the chiaroscuro peculiarly pleasing ❀ Female charms, grown gross and tipped to t'other side, give cause for pathological disturbances, and there are confidential utterances to every man with bushy whiskers who looks like a doctor, as to her experience on the table, for the pleasures of the table have been hers ❀ ❀

To plain, unprofessional people she merely shows her familiarity with ether, which she says she prefers to chloroform, and gives her reasons why. The lingo of the operating-room is to her familiar, and mirrors the spiritual quality of her cosmos.

The moving motive of her mind seems to be a hot desire to drive the waiters to drink, to hurry the chef into paresis, make a mental wreck of the head clerk, and give all good people the Number Six peewees.

All her passions are pretense, her friendships a mistake, her enmity the bite of a bluebottle. Her conversation is worse than to be stripped, Mazeppa-like, and eaten by young ducks.

She would like to be an adventuress, but lacks the nerve, as well as the capacity.

She affects to be religious, is often shocked, and occasionally at lectures tramps out if the argument gets too warm.

The night-watchman sends her to bed, so they can scrub the veranda and partially obliterate her aura; the housekeeper forces her to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, so the chambermaids can put the room to rights ❀ She lodges complaints with the

proprietor every day, and wants all the help bounced immediately and forthwith.

She has no definite ideas except as regards her rights. Her desire is to make trouble; her ambition is to rule the Porch. Mankind is her doormat; the world is her slop-jar; her religion is to badger the busy. The result of her life is that she makes two cockleburs grow where there was none before.

Abas, you Queen of the Porch! The Summer, thank God, is going, the harvest is here. Get you to Gotham, thou obscene Porcher, the Plaza is welcome to your lint-masticating, your fatuity, your vacuity, and your vicarious vice. Out, damned spot! Out, you peroxide bleachment, out, I say! One, two, why, then 't is time to do it. Hell is murky—out!



What is the good of eternally discussing the Future? If God is or is not, we are bound to keep doing the best we can, one day at a time, just the same.



Middlemen and Parasites



HE Reverend Sydney Smith once made up a list of things that we could do without.

It will be remembered that he finally ended by declaring we could eliminate everything but cooks ❀ ❀

Yet Charles Lamb used to go without food in order to save money to buy books.

And Andrew Lang said that if there were no good books in Heaven he would not want to go there. ¶ And who was it that said that if

he had two loaves of raisin-bread he would sell one of them and buy Paul Rieger's Flower-Drops?

Also, we find several modern cults founded on the idea of eliminating cooks by eating raw food ❀ ❀

I know a man who consumes only nuts, raisins, prunes and milk, and he seems to thrive on the diet.

Our ancestors only a few hundred years ago ate their meat raw, and worshiped fire.

Nevertheless, in spite of these quillets and quibbles, the fact remains that Sydney Smith is right—the person who prepares food for the people is a necessity.

Pragmatic Philosophy

LET us define a bit: The cook is the individual who prepares our food for us.

¶ But before food is prepared it must be secured, and so we have the farmer, who evolves the food out of the ground.

In the preparation of hare-soup, the first move, we are told, is to "catch your hare"; to which the would-be joker has written an advertisement for a certain firm that supplies hair-dye, and explains, "The first requisite in dyeing your hair is to secure your hair."

¶ I pass up this persiflage and rise into the higher ether of pragmatic philosophy.

What Is a Middleman?

WE hear much about the elimination of the middlemen, but I have never yet seen a sharp, definite, crystalline definition of what a middleman is.

Technically, a middleman is any one who stands between the producer and the consumer. Most of the people who use the expression "middleman" regard him as an animated example of lost motion, a specimen of economic slack. ¶

No doubt there are several professions and occupations that could be abolished from civilized society with decided advantage, and the change would benefit everybody except the particular persons who thrive through the callings suggested. ¶ The police are always trying to drive certain people out of business.

¶ Edward Bellamy declared advertising to be an economic waste; and he explained that the cost of advertising was always counted in and added to the value of the article, and ultimately was paid for by the consumer.

He then made his calculation that by eliminating advertising the cost of the article to the consumer would be much reduced.

To the argument we make no exception, but to the assumption that all advertising is economic waste a demurrer must here be entered. ¶

Advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity.

If nobody knows who you are, or what you have to offer, you do no business, and the world is the loser through giving you absent treatment. ¶

Life is too short for the consumer to employ detectives to ferret out merchants who have the necessities of life to sell.

People who want to buy things do not catch the seller, chloroform him and cram the orders into his pocket.

Parties who want milk should not seat themselves on a stool in the middle of the field, in hope that the cow will back up to them.

¶ This would be as vain as for a man to step out of his office on Broadway and shoot in the air in the hope of firing into a flock of ducks that might be flying over.

Advertising is the proper education of the public as to where the thing can be found, and therefore it is a necessity.

We are parts and particles of each other, but a little of the kindly glue of human brotherhood is needed to fasten us together. ¶

The policeman who keeps the crossing clear, and at the same time informs us as to the location of the Post-Office and the First National Bank, no doubt is, in one sense, an economic waste. On the other hand, he is an economic necessity. He is a necessary middleman. ¶

He relieves the congestion of traffic, and granting the hypothesis that he does not misdirect us as to the location of the Post-Office, he speeds us on our way.

The musician who entertains us, the lecturer who informs us, and the preacher who relieves all tendency to insomnia, or serves as a social promoter—all are middlemen.

We say that food is a primal need. Next to this comes affection—for we can not love on half-rations. People not properly nourished bicker without ceasing, so love flees and stands aloof, naked and cold, with finger to his lips.

Granting that food is a primal need, food then must be cooked and served. The very simple service of the cafeteria, where you flunko for yourself and pocket your own fee, is a necessity.

Somebody must cook, and somebody must serve. Otherwise, all of us would have to do the thing for ourselves, and then all our efforts would be taken up in the search for eats, and we would be reduced to the occupation of the caveman.

Civilization is a great system of transfers. Each one does the thing he can do best, and works for the good of all.

It is all for each, and each for all.

So any man who does a needed service for humanity should not be classed with the parasites, although he be a middleman.

Business as a Fine Art



THE most important business in the world is agriculture. One-half the people live by cultivating the soil. Food is the one primal need.

Next in importance to agriculture is transportation, because a thing has to be at a certain place at a certain time in order for it to possess value. If a man is on the desert three days from the nearest water, his diamonds are absolutely valueless, his gold is of no avail.

Food separated by distance from human bodies does not command a price. Famine has been in the world's history a common thing, all for lack of transportation.

The third most important thing in commerce is manufacture, which is the combination of raw products in useful form.

The fourth most useful thing in commerce is the business of the storekeeper—that is, the business of the distributor. The cities are all great warehouses where the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea are brought together and from said cities distributed to the consumer.

The fifth most important factor in business is advertising, and advertising is simply announcing to the world in an effective way, where you are, who you are, and what you have to offer the public in the way of human service or commodity.

All live men are advertisers, and the only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer to the world in the way of human service, and such a man is a dead one, whether he knows it or not. Advertising is a legitimate and ethical proposition. Life is too short for you to hide yourself away, mantled in your modesty, and let the world hunt you out. Even the dead are advertisers, for on visiting a beautiful cemetery the other day, I noticed that on nearly every marble slab was given a list of the virtues, talents and beautiful qualities which the dead man was supposed to have carried in stock.

This is what you call non-productive advertising, or advertising from an emotional standpoint ❀ ❀

Personally I do not endorse it. Advertise while

you are alive, and send flowers to the man when he can appreciate them.

We need help to live, but we do not need any help to die.

Death is merely succumbing to inertia.

When the law of gravity gets the better of you, you are a dead one. What we need is levitation, which is the upward pull, not the downward ❀ ❀

Death is no problem, but life is a most great and important one.

The New Virtue

❀ PLEAD for a religion of service—a religion which understands that the only way an individual can help himself is to work for the good of the hive. This proposition is now being accepted in every pulpit of every denomination. The world is being redeemed by the Science of Business ❀ ❀

Business is founded on reciprocity and co-operation. Any other plan than this spells bankruptcy. The successful business nowadays has a heart and a soul.

We are getting acquainted with each other for the first time in history.

Once in the Mitre Tavern Doctor Johnson was seated opposite little Oliver Goldsmith. A man came in and took a seat in the opposite corner. Doctor Johnson said to Goldsmith, "See that rogue over there—I hate him."

"Who is he?" asked Goldie.

"I don't know," said Doctor Johnson.

"Well, why do you hate him?"

And the Ursa Major swayed in his seat and said, "Goldie, I do not know the man, and that is the trouble. If I knew him, I would love him."

And through this fact the world is getting acquainted and men are being brought together. There is now in the world more good-will than has ever existed before.

Good businessmen do not defame their competitors—it is a foolish policy.

In business we realize that only honesty goes. We have tried everything else but Truth; now we are testing this, and Truth will be our last stand. Doctor Eliot of Harvard calls Truth "the New Virtue." Emerson said that to cheat another is to cheat oneself, and to injure another is to injure oneself. Each man is a part of the whole. And this brings us up to the philosophy of Ernest Haeckel—the philosophy of Monism, or the religion of the One ❀ ❀

Self-Interest and the Golden Rule

HERE is only one thing in the world—and that is Divine Energy. Herbert Spencer defined dirt as useful matter in the wrong place, and so we may say that the bad man is a good man who has misdirected his energies. When we once acknowledge that this is God's world, and that we are his children, there is no high or low in human service. We will pity, but we will not blame.

Business is eminently a divine calling. We do not differentiate it from any other calling, no matter how noble, how beautiful, how altruistic * *

There is a romance of business, and a heroism of business, that literature will yet take note of. The antique phrase about the three learned professions will have to go. There are fifty-seven varieties of learned men. To do your work with a whole heart up to your highest and best is an eminently religious motive.

And when in doubt, to mind your own business is eminently ethical and wise.

Enlightened self-interest endorses the Golden Rule * *

The sculptor produces the beautiful statue by chipping away such parts of the marble block as are not needed—it is a process of elimination.

The Revivalist



FEW weeks ago I attended a Revival Meeting in Portland, Oregon * *

The evangelist in charge was advertised as, "The Reverend Doctor John Balcom Shaw, the Man's Man."

The church—a fashionable one—was well filled with a crowd of people, evidently in search of novelty and thrill.

It was religion with a vaudeville attachment, save that vaudeville is honest since it does not pretend to be anything else than vaudeville.

The Reverend Doctor Shaw is no God-intoxicated man, filled with zeal to save souls and yearning to snatch brands from the burning.

¶ Not that. He is a man who took up preaching as a business, and tiring of his regular pastorate turned to "evangelic work" as a business * To make himself acceptable to the prole-

tariat he cuts out everything that savors of the ecclesiastic and plays the part of a prosperous businessman.

Only the sure-enough businessman is no pretender—like a vaudevillian, he is what he is. ¶ The Reverend Doctor Shaw dresses like a floorwalker—mixed gray business suit, an art tie, two watch-charms, creased trousers, and a warm vest. He sports a mustache, and as he gently strokes it, he tells you he knows nothing about theology and cares less.

Instead of impressing you with his learning, he affects to despise the formula.

He is a salesman, a traveling demonstrator, and his business is to whoop up trade for a concern that is surely caught in the ebb-tide.

"A Man's Man"

HE Reverend Doctor John Balcom Shaw is a type. He does and says what the local pastor never dares do or say. He is irresponsibly clever, apt, conscienceless, and without heart, art, pity or imagination. His passion is a pose, his manner a make-up.

His is the style of a curb-broker, a life-insurance agent who issues unsigned circulars on his own account, promising things beyond what the Company ever does.

He deals in bull con. He could "sit in" at a game of poker, be at home in the smoking row of a Pullman, attend a buck banquet, and generally make himself agreeable anywhere. He is what he advertises himself, "A Man's Man," which kind of a man is supposed to be a special lure to the ladies—a devil-may-care sort of fellow, ripe for anything.

Billy Sunday is quite the same type, only more so * *

Theology being in bad repute, this is the new style of tout employed to arouse interest in a lost cause. Shades of Savonarola!

Of course, if this new style of evangelist gave a simple, straight, business talk on this world, it would not avail anything for the Church. The Church wants converts—this man is hired to get them. And he gets them at any cost. His absence of oratory, his bromide jokes, his fun with things churchly, all are simply to catch the unwary with their guard down.

Suddenly he switches and cries, "Where are you going to spend eternity?"

Then he explains that when you die, in five minutes you will be in the presence of God Almighty, to be judged. Will you go to Heaven or "the other place"—the place of torment?

You choose now while you are alive—after death it is too late—too late—too late—too late. This sort of talk tends to unnerve the young and immature. It plays upon their emotions, makes them laugh, and then the Reverend Doctor John Balcom Shaw frightens them stiff and gets their application.

How do they know that he is hired to do this thing, and that for the good of the individual he has no thought! He is just thinking of himself—he kicks up the dust, gets his money, and hikes!

Hell No Longer Fashionable

YOUR modern evangelist does not talk of Hell—the people will no longer stand for that. He never uses the words, “devil” or “hell,” except as jokes. He talks of God and Heaven and the love of Jesus, with a rolling of the eyes, and groans and sighs to intimate your fate if you do not accept Jesus as your Savior. “All unbelievers, doubters, Jews, are lost, lost, lost, and lost for all eternity!” he shouts, and falls on his knees in prayer.

It is a great play for business.

But oh! the shame of it! To inoculate the young with the virus of fear, to spread superstition broadcast like a miasma, to force people into a selfish stampede to save their souls, to make them hate all who disagree with them.

¶ The old-time religious fanatic did not know any better. This man Shaw does. For although he is neither learned nor profound, yet he is intelligent, and he is clever as a thimble-rigger.

¶ Meeting him face to face he would never attempt to put forth his glad tidings of perdition. You can say to a mob what you would never say to a person.

It's just the same old blood-sacrifice, with the emphasis placed where it will not absolutely repel.

Is not the business of the evangelist illegitimate and immoral, since he teaches things that have no basis in fact, truth, nature or experience?

¶ To allow the young to attend “revival services” is to do them a positive harm.

The revivalist is an itinerant theologian, and his work is exactly on a par with that of an augur, an alchemist, a soothsayer and an astrologer.

The basis of an evangelist's business is exactly the same as that of a fortune-teller—no better and no worse.

He boosts a dying cause and booms a superstition—for a consideration.

These evangelists, like the soothsayers in Rome in the days of Augustus, look into each other's eyes and laugh when they meet. They are on to each other and on to the public. If any man loses his soul is it not the modern evangelist? ¶ You will remember that Rostand's rooster assures the hens that if he did n't crow the sun would not come up. And he bluffed the hens and little chicks so long that he finally believed the tale himself. If the Reverend Doctor John Balcom Shaw does n't look out he will become sincere, and believe his own lies. And this will be to lose his own soul.

A splendid woman is usually the daughter of her father, just as strong men have noble mothers.

Thomas Hardy's Women



THOMAS HARDY occupies the same place in modern imaginative literature that Sophocles does in dramatic literature. ¶ The English novelist's characters, especially his women, are the mere playthings of an inscrutable Fate—fine instruments on which Destiny, in her infinite sweeps, pipes a major or a minor and then flings to the cosmic rubbish-heap.

Neither Hardy nor Sophocles has formulated a theory of causation. ¶ Life is a series of accidental relations; effects proceed from causes very imperfectly known; not because this cause must produce that effect, but because the gods have willed that this or that shall come to pass.

To understand Hardy's women we must see them in their relations to his conception of the gods that rule our destinies. Each one of his books is a labyrinthine arterial system, and if we should cut a woman from his pages and attempt to consider her as an isolated personage the book would bleed to death.

An Emancipated Sophocles

HARDY stands rooted in his age, as Sophocles did in his. Differences in apprehending the same broad principles that govern life are superficial differences merely. Hardy is Sophocles emancipated. A modern of moderns, the Englishman was caught in

the very center of Nineteenth Century intellectual activity, and the waters of many streams have flowed into the deep of his thought ❀ ❀

The last was a century of brilliant generalizations in science, of daring philosophic conceptions; a brooding, introspective century, beginning with Childe Harold, Rene and Werther, and ending with Tolstoy and Ibsen; a century that produced, on one hand, those prophets of spiritual chaos, Schopenhauer and Amiel, and on the other the Emersonian pæan and the sublime vision of unending progress glimpsed in the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

From this tangle Hardy has drawn the most mournful conclusions. A blind, omnipotent, non-moral force sways the affairs of men. Fate, to which the Greeks, truckling to the grosser symbols of the current polytheistic belief, gave a local habitation and a name, in the Englishman's pages goes unswathed, unnamed, unnamable, and dwells in infinite spaces, nowhere, everywhere. It is subtle, unappeasable, and rules with a knout. It strikes down here and upraises there. The individual is nothing. Law flows, and the human debris flows with it.

The Nothingness of Man

IN the "Mayor of Casterbridge," this conception of Destiny, of the nothingness of man and of the utter indifference to human affairs of the powers on high, is worked out with supreme art. It holds the same place in fiction that the "Œdipus" does in dramatic literature ❀ ❀

Nemesis, chance, disillusion are the reigning thoughts in this great book. There are no "bad" characters ❀ From the history of Michael Henchard and those involved with him in the mesh of pain woven by the blind powers, we rise in a fury against the forces that dominate our lives. The present presents itself to us as an endless past, where dwells a Gorgon, the Irrevocable. The clanking of chains is heard. Life smells musty. Actions are mere fungi ❀ ❀

Henchard and Destiny

HENCHARD is a good man, as the world goes. For a fault committed in youth while drunk, he is hounded through the years by an unappeasable Nemesis, who works a vengeance out of all proportions to his offense. Each action but the more com-

pletely insures his ruin. The Furies pluck him from place and power, roll him in the dust, lash him into shreds ❀ The man he befriended overthrows him in business and marries the woman he loves. His imagined fatherhood is denied him at the moment of his greatest paternal felicity. In his old age, despised, neglected, driven from the town, a gibe and a byword, he dies alone, cursing himself and all his ways.

Yet this man was upright and feared God ❀ Fate broods over all. Everything is orderly. Event proceeds from event. Trivial actions are freighted with tragic consequences. But there is never a moment when Henchard could have arrested his doom. To do so would have required free will and omniscience. And in Hardy's view man has neither.

Elfrida Swancourt

INTO this web of chance his women take their logical places. They never dominate. Their lives are ordered for them. They are stray angels in hobbles, who stand forever in mortal fear of losing their reputations.

Social law is everywhere in conspiracy against their souls. They are fickle and disloyal, but of necessity.

To be loved is woman's one aspiration, and she is carried along on the stream of her impulses with slight regard for the object of her desire.

Physical propinquity is sufficient to arouse her emotions.

Elfrida Swancourt, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," loves four men in rapid succession, and her disloyalty troubles her very little.

Like almost all of Hardy's womankind, she is in love with love, not with her lover. She is a female Edgar Fitzpiers, the hero in the "Woodlanders," who loves three women at one time. Yet for all Elfrida's vacillations, she is a beautiful creature, a true woman, sinned against by the gods, but never sinning.

"Tess"

IT follows logically that Hardy sees no distinction between "good" and "bad" men and women. These adjectives express relations, not things. Viewed from the standpoint of ultimate consequences, a bad action may be good. There is a germ of evil in all things good. Moral principles are a matter of time, place and circumstance merely. All virtues are exquisite vices; all vices are virtues performed at an unpropitious moment. A

"good" woman is a legal fiction—a legislative invention. There are good or evil circumstances—no good or evil women.

Tess is "A Portrait of a Pure Woman." She was seduced twice: the first time because of her ignorance, the second because her family needed bread.

In the second instance the dilemma is clear-cut: Was she to send her family to the devil or go herself? She chose herself.

If this was not a "good"—nay, sublime—action, then we must recast the sacrificial code.

What judgment, Hardy inferentially asks, shall we pass upon the Power that picks out these women with the supple souls, these vessels of emotion, and damns them with their very virtues—drowning them in their purity?

The Supreme Illusion

WOMAN is the supreme illusion. She beckons on to a divine world, and in trying to attain it, men waste their lives and build the house of pain. This disillusionizing spirit is everywhere rampant in the Wessex novels. Humanity never attains. In the morning of life we dress for a feast. But it is a perpetual postponement. In the evening we sup on the memory of what-might-have-been. We are stripped of our last few rags and prepared for the tomb.

In that remarkable, but little-read book, "The Well-Beloved," the whole mechanism of illusion is laid bare. A man is doomed to pursue for sixty years the Ideal which he believes resides in woman. It leads him from form to form. As he is about to clasp it, it darts away and embodies itself otherwheres and beckons him on again.

Release from the anguish of everlasting pursuit comes only with the extinguishing of all passion; when the intellect, released from the slavery of the imagination, emerges in a calm survey of its feverish and futile past.

The Trivial and Incidental

THE trivial and incidental often decide the fate of the heroines of the Hardy novels. I say "trivial" and "incidental." But to the seer these words have no meaning. In real life there are no worked-up climaxes, few dramatic moments. These latter, when they do occur, are often trivial, and of less importance in the evolution of character than ordinary events, unnoticed and disregarded.

In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" it is not the episode of the elopement of Elfrida, and her love in itself, that wrecks the lives of the three principal characters. It is an incident connected with the episode. In "The Return of the Native," it is Eustacia Vye's momentary indecision in opening the door to let in her husband's mother which causes the death of that personage, the suicide of Eustacia, the death of her lover, and changes the subsequent career of the central male character. A woman's mischievous prank, innocent in itself, in "Far From the Madding Crowd," sets in motion forces which culminate in murder and insanity.

Even in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" the climax is incidental—a mere culmination of things gone before, the momentary incarnation of the spirit of the drama. And yet you see that this pain and sorrow are caused mostly by a silly cast-iron form of morality, built on an ignorance and a contempt for Nature. Here is where Hardy does us good.

Eustacia Vye

THIS men and women thus stand forever in the shadow of an impending doom. The trifles that make up the day's round insinuate, hint, of coming things. Appeal is made to the imagination of the reader. Unity of mass there is always, but it is for you to grasp. A few swift touches; you must infer the rest. Yet your inferences will be infallible. This foreboding prevision is incarnated in Eustacia Vye, the heroine in "The Return of the Native," Hardy's most remarkable feminine creation.

The opening chapter is a description of Egdon Heath, which for sheer power has never been excelled in English literature. This stretch of land, cursed of God, grim, and breathing death in all its aspects, assails the mind of the reader like a live thing and settles down on him like an incubus of the night. He wonders if the sun will rise on the morrow; whether Spring will come again. The dark hollows on this heath rise at twilight to clasp the engulfing night, as though it had a hatred of light. In the daytime things stand out specter-gray. The thickets are tangled blight, the roads highways of care.

Against this Rembrandt-like background rises the figure of Eustacia Vye, who lives an almost solitary life in the very center of Egdon. The child of faded worth, breathing a Byronic

despair, demanding all things, inconstant, imperious in her beauty, she but escapes from one set of hostile circumstances to fall into the jaws of another. In the nature of things, she can never be happy. Her mind is a center of centrifugal forces; she is forever darting away from a welding center. She is one with the heath that is her home, and a child of a century that did not find its spiritual aliment. She is self-slain. Yet upon her the feeling reader will set the seal of his pity. She did not will her nature into being. She is a victim—one of the non-adaptables. She came from afar, and the waters of Lethe had not fully submerged her before her entry here.

Eustacia Vye is the exception among Hardy's women. They are all born renunciants, perforce. But Eustacia was a spiritual Amazon. She preferred quiescence to acquiescence.

Corks on a Current

IT is thus that Hardy's women are woof and warp of his thought. They are nothing in themselves. They are merely corks on a current.

Like his great Greek prototype, this seer and bringer of grim tidings surveys mankind from his imaginative height and delivers judgment. It is better not to be. Impotent days pass into bitter nights, and all life is a vexation. Overhead is the vast dome of a grisly Nature; beneath, insects that crawl to their appointed doom—ruling both, an implacable Fate that neither chastens nor brutalizes, but forever scourges.

It is great art, but it is n't life. Life is full of joyous moments—otherwise we could not live at all. There are two kinds of women—God's and Thomas Hardy's.

I have known a few of God's, and am grateful. Also, I am grateful for not knowing any of Hardy's. But I am grateful to Hardy for the description of his women. Smile, everybody—the worst is yet to come!

ALL success consists in this: You are doing something for somebody—benefiting humanity; and the feeling of success comes from the consciousness of this.

Interest a person in useful work and you are transforming Chaos into Cosmos.

Blessed is that man who has found his work.

☞ Fear less, hope more; eat less, breathe more; hate less and love more—and all good things are yours.

Mental Attitude



SUCCESS is in the blood. ☞ There are men whom Fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords.

But their success is not attained by the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on.

Good health! When you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp.

Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies.

☞ Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

☞ Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a bark is stranded.

☞ When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs.

Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual.

Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—that of courage, frankness and good-cheer.

The only way to get friends is to be one.

☞
EXPERIENCE IS THE GERM OF POWER.

The New Church

By Alice Hubbard



CHURCHES are not self-supporting institutions.

They have been built and sustained in several different ways: by the State; by direct tax upon the members who owned property; by voluntary contributions; by subscription—nominally voluntary; by bazaars, socials, fairs and other entertainments.

The priest or clergyman in charge of the church has had to use great ingenuity to collect his own salary. He has been subjected to the necessity of begging. Often he is virtually a pauper, accepting what church members might bestow. ¶ The Catholic Church, which was made and recognized as an institution of the State by Constantine, has never been without an organization. It has a system whereby a definite tax is levied upon every communicant. The tax is paid, or the member suffers the penalty. ¶ The Methodist Church has its system of collections which can be relied upon. It is almost as sure as the Catholic way.

Other denominations have tried to organize on the same general principles, but no others are so successful.

However, all churches in America resort to begging. Part of the money used to build and carry on the church comes from non-communicants. ¶

Blackmail and bribe, each has played its part.

¶ Businessmen who were church members have given liberally, often beyond their means, rather than ask others to give, and to prevent their being importuned beyond a certain limit.

¶ Today the burden of support for most Orthodox churches falls upon women. Not only are the social duties theirs, but the more laborious task of providing support and work for the clergymen; also, furnishings and improvements for the church buildings.

Church women are very few of them business women, and the unbusinesslike means they use to get money does not greatly disturb wives and mothers, for they are accustomed to similar ways of obtaining their own spending-money. ¶

It is a fact that most businessmen who are

used to making investments where they bring returns, hesitate to put a large sum of money into an institution which is used by a few of the community and only once or twice a week.

True Philanthropy

RECENTLY, a wealthy man said, when asked to contribute to a church: "I will pay five thousand dollars toward this church, provided you will open it seven days in the week, and for the material good of any citizen who will use it. Put into it a reading-room, baths, rest-rooms, and study-rooms with teachers of practical subjects—the trades, housekeeping, home-making, gardening and farming, dairying—and I will double any subscription you bring."

This citizen was willing to make a paying investment, and to take his pay in the benefit to be derived from a betterment to all the people of the community.

He questioned the good to the people of a sermon, singing and prayer twice a day on Sunday. He would not put his money into it.

¶ This man's money represents to him the expenditure of his time and his energy. This is all that any one has to use of life. He valued his life, and he knew the value of the money he had spent his time and energy for, because he had spent it intelligently and well.

This man symbolizes the times in which we live. We have become a practical people, who value life. We know that to make people better now, to make them more capable, more intelligent, happier—and so better—is not an experiment with untried, unsure results.

We know that such people are evolving the race. ¶

But we do not know that people are benefited by contemplating a world to come—a guess-world concerning which we have no facts. ¶ There are hard-working preachers, but no matter how hard they work, they are not necessary in providing food, shelter and clothing to humanity.

In times of famine or distress, preachers are a luxury; men who make the gardens are necessary. ¶

Even Frank Daniels is valuable in times of distress, for he makes the world-weary laugh and forget pain for the moment. The burden is lighter when they take it up again.

Preaching of reward and punishment, conditions in another life than this, is unscientific. It does not engage the vital interest of practical

people, who know that one world at a time is all that any one can use.

Church Bells and Churches

 ONE hundred and fifty years ago, Thomas Paine wrote an essay on Church-Bells and Churches, which caused a great deal of antagonism * *

He insisted that the ringing of church-bells, where all must hear them whether they wished to or not, was undemocratic.

He said that every individual should have the opportunity of voting for or against a custom affecting the public.

In England he objected vigorously to the tax put upon the citizens for a church supported by the State. This, he said, was not only undemocratic, but it was tyranny—taxation without representation.

He maintained that the church was for only a certain class of people, the class that could not worship in the church being no more to blame for having the type of mind they had, than the class who worshiped in the church could help having the type of mind which made churchgoing acceptable to them.

If you could prove that the churches were for the good of all the people, and that all people received good from them, then a universal tax was allowable. However, while only a portion of the citizens attended church, or could attend with any pleasure or profit, to insist that the land on which it stood and the church building should be without tax, and that the clergymen and the maintenance of the church should be sustained by an involuntary tax upon the people, tyranny reigned in England and in any other country where this practise obtained.

A Modern Idea

 HERE is in New England a poor country church, where donations, fairs, suppers, and subscription-papers have become obnoxious to the community.

The preacher who gave his life to so precarious a return as comes from preaching in such a church did not value his time and had little energy. Neither did he have what the people needed or wanted.

But habit was strong upon them, and they felt that the church must be sustained. It was their social center, their meeting-place.

¶ A businessman in the neighborhood, who had been importuned for money and donations, turned his commonsense on the situation.

Then he donated a tract of land for the benefit of the church, and the enthusiasm to lead the enterprise he had thought out.

Men and women, boys and girls, inspired by this man's enthusiasm, made a garden such as this town had never before seen. They forgot the Garden of Eden and the Promised Land in their work of raising vegetables now.

¶ The best that soil, climate and care could produce was grown. All studied horticulture and farming. They sent to Washington for information and seeds.

The women preserved, pickled, and made jelly, from fruits and vegetables they themselves had helped to plant and care for. They studied cooking, foods and food-values.

The community entered into a new era, and men and women found life, and life more abundant. They founded the health habit, the study habit, and had no time to criticize each other nor gossip about their neighbors. It was not a sewing-society atmosphere out there in God's pure air and sunshine. They became like their environment—as we all do.

¶ From the garden they sold to the value of four hundred dollars, which was for the minister's salary—more money than ever he had seen before at one time.

But the great good to all, including the pastor, was that they worked—worked together, went to school together—and their religion was practical, uplifting, holy, because it was useful.

¶ They had made their church society a self-respecting and respected institution, because it was self-supporting.

This is the new way.

The world will be redeemed—when it is redeemed—by work.

 ¶ TRY to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but only by aiding them.

A Race For Life

By Sam Simpson



As the gloaming deepened, the lamps were lighted and the fire replenished. Three or four of us had met by chance in a cosy little retreat uptown, and were disposed to make a night of it, regardless of Bull Run water and the Samoan Snarl. The General was of course, in his unique, inimitable way, the wit, philosopher and raconteur of our impromptu symposium.

On this occasion, inspired by the repeated visits of a convenient Ganymede, his hat tilted back at a perilous angle and a Hyperion bang shading his ample brow, "Lish" was in his best form, and like a Waterbury watch, wound up to run indefinitely.

¶ At last, after coruscating around a wide circle of characteristic topics, he dropped into reminiscences of his early life in Oregon, and regaled us with some richly spiced sketches of pioneer struggles and triumphs in the old Territorial days.

Educational Fads and Frills

¶ "How did you get along without schools in those days?" Lish was asked by some one during a brief halt for refreshment.

¶ "Schools! Why, bless your heart, man, we did n't need schools so badly then as you need them in these filigree, fantastic days.

"There was an immense amount of horse-sense lying around loose in the country at that time, and horse-sense was just what we wanted. ¶ Nearly every mother's son and daughter of us could ride a buckin' cayuse and handle a Kentucky rifle, don't you see, and those accomplishments comprehended about the whole curriculum of youthful training in the heroic, golden age of Oregon. Of course," and here the General stroked his whiskers meditatively, "some of us got tangled in the higher branches and roosted away up on the roof as close to the stars as we could get. For instance, I was a fiddler and a poet—there were no laws against crimes of that class then, and a man could associate with all the nine muses and not be ostracized, as it were—and yet," he continued with a sigh so deep and sorrowful that it made the glasses on the table ring again, "the rosy promises of youth have

not been fulfilled; in an evil hour I traded my fiddle for a coon-dog that did n't know a coon from a cabbage, and my Parnassian lyre wailed itself to sleep at last on the misty shore of forgetfulness! I was ahead of my time, and being ahead have been kicked on and on, ever since, without a chance to plead guilty or stand trial."

A Plains Philosopher

¶ HE wail of the fallen fiddler caromed slowly from ear to ear, and died away in mournful mutterings behind the coal-scuttle. Then the heartfelt sympathies of all were duly extended—on a tray—and the General, in the light and airy tones of a man who had just attended his own funeral, resumed:

"Speaking of schools, however, gentlemen, reminds me of a wild and thrilling episode in my educational career. As you are in better company than you ordinarily reach at popular prices of admission, perhaps you would not object to hearing about it?"

One pale, peripatetic youth looked longingly toward the door, but choked back his emotions. There was otherwise no objection.

"Well, it was a long while ago, and I feel as old—and pretty near as dry—as Rameses, as I gaze down the smoky vista of the past, to the time when I was a long, lanky, young fellow, with poetic aspirations and patched breeches. I was n't a pretty thing to look at, at close quarters, but I loomed up gradually in the dim perspective, and was chuckful of grit and genius. You have all noticed, I suppose, that when a young man fails to pose with brilliant success as a beauty, he finds it necessary to rear back on his genius, and bid defiance to the fool-killer. I was really so homely that the people, knowing not what other name to give it, called me a philosopher. For that reason, the boys were afraid to fight me, and the girls took a strange fancy to me. I was the fashion! There were but few schools in the Territory then. The population was too sparse to support them, and in the country districts embryo statesmen, like myself, were forced to sit on the fence and watch the squirrel-holes when they should have been wrestling with the eleventh proposition of Euclid and the idiosyncrasies of the Greek article. ¶ We lived over in the Salt Creek Bottom, Polk County, now beautiful and productive with culture, but at that time a

wilderness of grassy hills and hollows and swampy lowlands, over which roamed herds of tall, swift, hollow-flanked Spanish cattle, whose long keen horns, keen as Turkish scimitars, flashed in the sunlight of tameless freedom and everywhere made the solitary footman hunt the nearest tree with indecent haste. It was simply madness to attempt a journey of any distance across the range afoot. They hunted by scent as well as sight, and were as keen and tireless as sleuth-hounds and as fierce as tigers.

The Ripening of the Plot

XT was during this reign of bovine terror that I was started on the royal trail to learning. There was a sort of Cayuse boarding-house school at Bethel, fifteen miles away, and thither it was determined that I should go. Our nearest neighbor, "Stock" Whitney, had a daughter about my own age, for whom I had a sneaking but sincere regard, and it was arranged that she should go to Bethel, also, under my protection. We were to be boarders, of course, and the plan was that horses should be sent for us every Friday afternoon, so that we could spend Saturday and part of Sunday at home. I shall never forget those wild gallops across the country with Terlina at my side. My jean trousers were so short that the stirrup-leathers chafed the skin off my ankles, but I was flying mighty high, don't you see, and did n't mind the loss of a yard or two of epidermis twice a week in a noble cause.

"Everything went smoothly for about a month, and then one Friday afternoon the horses failed to come. We were disappointed, but made the best of it, thinking that it would be all right the next time. However, the same thing happened on the following Friday. Side by side we sat at a window and gazed out along the winding trail towards home, until the sun went down and the soft brown shadow of a Summer twilight crept over the rolling hills, and left us in desolation.

"Terlina could no longer restrain her tears, and I joined in the chorus with more energy than discretion, for the disturbance brought the proprietor on the scene and we were ordered off to our respective places of repose. We dropped through the week somehow; but when Friday evening came, with still no message of relief, I became quite desperate and the latent fire of a fierce race of warriors flashed up in me.

" 'Terlina,' I said hoarsely, 'let us get an early start in the morning and walk home!'

" 'Oh, what a good brave boy you are!' cried the fearless little brunette. 'Of course we can walk home, and we 'll make them ashamed of themselves, too.'

"Then I daubed an awkward kiss on her left ear, in the confusion of the moment, and blubbered out something about being ready to fight Indians and so forth for her sake, and so the great plot was ripe.

That Terrible Red Dress

The first glimpse of dawn we met in the kitchen, and stealthily got together enough cold victuals to last us on the trip; then we set out on the familiar trail, just as the wardens of the barnyard began to wake and trumpet the approach of dawn. Dim in the folding shadows before us, the hills rolled away like the misted shadows of the billows of a vast and trackless ocean. We hurried along in single file, and did not talk much. It was too early in the morning for me to be offensively belligerent with respect to the aboriginal tribes, and poor Terlina was only half awake. Lithe, supple and trained to outdoor exercise we sped along at a rattling pace. A faint line of red streaked the East, and then in another moment, as it were, the full blush of Aurora was upon us. I looked back at Terlina and she was such a beautiful true heroine in the crimson morning light, that I was threatened with the blind staggers. I saw something else then, something that made the blood rush to my heart with a dizzy shock—she wore a brilliant red dress! Do you know what that meant? It meant that we were afoot, far from any succor, and actually challenging the Spanish cattle to pursue us. ¶ "I said nothing, but set my teeth and lengthened my stride, ever and anon sweeping the hills against us with a swift and earnest gaze. ✽ The dewy morning brightened into perfect day, and I began to congratulate myself on the prospects of our passing through the first legions of Castile unharmed, when turning my eyes to the left, I saw on the crest of the rolling hill, clear-cut against the blue Summer sky, the statuesque terrible form of a Spanish steer. He had already seen us and began to paw the ground, and bellow, lashing his side with his tail in leonine fury. In another instant that hill was crested with a forest of gleaming horns, a herd of a thousand were at

the leader's side. For an instant they stood in solid phalanx with lifted heads, gazing at us with astonishment; and then kindled into fury by the accursed flame of that red dress, they rushed down the slope, a living storm of bellowing frenzy and thundering hoofs, a mad tempest of tossing horns and lashing tails.

The Race Is On

TORE off my shoes and Terlina followed my example. It was to be a race for life. Off to the right in a direction opposite from that the cattle were coming was a clump of timber. I made a frantic gesture toward it and called on Terlina to take the lead, fearing that I might outstrip her and leave her to her fate. ¶ "She sprang away like an antelope—gracious, how that girl did run! The skirt of her dress cracked like a whip. She leaped away, and then across that rolling prairie there was nothing but a flying streak of red dress fringed with a silvery gleam of white stockings.

"Now and then a hairpin whizzed past my ear, then a red ribbon whipped past my cheek, and the long black hair of my glorious Atalanta fled backward unbound, snapping in the breeze like a buccaneer's flag in a storm. Oh, if we could only stay the distance—if we could only reach that sheltering clump of timber! I was almost sure of myself; lean, long, nervy and as tough as hickory, I knew that I could make those horned demons dig dirt to catch me with the start we had. I only feared that Terlina's strength would fail. It proved farther than we expected to the timber, and the cattle were gaining upon us at every stride. The very earth shook beneath their feet.

The Underground Refuge

N! on! for God's sake!' I breathed huskily, as Terlina looked back for the first time, her face as white as paper. There was a strange humming sound in my ears. The roar of the rushing herd was awful. Their hot breath seemed to scorch the back of my neck. We were plunging down the slope of a gully, the timber was on the ridge beyond, but we could never reach it. My eyes were bloodshot and almost blinded, but I saw at a glance that a stream ran down this gully—in the Winter-time, part of the way underground. I saw our opportunity and with a single bound caught Terlina as she was reeling with exhaustion and ready to fall. Leaping into the dry bed of the stream, where the turfy roof had fallen in, I threw myself into the

natural tunnel where the turfy arch was still stable, and dragged Terlina after me. The maddened herd went thundering on above us, but luckily the arched roof of the water-tunnel held their weight. Their impulse carried them on part of the way up the opposite slope, but they were not to be deceived. Wheeling in their tracks they dashed back again, a struggling, bellowing, fiery mass, and began to paw and gore the earth over our heads, with inconceivable fury, making meanwhile such an appalling uproar that our very hearts stood still. Sometimes we could see those fearful horns burst through the roof. They were feeling for us with those gleaming lances, and their weight must soon crush in the tunnel. We ceased to hope for escape, and finally fell away in a swoonlike sleep.

"When we awoke, all was silent. I crawled to the mouth of the tunnel, and looked out. Not a beast was in sight, and the Summer moon was shining over the grassy slope. There was no danger then, and we made our way home without further adventure."

"Did you marry Terlina, General?" asked one of the listeners, after a breathless pause. ¶ "Naw," replied the great raconteur, with a suggestive yawn; "she married the man that owned the Spanish cattle."

DON'T MAKE PROMISES—MAKE GOOD!

The Way and the End

By Ernest Crosby

THE Way begins in the sense of sin, in self-aborrence and renunciation, in acknowledged emptiness;

It winds through self-denial, through submission and meekness and humility, through patience and long-suffering;

It leads us up higher, past the forgiveness of others and the acceptance of them upon their own terms;

Such is the Way, but it is not the End.

The End is the consciousness of the heaven-born selfhood;

The new self, found and loved in eternal fellowship;

The self-centered, self-sufficient pride of divine manhood;

The glad fulness of exultant, unbounded, everlasting, almighty love.

Horace Traubel

By Percival Wiksell



IN the whole United States there is not another such uncompromising democrat—in the broad meaning of that word—as Horace Traubel. Being a democrat in the philosophical, not in the political, sense of that term, he is naturally an optimist—not a flabby, easy-going, indifferent sort of optimist, with more good nature than brains, but a rather pugnacious, unconventional and sometimes a decidedly uncomfortable kind of optimist.

An absolutely unique, virile, picturesque, wholesome and healthy person—that's Horace Traubel.

In just ten words one of his acquaintances recently summarized Traubel's personal influence: "Whenever I meet Horace Traubel I always say, 'Thank you!'"

Here's a thumbnail biography of that uncommonly interesting man:

Born fifty odd years ago in Camden, New Jersey, across the Delaware River from Philadelphia, he has always lived near his birthplace. "I like having been born," he says. The exact location is quite immaterial to him. His father was of Jewish, his mother of Gentile, stock. The snows of half a century have not matured him, although they have blanched his polar cap. He is still a boy, whose work is his play, and, like a boy, he works to do the thing he wants to do, even though no possible gain is in view and all mature persons tell him so. His manhood began at the age of eleven, when he left school, entered a printing-office and earned six dollars the first week by setting type. He even yet stands at the case and sets up in type part of his extraordinary paper, "The Conservator," composing both thoughts and type.

At sixteen he was foreman of the printing-office of the Camden "Evening Visitor," where he bossed everything, including the editorials and the news-stories.

Then, after a time in his father's lithographic shop, he became paymaster in a factory, and began, as Philadelphia correspondent of the Boston "Commonwealth," writing most of the

editorials and copious prose and poetic contributions. His two years' work on that sheet netted him just twenty-five dollars.

Getting Gear

FROM Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine to Nineteen Hundred Two he worked for wages—eleven hundred dollars was the highest he got as clerk in the Philadelphia Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. While there he kept up his outside newspaper work and his own paper, "The Conservator," now in its twenty-second year. Twelve numbers of that curious publication come out each year, but sometimes the January number appears in April. "It does n't matter," says Traubel; "for I'm so much ahead of the age that a few months makes no difference."

In Nineteen Hundred Two the bank sought to discipline him, under the guise of a vacation with pay and promotion with harder work when he came back, for some tart things he had printed about Baer, who claimed close partnership with God in the coal business. Traubel resigned.

Since then he has devoted himself to literary work. He can write great prose. And sometimes he does. He likes short sentences. The period is his favorite punctuation-mark. He says we talk in short sentences. Why should n't we write in them? His staccato and abrupt style gives the reader a shock at times. It is too much like: "You (period). I (period). All of us (period). Are brothers (period)." On the third or fourth day out, however, the reader usually gets over the dizziness caused by the rocking of Traubel's rhetorical boat.

Aside from his "Chants Communal," a series of songs in prose on the worldwide social and economic struggle, Traubel's greatest single work thus far consists of two big volumes—with five or six more to follow—of "With Walt Whitman in Camden." In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight he began to keep notes of his daily talks with Whitman, whom he had known nearly all his life.

Those notes, taken often in the dark on a folded newspaper and later transcribed at home in a short longhand of his own devising, have come to the world after twenty years like the fresh reports of a morning paper or as a man's life sequestered by a talking-machine and bound in his very skin.

Their publication jarred the nerves of a good many sensitive people. For Walt was very

frank, and Traubel was a good reporter. He out-Boswelled Boswell in detailing the things—good, bad and indifferent, significant and insignificant—which Walt said and did. Lots of people call much that Traubel reported of Walt mere flubdub and flapdoodle. Lots of other people, equally good judges, call it the greatest biography ever written. Walt would n't have cared. And Traubel certainly does n't care.

Whitman's Influence on Traubel

 LOSE association with Whitman and with Whitman's friends has led many to regard Traubel as a reflection of Whitman, but he stands alone without need of any splints from Whitman's fame; and without underestimating the influence of the years with Whitman, we must come to see that Traubel's name and influence in the social struggle has been the leading interest of his life-work, and that he has become internationally identified with the men and movements making for the solution of economic problems. Himself a communist, he sees the steps taken toward the commonwealth of comrades by labor and socialist parties, and since Nineteen Hundred has been closely identified with the leaders of these movements .

Eugene V. Debs recently said of him: "I always can put my hand on him. When I reach out in the darkest night he is always there. When I think of him, as I often do, I always see the sun rise. All over the trip just closed I carried him in my heart of hearts. Every thought of him refreshed me like the sunshine and the shower."

Henry D. Lloyd, after his great speech before the coal-strike commission, wrote to his wife, "Traubel at least understands my speech."

 Brand Whitlock recently wrote, in thanking him for a review of a pamphlet, "Much in your review I wish was in my pamphlet, and I would rather be the author of the review than of the pamphlet."

"Chants Communal"

 HANTS COMMUNAL" has been translated into German and extensively reviewed in Germany. It has been called "the soul of the labor movement." The "Chants" are Traubel's highest expression, and he is proud of them.

Traubel deals with principles, with fundamentals. But what his attitude would be toward such a concrete measure, for instance, as a law providing for compensation to work-

men for injuries received while at work may be inferred from this striking passage in his "Chants Communal":

"The soldier kills. You pension his wounds. You pension his death. The more he kills, the more ornamental the incidents of his rapine, the more his pension, the greater his renown .

"The laborer saves. You condemn his wounds. You ignore his death. His family are not made pensioners. They are made paupers. If the event of his death is sufficiently dramatic, you put him vaguely in the category of 'ten men killed' in the display head of the daily papers. This is finis.

"The soldier's family reports at the treasury. The laborer's family reports at the poorhouse. That is as far along as justice has got."

Traubel's Style

 IS style has been of slow growth. He never cared for mere style in literature. Writing always to please himself and to help in the social struggle, he has developed a style best suited to his motives and visions: first, freedom from all pretense of erudition; and second, fidelity to the speech of the people and to his own vocabulary.

For example, he would never write on paper, "Peradventure we may find some use for the millionaire," because he would never say, "Peradventure we may catch the next train." No word not used by him in talking with his fellows is trusted to do errands on paper for his ideas. A little bit of study will reveal the fact that Traubel's style is Traubel's, and not the outgrowth of any one influence.

One literary editor who has since become his warm friend and admirer, once wrote to him, "Whitman is hard enough to read, but Whitman ten times diluted—Lord deliver us!" In prose, as well as in poetry, his feeling for the symphonic and the beat and rhythm of vital forces is manifest. Read by one who understands them, his poems move the deepest emotions and overcome the critic by means very difficult to analyze. His mind is no lodge of echoes.

Before writing his book reviews he reads the book. This makes quotation unnecessary, for having fletcherized a book he gives us the germinal root ideas of the author often clearer than the author has done, and with a charm that brings from author and publisher the most friendly thanks.

Ellen Glasgow said recently: "I wrote three books to please myself and they pleased Traubel and they succeeded. I wrote two to please my publishers, and Traubel did not like them, and they were failures. I will write no more except to please myself."

"The true individual is one who can isolate himself in a crowd," says Traubel. Some of his most serious work has been done while he was employed as paymaster in a factory to the accompaniment of humming machinery and the stir of business, and as a bank clerk for twelve years he contributed the chief part of "The Conservator" and wrote from twenty-four to forty letters a day. His correspondence with Colonel Ingersoll will make a book in the near future and will reveal another side to that wonderful radical.

A Propaganda of Optimism

JEW writers in America produce more copy than Traubel, yet not a line has ever been sent to an editor for his approval, with or without stamps. Much of his stuff is printed first in his own paper and so gains currency without any financial result to him. He is, however, not an infrequent contributor to the "Sunday Globe" editorial symposiums. Lucrative editorial places have been offered him and invariably refused, because he would not compromise his freedom to utter his radicalisms in his own way.

Optimism—wholesale and retail—is the central stream of his propaganda. No exposure of evil or stupidity dims his vision of the basic nobility of his fellows. No critic who honestly jumps on him creates anger or resentment in his heart. "My stuff may be bad or it may be good, but by gee! it is the best I can do, and I have never written or changed a line to please any one but myself," he said to me.

Hundreds of letters of praise from all parts of the world are perhaps responsible for some of his smiling patience with critics, for his desire to help others to live is crowded between his lines until it reaches the place intended and brings him the wages he works for.

He values comradeship and loving friends above all else. His determination to carry out his vision against all outside opinion earns for him dearest friends. His freedom from belittling habits of men—smoke, dope and parlor-tickets, hatred of dress-suits, flat smiles, empty compliments; his power to dissolve care and worry from the hearts of all who come

into his joyous presence—reminds us of the same qualities in Whitman.

Free verse has become his sole medium of poetic expression and is gaining a wider reading than any formal verse could ever give him.

Traubel's Personality

TRAUBEL'S personality overflows all description and reveals a new mold for each new person who comes within the widening circle of his comrades. Pretense to learning or presumption of wealth are bars to his friendship, but no natural person is alien to his door. He says of himself in speaking of Zangwill's "Melting Pot":

"I am not glad or sorry, being an American. I am glad I am a human. I like having been born. It seems to me nice to have come out of somewhere here for awhile and to go somewhere again to keep up the habit of living. But coming out of a Jew somewhere or a Christian somewhere to go again to a Jew or a Christian somewhere would not especially elate me.

"I get enough from the general joy not to crave a special dispensation. I stand by being born nondescript—being born not by a miracle but by birth. If I can help any to make it unnecessary for any man to be proud or ashamed that he was born a Jew or a Christian, I will do it. If our Republic helps, good for the Republic.

"I am myself racially the result of a fusion. My father came of Jewish and my mother came of Christian stock. When I have been about where Jews were outlawed I have been sorry I was not all Jew. But I must say that I have never felt sorry I was not all Christian. I guess my Jew half is a three-quarters half. Where persecution is, there you should be, there I should be. I love being a Jew in the face of your prejudices and your insults. I hate being a Jew in the face of freedom and hospitality. For I want to see the distinction obliterated. But we can't obliterate it by lying."

His Home Life

TRAUBEL'S wife is as interesting as he, and his one daughter, Gertrude, is as talented as her parents. She has never attended school, but at the age of twelve she had read more and thought more than most high-school graduates. World movements interest her profoundly. She has her own ideas on all subjects. One night she stayed awake until two o'clock, until her father came home, to get the news from Russia:

"Did the czar hear the people?" she called to him from the top of the stairs.

"No," answered her father; "the soldiers shot them down."

Was there another child in all America that night so moved by the sorrows of a people far away? She is now eighteen years old and a teacher of music.

Traubel is a great walker. He can walk all day. He is a great talker. He can talk all day. He can stay awake twenty-four hours at a stretch. He never wears a vest or an overcoat. He is short and stocky—"built like a dachshund," he says of himself. He complains of nothing. Heat or cold have no effect on him. Willing to wait for recognition, he does not expect to sell the world any literary wares the world does not want. But much of his work has found hearty recognition in Europe, where "Chants Communal" has been translated into other tongues. Many of his poems are familiar to the Japanese in translations.

Immortality is the undertone of all his songs. Doubt never enters his mind that every human being is journeying toward something good

Courage comes only to those who have done the thing before.

The Light That Did Not Fail

By Melville E. Stone



HERE is a never-ending fascination in the study of organic energy. The apparently indivisible atom, inconceivable because of its smallness, as well as the mightiest planet in the universe, equally inconceivable because of its vastness; also, every human thought and every moral aspiration—those strange impulses which seem to float into the brain and heart from a mysterious nowhere—all of these forces, both material and spiritual, are obedient to the will of the Great Master, doing His bidding and responsive to His intelligent purpose.

The Puritan movement was a striking illustration of this fact. We are now able to look back through the ages and see how, step by step, the world had been unconsciously preparing for such a development. The uplift

was slow, the road was tortuous, the struggle was hard, the battle was bloody, and the people were all unmindful of what they were doing. They little dreamed that in their lives, and the part that each one played, be it great or be it small, they were working out a solution of the mighty problem which had been set for them. Such is the mysterious way in which God moves His wonders to perform.

The Greatest Deception in History

LET us in a moment run over the centuries to see the chain of events which led up to the Twenty-first of December, Sixteen Hundred Twenty—the shortest day of the year, that on which the sun shone its briefest hour—but a day pregnant of great issues and to furnish a flood of light to a benighted world. ¶ In the elder days, Confucius and Plato and Buddha had glimpses of the Divine. ¶ In the largest sense, Christ came to His own and His own received Him not. His rejection as the promised Messiah, His betrayal, and His tragic death are of small consequence compared with the terrible fact that for the succeeding fourteen centuries His sublime teachings came to naught because the world refused to understand or accept them as He would have wished. ¶ Scarcely was the scene on Calvary over, before a changeling Christianity took the place of the rightful heir in the cradle of civilization. ¶ Christ's own followers made the first mistake. Instead of teaching, as their Master had done, that devout thinking and devout living were the ends to be attained, they formulated their worship into the Church at Antioch, with its Bishops and Elders and Deacons, and thereafter the form began to answer for the substance. The so-called conversion of Constantine was a disaster, for then the unfortunate alliance of Church and State began. ¶ The power and stability of a government was, of course, immeasurably fortified when to the usual and temporal punishments for disobedience were added the threats of eternal torture. The specious argument of Augustine, proposing the substitution of church authority for that of the crumbling Roman Empire, was all that was needed to complete the tragedy. Thus have we been deceived by history. These events have been accounted as great blessings, while, in fact, they were fraught with dire consequences. ¶ We have not time to consider the story of the Dark Ages. Nor is it needful. We must all,

whatever be our viewpoint, recognize the lapse of Christianity from Christ's standard. We are all familiar with the many earnest, but futile, efforts to right things. Every holy order of the Mother Church is a surviving evidence of an attempt to correct.

Warheit in Fortschritt

 **N** the East Coast of England lies the County of Norfolk, with its capital, the fine old city of Norwich. Away back in the days of William the Conqueror, a company of Dutch weavers had settled there, and had planted the seeds of independent thought and action which in time grew to large proportions. They came from that little corner of the world, which has been called "the cockpit of Europe"—these particular ones being from Flanders. North Italian influence was strong in the Netherlands. A century before the Christian era, Netherlanders had joined the Cimbri in their invasion of Rome, and when defeated by Marius had taken up their residence in Lombardy. These sturdy Lombards had been fighting for freedom for years, and had already established a "parlamento" at Milan. They drifted back down the Rhine to its mouth and carried thither their looms and their spirit of independence. An ancient statute of Friesland, still extant, declares that "the Frisians shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands." The continued drift to the adjacent town of Norwich on the English coast was an easy and natural one. The people of Norwich were always an unruly lot. Edward Coke, a Norwich boy, came to be Chief Justice of England; defied the King's proclamation; stopped royal dictation to the judges, and wrote the great Petition of Right, which in the end brought the head of Charles the First to the block. Horatio Nelson, another Norwich lad, came to be a captain in the English Navy, disobeyed orders off Cape Saint Vincent, and won an Admiral's rank and undying fame. Tom Paine, still another Norwich youngster, drifted to America, inspired the Colonists to revolt, and then went to France and fanned the flames of discontent there. More important than all, however, Norwich was the Bethlehem of our present-day government and our present-day Christianity. Nearly two centuries before Luther, the Lollard movement had passed over from Holland to Norwich. In the middle of the Fourteenth Century these same Dutch weavers—the wise men of

the East of England—were the most zealous of John Wyclif's followers. There was preached to a sympathetic congregation his propaganda for vital piety and the separation of Church and State. There and then the fires were lighted, which were destined to flash around the world. A goodly number of martyrs went joyously to the stake. The battle was on. Thenceforward we can see what the Germans call: Warheit in Fortschritt—"Truth on the march."

The Spirit of Wyclif

 **N**E day Henry the Eighth tired of his Spanish wife Katherine. The Pope refused a divorce. He broke with the Mother Church and married a Norwich girl, Anne Boleyn. This girl's mother was the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. If you remember that the Spanish Katherine's daughter was Mary Tudor, while the Norwich Anne Boleyn's daughter was Queen Elizabeth, you will see how the thing worked out. All the time it was the spirit of the Spanish Cavalier against that of the Dutch weavers. When Wyclif's dead body had been dug up and burned, it was believed that there was an end of his heresy. The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica says that forty years after his death his influence was extinct. Poor history that!

The weavers were continuously at work fashioning a fabric of enormous worth to all mankind, a fabric frequently dyed in a martyr's blood. And the Dutch printers—they too were busy. They were printing Bibles before Luther was born. Amsterdam was little more than a hundred miles from Norwich, and there was constant communication between the two places. Thus it was that each weaver had his Bible, which he prized above all his other possessions. They were known in England as the "Bible men." This went on until the English Court Printer succeeded in having his Government forbid the sale or use of the Dutch Bibles. Secret Bible-reading and secret worship naturally followed.

Robert Browne

 **THOMAS BILNEY**, Latimer's most trusted coadjutor, went to the stake in Norwich in Fifteen Hundred Thirty-one. Like their shuttles, the weavers went flying back and forth between Norwich and Holland to escape persecution, and to spread their views. Although it took a century and a half for the seed which Wyclif planted to come to

fruitage, there never was an hour when the weavers were idle. In Fifteen Hundred Fifty-five, Hugh Latimer himself went to the stake at Oxford crying out to his companion, as he embraced the flames, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man, for we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as (I trust) shall never be put out." ¶ Only five years later, one was born who was destined to snatch up that candle and bear it aloft. This was Robert Browne. When scarce twenty-one years old, he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, and this took him to Norwich. He soon caught the spirit of the place. It was ever a hotbed of revolt. By this time the Dutch weavers constituted more than half the population. For a hundred and fifty years they had refused adhesion to either the Roman or the English Church, and had worshiped secretly or openly, as they dared, in an independent congregation. At this time the local bishop happened to be a tolerant man, so the weavers had established a public church, and to its pulpit they called young Browne. In less than a year, however, some one was sent down from London to stop the business, and then, as they had often done before, many of them scurried off to Holland, taking Browne with them.

Saints and Sinners

MUCH has been made of Browne as the founder of a Separatist movement. This is a mistake. The movement was nearly two centuries old when he came to it. The Norwich folk had been steadily at work all the time. Their light had never failed. And Browne was a pretty weak and unworthy person at best. In Holland he wrote some forceful books, which were secretly introduced into England, and had influence, but later he recanted, went back to the Established Church, and died peacefully within its fold. ¶ Neither shall we, if wise, give too much glory to the Puritans of Queen Elizabeth's day. They were as bitterly hostile as any one else to these Norwich Separatists. They joined hands with the bishops to exterminate them. A young man, John Robinson by name, went from Cambridge University to Norwich to preach. Of course he caught the infection, and, after four years, the Archbishop silenced him. It was a time of bitter persecution in England, but of the largest liberty in Holland. ¶ The war between Alva, the bloody Spanish

cavalier, and William, the Stadtholder, was over. The Dutch Republic, with freedom of worship, of press, and of school, was in full swing. One after another the Separatist Congregations had been banished to the Low Countries. About the only one remaining was that of John Smyth at Gainsborough. William Brewster, postmaster and master printer of Scrooby, ten miles away, and William Bradford, fustian weaver of Austerfield, only five miles away, were members. Thither Robinson took himself from Norwich. In Sixteen Hundred Six, that congregation followed the others to Holland, and those remaining organized a little church in Scrooby Manor House with Robinson as pastor. Two years later, they in turn escaped across the North Sea.

The Congregation at Scrooby

NCE more, too much has been made of this Scrooby Church, and of John Robinson himself. The congregation soon lost its identity in Holland; Smyth apostatized, and on more than one occasion Robinson was ready to return to the Anglican Church. Again, as ever before, it was the sturdy weaver who kept the candle aflame. It was Bradford who led the Pilgrims out of Leyden. He picked up Brewster at Southampton. And of all the one hundred and two souls on the *Mayflower*, these two alone can be identified as ever having belonged to the congregation at Scrooby. In writing history, we are ever searching for a leader. It was the very essence of the Pilgrim movement that it had no authoritative leaders. Browne and Smyth and Robinson did not create—they were created. Guided unerringly by a great principle, the people went on with or without the co-operation of their pastors.

The Weavers in America

IHAVE but little more to say. I shall not trace the history of these people in America. You are all familiar with it. Like the Children of Israel, they went into the wilderness to prepare themselves for the Promised Land. In some sense they were a highly educated company. They had that sort of education which Aristotle says "makes one do by choice what others do by force."

We all have our moments when we would turn from the wearisome and dangerous struggle to an alluring and an enchanting peace; from self-denial to self-gratification; from the anxieties of the Roman Capital and the privations of her battlefields, to the Nile banks,

the arms of Cleopatra, and the lotus-leaves. We have our moods when we sigh for the repose and comfort that is to be found in a protective paternalism. Such was not the spirit of the Pilgrims. Plato's pathetic story of the dying hours of the Athenian democracy, when, under the ministry of Eubulus, "a life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of the citizens was withdrawn from serious things," did not in the least apply to them. They were what Plato called "the small remnant of honest followers of wisdom." Unwilling to buy peace or ease with dishonor, they came to the horrors of a bleak New England wilderness. They would not submit to the arbitrary laws of an English King, yet they imposed upon themselves the most rigorous laws the world has ever known. Well might these laws be called, as they were called, the "self-denying ordinances." They laid deep the foundation of a self-governing people, under which every one should enjoy the largest liberty in respect of his relation to God, but where every man should be obedient to law in respect of his relation to his fellow-man. And yet I would not have you believe that they alone were responsible for this Republic. The late German Ambassador once said in Berlin, "My father was a German, my mother Scotch, and I was born in England—that makes me an American." The Pilgrim influence was of limitless value, but it was the attrition and admixture of the Huguenot and Scotch-Irish blood which made us what we are. Bradford, the weaver, as Governor of the Plymouth Colony, brought strength, and religious freedom, and obedience to law. But the Huguenot refugees, who gave us of their loins Francis Marion and the two Laurenses, and the Scotch-Irish, who gave us Andrew Pickens and the two Rutledges, brought a softer and more human and more fraternal spirit. All of these factors went to make up the sum of virtue which characterized our forebears.

The Weaver Spirit

THE finest expression of the weaver spirit on American soil was in the congregation of the old "Circular Church," of Charleston, South Carolina. The Massachusetts people turned Roger Williams out for defending "soul liberty"; here English refugees from Holland, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and French Huguenots worshiped in perfect harmony

And what did they not do for the world? Spain, in the persons of Cortez and Pizarro, returned gold as the result of their adventure. The Pilgrims, the Huguenots and the Scotch-Irish returned human liberty. When the cry of Latimer swelled into a mighty diapason, as the organ tone of Milton rolled around the world, Pilgrims from Massachusetts Bay were back in England, voicing the anthem of freedom. It was Franklin and Tom Paine who stirred Paris to revolt. It was at Washington's side that Lafayette learned the lesson of liberty—and out of the French Revolution came parliamentary government to Continental Europe.

These, our fathers, in storm and stress, through privation and suffering, prepared for us the blessings we now enjoy. If, mindful of their lofty example, we recognize that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," these blessings will endure. To no one as to us comes the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Martyr and persecutor are usually cut off the same piece.

Education and the College

By Elmer T. Clark



WOULD like to be a cartoonist and draw pictures and things. I have a cartoon in my head, and if my hand could respond and draw the sketch it would be well for me—my name would go sounding. I would call my picture "Progress," and it would illustrate the world marching on to civilization and better things. The dominating element of my cosmos is humanity, so in the very front of the cartoon, leading the world and all things forward, I would place myself, and following me would appear all those who think as I think. Then would come the world with the great mass of folk sitting quietly by—letting school keep without interference. Slightly in the rear I would place all conservatives: subsidized politicians, mossback

lawyers, orthodox preachers, and the like ✨ Finally, bringing up the far rear, I would place the college presidents of today. And I would have these learned men attached to the world with a rope. And there they would be, their heels digging deeply into the ground of the past, tugging vainly to hold back the automobile ✨ ✨

The American college never pushes forward; it always pulls backward. Our great seats of learning do not lead the march of the times; they do not even go along quietly: they always have to be jerked. They are never moving any faster than they are compelled to ✨ Since colleges were established when civilization was young, every concession and progressive step has been wrung from them after a fight and a protest. They set a premium upon theory and sneer at things practical. They would much rather have a student submit a thesis upon success than to have him go out and achieve the thing for himself. A college degree is a thing which the institution uses to bribe a student to suppress himself. Any businessman, and this is a business age, will tell you that a high-school graduate is the boss of an army of degree men. He has a foundation under experience. He knew what he wanted and went after it—and obtained it.

The Blanketing of Initiative

✨ IN doing things theory can not stand against experience. And yet the colleges keep on prescribing the course to be pursued by one who would have a degree. That is the reason the degree is accounted worthless. They go on the theory that a student is callow and does not know what he wants—so they will assist him by giving him what he does not want. It is a scholastic crime for a student to give evidence of a desire to have a voice in anything that concerns his own welfare. A professor has a phrase stereotyped: "Young man, you are young; I am old and have had experience. In matters of education depend upon those who are educated." It is much like the saying of a theologian of mediocrity: "You are young now; in after-years you will think as I do." In other words, don't dare to have or express a thought until too old to have one. Colleges insist on prescribing the course. One professor of science told me that a man could never hope to be an electrical engineer without a complete knowledge of English and German. Until colleges decide

to confer their degrees upon the completion of three or four years of elective work, they will continue to send out soldiers armed with shields and spears where the battle is raging with Winchesters and battleships.

Colleges are cesspools of immorality, where the students receive most of their vicious habits. That is true because the frat and college coat appeal far more strongly than the curriculum. They consider college life a joke and know they are not being educated. Too many students know nothing of life and care less. Responsibility means nothing to them, because experience is lacking. There should be a law providing that every applicant for admission into any college should not be under twenty-one years of age, and that he should have previously earned his living unaided for a period of not less than one year. And it would be still better if every student should be forced to work his way through. I never heard of a demerit or a reprimand falling to the lot of any student who knew life and responsibility ✨ Every "prank" is a product of the youngster. Hazing is the asininity of the mollycoddle.

A College Without Restrictions

✨ HE college of tomorrow will be one where frats are barred, and where the students are too high-minded to wear college clothes. There will be no yells, no slang, no intercollegiate athletics. Students will center on higher things—they will not be trying to lift up the institution, because the institution will be glorified through helping her students. I know of no college now that is not prouder of her athletic record than of the record of her students, and that does not glory more in a football victory than in all the greatness of her graduates. In the college of tomorrow there will be no preparing to earn a living. The students will already have earned a living and will be preparing to live. Greatness is living, not doing. It is selfish rather than altruistic. A man deserves no praise for doing good unto others, for all service is selfish. The man who serves does far more for himself than he does for the other. The reflex influence of a good deed is all that is worth while in life. Greatness is living in another's life through a good deed. Education is not to teach us how to do these good deeds, but to teach us how to enjoy the blessings coming back—so it is selfish. Education is appreciation ✨ If one

can read Shakespeare and deeply appreciate it, he is already an English scholar. The real mission of the college is to make the nature of its student sensitive to the good, the beautiful, the true, the noble. It takes a nature supersensitive fully to enjoy reflex blessings. Education is making "thy kingdom come on earth"—for Heaven is a life that is lived eternally in another's heart. An educated mind receives a shock when something rude is encountered—a slang word grates and an error of speech is detected instantly and always. No educated man reads the sporting papers—they are not printed for that class of readers. ¶ Some day we will have a college, and it will no doubt be something like Valparaiso, with all restrictions removed from the course of study, and other variations. When it appears, orthodoxy will lift its hands in holy horror and mediocrity will sneer and carp—and thus will greatness be proven. Have a care how you ally yourself with a thing that comes highly recommended, and if the commendation be from orthodoxy reject it altogether—for good things and great do not come that way. Greatness comes announced by a hiss and accompanied by hatred. When anything really good and great appears, the rabble immediately begins to stir the hemlock and to weave the thorns ❁ ❁

❁
Music vibrates through a man's being and rouses him to a higher life.

War as the Mother of Valor

By Andrew Carnegie



❁
E still hear war extolled as the mother of valor and the prime agency in the world's advancement ❁ By it, we are told, civilization has spread and nations been created, slavery abolished, the American Union preserved. It is even held that without war human progress would have been impossible ❁ The Answer: Men were first savages who preyed upon each other like wild beasts, and so they developed a physical courage which they shared with the brutes. Moral courage was unknown. War was almost their sole occupation. Peace existed only for short periods,

that tribes might regain strength to resume the sacred duty of killing each other.

Advance in civilization was impossible while war reigned. Only as wars became less frequent and long intervals of peace supervened, could civilization, the mother of true heroism, take root. Civilization has advanced just as war has receded, until in our day peace has become the rule and war the exception. Arbitration of international disputes grows more and more in favor. Successive generations of men now live and die without seeing war; and instead of the army and navy furnishing the only careers worthy of gentlemen, it is with difficulty that civilized nations can today obtain a sufficient supply of either officers or men.

In the past, man's only method for removing obstacles and attaining desired ends was to use brute strength ❁ The advance of civilization has developed moral courage. We use more beneficent means than men did of old. Britain in the Eighteenth Century used force to prevent American independence. In more recent times she graciously grants Canada the rights denied America; and instead of coercing the Dutch in South Africa, wins them by granting self-government. The United States also receives an award of the powers against China, and finding it in excess of her expenditures, in the spirit of the newer time, returns ten millions of dollars. Won by this act of justice, China devotes the sum to the education of Chinese students in the Republic's universities. The greatest force is no longer that of brutal war, which sows the seeds of future wars, but the supreme force of gentleness and generosity—the Golden Rule.

The pen is rapidly superseding the sword. Arbitration is banishing war. More than five hundred international disputes have already been peacefully settled. Civilization, not barbarism, is the mother of true heroism.

In our age there is no more reason for permitting war between civilized nations than for relaxing the reign of law within nations, which compels men to submit their personal disputes to peaceful courts, and never dreams that by so doing they will be made less heroic.

When war ceases, the sense of human brotherhood will be strengthened and "Heroism" will no longer mean to kill, but only to serve or save our fellows.

❁
LET THIS BE A WORLD OF FRIENDS!

That Famous Decision

By Elbert Hubbard



I was the Sixteenth Day of May, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven ❀ ❀

Two robins were building a nest under the eaves of my bungalow, where I sat writing. ❀ I leaned out of the window and watched them.

Just then a Standard Oil wagon turned into the yard, and the driver filled my gasoline-tank and left me a five-gallon can of lubricating-oil.

The NEWS had been telephoned out from Buffalo ❀ ❀

I called to the driver of the tank-wagon, "Billy, how do you like the decision?" ❀ "Rotten!" he shouted back. "Rotten! That Ump did us up for sure, calling strikes on us a dozen times, when a blind man could have seen they were balls!"

I saw that he was thinking of the ball-game of the day before, where the Niagara Falls Elephants did up The Roycroft Invincibles, twelve to one.

He climbed up on his seat, picked up the lines, cracked his whip and went jingling away, whistling as he went.

No decision in a far-off lawsuit disturbed him. ❀ He will deliver oil tomorrow, and next week, and next month, and next year.

Also, he will attend the ball-game and root for the home team.

He gives good goods and good measure, and his prices are reasonable.

I have no kick coming, and neither have my neighbors who deal with him.

Interdependence

THE day the Famous Decision was rendered, The Standard Oil Company paid its stockholders a dividend.

The day after the decision, Standard Oil Stock had advanced on the market several points, in probable anticipation of an early melon-cutting ❀ ❀

So far as the business world is concerned, the decision is null, nil, vacuous and void ❀

It is a technical legal victory, and as usual in lawsuits, both sides lose. Nothing in all the wide world is so unproductive as litigation.

❀ The Standard has on its payroll about three

hundred thousand workers, which means that it feeds more than a million mouths.

To disturb this vast business fabric would work untold misery on a great number of people.

Well did Bernard Shaw say that if the German Army should get a footing on English soil and loot the Bank of England, it would break every bank in Berlin.

The relation of society is one of interdependence ❀ ❀

For the Government to turn business-baiter would be to wreck the prosperity of the Nation, and make our land of freedom a byword and a hissing.

America occupies her proud place among the Powers on account of her ability to produce, refine, mine, smelt, plow, create, and do business ❀ ❀

Give us a fair field, and no competition feazes us ❀ ❀

The ability to do business successfully turns on organization.

The Standard Oil Company has a superb business equipment. It has taken up the economic slack, eliminated lost motion, and utilized the by-product in a way to excite the envy of Christendom.

To wreck this concern would be deliberate treason, or lunacy ten times compounded ❀

That confiscatory fine of twenty-nine million dollars was a bad break on the part of a hotly zealous person, ignorant of economics, and unmindful of the best interests of the people.

❀ Legal pillage led by the government would paralyze trade and send us back to the Dark Ages ❀ ❀

We have doubtless made mistakes, but as a people we must go on, not back.

A Righteous Judge

THE decision of Chief Justice White, to me, is wise and right. It was the only thing the Court could do and still hold its place with the people.

The Sherman Act was conceived in a wave of popular populism.

It is still on the books, a derelict in the fairway of progress.

But it is there.

The ignorance of the many, fanned by the fetid breath of the demagogue, makes it unsafe for any political party to dynamite the Sherman Act ❀ ❀

But the laws of trade are as sure and as certain as the Laws of Nature.

In very truth, the laws of trade are the Laws of Nature ♪

Progress sweeps on past the static Sherman Act—grounded in the mud of the past.

Can the Supreme Court call progress back for a new score?

Indeed it can not, for above the laws of Man are the Laws of Nature. ¶ It is as vain as to legislate against the Law of Gravitation.

Xerxes lashed the waves with the chains that he had used to bind the hands and feet of men.

¶ Canute forbade the flow of the incoming tide. But the tide came on, oblivious and unmindful of old Papa Canute.

They should have read Job, who a thousand years before said, "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion, or say to the sea: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!'"

Chief Justice White knows the Laws of Nature, and he also knows the heart of the proletariat, vaccinated as it is with socialistic virus.

The man in the ditch, educated by those busy sons of Mendax who run gamboge journals, thinks progress and prosperity lie in curtailment and limitation, with less work and more pay.

¶ The cry for a dead-level mediocrity is in the air. To go on, and yet dip our colors to a popular fetich, was the part of a wise and judicial diplomacy. ¶ Every good judge has one ear close to the ground.

We are ruled by public opinion.

We must lead the people, and we must be of the people.

This man in the ditch has a vote, whether his wife has or not. Also, he is a producer. He is a deal more necessary to civilization than are, for instance, the three learned professions ♪

I may laugh at him, but I do not scorn him. We have much in common. I can not afford to lose touch with him.

Chief Justice White is a very wise man. His tribunal has not lost touch with the people, and at the same time it has set the lights so we can go forward.

The trusts are here, and they are here to stay. Every department-store is a trust. And the newspapers that howl loudest against the trusts owe their prosperity to the fact that they have successfully copied Standard Oil methods in their organization.

The trust is decentralization. It is dividing a big institution up into departments, each one looked after by a separate manager.

The limits of human endeavor demand this. In order to give the best possible service to the people it must be so.

Knowing these things, and still hearing the hoarse roar of the mob, Chief Justice White gives a decision that is agreeable to all parties. Everybody scores!

The yellows flash their vicious headlines, "The Octopus Destroyed," or "John D. Wiped Off the Map."

But all the time the robins are building their nests under my eaves; the merry lad on the tank-wagon replenishes my gasoline-tank and whistles, "Every little movement has a meaning all its own." The workers get their pay-envelopes; and we all play golf or go to the ball-play on Saturday afternoon.

Not a Bad World!

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE might have ordered The Standard Oil Company to move over to Twenty-three Broadway. Instead, he ordered them to buy thirty-three tin boxes, and keep each subsidiary company's papers separate, instead of putting these all in one safe. ¶ The decision is a little like the fond mother who calls, "Johnnie, you come right in here out of the mud!"

Johnnie, with a will of his own that presages the making of a man, shouts back, "I won't!"

¶ And then Mamma calls again her final decision, "Well, stay out there, then—I will be obeyed!"

Chief Justice White orders the Company to dissolve, and he graciously gives six months in which to work the change.

Some one had to suffer for the sins of the corporations, and The Standard Oil Company was made the scapegoat by unanimous consent.

¶ And all that is asked is a change in the methods of bookkeeping. The piled-up prejudice and rolled-up hate of Ida Tarbell, producing uric acid in the popular ego, demanded that something must be done. ¶ The Standard will build a new steel bridge, without disturbing the traffic that plies over the old wooden one.

John Wanamaker erected a magnificent modern structure, right over his old store, and never disturbed the daily influx of buyers. ¶ Chief Justice White allows The Standard Oil Company to do the same.

In the meantime, the man in the ditch is n't out of work, and the yellows yell at him that he has won a great victory.

And he has. He lives in a safer, better, and brighter, kindlier world than ever before ✽ The Supreme Court of the United States has safeguarded him against his own hasty ignorance, and it has done it without compelling him to quit work, and without incurring his resentment ✽ ✽

In the meantime, the wise non-producing fight-fans hold post-mortems on the bleachers and tell of how it was done; the populists joy-ride with aid of safe and cheap gasoline, their lilacs gleefully playing in the Summer winds. Light, heat and power are ours as never before; and under the window of my bungalow two robins are hatching their brood, fearful only of some bird-baiting legal tomcat, but filled with fond and loving anticipations of a coming day when the wings of their young shall spurn the happy air.

It is a pretty good world after all, and I am glad we are here. But viewed from pale Luna's light, our antics might make the man in the moon laugh like a Roman augur, as he cranks his starry risibles and throws the astronomical clutch into his second speed.

The Logical Result

IT was time the Standard reorganized, anyway ✽ The idea of the subsidiary companies, each one working as a unit, but all making report to a common head, was good in its day.

But there is something better.

A big business can be better managed by separating its activities into separate companies according to functions.

This is seen in the fact that manufacturing and selling are now two totally different branches of trade, and can not be best managed by the same group of men.

The concern that makes the goods should not be harassed by having to sell them.

The boys who sell the goods will do better work if they know nothing but what they are told of the factory.

I prophesy that The Standard Oil Company will be reorganized on this general plan, not of each company being a complete unit in itself, but each company will represent a certain branch of the industry.

Thus there will be a

1. Standard Producing Company.
2. Standard Transportation Company.
3. Standard Manufacturing Company.
4. Standard Sales Company.

Selling is the most difficult department of any business, and to meet the exactions it is quite likely that the Standard will have several selling companies, each one devoted to a special line of goods.

The men who owned the Standard Oil property before the reorganization will own it afterward.

¶ The plants operated before the reorganization will be operated afterward, and they will be manned practically by the same people.

¶ All the work, save bookkeeping alone, will continue untrammelled ✽ The tide of light and lubricant will flow unvexed to the sea.

✽

No person utterly miserable ever did a great work.

✽

Opportunity

By John J. Ingalls

WHATEVER MASTER of human destinies am I:
Fame, Love and Fortune on my foot-
steps wait,

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of Fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to Failure, Penury and Woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

By William H. Eddy

FOOLISH is he who says that at his door
I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,
Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away,
Glad to escape him—to return no more.

Not so; I knock and wait and o'er and o'er
Come back to summon him. Day after day

I come to call the idler from his play
Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then
One, if he hear again and yet again,

Will tardy rise and open languidly.
The rest, half-puzzled, half-annoyed, return
To play or sleep, nor seek nor wish to learn
Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

✽

To talk well is a talent, but to be a good listener is a fine art.

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
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Vol. VII

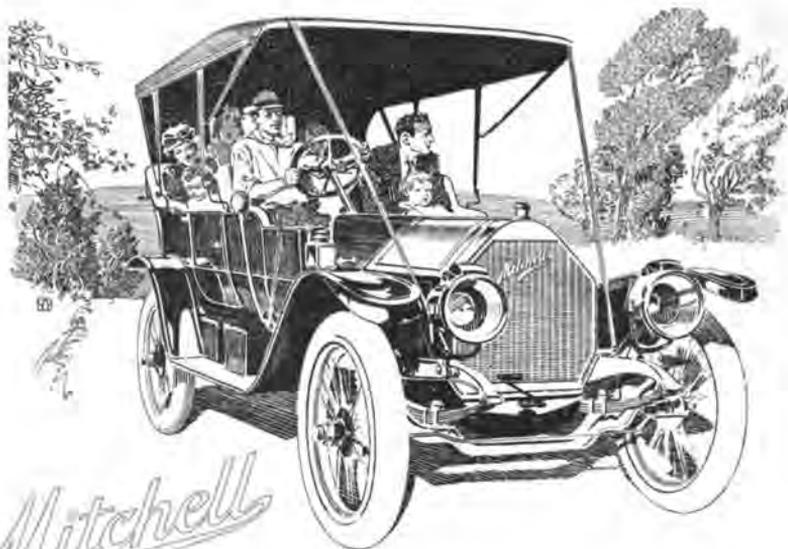
AUGUST, 1911

No. 5



FRANZ LISZT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



Mitchell

5-Passenger Touring Car, \$1,500

Ask the maker of the high-priced car to tell you, *on the square*, why he does n't reduce his price to *somewhere* near its actual value. If he's on the square, he'll answer: "Too late now. It would be a confession of weakness. We don't dare."

In other words, he has educated you to believe that *price means quality*, and if he jars your dreams he'll lose his business. Did he make his price high originally with the idea in mind that if he ever was forced to reduce he could lop off a thousand or so and still have a fat profit left? Anyhow, that's what he can do any time he wants to, and the chances are you'd hurt yourselves grabbing for his car. He holds up his prices, on the contrary, because he knows you'll pay them.

When we started to build cars eight years ago, we could have used the high-profit plan and gotten away with it easily, only it happens that this concern has been dealing with the American public for 77 years on the honor plan. The Mitchell Farm Wagon is known to nearly every farmer in America, and he is familiar with its honest materials, honest workmanship and honest price. Well, the same institution—and its descendants—are making Mitchell Cars, and they are selling them on the same basis as they sold farm wagons.

We could n't double our prices today very well because you've been educated to believe that Mitchell cars mean reasonable prices and legitimate profits. But that high-priced man can cut his prices in two and still make more money than we do. You can argue until you are gray on this subject; but truth is truth, and always will be.

The high-priced man can afford to fill your car with beautiful accessories—fill it so full that you can't find room to sit down—and include them in the list price, but he does n't look at it that way. He believes in making hay while the sun shines. If we doubled our prices on you today we'd be taking money from you that we're not entitled to, and even at the prices we charge we're giving you as fine materials as the other fellow with his high-priced car. And this is so absolutely true that you need n't look for any denial.

More than this: Mitchell cars reach you fully equipped, ready for instant use, and the equipment is included in the list price. Not only that, but we have a Make-Good policy that is so far ahead of that one year's guarantee that there is no comparison. We state definitely what we will do, and then we do it if the occasion arises. But the guarantee states that it will do anything and everything that you ever want done.

The Mitchell equipment includes magneto, top, five lamps, generator, horn, jack and complete set of tools. So that when your Mitchell arrives you don't have to rush to some high-profit supply man and spend from \$150 to \$200 extra on equipment. The Lord knows, if there is such a thing as an honor car, the Mitchell is the one.

Then, *what are you going to do about it?*

Prompt deliveries guaranteed. All prices F. O. B. Racine.

Mitchell Six, 7-Passenger, \$2,250; Mitchell 5-Passenger Touring, \$1,500; Mitchell Roadster, \$1,200

THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE AT THE PRICE YOU OUGHT TO PAY
SILENT AS THE FOOT OF TIME

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THE FRA

EXPONENT : OF
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AUGUST, 1911

No. 5

I believe in the hands that work; in the
brains that think; in the hearts that love

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Some History & a Conclusion



LONG in the Nineties, one of his old G. A. R. Comrades approached General Otis, owner of the Los Angeles "Times," and asked the General to help his boy learn a trade.

The General told him to send his boy around to Mr. Chandler, the Manager, and he would give him a chance to become a printer.

Now, the General was not familiar with the attitude of Unions on the part of apprentices, and Chandler did not care to wake the General up on the subject. So when the General instructed him to put this boy to work, he followed the line of least resistance, just sending the boy upstairs—presumably to learn a trade, but really to get rid of him.

The printers naturally resented this flagrant violation of their rules, but they did not care to get into an argument with the General; so they adopted the policy of ostracism, and whenever the boy would come near a printer,

a case, or a machine, work would cease as long as the boy was around.

Nothing was said, but he was tabued, and being a high-spirited boy it took about one week of this to finish the kid in that shop. ¶ The facts did not reach General Otis until seven or eight months after, when he happened to remember the incident and asked how the boy was getting on.

All he was told was, "Oh, the boy! he quit in less than a week."

This made the General feel as though the boy was not deserving. * The consequences were that the next time the General saw the boy's father he told the father his boy was no good.

This angered the father, and brought out the truth. * *

The General went down to see Chandler, to inquire about the facts, and found they were practically correct as the father had stated them. * *

That aroused the fighting spirit of the old man. He called his men in, and told them that he had no objections to their running their own affairs, getting all they could for their labor, organizing for the purposes of betterment of

their condition; but when they interfered with the rights of an American boy to learn a trade they had him to reckon with!

To show that he meant business General Otis put six boys into the plant. Result, strike!

But the General was wise. He worked the whole story up into good newspaper copy and spread it broadcast.

These things occurred somewhere about Nineteen Hundred.

The Citizens' Alliance

THIS was the beginning of the fight for the Open Shop in Los Angeles. The fiercer the battle, the better the old General enjoyed it.

At that time there were practically no industries in Los Angeles of consequence, outside of the Baker Iron Works and the Llewellyn Iron Works.

Union labor was not much interested in Los Angeles, as the Union leaders were all busy at that time in fixing up matters in Frisco.

The General's fight for the freedom of the American boy attracted so much enthusiasm that he has built up one of the best-paying newspapers in the United States. Of this there is no question, and it was mostly done on this fight. It attracted to him the best men in the country, and you have only to look at his paper to see the result. I understand he is paying as much as two hundred per cent on his stock—and he himself owns most of the stock.

There was no antagonism against the "Times," outside of the local issue, up to about Nineteen Hundred Three. That was the year that the present Mayor of San Francisco, P. H. McCarthy, was elected President of the California Federation of Labor.

The Citizens' Alliance came into California about this time, with Herbert George of Colorado as its head, to fight the tyranny of the Union Labor leaders.

The Huntingtons—who owned the street-car interests around Los Angeles and Frisco, as well as the Southern Pacific System—were behind the Citizens' Alliance movement.

The fight between the Citizens' Alliance and the California Federation of Labor is history. It was a long and very bitter battle. The Open Shop Idea won, and General Otis had his revenge.

One incident, indicative of the spirit displayed, was the fight against the Denver Wire and Iron Works, which had a branch in San Fran-

cisco. There were contracts let for the building of a sky-scraper, and the Denver concern had a contract signed for some twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of work. The material was made and put together in Denver.

McCarthy went before the general contractor, and told him that no material would be permitted to come into the State of California and be erected in buildings that was not made in a Union Shop; and this caused a refusal to accept the material of the Denver Wire and Iron Works, not only in one instance but in several, and the Denver Wire and Iron Works went to the wall.

After the alleged earthquake, the Frisco people decided to put up steel structures, and the American Bridge Company—a constituent company of the United States Steel Corporation—got into the market, and there was a merry fight; but the United States Steel Company, having unlimited money behind them, and men, succeeded in putting up buildings there despite this opposition. It is openly stated, but not proven, that even they had to buy their way in.

When the International Typographical Union decided to make a universal demand for an eight-hour day in newspaper offices, they naturally looked to California, and they succeeded in placing the eight-hour day everywhere except in Los Angeles. They could not get a foothold there, and Otis was the one man who kept them out. They had no Union paper there then, and no chance to get one.

That Fight Fund

AS President of the California Federation of Labor, McCarthy was drawn into this controversy; and Lynch of the Typographical Union, and McCarthy went before the American Federation of Labor, in convention assembled at Denver, and asked for support in their endeavor to enforce the demands of the International Typographical Union upon Los Angeles. The whole matter was threshed out in executive session, and it resulted in the establishment by the American Federation of what is known as the "Los Angeles Fight Fund," and the injection into the city of Los Angeles of several of its militant organizers.

Previous to this action, Hearst went into Los Angeles and established a branch of his business there. This gave the International Typographical Union a Union organ and an eight-hour paper to start on.

Previous to the instances just related, there were no what you might call overt acts committed. There was no slugging, no dynamiting, nor any destruction in Los Angeles, and so far as the outside world knew there was no trouble. ¶ But immediately the funds began to be placed in Los Angeles, and the Militant Organizers arrived, trouble began, and has continued up to date. The fight waxed bitter, and culminated in the dynamiting of the "Times" building, a few months ago, when twenty-two lives were destroyed in the fraction of a minute.

A Wheel Within a Wheel

THE question is often asked, "How does it come that the fight against the 'Times' by the International Typographical Union can be twisted into the destruction of the building by the Structural Iron Workers and the McNamara crowd?"

Let us go back a little for that.

Previous to the formation of the American Bridge Company, which occurred about Nineteen Hundred Two, the Structural Iron Workers and the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers of North America had everything their own way. They are a rough class of men, careless of life and property, and drawn mostly from the class of sailors who were crowded out of their occupation by the introduction of steam for sailing vessels. ¶ The officers of the organization ran the price per hour up from twenty-two cents to as high as seventy-five cents per hour. And as the price of labor went up the work deteriorated in quantity as well as quality, and the Bridge Companies and the erectors of the country were at their wits' end. The workers were drunk on success, and their one animating motive was to get as much and do as little as possible. The employers' interests and the rights of the public were waived or scouted. Some one formed the American Bridge Company—which is a consolidation of Keystone, King Bridge and other large companies—just to handle this labor problem. The smaller concerns, left on the outside of the trust, found themselves up against it. So they formed what is known as the National Erectors' Association, of which Walter Drew is the active head.

They decided, after they had come to an agreement with the American Bridge Company—about Nineteen Hundred Three or Nineteen Hundred Four—that the time was ripe for them to try to get control of their business.

So in the city of New York they began to make preparations for the Open Shop, in the erecting of buildings.

The Erectors' Association had quarters in Union Square, and during the fight of the first year their headquarters were blown up with dynamite six times during the Summer. ¶ But the National Erectors' Association won its fight in New York City for the Open Shop, and cleaned out that class of structural-iron workers who were causing all the trouble, and these men, out of a job and sore, drifted West, like the tide of Empire.

This was particularly true after the earthquake. In the early part of this trouble the American Bridge Company entered into the California market, and succeeded in putting their buildings up with Open-Shop material.

When the fight was being centered upon the Structural Iron Workers' Union, the headquarters were moved to Indianapolis—which was made a sort of home of international headquarters of various Unions.

At one time there were as high as eleven there.

¶ All labor-unions have a community of interests, and all these that have headquarters in Indianapolis are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, of which, of course, as we all know, Mr. Gompers is the head.

We now come to the point of the destruction of the Los Angeles "Times" building and the various dynamiting outrages. There have been in the last three years sixty-seven cases of dynamiting, where bridges were destroyed. ¶ But in no single instance has there been destruction of bridges or buildings where there was not a controversy on between the open and closed shop idea.

In other words, where the work was being done under the control of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, there never was any dynamiting. But in every one of the sixty-seven instances that were published by the New York "World," the work was being done by non-union labor in opposition to the Structural Iron Workers' Union.

Now, as to the community of interests, and the connection between the International Typographical Union and the Structural Iron Workers: In the unionizing of Los Angeles, or rather its attempt, the whole matter was under the control of Plug Hat (P. H.) McCarthy, who recognized that as long as Los Angeles was not under the domination of the California

Federation of Labor, his control of the State was not complete. In his address before the Federation, in convention at Denver, he promised if given support and control of money, he would whip Los Angeles into line, and through the American Federation of Labor over one hundred fifty thousand dollars was collected and spent in this effort.

The fight was on through the International Typographical Union, which gradually spread under the auspices of the California Federation of Labor. The original fight of the International Typographical Union then became a fight to unionize every trade in Los Angeles, and naturally embraced the Structural Iron Workers, on account of the erection of steel skyscrapers. Naturally, the Los Angeles "Times," being the voice of the opponent of the closed-shop idea, and being a powerful one, was the red rag to the bull. And it was openly stated that the stumbling-block to the success of Union Labor was the "Times."

The International Typographical Union has made a fight for the eight-hour day in every part of the country, including Canada.

There has been lawlessness, but never dynamiting except in the Los Angeles "Times" instance.

The Llewellyn Iron Works' explosion is another instance wherein there seemed to be no connection between the Structural Iron Workers and the Company, but in this instance it was the machinists and allied trades that had a grievance.

At the same convention of the American Federation that took action in creating the Los Angeles Fight Fund, there was organized a Metal Trades' Division, which meant that the various trades working in metal under one roof or in one city would have a Federation and a community of interests under a head which would have power and authority over and above the authority granted by trade autonomy.

The Metal Trades took in machinists, molders, blacksmiths, structural-iron workers—in fact, any and every metal mechanic engaged in any and every business which affected any of the trades just mentioned.

Who Did This Foul Thing ?

IN the jail at Los Angeles, there are now, awaiting trial, three men under indictment for dynamiting. These men are all prominent in the ranks of Union Labor.

A large sum of money has been raised by Union Labor for the defense of these men. Their innocence has been loudly protested, and their arrest hotly denounced.

Into the fight the Socialists have butted in. Any and every Socialistic paper reveals the attitude of our Socialistic comrades—their sympathies are all with these indicted alleged dynamiters.

No one claims that Union Labor, as a whole, nor the Socialist Party, as a party, was engaged in dynamiting. But that the dynamiting was done by members of a union, no sane or honest man will dispute; and that popular Socialism sympathizes with the dynamiting is also true.

From these things, we draw two inferences: First: Union Labor, unchecked, would develop into violent and destructive anarchy.

Second: Socialism is a sentiment, and this sentiment, encouraged, abetted and evolved, would lead to revolution, with dynamiting and destruction as a prominent and recognized part of its propaganda.

Conclusion: Union Labor and Socialism, as they now exist in America, are not constructive nor upbuilding in character, but tend toward violence, destruction and dissolution, and are therefore essentially un-American.

BEFORE you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends. If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes rest upon!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary part of the whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down, it can only be amid a wreck of worlds. Thus by laying hold on the forces of the Universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and to be. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis!

The Kingship of Man



O doctrine has more adherents and fewer believers than the doctrine of self-sacrifice.

Self-sacrifice should be the prerogative of power; as it is, it is most often the excuse of weakness * *

Suppose the doctrine of universal self-sacrifice were followed out to its logical conclusion! We should have the absurd spectacle of each person living for the sake of some

other person. If each person were to sacrifice himself or herself absolutely for the sake of another, life would become extinct.

Each star shines for itself; as an incident of its power it throws its radiance into space, giving light to the darkness, shedding its effulgence where it may. But, first of all, it exists for itself. What it gives, it gives in joy and for the sake of joy.

And that is the secret of self-sacrifice; what we give we should give in joy, as a gift of power, not as an expiation for daring to live.

¶ Those who give themselves should have something worth giving. Power confers power; weakness only gives weakness.

And there can be nothing to give unless one has cultivated his own nature before conferring the gift. Unless the gardener has given his time to raising the most beautiful plants, how can his gift be worthy?

To the extent that we live for others, to that extent do we neglect ourselves. By an unerring law of Nature the defects of our nature as well as our virtues pass into the thing we give. A whole life sacrificed through the mere mechanical observance of some convention will breed nothing but bitterness and secret hate in the heart of the giver, and a secret contempt in the heart of the receiver. Girls who give up a lover, in order to care for their parents, fly in the face of Nature, and seldom help their parents.

For Nature will not have her laws transgressed without your having to pay her the penalty.

¶ Her first law is the duty of each one to himself; her commandment that each of her creations shall express its own nature to the full is branded on each blade of grass.

Strangle your instincts, throttle your inner

nature, stifle the soul's cry for joy and life and power, and Nature will brand death on your gait and secrete your venom in each of your gifts.

Egoism and Selfishness

¶ "MEN should not slay themselves for one another, but should strengthen themselves for one another," says Maeterlinck in his book, "Wisdom and Destiny." And in that truth lies the secret of man's kingship over the world, over events, over life itself * The first condition of a healthy, strong, clairvoyant life is that you shall be an egoist. Believe in yourself, rely on yourself, develop yourself. Hammer out a unique thing in Nature. ¶ Egoism—that much misunderstood word—does not mean selfishness. Nothing will murder the greater, higher self in a man quicker than the practise of selfishness.

For selfishness narrows; it dries up the inspirations of the soul; it falls like a frost on all healthy growth; it is the poison that chokes the expansion of the buds of the higher self.

¶ Egoism seeks the ideal of culture. And in this quest it neglects no feeling, no emotion, no sentiment that may be of use to it in its evolution * *

The enlightened egoist gives because gifts ennoble the giver more than the recipient of gifts. He gives as a King gives. He gives because with each gift there is an increment of moral and mental pleasure. He even sacrifices himself to glorify himself.

The highest manifestation of power is the deliberate refusal of him who possesses it not to abuse it.

The Kingship of Man lies in his reserve * Reserve is power disciplined by reason. It is egoism governed by the strong hand of intelligence * *

Learn to love yourself sanely, largely, completely. Be master of yourself. Train yourself to put the restraining hand of your Reason on the switchboard of your instincts.

Seek power and poise; but do not seek one without the other. Power without poise is a destructive force—an anarchic force that will destroy the man who allows it to rule him.

¶ The thing we call charity is more often than not a sop to conscience. No man dare analyze the sources of his wealth.

There is more of grandeur, more of ultimate good for the race and for the individual, in the self-centered, egoistic life of a Darwin,

a Spencer, a Copernicus, a Socrates, than in all the altruism that gives its pennies out of weakness or of fear.

Example, the Great Teacher

OR, after all, it is example that is the great instructor of the world. History only preserves the records of the great egoists, of the men who, set on fire by some sublime idea, dedicated their lives to the propagation of their dream.

The man who lived for himself and his idea, who dedicated his life to exploiting himself, is the man whose name is always on our lips. ¶ Whether it be Napoleon, Luther, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Marcus Aurelius, Leonardo da Vinci, Zola, Ibsen, Frederick the Great, Voltaire or Abraham Lincoln, it is still the strong man that we reverence, that we quote, that we secretly model our lives after. All the little weak men have been forgotten. We only remember—we only desire to remember—intellectual and moral adventurers: the rebels, the strong men, the men who took the world of weak men and women in their hands and molded them as clay in their own likeness. ¶ Authority, custom and all forms of organized weakness tremble when a Christ, a Copernicus, a Voltaire, a Darwin, or a Rousseau is born. ¶ For though they may differ radically in creed, time, place and object, all great individuals come with one purpose—to upset something old, to sweep away with their moral wrath or intellectual force the rotten house in which weakness lives.

In every man there is the embryo of a great emancipation. Self-emancipation is the first task; self-exploitation the second task; self-sacrifice the third task.

Each must live for the glorification of himself. For there is nothing more sacred than a man's own soul. To wrong that is to wrong The Highest * *

Be King of yourself and you are greater than Cæsar.

UPERSTITIONS are ossified metaphors, and back of every religious fallacy lies a truth. The gods of Greece were once men who fought their valiant fight and lived their day; the supernatural is the natural not yet understood—it is the natural seen through the mist of one, two, three, ten or twenty-five hundred years when things loom large and out of proportion—and all these things are plain.

Fact and Fiction



KNOW a little about life. ¶ And I know a little about the stage. Just why people weep salt tears over the woes of a housemaid, and then go home and visit the same grief which they have seen depicted, upon their own housemaid, I know, but have not the time here to explain. ¶ George Bernard Shaw and Ibsen have given us some startling cross-sections of life, which when placed upon the boards were soon withdrawn.

They were so true that they made the galled jade wince.

The world is n't quite ready for truth—that is, the respectable world of society is n't. Truth is such a precious article that we wish to economize in its use. If you reveal society's sins, it will swear a halibi and give your play absent treatment. You must present men and women such as were never seen on land or sea.

If your play is true to life, it may get censored, and Sir Anthony Absolute may favor you with his attentions.

To twit on facts is bad form, but to portray them is unforgivable.

To produce one of the "six best sellers," you must not reveal truth. Instead, just give a weak imitation of life, and a sort of denatured caricature, heightening or toning down, placing the bunion-plasters of soothing rhetoric where they are needed.

A Case in Point

O here, then, is a plot for a play that is not pleasant. However, it has the unique quality of being true. It needs no make-up—I neither hand-polish nor omit.

I give the simple facts just as I saw them. It is one of God's little tragedies.

Recently I spent a week in a certain flourishing city of the Middle West.

Each afternoon and evening I appeared on the stage and did my little stunt.

In the mornings I always walked for two hours—usually between nine and eleven.

In the course of these jaunts I wandered all over the city.

One morning I found myself in the suburbs, perhaps four or five miles from the center

of the town. There were vacant lots and then smart new houses, and now and then an old-time mansion with high pillars, and neglected shrubbery that spoke of tenants dead and turned to dust, and new strange occupants in the places.

Suddenly, in the side yard of one such old house, I was aware of a disturbance.

A policeman was struggling with a woman, trying to lead her toward the gate.

Half a dozen people were around them, each gesticulating wildly, none doing much beyond giving advice.

Neighbor women came running from near-by houses, with shawls over their heads and children tugging at their skirts.

The policeman was in sore distress.

He had his club in his hand, but he dare not use it. The prisoner was little and he was big.

¶ But she was lithe, and several times almost slipped from his grasp. The little group that swayed around them seemed intent only on pushing both the woman and the policeman out of the yard.

There was a man of sixty, with long white beard and shaven upper lip, who had most to say. He was hatless and coatless, and much excited ♪ ♪

"Arrest her! Arrest her! Take her away, I say, take her away!" he kept shouting.

With him was a stout, elderly woman, seemingly his wife, and she kept up a fusillade of orders: "Get her out of here—lock her up, the nasty thing! Think of all the trouble she has caused us! Send her to the workhouse—take her away!"

I Get Into the Scrap

¶ HE policeman had now seized his prisoner bodily and was carrying her struggling form toward the gate, where I stood.

He saw me, and hesitated.

He was perplexed and half-ashamed of his seeming violence.

He called to me: "Here, pard, please! If this was only a man I would know what to do. Just catch hold of her arm on that side and we will lead her to the box on the corner!"

¶ I felt sure that the woman was a maniac ♪ At once I did as the policeman requested. I seized the woman by the hand and arm, and he on one side and I on the other, we conducted her through the gate.

I looked back and saw the old man, his wife and the others, seemingly much relieved,

running up the steps of the house. They disappeared through the door and shut it with a slam.

"I'll have to take her—just to the box on the corner—and I'll ring for the wagon! If she was only a man!"

We half-carried, half-dragged the woman to the corner. A crowd of a hundred had gathered, mostly women and children.

We reached the patrol-box. I held the prisoner while the policeman rang up.

The culprit had ceased to struggle.

She was young and fairly good-looking.

Something told me that she was not a maniac.

¶ I released my grasp on her wrist. She looked up at me. Her face was stained with tears.

Her hair was in disorder, and one sleeve of her coat was torn nearly out in the struggle.

¶ She looked up at me.

"I've lost my hat and my satchel—they are back there in the yard. May I go back and get them?"

"Not on your life," said the policeman. "I've had enough trouble with you and so have those folks back there."

"I'll get your things," I said.

"It's two miles to the station, and the wagon will not be here for ten minutes. You'll have time to pick up her traps," said the officer ♪

I Play the Role of Reporter

¶ I RAN back the half-block, and as I entered the gate of the old mansion I saw a big brass plate on the door. This sign had before escaped my attention.

On this plate in big black letters were the words, "Bethel Orphans' Home."

At one of the windows I saw a group of faces. I distinguished the white, anxious countenance of the old man with the beard and the shaven upper lip.

Suddenly the door opened and the stout woman blocked the passage.

"Go 'way from here!" she shouted in a shrill voice; "go 'way—we know you! You are a newspaper-man, and if you print anything about us we will sue you for libel. We are Christian folks, and you can't hurt us, no matter what you say. You go right along!"

¶ By this time I was standing on the steps. I had forgotten my errand, and out of straight newspaper habit was following a clew.

"Tell the Superintendent I must see him," I said in a tone of authority.

"You can't see him. It is none of your business,

anyway. She left her baby here of her own accord. We did n't ask her to bring it, the nasty thing. She paid two weeks' board and no more. Then she came and signed the release!"

Here the old man appeared.

"She signed it of her own accord," said the old man in a soft, unctuous voice, in strange contrast to the woman's tones. "We have nothing to hide. We are doing God's work in caring for the helpless—she signed the release, and this means that she can never see her baby again. She gave it up voluntarily, you understand. It belongs—belongs to the State—you know the law. We must all abide by the law, you know—we must all abide by the law!"

"But why did you telephone for a policeman and have her arrested?" I ventured.

It was a hazard, but it worked.

"Why, you see, brother, she came here and insisted on seeing her baby. When we told her the baby was no longer hers, she began to cry and then tried to force her way into the house. We pushed her out, and she used unladylike language, and then we were obliged to send for an officer of the law. Of course you understand that she has no legal right to come here at all; she signed the release of her own accord."

Here the old lady got her breath and piped in:

"She is no fit person to have charge of the little dear—what business had she to have a baby, anyway! She is bad, that is what she is—she is ba-a-d."

"Gently, my dear, gently," said the old man.

"You mean she has sinned—but she was disturbing the peace, and the law must be obeyed—the law must be obeyed."

"Give me that woman's hat and satchel," I said.

"Sure, we don't want them! We don't want anything that is n't ours!" said the old woman as she passed out a battered hat and a flat little handbag.

The clanging bell of the hurry-up wagon was heard.

I started to go.

"Good-by! Call any time—any time you are along this way. Visitors always welcome—we have nothing to hide—she signed the release of her own accord," shouted the old man.

I ran down the steps and back to the patrol-box.

¶ I climbed into the wagon after the prisoner, and seated myself by her side.

She had ceased to weep. There was a stolid look of dumb grief and half-defiance on her face.

¶ I respected her silence, and said nothing.

¶ "You'll make the charge," said the policeman, touching my knee with his club.

"I make the charge?"

"Yes; just disorderly conduct, you know. Then you need n't appear, if you don't want to, and the judge will let her go!"

"I'm her friend, and I'll make no charge."

¶ "Well, I'll not, either, even if I lose my job. I'll put it up to the matron; she knows that bunch, and she'll square it with the sergeant. It's a tough old world for women, anyway."

The Police Matron

THE wagon backed up to the curb.

We marched our prisoner in and stood her up before the desk sergeant.

The policeman whispered to the man at the desk. He whistled into a tube, and a woman came down from upstairs. It was the matron—a woman of fifty, tall, strong, womanly and intelligent.

She led the prisoner gently away.

"That is the third, within a month, from that same place!" said the desk sergeant with a tired yawn.

The Matron's Story

THE morning after my little experience in the patrol-wagon, I strolled around to the Police Station. I asked for the matron, and found her. She looked at me in half-contempt. I felt that I could afford to be misunderstood, if I only could get her to talk. She was a fine, honest, intelligent woman. Fate had scourged her, for there were lines of grief graved deep on her homely face. She met my question with a bit of acerbity. I can not give her exact talk, but here is the substance of it. Said the matron:

Did I lock her up? I'm ashamed of you for asking the question. You newspaper-men get so hard-hearted that nothing touches you. Did I lock her up? Just as if I would lock up any woman if I had my way.

You have been told that woman is woman's worst enemy; then you repeated it and wrote it until you believed it.

The fact is, that every honest woman respects every other woman, and will help any woman when she has a chance.

Society women may hate each other, for they are rivals.

But we mothers who earn our bread, and know and feel and sorrow, are different, even if we have n't much education.

In motherhood there is no rivalry, no jealousy.

¶ Motherhood is the headliner in God's great Vaudeville * *

And yet how do you folks who call yourselves respectable treat the mothers who need your aid and sympathy and good will?

Nature never hates a mother. Motherhood means the very life of the race. Babies are our most valuable asset.

My husband was a police captain, and was killed in the riots.

I am the mother of nine children. I have twelve grandchildren.

No; I do not hate any living being, even so-called bad women.

But that woman you helped to arrest—and I suppose you are proud of it—she is n't a criminal, in any sense.

She is the Madonna of our kind. She is playing the star part in the great unfinished sketch called "Life."

She is a mother, and she is unmarried—so you hate her, when if you were wise and good you would love her. But you respectable men are short on love—you have only lust! Had she sworn to be the slave of one man for life, even if she had broken her vow, you would not have given her the ride in the hurry-up * *

Many a married woman becomes a mother and hates the father of her children. Such cases are too common to mention. Husband and wife may quarrel, lie to each other, berate each other, make each other miserable, and yet breed children.

You call such people respectable!

How Can These Things Be?

¶ UT here is a fine young woman who is a mother. I do not know who the father of her babe is, but I tell you this: there must have been a deal of compatibility between the man and the woman or the thing would n't have occurred. They were not distasteful to each other.

When this baby was born, its grandparents immediately bundled it off to the Orphans' Home, where you butted in.

This young woman is a clerk in a department-store. She gets eight dollars a week, and earns

fifteen. As soon as she got to work after her confinement, she paid two dollars and a half a week to those folks for her baby's board * One day the mother-love in her heart prompted her to go out to see her child. It was then only a little over a month old. She held it in her arms, and crooned a little lullaby to it, as mothers do.

They presented her some kind of a paper to sign—"just as a form, you know." She signed the document.

It was a release, wherein she agreed to give up all claim and never to see her child again.

¶ She kept sending the two dollars and fifty cents a week.

They accepted the money, and now they say they accepted it as a donation.

Such folks are beggars and also thieves. They take all they can get, and get all they can. They think they are doing good, but they do vast harm, for they perpetuate falsehood, and their lives are lies. Motherhood is no problem unless you make it so. Rejoice with every mother and you turn pain into joy. Does not Nature give her burden enough to bear without man imagining he is a section of the Day of Judgment and punishing her? Your religion is a sham and a pretense, or you would have solved this problem ages ago. And the way to solve it is to leave it alone, and cease tearing the babe from its mother's arms.

Well, this young mother went to Chicago and got work. She was gone six months. When she returned she went out to see her baby. They refused to let her in. She must have talked a little—who would n't!—and they had her arrested.

They said she had threatened to kill the Superintendent of the Orphans' Home. We locked her up, and I went out myself to investigate the case—that is how it happens I know so much about it.

But it is nothing unusual—this thing is happening all the time, everywhere.

They showed me the release. It looked as if she had signed it. The signature was a hurried scrawl, done in tears.

I asked to see the baby * They hesitated, coughed, and told me it was dead.

When I accused them of taking money for the board of a dead baby, they said they regarded the money as a donation to be used in caring for other babies.

Next, I asked when the baby had died.

They could not answer, "because they had so many babies and they all sort of looked alike."

They may have lost the identity of the child. This often happens.

Those Nice Christian Families!

 WHEN a child dies out there, they get twenty dollars from the city for its burial. The undertaker gets half—they keep the rest ❁ ❁

You take a baby there and give them fifty dollars down, and release it, and then they tell you they will get it adopted into a nice Christian family! What becomes of the child no one knows.

No one can comprehend their reports, and yet they are quite as good as most people who run these so-called Orphans' Homes.

No; I did not tell this woman her baby was dead. I dare not. It makes no difference. It is dead to her. These kind Christians separate mother and child, as they would carry off kittens and drown them.

Motherhood is always great and splendid and heroic. Nature never spits on motherhood ❁ You Christians have manufactured an artificial crime. You have a scheme of marriage to control the relationship of men and women for your own advantage and benefit.

You would starve the mother who has not complied with your dogmatic rules—starve her, disgrace her, pin to her breast the scarlet letter of shame, and stand her on a scaffold in the market-place, to be visited by the contempt of the mob, of which you are one. ❁ As a reward for abandoning her child, and if possible seeking a marriage with a man who knows nothing of her experience, you hide the child under another name—or let it die—and you call this protecting the mother and the child!

That is, you compound a felony and enter into a partnership with falsehood. Secrecy, duplicity, finesse are your tools—all in the name of charity and friendship to a woman who has given the world a man-child!

You say that the business world has now accepted truth as a working maxim, having first tried everything else.

Well, the church and law and medicine have tried everything else and are still trying.

The church is not willing to tell the truth. That Orphan Asylum out there is called a "Church Home." It is officered and managed

by church people. Back of it is the law, and mixed up in it are several doctors. And each and all believe in falsehood as a wise and beneficent working plan.

No child out there bears the name of its father or mother.

The intent of the place is to separate mother from child; incidentally they separate the public from its money.

Can any one else care for a child as well as the mother who loved it into life?

Nature says, no! and she says it good and loud. But you say, yes!

These people do not consider the good of the child, or the good of the mother.

The thing they are intent on is to bolster a rotten institution. To this end they lie all day long; also, they practise the most inhuman cruelties on mother and child.

Is Motherhood Dishonorable?

 EVEN the name of their institution is a lie. An orphan is a child whose parents are dead. These are "legal orphans," or "constructive orphans," as I once heard a lawyer call them.

One day last Winter, out there, the janitor got drunk and the furnace fire went out. As bad luck would have it, the weather turned suddenly cold. A night nurse in charge of twenty-two babies put a dozen of them in one bed with hot-water bottles among them, first giving each baby a goodly dose of aniseed tea; otherwise a baby, when it gets cold, cries. ❁ The nurse then took a little of something herself, and wrapped up in a blanket went to sleep and slept for two hours.

The water in the bottles got cold and every little cherub was chilled blue. Pneumonia got seven of 'em in a week, and the death certificates were all obligingly filled out, "Death from natural causes." Doctors protect nurses, because nurses protect doctors, and preachers protect both.

A baby demands individual care, and no one will give a child the same attention as its mother ❁ ❁

We must make motherhood honorable.

Instead of paying an orphan asylum for taking care of a child, pay the mother.

There is no reason why Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians or Catholics should have the care of homeless children, save that celibates must have orphan asylums, or else live honest lives ❁ ❁

There was a reason once why the Church should own institutions: this was when the Church was a part of the State, and was delegated to do this thing, because the State proper did not have the inclination or machinery necessary.

But it is different now. You say we must get the government on a business basis. Good! Begin by doing away with all these religious grafters who usurp the functions of government and make disease and misery perpetual.

¶ Instead of endowing orphan asylums, endow mothers. Make it honorable for a mother to be true to her divine instincts and cling to her own child. Anything that is endowed is respectable. Anything that has an income will have society's favor.

Ask Booker T. Washington, who says that a nigger is a colored man who has no money.

¶ Our government is very much interested in mothers—when the mothers are ewes, cows or sows; but human mothers are as naught. This is simply because science seeks to perfect the brute creation; but man is left to the care of preachers, doctors and lawyers, and these know nothing of science.

Natural mother-love is a great compelling force for good. As a form of energy incarnate there is nothing to compare to it. Now, why should we not conserve it, instead of spurning it?

More Love, Not Less

★ **KNOW** one unmarried woman who is a mother who kept her child and cared for it. The boy is ten years old now and a great comfort to her. She works in a factory as assistant to the foreman and gets twenty dollars a week. She is strong and intelligent, and through her life-struggle is becoming stronger. She is beyond any married woman I know in genuine honesty, good sense and efficiency.

I am not criticizing marriage. Marriage is all right for those who want to make a life-contract, but I insist that to disgrace a mother who is unmarried, and strive in every way to kill her love for her child, is inhuman, outrageous, and a blunder as a matter of policy.

¶ It is expensive and it is wasteful.

The world needs all the love it can get.

Love is a manifestation of energy, and what this world needs is more love, not less.

Yes, I love all mothers—every mother.

I am the friend of mothers.

I am only a matron in a police-station. But

I have lived and I have suffered. I see life with the mask off.

And here is something you can write and print if you dare: The poor and the ignorant will continue to lie and steal as long as the rich and educated show them how.

The lie is a mistake in judgment; it does not lead to the right place. It is a poor sort of defense, and usually no defense at all, since it is always calling on other lies to help it, and they break down by their own weight. Can't you get the preachers, lawyers and doctors to encourage the lowly to tell the truth by setting them an example?

To be effective one must be unaffected.

Industry and Concentration



INDUSTRY is intelligent action, motion, movement. And now science tells us that thought also is a physical action, a movement, a vibration of the cells of the brain. Wandering, dreamy thought is merely bad habit, or, more properly, lack of a good habit, for it leads nowhere.

To carry bricks back and forth from one side of the street to the other is not industry, because it lacks intelligent purpose.

To think and make no headway is simply to carry bricks back and forth.

To play the devil's tattoo on a chair; monkey with the forks and spoons at table; adjust your necktie forty times a minute; stroke your mustache or hitch your trousers—these things are not industry. Gents do these things, but gentlemen never. And the difference between the gent and the gentleman is the difference between the Man and the Master Man. The Master Man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself.

When you have mastered yourself, you are then fit to take charge of other people.

The Master Man is a person who has evolved Intelligent Industry, Concentration, Self-Confidence, until these things become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious, useful and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, Industry is healthful stimulation

—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep.

The sensible man will ascertain his limitations and not carry his industry to the point of exhaustion. Before he is tired out, he will turn his attention to something else. The ability to concentrate requires the ability to relax. In order to work you must know how to play. Men who carry great burdens and responsibilities are always those who are able at times to lay down the burden and be a child with the children. They can laugh. And there is no medicine equal to the merry laugh. ¶ It is the intermittent current that makes the telephone possible; the man of power is the man who changes his work—he does one thing at a time, but he does not do the thing all the time.

To cultivate concentration, practise relaxation. Lie down on the floor for three minutes on your back, breathe deeply, lie still, and turn your mind in—think of nothing ✽ To concentrate on your work you must enjoy your work. And to enjoy your work you must drop it at certain hours. He lasts longest, and soars highest, who cultivates the habit of just being a boy for an hour a day. Take a vacation every day if you want to do good work.

Are you in the treadmill? Well, the only way you can get out is by evolving mastership ✽

The Force of Habit

 WE are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us. Habits young are like lion's cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving—soon you will be in their power, and they may eat you up. It is habit that chains us to the treadmill and makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others ✽ ✽

Industry is a habit. Men who go to bed any old time and get up when they feel like it are never industrious—worse, they are never healthy. Muldoon says that the man who has to get up at six o'clock in the morning never has insomnia. If you have to get up at six, you 'll go to bed at ten, and this means you 'll get the habit of going to sleep.

If you acquire the habit of studying and reading good books from seven-thirty to nine-thirty six evenings a week, you 'll soon find it a delightful habit.

I know a great writer in England who writes

every morning from eight o'clock to eleven, and he writes at no other time. He has acquired the habit. At eight o'clock his brain begins to fire up, and he finds it easy and pleasurable—necessary—to concentrate on his work.

The habit of Self-Confidence is a result of the habits of Industry and Concentration. And I hope I've made it clear that Concentration is the result of pleasurable, useful effort or Industry ✽ ✽

Also I hope I've made it clear that for Industry to be of the first quality, the person must at times relax and find rest in change through play—be a child—run, frolic, dig in the garden, saw wood—relax.

When you have reached a point where your work gives you a great, quiet joy, and through this joy and interest you concentrate, then comes Self-Confidence. You are now well out on the road to Mastership.

Robert Louis Stevenson said, "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

The recipe for Self-Confidence is: Do good work. "Courage," says Emerson, "comes from having done the thing before."

A man who does good work does not have to talk, apologize or explain—his work speaks. And even though there be no one to appreciate it, the man feels in it a great, quiet joy. He relaxes, smiles, rests, fully intent on taking up his labors tomorrow and doing better than ever. ¶ The highest reward that God gives us for doing good work is the ability to do better work. Rest means rust.

The Joy of Achievement

 SO we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental industry by doing certain things at certain hours, ceasing the effort before it becomes wearisome. In mental work keep in touch with people who are a little beyond you.

The joy and satisfaction of successful effort—overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult—evolves into a habit, and gives Concentration. Industry and Concentration fixed in character as habits mean Self-Confidence ✽ Industry, Concentration and Self-Confidence spell Mastership ✽ ✽

So from the man we get the Master Man. What lies beyond I do not know. Perhaps when I become a Master I shall know—one stage at a time is enough. If there is n't time in this life, perhaps there will be thereafter.

The Vampire



THE sensation of a day in English art was the painting, "The Vampire," exhibited at the National Gallery in London.

¶ It is the work of Philip Burne-Jones, son of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the Pre-raphaelite mystic, friend of Swinburne and Rossetti, and a generally "beautiful soul."

¶ The painting is remarkable in itself for a gruesome power of painting a rather bitter moral that is not new now, any more than when Villon, as translated by Henley, sang "Booze and the Blowense Cops the Lot." * The picture shows a dead youth, type of a murdered soul, and over him bends the vampire with the face of a woman. The cynical, bitter lesson is well pressed home, but there is a certain taint of hasheesh art about it.

The picture is more sensational than meritorious as a creation in paint. More important than the picture itself is the poem written for it by Rudyard Kipling, who is Philip Burne-Jones' cousin.

The verse and the picture remind one of the story of Whistler and Rossetti. Rossetti one day showed Whistler a painting upon which he was engaged. Some time later, Whistler, visiting the author of "The House of Life," asked about the painting. Rossetti said he had put the painting away uncompleted. * "But," said he, "I've written a sonnet on the subject of painting. Let me read it to you." Whistler submitted. * When Rossetti had finished, Jimmie arose and said, "Rossetti, frame the sonnet."

And so there are a great many people who will think, with good cause, that the Kipling poem is better than the Burne-Jones picture. The picture is somewhat tawdry. The verses that interpret it are finely bitter and iconoclastic of the gynolatry just now general in the world. The savage spirit of the verse is refreshing. It illustrates again that Mr. Kipling is the only living poet, barring Swinburne and Henley, who writes poetry that has in it meat for men.

This poem on "The Vampire" goes to the very source of the real mockery of failure

in life and effort. Some women do not understand. They never did and never will.

The man loves something in her beyond herself, and the more he gets of her the surer he is to fail of the attainment of that fuller thing to which she invites and yet bars the way.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp

¶ **MAN** does not understand; neither does Mr. Jones—nobody does. Continually there comes to every thinking man a Voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." All through life are these way stations where man says, "There, now I've found it; here will I build three tabernacles." But soon he hears the Voice, and it is ever on, and on, and on. He came into life without his choice and is being hurried out of it against his will, and over the evening of his dreams steals the final conclusion that he has been used by a Power, not himself, for unseen ends.

But the novelists, and politicians, and economists, and poets are continually telling us that man's trouble comes from this or that, and then they name their specialty. They are like catarrh doctors who treat every patient, no matter what the ailment, by nasal douche. ¶ Marriage is only a way station.

Trains may stop two minutes or twenty minutes for lunch. The place may be an ugly little crossroads, or it may be a beautiful village. * *

Possibly it's the end of a division, but egad, dearie, it's not the end of the journey!

Very young people think it is, but they find their mistake.

It's a nice place, very often, but not the place they thought it was.

They bought one thing and when they got home found something else in the package, and Nature won't change it.

But woman should n't be blamed for that—that's God's fault, not hers.

Kipling and Philip Burne-Jones say man is unhappy because woman does not understand; but I'm quite sure that one of the two knows that the unrest and weariness of life lie deeper.

¶ Woman understands man quite as well as man understands woman and I believe a bit better. ¶ I have spoken.

*

We pay for everything we receive—nay, all things can be attained if we but pay the price. * *

The Danger of Chums



AM going to content myself here with the mention of one thing, which so far as I know has never been mentioned in print: the danger to society of exclusive friendships between man and man, and woman and woman ❦ ❦

No two persons of the same sex can complement each other.

❦ We should either have a good many acquaintances or else none at all.

When two men begin to "tell each other everything," they are hiking for senility.

There must be a bit of well-defined reserve.

❦ In matter—solid steel, for instance—the molecules never touch. They never surrender their individuality.

We are all molecules of Divinity, and our personality should not be abandoned. Be yourself; let no man be necessary to you; your friend will think more of you if you keep him at a little distance. Friendship, like credit, is highest where it is not used ❦

I can understand how a strong man can have a great and abiding affection for a thousand other men, and call them all by name, but how he can regard any one of these men much higher and closer to him than another, and preserve his mental balance, I do not know ❦

The Strangle-Hold of Intimacy

❦ ET a man come close enough and he'll clutch you like a drowning person, and down you both go. In close and exclusive friendships men partake of others' weaknesses.

❦ In shops and factories it happens constantly that men will have their chums. These men relate to each other their troubles—they keep nothing back—they sympathize with each other—they mutually condole.

They combine and stand by each other. Their friendship is exclusive, and others see that it is. Jealousy creeps in, suspicion awakens, hate crouches around the corner, and these men combine in mutual dislike for certain things and persons. They foment each other, and their sympathy dilutes sanity. By recognizing their troubles, men make them real. Things get out of focus, and the sense of values is lost. By thinking some one is an enemy, you evolve him into one.

Soon others are involved and we have a clique.

❦ A clique is friendship gone to seed.

A clique develops into a faction, and a faction into a feud, and soon we have a mob, which is a blind, stupid, insane, crazy, ramping and roaring mass that has lost the rudder.

In a mob there are no individuals—all are of one mind, and independent thought is gone.

❦ A feud is founded on nothing; it is a mistake—a fool idea fanned into a flame by a fool friend! And it may become a mob.

Every man who has had anything to do with communal life has noticed that the clique is the disintegrating bacillus; and the clique has its rise always in the exclusive friendship of two persons of the same sex, who tell each other all unkind things that are said of each other—"so be on your guard."

Be a Divine Molecule

❦ BEWARE of the exclusive friendship! Respect all men and try to find the good in all.

To associate only with the sociable, the witty, the wise, the brilliant, is a blunder. Go among the plain, the stupid, the uneducated, and exercise your own wit and wisdom. You grow by giving—have no favorites—you hold your friend as much by keeping away from him as you do by following after him.

Revere him—yes, but be natural and let space intervene. Be a Divine Molecule.

Be yourself and give your friend a chance to be himself. Thus do you benefit him, and in benefiting him you benefit yourself.

The finest friendships are between those who can do without each other.

Of course, there have been cases of exclusive friendship that are pointed out to us as grand examples of affection, but they are so rare and exceptional that they serve to emphasize the fact that it is exceedingly unwise for men of ordinary power and intellect to exclude their fellow-men. A few men, perhaps, who are big enough to have a place in history, could play the part of David to another's Jonathan and yet retain the good-will of all, but most of us would engender bitterness ❦

And this beautiful dream of Socialism, where each shall work for the good of all, will never come about until fifty-one per cent of the adults shall abandon all exclusive friendships. Until that day arrives you will have cliques, denominations—which are cliques grown big—factions, feuds and occasional mobs.

Do not lean on any one, and let no one lean on you. ¶ The ideal society will be made up of ideal individuals.

Be a man and be a friend to everybody.

When the Master admonished His disciples to love their enemies, He had in mind the truth that an exclusive love is a mistake—love dies when it is monopolized—it grows by giving. Love, lim., is an error.

Your enemy is one who misunderstands you—why should you not rise above the fog and see his error and respect him for the good qualities you find in him?

✽

Any man who has a job has a chance.

✽

The Creed of the Future



N courts of law the phrase, "I believe," has no standing. Never a witness gives testimony but that he is cautioned thus, "Tell us what you know, not what you believe."

The trouble with theology is that "belief" has always been considered of greater importance than knowledge, and this in spite of the fact that, almost without exception, "belief" is a legacy, an importation, something borrowed, an echo—yes, often an echo of an echo. ¶ The Creed of the Future will begin, "I know," not, "I believe."

And this creed will not be forced upon people. It will carry with it no coercion, no blackmail, no promise of an eternal life of idleness and ease if you accept it, and no threat of Hell if you don't.

It will have no paid, professional priesthood, claiming honors, rebates and exemptions, nor will it hold estates free from taxation. It will not organize itself into a system, marry itself to the State, and call on the police for support. It will be reasonable, so in the line of self-preservation that no sane man or woman will reject it, and when we really begin to live it, we will cease to talk about it.

A Suggested Creed

¶ S a suggestion and first rough draft of the Creed of the Future, I submit this.

¶ I KNOW: that I am here

In a world where nothing is permanent but change;

And that in degree I, myself, can change the form of things

And influence a few people;

And that I am influenced by these and other people;

That I am influenced by the example and by the work of men who no longer are alive,

And that the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms;

That a certain attitude of mind and habit of action on my part will add to the peace, happiness and well-being of other people,

And that a different thought and action on my part will bring pain and discord to others;

¶ That if I would secure reasonable happiness for myself, I must give out good-will to others;

¶ That to better my own condition I must practise co-operation and mutuality;

That bodily health is necessary to continued and effective work;

That I am largely ruled by habit;

That habit is a form of exercise;

That up to a certain point, exercise means increased strength or ease in effort;

That all life is an expression of spirit;

That my spirit influences my body,

And my body influences my spirit;

That the universe to me is very beautiful, and everything and everybody in it good and beautiful, when my body and my spirit are in harmonious mood;

That my thoughts are hopeful and helpful unless I am filled with fear,

And that to eliminate fear, my life must be dedicated to useful work—work in which I forget myself;

That fresh air in abundance, and moderate, systematic exercise in the open air, are the part of wisdom;

That I can not afford, for my own sake, to be resentful nor quick to take offense;

That happiness is a great power for good,

And that happiness is not possible without moderation and equanimity;

That time turns all discords into harmony if men will but be kind and patient,

And that the reward which life holds out for work is not idleness, rest, rust and ease, but increased capacity for work, Greater Difficulties, More Work;

And that wisdom consists in alternating work with play—changing my work so that all work will be pleasurable.

Mortmain

By Alice Hubbard



THE KING JAMES' Version of the Old and New Testaments, which is now in use, was published in Sixteen Hundred Eleven, just three hundred years ago. ¶ King James was the son of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and Lord Darnley. ¶ Lord Darnley became jealous of Rizzio, Mary's Italian secretary, and just before James' birth, Darnley killed Rizzio with a sword in Mary's presence. ¶ The next year Darnley was murdered, and it is thought that Mary knew the death of Darnley was to occur before that event took place.

These were tragic days, when death was paid by death in every class of society.

There were plots and counterplots, revenge and conspiracy. Debauch preceded, and then followed, crimes that were limited only by man's ability to invent greater and more deadly things to do.

Mary wanted the throne of England as well as that of Scotland.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry the Eighth, was Queen of England, and had no desire to resign in Mary Stuart's favor.

In Scotland, John Knox was persecuting in the name of Christ. John Calvin was putting men to death, because they would not accept his plan of salvation.

"Bloody" Mary had made England a field of carnage in trying to establish her ideas of God's wish for human worship.

"God's Silly Vassal"

MAN'S hand was raised in hate against his fellow-man. Quarrels, unrest, suspicion, ambition and short roads to power, filled men's minds. ¶ It was a time of horror, when no man's life was safe.

James was familiar with crime by prenatal tendency. ¶

Montgomery, the historian, describes him as physically feeble, rickety, not able to walk straight, his tongue too large for his mouth, and with goggle eyes. He was afraid of a sword all his life. For fear of being assassinated, he habitually wore thickly padded and quilted clothing. ¶

Like most men of small mind he was conceited and shrewd.

He had a Scotch tutor who had no idea of the ill effects from unfletcherized learning, and James was "educated beyond his intellect," or, to use a more modern expression, he belonged to the class of the ignorant educated. He affected the literary, and wrote on witchcraft, kingscraft and theology, and added to this, poetry—or, at least, verses.

"He had all the superstitions of the age," which was a weary load. He caused an act to be passed whereby witches should be punished with death.

Archbishop Laud spoke to James of the Puritans as "vipers." This pleased him, because he knew the Puritans in Scotland. James had been pulled by the sleeve in a public meeting by one Andrew Melville, and addressed as "God's silly vassal."

On his way from Scotland to London to be crowned King of England, James was presented by the Puritans with the "Millenary Petition," which asked that those who wished might be permitted to preach without wearing the surplice, to baptize without making the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, and to perform the marriage ceremony without using the ring, the sign of bondage.

"The Millenary Petition"

THE Puritans also wanted to change the form of the church government. Instead of having the bishops appointed by the King, they wanted the congregations to choose them—a democratic selection. ¶ They complained that the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England were not in harmony with the "Scriptures."

James saw that democracy in the Church would lead to the desire for democracy in the State. "No bishop, no King," was his maxim. ¶

So he convened a conference at Hampton Court, near London, in Sixteen Hundred Four, nominally to consider the "Millenary Petition," but he gave little opportunity for discussion. He, however, posed as a learned man, which he surely was.

He bridged the difficulty about the Scriptures and stopped discussions by ordering a new and revised translation of the Bible to be made. This he supervised himself.

In his speeches to the Puritans he used Latin and Greek. The use of the classic languages,

which no one understood, was supposed to answer all arguments.

He imprisoned the ten Puritans who personally had presented the Petition, saying, "I will make the Puritans conform or I will harry them out of the land."

Immediately following, a law was enacted which required every curate to accept the Thirty-Nine Articles and The Book of Common Prayer without reservation. Two of the Thirty-Nine read as follows:

"Article VI. Of the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation.

"Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.

"Of the names and numbers of the Canonical Books.

"Genesis; Exodus; Leviticus; Numbers; Deuteronomy; Joshua; Judges; Ruth; the First Book of Samuel; the Second Book of Samuel; the First Book of Kings; the Second Book of Kings; the First Book of Chronicles; the Second Book of Chronicles; the First Book of Esdras; the Second Book of Esdras; the Book of Esther; the Book of Job; the Psalms; the Proverbs; Ecclesiastes, or Preacher; Cantica, or Songs of Solomon; Four Prophets the greater; Twelve Prophets the less; and the other Books (as Hierome saith) the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine; such are these following:

"The Third Book of Esdras; the Fourth Book of Esdras; the Book of Tobias; the Book of Judith; the rest of the Book of Esther; the Book of Wisdom; Jesus the Son of Sirach; Baruch the Prophet; the Song of the Three Children; the Story of Susanna; of Bel and the Dragon; the Prayer of Manasses; the First Book of Maccabees; the Second Book of Maccabees; all the Books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them Canonical.

"Article VII. Of the Old Testament.

"The Old Testament is not contrary to the

New: for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to Mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and Man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, which feign that the old Fathers did look only for transitory promises. Although the Law given from God by Moses as touching Ceremonies and Rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the Civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any commonwealth; yet notwithstanding, no Christian man whatsoever is free from the obedience of the Commandments which are called Moral."

The Divinity of Kingship

JAMES believed in the divine right of Kings, and he proclaimed his belief freely, publicly, in season and out of season. The King, he said, derived his power and right to rule directly from God and in no way from the people. "It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do. It is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a King can do."

Then James levied custom duties on goods without asking the consent of Parliament; ignored the privileges of the House of Commons; rejected legally elected members at will, and imprisoned his critics.

When the House of Commons begged James not to involve England in difficulties with Spain, he warned them not to meddle with matters which did not concern them.

His supreme desire was to be an absolute monarch. He did reign whenever he could without a Parliament, and convened one only when he must raise money through it.

¶ James lived to gratify his personal wishes and desires; he died a victim of confirmed drunkenness and gluttony.

A French statesman of that time called him, "The wisest fool in Christendom."

Charles the First, son of King James, succeeded his father to the throne of England.

Carlyle wrote of him: "A man whose word will not inform you at all what he means, or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours."

Charles had the physical power to enforce, more strenuously than did his father, his belief in the divine right of Kings. Unlimited extortion of money from the people was accompanied by persecutions of those who

resisted a tyrant. A revolution always follows the enforcement of the divine rights of Kings.

¶ Charles was beheaded.

Cromwell became Lord Protector of England.

¶ During the five years of his reign as much blood was shed as in the time of Charles. Cromwell died. A year after his death, England sent for the son of Charles the First, and he was crowned Charles the Second, King of England.

If there were any crimes and debaucheries omitted during the public career of Charles the Second, it was owing to the fact that he and his favorites failed to find time for them.

¶ Clifford, Ashley, Lauderdale, Buckingham, Cooper, Arlington, formed the Council or Cabal which Charles the Second gathered about him, and furnished Milton copy for the council in "Paradise Lost"—Moloch, Belial, Mammon, Beelzebub and Satan.

The King and his courtiers gave themselves up to advancing their own private interests, making others earn that they might spend. The ribald wit, the literature of the Royalists, is unprintable, unspeakable, unthinkable by Americans today.

And yet we use King James' translation of the Old and New Testaments—unexpurgated. We tacitly consent to its use as a guide to morals and conduct to meet the needs of the people in America in the Twentieth Century.

The Law of Mortmain

¶ KING JAMES was not successful in selecting wisely his conduct of life.

Yet we let him choose for us and say which books are inspired and which are not.

No human being now on earth so inhuman as James would be tolerated in American homes. No people on earth would submit to be governed or dictated to by such a tyrant.

¶ He was the son of crime and the father of criminals—at least so all England thought. Read the history of this man, and you will thank kind Providence that you did not live in his household nor in his time.

We do not believe in the divine right of Kings, nor that Kings have rights other than the natural rights to which every human being is born.

We are democratic in our belief with regard to every human interest, except in our religion.

¶ We retain the King idea with regard to a God. We accept just what James demanded his subjects to accept when he impressed

upon them at all times that the King could do no wrong, no matter what he did, no matter what injustice or what crimes he committed. James' idea of God and Heaven was just what he tried to work out in England. James was the supreme ruler—all England must cry, "Holy, holy, holy, there is none beside thee," to all the King did, and pay tithes, sometimes even fifty per cent and more, to him.

To him they owed complete obedience, supreme honor, and loyalty. Wealth was his to give or to withhold at will. Through his mercy alone his subjects lived, moved and had their being. To make the people absolutely dependent upon the King was the great desire of James.

The duty of all subjects was to work and pay taxes. ¶ Man rebelled against tyranny because man's natural desire and tendency is to liberty, democracy. He rebelled against political tyranny. He demanded the right of freedom, to work for himself and not to furnish spending-money for Kings.

And yet, man brings offerings to the altar to be sacrificed to the unseen, unknown; and pays for services to be rendered for him after he has passed from earth to the bourne from which no traveler has yet returned.

We have revoked the Law of Mortmain except with regard to our religion and our authority for our religion.

In religion, for us the dead hand of James, son of Mary and of Darnley, father of Charles the First of England, reaches out from the grave and holds to us the scepter of authority.

¶ The dead hand rules us still in believing and accepting other people's ideas of the unknowable, instead of thinking and reasoning about the known, and therewith being content.

¶ FRIENDSHIP is love for another because of what that other is in himself, or for that other's sake, and not because of what that other is to the loving one. Friendship is love with the selfish element eliminated. It is an outgoing and an ongoing affection, wholly and inherently disinterested, and in no sense contingent upon any reciprocal relation between its giver and its object, nor yet upon its return or recognition. Friendship, in short, is love apart from love's claim, or love's craving. This is friendship at its truest and best; and this it is that makes the best and truest friendship so rare, so difficult of conception, so liable to misconception.—Trumbull.

The Cause of Peace

By David J. Brewer



IRST a thought, a wish, then a faith, next a struggle, at last a fact. So have entered into human life and history some of its profoundest truths. Such has been and is to be the story of universal peace.

For untold centuries on the battlefield were settled all tribal, all national, disputes. Blood was the ink, and death wrote the judgment. Yet in the heart was the thought that there must be some better method of settlement, and they who suffered looked longingly for its appearance. But thought and wish were only the shadowy pictures of a dream.

Earnest men and women are now working, determined to put an end to the arbitrament of the sword. The coming music will not tell of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but will be a refrain of the angelic song, "Peace on Earth." Our own loved land witnesseth the strength of the struggle and will be the great leader. And this is so notwithstanding present shouting for a larger navy.

I shall not stop to discuss the question whether a state of peace is better than one of war. If any one doubts it I am content to quote the words of General Sherman. The less of hell that individuals and nations have, the better. In order to bring about the condition of peace, a minimum of army and navy is the most effective way. There never yet was a nation which built up a maximum of army and navy that did not get into war, and the pretense current in certain circles that the best way to preserve peace is to build up an enormous navy shows an ignorance of the lessons of history and the conditions of genuine and enduring peace. When one nation becomes so strong that it is able to say to all others, "I am in favor of peace, but it must be a peace in which my will and wish controls," it is morally certain that the outcome of a few years will be war, for it is against human nature to take commands on matters of personal interest or questions of right and justice. The only peace which can endure is that in which the equalities of the nations

are recognized, and all disputes are settled by negotiations or submitted to an impartial tribunal for determination. Then all nations will be interested in maintaining peace, knowing that it is peace secured by choice and established in justice. The pathway of history is lined with the wrecks of nations which for a while developed a commanding force, but were finally destroyed by combinations of weaker nations or by their own internal jealousies. It may be laid down as a political and historic truth that a peace born only of force is a peace which is temporary and disappointing.

A Natural Peace Leader

TO lead in the cause of peace no one of the great nations is so well circumstanced as the United States of America. We are remote in distance and separated by oceans from other nations, so that if one of them were to attack us it would be fighting at long range, and it is obvious that such fighting is most exhaustive and attended with the least probabilities of success. Of course, the same rule would obtain against us were we to undertake an aggressive war, but an aggressive war assumes no desire for peace. In a defensive war our location is a great defense. In the second place, our resources of men and material are such as almost to guarantee against any attack. Whatever advantage might inure to any nation by reason of its larger armament would be only temporary in its nature and would soon be exhausted by the enormous resources of this country. In the third place, no nation is in such a financial condition.

Our debt, compared with that of other great nations, is small, and if we had not been foolish enough to squander money in ironclads and army, we might now be a nation without a debt.

The English Strain

GAIN, there is in the blood of the American people a tenacity, like that of the English bulldog, which when once the fight is on will not give up until victory is won. Wonderfully is this illustrated by our great Civil War, when North and South met and fought for four years, keeping up the fight until one side was exhausted, and not until then did peace come. If any nation attacks us, it knows in advance that we will fight to the last.

At the close of the Civil War the great armies disbanded and the veterans went back to their places in the shop and the field and the office. They had had enough of war; they rejoiced in

the coming of peace, and there was no thought of military or naval development. Peace, and peace only, was our purpose, and at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, just below the Capitol steps, was erected a magnificent statue to Peace. I remember, about thirty years after the close of the war, there took place in Washington what was called the "last grand march"; one hundred thousand veterans of the Civil War marched from the Peace statue to the reviewing-stand in front of the White House; from early morning until late in the evening that great army was moving. No sword was seen, no musket carried, and the only thing which told the story of their veteran lives was the modest Grand Army hat and button. As those one hundred thousand veterans marched down the avenue I felt as never before the immense strength and power of this Republic, and that no nation would dare attack us. That feeling was not confined to myself alone. More than one of the foreign diplomats who saw that magnificent march of those unarmed veterans sent word to his home country, "No war with the United States of America!"

The Overruling Providence

UT there is a reason deeper and more significant than the mere matter of ability and safety, why this Republic should lead in the great work of establishing universal peace. History is not a mere accidental succession of unrelated circumstances. Through the ages one increasing purpose runs. There is an overruling Providence which fashions and shapes human destiny—the destiny of nations as well as of individuals. We may not be absolutely certain of the purposes of Providence, yet we can gain some knowledge of them from noting events as they come and go, sure that in all the great movements of the nations and of humanity some supreme purpose is being accomplished. I do not mean that there is any fatalism by which the will of the individual or of the nation is ignored, but that the opportunity comes and the purpose will be accomplished, though the individual or the nation may ignore it, and the duty and the glory be passed over to another. As Lowell says:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side."

The Brotherhood of Man

IT was not a mere accidental fact that for numbers of succeeding centuries this Western Hemisphere was withheld from the eye of civilization. In a sense profoundly true it was up to four centuries ago a virgin continent—an untraveled land—and in the then bringing it within the reach of civilization there was some purpose, which will be accomplished. If I should state in a single sentence that which seems to me the great purpose, it would be that here was to be developed a society and a government based upon the brotherhood of man. All through the Eastern Hemisphere, during its centuries of struggle, the underlying political facts had been the rule of a chief or king and the organization of tribe or nation on the selfish basis of personal interests. Each nation lived for itself, and prosecuted wars with other States and nations to satisfy the ambition of its rulers or to promote its selfish interests. The idea of humanity, bound by any obligation of any of its members to all the rest, was a thing unknown in practical life, and almost unmentioned in the theories of social philosophers. In consequence, everything was determined by the mere matter of might. Ignorance and superstition prevailed. The great masses of humanity were the spoil and prey of a few individuals. Government of and by the people was a thing undreamed of. But about the time of the discovery of America came the invention of printing, which opened the doors of knowledge to all. The common people began to assert themselves and to claim the right to control their own government and society. There was fluttering through the world the ever-growing thought of personal, political, social and religious liberty. It is not strange that as this continent was settled, and social and political conditions were established, the common school became the recognized rule of life. All these are significant of and affirm the brotherhood of man.

The Mingling of Races

NOTHER thing which affirms the same is the mingling of races. The allegory of the dispersion at Babel presaged the national life of the old world. During all that life the human family lived in isolated and antagonistic races and nations. It still remains there the significant fact. You go to China, and the Chinese have monopolized that country; into Spain and only Spaniards are found. In France

and Germany are French and Germans. Single races form not merely the numerical majority, but they are, if not the sole inhabitants, the controlling factors. Locally every race held to its own place on the face of the globe and maintained its isolated life. But this Republic is a new experience. We have every year, and for a century past have had, great streams of populations flowing in from every race: the Anglo-Saxon, the Scandinavian, the Chinese, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Japanese, the Teuton and the Ethiopian. They have gathered here not merely as visitors or travelers, but to stay and become citizens. The dispersion which began at Babel has ended on the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi. All races are mingled in our citizenship, a conglomeration of heterogeneous elements, but all part and parcel of the life of the Republic, here to live and work out with us the destiny of this nation. Statistics illustrate the significance of this: By the census of Nineteen Hundred the total population was seventy-six millions, of which nine millions were colored. Of the other sixty-seven millions, ten millions were of foreign birth and sixteen millions more were of foreign parentage. So that, out of the sixty-seven million whites, there were only forty-one millions of native parentage, and they, as we all know, trace their ancestry back at longer or shorter distances to the several races of the old world. These heterogeneous elements are to fuse into one national American life. By association in work, in business, in political life, in the schoolroom, and a little through inter-racial marriages, the brotherhood of man finds its best illustration in American life.

A National Composite Photographer

YOU are all familiar with composite photography. A photographer will take face after face and photograph them upon the same plate until he has produced a composite picture made of the likenesses of the separate faces, and that composite picture brings out to view the strong and marked features of each. America is the national composite photographer. She will take the various races which have come into her midst and cast the leading features of their character into one composite picture upon the plate of history. Thus are we forming the great American race. And this gives to us as to no other nation a power in preserving international peace. Think for a moment of the influence

of the German element. There are seven million eight hundred thousand of that race in this country. Though they are loyal citizens of the United States, the ties which link them to the old home life are not all broken. They will stand by the United States if ever Germany should attack us, but on the other hand they will always be a potent force compelling this nation to refrain from attacking Germany. And so with the other races. Their appearance here is a guarantee against any offensive war undertaken by this country against the nation from which they came. Thus, by the mingling of the varied races of earth, and by the restraining influence consequent therefrom upon the life of this nation, is further disclosed the infinite purpose in our national life.

Our Great Opportunity

US the leading nation on this Western Hemisphere, surely the open door is before us. If we fail, the cause of peace will not fail. We shall simply stand in history as the nation which lost the great opportunity. Who can say that in case of our failure there will not be developed on our North a mighty republic which will be true to the cause of peace and become its national leader? Indeed, there are possibilities reaching far beyond this. We fancy that ours is and is to be the leading race, the one out of whose efforts the great benedictions are to come to humanity. We are wont to look at the South American States with a feeling almost of pity or contempt, but are we sure that, if we fail, the Latin race will not be the chosen instrument of accomplishing the Infinite purpose? Indeed, one can see in the events of the last few years some suggestive foreshadowings.

Influence of the Business Interests

UT the United States will not fail. She will heed the summons to the lofty mission of peace. The blare of the bugles and the beating of the drum will give way to the song of the angels; and the brotherhood of man, which means peace between the nations, will find its loftiest expression in the unfoldings of our history. There are three great forces in our civilization, each of which, more potent here than elsewhere in the world, voices for international peace, and government of and by the people will heed those voices. First, the business interests. Nowhere are there more varied and larger business enterprises carried on than in the United States. Our

merchants sweep the entire horizon of the world in their pursuit of business. Our manufacturing industries, some of them gigantic in extension, search the whole realm of industry in the furtherance of their work. The inventor and the mechanical engineer are ever busy devising new methods of toil, new machines, for accomplishing more and better work. Over eight hundred thousand patents for new and useful inventions have been issued from the Patent Office at Washington. The means of locomotion and the facilities for communication are extending in every direction. We have more miles of railroad than any other nation in the world and almost as many as all other nations put together. Mountains are no barrier, rivers do not stay their course ❀ ❀

All these interests look askance at the prospect of war. They dread the destruction of property and business. They hate to see the efforts of the brainy turned away from the furtherance of these interests into devising additional means of killing and of sowing the land with the seeds of destruction. When Mr. Carnegie said that if any controversy arose between Great Britain and the United States it could be entrusted to the merchants of London and New York, who would settle it peacefully and with honor to both nations, he expressed the longing and faith of all business interests, and may be looked upon as seer and prophet.

The Influence of the Masses

SECOND, the laborers. The great mass of the American people are toilers, and their votes determine the policy of the Government, for it is a government of and by the people. In England the labor party pressed upon the Government the consideration of a limitation of armament, and the Government, obedient thereto, dared not withhold presenting the matter to the recent Hague Conference. Keir Hardie, the leader of that party in Parliament, in a recent address in the United States declared that the laborers of the world were all opposed to war and demanded that all difficulties between nations should be settled by arbitration. The toilers see that war means the waste and destruction of property. They know that it takes life, that the army is drawn from their numbers and that their homes are drained to fill the cemeteries of the battlefield. They also realize full well that the cost of armies and of war is enormous; that that cost is made

good by taxes, and they are beginning to appreciate more and more the fact that they pay the bulk of the taxes. They see the great nations of the Old World piling up from year to year and from decade to decade an ever-increasing burden of debt, and they also perceive that this country (which during thirty years had paid off two-thirds of the debt created by the Civil War) has since then for military armament and naval display not only ceased to reduce but has practically ceased all efforts at reduction. They are weighing the earnest words of Secretary Root when, appealing to the South American States for a closer union, he declared:

“Let us pledge ourselves to aid one another in the full performance of the duty to humanity which that accepted declaration implies, so that in time the weakest and most unfortunate of our republics may come to march with equal step by the side of the stronger and more fortunate. Let us help one another to show that for all the races of men the liberty for which we have fought and labored is the twin sister of justice and peace. Let us unite in creating and maintaining and making effective an all-American public opinion, whose power shall influence international conduct and prevent international wrong, and narrow the causes of war, and forever preserve our free lands from the burdens of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us ever nearer to the perfection of ordered liberty. So shall come security and prosperity, production and trade, wealth, learning, the arts, and happiness for all.”

It is a startling commentary on these words and these efforts of Secretary Root that, impelled by the action of this nation in building up a navy, Brazil and Argentine have lately commenced the enlargement of theirs, and decline to enter into an agreement to stop the increase at a certain limit.

The laborers as all others know that debt piled up for a navy is just as heavy a burden as a debt piled up for an army. They know that while the stock-gamblers of New York may water stock, there is no power that can water a debt—not even a debt for a navy. It remains a constant burden, whose interest is an annual drain and whose principal stands in the way of those works of peace which will promote the happiness and comfort of all. We hear from them already in the declarations of their

organized bodies that arbitration must be the rule, that international peace must be the object, and that military and naval armaments must stop their growth. Nowhere in the world is the toiler such a power in the government. Nowhere is he such an intelligent force, so fully understanding the curse and cost of war, and his opposition will grow more and more emphatic until every lawgiver hears and heeds.

The Influence of Woman

THIRD, woman. Note the fact that the last half-century has changed her position. She is no longer a purely home body, but has entered largely into public life. Whether voting or not she has become an active and vigorous force in the national life. Her patriotism is as certain and as strong as that of her brother, and whenever the need comes, although she may not shoulder the musket or draw the sword, she does all that is possible to ameliorate the hardships of war. The Red Cross is her work and her glory, and the noble bands of women who are giving their time and strength to increasing its efficiency and extend the reach of its influence are among the heroines of the nation. But while all this is true, you need no assurance that her voice is and always will be potent for peace. No mother nurses her baby boy and rears him to manhood without dread that his life may in its prime be cut off by the merciless bullet. She looks forward to old age in the hope and faith that that boy in the vigor and strength of manhood will be her comfort, support and glory. There never was a time since the beginning of days that women longed for bloodshed or the carnage of war, and the more fully she realizes its waste and destruction the more earnest will become her opposition. Nowhere in the world is she so potent a force in public life as in this country, and you may be sure that that force will ere-long be concentrated in steadfast opposition to war and in favor of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. She can not be sneered or laughed out of her faith, and he who looks for public recognition in this country will do well to take note of this fact. ¶ These are three great forces in the life of this nation, and as they unite in the effort for arbitration and international peace they will compel the public men of the day to heed their demands.

The Parcels-Post

By Nathan B. Williams



HE advocates and opponents of parcels-post usually speak of it as being a new development of the postal service, as something new and comparatively untried in this country. This view, however, is incorrect. Parcels-post is just exactly the same age and of the same parentage as letter-post. Both were born of the necessities of civilized humanity. Both first saw the light of day in this country when in Sixteen Hundred Fifty Governor Lovelace hired a postman and sent him through the trackless woods between New York and Boston loaded down with "letters and small portable goods."

After Sixteen Hundred Ninety-one the Colonists fixed the rates of postage under the Neale patent on every "letter and packet."

Letters were rated by the sheet, and "packets" were rated by the ounce.

There was no weight limit on "packets"—an unlimited parcels-post which was being used to such an extent that in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-nine it was urged by the Postmaster-General that Congress should fix a weight limit on "packets" or, as he said, "packages," and leave it optional with the postmaster to receive or reject such as weighed more than three pounds.

They had the zone system of making rates in those days, which, after being thoroughly tried out, was abandoned for the flat-rate system, the same rate for all distances.

This service was a monopolistic one. No one was permitted to compete with the mail service except in carrying his own letters or packets, or where he was carrying for a friend without compensation. We have the same provisions in the law today, unenforced.

Our Present Parcels-Post

THE present weight limit on "packets" is four pounds. An increase in weight without the assertion of a monopoly in the carriage of all mail matter will only increase the postal deficit. The profitable short-haul business will continue to go by express, while the long, unprofitable hauls will remain to be carried by the Government at a loss.

The profit on the package business done by the Government last year was more than two million dollars, and such packages averaged less than one-third of a pound in weight. To get rid of the postal deficit it is only necessary to enforce a reasonable monopoly in the carriage of all mailable packets; their average in weight will rise to two or three pounds with a corresponding increase in profits.

Who would it hurt? No one but the express companies—the real reasons why we have no parcels-post—these transportation leeches who have no place in an honestly conducted transportation business or in a well-governed country ❦

Express companies with their enormous capital represent no original investment; or if one, it was so small as to be almost nothing.

The first express company was an idea, a man and a carpetbag. The first "carpetbagger" was an expressman.

Express companies have already secured a large part of the postal business of the country and have their eyes upon what is left. Thus we have big express company "melons" and enormous postal deficits.

The post-office is going to remain a public agency, but it will be a very expensive one unless we put an end to private competition.

❦ Only once was it ever proposed in Congress to repeal the laws which prevent competition with the mails; but official neglect repealed them twenty-five years ago.

Permit thousand-dollar bills and diamonds to be sent by express, but require that such packages shall bear the requisite amount of postage ❦

The Press and Parcels-Post

FREEDOM is only to be preserved when men may freely write and publish ❦ Editors were the first to use in a large way the postal system. A printer established the first American postal service. The first Postmaster-General was a publisher ❦ The difference between a postal system administered for all the people, and one administered partly for the people and partly in the interest of express companies, is the difference between a printer and a politician.

Leading publishers now admit that most of their papers and magazines go by express. Publishers would not ship by express except to save money. How ridiculous does the suggestion then become that the periodicals

of the country are the cause of the postal deficit? They are partly to blame, but they should not be made the goat. Publishers should be fair and tell you and all their readers the real cause of postal deficits.

The suggestion to increase rates on papers could help no one but the express companies. That such suggestion comes from them is not beyond belief when we remember the capacity and energy of these crafty express-company farmers in the field of legislation. ❦ Would we had a few publishers with the courage of a William Goddard! A few who were willing to attack this insidious enemy of the postal service and at the same time were willing to be fair to the whole people! Put your papers in the mails, gentlemen, and then insist and insist now that Congress shall give you and the whole people a fair and reasonable postal measure. You will be met and supported by the honest citizenship of this nation.

Patriotic Consideration of Parcels-Post

THE question is a no less momentous one than this: "Shall the Constitution and laws of the country or a lawless combination of refractory individuals triumph?" ❦ This sounds like "malefactors of great wealth," does n't it? But these are the words of the House Post-Office Committee in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four.

Express-company competition in that time was depleting the revenues of the post-office one-third. Very likely their competition now costs the Government at least fifty million dollars yearly. Until we enforce a proper monopoly in the carriage of the mail we will never know what such competition does cost.

❦ Postal revision is on. It is long overdue, delayed by express-company influence. It is a live issue. But unless this point of postal monopoly be protected, your arguments for parcels-post will fail, and fail ignominiously. The parcels-post you demand, if granted, and unprotected against express-company competition, would result in postal deficits of fifty millions, while enormous profits of this business would go into the swelling treasuries of the express companies, and our citizens be taxed to meet ever-increasing postal deficits.

Presidents and Parcels-Post

PRESIDENT John Quincy Adams defined, in a message to Congress, the proper "use" of the postal establishment, as "embracing the comforts of friendly correspondence,

the exchanges of internal traffic, and the lights of the periodical press shall be distributed to the remotest corners of the Union at a charge scarcely perceptible to any individual and without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury."

President Monroe said: "Post-offices were made for the country, and not the country for them. They are the offspring of improvement." ¶ Were these distinguished men alive today, they would tell Congress and the country the cause and cure of postal deficits, for they said that the post-office was entitled to the postage on "every letter and packet" and that under the Constitution Congress had the power to pass laws protecting its revenue.

Rural Carriers and Rural Parcels-Post

MAIL matter which does not have to pay any charges for railroad carriage is entitled to a better rate than where it has to pay both. Such distinction is difficult except on fourth-class matter, merchandise.

It is a shame, an instance of cowardly waste of public money, that rural parcels-post was not established when rural service was established. The carrier might as well go loaded where he now goes light, and at a great saving to his patrons, and earn good wages for his employer, the Government.

Rural carriers are not permitted to carry packets weighing over four pounds, but express companies carry in the same train, many times in the same car, such matter without objection on the part of the officials of the Post-Office Department. Why this discrimination against the rural carriers? Why not treat all carriers operating over post-roads alike?

Mail-Order Houses and Parcels-Post

MAIL-ORDER houses are not mail-delivery houses. As advocated, parcels-post will only provide for eleven-pound shipments, the same as we have in force to most foreign countries. If "mail-order" houses had to live upon their business of packages of eleven pounds weight or less they would starve to death and that quickly.

Mail-order houses rely upon express service and freight to distribute their wares. They are located in the big cities where all express companies center and where they are able to secure preferential rates.

At present the merchant in a small town is dominated by express-company rates. He can not ship as readily as the houses in the big

cities. His territory is circumscribed by express-company service. ¶ A modern parcels-post system will free the small merchant from express-company tyranny, and he is blinded by the sophistry of express companies or he would be in favor of parcels-post. With an equal service he can compete.

The Interstate Commerce Commission

THE Commission now makes rates on mailable matter, and so can and do the rate-making bodies of the several States. All this is being done on matter carried in competition with the mails.

The power to regulate the postal system was committed to Congress by the adoption of the Constitution.

So here we have a chaotic jumble which delights the express companies. This unspeakable condition should no longer exist. Get after Congress to make rates on all mail matter. It has this power and it should see to it that competition with the mails is stopped now. ✽

The Constitution and Parcels-Post

THEN words are the foundation of the postal system: "The Congress shall have power: To establish post-offices and post-roads!" These are quite sufficient except when their plain meaning and obvious intention are not obscured by express-company influence. ✽ Courts have recently said that Congress has the power of establishing a monopoly in the carriage of the "mails of the country." Then it has the power of determining what are "the mails of the country."

This important subject is now up to your representatives in Congress, which being interpreted, means that it is up to you. It is the case of the People versus the Express Companies. I yet have confidence in the intelligence and civic patriotism of the American farmer.

Arouse yourselves! Let us throw off, and throw off now, every vestige of express-company domination over the postal service. Then will we see it restored to the purposes of its founders. There will it remain a beneficent service, yielding comfort and profit to all alike. Make the vast postal power of the Constitution the true measure of the welfare of the whole people. Make it the most useful, the most democratic of institutions, and all "without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury."

✽

Theology is not what we know about God, but what we know we do not know about Nature.

A Little Journey to the Home of Patrick J. Healy

By Elbert Hubbard



VERY one knows Chicago as the home of the World's largest Stockyards, but few realize that it is the home of the World's largest Music-House. ¶ The motto of Chicago is, "I Will"; the chaste and classic motto of Boston is, "Let's Not." The union of these two mottoes, rightly used, would produce a mountain-peak in any line of endeavor.

¶ The house of Lyon and Healy was built by a man from Boston. In everything of an honest, courageous and farseeing nature, his "I Will" was as sure and as much to be counted upon as the ozone from the lake; but in all of the hundreds of side issues and petty make-believes that so many businessmen allow to take up their time, his Boston training stood him in good stead.

A fiddle fancier can tell from the F holes in an old violin whether the instrument was made in France, Germany or Italy, or even if it were made in the North or South of Italy, and he can also, from this trifling detail, hazard a guess as to the period of its birth. These tabulations are a delight to us all. Who has not felt a Sherlock pleasure in knowing that a redheaded woman has a temper? **The Harp With the Crown-Topped Column**

 NUMBER of years ago, a musical friend of mine was glancing over photographs of celebrities. He came upon one of Tramonti, the great harpist, taken, of course, in a pose of careless elegance, leaning upon his harp. This musician said, "Well, I see he plays a Lyon and Healy harp."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"The top of the column is round or crown-shaped. If it were an Erard harp, it would have an octagonal top."

At Bayreuth one Summer they had five harps in the Orchestra, under the direction of Siegfried Wagner, and as an American I felt a thrill of pride when I saw that they all had crown-topped columns. Again, when I gazed upon the photograph of the great Symphony Orchestra of Saint Petersburg, I felt a personal pleasure in spotting the round top on the harp.

¶ P. J. Healy's dream had come true. He had accomplished the impossible. He had made the Art Centers of the world come to Cook County for the divine instrument!

To make Chicago the recognized authority on Spareribs was, in its way, a somewhat difficult task; still, everything favored it. But to make Chicago surpass the world in music, with everything against it, was so difficult that, if the thing had not been done, the very idea would be ridiculed.

We are all partners with our friends.

For a generation I have been a partner in Lyon and Healy's success, for I knew the man.

¶ I remember P. J. Healy when Chicago was the fifth city in size in America—and I've seen Chicago advance from a city of less than two hundred thousand to a metropolis of more than two million.

I remember when there was only one one-horse railroad in Chicago, and that ran on State Street from the river where the boats landed, out a mile and a half.

The fare was ten cents, and to keep down expenses, the car was of the bobtail variety—no conductor. The driver had one eye on his mule and one eye on the passengers to see they deposited their good coin. If they did not, he simply tied his lines around the brake-handle and came in and argued with them. Not much music in Chicago then. And not an inviting field. But when the right man comes along, the garden blossoms.

Yes, Patrick Joseph Healy was always a familiar figure to me. And some of the folks that I loved, loved Patrick Joseph Healy. ¶

Silas G. Pratt

 HEALY dealt in musical instruments and music, and made musical instruments, and added to life's harmonies, and he discovered a man by the name of Silas G. Pratt. Healy was always discovering men.

Healy's life was a search for talent. All boys were to him wonderful possibilities. "A boy is a genius in the cocoon," he used to say. ¶ "Where do you get such intelligent assistants?" some one asked him; and his answer was, "I grow them."

So Healy discovered Silas G. Pratt, clerk, salesman and composer by candlelight. Pratt was interested in a new Sunday-School song-book.

¶ Healy looked the book over upon request of Silas, and Healy, being psychic and musical and poetic and prophetic, found in this book

one song that caught his ear and his fancy, and he concluded to publish the book, more to please Pratt than for any other reason. The book was published, and sold into the millions; and the particular song that was sung and whistled and played and piped upon all over the world was, "The Sweet By and By," composed by Joseph P. Webster—that gentle poet of the violin.

And so this was my introduction to Patrick Joseph Healy, for Healy was the man who discovered Pratt and launched his bark upon the tide of time. And Pratt and I roomed together, and he it was who first told me of Healy, and later, introduced me to him. Pratt had a gift of composing popular salon music, as he called it, although we had no salons. I remember one effort which he played for me called "The Harp at Midnight." "That composition will live as long as you do," I told Pratt, and they are both very much alive yet. So sometimes I'm right.

But, in the midst of his enthusiasm, Pratt took this piece to Mr. Healy to publish, and Mr. Healy, with a twinkle in his eye, got right down to business. "It is a nice composition," said he, "too nice to have been written by any one of the unromantic Yankee name of Silas G. If we publish it, we must have an author's name in keeping with the composition itself."

"Well," said Silas, "call a Pratt by any other name and he'll sing as sweet."

"You mean sweetly," replied Healy, for, as before stated, Healy was from Boston.

They were standing at one of the counters in the Lyon and Healy store, and Mr. Healy reached his hand into the showcase and drew forth a violin-bridge. It was stenciled AUBERT. "This," said Mr. Healy, "is a name that sounds like your piece."

"But," objected Pratt, "there is an Auber, a great composer, and we might become mixed."

"Hardly," said Mr. Healy; "but you can make it very different by calling yourself V. B. Aubert, V. B. standing for Violin-Bridge."

So the piece was published—and so it is catalogued today.

The Little Giant of Music-Land

IN talking with my old friend, Judge Cratty, about Healy, I got from him a clear and legal estimate of the "little giant of music-land."

This was the Judge's point of view when he

exclaimed that Healy was the greatest, biggest and best man in America, for I asked him to give me the formula by which he judged whether a man was great, able, efficient, profound; or merely smart, industrious, clever, hustling, saving and successful.

The Judge reached over and picked up a piece of chalk, and on a blackboard that happened to be at hand he wrote down what he called the ingredients that go into the making of a man: industry, economy, self-reliance, decision, humor, judgment, prescience, appreciation, imagination, enthusiasm, sensibility, love of truth.

"There," said the Judge, "there are twelve qualities. Just size yourself up, or anybody else. As for Patrick J. Healy, he rated around nine and a half, counting ten as the perfect standard."

Cratty's estimate of Healy corroborated my own. Healy was the most appreciative, the kindest, the gentlest man I ever knew, who yet had will plus and purpose to spare. His voice was always keyed low. When he gave orders to his people he gave the order but once. His dignity commanded respect wherever he went. Nobody ever looked upon his face and doubted his word. He was the only witness I ever saw called into court where the judge said to the attorneys, "Shall we waive the oath in taking Mr. Healy's testimony?" and both sides said, "Yes." It seemed like an insult to swear this man to tell the truth. He was incapable of anything else. He was one of the very few men I ever saw who had nothing to hide, nothing to conceal. His soul was open as the sunlight.

The Silent Celt

HEALY was born in Ireland, and when four years of age induced his parents to emigrate to Boston. He was as Irish as Arthur Wellesley, and looked like him, and was just as silent, just as simple. Both had to be weighed Troy, not Avoirdupois. You remember, Arthur Wellesley used to black his own shoes because he did not want to trouble the housemaids. He used to carry his own luggage, because he was proud that he was able to do it.

The Duke of Wellington always gave everybody his own way, except when it was necessary that he should have his, and when he went up against the Corsican the Irishman still had his way, but never boasted of it afterward.

A few men grow with their business—some simply swell. Healy was always bigger than his business, and he built up the largest business in his own particular line the world has ever seen. And now that he has passed on, it is still the biggest thing in its line in the world, and the soul of Patrick Joseph Healy yet dominates it.

Healy was so fine that few people knew him. He operated through others. He shunned the glare of the spotlight. He was as fine as Thomas Jefferson—America's only democrat—and very much like him. All these things I knew years ago, but they did not mean so much to me then as they do now. A man like Healy requires perspective.

The Thirteenth Child

 PATRICK JOSEPH HEALY was born on a little stone-fenced farm, County Cork, in Ireland, on March Seventeenth, Eighteen Hundred Forty. He used to say that all loyal Irishmen celebrated his birthday, and that, as he was the thirteenth child of his parents, he always had good luck.

Luther Burbank was also a thirteenth child. And we might mention John and Charles Wesley, who were well down the list in a nice little family of nineteen children. Their mother, Susannah Wesley, was the twenty-fourth child of her mother.

Daniel Webster was an eleventh child, Theodore Parker the same, and he used to refer to himself as "the last run of shad." Edmund Burke was one of the youngest in a family of fifteen. Friedrich Froebel completed the baker's dozen. Beethoven, the greatest mind in music the world has ever seen, was number twelve.

William and Caroline Herschel, perhaps the greatest brother and sister known in the history of science, divided honors with nine brothers and sisters. Coleridge was one in a family of thirteen.

Doctor O. S. Fowler used to say, "Only maturity breeds brains"—and possibly he was right in saying that the law of primogeniture was founded on a fallacy.

Ireland has passed through tyranny and starvation. Her population has dropped from eight million to four million; but the flowers bloom and blossom in Ireland, and the babies grow—and some of them evolve into superb men and women.

The teacher of William and Alexander Hum-

boldt once exclaimed: "Yes, I have succeeded in schoolteaching! yes! yes! I have had two great pupils." And any teacher who has had that number has succeeded.

The Dependable Organ Boy

 HE one teacher of Patrick J. Healy seems to have been William T. Adams of Boston, known to the world as "Oliver Optic." Adams was a lover of boys, and how much he had to do with the evolution of Patrick Healy no man can say. The subject was so near to the heart of Healy that when the name of Oliver Optic was mentioned his eyes would fill with tears and his voice grow husky.

One day, Adams, seeing that young Healy, then aged eleven, was tragically in need of boots and books, got him a job pumping a pipe-organ for Silas P. Bancroft, who had a heart and head that almost matched those of Oliver Optic.

The genius of Healy appealed to Bancroft, and he talked the matter over with Oliver Optic. Bancroft was sure that a lad who could pump a pipe-organ and keep awake at his job so as to start the noise the minute the sermon was concluded, surely had something in him. Genius can be shown even in the pumping of a pipe-organ. The particular organ in question always squeaked when worked too hard. The boy found a way to eliminate the squeak so that the pumper was not in competition with the player.

And so it happened that Bancroft adopted the boy into his own childless heart, and got him a job in Reed's music-store, on the strength of his skill in pumping.

One piece of work well done leads to another. George P. Reed took little Healy over to the Boston Public Library and told the librarian to issue him a card and let him take any book he wanted. And the little Irish lad went home and told his mother that America was Heaven—but his mother was not so sure about it. The Boston Public Library has helped to feed many a hungry mind. Healy prized the moments as they passed. He improved every opportunity. The only time that he stole away for himself was to swim or to row. He was always an amphibian, and through rowing and swimming he kept his lithe little form in good condition. His body was servant to his soul. He knew the value—even in childhood, it seems—of having a good physical understanding.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, Healy was twenty-one years of age, and he was head clerk in the music-house.

He could read music. History to him was familiar. He knew the styles of composition. He could play the harpsichord, the piano, the harp or the organ enough to show the beauty of the instrument, but not well enough to discourage a buyer. ¶ No great musician can sell musical instruments. Here, Healy said, Nature had greatly favored him.

The call for volunteers, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, came and Healy responded, only to be rejected with a promptness that gave him a shock. The recruiting officer said they did not want any one for a soldier who weighed less than thirty pounds to the foot. Beef and brawn were the standards, not brain.

That Oliver Ditson Agency

✱ IN Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four Oliver Ditson was starting branch houses in several of the big cities of the West.

He had already sent John Church to Cincinnati. He offered the Chicago agency to the two most likely men of his acquaintance, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Healy. Lyon's name was put first because he was twenty years older and weighed nearly twice as much.

About this time Chicago was only about half the size of Cincinnati, and not nearly so big as Saint Louis. It was a pioneer town—muddy, on stilts with wooden sidewalks.

Oliver Ditson supplied the money, and Lyon and Healy put in the enthusiasm and the hope.

¶ During these first years the total investment was relatively small, and most of the pianos were sold on time. Money was in demand. ✱ One day the landlord dropped in and suggested that, if Mr. Healy wanted to borrow a little money to help along the business, it could be arranged. ✱ ✱

Healy's reply was, "I can not afford to pay ten per cent, which is, I understand, what you receive for the money you lend."

And the old gentleman came up close and in a whisper said, "Mr. Healy, the money you borrow from me will not cost you ten per cent."

Healy was a natural financier. He said the time to borrow money was when you did not want it. The man who goes to the banker only when he is hard up is always under suspicion. Healy knew how to borrow money, and he knew how to meet his obligations.

The Hundred-Point Man

✱ N every institution, the difficult tasks gravitate to the man who can get under the burden. Healy was the man who made decisions—the court of last resort. He read, studied, worked, planned and grew.

Very seldom indeed is there found a man who has the shrewdness to be a good advertiser and at the same time possesses a poetic temperament and the ability to manage and manipulate men for his own benefit—and theirs.

The amount of money that Healy spent in advertising caused the first break between him and his partner, Mr. Lyon.

These expenditures for newspaper ink gave a shock also to Oliver Ditson.

Healy originated the phrase, "Everything Known in Music," and ran this constantly in all the Chicago papers. One day a Scotchman lumbered in and said, "I understand that you have everything known in music."

And Mr. Healy said, "We have."

"Well," said Sandy, "if you please I would like to see a pair of bagpipes."

Mr. Healy turned to his clerk and said, "Mr. Pratt, will you be so kind as to go and select the finest pair of bagpipes we have in stock?"

¶ It so happened that they had just one solitary pair that had been procured as a curiosity. These bagpipes had been carried on the inventory, to the great distress of the firm, for several years. Now here was Time and Tide and the Piper. And the clerk danced.

Pratt made haste to dust off the bagpipes, and triumphantly produced them.

Healy declined the invitation to play them. The Scotchman tried his lungs with really marvelous results; and when the din had reached thrilling proportions, carried away the prize in triumph.

Healy was always a joker, but his wit was of a quiet and subtle sort.

It seems that once they had an unruly and undisciplined young fellow for a clerk. The department manager came to Mr. Healy one day with a bitter complaint against this clerk, and said, "We will have to discharge him."

¶ "All right," replied Healy; "you discharge him."

Presently the manager came back and said: "I discharged him, but he won't go. He tells me to go to hell."

"Did you go?" asked Mr. Healy.

"No; he will not go, either!"

"Well, then, the only thing I can see to do is to let him stay."

The point was simply this: the second man did not have so much will as the first, and Mr. Healy saw that, in the course of time, the unruly clerk might evolve into something worth while. And so he did.

Mr. Healy's Business Associates

HEALY'S patience with stupidity and error was always a marvel to his associates ✧ ✧

Behind the blundering individual he saw clearly the man of possibilities. The trivial, the transient, the absurd, did not upset his judgment.

"If a man fails to be a friend to himself, then," said Healy, "he is the man who needs friends most." And so he stood by the erring, the foolish and often the vicious, occasionally to his own great disadvantage. But this did not disturb his faith in humanity.

There is a maxim that a man is known by the company he keeps. And perhaps this is true.

Many of the broken-down and busted-up men in the musical circles of Chicago found a friend in Patrick J. Healy. He loaned them small sums; he gave them encouragement, he put them on their feet, and a few of them stayed there.

There is a story told of his taking a certain man to the Sherman House for dinner. Usually a very simple lunch satisfied Healy, but when he invited a friend to dine, he either took him to his own home or to the best hotel. Some one at the hotel called Mr. Healy aside and said, "Mr. Healy, don't you know that man ought to be in jail?"

And Mr. Healy looked at the man with his mild blue eyes and said, "Yes, that man has even victimized himself, but there may yet be a chance for him to get back to solid footing if he wants to."

The big musicians, the people of worth and power, all sought out Healy. He did not seek after the popular, nor endeavor to ally himself with the rich and proud of the earth. And yet the people of position gave him full recognition.

Healy made a musical impression on Chicago and the great West unequalled by any other man of his time, or before, or since. But there was something better than music to Healy, and that was manhood.

Everything Known in Music

HE branches of the business of Lyon and Healy that surpass all other endeavors in similar lines are the sale of pianos at retail; the sale of rare old violins; the sale of sheet-music; the wholesaling of talking machines and small instruments, besides many other things—all brought to highwater mark by the genius of one man. But he wished to be known as the builder of the first perfect Harp the world had ever seen.

Healy knew how to attract skilful men to him, and he knew how to manage men without their knowing it. I trust it will not be disputed that the man who can manage musicians is something more than human. But Healy never met whim with whim. If a man were violent in his language, Healy never imitated him ✧ He might have done what Jailer Whitman once did. The prisoners in the Chicago jail, to the number of five hundred or so, refused to go into their cells. They had drawn up a long list of grievances, and literally were on a strike. They roamed the hallways, a howling, cursing, seething mob, defying the officers to shoot them, turn the hose on them or start a fire for their benefit. Argument was impossible because nothing was heard.

Jailer Whitman, small in stature, but big in brain, simply unlocked the door that led into this cage of wild beasts. He slipped in, relocked the door, threw the key out, and there he was alone with the mob. He pushed his way through to the leader, took him gently by the lapel of his coat, and said, "Here, Bill, I want to talk with you."

And it was only a few minutes before Bill was convinced that the only thing to do was to order the strikers back to their cells ✧ Whitman won because he had the brain that could dominate the situation.

Succeeding by Indirection

PATRICK J. HEALY was a winner through personality. All over the United States, where bands play, the name of "Lyon and Healy" will be found modestly stamped on most of the musical instruments in use.

First, to arouse some one in a village or town with a musical desire, and then to sell him instruments, was genuine salesmanship ✧ Nothing can be done by going after a proposition with a bludgeon ✧ We succeed by indirection. To start in and sell a man a thousand dollars' worth of musical instruments

would have been a miracle; but to first fill this man's mind with the desire to organize a band, and then have him bring in a dozen, a score, fifty, one hundred or two hundred men with like intent, and then fill the demand for band instruments—that was another thing.

¶ In Grand Rapids is a newspaper that started a band for newsboys twenty years ago on the suggestion of Mr. Healy. This band is one of the best in the United States and has almost a national reputation. It has taught in all upwards of one thousand men to read music and play some musical instrument acceptably.

¶ Each player owned his own instrument, although, to start with, the newspaper publication bought the instruments and sold them to the boys on time. Healy's plea was that you can not give a man something for nothing and have it appreciated. Everything must be bought with a price. Let the boys own their instruments, and they will care for and prize them; also, they will be constantly filled with the wish for something better and finer.

¶ For instance, a French Horn can be bought for twenty dollars, but there are others that cost fifty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty; and if a boy succeeds in playing this instrument fairly well, in the course of time he is going to have just as good an instrument as can be bought, and he will save his money for this purpose.

Healy knew psychology, and before he ever attempted to sell musical instruments he created a demand for music.

Ed Howe, one of the kind of men that God never duplicates, organized a band in the more or less obscure town of Atchison.

Some one asked Colonel Howe one day what his greatest ambition was, and he said it was to be rich enough so he could organize a band of one hundred pieces and then go around the world giving free concerts in every town.

Of course, this was a Kansas joke; but behind the pleasantry lay the fact that Ed Howe's soul was filled with music, and although, fortunately, he could not make a sound on a cornet that could be heard across the street, the fact was that he had infused a great number of young men with the desire to play in the band ¶ ¶

The Denver "Post" band has over one hundred pieces, and it is one of the features of Colorado. No great dignitary ever visits Denver but that he is met at the station with the Denver "Post"

Band. This Band has also taught over one thousand boys to read music. The Chicago "Daily News" also has a superb band.

To trace the origin of any of these big modern bands back to the particular impulse that originated them in the brain of Patrick J. Healy would be a nice study in psychology, but the fact remains that all big ideas, systems and institutions have their origin in the brains of individuals.

Mr. Healy as a Business Arbitrator

HEALY would have made a great judge, because he was a great diplomat and a great pacifier, unless, indeed, he would have gotten into trouble by caring more for Right than for Precedent. On various occasions, he was called upon to arbitrate business differences ¶ ¶

One particular case was where partners had disagreed and had reached a point where lawyers had been called in and injunctions issued, and the whole business was about to be thrown into dissolution and a prosperous institution ruined.

Just at this time it was suggested that the whole matter be turned over for arbitration to Mr. Healy.

Mr. Healy consented to hear the case, provided both parties would sign a stipulation that they would abide by his decision, for which he would accept no remuneration.

The lawyers lost a very fat and juicy brace of fees, but Healy heard the case, interrogating all the witnesses himself, eliminating the attorneys, and allowing the directly interested parties to make their own arguments.

The case was settled and the business was not disturbed.

Healy's sense of honor was of the keenest. He would not do that which even seemed like taking an advantage of another. He invariably gave every man with whom he came in contact the best of any proposition in which there was any question involved. On one occasion when visiting a health resort in company with one of his men, the conversation turned on some matters and things based upon business transactions between himself and a concern with which he was associated in business for years. This man said to him during the talk, "I know, Mr. Healy, that is all very good, but for Heaven's sake how long does a debt of gratitude run?" Healy turned his deep, dark eyes on the speaker

and replied slowly, "My dear man, a debt of gratitude knows no statute of limitations."

Mr. Healy Goes It Alone

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine, Mr. Lyon dropped out of the firm of Lyon and Healy—taking with him a very beautiful cash balance. It was enumerated, however, in the articles of dissolution that the name of Lyon and Healy should be the property of Mr. Healy—this including the big L trademark name, originated and signed a hundred times a day by Mr. Healy.

Here was a seemingly insignificant trifle, but Mr. Healy knew its value. His maxim was, "Never change the name of your firm, or your trademark, after the public is once accustomed to it."

From Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine on, the business took a big new lease of life, and has since been making strides, steadily and surely.

¶ And continued on the general policy that built it up, it is still growing under the guidance of the sons of Patrick Joseph, and able lieutenants long trained in the business.

Patrick J. Healy passed away in Nineteen Hundred Five. As the physician said of William Morris, so might it be said of Healy, "He died from too much Patrick J. Healy." His soul so outweighed his body that nerves grew tense and snapped. John C. Freund once said to me, "There must be such a thing as immortality, for God could not afford to dissolve and dissipate a soul so exquisitely and divinely tuned as that of Patrick Healy."

A Twenty-Fifth Century Man

THE summing up of the character of Patrick J. Healy reveals to us a man from the Twenty-fifth Century, given to us in the Twentieth for our edification and pattern. Here we have great kindness, sympathy, receptivity, and a life organized on the Brotherhood of Man, as a working policy.

Next, we have great skill in organization, financiering, the management of ways and means, the elimination of lost motion, and reaching the end to be attained by the shortest and most direct route.

Third, we have great love of truth, openness, directness, commonsense, and a deeply religious nature. The outward show of religion did not much appeal to Mr. Healy, but the spirit of Christ was in his heart.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. He made fortunes for himself and fortunes for

others, but moneymaking with him was simply incidental. For money itself he cared little. He loved his business, was proud of his business, and his heart was always in it; and through this business, like a golden thread woven in and out, was the Golden Rule.

It is not to be wondered at that a man so fine, so delicate, so sensitive, so essentially feminine, should not be more widely known.

Thoreau said that the saviors of the world are always feminine; that is, they possess the mother heart—a sympathy that embraces the world. This all-embracing sympathy and love for humanity was evinced by Healy in his regard for his associates.

Homeless boys, drifting men, the sick or unfortunate of every kind and nature, touched him to tears, and his arms reached out for their protection. Nobody knows the amount of money that he gave away to such. Nobody knows the number of cruel disappointments that came to him through the ingratitude of men—because he never discussed his failures. His windows were ever open to the East.

The New Ethics

THE newest theory in ethics is that the world, when it is perfected, will be changed through the Science of Economics, that is, through the creation and distribution of the things that men require for their bodily, mental and spiritual welfare.

In America, the nations mingle and meet. We are essentially a business people. We are builders of homes and of factories. We lay out roadways, plant forests, construct great parkways. We believe in playgrounds, in pictures, in books, in music. We believe in happiness and health and sunshine and work and good cheer and all that adds to human joy.

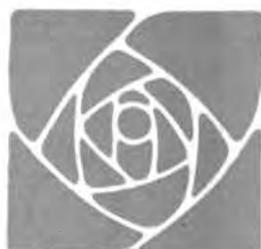
A Well-Rounded Life

PATRICK JOSEPH HEALY grew as the city of Chicago grew—as the nation grew. He grew with his business. He was ever abreast of the times and abreast of the best thought of the world, and, with the Prophet Isaiah, he used to say, "And the desert shall blossom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Harmony was his passion. Equity and reciprocity were his motifs. Love was his controlling impulse. He lived out his life in the light, shunning, fearing nothing—a man afraid of no man, and one of whom no man was afraid.

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY



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SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 6



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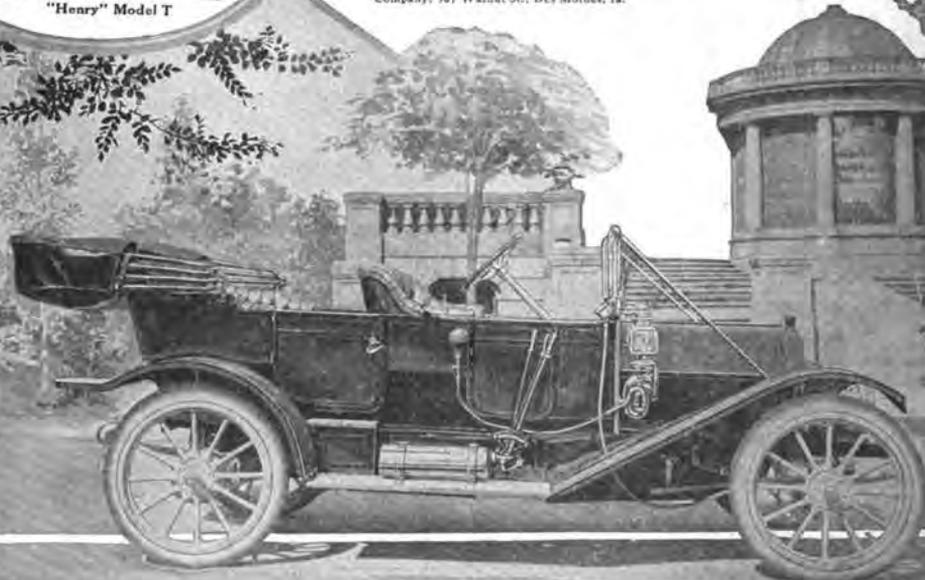
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No. 6

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Those Decisions



HE late decision in the Standard Oil case was an eminently wise and diplomatic one.

The interests of the people at large were carefully safeguarded; the defendants were not substantially injured, and the demands of that curious thing called Public Opinion were complied with.

One thing sure, business baiters can not hope for encouragement in the way of confiscation from the Supreme Court of the United States ❁ ❁

There is a strong suspicion that the minority decision of Justice Harlan was a judicial "frame-up." The proletariat found expression through Justice Harlan—so everybody felt better, although the protest had no tangible effect, of course, on the ruling. It was just a letting off of the populistic pop-valve.

Eight men on the bench expressed themselves through Justice White. And one man, Harlan, spoke through Harlan. He was quite willing

to stand alone and let the minority out and under. The defeated party should always be given a chance to fletcherize the cotton waste. The weak man always insists on the last word; also, he usually has the last word first. ¶ In the ruling of Justice White is stated simply, but forcibly, the truth that the Sherman Act was devised at a peculiar time and to meet a peculiar mental condition, and that according to its technical terms it forbids combinations in trade of every sort and kind that tend to restraint.

A Case of Mortmain

¶ LL competition restrains ❁ When one man who owns two groceries goes out and seeks an order, he restrains somebody else from making a particular sale, and to this degree would be a malefactor before the law, as expressed in the Sherman Act. ¶ A literal interpretation of the Sherman Act, says Justice White, would work great loss to many innocent parties, and serious havoc, if not disaster, to the business interests of the country; and this being true, the law would be plainly unconstitutional.

Justice White, however, hesitates about declaring the law unconstitutional, realizing

fully that all a judge can do at the last is to voice Public Opinion; and Public Opinion is not quite ready to wipe out the Sherman Act. ¶ Blackstone says, "The difficulty in administering the law is to keep it abreast of the times."

Also, "The extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice."

And again, "The law should be interpreted according to the light of reason."

There is a very great gain and advantage to the consumer in combinations of money, rightly administered. The entire tendency of trade, and in fact of human thought, is for individuals to get closer together and understand each other better; to combine and work together, and not to exist as separate units fighting each other.

The whole trend of modern thought, which is being expressed from so many pulpits, is in the direction of still closer organizations. ¶ The Sherman Act forbids the very thing that we are all working for; and that is, a closer combination and better understanding between the units that make up society.

The Sherman Act was passed by men who are dead. They are reaching out from their graves and attempting to control the living. Plainly this is a case of mortmain, and Thomas Jefferson would so determine it if he were here ❀ ❀

The Jeffersonian Ideal

❀ **W**HAT this country needs today is to catch up with Thomas Jefferson ❀

Jefferson worked for the people, he was one of the people, and his plea for government on a business basis is the one idea of the best minds in Washington today.

Thomas Jefferson said: "Government springs out of the social concept, and so the court is usually the center of power. But in America we are working for efficiency, for simplicity, for the benefit of all, and therefore government should be on an economic and not on a social basis that gives out honors and rewards, that coerces, affronts, flatters or subserves."

This point of view in Jefferson's heart was what prompted him to ride his old horse, "Wildair"—happy old Wildair to have carried on his back the kingliest man that America has produced—up to the Capitol without pomp or ceremony.

So the hands that wrote the Declaration of

Independence tied the bridle-rein of old Wildair to the hitching-post outside of the Capitol, and the owner went in and took the oath of office as President of the United States of America—not only once, but twice.

The hands of Thomas Jefferson are still. They do not reach out from the grave endeavoring to control us; but his noble sentiment that the laws are for the living, must not and will not be overlooked or disregarded.

The Wisdom of Judge White

❀ **W**HAT which is for the best interests of all the people will still obtain. Laws passed by generations that had no understanding of the needs and wants of this present time must not block the path of progress.

This fact is firmly fixed in the ample brain of Chief Justice White, who deferred to the unfolding intelligence of the people, but who at the same time practically declared the Sherman Act unconstitutional, in that its literal interpretation was opposed to the best interests of society at large.

In doing this he protected the interests of even the lowliest citizen as well as the interests of even the powerful and rich. ¶ Also, he plainly intimated that all combinations must be reasonable, rational and natural.

In remanding the Tobacco Case to the lower court, in order that it might lend its aid to conserving the elements of the business and putting it on a basis in conformity with the law, Justice White suggested a new idea to most lawyers.

And that is this: the law is to protect, conserve, build up, and is not an engine for punishment, dissolution and dissipation. The large and juicy receivership is not the end and aim of law. Here the court is ordered to build up. To negative evil is not enough. You must affirm.

Justice Harlan is a dear old man, but when he talks about Chief Justice White's opinion being mere "obiter dicta," his words lack weight. The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are law, and no power on earth can change them. The term "obiter dicta" applies to unofficial utterances, and never to a ruling of the Supreme Court.

Future generations, studying this decision and the times in which it was rendered, will give it unanimous approval.

All honor to Chief Justice White!

World's Most Valuable Secret



HIS secret, which I am about to impart, is the most valuable and far-reaching of any known to man.

It is the key to health, happiness, wealth, power, success. It is the open sesame to Paradise, here and now.

A secret is something known only to a few. Often the best way to retain a secret is to let others help you keep it.

The only way to retain love is to give it away—art and religion are the same.

¶ This secret which I am about to impart will cause no thrill, save in the hearts of those who already know it.

And all I can do for you, anyway, is to tell you the things you know, but which possibly you do not know until I tell you.

The Fallacy of Fixity

¶ Here, then, is the secret: Let Motion equal Emotion. ¶ Must I elucidate? Very well, I will: There is only one thing in the world, and that is Energy. This Energy takes a myriad million forms; and its one peculiarity is that it is always in motion. It has three general manifestations: atmosphere, hydrosphere, lithosphere. Or, if you prefer, air, water and rock.

From air, water and rock we get fungi and mosses; and then from these spring vegetation. ¶ Disintegrating vegetation gives us animal life; and from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and the vegetable to the animal—with the constant interchange of gas, water and solid—gives us Nature's eternal program.

In Nature there is nothing inanimate. Everything is alive; everything is going somewhere, or coming back; nothing is static. Fixity is the one impossible thing.

And the fallacy of fixity has been the one fatal error of theology and all philosophies in the past.

Progress consists in getting away from the idea of the static.

Nature's one business is to absorb and to dissipate—to attract and repel—to take in and give out. And everything which Nature makes is engaged in the same business.

Man takes in carbon and gives off nitrogen.

¶ The plant takes in nitrogen and gives off carbon.

All things are in motion, ebb and flow, action and reaction, cause and effect, swirl and whirl.

¶ Centripetal and centrifugal forces make our life on the planet Earth possible.

The heart rests between beats. That which we call static is merely equilibrium.

The tiger crouches for one of two reasons: to spring or to die.

And death is a form of life. Death is a combination where the balance is lost, and gas, water and solids are in wrong proportions. The only thing then is to dissolve the body and use in new masses the substances that composed it.

The Divine Energy

¶ MAN is the instrument of Energy. And if you wish to call this energy God, or the First Principle, or the Unknowable, there will be no quarrel. We will only dissent when you insist on calling it a Super-Something, or a Superior Being.

If there is any Being superior to man, we have thus far not the slightest evidence of His existence. Man is a part of the Divine Energy.

¶ Also, there are no unique men, although men differ in quality, but not so much as we often think. What one man has attained, other men may attain.

To talk about a Superior Being is a dip to superstition, and is just as bad as to let in an Inferior Being or a Devil.

When you once attribute effects to the will of a personal God, you have let in a lot of little gods and devils—then sprites, fairies, dryads, naiads, witches, ghosts and goblins, for your imagination is reeling, riotous, drunk—afloat on the flotsam of superstition. What you know then does not count. ¶ You just believe, and the more you believe the more do you plume yourself that fear and faith are superior to science and seeing.

What I am now telling you is Science, and Science is the classified knowledge of the common people.

Man a Transformer of Energy

¶ MAN is a transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it; or at least he can control his condition as a transmitter.

And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy,

you must work with your hands as well as your head.

The cure for grief is motion.

The recipe for strength is action.

To have a body that is free from disease and toxins, you must let motion equal emotion.

¶ Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it blows out the fuse. But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry and work is divine and beneficent beyond words.

That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted and turned back upon itself, tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage and death. But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love; so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race. The love that lasts is a trinity—I love you because you love the things that I love. Static love soon turns to hate; or, to be more exact, try to make love a fixity and it dies.

¶ A lover out of a job is a good man for a girl to avoid. ¶ Safety lies in service. Going the same way, we will go hand in hand.

Religion that takes the form of ecstasy, with no outlet in the way of work, is dangerous. This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair.

Striking a Balance

EXPRESSION must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. Otherwise, you will become a plaster-of-Paris cat or a brass monkey. ¶ If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it.

You are the steward of any gift the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current. Use your knowledge and use it quickly, or it will disintegrate and putrefy.

The school where the child learns and then goes home and tells what he has learned, approaches the ideal.

On the other hand, the college that imparts knowledge, but supplies no opportunity for work, is faulty in the extreme. A school for adults that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and vicious in practise. Its pupils do not possess health, happiness or power, except on a fluke.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows.

Most sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion.

Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest. Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life. The education of invalids is a terrific waste.

Sickness, unhappiness, ignorance, all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is the only sin.

¶ Realize that you are a Divine Transformer. Make motion equal emotion, and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase—even death itself—and find it good.



We are brothers to all who have trod the earth: brothers and heirs to dust and shade: mayhap to immortality!



Progress and Inertia



HERE is a common tendency to cling to old ways and methods. ¶ Every innovation has to fight for its life, and every good thing has been condemned in its day and generation.

Error once set in motion continues indefinitely unless it is blocked by a stronger force, and old ways will continue to remain so, unless some one invents a New Way and then lives and dies for it.

And the reason men oppose progress is not that they hate progress, but that they love inertia. Change to the many is a very painful process.

Even as great a man as John Ruskin foresaw that the railroads would ruin England by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus ruining the farmer.

Thomas Jefferson tells us, in his Autobiography, of a neighbor of his who "was agin" the public schools, "because," he said, "when every one can read and write, no one will do any work."

Bishop Berkeley thanked God there was not a printing-press in Virginia, because printing-presses printed mostly lies, and their business was to deceive the people.

In the time of Mozart, musicians were classed with stablemen, scullions and cooks.

They ate below stairs, and their business was simply to amuse the great man who hired them, and his assembled guests.

The word business was first used in the time of Chaucer to express contempt for people who were useful. The word was then spelled "busyness."

In those days the big rewards were given to men who devoted their lives to conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. He who destroyed most was king.

Even yet we find that if you would go in "Good Society," you had better not shoulder a trunk, sift ashes, sweep the sidewalk, or carry a hoe on your shoulder.

To light cities by gas would set them afire.

¶ Electricity was dangerous, and to put up wires was to invite the lightning to come into our houses and kill us all dead.

A New Science

BUT a few years ago any man who advertised in the newspapers was looked upon with suspicion, and even yet we have associations of professional men who stamp with their disapproval any individual among them who advertises.

Such a one is called an "irregular."

But within five years' time great changes have occurred in this matter of advertising.

¶ In all the prominent cities there are clubs devoted to the study of advertising as a science.

The subject is taught in schools and colleges, and publicity is regarded now as eminently right, beautiful and necessary.

Advertising is stating who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service.

¶ And the only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer, and he is a dead one—whether he knows it or not. Yes, Terese, it is a fact, if we look back through history we will find that every good and beautiful thing has at one time or another been under the ban, and assailed as an evil. And the argument seems to be this: if you think a thing is right, never mind what the many say, stick to it. ¶ Work for it, live for it, die for it—this way immortality lies!

✽

Our happiest moments are when we forget self in useful effort.

In Re Lawyers



DISCOVERED, while mousing over Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance of Shakespeare, the other day, that the man who so successfully ran the Globe Theater had small use for lawyers. He refers to attorneys just eleven times, and seems to hold that to take a tainted plea and season it with gracious speech so as to obscure the show of evil, to set decrees at naught, pluck down justice, trip the course of law and blunt the sword that guards the peace and person—these things are the work and occupation of lawyers.

To put it more briefly, Shakespeare regards a lawyer as one whose business it is to show people how to evade the law.

The only lawyer that Shakespeare speaks well of is Portia. And then, as if to take it all back, he allows this woman-attorney to deal in subterfuge, evasion and quilllets that are pure quibble, and makes us blush for the fair sex. ¶ Shylock is the peer, in point of dignity and worth, of anybody in the courtroom. The gang that got him robbed him of every ducat that he possessed, and then kicked him penniless into the street.

They borrowed money from him and then found an excuse for not paying it. Not only did they fail to return Shylock the money they had borrowed, but they resurrected a Blue Law for the occasion and confiscated all his property, giving half to the man who had robbed him and half to the State.

The original loan was for the benefit of Bassanio, so he could marry Portia. This fact, one might imagine, would have touched the woman's heart, but no, she wanted all the money Shylock had. And how much of the final swag went to Attorney Portia, Shakespeare does not say—he simply allows us to imagine. ✽ ✽

The Stripping of Shylock

HE stealing of the "Broadway Franchise" or the lifting of the "Missouri Pacific" was not in it a minute with this deal. See "The Merchant of Venice" and your heart will be wrung with pity for this poor old man whom roguery and law have so entrapped.

The rascals who offered him twice his bond never intended to pay him a single centesimo. ¶ They first openly insulted him upon the public street, calling him cutthroat, dog; spit upon his Jewish gabardine and voided their rheum upon his beard. Then having cajoled him into making the loan, they abducted his daughter, rifled his strong box and even carried with them the wedding-ring which in his youth he had given to his beloved Leah, now dead.

They taunted and goaded the poor man into a frenzy of hate. Nothing better reveals the truth that geese go in flocks than the commonly accepted opinion that Shylock stands for greed. Rather is it Portia who symbolizes greed: Shylock stands for pride of race, driven by insult into revenge ❁ ❁

The detestable characters in the play are "Christians." The only man who wins our sympathy is the Jew. And of all the characters in "The Merchant of Venice," the unwomanly woman-lawyer, snapper-up of trifles, preacher of mercy, but devoid of it as she is of truth, is the most unlovable and unlovely.

Shakespeare's Confessions

 WILLIAM wrote from experience—all literature is a confession. He was not a professional writer. He was, first, a businessman, like my friend, Edward Lauterbach, sometime Secretary of the Exterior, but at present Minister to Altruria.

Mr. Lauterbach not long ago seated himself over the tripod and threw off the following fetching aphorism: "The man who is his own attorney has a fool for a client; but if he hires some lawyers I know he is a dam fool, net. But like the folks who cross London Bridge, what boots it?—lumety, dumety, dimity, dee!" ¶ In "King Lear" is a reference to something exceedingly bad which "is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer."

In "Timon of Athens" is this crack: "Crack the lawyer's voice, that he may nevermore false title plead, nor sound his quillets shrilly."

¶ In "Romeo and Juliet" there is an allusion to lawyers "who straightway dream on fees." The gravedigger in "Hamlet" picks up a very crooked skull and says, "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?" And so it goes ❁ References to the "law's delay" are numerous, but never a complimentary word for the members of the Learned Profession.

Every lawyer is an officer of the court, and

yet fully one-half of all the lawyers in the land are rogues. And the curious fact is, all lawyers admit it. A lawyer is a moral strabismic, who revels in sharked-up reasons. Lawyers are the jackals of commerce, and get their living by preying on the people.

Lawyers are men whom we hire to protect us from lawyers.

Don't you know that? Well, then, your experience in the business world has been very slight. If you have never had an obese attorney, who never did an honest day's work in his life, try to despoil you of your earnings, and threaten to turn the genial current of your life awry unless you would come down with the cash, there is something yet for you to live for. The average attorney has but two objects in life, grand and petit larceny.

Some Legal Brands

¶ IN nearly all the large cities of America there are lawyers who work with the police and divide the spoils. Then there are succubi lawyers whose sole business is to drink the blood of corporations and railroad companies. Their grip is that of the horse-leech—their hunger as insatiable.

They chase ambulances and thrust their cards into the hands of dying men, or next of kin. Then at the trial they flash up witnesses who were on the spot—waiting for the accident to occur ❁ ❁

Many lawyers there be who thus feed on calamity, and fatten on strife. If an estate is ever settled without dividing a part among lawyers, there is a mad chorus of indignation from the attorneys, who swear they have been tricked of their rights—undone!

It is a pleasure to realize that no lawyer who reads these lines will take any exception to what I have herein stated; for he will at once range himself up on the side of the virtuous—the side of the Good Lawyers—and run over in his own mind all the Rogue Lawyers who belong with the goats.

Note the case of those legal sons of Beelzebub who tried to make a grab into the estate of the late Mary Baker Eddy by having her declared incompetent.

When the Referee appointed to examine into the merits of the case declared that he found Mrs. Eddy well able to care for her affairs, the "next of friends" compromised for a quarter of a million dollars, signing off all claims forever.

Now that the woman is dead, they come back for more, pooh-pooh the release they gave, and with the help of Jagers, of Jagers and Jagers, declare their intention to "bust" the will, for that to the average legal mind is what a will is for.

There is a sin for which we must sometime answer, otherwise Eternal Justice sleeps—and that is our treatment of those who give all for love and perish.

Sudermann



HE young Emerson asked of an eviscerated generation, Shall we conquer our nature or obey it? His thought matured with the years. Setting the slughorn to his lips, he sounded a call to arms that shall reverberate unto the furthest day. Transcendental egotism was the rod that touched the human corpse and it sprang upon its feet. Its message was imperative: let us have done with conformity; the individual shall no longer skulk and shamle through life; there is a light within, and where its rays fall you may follow.

Norway heard the call and breathed the breath of life into Ibsen, the Odin of individualism. Germany was roused from her metaphysical torpor, and once more touched terra firma when Stirner, Nietzsche and Sudermann swept into the arena. They were to deal with the problems of human destiny. Hegel's Absolute, with its basic postulate that Something was Nothing, and Fichte's theory, that the human soul was an incubator that had hatched the universe, were swept aside.

They were important—if true. The age had become concrete. Mighty problems were calling for solution. The Sphinx had planted herself in the middle of the century, and whoso did not answer her questions she threatened with annihilation. The romantic debauch in art, philosophy, literature and politics was about at an end. In Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight Europe emerged into broad daylight. It had found its mail-pouch. Thenceforward the proper study of mankind was to be man—and monkey.

Schopenhauer and Nietzsche

IN Germany, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche rule as opposing philosophic schools, and their influence is apparent throughout all of Sudermann's work. Schopenhauer, going back to the philosophy of the Indian mystics, enunciated the doctrine that the greatest evil that could befall any one was a desire to live. Desire—endless, formless, purposeless desire—is the metaphysical substratum of each act. The individual, tossed into the world without his consent, is doomed from the cradle to the grave to go the Ixion-like round of wants and cares. At the end of each day there lies an endless series of tomorrows to ambushade. Each day we empty the spiritual chalice of its fires, and from its embers there rises a living, lying Hope. Like Tantalus, in the Greek fable, the waters of life are daily rolled to our lips, and then withdrawn. Life is progress from want to want, and when it is not it is an oscillation between boredom and boredom. The peaked and drawn face of Care is ever by our side, and Fear dogs our steps like our shadows.

In Schopenhauer's view, self-exploitation was the one great sin. To abolish self—the little I, the microscopic distillation of the cosmic wine-press—by a constant negation of all earthly desires, a gradual abolition of the individual ego, the final reabsorption of the denuded soul in the All, where even the possibility of rebirth was at an end, was the final goal at which the philosophy of this great dreamer aimed. Repression, self-sacrifice, acceptance, non-resistance, led to the summum bonum, and life is best when life is least. To all this Nietzsche said, "G'wan!"

Nietzsche's Philosophy

NIETZSCHE'S philosophy is diametrically opposed to Schopenhauer's. Agreeing with the German Buddhist, that the motive for every act is a need—that every movement of sentiency, however humble or sublime, from the aimless gyrations of infusoria to the molecular combinations that gave the world Hamlet and the theory of gravitation, is the aim of the World-Spirit to realize itself in Space and Time—he held it imperative to follow, and a crime to renounce, the urge, the "procreant urge," in a larger sense than Whitman used it. No matter to what abysses they lead, follow your instincts: intellect in its widest orbitings is but subtilized instinct,

a phoenix that springs from the cinders of dead passions. The grand passion that you stand in fear of—that is your deeper, nobler self calling for birth. The dream of power that visits your pillow and you put aside as evil—that is the grandest dream you will ever know.

Society, morality, religion have mutilated you. Go forth and do battle with whatever impedes your development. Else remain the tailings of primeval, elemental force. The gods of life ride the whirlwind; the weaklings stay at home and simmer in the teapot. All pity is evil, because it helps to perpetuate the weak, and there is nothing a strong soul should fear so much as a weaker opponent. Strong men make room for strong men. There is naught holy but the law of your own nature. Strife is the natural state of man, and self-exploitation the only righteousness. Renunciation, self-repression, asceticism, Nietzsche teaches, are the fruits of Christianity. "Ecrasez l' infame!" he exclaims with Voltaire.

Sudermann's Philosophy

UDERMANN'S skeptical mind wavers between these two architectonic theories of conduct. Like Hamlet, he stands at pause. The culture of a wonderful century has seethed turbulently in his mind, and his art can not be said to be bondservant to any one cult. As between Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, he perceives the elements of truth which both philosophies contain. The critical instinct in his nature senses the danger of pursuing to the end any one dominant spiritual tendency to the exclusion of another. His mind seems at times to be a battleground of contraries, where opposing beliefs struggle for mastery. He can not reconcile the rights of the individual with the rights of organized society.

Man is ever that Laocoon who does battle with the serpents of Social Expediency. Instinct and Intellect are at war. The will is everywhere thwarted. I would! must forever confront the menacing Thou shalt not! The promethean fire runs from the fennel-rod and is dispersed in vapors. The babe comes into the world an arsenal of instincts. Myriads of past lives are locked in that tabernacle of clay. As a child he pursues his ends and never dreams of conforming except to his own instincts. King of the instinctive world, he can do no wrong. But the shades of the prison-house close gradually around him, and the glory and the

dream melt into the light of common day. At manhood's threshold he relinquishes himself bit by bit. Custom, society, beleaguer his soul and levy their tributes. He slips into society's ready-made, often secondhand, clothing, and is sent to the right-about. A resistant nature will at first show fight, but sooner or later it sinks into acquiescence and in silent agony lives out its days a mere social automaton.

Self-Stultification

IN "Dame Care," Sudermann's great novel, the slow decomposition of such a character is traced with unerring touch. The German novelist accentuates the horrors that attend self-stultification. Paul lives for others, and others live on him. He takes upon himself the burdens and sins of his family, and the years snow their cares upon him. The very springs of life dry up. A mere packmule, saddled with the trappings of those bound to him by an accident of birth, he reaches manhood lamed and crippled in soul and body. A victim of self-exclusion, a mere ghost of a man, he emerges from prison, in the last chapter, and falls into the arms of the woman who had waited for him through the years. This concession of Sudermann's to German sentimentality is the one thing that mars this otherwise great book. Romanticism has never lost its hold on Sudermann. It is his ability to fuse the dream with the reality, to be artist and at the same time analyst, that puts him in the very first rank of contemporaneous dramatists.

Over against the dream of an emancipated individual stands the world of fact—the practical world, with its iron laws and drastic discipline. If the individual revolts against the emasculation of himself and pursues his ends, grasping the good within his reach, daring all penalties and defying the social manes to the end—if, standing upon the validity of his unalterable instincts, like Magda, he proclaims in the face of all opposition: I am I, and I can not do otherwise—he flies into the face of an enemy whose rights are as firm-rooted in the past as his own.

Social Law

SOCIETY is an organized instinct. It is, paradoxically, a mode of perpetuating the individual by sacrificing him to the needs of the race. Social Law is the potter that stands at the cradle and molds the wet and plastic clay of individuality in its own

image; and not from an idle or shallow thought is the soul shaped to the potter's end. Untrammelled, aggressing individuality would destroy the temple in which it lived, and, like Samson, Self would lie deepest under the ruins. On the other hand, the continual and unresisted aggression of Society on the individual would destroy the race by destroying the units that compose it.

Even the philosophy of Nietzsche has its altruistic side. He, too, has his nauseous Ideal. From the death of the spiritually weak and the physically underfed, on the ruins of social systems and moral codes, done to death by elemental instincts, there is to come forth the Overman, a transcendental, superhuman creature whose godlike nature shall repay the world for the labored agonies of his birth.

"Honor" and "Magda"

THIS eternal conflict of the individual with the forces that would blast him is outlined in "Honor," Sudermann's first drama. Robert, the workman's son, and Lenore, the capitalist's daughter, are in love. But there is Caste, antique, cobwebbed Caste. The Past, with its absurd notions of honor, the lichened Past, atrophied in body and soul, stretches forth its finger in an admonitory Nay. The playwright is in deadly earnest in this drama. There is no honor that comes not from within. Honor, in the last analysis, is self-respect. Accept your nature and rise to the level of your instincts. Fling wide the door that leads to freedom. Let Society look to her rights. Robert and Lenore love. That is sufficient. The gilded, galvanized mummies that croak "honor" and "pride" at them are but the stale cadavers of an outworn social system. There is an honor that is not gold-glossed, that is in no way dependent on time and place: the lovers go forth into the world to seek it.

"Magda" we know well. In this play two antagonistic laws appared in flesh stand forth for combat. The dead, ice-locked past; the restless, seething present; a grinding impact of force against force; the final equilibration of death: such is the story of Magda.

"The Joy of Living"

IN "The Joy of Living," the woman pays. The retribution that overtook Beata von Kellinghausen was greater than that which struck down Magda in a mighty grief, because the former had long before the opening of the

play renounced the right to be herself. Beata's thirsty nature sought out the good but socially forbidden, drank deep of the fountain of love, and with a woman's intuition of the wrath to come cut loose from her lover, and buried herself thenceforth in the commonplace love of a commonplace husband. With the ebb of her emotions her nature wilted. Her soul, denied its proper outlets, belted and buckled in by the taskmaster Conformity, turns upon itself, and life, day by day, escapes through unseen apertures. When the crucial moment has come, and outraged Society—Society, the divinized malign—in the person of her husband confronts her, she kills herself. Renunciation triumphs over self-assertion, and a proud vessel filled to the brim with an old Greek vintage rejects itself and runs to waste in confined silences. There are few modern plays wherein the universal conspiracy to preserve the "statu quo" is so clearly defined as in this play of Sudermann's.

"The Cat's Bridge"

IT is in "The Cat's Bridge" that the influence of Nietzsche is most clearly felt. Here there is no wavering between opposing philosophies. The German dramatist takes his place on the side of outraged human nature, and deals heavy blows at the conventions. What a daring creation is Regine, the heroine of this book! Untutored, loyal, self-sacrificing, capable of savage joys and profound sorrows, she stands in sharp contrast to the other female character, the pastor's daughter—fashionable, prudish, anemic in soul and body, a very pattern of social marionette. She is the last refinement of a decadent civilization, as Regine is its first, underlying principle.

The balked will—this is the one theme of Sudermann. And he has but one method of treating it. Herein lies his limitation as a dramatist. The situations in all his plays are essentially the same. "Honor," "Sodom's End," "Magda," "Johannes"—who raises his voice to rage against Herod and is struck dumb in his fulminations by a vision of the Man of Galilee—"Johannisfeuer," "The Joy of Living"—all are climaxed alike and balanced on one pivot. The younger generation of German dramatists who follow in the footsteps of Sudermann, Hauptmann and Ibsen are superficial when compared to the masters. They shine with a borrowed light. The Germans have drunk deep of Schopenhauer and Nietz-

sche; but it is Sudermann and Hauptmann alone who know they have been drinking naphtha. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—world-shatterer and world-regenerator—the two most tremendous figures of modern times. They who are initiated into their mysteries never smile again—or else they smile and smile forever! ¶ Sudermann has solved no problems. He sets down life as he sees it. There is a Nemesis who wields the sword and scourge. For the rest he is a skeptic.

“What do I know?” asked Montaigne; and his essays are the immortal record of his ignorance * *

“What do I see?” asked Sudermann; and “Magda” is the immortal record of his vision.

Writers of romances have a way of leaving their lovers at the church-door, a cautious and wise expedient, since too often love is one thing and life another.

The Grocer Who Serves Us



WITHIN recent times the Dry-Goods Trade has been organized, improved, systematized and uplifted; but no general improvement has been made in the retail grocery business in a hundred years.

In the United States today there are about two hundred fifty thousand groceries. Two hundred thousand of these are small institutions in rented quarters. The man who runs the grocery makes a very scanty living out of the business, and ninety times out of a hundred eventually fails.

He works longer hours than any one else in any line of business that I know of, and gets less reward.

The owner of the average family grocery gets around early, takes down his blinds, displays a good many of his goods on the sidewalk; and then if he has any spare time he sweeps the sidewalk, raising a goodly dust, a part of which settles on the eatables he has on display. This, however, does not bother him. He is safe in the years of precedent behind him * *

In many instances his family lives over the grocery, or back of it.

The Average Family Grocery

WHEN customers come in, he dips his hands into the prunes, the sugar, the dried apples, the crackers, the bread, and into anything and everything the particular customer requires.

In many instances there is a drinking-bar connected with the grocery; the counters are used as seats for the genus “setter,” who samples the crackers, the cheese and the herring.

Cats sleep peacefully on the counters.

And only yesterday I saw a sleeping pussy dumped gently out of the scales so the codfish could be weighed.

Dogs walk in at their own sweet will and make themselves at home. Flies, fleas, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bees, enter and like the passing policeman carry away samples. Many forms of life by the thousand, very interesting to the bacteriologist, undoubtedly can be found, for the floor is never scrubbed, being merely caressed with a hoe when the door refuses to open or shut.

This is our average family grocery.

However, let this fact be stated: a grocery is the product of the people who patronize it.

¶ Rogue lawyers are evolved by rogue clients. Fool patients produce fool doctors who minister to them; and silly, superstitious people in the pews will always have superstition preached to them from the pulpit.

Ignorant and uncouth housekeepers support a grocery that matches their housekeeping. If the grocery is worse than their housekeeping it is because they do not inwardly protest. The grocer gives people what they want, and supplies it in the way they want. As we grow better we will evolve better grocers.

The Trouble, and Its Remedy

HERE is a widespread dissatisfaction now with the family grocer, not as a man and brother, but as to the methods employed in conducting his business.

First, it is a shame that this individual who performs a necessary service by carrying in stock the foods we require should be compelled to work close to the verge of bankruptcy.

¶ He sells on time for the most part, and his profits are swallowed up by bad debts.

He is often an ignorant, depressed, repressed, superstitious and unfortunate man; whereas, he should be successful, progressive, earnest and intelligent.

To lift the grocery trade to a respectable plane is now the herculean task to be performed by some great business general.

The unsanitary conditions, the dark, dingy, laborious work of the grocery must be eliminated. This business must be raised to a higher level, and in so doing the ultimate cost of things to the consumer will be reduced rather than increased.

In a business where the proprietor weighs out things by hand on his counter scales, there is a deal of lost motion.

There is now a machine that weighs and packages a great number of the necessities carried by the grocer.

Sugar, for instance, can be weighed and packaged by this device in pound packages at one-twentieth of the cost of labor where a man weighs the thing out individually by hand on his counter scales. This machine does the whole thing without the food being touched by human hands, and it does it with precision and lightning-like rapidity.

A machine that can do this thing in this way should be utilized, and the grocer relieved of the time and labor required—not to mention such unsanitary features as scooping things out of open barrels and boxes.

Moreover, I think the use of package goods is one of the necessary factors in elevating the trade of the grocer and putting it on a solid, economic basis, where it ministers to human needs with the greatest possible efficiency at the least possible expense.

The grocer, like the cook, performs a service, but the day will come when we will have fewer cooks and fewer grocers, and when the entire machinery of living will be very much simplified, very much expedited, very much lessened in cost.

Brandeis is right! We must cut out waste motion.

Doctor Wiley is right! We must cut out the unsanitary and the unhygienic.

Roger Babson is right! We must eliminate the risky and the uncertain, and the things that tend toward bankruptcy and despair.

The Hepburn Bill

HERE is in life a New Way. It is the beautiful way, the effective way, the economical way—the happy, efficient, reciprocal, helpful, healthful, gracious, kindly way. And this New Way of which we speak, is the businesslike way.

The Hepburn Bill was a move toward the New Way, a move toward equality, peace, directness, and wise economy.

The Hepburn Bill went into effect on January First, Nineteen Hundred Seven.

The principal intent of this Bill was to maintain the one-price system in reference to the one thing that railroads have to sell, and that is, transportation.

The giving of passes, ticket-scalping, rebating and general cutting of rates had produced a demoralized condition in the railroad business ♪ ♪

There was a time when we could ride from Chicago to New York for a dollar. Some of the people who rode thought this was a great godsend to the traveler ♪ The fact is, the country at large was greatly injured by such methods.

Railroads went into the hands of receivers; employees did not receive their pay-envelopes; dealers in railroad supplies who had sold to bankrupt railroads could not get their money, and they, too, went broke. But worst of all, equipment was allowed to deteriorate, and the risks of travel were multiplied.

The whole system of cutting and rebating was seen to be immoral—hence the Hepburn Bill, which was not originated by the man whose name it bears, but was carefully worked out by a dozen or more of the biggest economists in America.

It was originally thought that the railroads were unfavorable to the Hepburn Bill, but the belief is now in the air that railroadmen originated it, but for diplomatic reasons kept themselves out of sight—it being universally believed that the railroadman who interested himself in politics had a Senegambian secreted in the combustibles.

After four years' trial, neither the indiscriminating and unthinking public, the railroad managers, nor the big businessmen at large would think of going back to the old methods, of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, and of dog eat dog.

We realize now that there is an interdependence existing in society; that our interests are all more or less bound up together; that at the last nothing is given away, but that everything must be paid for by somebody. War between nations is the old way of adjusting difficulties ♪ Businessmen would not

tolerate war. War is not according to the New Way.

The Dealer in Necessities

THERE is no other business in the world that is in such a demoralized condition as that of the retail grocer. Doctor Bowsher, the great economist, says that the only people who accumulate great fortunes are those who deal in necessities, but this does not mean that all dealers in necessities get rich.

Hardly—ask your grocer!

Something like three per cent of retail grocers make money; most of them make but a meager living for awhile, and finally fail. Part of a grocer's stock is perishable, and much of the rest is liable to deterioration. His prices are fixed by his competitor.

That is to say, one grocer will make a cut in price on a well-known brand of goods. Other grocers will meet this cut; and the man who is forced to meet this cut will, in turn, make a cut himself on something else, and then all the others meet it.

The result is, they are all forced down to the prices made by the man who cuts the lowest—at least, they think they are.

So the result is that about half the goods the grocer sells are being sold below cost; and in the end the public at large are the sufferers from this method of doing business.

Who Wins Out?

YOU will notice that the cut-price goods are always the well-known and reputable brands—the widely-advertised brands. The cutter, to attract the desired attention, makes use of the advertising of others. To cut on an unknown article of uncertain value means nothing; a cut price on an article which has an established value says much in one word.

The manufacturers of such goods usually don't care. Their goods being in demand, they exact almost their own price from the dealers. If these choose to work for him for nothing—that is, serve the people for nothing in distributing his goods—it may be money in his pocket, for people do love something for nothing.

Only they don't get it; they are fooled or fool themselves. Service that is not fairly paid for degenerates; witness the unsanitary appearance of the average grocery.

Cut price—cut service: cause and effect. But that is n't the worst. The grocer, working for

nothing, often paying for the privilege of working, tries to get even. He sells goods of inferior but uncertain value for more than they are worth; and lies about them; often does n't know he is lying; cheats his neighbors and destroys his self-respect.

And he does n't keep that fact a secret either. His neighbors find him out. They become incredulous, distrusting. The grocer loses his influence, and is altogether a lowly man of no reputation and no consequence.

The Great Work of August Schilling

NO man in America is doing quite as much to lift the status of the retail grocer as August Schilling, of San Francisco. He has raised his own business to a fine art. He is dealer in teas, coffees, spices and flavoring-extracts.

Mr. Schilling began work in this business in San Francisco when seventeen years of age—nearly forty years ago. He has had branch houses and offices in different parts of the United States and Europe and Asia. He has been in direct touch with world business, and from it has won an experience, both comprehensive and unique, which has enabled him to subject the vast complex organization of business to simplicity—not for himself alone, any more than the Atlantic Cable was for the individual use of Cyrus Field.

A man is as big as his thought, and as small in proportion. Schilling is made in a generous mold—one of the men God must be proud of.

The Schilling Philosophy

YET we realize that no one man can get very far ahead of the procession. All over the United States are a few men of a similar cast of mind, working in a similar way for like ends. To cement these broken arcs and complete the circle is the problem. All around the great manufactory of A. Schilling and Company in San Francisco are great beds of flowers—geraniums, nasturtiums and poppies—and these flowerbeds are right on the sidewalks; yet the factory is not in what is called a desirable neighborhood. But faith in the public is shown in that the flowers will not be mutilated or disturbed. They are for the benefit of every one who can absorb and appreciate their beauty. And the offices, warehouses and packing-rooms are just as effective and artistic in every detail inside as they are out.

This same spirit is seen in the extension of parks, playgrounds, open-shelf libraries, reading-rooms, and every public betterment, all over America.

To August Schilling business is human service, and a businessman is to him a sort of trustee for the public. Money comes incidentally, yet surely, to the man who will subdue himself and devote himself.

This is the Schilling philosophy.

The Day of Packaged Goods

THE entire tendency of the grocery trade is toward packaged goods. This was not always so. The package bears the name of the manufacturer, which is a guaranty of kind, weight and quality. Any manufacturer who does not guarantee his goods, and whose reliability is not absolute, has now no standing with the business public.

The idea of money back on demand is everywhere in the air.

Any dealer who carries packaged goods and wishes to turn them back to the manufacturer should have the privilege of doing so.

And, paradoxically, the dealer who stands ready to money-back his goods is almost never called upon to do so.

One of the great disadvantages of the old-time retail dealer was the fact that he accumulated odds and ends that were carried in stock indefinitely, and these ate up his surplus.

¶ Packaged goods, sold money back, guaranteed by the manufacturer, and sold at a fair profit, give courage and stability to the whole retail trade.

August Schilling has worked out and thoroughly tested a plan to stop the cutting in prices and afford something more than a bare living profit to the retailer.

No grocer can pay a living wage to his helpers if he buys goods in bulk and packages them himself, when these same goods can be bought already packaged; because he is in competition with a machine that does the work at one-tenth of what it can be done for by hand.

¶ There are machines now that package accurately and well without the touch of human hands. Instead of the grocer scooping out painstakingly the article into his scales, he simply picks it off his shelf.

The Question of Price Maintenance

STANDING alone, the retail grocer is powerless to maintain prices. The only man who can assist him to maintain prices

is the maker. The manufacturer is an all-powerful friend if he provides a way that eliminates the temptation to haggle and cut prices. And this is just what Schilling does.

¶ The old-time method of marketing, when the good housewife took her basket and went to market, and pitted her beauty, wit, cleverness and energy against those of the dealer, is passing. It took too much time, too much human energy, and was costly for both dealer and consumer.

Now, when we want to buy a railroad-ticket we simply go and lay down our money. But fifteen or twenty years ago when we wanted to buy a railroad-ticket we went shopping. South Clark Street was the busiest place in Chicago.

Twenty-five years ago to buy a pair of trousers was a negotiation. You took a day off, and every country boy prided himself on being able to deal with the wily sons of Beelzebub who sold clothing. The result was, the biter usually got bit.

The New Way of Merchandizing

WHEN things get bad enough they cure themselves; and now, behold, the retail clothing business which once was the synonym of haggle, barter, finesse and economy of truth, is the one business in which prices are maintained and quality guaranteed. The clothing trade had to find out for itself that shoddy goods and shoddy methods did not lead to success. And I believe it was the clothing merchants themselves who put into operation the one-price system, the idea being forced upon the retailer by the manufacturer, who educated the retailer gradually into the truth that nothing goes but absolute fact. The man who wants to get a suit of clothes now can get them ready-made, get them quick, get something that has style and is worth the price.

A girl of ten can trade in any of our great department-stores just as safely as can the most expert buyer.

Of all departments of trade, none seems to lag behind to the same degree that the grocery trade does; but by Schilling's plan it really looks as if there is light in the East.

Package goods guaranteed as to weight, kind and quality; money back on demand; no dead stock; the maker establishing the price for his goods, since he is the only one who can; and standing behind his partner, the grocer,

and paying him liberally for support, as the official statements of his earnings show he can; giving the grocer all the facts about goods, who in turn serves his customers with sound advice—under such conditions the business of the retail grocer will at last become respectable. For nothing is respectable that does not pay, and any man on the ragged edge financially does not have either his own respect or the sustaining good-will of the public, without which even the strong are powerless.

✽

For disobedience the man and woman were put out of the Garden—they have wandered far—and they can only return hand in hand.

✽

The New Thought



HERE are two kinds of thought: new thought and secondhand thought. New thought is made up of thoughts you, yourself, think. The other kind is supplied to you by jobbers.

The distinguishing feature of new thought is its antiquity. Of necessity it is older than secondhand thought ✽ All genuine new thought is true for the person who thinks it.

It only turns sour and becomes error when not used, and when the owner forces another to accept it. It then becomes a secondhand revelation, and secondhand revelations are errors half-soled by stupidity and heeled by greed.

Very often we are inspired to think by others, but in our hearts we have the new thought, and the person, the book, the incident, merely reminds us that it is already ours.

New thought is always simple; secondhand thought is abstruse, complex, patched, peculiar, costly, and is passed out to be accepted, not understood. That no one comprehends it is often regarded as a recommendation.

A Typical Secondhand Thought

OR instance, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," is secondhand thought.

The first man who said it may have known what it meant, but we don't. However, that does not keep us from repeating it, and having our children memorize it. We model in clay

or wax, and carve if we can, and give honors to those who do, and this is well. This commandment is founded on the fallacy that graven images are gods, whatever that means. The command adds nothing to our happiness, nor does it shape our conduct, nor influence our habits. Everybody knows and admits its futility, yet we are unable to eliminate it from our theological system. It is strictly secondhand—worse, it is junk.

Conversely, the admonition, "Be gentle and keep your voice low," is new thought, since all but savages know its truth, comprehend its import, and appreciate its excellence.

"Pay and Obey" and "Know Thyself"

DEALERS in secondhand thought always declare that theirs is the only genuine, and that all other is spurious and dangerous.

Dealers in new thought say, "Take this only as it appeals to you as your own—accept it all, or in part, or reject it all—and in any event, do not believe it merely because I say so."

New thought is founded on the laws of your own nature, and its shibboleth is, "Know Thyself."

Secondhand thought is founded on authority, and its war-cry is, "Pay and Obey."

New thought offers you no promise of Paradise or eternal bliss if you accept it; nor does it threaten you with everlasting Hell, if you don't. All it offers is unending work, constant effort, new difficulties, beyond each success a new trial. Its only satisfactions are that you are allowing your life to unfold itself according to the laws of its nature. And these laws are divine, therefore you yourself are divine just as you allow the divine to possess your being. New thought allows the currents of divinity to flow through you unobstructed.

Secondhand thought affords no plan of elimination; it tends to congestion, inflammation, disease and disintegration.

New thought holds all things lightly, gently, easily—even thought. It works for a healthy circulation, and tends to health, happiness and well-being now and hereafter. It does not believe in violence, force, coercion or resentment, because all these things react on the doer. It has faith that all men, if not interfered with by other men, will eventually evolve new thought, and do for themselves what is best and right, beautiful and true.

Secondhand thought has always had first in its mind the welfare of the dealer. The rights

of the consumer, beyond keeping him in subjection, were not considered. Indeed, its chief recommendation has been that "it is a good police system."

New thought considers only the user. To "Know Thyself" is all there is of it.

When a creator of new thought goes into the business of retailing his product, he often forgets to live it, and soon is transformed into a dealer in secondhand thought—hence we see how a liberal is often a dogmatist in disguise. That is the way all purveyors in secondhand revelation began. In their anxiety to succeed, they call in the police. The blessing that is compulsory is not wholly good, and any system of morals which has to be forced on us is immoral.

New thought is free thought. Its penalty is responsibility. You have to live it, or lose it. Its reward is freedom.

World-weariness is a desire for a better spiritual condition.

Pyorrhœa Alveolaris



THE Insurance Actuaries tell us that human life in America has been lengthened, on an average, six years, since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five.

One thing that has added greatly to the happiness and comfort of the race, and therefore to longevity, is the matter of dentistry.

The intelligent, civilized man now appreciates the necessity of having a healthy mouth. A dirty mouth means thoughts to match. Disease usually finds its first manifestation in the mouth, and the individual who has a clean mouth and a good breath has nothing to fear so long as he keeps busy, eats his quota of pieplant, drinks buttermilk in moderation, and eliminates the grouch.

All diseases of the teeth come from lack of cleanliness. And by putting the mouth in sanitary condition the whole man is much strengthened.

As a people, our hides are clean for the first time in the history of the world.

Scientific plumbing and Ivory Soap are within the reach of us all.

The sale of toothbrushes in the United States is twice as large per capita as it was twenty-five years ago, and twenty per cent more than it is in Europe.

Teaching oral hygiene in the public schools is a splendid thing. It is just as necessary to take care of a child's mouth properly as it is his brain. For the real fact is that there is no such thing as having a good brain with a bad mouth. And to educate invalids is an invalid proposition.

The New Science—Dentistry

IN dentistry America leads the world.

The science of dentistry is less than fifty years old. All stories of Egyptian mummies being found with teeth filled, are fairy-tales.

Dentistry is a new science, and is far from being a perfect science yet, as all good dentists realize.

In twenty-five years we have made great head, but in spite of all that has been done, there is one disease of the teeth from which ninety per cent of all adults suffer. Very few people indeed who call upon dentists are free from this condition, and when they leave the dentist's chair they are liable to have it worse than before, because many dentists fail to sterilize their instruments, and so pass pyorrhœa along.

There are only about a dozen dentists in the world who are aware of the fact that this disease is curable. In fact, many dentists dispute its existence entirely.

The amount of ignorance among dentists on the subject of pyorrhœa alveolaris is one of life's paradoxes. The most experienced dentists seem to know the least about it, and in truth they do not want to know anything about it; for to have a knowledge of a disease and not attempt to mitigate it would be unpardonable. So these gentlemen simply stick their educated heads in the sand and swear a halibi.

The real fact is, pyorrhœa is curable, but the difficulty of meeting the situation requires such skill on the part of the dentist, and such patience on the part of the patient, that dentists are caught by the law of inertia, and babble pyorrhœa piffle, like loafers discussing finance in front of a village grocery.

A Difficult Proposition

ONE of the reasons why dentists are not more interested in the subject of curing pyorrhœa is because they think patients will not pay for the service. And the principal

reason the patient will not pay for the service is because pyorrhea does not subject the individual to immediate pain and discomfort, and he is not educated to its danger. People neglect it for the same reason that educated men often refuse to exercise or to obey the simple laws of right living—"they don't have to."

Pyorrhea is one of the most insidious diseases that attack the human being. He is not aware that he has it. Sometimes it takes twenty-five, thirty, forty or fifty years to make itself really manifest. And yet, I have seen distinct cases of pyorrhea in children, twelve, thirteen or fourteen years of age.

My Advantage Over the Dentist

JUST let me say right here, sinking my modesty for the time being, that I know more about pyorrhea alveolaris than any dentist in America, with probably a scant dozen exceptions.

One thing that eminently fits me to diagnose pyorrhea is that I started my investigation of the subject without any false instruction concerning it. I had a fine fund of ignorance, which is better than to know a lot of things that are n't so. I was not taught out of books, by professors who were taught out of books, written by lecturers who knew nothing about the subject.

Dentists are men—I trust the fact will not be disputed. They are neither better nor worse than the average intelligent and so-called educated individual. They know that their work benefits humanity, and this is true. But how much more they might benefit humanity if they did not rely so entirely on precedent and authority, they do not know. ¶ Receding gums, and a small groove in a tooth, disappearing into the gums, the average intelligent dentist will tell you is a symptom of uric acid in the blood.

But what that means he does not know. He has reached his limit, and is sparring for wind, hiding behind a fog of words.

What Is Pyorrhea?

THE very word "alveolaris" reveals the ignorance concerning pyorrhea. Alveolaris means a disease of the alveolar processes; whereas, pyorrhea is not a disease of the alveolar processes at all, and in only a very few instances ever reaches the bony substance of the jaw. However, pyorrheal deposits may cause disease in the bony structures.

Pyorrhea is simply a calcareous deposit on the teeth, and so far as we know does not differ from tartar in its properties, except that as it exists beneath the gum it manifests a somewhat different color and symptom.

Pyorrhea usually has its source in an accident, and often is caused by careless work on the part of a dentist. Any slight foreign substance forced up between the gums and the teeth will start pyorrhea. ✽ This sets up a slight inflammation; and the object of Nature in setting up an inflammation is to get rid of the foreign substance; but instead of doing this, the inflammation often travels and may eventually kill the patient.

This does not mean, however, that pyorrhea kills the patient. It simply will kill his teeth, one of them, two of them, or all of them—if he does not die first.

Wherever there is separation of the gum from the tooth, a deposit gathers, like barnacles on a ship, and this deposit we call pyorrheal deposit, simply for lack of a better name. If this deposit is not removed, it will eventually take the tooth with it.

Loose teeth indicate that the gums and the teeth are not co-operating. The teeth are not held firmly in place by the bony alveolar processes, but by the gums or the flesh.

This foreign substance on the root of the teeth may cause an inflammation in the gum and set up a pus condition, which of course is unfavorable to the general health of the patient.

The Cure for Pyorrhea

HERE is only one cure for pyorrhea, and this is the cure for all teeth difficulties—in fact, if not all bodily complaints—and that is absolute cleanliness.

And just here is where the dentist balks. ✽ You go into a dentist's office and ask to have your teeth cleaned, and they will usually turn you over to the cub dentist. And all he cleanses is the part of the teeth he sees.

The part of the tooth that is out of sight the average dentist never thinks of touching; and if in the cleansing operation your gums are scarred a little, it makes no difference. He is not aware that he is starting a case of pyorrhea. ✽ ✽

America's Foremost Pyorrhea Specialists

THE first man in America to cure pyorrhea was Doctor W. J. Younger, formerly of San Francisco, but now of Paris.

By the thorough cleansing of the teeth, removing all foreign substances, even where they were much loosened, Doctor Younger discovered that the gums would grow strong and firm and hold the teeth in place.

And what is more, the disease would not return, thus proving to Doctor Younger that pyorrhea came from an accident and was not indigenous in the tooth itself.

Most dentists will tell you that pyorrhea begins in the alveolar processes and works out down to the gum. There is not a shade of proof that this is true.

Pyorrhea begins by working up under the gum, and of course may in time reach back to the alveolar processes, and then may cause an abscess.

But the thing to do with pyorrhea is simply to catch it in its incipient state and cleanse the tooth. ✧ And any dentist who is able to remove the pyorrheal deposit can cure pyorrhea.

¶ Often he may have to go clear to the apex of the root; but by the use of local anesthetics this can easily be done by a man with eyesight, digital skill, and determination. ✧ The work must be done thoroughly and absolutely.

The pyorrheal deposit is evidently bacterial, and if a very small surface of it is allowed to remain it will spread.

Doctor D. D. Smith of Philadelphia; Doctor A. E. Peck of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Doctor Hector Griswold of New York; Doctor Robert Hutchinson of Brooklyn; Doctor J. D. Patterson of Kansas City; Doctor Gordon White of Nashville; Doctor Stuart of Memphis; Doctor Austin F. James and Doctor Robert Good of Chicago; Doctor R. N. Lawrence of Lincoln, Illinois; Doctor Julian Smith of Austin, Texas; Doctor R. Clifton Baker of Los Angeles, and Doctor C. J. Tinkham of Crown Point, Indiana, are all doing splendid scientific work along this line.

Any of these men will corroborate what I here say.

Doctor Good's Pre-eminence

DOCTOR ROBERT GOOD of Chicago, especially, has done things in the line of curing pyorrhea, the equal of which I believe has never before been done by any human being.

For example, Doctor Good has in certain instances, where a tooth was so badly affected by pyorrhea that it was ready to drop out, simply removed this tooth with his fingers,

thoroughly scraped and cleansed it, then put it back in the cavity, and the gums in a few weeks have grown down and fastened on to that tooth as if they were married to it.

I have known of instances where Doctor Good has transplanted teeth, cutting down into the gum, going down into the jawbone, and putting in a tooth where no tooth had been for twenty years before—all with the use of a local anesthetic, causing no special discomfort to the patient.

Jawbones and Teeth

HERE is an intelligence in things, says Ralph Waldo Emerson. ✧ There is an intelligence in a jawbone. A jawbone and a tooth have a natural affinity.

Some years ago we were taught in colleges that a foreign substance in a body would surely set up an inflammation. This dictum was like the proposition that there is no light without oxygen, or that old argument that no steamship could cross the Atlantic, simply because she could not carry enough fuel to last the journey. And while some one is telling us a thing can't be done, another fellow up and does it.

A jawbone is never really happy unless it is able to co-operate with teeth, and teeth really like a jawbone. The transplanting and replanting and implanting of teeth by the Younger method is no longer an experiment. Doctor Younger has performed these operations in hundreds of cases, and has never had a case of infection; and Doctor Good is equally as skilful and successful. And beyond this praise is superlative. The last time I saw Doctor Younger he asked, "And how is my son, Robert Good?"

¶ Younger is not only a great dentist, but he is also a great, glowing personality, and to be the mental and spiritual son of such a man, and have one's birthright recognized, is no small matter. ✧ Robert Good is an artist, a wizard, a magician, a lapidary and a genius, and I do not wonder that Younger is proud of such a pupil. If today there is in America a man who can equal him in difficult dentistry he has so far escaped detection.

The Old Way and the New

THE old custom of extracting a troublesome tooth was simply a scheme on the part of the dentist, or the doctor, or the barber to get rid of a troublesome situation in the easiest way. They succumbed to inertia. Pulling teeth goes with cupping, bleeding, blistering and the use of sheep-nanny tea.

The man who could take an aching tooth, properly treat it, and fill it so the patient would still retain his tooth, did a splendid service for humanity.

But to cure pyorrhea by properly cleansing the tooth, thus allowing the gum to grow down upon the tooth and co-operate with the tooth, and the circulation in the gum to become strong and efficient, was certainly the work of genius ❀ ❀

The removal of pyorrhoeal deposits means an increased blood-supply, and if an individual can keep his gums in good healthy condition he is not in much danger of tooth trouble ❀ Massage of the gums, proper eating, prophylaxis through right living and right thinking, all promote the health of the teeth, as well of course as the health of the whole man ❀ Especially does a bad habit of body react on the teeth; and bad teeth in turn will take the edge off of any man's genius and reduce him to mediocrity.

If you want to know just how ignorant the average dentist is as to pyorrhea, tell the first one you meet of what I here say, and observe him smile, sneer and pooh-pooh.

The tooth problem that is beyond a man he merely yanks out and throws into the spittoon. ¶ That is what lots of people do with the great questions of life that they do not care to face. They waive them, bolt them, spew them, chuck them, and then congratulate themselves that the whole subject is disposed of.

Nations used to do this, and whenever a man appeared who would insist on reasons, they would pass him hemlock, or erect a scaffold, or pile high the fagots for his benefit.

But I make the prophecy that this proper cleansing of the teeth, even that portion of the tooth which is out of sight, will not long remain pigeonholed, shelved and disposed of by the educated-ignorant ethical dentist who swears, "Oh, shucks, there haint no such animile!"

So long as pyorrhea remains prevalent, it is an indictment of the doctor, the dentist and the patient. The condition must be met, and it will be met; and thirty years from now the dentist who can not cure pyorrhea will be back in the barber-shop, or on the dray where he belongs.

To try many things means Power: to finish a few is Immortality.

Life and Expression



HE spirit grows through exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Expression is necessary to life ❀ Life is expression, and repression is stagnation—death ❀ ❀

Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man permits his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore the qualities not used atrophy and die.

Men are punished by their sins, not for them. Sensuality, gluttony and the life of license repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms—and this is what it is to lose one's soul ❀ ❀

This question is as live today as it was two thousand years ago: What expression is best?

¶ That is, what shall we do to be saved? And concrete absurdity consists in saying we must all do the same thing.

Whether the race will ever grow to a point where men will be willing to leave the matter of Life-Expression to the individual is a question; but the Millenium will never arrive until men cease trying to compel all other men to think and live after one pattern.

Most people are anxious to do what is best for themselves and least harmful for others.

¶ The average man now has intelligence enough. Utopia is not far off, if the self-appointed folk who govern us, and teach us for a consideration, would only be willing to do unto others as they would be done by, that is to say, mind their own business, and cease coveting things that belong to other people ❀ ❀

War among the nations and strife among individuals is a result of the covetous spirit to possess either power or things, or both.

¶ A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love, with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future, with more confidence in ourselves, and more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

Two Frivolous Articles

By Alice Hubbard



ROSTAND is responsible for this story, although he does not tell it just this way; but, as everybody knows, he has a play called, "Le Chanticleer."

The roosters in all barnyards had given out far and wide that unless they crowed early in the morning the sun would not rise, could not rise. ¶ The hens believed it. Even the owls in the woods believed it.

The word went forth from the Supreme Rooster that without him there would be no day, no night, nothing worth living for. ¶ By chance one morning a beautiful wild pheasant came fluttering down into the domain of this mighty Chanticleer. She, too, had heard of the greatness and importance of the rooster, and she looked at him with wonder, then love, then praise.

The rooster, true to his nature, noticed the wild pheasant and her attention to his lordship. He strutted over and asked a few questions concerning his reputation in her Neck-of-the-Woods.

"Great is Allah," she said, "and beside him there is none other."

Notwithstanding the number, the constancy, the industry and the beauty of the old hens at home, the rooster made love to the wild pheasant.

Naturally, the fluffy pheasant did not like the looks that the old hens were giving her. She said, "Let us fly from here and go far away."

The wild blood was coursing in the old rooster's veins, and he said, "Anything to please you, my dear."

So they flew; at least the pheasant did, and being so terribly in love with the old rooster, she did not notice that he hopped, skipped and jumped, flew a little and in some way got over the ground.

On and on they went. On and yet on, until the lord of the henroost was thoroughly tired. ¶ The pheasant had taken him to her home, and they went to rest.

The Supreme Rooster slept, and he slept, and he slept.

When at length he opened his eyes in the morning, to his consternation and agony he found that the sun was two hours high!

He was disgraced in his own eyes! He was disgraced in the eyes of his new ladylove. He had so long said that the sun could not rise except as he gave the signal, that he actually believed it himself. It is said that this is the punishment of liars—not that they deceive others, but that they themselves are deceived.

The fluffy pheasant was perched near by her lord, and was watching him in wide-eyed despair. ¶ She looked at him, then at the sun. She looked at the sun—two hours high—and then she looked again at him, sorrowfully, sadly.

"Shoo, skidoo, shoo!" she said, and with her pheasant wing she brushed him off her perch. ¶ Dejectedly, miserably, the old rooster scrawched through the woods. The owls hooted at him, the bluejay mocked and the thrush preened herself in the sun, three hours high.

About noon he came near his Own Domain, in which for centuries the male had reigned supreme. No one in all the history of roosters had ever questioned his ability. It was not for the hens to reason why—theirs but to do or die!

Now he assured himself as he neared the roost that the old hens had never noticed that the sun was up. They would still believe in him.

He peeked around through the barnyard fence to see how things were.

To his agony he found that every hen was either on the nest laying an egg, or sunning herself in the dust, chuckling, clucking and cackling in glee.

With his wattles he wiped the tears from his eyes.

But he vowed he would make one supreme effort to regain his kingdom. So he flew to the topmost rail, and with great pomposity and flutter of wings, he clung to the fence and his last hope. The "cock-a-doodle-do-o-o" just started to crackle in his throat when the entire population, as one hen, arose in her might with, "cut-cut-cut-cut-cut that out!"

Old roosters now sell for two and three-quarter cents a pound.

The moral is this: Well—we 'll let that pass!

The Politician

IN a little Connecticut town, just like any other little town, only more so, there lived a villager, just like many another villager, only a little more so.

The time arrived for the annual caucus for nominations of dignitaries to fill positions of responsibility in the little town.

Mr. Similibus, true villager, decided in his own mind that honors must be distributed a little more evenly than formerly had been done among the male members of the vicinity. So he determined to run for whatever office he could get.

He was skilled enough in the mechanical workings of politics to cause himself to be brought into the spot-light.

He received the nomination on the Popular ticket. After the caucus, he omitted to perform his usual work. Between the time of his nomination and the election, his business was suspended—inhibited as it were. No matter how much his wife insisted that the work should go on, he claimed that her narrow views of life were not his.

His horizon was bounded by the wide world of politics. He had visions of high offices marching in grand succession before him.

¶ "No, Maria," he said; "no! I can not put my valuable time into these small matters of just making a living. These things are for inferior people. You take care of the details at home. I belong to the world."

Mr. Similibus occupied the seat of honor among the "setters" around the village Post-Office, the village taverns, the village grocery, the village stores.

"I must make myself known," he said; "I must be popular."

He spent his odd moments in reading great political speeches—as many of them as he could get—for style. The conditions in the village did not admit of his making any addresses. However, he had that sweetest of satisfactions: thinking over what he would say if he had an audience, and seeing himself doing a single, flush.

The Conquering Hero

THE eventful day arrived. Mr. Similibus had laid his wires; his plans were completed.

With deep agitation he watched the polls from six until six. During the livelong day his nourishment was only the "Spearhead"

brand. His pockets, which had bulged with the symmetrical squares of plug in the morning, were reduced to absolute flatness by night.

Oh, he had served his country well that day! ¶ Patriotism swelled his heart. He controlled with great difficulty his outward emotions. Solemnly the votes were counted out.

Yes! The truth was announced. Mr. Similibus was elected by the grand majority of one. With head erect, with rapid stride, he made his way home. He opened the door with a pompousness that caused Maria to know he was victor. He did not need to announce it. By his commands she knew that he was the chosen one of the villagers.

"Give me my supper and give it to me quick. Is this all you have for the supper of a man in my position?"

Poor Maria was crestfallen. She opened the choicest cans of strawberries. She dished up the richest preserves. She brought out the fruit-cake and the cookies, saved against the time when Mr. Similibus' relatives and the preacher should come.

All that she had she gave unto him.

But uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

¶ Mr. Similibus could not sleep. His honors were great, almost more than he could bear; he had been elected Poormaster in a village where there were no poor, in a town where there was no county-house.

After a restless night, and a breakfast which was not suited to one of his ability, he started out from his house in holiday attire to go to the Post-Office and receive the honors and congratulations due him.

"Lo, the conquering hero comes," was the music to which he kept step.

A plain farmer-neighbor met him down the road away, stopped and looked in amazement at his gay attire. ¶ Mr. Similibus posed, and said, with unctuous generosity in his tone, "You may approach me as usual!"

WE have had somewhat too much of the gentleman. We are going to ask for a little of the man. We are going to ask for a manhood that will not be content to live in idleness while little children are turning the wheels of the world. We are going back to the code of Captain John Smith, that "he who will not work shall not eat."

—Mrs. Franklin Wentworth.

The New Democracy

By William Thurston Brown



IN the preface to the volume of his poems published in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, Walt Whitman makes a very prophetic utterance concerning religion. He says:

"With science, the old theology of the East, long in its dotage, begins evidently to die and disappear. But science, and maybe such will prove its principal service, as evidently prepares the way for One indescribably grander—Time's young but perfect offspring—the new theology, heir of the West, lusty and loving and wondrous beautiful. The time has certainly come to begin to discharge the idea of religion, in the United States, from mere ecclesiasticism, and from Sundays and churches and churchgoing, and assign it to that general position, chiefest, most indispensable, most exhilarating, to which all others are to be adjusted, inside all human character and education and affairs. The people, especially the young men and women, of America must learn that Religion (like poetry) is something far, far different from what they supposed. It is, indeed, too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consigned any longer to churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant, Saint this or Saint that. It must be consigned henceforth to Democracy en masse, and to literature. It must enter into the poems of the nation. It must make the nation."

Democracy the Religious Quest of All Ages

NOT only am I convinced that all the faith and hope and longing of the world is inevitably turning toward democracy as the religion of man, but that this is the religious goal toward which men in all ages have been pressing, and that only in the conception of religion which the greater knowledge and need of today are making so clear can we find the meaning and fulfilment of every genuine religious quest of every past time. Not only is it true, as Whitman writes, that the time has come to discharge the idea of religion from mere ecclesiasticism and from Sundays and churches and churchgoing, and to find the soul of religion inside of human character

and education of affairs, but that is exactly what is taking place. These things with which so many people have long been artificially taught to associate religion have ceased to have, in the atmosphere of present-day thought and life, any religious meaning or value. Indeed, they never were religious. The choicest spirits that have walked the earth found it impossible to make them religious. Jesus could not make either temple or synagogue religious. They were not to Him religious symbols. Francis of Assisi could not make the monasteries of Europe religious to him—he had to leave them and go out among the poor to be religious. So it has always been. But the ominous thing today is that so few are making discovery that religion is to be found in Democracy en masse, that it is religion alone that can make the nation or create an enduring society.

Christianity Not Final Religion

WE CAN well understand how hard it is for some people to give up the notion that Christianity is the final religion. But if they could once see that nothing true or vital is ever lost and that what we now call Christianity is far different from what religion meant in the mind of such a man as the story of Jesus describes, it ought not to be difficult to see that in this Twentieth Century it is just as necessary to find another name for what may be religion for us as it was necessary for another name than Pharisaism or even Judaism to describe the masterful and inclusive quality of life which appeared in Jesus. Christianity no more fits or describes religion for today than Pharisaism described the life and spirit of Jesus nineteen hundred years ago. Ecclesiasticism, Sundays, churches, churchgoing, Protestantism, Catholicism, and the whole round of things which conventional people call religions, are as foreign to the spirit of Jesus or to the spirit of any virile soul, as they were to Whitman. The only sanction the words of life of Jesus have or ever had—and the same is true of all other men—is simply the measure in which they are the demand of human life. "Every interest that does not relate to the soul," says Charles Ferguson, "is an abstraction. The soul is the concrete absolute. This is the soul's world clear through, and the inmost law of it is the law of the relation of persons." Says Whitman: "All parts away for the progress of souls;

All religion, all solid things, art, governments—all that was or is apparent on this or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of Souls along the grand roads of the Universe."

Rites and Ordinances Not Religion

THE story is told in one of the Gospels that Jesus and his disciples were passing one Sabbath day through a grainfield, and that, being hungry, they gathered some of the grain and ate it. When this became known to some of the conventional embodiments of religion, they rebuked Jesus on the ground that he had broken the Sabbath and was therefore irreligious. In the decadent religious system of that time, nothing was more central than the sanctity of the Sabbath. A multitude of rules and customs protected the Sabbath from desecration. As a result, a long list of artificial "virtues" and "vices" had accumulated, exactly as has taken place in our own time, and may be seen in many things which are called "pious" or "sinful" by conventional religious people.

Jesus' reply to that rebuke marks him a religious prophet of the ages. This was his answer: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." It was the same as saying, "Religion was made for man, not man for religion," or even "God was made for man, not man for God." It is hardly to be wondered at that the people of that day thought it unsafe to let such a man live.

Men Not All Adapted to a Single Mold

SUPPOSE we apply that principle to the religious history of the world, and to the customs of society as it now exists. Let us suppose an exactly parallel case in the every-day experience of life. Imagine a shoe-store or a hat-store of the present day managed strictly upon the principle which has rigidly obtained in the Christian Church for over fifteen hundred years. The experience of buying shoes or hats would be a very different one from what it now is. For when people went to stores conducted on this principle, they would find it to be the ruling idea in a shoe-store that feet are to be fitted to shoes, not shoes to feet, and the ruling idea in a hat-store that heads are to be fitted to hats, not hats to heads. Under such a regime—that is, in a religiously conducted shoe or hat store—such places would have to be hospitals and their salesmen would be surgeons. The shoe sales-

man would find that a great many feet would not, in their normal state, fit the uniform size of shoe with which all such stores would be stocked. He would say: "We shall have to do some cutting on this foot—an inch or two off the front end, the lopping off of a toe or two, a slice off the side, and the fit will be perfect." Or, if it were a hat-store, all heads which did not fit the one divinely prescribed size of hats would have to be pared off or compressed until they did. And if, in such places, the victim should ask why different sizes of shoes and hats were not kept, in order that the process of getting suitable footwear and headgear might not involve being crippled for life or killed outright, the answer of any religiously kept shoe-store would be:

"The size of these shoes and hats is a matter of divine revelation. God has ordained these things for men, and if pain and even death are involved in the process of fitting men to these sizes of shoes and hats, it shows conclusively that man is a sinner. The very fact that men's feet and heads do not fit into these shoes and hats made on molds that were dug up by divine direction, on Mount Sinai or the Hill Cumorah, except by the use of the surgeon's knife, is convincing evidence that the race is fallen, is distorted by sin and disobedience out of the shape which the Creator, by virtue of these divinely inspired sizes of shoes and hats, designed men and women to possess. It also proves the divine character of the office of surgeon."

Is it too daring an assumption to make that, in the matter of providing proper clothing for the body, the principle which ought to govern is the principle that we must not try to fit the body or any part of the body to a rigid or fixed size or type, but that every form of clothing must be fitted to the body? That is to say, bodies do not exist for clothing, but clothing for bodies. But what is the principle upon which the Christian Church from Constantine down to this very day has proceeded and which it still obeys? There is but one answer. In the very nature of the grounds upon which the Christian theology or mythology rests, the Christian Church has been engaged unceasingly in the endeavor to fit human minds and human lives, in so far as it could control them, into one uniform and unvarying mold. And yet, in every land, in every generation, because of the intrinsic

laws of the human soul, there have been some men who have insisted that this mold did not fit them, and they have refused, often at the cost of persecution, misrepresentation, loss of reputation, and even of death, to submit to any sort of mental or spiritual surgery in order to fit their minds or their lives into that fixed and uniform mold. They have acted on the principle that man was not made for the mold or for any mold, but that all such things must be used or discarded for no other reason than they can or can not serve the interests or fit the needs of men.

Man, Not Mold or System, First

 HE priests and preachers of the Christian Church have never failed to recognize the act that no human mind ever fits the mold of the religious system. But they have uniformly acted on the principle that the mold is the sacred thing, the paramount thing, the divine and permanent thing; and the minds and lives of men and women are the subordinate, unholy, profane thing. And so it has come about that these "priests of religion" (alleged priests of religion) have insisted upon a sanction for the system of theology which they have never dreamed of claiming for the existence of a race of men. That is exactly what it means to claim a divine sanction for any sort of religious system, and not claim a higher sanction for the human reason, human need, human capacities, and all that belongs to human life.

Here is the one principle which has divided men religiously for all these centuries, the principle enunciated by Jesus: Shall the man or the system come first? Shall the man or the system be the master? Is man made for the Sabbath, for the Church, for the Bible, for Religion, for God; or the Sabbath, the Church, Religion, God, all things made for man? The Church has stood for the first of these propositions, but man has not taken one step onward or upward in all the ages except as he has asserted by word and deed the second of these propositions.

Is it any wonder that man has been, for the most part, such a cringing creature in the face of the great facts of life: pain, death, the unseen? How could he be anything else when the united power of Church and State has been incessant in the endeavor to impress him with the idea that he is only a worm of the dust, that he is and must be subject,

subordinate, at all costs, to a scheme, a dream, an alleged "revelation"? Immortality can never be for men anything more than the dream it is now, anything more than an illusion or a hope; never the unwavering consciousness of all his days, the reassurance of his deeds, the infinite solace and power of his moral life, until he breaks the shackles of this falsehood of the race's infancy, this moral and spiritual slavery which an ignorant priesthood has fastened and still tries to fasten on the soul, and becomes master of himself and all that concerns him. "The progress of religion through the ages," says Ferguson, "has consisted in withdrawing men's minds from another world to this; it is the passing of the human mind from the hope of immortality to the present sense of eternity." And that passing of the human mind from the hope of immortality to the present sense of eternity is the immediate product solely of that consciousness of the dignity and worth of human life which nothing except democracy as a religion can give.

Same Old Inversion

 UT it is not alone or chiefly in the sphere of what is called religion that men have acted or are now acting upon this soul-destroying principle. What is the principle upon which our so-called secular institutions proceed—the governments of the world, the industries, the schools, the laws, the courts, the prisons, and all commercial enterprises? These can no more escape the challenge of this sacred law than the churches or priesthoods or anything else. Do we proceed in politics, in industry, in commerce, in factories, stores, shops, cities, schools and all the rest, upon the principle that all these are made for man or that man was made for them? Do we, by our action, by our institutions, say that men and women and children must be made to fit into the molds of these various institutions; or are we proceeding on the principle that all these things must be made to fit men? What is the language of our present-day civilization? What are our factories saying to our men and women and children who go to them in the morning at the sound of the whistle and leave them at night at the sound of the whistle? What principle do they illustrate? That man is first, and other things secondary; or that man is secondary, and other things are of prime consideration? Which gives way, when

one or the other must—the man or the factory? Which must take second place, if one or the other must—human life or material gain? ¶ If it would be an evidence of insanity for a shoe-store or a hat-store to be conducted on the principle of fitting feet and heads to shoes and hats, instead of fitting shoes and hats to feet and heads, why is it any less an evidence of insanity when a whole city or State or nation acts upon the principle that industries are not to be fitted to men, but men are to be fitted to industries, no matter how much the process may mangle and distort and dwarf or destroy all that makes man human? On what ground can we justify or excuse or tolerate the practise of a principle all through the nation, where it means the unmaking of men and women, the robbing of children of their childhood, women of their womanhood and motherhood, the smothering of every finest ethical impulse in millions, and the transformation of human beings into wolves or swine or worse; when we discard as insane the mere practise of cutting off an inch or two from all feet above a certain size in order to fit those feet to a certain size of shoe? Why is it not only foolish, but insane, to insist that every man's cranium shall fit into a certain mold, and not just as foolish and insane to maintain an industrialism which makes it inevitable that human lives, regardless of choice, shall be shaped to a fixed industrial mold, or to permit a school system which shows scarcely any greater discrimination in the treatment of minds or souls? Why apply the term "barbarism" to that practise of the Chinese which makes many of the women of China cripples for life—the artificial fitting of their feet to an abnormal size of shoe—if we do not freely accept the same title as a fitting name for this whole industrial civilization of America? By what defensible law of reasoning do we condemn a practise which entails only a physical mutilation, when at the same time we defend and support and boast over a system of things which violates the whole symmetry of the soul? It is a mighty shallow mind, not to say a mighty sterile soul, which declares in one breath, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," and in the next, by deeds more potently than in words, "The industrial system was not made for man, but man was made for the industrial system."

Real Meaning and Stage of Our Civilization
 ¶ UT nothing more accurately describes the meaning of our present civilization than that last sentence. And it is right there, in that false and profane industrialism, as nowhere else, that the taproot of this soul-destroying principle is to be found. That practically all other institutions in our civilization illustrate this principle is simply an evidence of the truth which Marx enunciated in Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven: that "in every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange and the social organization necessarily following from it form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch." Or, to put it in the words of Ferguson: "The bottom fact of social philosophy, ranging wide through literature, the amenities and courtesies, religion and the fine arts, is an economic fact. The books and pictures, the etiquette and rituals, are what they are according to the terms of the settlement of the bread question. And this, not because God is flesh, but because flesh is God."

The petty pantomime of the so-called religious world would be a sight to provoke derisive laughter in all thinking men, were it not so tragic. What can be more pitiful than the puny and futile and unthinking efforts of the "pious" at reform, always little mincing attempts to poultice some surface eruption, never a resolute determination to go for the root of anything. The pious will be the very last people in the world to discover the patent fact that every moral and social problem is rooted in economic fact, in economic institutions. Take, for example, the school system. We have been told for generations that our public-school system is the natural product of our democratic form of government. Because the responsibility of government, which formerly rested on the shoulders of a hereditary ruling family, has here been transferred to the whole body of citizens, therefore we must have an educated citizenship. So, we have the free public-school system and compulsory attendance therein. But it takes only a very casual examination of the curriculum of the schools, or a little experience in attempts to accomplish changes in the system in the direction of fitting the school to the pupils rather than the pupils to the

school, to discover that the efficient factor in determining the course of study in the public schools is the industrial system in which and by which and for which these children are going to live—to determine what their life is to be morally, intellectually, spiritually. What is the whole trend in education? It is towards the emphasis of those very things which our industrial civilization dictates. Our boys and girls will study at public school or college or university, not the things which are required for the development of open minds and free souls, but the things which a capitalistic industrialism makes necessary in order that these boys and girls may achieve that thing which this industrialism calls success. Our boys and girls may think they are free, may think they are following the natural bent of their own minds, their own souls, but they are not. They are about as free as the pawns on a chessboard. Boasting of freedom, they choose to follow the predetermined courses of an industrial absolutism not a whit better than the political absolutism over whose alleged overthrow these same boys and girls in their histories have been made to feel such thrills of pride in their country's revolutionary struggle * *

The Struggle Toward Democracy

THE struggle in which mankind is engaged, and in which there can be no neutrals, is not a struggle between two religions: it is a conflict between religion and superstition, and there is no way in which the significance of the religious side of the struggle can be seen so well as when we understand it to be democracy, and democracy as the religion of man. Democracy is the religion of man, always has been—was the religion of man in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, is now and ever shall be. Democracy is not a political party; the party which bears that name has no right to it. Democracy is a spiritual thing, and can be understood only when it is seen to be a spiritual thing. It is not the mere rule of the majority. It is more than the rule of the common people. It is the mastery of things by men. It is the sovereignty of the human body and mind and soul over all other things. It is the assertion of the supremacy of the human. It is man subordinating things to soul, to life, to joy, to fulfilment. It is man finding in actual fact, in all the common occupations of his days, that all things, all functions, all relationships,

are made for man, not man for them. It is bringing all these and all other things into definite and conscious obedience, subjection, service, to and for man. That is the religion of democracy, and it is the only religion we can have. It is the only thing to which our whole nature—body, mind and soul—will respond with joy, with the full measure of our devotion.

Religion Not Abasement, But Dignity

WE have so long been taught that religion means abasing oneself before some higher power—that it means abnegation, the denial of ourselves, homage to some great being—that we have acted upon that teaching, in spite of the fact that we never have believed it and never can. We are so made that the whole man of us simply can not accept that thing as religion. When men and women have tried to accept it, they have always undertaken to suppress or destroy some one or more parts of their nature. We have been taught in the name of religion that only by suppressing something, by denying something, by calling something in our natures unclean or evil and setting up a warfare within the system, can we really be religious, really be acceptable to God. But the Book of Ezekiel is evidence that at least one man more than two thousand years ago had learned better. For when that man, supposing himself to be in the presence of God, prostrated himself on the ground, a voice seemed to say to him, "Son of man, stand on thy feet and I will speak to thee." Even so far back as that, one man learned that one can even see or speak to God only as he does so face to face, eye to eye, standing on his feet * *

There is nothing we need so much to know as that our relation to what we call God is not at all what it has been represented to be. God can really mean anything to us only in the measure in which we take upon ourselves the functions and tasks of a God. Only as the status of the creature becomes the status of the Creator can he understand creation. Things can not be understood by a thing. Things can be understood only by one who stands to them in the relation of a Creator. Only by mastery of all material things does the soul become godlike, and if the soul is n't godlike, it is idle to talk about its being religious. Religion in man is his godlikeness. But there is n't anything godlike about a man who is

nothing but a commodity in the market, bought and sold like hay and hogs. There is n't anything godlike in either master or slave. Neither the one nor the other describes any function or attribute of a God. We make religion possible to men and women only in the measure in which we put an end to all mastership of man over man, to all slavery of man to man. And because this is so, every attempt that is being made the world over today to end mastership and slavery between man and man is supremely an attempt to make religion a reality, and they who stand indifferent to these attempts have nothing to do with religion. We were not made to worship God, to pay homage to a God—all these are the shadows of man's own experiences through ages of serfdom, servility, dependence, subjection to masters and rulers. We were made to feel God, to experience God, to perform a godlike function, to live as God, creative, masterful, joyous, free.

Churches Part of System to Be Renewed

HERE is hardly anything in the world of social phenomena today more pitiful than the spectacle of ministers and members of churches trying to arouse enthusiasm over attempts to reform little surface symptoms of deep-seated social maladies. Here is a middle-class clergy appealing frantically to their middle-class constituencies for the reform of saloons and brothels and other social blossoms which unfold on the stem of this very system in which and by which and of which are these very same constituencies. The truth is, these middle-class constituencies to which this appeal is made and who are furnishing the beautiful material which make up our legislatures, State and national, would not know democracy if they saw it. These very people are essentially a parasitic class—they are living off the exploitation of that vastly larger class beneath them in the social scale. Says Charles Ferguson: "How can one who lives without thanks on the labor of others, who has been dandled all his life in the strong arms of the laborers so that his feet have never for a moment felt the drastic earth, who has never wrestled naked with God for a blessing or felt a common elemental need—how can such a one know anything of the omens of history, how judge rightly or decide what is human or of immortal value in books or pictures, or what is just in laws? How can he fight the battles of the

weak, or answer the questions of the simple; interpret the meaning of the prophets, or comprehend the passion of Christ? They must share the privation and exposure of the workers, and the spring of their power shall be that they breed in the people the love of justice. The people will love justice when they see justice—when they behold the beauty of it in the faces of men who prefer it to a privilege. The sovereignty of the people can be borne only by men who are of the people—men who will not have anything that all others may not have on the same terms."

Effect of Monarchies on the People

WHEN the people of the American Colonies, a hundred and thirty-five years ago, declared their separation from Great Britain and inaugurated a new and different regime on the soil of a new continent, they did something, though unconsciously, which had greater moral and social significance than any American historian has shown an inkling of knowing. Those men did not merely set up a different government here, did not merely substitute the rule of a majority of male voters having certain property qualifications for the kind of government which existed in Great Britain. They committed America irrevocably to democracy, and to democracy as the religion of mankind.

Think a moment. There never has been a nation where absolute monarchy was long tolerated in which the mass of the people did not in all their consciousness invest the monarchy with a divine sanction. All such governments have cherished the doctrine of the divine right of kings. That fact is not wholly explained by saying that kings have arrogated their divine sanction to themselves. Men are so constituted that they can not permanently tolerate pre-eminent human power or authority or rulership, without clothing its possessor with divine sanction. They instinctively see that with the exercise of rulership over a nation there must go such vast responsibility as can be justified only as a religious function. There could be no such thing as the toleration of monarchy, unless men could associate divine meaning and divine functions with the monarch.

And when, at last, the utter failure of monarchy to accomplish ends in human government which could confirm this human belief in the divine right of the king compelled people

everywhere to turn away from that form of government and find some substitute for it, those men did not cease to be what they were before. It was no more possible for them to form another sort of government which should have permanence without the sense of a divine sanction and a divine function, than it had been to tolerate monarchy except on those terms. And when the people finally took away from the palsied hands of hereditary monarchs the powers which they had proved themselves incompetent to exercise, and placed those powers in the hands of all the people under the forms of representative government, what became of this innate inescapable human instinct of a divine sanction and function for government?

Relics of Monarchy Still Clinging

WHAT is the question which no so-called democratic government has yet answered—because no such government has been really democratic? That is the question which challenges every alleged democracy or republic the world over today. This government and every other, this nation and every other, is facing the alternative of moral and social and spiritual chaos, with inevitable degeneration both of individual and people; or of democracy as a religion, the every-day religion, the God-consciousness of men. On no other terms can we have democracy.

In the change from monarchical to representative government, the old instinct which insisted upon a divine sanction for rulership was temporarily lost, and the American nation has been largely a debauch of sordid materialism. Failing to invest the new government with a soul, the empty place which the soul should have occupied was taken and has been held through the years by the sordid, man-destroying passion for gain, and the result is, as might naturally be expected, that this so-called democracy, this democracy without a soul, has given to the world and to history an exhibition of civic corruption which can not be matched in all the countries of Europe. The watchword of this people has become—"Graft." Hardly a public building can be erected anywhere but it becomes a veritable orgy of graft. Decades ago, one of the most brilliant members of the United States Senate, nominally representing Kansas, declared all moral ideals in politics to be an "iridescent dream." Nine-tenths of his successors in both

branches hold the same philosophy without taking the trouble of putting it into words. "Europe and America today," says Ferguson, "are sick with the nightmare of their dreams. They have dreamed of Democracy, and in their dreams they have achieved liberty—but only in their dreams, not otherwise."

Democracy Must Be Made Religious

THIS nation has no future except as its democracy becomes a religion. There is no such thing as investing our elected officials with a divine sanction—that is not where such a sanction can rest. Neither can we invest vastness of wealth or treasure or size of buildings and cities with any such sanction. ✽ ✽

The divine sanction of democracy can rest alone in what it is doing.

The truth is, in all our alleged political and social and industrial life today, our bat-eyed politicians and businessmen are acting as if there were no God, no underlying principle upon which life proceeds, no divine or even human order, no religion, no sacred end to be achieved, no moral law for the government of men or nations. We are trying to have a democracy without having that democracy as our religion, without any consciousness of a divine sanction in it, without any sense of creative purpose in ourselves. That sort of thing is impossible. It is the supreme moral menace of life. And all the human wreckage that litters our civilization, all this wolfishness in industry, all this degradation of woman, all this smothering of ethical impulse, all this denial of sacredness, all this practical atheism, all this mutilation of bodies and minds and souls which marks the whole process of our present form of associated life, are the evidence, the confession, the indisputable proof and fruitage, of the attempt to have something bearing the name of democracy which is not a conscious religion.

We have got to learn to say, and mean it, that men are not made for constitutions, not for statutes, not for governments, nor for industrial systems, nor for any other such thing, but that everything must find its sanction in its fitness to minister to the needs and satisfy the demands of human souls. ✽

All the arts are really one—simply Expression: the expression of Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man.

Mr. Ballinger

By Alfred Henry Lewis



COMMONLY the Cabinet is no more than just a political fife and drum corps intended to tootle and rumble in harmony with an administration. Mr. Ballinger, however, blowing his Interior Department fife, has tootled out at times certain high, discordant notes.

In figure Mr. Ballinger is keen, wiry, alert. He has a good forehead, a good jaw and a nose and mouth that might be worse. His eyes are bright, his gaze level, steady. Much of his hair has remained true, but in the severity of what service it has seen it could not refrain from turning a discouraged 'possum color.

Mr. Ballinger was baptized "Richard Achilles." The Ballingers have been Americans for some time. One of them was with "Mad Anthony" Wayne in the Revolution and fought British at Monmouth, Stony Point and Yorktown. Mr. Ballinger's own immediate parent, Colonel Dick Ballinger, in his time kept store, served as postmaster of the Illinois town of Varden, edited a country paper, "licked" the rival editor, studied law with Abraham Lincoln, failed at farming, lost out as a sheep-raiser, became bankrupt as a cattleman, led a regiment most valorously throughout the Civil War, married, had children and never laid up a cent.

An Awful Thirst

ON the sunset side of fifty, our Mr. Ballinger was born in the Iowa village of Boonsboro. As a boy he went loyally with his father. Like another Norval, without the Grampian Hills, he tended the paternal flock. Also, he sold groceries, ran a news-stand, set type, "pulled" a hand-press, wrote stirring "locals" telling how "Jim Smith is painting his barn red" or "Mr. White, our urbane druggist (see 'ad' in another column), has laid in a fresh consignment of Little Giant Pills." Young, sunburned, slim, he put in three years in a Kansas cow-saddle "punching" cattle. Likewise he studied books. He was wont to recite his Latin lesson to a hospital steward at Fort Larned. He rode seventy miles once a week to read Homer with a certain erudite clergyman adrift in those parts. Seventy

miles! Greek! ♪ He must have liked to ride. Young Mr. Ballinger pointed his book-hungry nose for Williams College. At Williams he ran a "students' restaurant." He went to church, pumped the organ—for money—and found his reward for it all in a graduation sheepskin. Likewise he had fallen in love and married. I'll back a marriage license against a college diploma when it comes to shoving a man forward in the world.

Mr. Ballinger studied law. Being "admitted," he hung out a hopeful shingle in Kankakee. One client came—a weak, meek being whom three determined ladies had wedded in rapid succession. Tried for bigamy, the meek and multitudinous husband got two years and seemed anxious to get more.

Mr. Ballinger departed Southward into the far country of Alabama and was not satisfied. Then he went to the Far Northwest and became United States Commissioner at Port Townsend. Later he was elected Judge. Still later he went to Seattle and was elected Mayor.

Seattle was "wide open." Mr. Ballinger, as Mayor—being moral—"closed" it. Nota bene—when a town is "closed," what vicious ones would drink rum, gamble or do worse go in through the side door. Where was it I once read something anent whited sepulchers?

A Rattlesnake-Eradicator

R. ROOSEVELT was in the White House. Junior Jimmy Garfield told Mr. Roosevelt an engaging tale of how Mr. Ballinger had once killed three rattlesnakes with his quirt during far-off cowboy days. "There are rattlesnakes in the land-office," observed Mr. Roosevelt, and named Mr. Ballinger as Land Commissioner. Mr. Ballinger bleated a protest. Then he took the place. They always do.

Mr. Roosevelt was working to make Mr. Taft his successor. Mr. Ballinger, inspired by such high example, got busy along similar lines. Also he showed himself as apt for politics as any Irishman. To Mr. Ballinger, as debts of politics are counted, Mr. Taft owed much. Mr. Ballinger was invited into the Cabinet, and came. He is not there now.

Two claims to fame has Mr. Ballinger. He wrote "Ballinger on Community Property" and bought Roswell, Mr. Roosevelt's hurdle horse. It was upon Roswell that the late President jumped down the throats of so many cameras ♪ ♪

The Modern Inquisition

By Harry Eugene Kelley



THE people of the United States are enjoying an era of intelligent and seasonable agitation for the reformation of our procedure in the detection and punishment of criminals. Much has been written and spoken with the purpose of speeding the establishment of greater efficiency in our criminal procedure, without any deterioration in the humane safeguarding of the life and liberty of the individual defendant and the freedom of the people; but as yet there has not been much done as to the most revolting and disgraceful fact in our criminal procedure. I refer to that form of extra-legal police examination of prisoners figuratively and vulgarly designated "the third degree." We may not reasonably infer that so revolting an iniquity is purposely ignored; for a slight inquiry reveals the deplorable fact that there is a widespread popular ignorance of it. The education of public opinion is as conspicuously needed upon the existence and the character of the third degree, and the prevalence of its use, as upon any other phase of the creation and administration of public law.

What Is the Third Degree?

THE third degree is a system of police inquisition. It consists in torture by the municipal police of a person suspected of being guilty of a crime, or having knowledge of the commission of a crime, till under the pressure of duress, hunger, violence, physical or mental weakness, or pain, he makes a confession, real or feigned, of participation in or knowledge of the real or suspected crime. It is administered with the purpose of procuring evidence upon which to convict the person confessing, or to discover and convict some other person.

The third degree is confessedly unlawful under the Constitution and Laws of the United States and of every State in the Union. Our Federal Constitution provides that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." The Colorado Constitution similarly provides "that no person shall be compelled to testify against himself in a criminal case." The third-degree procedure is

a clear violation of the spirit of wholesome constitutional provisions of this kind. The constitutional prohibition of the use in evidence in criminal proceedings of confessions obtained by the infliction of the third degree must be held to amount to an implied prohibition of the extortion of confessions by duress or violence. In addition, the infliction of the third degree constitutes the crime of assault, and more often the crime of assault and battery ✽

Your Modern Officer of the Law

THE third degree is cruel, brutal and atrocious. Under this system of police detection, a person suspected of a crime, of which he may be as innocent as the babe in the cradle, is clandestinely seized and carried to a municipal jail, is there separated from every acquaintance he has in the world and from every form of communication with counsel, and thrust into the hands of savage policemen and detectives (themselves too often guilty of most of the crimes denominated in the criminal code), and by duress, threats, bodily violence and various species of scientific torture, not less barbarous or efficacious than the cruelties practised on the suspected witches at Salem, is compelled to confess guilt of crimes of which he has not even heard, or which have not even been committed.

The third degree has given rise to some of the most revolting episodes of human depravity and oppression of defenseless human beings to be found in the history of the administration of the law.

A Typical Instance

TWO years ago a young man was tortured by the police in Denver into signing a written confession that he had poisoned his wife and six-year-old daughter. Afterwards, the cause of their death was, by conclusive, unimpeached and unimpeachable evidence, by chemical analysis, and by a scientifically conducted experiment on a dog, proved to have been the inhalation by them of carbon-monoxide gas given off from a defective gas water-heater ✽ He was himself seriously poisoned by the gas, was rendered unconscious by it, and was placed under treatment in a hospital. As soon as he gained semi-consciousness he was taken from his hospital bed to the municipal chamber of torture, and there in his weakened and distressed physical and mental condition he was subjected to such physical violence at the hands of the police

that his body bore the marks of it for several weeks. The inside surfaces of his cheeks, as a result of having been violently beaten against the edges of his teeth, were cut and bruised and bore deposits of pus. He was informed against for murder solely upon that confession. He spent three months of his life in jail, though he was afterwards judicially proved innocent. This confession was the only evidence against him. In the confession torture-chamber he was repeatedly pressed to tell what poison he used to kill his wife and daughter, and he repeatedly declared that he did not know. He endeavored to think of the name of a poison in order to put that into his confession. If he could have thought of any poison he would have named it, but he could think of none. To this slip of his memory, due to fright and semi-consciousness, is due the remarkable failure of the police to "discover" what poison he used. This is a sample of the monstrous villainies of the third-degree inquisition.

A Common Practise

THE third degree has become generally established among the police throughout the United States as an instrument in the administration of criminal jurisprudence. The common use of such barbarity, as an agency in the enforcement of the law in this country of boasted fair play and constitutional guaranties of freedom and of civilized legal procedure in the detection and punishment of crime, is explained by the strange fact that among the people there is no widespread knowledge of it, or belief in its existence. The third degree is popularly supposed to be the subjection of a prisoner to nothing more than shrewd cross-examination by humane officers of the law. Occasional newspaper reports of barbarity in the administration of the third degree are accepted by the people as sensational, highly colored and hysterical news fiction.

Remedial Measures

I HAVE long been deeply moved by the toleration by the American people of the diabolical third-degree monstrosity. In Nineteen Hundred Seven I conceived the idea of placing the use of it in the category of felonies in the criminal code of Colorado. To that end, in January, Nineteen Hundred Nine, I drew a bill (and I may add that I drew it with much trepidation, having no model as an aid) and requested Senator F. E. Gove to

present it in the Seventeenth General Assembly and use his influence to get it enacted. Senator Gove very ably and diplomatically carried it through the Senate. The Honorable Dudley W. Strickland, of the House of Representatives, ably and with like success carried it through the House. These gentlemen had the able and zealous assistance of Doctor George L. Knapp, the editorial writer of the "Rocky Mountain News," through his able editorials in that journal, with such intermittent support as I was able to render as the single lobbyist for the bill. The General Assembly received the bill with favor and passed it without debate. Governor Shafroth signed it, and it is now the law in Colorado. The act, which is short, is given herewith:

An Act to prevent the oppression of persons held in custody, and to provide punishment for persons violating this act.

Be It Enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Colorado:

Section 1. Any public officer, or any peace officer, or any judge or justice of the peace, or any sheriff, under-sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, warden or jailer, or any chief of police, police magistrate, police officer, policeman or detective, or any person who shall have authority to arrest or to detain in custody, who, by threats either in words or physical acts, or by foul, violent or profane words or language, or by exhibitions of wrath or demonstrations of violence, or by the display or use of any club, weapon, or instrument, place, or thing of torture, shall put in fear, submission or under duress, or shall assault, beat, strike, slap, kick, or lay violent hands upon, or threaten to assault, beat, strike, slap, kick, or lay violent hands upon, any person, for the purpose of inducing or compelling such person to make any statement of fact about any transaction, or to make a confession or statement of his knowledge of the commission of any crime, or alleged, or suspected crime, shall be deemed to be guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than one year nor more than two years. ❀ ❀

Section 2. Nothing in this Act shall be construed to alter, or affect in any manner

whatever, the rules of evidence applicable in the trial of civil or criminal cases, or to prevent the examination, or interrogation of any person by any proper officer in authority respecting his knowledge of or participation in the commission of any crime, or alleged, or suspected crime, or to prevent the use by any proper officer of reasonable and lawful force in taking or detaining in custody any person in proper cases.

Necessity of the Act

PRESENT this Act in full because it is one of the first of its kind ever drawn, so far as I have ascertained, and with the hope and purpose that, improved as time, study and experience may suggest, it will make its way to the statute-books of other States.

The need of such an act is not generally understood. Most persons, even some lawyers, assume that such conduct on the part of the police, being unlawful, has its appropriate penalty under the statutes. But Colorado, I believe, is the first State in the Union which has provided punishment for the offense. Without such an Act, the punishment, in nearly all cases, if indeed in many cases there may be punishment at all, must be only that provided for a simple assault, or an assault and battery, a punishment which is shamefully inadequate. Aside from the matter of adequate punishment, the moral effect of the existence of such a statute should be potent in arousing public sentiment for the eradication of the evil itself.

Many persons confuse with the proposition of providing punishment for such monstrous cruelty the rule of evidence by which confessions thus obtained are inadmissible in evidence. It is apparent to all lawyers, of course, that the inadmissibility in evidence of the confession of guilt obtained from a prisoner by torture, while that rule humanely safeguards innocence in the trial court, is not a suitable deterrent from the infliction of the third degree, nor in any manner a punishment for the infliction of it. In assaulting and torturing a man until he confesses to guilt, the police are seeking not merely a confession, which in itself is often unimportant, but such other evidences of the crime, or alleged crime, as the confession may incidentally disclose, evidences receivable in a court of justice

irrespective of the manner in which or the means by which they are obtained. The police are willing, moreover, to take chances on deluding the Court and getting the confession to the jury.

No Excuse for Third Degree

WE can not justify ourselves, in point either of fact or of law, in permitting the infliction of the third degree. Confessions of guilt are produced and received under conditions manifestly unfavorable for their reliability. The prisoner's mind is commonly oppressed, vitiated or warped by the terrors, calamities or opportunities of his situation. He is the bondman of temptations and manifold motives of hope, fear, revenge or self-interest, which are likely to influence him to make his confession untrue. The importance of his position in the criminal transaction, with access to the ears of public officers and the people, and the abnormal eagerness and credulity of the public mind at times of acts of criminality, render his confession a dangerous instrument even in contemplation of his own life and liberty. The law must and does take cognizance of these well-recognized facts; and accordingly it provides the most stringent safeguards for the use of confessions as evidence in courts of justice. The long-established, fundamental principle of the law respecting them is that they are effectual, valuable and just proofs, and may become legal evidence, only when they are deliberate and voluntary. Their deliberate and voluntary character must be affirmatively proved before they may be received in evidence. They are not legally sufficient, however clearly and legally established, or however reliable and trustworthy, standing alone, to support a conviction, but the "corpus delicti" must be otherwise proved. A confession drawn from the prisoner by promise of clemency or benefit or reward or other inducement held out to him, or by threat or torture or duress or putting in fear, by any one having authority over him or over the prosecution itself, or by a private person in the presence of one in authority, has no credence in the courts, and a jury is not permitted to hear it. There is, therefore, no legal excuse either in point of fact or of law for the infliction of the third degree; neither is it of practical or reliable value as an agency in disclosing the truth.

The charitably disposed persons who are now laboring to bring the criminal law and its administration to a higher state of efficiency and of humane justice, and especially the lawyers of the country who ought to know better than others the necessity for reformation in the methods used by the police in the detection of crime, have, in the task of abolishing the third degree, a field for Herculean labors in the establishment of new guaranties of real liberty, now most barbarously menaced.



If you have not known poverty, heart-hunger and misunderstanding, God has overlooked you, and you are to be pitied.



The Needle's Eye

By Thomas Nelson Page

✻ HEARD men prate of a place called Heaven,

A home for weariest sinners given;
I was wicked enough, God wot, at best,
And weary enough to covet rest.

They bade me come to the House of Prayer,
They said I should find my Savior there;
They told me true He had died for me,
And there I should find Salvation free.

I paused at the door with a timid knock;
The people within were a silken flock;
By their scowls of pride it was plain to see,
Salvation was not for the likes of me.

The bishop was there in his lace and lawn,
And the cassocked priest. I saw him yawn.
The rich and great and virtuous, too,
Stood snug and contented each in his pew.

The music was grand, the service fine,
The sermon was eloquent, nigh divine.
The subject was Pride and the Pharisee
And the Publican, who was just like me.

I smote my breast in an empty pew,
But an usher came and looked me through,
And bade me stand beside the door
In the space reserved for the mean and poor.

I left the church in my rags and shame;
In the dark without, One called my name.
"They have turned Me out as well," quoth He;
"Take thou My hand and follow Me.

"We may find the light by a narrow gate—
The way is steep and rough and strait;
But none will look if your clothes be poor,
When you come at last to My Father's door."

I struggled on where'er He led;
The blood ran down from His hand so red!
The blood ran down His forehead torn.
"T is naught," quoth He, "but the prick of
a thorn!"

"You bleed," I cried, for my heart 'gan quail.
"T is naught, 't is naught but the print of a
nail."

"You limp in pain and your feet are sore."
"Yea, yea," quoth He; "the nails were four."

"You are weary and bowed and bent," I cried.
"T was a load I bore up a mountain-side."
"The way is steep, and I faint." But He:
"It was steeper far upon Calvary."

By this we had come to a narrow door
I had spied afar. It was locked before.
But now in the presence of my Guide,
The fast-closed postern opened wide.

And forth there streamed a radiance,
More bright than is the noon-sun's glance;
And harps and voices greeted Him,
The music of the Seraphim.

I knew His face where the light did fall;
I had spat in it, in Herod's Hall,
I knew those nail-prints now, ah, me!
I had helped to nail Him to a tree.

I fainting fell before His face,
Imploring pardon of His grace.
He stooped and silencing my moan
He bore me near His Father's throne.

He wrapt me close and hid my shame,
And touched my heart with a cleansing flame.
"Rest here," said He, "till I go and try
To widen a little a Needle's Eye."



All book-lovers have chums, and the pleasure of reading is to pass this joy along to another. Lovers always read together, and the chief joy of loving a woman is to read to her, or have her read to you. ✻ To mix it mentally with a good woman who has phosphorus is paradise enow.

Best on Earth or Anywhere Else

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

 **HAT** gentle Proverb Collector, George Herbert, one fine day in the year Sixteen Hundred Thirty-nine put down this proposition, "All Griefs with good bread are less."

If you have ever eaten bread made with King Midas Flour you will say with the sweetest old man in East Aurora, "Jess so, jess so!"

King Midas Flour is "The Highest-Priced Flour in America," and if it cost double what it does I should call it inexpensive.

There are different grades of flour—some good, others better, and one the best on earth or anywhere else.

There is much talk of quality these days, and businessmen everywhere are realizing that it pays to sell only goods from houses who build on quality alone.

Calm, patient, persistent work wins. It may be quicker to sell goods by the bargain-sale methods, but strong, constant effort overrules them all.

The makers of King Midas Flour in a dim and misty past had moments of discouragement, but today King Midas is everywhere recognized as the one supreme product of the flourmaker's trade.

You can probably get along without King Midas, just as some folks get along without my "Little Journeys," but the influence of using the best obtainable household supplies is a force for good in your home.

King Midas Flour contains more glutenous strength than any other flour made, because it is all flour. Here we get real economy; and "The Highest-Priced Flour in America" merits its advertising slogan—"And Worth All It Costs."

Use your influence with your local grocer, if he does not carry King Midas Flour. Whatever good you may do in this direction will be to his eternal benefit and yours. If you can not secure a supply of King Midas, write the makers direct. They will gladly tell you all about it.

Shane Bros. and Wilson Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



Erected for A. D. Wheeler, Lake Forest, Ill.

A Happy Thought Greenhouse

It's a happy thought because it means a flower-garden every day in the year. All the fun of tending it—all the joy of having flowers from it.

Think what that would mean to you, a garden enthusiast—a lover of flowers. This one is 18 feet wide and 25 feet long. There are three garden plots or benches—one large one in the middle and two on the side, with walks between.

Attaching its workroom to the garage is another happy thought—it tends to both convenience and economy. You save the cost of a gable for the workroom, and the one boiler can heat both garage and greenhouse with but little additional coal. Fact is, you could well attach one of our kind of attractively built gardens of glass direct to your residence. And why not? Think of the added pleasure of being able to look in upon it many times during the day, and the showing of such a garden to your calling friends in the winter, just

like you do your outdoors one in the summer. The matter of its location, however, can be decided later; the thing now is to write to any of our offices nearest you, and they will send you a most complete catalog. It is really a greenhouse book—a book that will be a revelation to you in the pleasures and possibilities of gardening under glass. Then we can either correspond with you about a duplicate of this particular house, or any that you may choose from the catalog. If you like, one of us will gladly arrange to come and talk it over with you. But get things under way, that's the important thing right now.

All our Western houses will be shipped direct from the new Chicago factory at Des Plaines. This will be a saving in both time and freight.

Lord & Burnham Co.

NEW YORK
St. James Building
BOSTON
Tremont Building

PHILADELPHIA
Heed Building
CHICAGO
The Rookery

WENT around the globe last year. That's a strange performance for an old-time typesetter. I wanted to see if China was as dark and as far behind the times as the advertisements had said she was.

I found her just the same.

I wanted to see if the Japanese man was short and bowlegged and brown, and could live on a little and fight forever, and if he worked all the time and wasted nothing.

I found him just so. Everybody works in

Japan—even father 爸爸

I wanted to learn if the Pacific was as quiet as it had the reputation of being 太平

And it was.

I wanted to learn of those two-wheeled conveyances that they call jinrikishas, in which a fellow-being goes between the shafts and you ride on a spring-seat. I wanted to know if it was a comfortable conveyance.

And it is. You look around first to see if anybody is looking at you until you get acquainted with driving a fellow-being, without a line and without a nosebag to feed him at noon; but he is there.

I had heard, through advertisements, that you could buy a white suit of clothes for four dollars in China.

And you can. The advertisement was right; you could get them for four dollars. They measure you this morning, and put them on you tomorrow morning. The Chinaman sleeps when he has nothing else to do. The American works when he can't help it. That's the difference.

I wanted to learn if the Suez Canal was over there, connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, as I had heard that it was, with the desert on the right and on the left.

And it is there. ¶ I wanted to learn if the Red Sea was near Sinai, over there where the Law was given.

Sinai is over there, red and l u m i n o u s against the sky, where it had n't rained for three years * *

I wanted to learn if it is really true that in Naples they drive a cow around and milk her in front of your house, and carry the milk to you in a tin cup without any formaldehyde in it.

It is so * And when the man was looking away, I saw a great, healthy calf taking the supply of the whole neighborhood * And he was advertising the event with his tail. He was full of enjoyment * *

I wanted to see if the Pyramids were there. They were built to enable Napoleon to tell his soldiers that forty centuries were looking down on them.

They are there, with all the mummies and everything concealed within their bodies.

I wanted to know many things, and I went to find them out.

I found advertising in Japan is done with caricatures on the wall; and the same thing in China. If a Chinaman wants another bottle of some goods, he takes the bottle and label

Victor



Victor III
\$40
Other styles
\$10 to \$250

The advantages of the "goose-neck" tone-arm



The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.

The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm when not in use.

"What makes the Victor tone so sweet, clear and natural, and of such splendid volume?" people ask as they become captivated by the unequalled Victor tone-quality.

The "goose-neck" construction of the tone-arm is largely responsible. A little thing in itself, but a great big thing in what it accomplishes.

It puts the weight of the sound-box in the proper place and at the proper angle to get the best results from every record.

Its flexibility enables the reproducing point to follow the lines of the sound-waves so closely that every detail is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

And besides improving the tone, the "goose-neck" adds to the convenience of using the Victor.

This exclusive patented "goose-neck" is only one of the many valuable features that help to make the Victor the world's greatest musical instrument.

If you have never heard a Victor of the present day, go to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear it. You'll be astonished at the height of perfection it has reached in recent years.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

back to the place where he got it, and he will take no other; and if there is the change of a dot or the crossing of a "t" on the new label, he will bring it back. The Chinaman is the most immovable man (except the Englishman) that there is on the globe.

Speaking about advertising, there is one thing that needs to be advertised, and that is the United States of America and her merits and her people.

I tell you that you have not a sincere friend



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets is as sweet and pure as the breath of Spring when jonquils laugh at you out of the grass. It is carefully made and wrapped. The best stores everywhere display it, because it is appealing, wholesome and delicious. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent Packets. SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

"I wish we could reach Singapore. I want to get a London paper. I want to see what English lord or earl or duke has eloped with some other man's wife."

Of course, then we didn't speak for a couple of days. Inasmuch as we two were the only English-speaking people on the ship, it was lonesome.

I will tell you another thing. You will never see an American flag around this earth anywhere unless you have it in your valise. Every ship sails somebody's else flag, and every pound of our freight is carried in the ships of the opposition. When we were going through the Suez Canal this Englishman said: "Here, Colonel, come around here on

on the globe, outside of our own country. They may talk it on the surface, but when you come to scrape and get down in, you will find at least an opponent, if not an enemy, of Uncle Sam.

An Englishman was traveling with me when we reached Singapore or near there. He said: "I wish we could get to Singapore. I would like to get a London paper to learn the latest news in regard to the New York insurance scandal," looking at me suspiciously. ¶I said:

the other side. There is an American battleship going through the canal."

I had n't seen the old flag for sixty days, and I thought of the "Missouri," or the "Indiana," or the "Iowa," or the "Kentucky"—some great vessel of the White Squadron—and I rushed madly around to the other side, to see an old tramp ship, black and weather-beaten, with her sides as discolored as her smokestacks, and looking as if there had not been an ounce of paint on her for twenty

years; but from the stern there streamed as spotless a sample of the Star Spangled Banner as any you ever laid eyes on. ¶ I took off my hat * *

I said to the Englishman: "Take off your hat and salute the American flag, for that is an American battleship. With just that kind of battleship we whipped Great Britain twice."

¶ The relations between the Englishman and me were disturbed again.

¶ Seriously, we need a friend at court. We need an advertising man in every port in the world. We need somebody to raise his voice for Uncle Sam. All through the Orient you find everything made of iron or steel marked, "Made in Germany." Why is that so? Because Americans will not make the kinds of goods they want. They want a one-handed plow in many countries, and the American manufacturer says, "Why, you idiot, you, that ain't the kind of plow you want." And he loses the trade. The German says, "I jüst make vat you vant," and he sells the goods.

The American everywhere thinks he must be a missionary instead of a salesman. It is a big world, and if you want to know of just



A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION

Telephone Service— Universal or Limited?

TELEPHONE users make more local than long distance calls yet to each user comes the vital demand for distant communication.

No individual can escape this necessity. It comes to all and cannot be foreseen.

No community can afford to surround itself with a sound-proof Chinese Wall and risk telephone isolation.

No American State would be willing to make its boundary line

an impenetrable barrier, to prevent telephone communication with the world outside.

Each telephone subscriber, each community, each State demands to be the center of a talking circle which shall be large enough to include all possible needs of inter-communication.

In response to this universal demand the Bell Telephone System is clearing the way for universal service.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

what little consequence you are, go around it. I sometimes think that we can see more faults in our own country than in any other country; and we are all the time advertising our faults, while every other land conceals its faults.

—Colonel Lafayette Young.

¶

 ¶ AR too long a slave and a tyrant have been hidden in woman. Therefore woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knoweth love only.—Nietzsche.

Perhaps I can point you the pathway that leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I want to do, because I am your friend. And by pointing you the way I find it myself.

HEALTH AND WEALTH

A S W R I T T E N B Y E L B E R T H U B B A R D



WITH your subscription to THE FRA Magazine there will be sent to you gratis, at once, as a premium, a copy of HEALTH AND WEALTH. This book of 162 pages contains thirty-two essays on various phases of practical life. It shows how to keep well; how to make money and how to save it; also how to secure all the happiness you deserve. ¶ It reveals the very kernel of The American Philosophy, or what has been called, "The Gospel of Commonsense."

HEALTH AND WEALTH is bound with suede leather, silk-lined, silk marker, two special portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, special watermark paper, antique type. A strictly De Luxe and unique specimen of bookmaking.

To FRA ELBERTUS, *Frater-in-Charge*
East Aurora, New York

FRIEND: I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription, so send THE FRA Magazine and HEALTH AND WEALTH, gratis, and any other perquisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name

Address

Foreign Postage, Seventy-five Cents

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Leather-Lined Hand-Bag



This bag is modeled in lily-of-the-valley design, has one inside pocket and modeled-leather change-purse, 5½ x 8 inches. . Price, \$15.00

Ladies' Bill-Pocket



Turned edge, leather-lined, with three gusset pockets and two flat pockets. This is an unusual value at . . . \$5.00

Three Cardcases



L-13



L-11



L-9

These cases are numbered for your convenience in ordering.

L-9 — 2¼ x 4 inches	\$1.25
L-11 — 3 x 4½ inches	1.50
L-13 — 2½ x 3½ inches	1.00

A
Rare
Opportunity

Roycroft Modeled-Leather Goods have found their way into the hands of artistic connoisseurs in many parts of the world. In design and coloring, the work is as beautiful as that found in fine pottery or rare glass.

Our modeled leather is as delicate as either of these, yet it is not fragile.

When a design is worked up, a few articles are made from it, then a new design is used. So the pieces have an individual value.

This month we have some special articles of fine workmanship from our leather department. These are unusual values and are offered in this way to introduce Roycroft work to new friends.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, N. Y.



BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, under the title of Elbert Hubbard, Banker, we paved the way. Simply

a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity.

We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ¶ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, BANKER, East Aurora, N. Y.

instruction. Perhaps it is not too much to say that often they are more entertaining and instructive than the literary pages. Today reputable psychologists, sociologists, economists, historians and statisticians are busy investigating its origin, data, methods and aims, and formulating its laws, fitting it for a place in the department of science. Finally, men of letters (or at least men of thorough education and skilled in literature) are engaged in originating and writing advertisements, not merely as a remunerative pastime or as a means of livelihood, but seriously as a profession within the department of letters, quite worthy of the

ADVERTISING is the life of competition. Now that advertising is conceived as a

science and an art, and is written under the conception of men of education and intelligence, gifted with literary skill and conscious of their moral responsibility to the common weal, the readers of the better class of popular magazines turn to the advertising pages with as great curiosity and attention as to the strictly literary pages, deriving from the advertising considerable entertainment and

ambition and energy of trained and cultured minds. The latest phase of advertising has its basis in a definite theory which aims to be constructive. To it we are indebted also for advances in public utilities and domestic economy, sanitary foods, clothing and housing, improved highways, mail service, educational methods and appliances. Finally, to the new advertising we owe significant changes—perhaps not always in advancement—in thought and feeling, in language and customs.

They are accidents of competitive business enterprise. The old advertising is pathological, the later advertising is sane. It develops the inevitableness of worth and excellence.—J. D. Logan.

☛
 I have been greatly impressed by the potent word-pictures which Elbert Hubbard is drawing for the Equitable people.

I happen to have all the insurance I care to carry just now. But if I were the least bit in the market for insurance, such arguments would get my attention and interest more readily than many other lines of insurance arguments I have listened to and read. And I happen to know that there are many other people who feel as I do on this question.—Edward S. Babcox, Advertising Manager, Yawman and Erbe Company.

☛
 ALESMANSHIP, nowadays, does not consist in getting an order through the old scheme of barter and trade. The honest buyer places his order for merit only. The salesman who approaches me with a glad hand and a happy smile is welcome. But when

Stevens-Duryea



Model AA
 Six-cylinder
 Torpedo.
 43.8 H. P.



Look for this
 on the radiator
 and on the hub

FOR supreme satisfaction in touring: the Stevens-Duryea Six. With its "unit power plant" mounted on "three points," it has the maximum of power efficiency, the minimum of friction and strain, and a motor flexibility that is truly delightful.

Our booklet about "three-point support" is really interesting—and different. Mailed on request.

Stevens-Duryea Company

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

he slips me a cigar, a pencil, a notebook, a ruler or even an invitation to have a little smile, or go out to lunch, as a means of gaining my favor and subsequently my order, he has dropped himself and his goods to a point of suspicion in my mind.—Elbert Hubbard II.

☛
 Woman's unrest today, man's unrest today, is the instinctive desire to return to the natural condition of liberty and individual independence.—Alice Hubbard.

The Firm That Stays

¶ Fra Herbert Kaufman says the Pyramids were not erected by quitters. Dempsey and Carroll, America's leading stationers, had a little unpleasantness in the way of a fire which burned out their store at Twenty-two West Twenty-third Street on December Ninth. The very same day they went on with the business in temporary quarters across the way.

¶ They are now ready to resume their good work in the original store, rebuilt, refurnished, and as inviting as ever.

¶ The spirit that has made this firm the foremost stationery house for over thirty years is of the quality that built the Pyramids. A fire they tell us, like any other disaster, is only as bad as you think it is. And then the tens of thousands of valuable plates and dies which have been used on the stationery of New York's best people for the last thirty years are all safe in the fireproof factory at One Hundred Thirty-seven Twenty-fifth Street.

¶ Dempsey and Carroll say the authoritative word on wedding invitations, announcements, church, reception and calling cards. The Dempsey and Carroll imprint means first quality in workmanship and material, and absolutely correct style.

¶ Let us realize that what is "correct form" is only a matter of standardizing the most attractive and sensible thing.

¶ Dempsey and Carroll select on a basis of quality what is to be used, and execute their work in the most beautiful, artistic and useful way. Thought and expert workmanship are characteristics embodied in everything produced by this house, which is the only concern in America devoted exclusively to stationery and its accessories. Their bookplates delight book-lovers everywhere.

¶ Write to them about your stationery wants, and your especial needs will receive exacting attention. You can shop with them by mail, as well as the New Yorkers who are privileged to call upon or telephone this house whenever they want something of first quality in this line.

Dempsey & Carroll, 22 West 23d St., New York

way to make that appeal.

But the task seems doubly difficult because so much serious effort is just now being made to gain attention. To be sure, some of it is surprisingly successful, but mainly it is chaotic, unclassified, uncertain and the result of chance or of unreliable instinct.

A fact that is too often overlooked is that advertising is passive. It must be reached out for. The salesman can compel the prospective buyer to listen to his story. But not so the advertisement. It requires effort, and assumes an interest on the part of the prospective buyer, whose time is limited and whose interests are not apt to extend much

¶ THE only definition of advertising I have been able to devise which will hold water is this: Advertising is selling endeavor directed to the self-interest of the individual through the medium of the eye.

It differentiates itself from salesmanship, in that the latter is directed to the self-interest through the medium of the ear.

The advertisement, then, must first make its appeal to the eye, and the problem of the advertising man is to find the best and surest

beyond his own concerns. ¶ But good display, which is but another name for good taste, is yet largely a matter of chance and guesswork.

¶ Not until we have found some sort of a sure basis to build from, can we hope to accomplish much in this direction.

Beauty is never the result of haphazard guesswork. Every beautiful thing in the world has been made by one who knew.

And just in the same way is advertising much more than the preparation of attractive and

compelling copy, and the advertiser who is truly to serve must know the details of the craft, the merchandising and selling methods and systems; but if he is to produce the master work, he must also understand the laws that underlie the harmonious use of design, of light and shade, of mass and color, of line and solid: he must not trust to guesswork—he must know. ¶ The advertising business needs men who can build surely, and it needs them badly—trained men, and above all, men of good taste. ¶ In the hurry and rush to acquire a little of the “easy money” we are poisoning the cow that gives the golden milk. We leave too much to chance. We trust the serious, important work of actual production to incompetency and inexperience. We hire splendid, capable salesmen to secure business, and then turn the task of “making good” over to downy-faced and inexperienced boys. Advertising is the meeting-place of real art and honest commerce. It is our task to bring them together and round them out into a perfect whole. We must be searchers for the universal appeal.

Four Great Reasons for Nelson's

There are thousands of reasons why Nelson's is as desirable and attractive as any Encyclopaedia—But there are four great reasons why it is unique and pre-eminent—superior to any Encyclopaedia ever published. These are:

“It Cannot Grow Old”



Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

That Little Bar and Nut has solved the Problem! It has put all other Encyclopaedias out of date!

- 1. IT CANNOT GROW OLD** because our subscribers are furnished with at least 500 pages of new information each year, which brings them up to the minute on all important occurrences and investigations. These pages are properly numbered, and by simply turning a nut in our loose-leaf binding you may remove the obsolete pages, and insert the new. Your Encyclopaedia will be just as much up to date twenty years from now as it is today. No other Encyclopaedia can possess this feature, as it is fully protected.
- 2. ACCURACY.** Instead of one, there are three permanent editorial staffs maintained by Nelson's—one in the United States, one in Great Britain, and one in Canada—headed, as Editor in Chief, by John H. Finley, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York. These three

great Editorial Staffs have gathered about them a corps of contributors who stand supreme as authorities on their respective subjects, and who, immediately any new information is available, forward a treatise to us to be included in our current supplementary pages. The maintenance of these three Editorial Staffs makes local investigations possible, and insures unflinching accuracy of information. Nelson's is the only Encyclopaedia supporting more than one Editorial Staff.

3. MINUTE DETAILS AVAILABLE. All subscribers to this Encyclopaedia are given an unlimited membership in Nelson's Research Bureau. This entitles you to question us on any subject of the moment in which you may be especially interested, with the assurance that you will promptly receive the latest information, and references to works which treat of that subject in minute detail. Letters to us from the greatest of educational and technical workers show this service, in many instances, to be almost invaluable to them because of the time which, without it, would be required for investigation. It is only our unremitting search for fresh matter to supply our new pages that makes it possible for us to offer you this service without additional cost.

4. EDUCATIONAL FEATURES. In addition to many special articles of the greatest instructive value, which cannot be detailed here, we have imported, especially for this Encyclopaedia, Models and Manikins which are really wonderful in their detail and, at the same time, their simplicity. Such interesting yet complicated subjects as the Human Body, The Automobile, The Turbine, etc., are so presented that even a child can understand and be instructed by them. No other Reference Work possesses this important educational feature.

Nelson's PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF Encyclopaedia and Research Bureau for Special Information

Approved, adopted and used by U. S. Government Departments, and by Universities, Colleges, Libraries and School Boards throughout the country. The following are among the Departments at Washington now using Nelson's:

- | | | | |
|------------------------|----------------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Department of Justice | War Department | Department of State | Chief Signal Office |
| Commerce and Labor | Weather Bureau | National Museum Library | Navy Department |
| Bureau of Corporations | Indian Bureau | Bureau of Chemistry | Reclamation Service |

Also the King of England, The Emperor of China, The Mikado of Japan, The Premier of Canada, and State Departments throughout the World.

Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia contains more than 70,000 subjects—treating over 1,000,000 topics—7,000 illustrations—500 maps.

Each article in Nelson's is clear, concise in treatment, and embodies the results of the very latest scholarship and research. For example, articles on the Death of Edward VII.

and the accession of George V. of England; Flying Machines and Mono-Railways; Dreadnoughts and Submarines; Trusts and Cost of Living; Concrete and Steel and Iron Construction; Christian Science and Psychotherapy; Hookworm, Pellagra, Tuberculosis and Cancer; the New 1910 Census; the New Portuguese Republic, and hundreds of subjects not to be found in any other Encyclopaedia.

Exchange

Nelson's Perpetual Loose Leaf Encyclopaedia has so completely revolutionized encyclopaedia making and put out of date the old-fashioned, regularly bound encyclopaedias, that we are constantly receiving inquiries asking us to make an allowance on old encyclopaedias to apply as part payment on Nelson's. We have therefore prepared a price list stating the amount allowed. The price list will be mailed upon request.

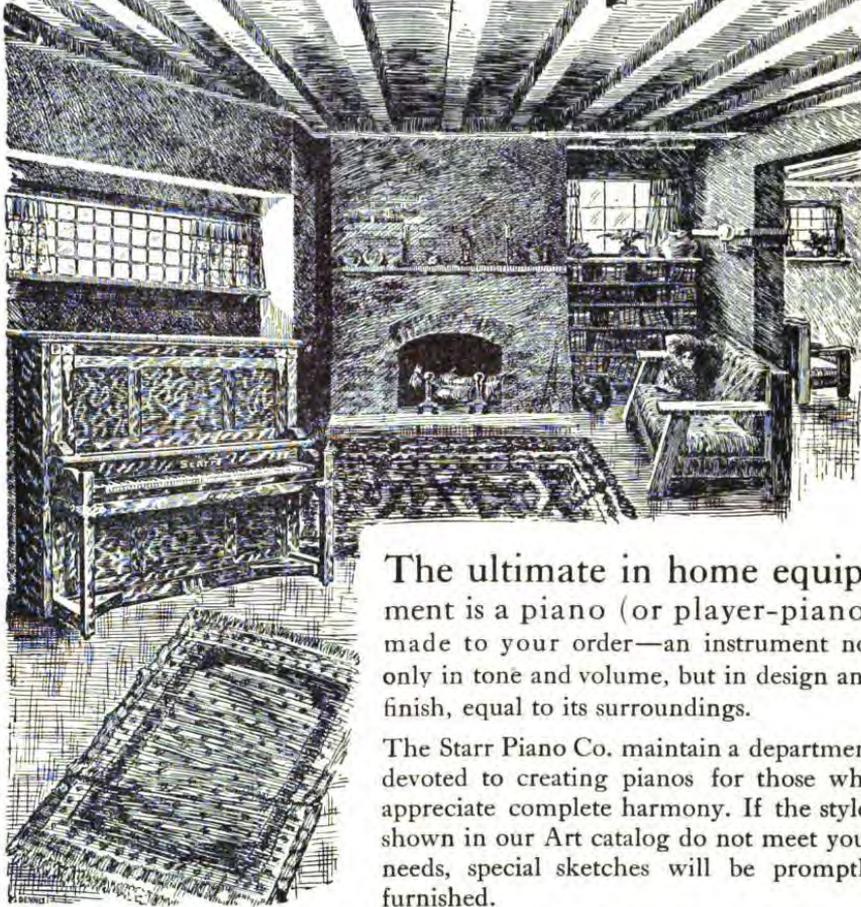
Write to-day for the FREE loose-leaf portfolio, containing Sample Pages, facsimile Certificate of Membership to Nelson's Bureau of Research for special information, facsimile endorsement letters from Scientists and Educators, and full information about Nelson's Loose-Leaf Reference System. Our special introductory price and easy payment terms interest all who appreciate a bargain.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Dept. 10 D 381-385 4th Ave., New York

Founded in Edinburgh 1798 Over 100 Years in Business Established in New York 1854
Publishers of The American Standard Bible—Endorsed by Universities, Theological Seminaries and Colleges throughout America

That we already recognize this necessity is testified to by the avoidance, on the part of the wise advertisers, of the ugly, the unpleasant and the ridiculous. Too much emphasis has been put upon matter, and not enough upon form. Advertising must make a successful appeal to the eye, if it is to reach the mind and the pocketbook. And the attention of the eye is easiest gained through the innate sense of proportion, of rhythm.—Glen Buck.

The Starr Piano



The ultimate in home equipment is a piano (or player-piano) made to your order—an instrument not only in tone and volume, but in design and finish, equal to its surroundings.

The Starr Piano Co. maintain a department devoted to creating pianos for those who appreciate complete harmony. If the styles shown in our Art catalog do not meet your needs, special sketches will be promptly furnished.

The Mission Piano, our regular case design, but finished as you desire, at \$450 (freight and handling additional).

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

Factory and Executive Offices - - - - - RICHMOND, INDIANA

ALABAMA—BIRMINGHAM, 1921 Third Avenue; MONTGOMERY, 108-112 Dexter Avenue. CALIFORNIA—LOS ANGELES, 628-632 Hill Street. INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 414 Upper Second Street; INDIANAPOLIS, 138 and 140 N. Penns. Street; MUNCIE, 111 W. Jackson Street; RICHMOND, 933-935 Main Street. MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway. TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 722 Market Street; NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Avenue, North. OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Streets; CINCINNATI, 139 W. Fourth Street; CLEVELAND, 1220-1224 Huron Road; DAYTON, Fourth and Ludlow Streets; HAMILTON, 10 S. Third Street; SPRINGFIELD, 51 High Street; TOLEDO, 329 Superior Street.

THE first duty of a salesman is to learn contact. He can not begin too early. This part of his education can go on simultaneously with his preliminary training in business method. Mere contact, unless it carries with it politeness, diplomacy and a generally pleasing atmosphere, is worse than no contact at all. **¶** Personality is one of the first things one should seek to develop. An attractive personality is an absolute necessity.

nice perception that enables a man to say the right thing in the right way. When a salesman is talking to a customer, the right thing said in the right way will cement friendship. This is personality. Personality is the faculty of drawing men to you, making them respect you, exciting in them a genuine pleasure at seeing you or talking with you. It is saying things that compliment without flattering. It is the optimistic smile, the cheerful good-by. It is the tone of the

Personality is not confined to dress and cleanliness. There is an atmosphere, either attractive or unattractive, that a man may carry around with him. "Personal magnetism," some folks call it. There is no doubt that this quality goes with some men naturally to a greater extent than it does with others, and it is a gift that ought to be appreciated.

Optimism is one of the best aids to an attractive personality. Optimism is another word for enthusiasm. A salesman can not exhibit enthusiasm to his customers if he does not believe in his own goods. He may, perhaps, feign enthusiasm, but most buyers will detect the deceit. With optimism should go that

voice, the light of the eye, the unsullied breath, the clean language, the absence of profanity—all the human qualities that go to make a man's presence preferable to his absence. You may not be a moralist, but as a business-man it will pay you to develop a strong personality.—"Macey's Monthly."

THE reason there seems to be so few good people in the world is because the newspapers have so little to say about them, while the awful bad folks are so darn well advertised.—James Austin Murray.

THE woman who votes only avails herself of a rightful privilege that democracy has gained for her.

No longer a mere household chattel, she is recognized as man's fellow-worker and help-mate, and credited with public spirit and intelligence. As a mother, she has a special interest in the legislation of her country, for upon it depends the welfare of her children. She should deem it one of the grandest privileges of her sex that she can now help to choose the men who will make the laws under which children must live, and exert her purer influence upon the political atmosphere of her time. How can

she sacrifice any dignity by putting on her bonnet and walking down to the polls? The men about the polling booth show the women every courtesy, the officials are anxious to make things easy for them, and the whole business of voting does not occupy more than five minutes. The woman who thinks she makes herself unwomanly by voting is indeed a silly creature.—Cardinal Moran.

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.—Byron.

Those Tough Envelopes

"The only complaint I have to make about your firm is that your envelopes are so hard to cut open."—So said the Treasurer of a large corporation to the writer of this page.

Haven't you noticed that same firmness of fibre about some of the letters you receive? It not only signifies very good stationery, but in nine cases out of ten it identifies

Old Hampshire Bond

The tougher the envelope the better the paper—also the better the envelope. For an envelope is first of all a container, and should be strong enough to insure the safety of every enclosure.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond. "The Stationery of a Gentleman." and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



Made by Men Who Know

HERE is one name that stands out in history like a beacon-light after all these twenty-five hundred years have passed — just because the man had the sublime genius of discovering ability.

That man was Pericles. Pericles made Athens; and today the very dust of Athens is being sifted and searched for remnants of things made by men who were discovered by Pericles.

There is very little competition in this line of discovering ability, and this little preachment is inspired by the fact that DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL have made a specialty of discovering ability in their particular line.

Safe chemists mean safe preparations. DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL stand for skill, safety and sanity in the preparing of cosmetics. Their PERFECT COLD CREAM is the result of their policy of employing chemists of ability and integrity, and evolving them to a point where they are safe, sure and skilful.



PERFECT COLD CREAM is more cleansing, healing and beautifying than any other known preparation of its kind. It can be used for the face in place of soap absolutely.

The Traveler's Tubes are 50, 25 and 10 cents, according to size; while the jars are 35, 50 and 85 cents and \$1.50. Send for free tube and the interesting little booklet, BEWARE OF THE FINGER OF TIME, which contains valuable suggestions about the skin, health and personal beauty.

Daggett and Ramsdell

Department E

D. & R. Building

New York

INTENSIVE ADVERTISING SERVICE

A Sermonette by Elbert Hubbard

The most important economic interest in the world is agriculture. Everything else worth while contributes to it. Over twenty-three centuries ago Aristotle said, "A land that produces valuable vegetables and animals, luscious fruits and beautiful flowers, also produces noble men and women." Like so many other things this great Greek said, this statement still holds true.

My good friend, H. H. Charles, says, "Read the agricultural papers to find out how the world is moving." And being an adman he might have said, "Read the agricultural ads to see how the world do move."

Charles is an economist, a farmer, a writer and an advertising expert. The Charles Advertising Service is devoted to the making of advertising on the subject of agriculture and of all that relates to it.

The advertising pages of the magazines are encyclopedias from which we gain workable knowledge. We are living so fast, inventing so fast, changing so fast, and there are so many of us, that he who does not read advertising gets bats in his belfry.

When advertising is authoritatively prepared it means profit both to the advertiser and to the reader. Intensive advertising and intensive farming are closely related, in that they both increase the productiveness of a given space by expert work. The only difference is between land and paper.

Here is where the Charles Advertising Service comes in: Charles and his men know farming, poultry and cattle raising as well as they know advertising and publishing. If you have a product of value to farmers, poultry and cattle raisers, consult these men, who know the language and understand the needs of the soil. The Charles Service is a medium of increase of power between the manufacturer and the farmer.

The Charles Advertising Service is issuing a book, "Intensive Advertising Service," which will be ready in April. Get your request in now and it will be sent you free.

The Charles Advertising Service, 150 Nassau Street, New York City

Birthday Gifts and Flower Drops

Paul Rieger's
CALIFORNIA
Flower Drops

HHAPPINESS is one thing of which the world has not yet had enough—and "Flower Drops" is another.

Here is a letter from a girl, pink and twenty, who received a bottle of Paul Rieger's "Flower Drops" on her birthday:

DEAR OLD BOY: My birthday came as per usual on the Fifth, and with it your bottle of "Flower Drops." I was glad to have the birthday, because I am pushing the dial ahead so as to grow up and substitute your name for mine.

I was almost as glad to get the "Flower Drops"—the finest and most alluring perfume in the wide world. It will remind me for a long time of the fragrance of your love for me. You and Paul Rieger are the most irresistible allies Cupid has. I love 'ou! MARGOT

As a birthday gift nothing is more appropriate or happiness-invoking than "Flower Drops," the distilled essence of thousands of flowers. Bottled exquisitely and shipped to any one anywhere upon request and a remittance of \$1.50.



Most good dealers handle "Flower Drops." In case you do not find it, send to Paul Rieger, himself. Miniature bottles are sent for twenty cents in stamps or silver and the name of your druggist.

Remember that no adulterant of any kind is used in producing "Flower Drops"—it is the clear oil of Flowers. The beautiful cut-glass bottle and the maple case in which it is packed help make it a perfect birthday gift.

PAUL RIEGER, 296 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.
169 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO

furnished with a fertile subject for the day's work—for if any one does not dignify the routine task of the professional humorist with the title of work he does not understand the kind of mental labor which goes into the making of a "funny column." If the wit of the advertisement writer has once been my salvation in this particular, it has been so a score of times. In fact, entire frankness compels me to admit that some of the very best of American humor finds its expression in advertisements, and that if the men who are doing this kind of work would turn their attention to humorous writing of the so-called literary sort, the men who are

THERE is no use disputing the fact that the writer of bright advertisements is the handmaiden of the humorist. Time and again, when hard pushed for a theme with which to attempt to amuse and entertain, my eye has been caught by a sparkling phrase or a funny picture in the frieze of advertisements which constitute the only mitigating feature of Chicago's surface cars. Then suddenly, the inspiration for which I had been hopelessly groping came to me like a flash and I was

now grinding out the alleged drolleries for the newspapers and magazines would stand a good chance to find themselves outclassed in the race for popular approval.

I do not mean to infer that the professional humorist is a deliberate and habitual poacher upon the advertising writer's preserves, but what I do intend to emphasize is the fact that the keen phrases and clever turns of the maker of advertisements often furnish the inspiration which puts the humorist upon the trail

of a fresh idea or a promising theme.

Speaking with entire seriousness, I do not believe the situation is overstated in saying that the influence of the advertising writer upon American humor is far greater than the public can possibly appreciate; and in this opinion I am sure that I will be sustained by the verdict of most of the men who are regarded as humorists of the day.—S.E.Kiser.

HERE is more than a grain of sound sense in the observation made by a certain Englishman who was asked, on his return from his first American tour, what most impressed him in the United States. "Washington's monu-

ment and Sunny Jim," was his unhesitating answer. This was a fine compliment to American push as exemplified in the advertisements of the day. People like to be told the things about which they know something, but have perhaps never thought worth especial comment; they consider a reference, either in pictures or in writing, to something with which they are familiar as a direct compliment to their personal powers of discernment. This is one reason why the cartoon that is modeled

A Watch of Efficiency
Ingersoll-Trenton
7 and 15 Jewel Models

\$5 to \$15

THE Ingersoll-Trenton watch stands right up among those few leaders which vary only by seconds.

Jewelers pronounce it a remarkable timekeeper regardless of cost. Those who carry it consider it the equal of any watch. It has built a sound reputation for close timing.

Its movement is the bridge model construction like the finest of the highest priced makes; you can buy this watch at such moderate prices for three main reasons:

Our entire Trenton factory is concentrated on manufacturing one size and type of watch in immense quantities at low costs.

Efficient marketing excludes the middleman and allows the legitimate jeweler to buy direct from the factory.

Moderate profits to manufacturer and jeweler secures large sales for both.

There is no handsomer watch than the Ingersoll-Trenton. It will give a generation of service.

For the sake of making your money buy its utmost ask to examine the Ingersoll-Trenton before buying. Responsible jewelers everywhere sell it at our advertised prices.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 99 Frankel Building, New York



The \$5 "I.T." is in a solid nickel case.

The \$15 "I.T." is in the best quality gold-filled "I.T." case, guaranteed for 25 years.

We have the most informing watch book ever published. Write for a copy of "How to Judge a Watch."

upon a bright advertisement always hits straight home to the mark.—John T. McCutcheon.

SECURITY is the foundation of all art. Art is the visible and convincing expression of fundamental truth. The keynote of success in magazine advertising is art. Attractive, forceful presentation of truths leaves an indelible impression on the mind. It becomes a part of the receptive memory. Such presentation is the highest form of advertising.

Move to Success

☞ If you are not making a success in one locality, it is your business to hike to another. Man is made to migrate to where he can make the most for himself and of himself.

☞ Just now men with ambition plus brains have their eyes on Florida. Florida is the poor man's land of opportunity, and from poor men it has evolved millionaires. Millions may or may not be a good thing, but to have enough of the world's goods to live in comfort and without worry is much to be desired.

☞ The Florida-Manatee Company is offering you the best possible chance to make the most of your life right now. Where Kimball C. Atwood and Mr. Huyler, of fruit and candy fame, have become wealthy, you have equal opportunity.

☞ Grapefruit and oranges are sure money-producers—the net profits varying from Five Hundred to Twelve Hundred Dollars an acre. The property is beyond the frost-line and within the artesian belt.

☞ The Florida-Manatee Company will plant your grove. The trees grow in value while you hold your position. In three or four years you are sure to be on the highway to success. This proposition is peculiar and unique. Five Hundred Dollars cash and Ten Dollars a month will buy a grove. Photographs and facts will be sent you for the asking. Write!

The Florida-Manatee Company, Tampa, Fla.

side we have the advertiser who would fill the whole of his space with beautiful and artistic, or grotesque and irrelevant, designs, merely mentioning the name of the product advertised with, perhaps, a catch-phrase. He is working on the principle that one must, at all costs, attract the attention of the public. Nothing else matters, from the viewpoint of this advertiser, if the eye of the public is caught and held by the force of his design long enough to read merely the name of his goods.

At the other extreme stands the advertiser who believes that copy is everything. It is nothing to him if his ad, when printed, has an

DESPITE the proportions which modern advertising has attained, it can not be considered a science. It has not been reduced to a formula. It is not possible to know just what results will come from any proposed advertising campaign, be it national or local, large or small. The business, or profession, or whatever advertising may be termed, is still in the period of development.

Among the many indefinite problems of advertising is the question of illustrations. On one

appearance absolutely devoid of attractiveness. He believes that if what he says is strong and convincing, all else is superfluous.

It is becoming a recognized fact that the profitable ground is the middle ground. Attractiveness is a primary requirement of good advertising, and is fully as important as good copy. Used in conjunction with good copy it creates the strongest kind of advertising.

The progressive advertising man now strives to attain extreme attractiveness, but he does

not make it his only aim. He realizes that it is but a very important means to an end; that the reason it is required in good advertising is to draw the most attention possible to printed matter. He knows that there should be copy in order to obtain the most satisfactory results, and that this copy should be strong and pertinent and virile and lucid.

We are coming to realize that the reading public can be attracted by something besides tomfoolery and slapstick methods. We are abandoning the exclamatory forms of advertising and taking up the explanatory forms instead.

There can be no doubt that a page of type-matter, well set, and not overburdened with display, and with, perhaps, a border of a harmonious nature, is fully as attractive, in the best sense of the word, as any of the irrelevant illustrations that have been and are forced into advertising. Of course there are many forms of advertising that demand illustrations. An automobile advertisement, for instance, is undoubtedly improved by the addition of an illustration of the car advertised, or of some pertinent feature or selling-point. But in the future only



DOWNTOWN—where *minutes* mean *dollars*—the Detroit-Electric Roadster gets a man to his appointments *on the dot*.

You need no chauffeur. It's always ready. Turn a key—and start. Its special control means that you safely *make the narrow gaps* in traffic. It has *lines*—style—ample power—and silent drive.

For business man, professional man—*every* man who goes about.

Our new Detroit-Electric Catalog illustrates all styles—including Broughams, Victorias and Roadsters. Mailed on request.

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Dept. 28, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago,
Kansas City, Buffalo, Cleveland
Selling Representatives in all
leading cities

THE Detroit
ALL-TIME

pertinent illustrations will find a place in advertisements, pictures that will really illustrate some selling-point.—“American Bulletin.”

IF we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we look resolutely, I will not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us, we can not but feel that life is indeed a glorious inheritance.—Lubbock.



L-97



L-99

Ooze-Leather Skins and Pillows

These skins for table-covers and spreads are especially adapted for libraries and dens.

Pillows and skins of the same color tone make a pleasing harmony in room decoration. L-97 is a whole-skin pillow, twenty by twenty inches, in all colors.

Price - - Five Dollars

L-99 is a plain skin pillow, with laced edges, twenty by twenty inches.

Price - - Six Dollars

L-107 Velvet-finish sheepskins in all colors.

Each - - Two Dollars

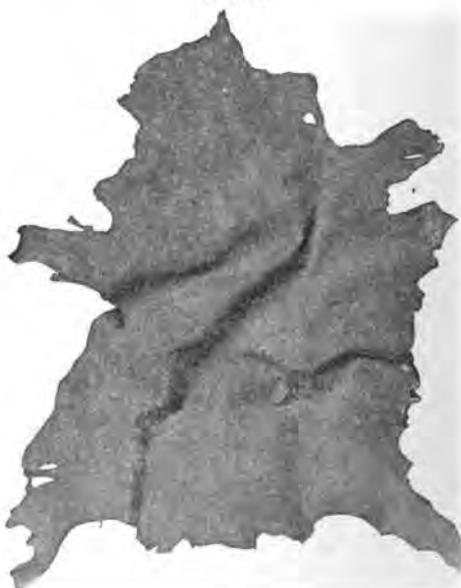
Goatskins, all colors.

Each - - Three Dollars

Very fine quality calfskins, selected colors.

Each - - Four Dollars

L-107



These skins and pillows are discreetly marked with the Roycroft emblem. They are the best value that can be purchased, as we use only the finest selected calf and sheep skins.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE OLIVER HOTEL, which is in South Bend, Indiana, U. S. A.



JAMES OLIVER

At The Oliver Hotel you get consideration, courtesy and convenience. But you also get heat, hot water and light always.

"Atmosphere" is a talking-point, but the management of The Oliver believes atmosphere comes after the material side has been cared for. This is commonsense hotel-keeping.

So the Olivers have built a beautiful building and filled it with every possible aid to comfort. Nothing in the way of modern plumbing, lighting and ventilating has been neglected. The Oliver has everything you want in the house of your dreams. Only an institution backed by the same brains and capital that compose the Oliver Chilled Plow Company could evolve such a hotel as The Oliver.

Good cheer is characteristic of The Oliver, because every one is comfortable, and comfort seems to be the basic principle of modern man's everyday happiness.

South Bend is on your way East or West, and it will pay you as a lesson in business founded on service to visit this hotel. Motor that way as soon as you get your car out for Spring, and have one of the famous Oliver dinners. A visit to The Oliver is a memory you will cherish, and you will go back some time—perhaps many times—with your friends.



South Bend and The Oliver are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.

The Oliver Hotel

South Bend, Indiana

THE
ROYCROFT
INN



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"He goes not out of his way that goes to a good Inn"

The wisdom of this ancient proverb is well understood by the wanderers who cross the world today. ¶ An Inn is a place of rest, of play; a pleasant place of peace. ¶ And all the traditions of all the Inns are wound into a reality at The Roycroft Inn. ¶ The sunny Peristyle invites exercise—then gives a place to bask in. ¶ The rooms are wide and cheery. There is a charm in their spotless cleanliness that lavish decoration can not approach. ¶ The food is simple, delicious, wholesome. It is prepared by experts who know the imps of taste by instinct. ¶ The Roycroft Inn is run according to the American plan. Rates are two dollars per day and up. The Inn Portfolio will be sent anywhere for ten cents.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The Value of a Name

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



A GREAT American has been credited with saying that the people like to be humbugged. Maybe he said it and maybe he didn't—anyway the statement is untrue.

The man who has been humbugged is humiliated when he finds it out, and none of us enjoys being humiliated.

In buying merchandise the public is becoming more and more insistent upon getting a trademarked brand, and generally the dealers acquiesce, because they must. When a merchant wraps up a nameless article, you are back again in the old lottery days: you may get a prize, and then again you may not. The manufacturer who spends thousands of dollars introducing a trademarked article of merit is deserving of all the honor and profit that comes to him, for he is establishing a standard and he imparts a feeling of confidence to the purchaser.

Now, speaking about suspenders.

You've seen suspenders without a name, the kind that hang in iridescent splendor and gaudy array, depending downward on the lines like wishbones of countless Thanksgiving feasts. *Caveat emptor!* Let the buyer beware! Be particular when you buy suspenders. In fact, be more than particular—be exact. In a clear tenor voice—or bass, as the case may be—demand the Kady Suspender, the kind with the Double Crowned Roller, and satisfaction will be yours.

The Ohio Suspender Company, of Mansfield, Ohio, make the Kady, and they trademark their goods in an unmistakable way. You'll never forget the Kady, the memory is so pleasant.

When a manufacturer claims superiority for his line, the ubiquitous man from Joplin always bobs up with his ever-recurring "Why?" and "Show me!"

The Kady's reputation for pre-eminence rests upon the Double Crowned Roller, the invention that adds to the wearing quality and makes it outlast any two of its better-class competitors, and so far ahead of the wishbone varieties that no comment is needed. The entire width of the web glides over the Double Crowned Roller, which bears evenly upon the whole surface, therefore the edges do not fringe, fray, or frazzle.

The Double Crowned Roller patent is the great little thing that differentiates the Kady from the other makes. The rest are mostly built upon the old lines that have the fatal weakness of friction which wears and tears, and finally at some inopportune time, when a little extra strain is imposed upon the suspender, it falls apart with a sigh—and all is over.

The Ohio Suspender Company has been manufacturing suspenders for several years, and today its goods are to be found in the stores of twenty thousand retailers, any one of whom will be glad to show the fifty-thousand-dollar feature of the Kady Suspender—the Double Crowned Roller that makes the Kady so distinctive and different.

Once you shoulder the Kady, you'll not be content with any other make, named or nameless, they are so comfortable, convenient and classy, and they wear and wear and wear. The sales of the Ohio Suspender Company now total more than a million dollars a year, which means that quite a number of intelligent people are keeping steady company with the Kady Suspender. An inferior article could never command such a growing business, for it must depend upon the "one-time" purchaser. The man who once uses the Kady ever afterwards insists upon the Double Crowned Roller kind, and he tells his friends, who in turn do likewise—thus the circle is ever widening.

The Kady Suspenders are conducive to peace of mind, and by the utter unconsciousness of their presence you are free from care, worry, or the haunting fear that something is amiss. They never slip, sag, slew or scrape, nor wander o'er your torso in vain endeavor to escape, and when you don your Tuxedo, you can go forth with the feeling that everything is All Right, and it's a pretty good old world after all.

What! Your dealer does n't keep them? Well, well! He must be a New Man. Do him a kindness by forwarding his name to the manufacturers of the Kady, at Mansfield, Ohio.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER COMPANY
MANSFIELD, IN THE STATE OF OHIO, U. S. A.

The Gun With the Trombone Action

Some Shot by Fra Elbertus.

THE average businessman is generally short on oxygen around Spring and Fall, and needs to get out into the open with a **MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE**. Not that the game is anything to him, but the open air and the livening effect of the pursuit of wild things is what he needs.

Pursuing the dollar breaks down nerve force. Going after game renews it. Avoid Nerve Pros. with a Marlin.

The Marlin 22-Caliber Rifle is a simple, modern and sure take-down with a Trombone Action.

When the Roycroft boys take to the woods they carry this type of gun, and they generally bring back the bacon.

The Marlin people have some interesting literature on the subject of going after big game and small.

The Marlin literature will give you an evening of joy, and you may incidentally buy a gun. Now is the time to gain gun-knowledge.

Marlin Firearms Company

65 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

to read, and consider, and inquire. It is through her, therefore, that the great majority of advertisements wield their influence. The man in the family may do his own buying, but it is frequently his wife who induces him to purchase at a certain place. So generally is this fact recognized that to insert, in an announcement addressed to men, anything that would appear of bad taste to women is usually regarded as poor business policy. It seems a paradox to say so, but the situation justifies us in making the assertion that it is because women are great readers of advertisements that we are in possession of refined advertisements for men.

Paint Philosophy

THE first clothing was simply a coat of paint, done decollette.

Man has always had a lingering longing to paint things. Not painting himself any more, he devotes his painting proclivities to his dwelling and place of business.

¶ We have found that we have to use good materials or it is a losing proposition. Poor-quality paint is worse than none—and more expensive than the highest-priced.

The **HOLLAND LINSEED OIL COMPANY** is devoted to the making of

a superior product in paint. Only the best chemists and practical paint men have anything to say or do with the evolving of this Company's color-stuff.

The entrance of the Holland Linseed Oil Company into the paint business is an event of interest to all of us who are intent on getting the best grades of paint. Particular paint-makers are few, and it is good business logic to get in touch with the Holland People.

Send for color-card and information, which will be sent you free.

HOLLAND LINSEED OIL COMPANY, 2012-2014 Austin Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT women read advertising is everywhere acknowledged. Personally, the writer knows nothing more delightful than browsing through the advertisements in a monthly magazine. One gets so true an insight into the activity of the time; of its desire for the newest, the best, the most comfortable. The influence of these advertisements is vastly greater on a woman than on a man. She is more readily convinced, and, moreover, has at her command a far greater amount of time

To a woman, perhaps, the question why she reads advertisements may appear on a parity with one inquiring the reason why she eats. "If I could dispense with either," we may imagine her to reply, "I would readily do so." Well may she think so in an age when advertising rules the world.—Oscar Herzberg.

The truly liberal build no citadel for themselves; they only patrol and keep the streets of the free city.—Julia Ward Howe.

Of the various influences that have been brought to bear upon the development of modern advertising, that of photoengraving has been one of the most potent. It has placed in the hands of the advertising expert a means for pictorial expression by which the work of the artist can be accurately reproduced and by which plates can be made ready for the printing-press in a few hours. The wood-engraver could never have met the requirements of a business which demands such expedition of results, and we must regard the photoengraver as one of the most efficient promoters of publicity as it is carried on today.

—H. Jenkins.

SALESMANSHIP, nowadays, does not consist in getting an order through the old scheme of barter and trade. The honest buyer places his order for merit only. The salesman who approaches me with a glad hand and a happy smile is welcome. But when he slips me a cigar, a pencil, a notebook, a ruler or even an invitation to have a little smile, or to go out to lunch, as a means of gaining my favor and subsequently my order,

he has dropped himself and his goods to a point of suspicion in my mind.—Elbert Hubbard II.

To know every detail, to gain an insight into each secret, to learn every method, to secure every kind of skill are the prime necessities of success in any art, craft or trade. No time is too long, no study too hard, no discipline too severe for the attainment of complete familiarity with one's work and complete ease and skill in doing it.—H. W. Mabie.

A Furniture Innovation

FELTOID Casters and Tips are simply casters and tips that fit chair, bed, desk and table-legs—with a difference.

And the difference, which amounts to a distinction, is this: FELTOID Casters and Tips leave no marks or bruises on the floor, make no noise, require no effort beyond a gentle push to move the furniture.

FELTOID Casters and Tips are made of pure wool, scientifically treated. They will never harden, wear, or become unserviceable. They are added life-insurance to your floors, rugs, furniture—also, your nerves.

Send for the FELTOID booklet, which contains accurate descriptions and prices.

The FELTOID is sold on guaranty. Look for the name "Feltoid" on every Caster and Tip. If you are not getting Feltoids, you are not getting your money's worth, because there is no other caster or tip to compare with them. As an extra inducement, the makers will send you a sample if you ask for it.

THE BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport, Connecticut

M O U T H C O M F O R T

THIS has been called the Age of Electricity, the Age of the Newspaper, the Age of the Auto, the Age of the Farmer—but it is just as much the Age of the Dentist. Oral Righteousness is now the theme, and opportunity for the dentist to bless and benefit humanity is at the door.

Doctor George L. Wernet, bridge and plate work specialist, 1409 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has taken advantage of this opportunity. Doctor Wernet seeks to help people who are obliged to wear false teeth. He has invented a powder which prevents loosening, non-conformity and dropping of plates. This remarkable powder acts gently on the gums until they conform to the plate properly. The powder also destroys bacteria and leaves the mouth clean and antiseptic. It also heals sore gums, and is in reality a source of MOUTH COMFORT.

The value of this discovery to those who have been unfortunate in this matter of teeth is testified to by people everywhere who write Doctor Wernet.

The price of the powder is Fifty Cents a box by mail; extra large size, One Dollar.

WERNET DENTAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1409 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Domes of Silence"

*The Invisible Caster
Without Wheels*

MAKE your furniture glide, keep it gliding always. Highly hardened, highly polished, nickeled domes of steel "Domes of Silence" glide over carpets, rugs, floors, a lifetime. Same degree of hardness all through—no rough surface to catch, tear or scratch. Invisible. Slip easily over the edge of a rug. A few hammer taps adjust, and they stay where put, practically indestructible.

There are "Domes of Silence" to fit all furniture. Five sizes, largest one inch—all 15c. set of 4.

Rigid foreign and American patents cover "Domes of Silence." Your dealer has or can get the genuine for you. Send 15c. for trial set. Mention your dealer's name so that your inevitable repeat orders may be quickly and satisfactorily filled.

Dealers: Demonstration sells. No one ignores "Domes of Silence" after having seen them. Display matter free. Write for samples and prices.



DOMES OF SILENCE, Ltd.
Henry W. Peabody & Company
American Agents 22 State St., New York



and extremes. We know what they live upon, because they tell us in their testimonials; we know they differ from other of the human species, that they have a peculiar manner of dressing their hair or wearing whiskers, and that they are not beautiful to look upon. As in the case of many little-known tribes, there are not wanting those who question their existence, maintaining they are a fabled folk and their printed words the mere creation of a writer's fancy. But they are real live people, without a doubt—in fact, by their own testimony, more alive than most of us since taking their first bottle of Dr. Somebody's Something-or-Other & Fancy

There's no lie on the label



There's no lie in the can

Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food-Products

Hunt's Quality Fruits

"The Kind That Is Not Lye-Peeled"

THERE is only one brand of canned fruit that elicits the admiration of every one who loves fruit.

Other kinds prompt various criticisms, but HUNT'S QUALITY FRUIT always gets the unqualified praise of every user.

¶ The fruit that goes into a can labeled "Hunt" is the choicest sun-kissed and most carefully prepared product of the Golden West.

Ask your grocer for Hunt's, and no other

HUNT BROS. CO.

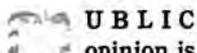
San Francisco, California

Send us the name of your grocer and the trademark from one of our labels and we will send you a set of 3 Beautiful Calendars Free

HAVE a theory that the men and women who lend their likenesses to the medical advertiser are of a race by themselves. I never met one and never had an acquaintance who had seen one of them. Perhaps they are tracked to their lairs and photographed by some earnest Thompson-Seton, but why has he not written a book about them? Little is known of their antecedents, and only the most meager information is obtainable as to their habitat. We know their life is one of great contrasts

what constitutions they must possess; after "being all run down," to have withstood the various treatments that "only made them worse"; the "lifelong suffering"; "the torturing aches and pains"; the "years of despondency and despair," until the kind friend recommended the magic potion that was to bring them to their present state of almost insolent bounce and vigor.—George Dyer.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit sweet.—Rousseau.



PUBLIC opinion is the arbiter of war or peace. As the molder of public opinion, the press is vitally concerned in the peace question. You ask what the newspapers of the United States can do to bring about general or partial disarmament. It is the mission of the newspaper of today to speak the truth, as the truth, perhaps, has never been spoken before. The world today is a newspaper-reading world. The king in his palace and the laborer at his task read the news of the day. Tell the truth, and while sometimes it may be diplomacy to use discretion, international confidence is best conserved by open statements. More so than newspapers in any other country, the press of America is independent. If there is ever to be concerted action among journalists to foster peace in earnest, the Western hemisphere will bring it forth, I am sure.—Count Albert Apponyi.



"Give Me only 15 minutes of your time daily—at home—and

I'll Make You a Self-Confident Forceful Speaker!"

says **GRENVILLE KLEISER** (late of Yale Faculty)

YOU have been or will be called upon to speak in public—sometime—somewhere. It may be at a dinner or other social function, at a political meeting, or in your lodge-room. Can you "say your say" confidently and forcefully?

Grenville Kleiser's wonderfully practical Mail Course in Public Speaking takes only 15 minutes of your time daily in your home or office, and it teaches you quickly

- HOW TO Make After-Dinner Speeches—**
- " " Propose and Respond to Toasts—
 - " " Tell Stories—
 - " " Make Political Speeches—
 - " " Sell More Goods—
 - " " Address Board Meetings—
 - " " Develop Power and Personality—
 - " " Improve Your Memory—
 - " " Increase Your Vocabulary—
 - " " Acquire Poise and Self-Confidence—
 - " " Speak and Write English Correctly—
 - " " Earn More—Achieve More.

Let us tell you by mail all about this course which District Attorney Small, of Bloomsburg, Pa., terms "the best investment I ever made."

There is absolutely no uncertainty—no guesswork—about Mr. Kleiser's methods. We can give you indisputable proof of this. Mr. Kleiser has had years of experience as a teacher of public speaking in Yale and other leading institutions, is the founder and director of the Public Speaking Club of America and Great Britain, and is generally recognized as the foremost teacher of speech culture.

His Personal Mail Course is his life work. Into it he has put the ripe fruits of

his many years of experience as a teacher.

We will send descriptive literature showing how Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course not only will teach you how to speak without notes at dinners and meetings, but how it will increase your self-confidence and give you a good memory, build up an influence, and improve your use of the English language. How it will teach you to argue effectively and *winningly*—present a proposition logically and forcefully; how it will teach you to hold attention—to think on your feet. This Course will bring out the best that is in you, by making you a positive, clear-cut, convincing thinker and speaker.

Remember, this Course does not cost from \$90.00 to \$100.00 and upward, the tuition fees usually asked for correspondence instruction. Far short of it. The Kleiser Course costs very little for the value received, and if you should enroll, within the next thirty days the price to you will be only about one-fifth of what you would pay Mr. Kleiser for studio instruction—and the terms of payment are very easy.

By all means sign and mail the Inquiry Form so that you may learn all about this Course at once. No agent will call upon you—nor will you obligate yourself in any way by doing so.

Detach, Sign, and Mail This Form Now

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY Dept. 198, New York, will please send me by mail without cost or obligation brochures on the subject of Public Speaking.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....
 State.....

SCIENTIFIC knowledge comes into play in practically every branch of modern business. Its lack handicaps every man who would accomplish anything. To the manufacturer, in the efficient use of materials; to the

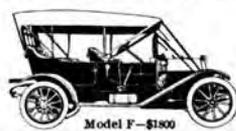
merchant, in the intimate knowledge of goods and business methods; to the contractor, in carrying on his work to economic advantage; to the man engaged in transportation; to the investor, seeking opportunities which will bring him fortune; and above all to the young clerk, who would advance himself by becoming useful—to all these science presents itself as necessary, as indeed it is to any career which would rise above the most commonplace.—John Brisben Walker.



Model K—\$900



Model A—\$1100



Model F—\$1800

The Powerful "Henry" Seems to Know Every Road, Every Boulevard

IT has such mechanical intelligence, such strong automobile instinct, that it makes you tingle with enthusiasm. It stands right out from the landscape, a magnificent thoroughbred of fascinating lines and splendid motor car symmetry. It rides every road, every highway, every boulevard, just as though it had been over the same spots dozens of times and knew them all well. It has running freeness and a tremendous impulse easily controlled by a woman's hand, adaptable to any road emergency.

There's a "Henry" Model Just Your Style and Price

The "Henry" line is such a big line that it includes everybody. It's a big line of big cars, cars you always recognize when you meet them, cars that cause you to stop and admire, to turn your head and watch as they rush by. From the \$900 Roadstar, which looks like twice the price any hour of the day and travels with the best, to the Roadster De Luxe at \$2,200, you have a range of sizes, types and prices bound to include just the combination of these that you dream about. We must not fail to mention the substantial family \$1,100 Touring Car and the luxurious 5-Passenger Fore Door "40" at \$1,800 which millionaires are proud to own, which thousands can easily afford.

WRITE TODAY FOR THE "HENRY" BOOK

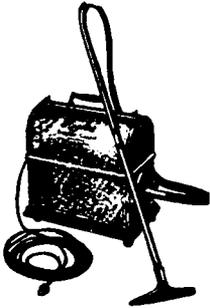
Let us give you a convincing knowledge of the wonders of the "Henry." Let us show you all the models, all the sizes, all the prices. Let us take the "Henry" apart for you—give you a factory demonstration—get right down to the chassis, examine every cog, every bearing, every nut and screw. In the "Henry" Book let us give you the knowledge of the new standard in motor cars that in 1911 has opened up a new world to the keen motorist.

Discover in the "Henry" the car that gives you everything you consider best in automobile design and construction. If you desire first hand testimony, ask the Fra—he can speak from experience and from the heart.

Henry Motor Car Sales Co., 1507 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DISTRIBUTORS: For Eastern New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, Thomson Company, 1445 Broadway, New York City; For New England, Henry Motor Car Sales Co., 269 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.; For Ohio, Henry Motor Sales Co., 2059 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; For Kansas and Western Missouri, Henry Motor Car Co., 1124 E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.





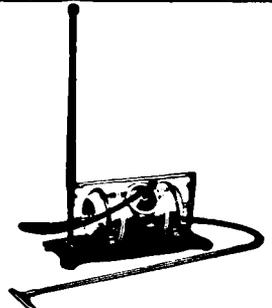
Regina Electric Cleaner

The Housekeeper's Best Friend

Most of us would rather be the Housekeeper's Best Friend than be one.

Perhaps that is why so many men devote their inventive genius to making housework easier.

Now The Regina Company (known the world over for their making of de luxe music-boxes) are devoting their time, energy and skill to the making of PNEUMATIC CLEANERS. The same master workmen who created the famous "Regina Music-Boxes" are devoting themselves to the Regina Cleaners. The advantage of the Regina work-



Regina Hand-Operated Cleaner

men over others lies in the fact that they are the best equipped authorities on the making of automatic machinery in this country. The Regina Company claims for their Cleaners that they are the most efficient and satisfactory portable machines made. Health is largely a matter of sanitation, and the value of Pneumatic Cleaners can not be overestimated. That the Regina Cleaners are the housekeeper's best friend, none of us will dispute. Only the best materials are used in the construction of these machines, and the recognized integrity of The Regina Company should be a guaranty to you of their effectiveness.

Cleaning by the vacuum process is now universal. The only question is what machine to use. If you will send to The Regina Company for their literature on the subject you will be satisfied that their machine is the one you want. Full information will be given you on request.

Broadway and 17th Street
NEW YORK



215 Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

FACTORY: RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY



The Doctors

A Modern Satire, by Elbert Hubbard

A Satire, when it is one, has the particular quality that makes for literary endurance & Man has a natural mental affinity for acid and the bitter-sweet. THE DOCTORS is a satire even to the binding. It is unique, amusing and amazing :: :: :: ::

PRICE TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT ADVERTISING

Here is a symposium on the advantages of advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA: the same being penned with a due regard for truthfulness.

"The Philistine" and THE FRA are edited by Elbert Hubbard.

Their circulation is national and bona fide. ¶ They are read and passed along.

They go to a class of people who think and act for themselves, and who have the money and brains to discriminate in favor of good things. ¶

The Editor of "The Philistine" and THE FRA is perhaps the most widely quoted and the most positive force in the literary and business world of today.

Elbert Hubbard's admirers and patrons form a distinct class who can be reached only through the medium of his publications.

While you may not agree with all you find in "The Philistine" and THE FRA, there

are thousands who do, and who believe in the advertisements as well as in the writings of Fra Elbertus.

The readers of "The Philistine" and THE FRA are made up of all classes, from the millionaire who buys the choicest and costliest products of The Roycroft Shop, to those who treasure their one and two dollar productions as their choicest and dearest bits of literature—hence anything good can be profitably advertised in these publications.

¶ No advertisement of a questionable nature will be accepted at any price.

If you have anything to sell to reading, thinking people, a better or more permanent method of placing yourself before them than advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA can not be found.

Think it over—and let us have your contract before rates are advanced or the doors closed.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Life Lessons

By Alice Hubbard



A book of truth from one who sees truly *and* who writes honestly and well.

Clarebarton Binding, Price \$3.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

You Will Love
**The Girl
I Love**

At the LA SALLE
OPERA HOUSE

MADISON STREET
Between La Salle and Clark Streets

CHICAGO, ILL.



MAIL RESERVATIONS FOR SEATS TO
O. R. HENKEL, Business Manager

HARRY ASKIN, Manager



An Undebatable Proposition

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

I hold these truths to be self-evident:

- FIRST, that man was made to take care of himself.
- SECOND, that shaving is part of the care of his body.
- THIRD, that the old-style razors are unfit and unsafe.
- FOURTH, that long experience and bitter experiment have proved that the Gillette is the only new-style or safety razor.

The Gillette is a safety-razor with a fixed and permanent adjustment that can meet the requirements of every one, everywhere. The distance between the guard and the edge of the blade should vary to meet the wants of the man with a light or a heavy beard, a tender skin or a tough one.

The Gillette meets every requirement by its automatic adjustment, and requires no stopping and no honing. More accurately than any barber, the Gillette adapts itself to any beard. It never gets on your nerves, because it never pulls, scrapes, cuts, or irritates the skin.

The Gillette will last you for ninety-nine years. The blades are made from the finest steel by special process.

A Packet of six blades (twelve shaving edges) 50c.

A Nickel-plated Case containing twelve blades (twenty-four shaving edges) \$1.00.

The razor in standard sets costs \$5.00.

Combination and travelers' sets, \$6.00 to \$50.00.

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette line.

NO STROPPING - NO HONING



GILLETTE SALES CO.
70 West Second St., Boston, Mass.

New York, Times Bldg.; Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.; Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China. Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.



Standard Set Triple Silver Plated
Price, \$5.00
Everywhere

Select With Care!

THOMAS HENRY BUCKLE said: "Man is a product of conditions. He selects his belongings, and these react and control his cast of mind. Your dress, your pictures, your furniture, your watch, react and dictate your character. Select with care."

This is especially so of your clothes. The clothes influence you, and your personality reacts on other people. After all, living the ideal life is simply living it. You must contribute toward the material side by supplying yourself only the best.

STEIN-BLOCH Smart Clothes influence men for the better, because they are correctly made of the best materials and sold at a price within reason.

Sheldon says that a sale is a mental thing or process—the intelligent co-operation of one mind with another—and this is what happens when a man buys a suit of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. Stein-Bloch Clothes appeal to your intelligence. You know they are all the Stein-Bloch Company and their dealers claim. There is nothing mysterious about a transaction where a Stein-Bloch suit is involved. You are getting the best your money will bring.

There are many things that go to make the Stein-Bloch suit, but the final thing is expert workmanship, and expert workmen in any line use only the best materials.

For Spring and Summer, the Stein-Bloch suit is always a suit for the man of good taste and discrimination. A Stein-Bloch suit does not page you up the street or through the hotel corridor, but wherever you go it adds to your impression in a quiet and elegant way.

If you are interested in being well dressed this Spring and Summer, ask the Stein-Bloch Company to send you their de-luxe booklet. It is free on request.

*Look For This Label. It Means 55 Years
of Knowing How*

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.



Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops, Rochester, New York
New York, Fifth Avenue Building

London, Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., West

The Outdoor Number

DEAR FRIENDS: Please do not take life quite so seriously—you will surely never get out of it alive. As for your buying and selling, your churches and banks, your newspapers and books, they are at the last of no more importance than a child's paper houses, red and blue wafers, and the funny scissors things—that is, if you take them too seriously.

We are here, and so let us have all the fun we can. And now that Spring has come, let us go out into the open and play.

The May FRA is to be an Outdoor Number. Take it out of doors with you if the May days are fine and balmy. If you are compelled to stay indoors, you will need this number badly. There are a lot of commonsense things in the May FRA: things you possibly know but have forgotten since you grew up.

Elbert Hubbard, who loves the out-of-doors so much that he is as tanned as an Indian, wrote the major portion of this number of THE FRA, Himself, and it came right out of his heart.

All who love the out-of-doors will enjoy this number. Here, then, are the titles of the important articles:

OPEN ROAD

MONKEYS AND MAN: A talk about the out-of-doors.

HEALTH AND HABIT: A disquisition on Health, Books and Work.

ABOUT VACATIONS: Those who need them and those who don't.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE: Something about hoe-congestion.

ON HIGH OLYMPUS: The aristocracy of Heaven.

Being the May FRA

PREPARING FOR OLD AGE: A review of Richard Mansfield's "Ivan the Terrible."

AN URGENT MESSAGE: A pertinent suggestion to the Pullman Car Company.

CANNED LIFE: "Living *perfunk* is a fine art."

A COMPARISON: Emerson and Shelley—their environment.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP: The ideal friendship.

FEAR AND DEATH: The part played by doctors, lawyers and preachers.

SIGNED ARTICLES

AN ELEMENTARY LESSON FOR A BUSINESS PRIMER: "Woman has been an important factor in making the world awake to the fact that wealth is reputable and poverty a disgrace." Strong meat—not for babes—but excellent for minors, and others. *By Alice Hubbard.*

LIGHT AND LIFE: A most beautiful and inspiring sonnet. *By Joseph Blanco White.*

THE RAILROAD AND THE FARMER: A timely article by a competent authority, interestingly told. *By B. F. Yoakum.*

HOW TO RETAIN BEAUTY: Containing things not found in beauty books. *By Mary R. Alling.*

OUR NEXT GENERATION: A powerful appeal for children's playgrounds. *By Ralph Duval.*

FRANKLIN AND FREEDOM: Some startling facts presented by a millionaire soapmaker. *By Joseph Fels.*

OUR HOPE: A masterful piece of poetry. *By John Leonard Conrad.*

TWO STORKS: An amusing skit, with a tangy moral. *By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

Be sure to read this number of THE FRA. It is on sale at all news-stands. Better still—send in your subscription, and you will receive a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Health and Wealth" gratis. Two Dollars the year.

The Roycroft Press, East Aurora, N. Y.

A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY



IN this page is illustrated the AMERICAN BOX-BALL ALLEY—which is the best quality of bowling-alley with improvements added.

Box-Ball is the only practical bowling game for pleasure-parks, and thousands of parks the world over are equipped with Box-Ball Alleys.

With the Box-Ball Alley you need no attendants, except one person to collect the money and make change. The Box-Ball Alley gives pleasure minus the work which the ordinary bowling-alley demands.

☐ Box-Ball Alleys are a moral force for good in every community if operated by men of high ideals and good business sense. Clubs, Educational Institutions and Homes, as well as Public Parlors, are the better for the installation of this health-giving game.

Any man with from two hundred to three hundred dollars to invest is offered a great business opportunity by the American Box-Ball Company. This Company issues a special guarantee bond to this effect: that if at the end of thirty days you are not satisfied with the Alleys you can return them to the makers. If at the end of this time you have not taken in all you have advanced on them, provided they are in public use, together with one month's room-rent, the American Box-Ball Company will agree to send you a certified check to make up the difference, which will end the entire transaction. ☐ The alleys can be gotten ready for operation within a few hours after reaching destination. They can be easily taken down, moved, and set up again, without the least damage.



☐ To be in business for yourself is a desirable thing, and we know of no better chance than is here offered. In an endeavor to give each operator a monopoly, this Company sells only one person in towns of moderate size.

☐ The American Box-Ball Company has a reputation for square dealing and prompt and efficient service. They are ready to execute rush orders.

Let them prepare you for the Spring and Summer business. Descriptive matter and estimates are cheerfully furnished. ✻ ✻

The American Box-Ball Company

61 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



Teaching Humanity to Keep Well



HE term doctor comes from the Latin *docere*, "to teach." *Docent* means teacher. Docile symbols that which is teachable, amenable, pliant, receptive. The good doctor was not only a teacher, but a pupil, a learner, and so was spoken of by Erasmus as "docile."

A doctrine is a thing taught by a doctor. According to the original definition there are few doctors today, and Doctor St. George Fechtig, Osteopath and Ophthalmologist, of Lakewood, New Jersey, is one of the few.

¶ Doctor Fechtig is teaching the doctrine of health. At Lakewood, Doctor Fechtig has a magnificent house devoted to the furtherance of his idea—The Milk and Rest Treatment.

This doctor teaches that the origin of disease is both physical and mental, and that the treatment of disease must be both physical and mental—That drugs are seldom needed, and should be used rarely, if at all—That plenty of nourishing and wholesome food must be had, with special diet for special conditions—That

the body must be purified through deep breathing, hydrotherapy, and physical exercise.

Doctor Fechtig believes in a milk diet; and on this proposition no one can dispute him, for milk is the natural food. Pure milk contains the life-giving element to a degree that no other food does. Milk is man's first food, also it is his last.

Lakewood is located in the pines of New Jersey, and it was Whittier who said, "There is healing in our pines." ¶

Doctor Fechtig teaches people how to rest and rebuild the body. His house is practical because he retains the home atmosphere, while giving all the advantages of the most modern hotel. The fruit which supplies this place comes from the doctor's plantation in Florida.

¶ Doctor Fechtig is an Osteopath of national reputation, and maintains the only institution in the East where Osteopath treatment is given special emphasis.

¶ The rates at Lakewood are reasonable, as Doctor Fechtig has a desire to bless and benefit people everywhere who need him. Address him personally.

Doctor St. George Fechtig, Lakewood, New Jersey

Helping Nature Do Her Work

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

EGYPT and Assyria went down to their deaths when the citizens forsook their gardens and went to the cities to have a good time, leaving the land where grew vegetables, flowers and fruits to slaves. Man is always happiest and healthiest when he works with the soil. Home-makers everywhere should have enough green and growing things around them to keep close to Mother Nature. A green, velvety lawn stretching away from your home will add to your peace, poise and power.

And no matter how unpromising or uninviting the ground may be around your home, there is opportunity for you with KALAKA, the Wizard Lawn-Producer. You sow Kalaka just like any grass-seed,

water it, and you soon have a carpet of green.

Kalaka is simply the choicest grass-seed scientifically mixed with an intensive concentrate of dried cattle-manure from which all dirt, weed-seeds and other foreign substances have been removed. Kalaka is sown like ordinary grass-seed, but goes further. The process of preparing Kalaka is secret, but its use is universal.

Kalaka will redeem the most desolate lawn, because the seed carries with it its own germinating nourishment.

Kalaka comes in five-pound packages. East of the Missouri River the price is one dollar per box. West of the Missouri River, one dollar and twenty-five cents per box; carriage prepaid in either case.

Ask the makers of Kalaka for their interesting booklet, "How to Make a Lawn," which is free if you ask for it.

THE KALAKA COMPANY 831 Exchange Avenue
Union Stock Yards, CHICAGO

John Davey—father of Tree Surgery

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS
South Bend, Ind., Feb. 4, 1911
The Davey Tree Expert Company,
Kent, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN:—Answering your inquiry of February 2nd., will say that trees treated by your experts are doing nicely, and I consider the treatment a success. One fine tree in particular would have been a total loss had it not been treated, but now it is healing over and apparently in good healthy condition. Very truly yours,
Signed JOHN D. OLIVER

Two Men Who Love The Trees

Both are of "the elect." Davey had spent his life among the trees. The science of tree surgery is his gift to mankind. J. D. Oliver makes plows, builds hotels and generally renders himself useful to humanity. This letter tells what Oliver thinks of the work of the young men named in the science and practice of tree surgery in the Davey school, which is located at Kent, Ohio—take Ali Baba's word for it, *this is some school if that is n't much town.*

John Davey's husky sons—for he's father of several, as well as of tree surgery—and their associates would like to send every Roycrofter—post-graduate, regular or near—booklet containing what Elbert Hubbard said in THE FRA of "the brother of the trees."

The Davey Tree Expert Company Inc., Kent, Ohio
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)

John Davey And John D. Oliver

does not emanate from the scoundrel ✽ A man may smile and be a villain still, and may laugh grimly, sardonically, or the loud, unsympathizing, unmeaning laugh may betray the vacant mind; but the laughter which rings with genuineness and appreciation is the catholic note of sympathy, culture and integrity ✽ And what a teacher is well-timed wit or genuine humor! How it punctures the bladder of conceit, pretense and hypocrisy! But, unlike those of wit, the shafts of humor wound to heal, and heal without leaving a scar. There is nothing, says Sydney Smith, of which your pompous gentlemen are so much afraid as a little humor ✽ How often a bloated

DEAR FRA :

As a reader of THE FRA I was interested in the criticism of a "copy-writer" who would commend the "copy" of Elbert Hubbard to the wastebasket, because it advertises Hubbard more than the thing, the sale of which must pay for the space.

The first thing I read in THE FRA is the advertising pages. It is pure literature, and this man Hubbard can find more interesting things to say about a simple little thing than any other man in the world. About three years ago a FRA ad convinced me that there was a better shoe than I then wore. Since then I have worn only this make of shoe, and have found in it all the qualities mentioned in the ad—but only a Hubbard could have found them and expressed them.

Recently the Fra wrote an ad for a preparation for the cleaning and care of the teeth. It is more expensive than other preparations for this purpose, but the ad convinced me it was better, and it is.

THE FRA has more intelligent men and women on its subscription-list than any other periodical in the world, and they represent more than the average buying power. Because of this, and another thing or two, THE FRA is one of the best advertising mediums in the world. Hubbard can say things which are not within the scope of the average "copy-man," because Hubbard is not an average man in any particular. I have simply expressed the opinion of a subscriber.

BERNARD MEADOR,
Editor of Advertising Page for COMMERCIAL BULLETIN
and Circulation Manager, Minneapolis, Minn.

IKE the lambent light of the fire, or the play of lightning on a Summer sky, wholesome and genuine humor is natural and harmless. The original meaning of the word humor is "moisture," and is not inapt, for as moisture fructifies the earth, so humor humanizes mankind. How naturally are we attracted to the man who laughs genuinely, and laughs, too, in the right place! His character is indexed at once: we know where to find him—the honest laugh

mass of self-complacency and ignorance is reduced to insignificance by the genial rays of wholesome humor.—Zitella Cocke.

O man will ever be a big executive who feels that he must, either openly or under cover, follow up every order he gives and see that it is done—nor will he ever develop a capable assistant.—John Lee Mahin.

Servitude is a matter of poverty.—Alice Hubbard

ORATORY: *The Exercise of Power*

AN ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Y mail, you may now send packages weighing more than four pounds to forty-three foreign countries—but not to any one of the States of the Union.

If you live in New York, you may send a ten-pound package by mail to Tokio—but not to Brooklyn. If it weigh only four pounds, it may go by mail to Brooklyn for sixty-four cents—but four pounds to Germany costs only forty-eight cents.

¶ These are not little jokes perpetrated on the public by the Post-Office Department; they are facts which have grown naturally out of the deep interest that the express companies have taken in the distribution of merchandise by mail. If

you insist upon having the same parcels service to Chicago or Saint Louis that you have to Berlin or Marseilles, how do you expect the express companies to make a living?

—“World’s Work.”

¶ EVERYBODY is a business-builder, or should be. Everybody has a patron or patrons, therefore he has something to sell—services or merchandise of some kind. ¶ The employer is a patron of the employee. The



Prof. Henry Dickson

America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self-Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

MUCH that passes for oratory is merely talk, lecture, harangue and argument.

These things may all be very useful, and surely they have their place in the world of work and business, but oratory is another thing. Oratory is the impassioned outpouring of a heart—a heart full.

Every great speech is an evolution—it must be given many times in many ways before it becomes a part of the man himself. Then comes the opportunity! Oratory is the ability to weld a mass of people into absolutely one mood. To do this the orator must lose himself in his subject—he must cast expediency to the winds. And more than this, his theme must always be an appeal for humanity. Invective, threat, challenge, all play their parts, but love is the great recurring theme that winds in and out through every great sermon or oration.

Pathos is only possible where there is great love, and pathos is always present in the oration that subdues, that convinces, that wins and sends men to their knees in abandonment of their own wills. The audience is the female element, the orator the male, and love is the theme. The orator comes in the name of God to give protection—freedom. Usually the great orator is on the losing side. And this excites on the part of the audience the

attribute of pity, and pity fused with admiration gives us love—thus does love act and react on love.

Oratory supplies the most sublime gratification which the gods have to give. To subdue the audience and blend mind with mind affords an intoxication beyond the ambrosia of Elysium.

When Sophocles pictured the god Mercury seizing upon the fairest daughter of earth and carrying her away through the realms of space, he had in mind the power of the orator, which through love lifts up humanity and sways men by a burst of feeling that brooks no resistance. Oratory is the child of democracy: it pleads for the weak, for the many against the few, and no great speech was ever yet given save in behalf of mankind. The orator feels their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their desires, their aspirations, their sufferings, their pains. They may have wandered far, but his arms are opened wide for their return. Here alone does soul respond to soul. And it is love, alone, that fuses feeling so that all are of one mind and mood. Oratory is an exercise of power.

Henry Dickson, founder and principal of the DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, is the author of a new book on oratory which is of interest to every man who wishes to understand the joy of this exercise of power.

The name of Professor Dickson's book is “How to Speak in Public.” It contains valuable instruction by this famous memory expert. Professor Dickson has done his work well, and has shown a charming insight into the heart of his subject. ¶ The book is divided into chapters, which makes it easy to use, as you can turn to the subject which concerns you most, quickly.

Just now Professor Dickson is making a remarkable offer. One thousand copies of this valuable book, printed from new clear type on specially made paper, illustrated and bound, a very deluxe edition, will be given away absolutely free to pupils of the Dickson School of Memory.

The regular price of this book is Two Dollars, but reading it in connection with the Memory Course you get its full value and scope. Enroll now! Send the Dickson School a deposit of Two Dollars, which will apply against the price of your Course, and the book will be sent at once.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY

963 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

patient is a patron of the physician. Everybody has something to sell.

—Arthur Frederick Sheldon.

¶ UNDER the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful.—Thackeray.

The time to mind somebody else's business is when he does n't.

Valuable Library Bindings



WHEN a man buys a book that he loves, or a picture which speaks to his understanding, he chooses thoughtfully.

He makes up his library of the books he *must* read, the books he should read and the books that will give him real joy. These last will not be many; quantity does not make its appeal to man's judgment, though it may to his greed.

¶ Roycroft books have quality, and our Three-quarters Levant Bindings have no peer. Special care is used in making this Levant Binding, and special thought goes before the binding into the composition and printing of these books.

We use only the very best grade of Cape Levant Morocco leather, tanned by the natives of Africa, colored and finished by expert leather-dressers in Paris, France.

Whenever a Roycroft book is given a Levant Binding it is because The Roycrofters believe the book has a right to increased longevity.

There are only a few in any edition, and these belong to the discerning.

A Lodging for the Night. *That rare tale of the lawless, lovable Francois Villon, by Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Poe's Poems. *"Most musical, most melancholy."*

The Dog of Flanders, *By Ouida. The sweetest story of the bitterness of life ever translated into our language.*

The Law of Love. *By William Marion Reedy, who knows everything, and knowing, smiles.*

Old John Burroughs. *One great natural philosopher as seen by another—Elbert Hubbard.*

The Price of Each of These Books is TEN DOLLARS

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

A BOX OF HAPPINESS



I was in Charles Henry Fox's Flower-Shop, "At The Sign of the Rose," that the Fra first said what afterward became classic: "A certain attitude of mind and habit of action on my part will add to the peace, happiness and well-being of other people. If I secure reasonable happiness for myself, I must give out good will to others."

And Charles Henry replied: "That is what I had in my mind and heart when I invented the Blue-Bird Box. I meant the Blue-Bird Box to be a box full of happiness and joy for good people everywhere. I realize that flowers symbolize love to most people, and so I want to give them the choicest possible setting."

The Blue-Bird Box the last few months has gone on many missions of good cheer. For the Easter gift you can not choose anything better. Fox will send it anywhere at your request, addressed to any one you name. Five Dollars is the small sum Charles Henry asks for this box of happiness. Mail your remittance with your directions, and the Blue-Bird Box will be at the desired destination at Eastertime.

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of the Rose **Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.**

THE CHICKS' NURSERY

THE LULLABY BROODER is just an ideal nursery for chicks.

In some ways Nature is a sloven. She provides, but she does not seem to go far enough with her provisions. If chicks could tell their woes, you would understand why so many of them shuffle off this earthly coil so early in the game. A chick may come into life wound up with as much energy as a Big Ben clock, but in a few weeks commence to run down until some fine morning you find it with its toes in the air.

The Park and Pollard people of Boston are the chicks' best friends, and their Lullaby Brooder would save even a chucklehead his chickens.

The Lullaby Brooder always furnishes plenty of fresh air, with no possible chance of overheating. The natural warmth of the little bodies preserves an even temperature. Any possible chance of contagion from one brood to another is eliminated. You can simply

burn the Lullaby when your brood is through, because it costs so little.

The Lullaby takes care of chicks in flocks of twenty-five, and can be adjusted to every stage of chick life. You can place the brooder in any waterproof place—under the porch, in a dry-goods box, in a barrel, or in the barn. Some people we know have not sent for the Lullaby because it only costs one dollar and a half delivered; but do not let the fact that The Park and Pollard Company is content with small profits stand in your way.

No matter how large your flock, you can get Lullaby Brooders enough to accommodate the whole family. The Lullaby is chick guaranteed. The chicks do not go outside, and so are never chilled or wet. Science and commonsense have co-operated in evolving this Ideal Brooder.

If your dealer can not supply you, order of the makers direct. Anyway, write for the *Poultry Almanac*, a very valuable and authoritative book, free for the asking.

THE PARK AND POLLARD COMPANY

FIFTY CANAL STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

N. B.—The Park and Pollard Company are originators and makers of the famous LAY OR BUST DRY-MASH FEED SYSTEM. Here is something you ought to annex, too



*“Tie it well,
and let it go.”*

The TIE ELBERTUS
is made in six colors—
black, white, red, gray,
tan and salmon.

Price
TWO DOLLARS
Postpaid

The Roperofters
East Aurora, N. Y.

A BUSINESS NECESSITY

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

Oakland

The requirements of the American Religion are, let us say, to work, play, breathe, bathe, study, live, laugh and motor. If you work in a shop, office, mill, factory, bank or store all the week, take Sunday for your own and keep a tryst with God. Get out into the air and know the open sky and that you are living to enjoy this beautiful world.

For you to stay in a closed room and listen to the wise and otherwise prattling of the Sunday Paper specialists is not so good as to crank up your Oakland and make for the open road.

The only men you should listen to for six days in the week are those who are in the fight—those who work—and out of the fulness of their experience they may help you to live. You are a part of the world of struggle. You are gaining an education, and it is you for the blue sky and the open road.

Air is a business necessity, and the best way to get an air-bath is to whiz against the weather in an automobile.

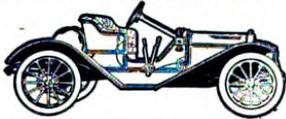
The Oakland is staunch, sturdy, safe and superb. It is the car for the man who must get his money's worth. The Oakland is honor-built and money-backed. It has the best record of any car I know for strength-trying tests. You can tackle anything with an Oakland and get by. No hill is too steep, and no climb too stiff. The Oakland will carry you up and over every time.

Makers of the Oakland have sought to diminish the necessity of repair. Every part of the Oakland is accessible. You don't need a search-warrant and a dark-lantern to find motor, clutch, transmission, magneto or pump. It is every man's car, because any man can understand it.

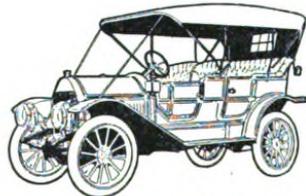
The Oakland is a good investment for you and me.

For 1911 we are marketing a 30 and a

40-horsepower chassis with seven body mountings. The 30-horsepower will be made in a five-passenger touring-car, detachable fore doors, at \$1,200 (detachable tonneau if preferred); a Toy Tonneau, four-passenger body, at \$1,150; and a two-passenger Runabout, the fastest car of its kind to be found anywhere, at \$1,000. The 40-horsepower chassis will be furnished with a five-passenger, fore-door body, at \$1,600; a speedy Roadster that will travel as fast as you care to go, at \$1,500; and Model K, five-passenger touring-car, \$1,500.



30 H.-P. Runabout, \$1,000



40 H.-P. Touring-Car, \$1,600

Literature on request; also a copy of "From the Man Who Has Driven One" and "Little Stories of Big Victories"

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY Dept. PONTIAC, MICH.

Books Rebound

The Roycroft Bookbindery is unequaled in this or any other country in its facilities for handling the most artistic bindings.

We rebind books of every description, in bindings that have individuality, durability and finesse.

The charges are reasonable.

Books in Sizes up to Octavo:

- Ooze-sheep, silk-lined.....\$2.00
- Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge... 3.50
- Plain boards, leather backs..... 2.00
- Boards, ooze or plain calf back and corners..... 3.50
- Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin.....\$5.00 up
- Full Levant, antique pigskin or modeled calf.....\$15.00 up
- Full parchment, boards.....\$10.00 up

MENDING, CLEANING, PLATE-INSERTING AND JOBS REQUIRING MORE WORK THAN USUAL. EXTRA CHARGE *****

Send us your book treasures now before time and chance play havoc with them.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

The Mintage

**Some Sharp Short Stories
BY ELBERT HUBBARD**

THIS is a short-story literary epoch. The demand for the sparkling, minute-variety stories never has been so great as now. There have been few men who could write as well as Elbert Hubbard, and his epigrammatic story style has never been surpassed.

The stories for "The Mintage" were chosen for two reasons: *First:* that they should make up a harmonious whole.

Second: that each story should be a perfect part of that whole.

¶ You will judge of our success as you read these stories. They have the lilt of song, the lure of sound, the thrill of thought.

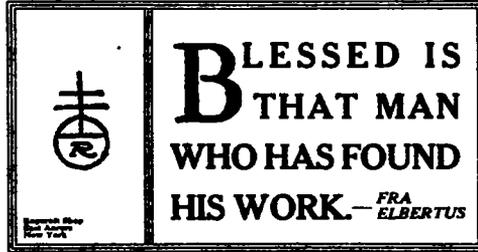
They are about simple, human people with all their strength and weaknesses. This is what raises them far above the fairy-tales, the folk stories, or the legends of Gods. ¶ They are stories about our life, written from a great, understanding heart.

"The Mintage" in our special Miriam binding, printed on Italian handmade paper. Price \$2.00
In Three-Quarters Levant, printed on Japan Vellum Price \$10.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Business Mottos

Apt suggestions in letter size for business correspondence



1 Anybody can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article.

—Alice Hubbard.

4 Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.—Elbert Hubbard.

7 INITIATIVE—The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing.

And that is Initiative.

What is Initiative?

I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once—that is to say, carry the Message to Garcia. Those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion.

Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay.

Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and

stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

Q To which class do you belong?

—Elbert Hubbard.

24 We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—John Ruskin.

25 WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS?

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

Business Mottos in Lots of One Thousand	\$5.00
In Lots of One Thousand, with your name printed on them	\$6.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Boycott of Profraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 Wherein may advertising be considered literature?
- 2 Wherein may literature be considered advertising?
- 3 What elements are essential in order to achieve literary immortality?
- 4 What is meant by the expression, business-baiting? Wherein is it different from bear-baiting or bull-baiting?
- 5 Does silence give consent?
- 6 Who was the God Terminus, and what does the god symbolize?
- 7 Who was (a) Thucydides? (b) Paul Jones? (c) Paul Revere? (d) Commodore Perry?
- 8 Is advertising an art or a science?
- 9 What place does the typewriter occupy in modern business? How does it compare with the cash-register?
- 10 What, in your opinion, is the future of the typewriter?
- 11 In what respects is the one-price system to be considered the cornerstone of modern merchandizing?
- 12 What conditions are necessary to happiness?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Which, in your opinion, is the more powerful as a trade-stimulator—co-operation or competition?
- 2 What are the advantages of one central railway-station?
- 3 What, if any, are the disadvantages of railway centralization?
- 4 Who were (a) the Elzevirs? (b) the Plantins?
- 5 What is the difference between a partnership, a society, a company, an association, a corporation and a trust?
- 6 What is the difference between faithfulness and loyalty?
- 7 Is faithfulness a feminine or a masculine trait?
- 8 What has Booker T. Washington accomplished?
- 9 What is meant by "Freedom of the Press"?
- 10 Distinguish between freedom and license.
- 11 Why are commercial travelers more popular than catalogs?
- 12 What, in your opinion, are the characteristics of a hero?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 What is the difference between wit and humor?
- 2 Is a nickname an evidence of familiarity, disrespect or affection?
- 3 What place has humor in advertising?
- 4 Give one instance of the indebtedness of caricature to advertising.
- 5 Is Prevarication ever justifiable?
- 6 What is a white lie?
- 7 What is the Ananias Club? What are the chief qualifications for membership?
- 8 What is "Gallantry"? Do business women expect any favors over business men? Do they get them?
- 9 Why are women workers generally considered "cheap"?
- 10 Is marriage a help or a hindrance to a woman seeking a career?
- 11 What is a gentleman? Are his qualifications mental or physical?
- 12 Is Christianity, as practised today, any improvement over that of your childhood?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 What is Civic Pride? Is it provincialism?
- 2 Does advertising encourage extravagance?
- 3 Is extravagance a vice?
- 4 Distinguish between extravagance, prodigality, lavishness and waste.
- 5 What do you think of putting businessmen on the Supreme Court bench?
- 6 What is meant by "contempt of court"?
- 7 Are the words "Court" and "Judge" synonymous?
- 8 Do you consider the economic situation reassuring?
- 9 Why are millionaires so plentiful in the United States?
- 10 What do you understand by the sentence, "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us"?
- 11 Is Compulsory Prohibition efficacious? How about Compulsory Vaccination?
- 12 What is the difference between a "religion of service," and a "religion of services"?

Bernstein—His Bed



BERNSTEIN decided to make something as good as he knew how. And that something was a bed, because he knew more about beds than about anything else.

However, if Bernstein had decided to make pianos or automobiles instead of beds, they would be the best on the market—and no exceptions.

The Bernstein Bed has no rival. It is made in but three parts: head, foot and springs. No creaking and no unevenness will interfere with your needed rest.

¶ The Bernstein Bed is durable, strong and luxurious. It is proof against dirt and germs, because it has no cracks, nor crevices to afford a nesting-place.

¶ The Bernstein Bed is in line with modern ideas of sanitation, simplicity and satisfaction.

Write direct to the makers. They'll give you definite information

BERNSTEIN MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

Getting Paid for It

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

Ed Howe says, "If you have no reason to expect a letter with money in it, hope will do you no good." When Fra Howe said that he had young authors in mind.

If you can write stuff that has appeal, sympathy and a tinge of humor, there is no reason why it should not bring you remuneration.

The wise editor of the Atkinson "Globe" also said this: "There are so many worthless men in the world that the man who behaves himself half the time is tolerably sure to become distinguished." In other words, we all have a chance if we exercise the right sort of judgment. And any one who writes can be a success if they consult people who understand the business.

¶ The Literary Bureau is such an institution. No fees or charges are made against you, except for typewriting and revision where necessary, until your manuscript is sold.

And here is a bit of advice: Consult the Literary Bureau before time and chance have played havoc with your ability.

THE LITERARY BUREAU
Suite 809 Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME PREACHMENTS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THE special booklets written by Elbert Hubbard have become factors, in the advertising world.

Banks, Department-Stores, Railroads, Private Schools, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers have used these booklets by thousands, their ad on the cover.

The humor, the pathos, the human quality in these preachments touch all people, and they are read, remembered and redistributed.

Some of these booklets are:

- The Boy From Missouri Valley
- Help Yourself by Helping the House
- A Message to Garcia
- The Parcel Post
- The Cigarettiat
- Get Out or Get In Line
- How to Get Others to Do Your Work
- Pasteboard Proclivities

"The hundred thousand copies of your 'Boy from Missouri Valley' we used, was the most effective advertising we ever did."—R. H. MACY & Co., New York City.

Send for samples and prices. Use your business stationery.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Alloyed Silver Pens

THE BLYMYER ALLOYED SILVER PEN is the pen for the literary inkfish. Writers, cashiers, bookkeepers, schoolteachers, and busy business people everywhere consider the Blymyer pen indispensable. ¶ It writes with a smoothness to be gained from no other pen. It has wearing qualities and dependability to recommend it. ¶ If you want samples of this pen-de-luxe, just write the makers. They will be sent you for the asking. Also, price-list and descriptions of the various styles in which this pen can be had.

BLYMYER BROS., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Opens With the Foot

A WAR ON DISEASE

Life is a matter of fighting against germs, and he who does not recognize this enemy is very liable to suffer. Sanitation is the only method of warfare. C. H. Stephenson is the inventor and maker of the best *Underground Garbage* and *Underfloor Refuse Receivers* known. They are easy to open, easy to sweep into, easy to empty—a Winter necessity.

Underground Garbage Receiver
Underfloor Refuse Receiver

These receivers are sold direct from the factory, and circulars describing the Stephenson idea will be sent you for the asking. Your duty to yourself, to your family, and to the community in which you live should prompt you to get into communication with

C. H. STEPHENSON, Manufacturer

31 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.



Easy to Sweep Into



Liberation
and Freedom
From Typewriter Troubles

are synonymous with the

UNDERWOOD
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER

THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY

Underwood Typewriter Co.
INCORPORATED
New York and Everywhere

to the contrary, but it must not verge upon the ridiculous or be so absorbingly funny that the main point is lost in laughter. Humor should only be used as a method of sending truth home. Freak names have been responsible for the loss of more money in advertising than anything else. The name may look and sound all right to the person who originated it, but the average man or woman is not going into a store and ask for two pounds of "Haveabita Cheese."

In the coining of a name care should be taken to originate one that leaves no doubt as to its correct pronunciation. One of the brainiest advertising men this country has produced made

If the late Bard of Avon were alive today he would quickly realize that there is something in a name after all. Of course the lover cares not what his loved one's name may be, and a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but in coining a trade name for an article to be advertised the coiner should ponder over the fact that the entire success of his venture may depend upon the name he has evolved. Humor has its place in advertising, notwithstanding numerous authorities

this mistake in one of his ventures. He's dead now, but he is n't half as dead as is the article to which he gave a name that no two people would pronounce alike, and to introduce which he spent a hundred thousand dollars. People will not ask for an article where there is the slightest fear of being humiliated by having the clerk ask them if they mean "so-and-so," pronouncing it entirely different. "Butterfly," you can pronounce, but "Liminitis Bredowii"!—Arthur T. Garrett.

THE advertising profession fairly yearns for masters and mistresses of modern English. By this I do not mean professors of literature, but those who can express their thoughts clearly and in a manner easy to understand. Advertising is in reality the conveying of thought or impressions to other minds by means of word-painting; and who are better qualified to "fill the bill" than those versed in the art of expressing thought and clearly describing things as they see them?

The magazines and newspapers of this country furnish abundant proof in support of my claim that the advertising field is promising. They are filled

with advertisements that present complicated and involved English. Many of them are beautiful specimens of "How not to write the English language." They are ambiguous, tautological, verbose; oftentimes absurd, and frequently excite ridicule instead of creating the impression desired.

A grammatical flow of English is just as essential in a good advertisement as in an article or short story. Explicit description is necessary to convey the picture to the mind,

THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE

BY ALICE HUBBARD

"When you ask me if I believe that marriage as it is practised today is a failure, I answer very emphatically, 'YES.' But were it possible for men and women when they marry to realize that they own nothing more in 'rights' after marriage than they did before, and would make no more demands upon each other, marriage even with its present accepted meaning would not be a failure." ¶ With these words Alice Hubbard suggests her thought on that one subject which in some way or other affects all the men and women of the world. ¶ The tremendous demand for "The Basis of Marriage," a pamphlet that has been out but two brief months, is almost beyond belief. This fact, however, touches the pulse of the age. ¶ We want to know. ¶ "The Basis of Marriage" is a reasonable treatise dealing with that condition among humans where most reason is needed and least is used. ¶ The first edition of this booklet is printed in three colors and bound in brown paper covers. The price is ten cents. Bound in limp leather, the price is one dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

For a *big* business, *wise economy* in the purchase of business stationery means *insisting* that it be produced on

(Trade Mark Registered)

Construction

Best at

the Price

In White
and
Six Colors

Envelopes
to
Match

BOND

Not only has this paper the *strength* and *character* that will make your letters *seem more important* at their destination, it is the *only* paper whose *method of distribution* effects the economies that are so important to those who do things in a big way. *Specify Construction Bond* if you want

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

You can get it out of the most *responsible* and *progressive* printers and lithographers throughout the United States. It is sold *direct* to them, and *only* in quantities of 500 *lbs. or more*, while other fine papers are sold through local jobbers, a ream or two at a time, to any printer who will buy them. The saving is obvious.

If you want the names of those in your locality who can do high-class work on Construction Bond, and some handsome specimen letter-heads, just ask us on your *business stationery*.

W. E. Wroe & Co.

304 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

and in this very important point countless advertisers fail miserably because they do not possess the ability to write and are unable to put their thoughts and knowledge into words. ¶ It is a deplorable fact that writers of good English are scarce in the advertising profession. This is due to the general impression that advertisers are born, not made, and the further fact that writers in general frown upon anything that approaches commercialism.—Witt K. Cochrane.

DO YOU WANT CASH?



If so, become an agent for THE FRA, and you can make money fast.

THE FRA is the exponent of The American Philosophy. It is the magazine of a thousand thinks; and it is the best-printed magazine in America.

THE FRA is published by businessmen for businessmen. Its subscription-list contains most of the big, busy, brainy men and women of the world, but we want the rest.

That is why we need your help.

Subscription to THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with this we give gratis, as a premium, a copy of "Health and Wealth," bound in limp leather, silk-lined, a beautiful and valuable Roycroft book by Elbert Hubbard.

Your cash commission on each subscription, provided you send five or more at a time, will be Fifty Cents. So, on every five subscriptions you make Two Dollars and Fifty Cents and remit us Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents * *

Also, put this busy bee in your bonnet: For every fifty subscriptions sent us in any one month we will send you a check for Ten Dollars; or, for every one hundred subscriptions in any one month, the check will be Twenty-five Dollars—this in addition to the Fifty Cents you retain on every subscription.

We have many agents, young men and women, who secure four, five, ten or twenty subscriptions a day.

Now, here is the way to get your outfit: Remit us Two Dollars for your own subscription to THE FRA, and we will, of course, send you gratis the premium copy of "Health and Wealth" and in addition our agent's outfit, consisting of a dozen back numbers of THE FRA, sample sheets, pictures, blank orders, etc.

Use This Form or Cut Out Coupon

THE FRA,

East Aurora, New York:

I enclose Two Dollars for a year's subscription, so send the gratis premium-book, the dozen back numbers and agent's outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... State.....

IDEAS OR ITEMS



R. EMPLOYER: When you hired Mr. Fray, what did you want of him—Ideas or Items?

The choicest, rarest and most indispensable things in your business are new ideas. Surround yourself with big men who possess big ideas and you will soon have a big business. Big men are evolved, and they in turn evolve business; and the more big men you have, the greater the evolution.

Sometimes it amounts to revolution, which is good. The Red Badge of Courage is needed in every Old School Business House. The vacuum-cleaner of time is doing away with antique business methods. You can not expect your men to produce giant ideas when they are involved in a multiplicity of items and tiny, tedious troubles that take time and energy.

Equip your institution with a battery of **BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINES**. The Burroughs does not dislike details—that's its business. It delivers the total and is content. It is made in styles to suit every type of clerical work and in prices to fit any business purse. It is your duty to your business to investigate the Burroughs.

Send for the Burroughs' Books, which are textbooks on the economics of modern business. They mean new ideas for you by taking care of the items. And always and ever are Houses Built on Ideas and Items more successful than Houses Built on Ideas alone. Items are Mechanisms of business and should be taken care of by a Machine.



Seventy-eight Styles of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—One to Handle any Kind of Work: Made to Fit any Pocket. The Burroughs is a Necessity.

If you are interested in "A Better Day's Work," write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—162 pages, 125,000 already distributed. Other books: "Why Don't You Go Home?"—a 48-page book for retailers. Also "Cost-Keeping Short-Cuts"—a book of 180 pages—giving numerous simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

Dept. F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, 76 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E. C.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE

A Book of Three Essays by Henry D. Thoreau

HERE is no layman so humble but has a thought which seems to him divine about Friendship, Love and Marriage. ¶ Every plant that grows to bloom proclaims the reality of these great forces. Every nesting robin sings of love and of his mating. Every civilization has been developed by the power of love.

Henry D. Thoreau has given to Literature three great essays, which are as a ray of light to those who would find the path of wisdom, that they may walk therein.

In these words he keys each essay:

Friendship takes place between those who have an affinity for one another, and is a perfectly natural and inevitable result. No professions nor advances will avail—but it follows after silence

Love must be as much a light as a flame.

A true marriage will differ in no wise from illumination. No wonder that out of such a union—not as end, but as accompaniment—comes the undying race of men.

This is the first edition that gives these three essays the arrangement and relation they merit. They are printed from Powell type on Italian handmade paper. There is one special copy bound in modeled leather—a beautiful, individual book. There will never be another such. Price, \$50.

¶ The regular binding is Limp Leather, full Japan vellum, or one-half vellum with handmade paper sides.

The price of any of these bindings is . . . *Two Dollars*

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

instruction through which the man ambitious to shine as a professional humorist can pass.—George Ade.

IT was the good fortune of the writer of these lines to spend a day as the guest of Elbert Hubbard at East Aurora, New York.

For a restful, unique, genuine outing the American continent possesses no place that surpasses The Roycroft Inn.

¶ The life of The Inn is restful to the body and stimulating to the intellect. The atmosphere is quiet and nerve-soothing without any suggestion of formality.

The food is good, well cooked and delicately served.

¶ The beds are comfortable and

the furnishings are pleasing to the senses in every way.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard have the faculty of making every one feel at home without giving the impression of an effort to entertain.

¶ I met several traveling men who have made it a habit for years when in that region to spend Sunday at The Roycroft Inn; an ambitious Texas schoolteacher on her first Eastern trip, who had lengthened a scheduled visit of two days to six weeks; a brilliant Jewish

HERE is no place where humor counts for more in a commercial way than in advertising. If you can only land your shot under a man's funny bone you have done the deadly work and can interest him in whatever you have to offer. The necessity of saying things tersely and compactly, as the advertising writer must always say them, is a cardinal point in the training of the humorist, and for this reason I believe that the writing of advertisements is one of the best courses of

couple on their honeymoon, who had embraced Christian Science, and whose discussions with an orthodox Jew were as interesting as Walker Whitesides' presentation of the "Melting-Pot."

The wife of one of America's world conquerors was resting there while her husband was in Borneo, and her descriptions of the last trip he had made when she had accompanied him were graphic and illuminating.

Then there were advertising men, artists, musicians—all of them people who thought and acted along "different" lines.

Mr. Hubbard is as delightful a lecturer as he is a writer, and the evenings in the Music-Room surpass "refined vaudeville" for cleverness, thought stimulus, and real entertainment.

The advertising business is being enriched by the thought Mr. Hubbard is giving to it and expressing in his inimitable style. He will doubtless send upon application the booklet, "Some Oxaline," in which he has recently crystallized some of his best advertising ideas.

—John Lee Mahin.

The Ideal is the gadfly of Isis.—Alice Hubbard.

☞ A Machine That Means Money in the Bank for You

THE Peck Patented Pencil Slot Machine

sells lead pencils of any standard size or make at 100 per cent profit and upward. The only machine of its kind in the world. PRICE \$15.00—sold outright—no royalties. The machine is only a trifle larger than a standard size dictionary. Attractively enameled in green and gold. Weighs 18 pounds. Holds 144 pencils. A FEW SALES PER DAY QUICKLY PAY FOR IT. The low price of the machine, its attractive appearance, the small space that it occupies, the fact that it displays its pencils in plain sight of the buyer, and the large profit each pencil that it sells yields make the Peck Patented Pencil Slot Machine a unique and profitable addition to every stationery store. WE GUARANTEE THE MACHINE TO DO THE WORK WE CLAIM OR REFUND THE MONEY. Exclusive city or county rights considered where machines are bought in large quantities. WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER FREE ON REQUEST

E. W. Peck Co., 1123 Broadway, New York

MR. ADVERTISER:

Just tell us to put your name on the Solicitation List of THE FRA and "The Philistine." We will send you some choice bulbs every little while, which will sprout business ideas that will delight your busy soul. Address: JIMMY, Secretary to Fra Elbertus, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York.



 EN are four: He who knows, and knows he knows, he is wise—follow him. He who knows, and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake him. He who knows not, and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him. He who knows not, and knows he knows not, he is a child—teach him.

—Arabian Proverb.

The race of man has many Saviors, and must have many more.—John Eurrroughs.

Wanamater's

New York Spring & Summer Catalog is now being mailed.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise. for Women, Children and Men.

We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of \$5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms within the United States.

Ordering by Mail, from a House of Character, is a Good Plan.

Just write us, TODAY: "Please send FREE CATALOG No. 97"

John Wanamater
New York

THE IGNORAMUS MAGAZINE

(Only the unwise claim to be wise; the wise are content otherwise)

A periodical published Bi-monthly in the interests of those who know better and want to do it. To disseminate rational living, including proper breathing, eating, drinking, thinking and sleeping, is its mission. To be sick is to acknowledge to the world that you are not living right. Hurry ye Roycrofter and get a

FREE SAMPLE COPY

Subscription 75c a year, including six lessons in rhythmical breathing FREE

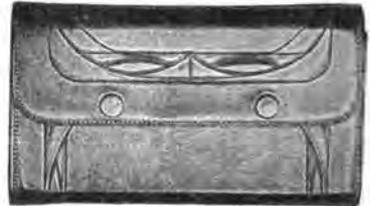
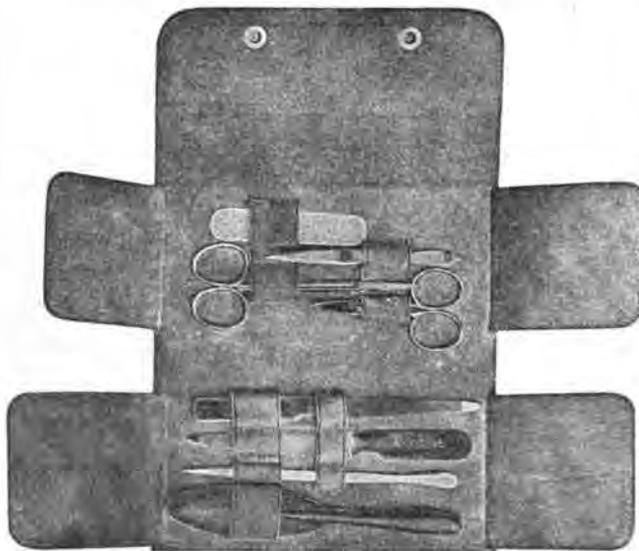
THE CO-OPERATIVE HEALTH ASSOCIATION
414-415 MERCANTILE BLDG., DENVER, COLO.

WANTED

A Hundred-Point Stenographer who wants to learn the Advertising Business. Tell us why you think the place is yours and how much you want. Address

James Wallen, Secretary to Elbert Hubbard
East Aurora, Erie County, New York, U. S. A.

A Modeled-Leather Manicure-Case



Open, this case measures 6 x 10 inches; closed, 3 1-2 x 6 inches. The case is lined with the best ooze-morocco and is fitted with J. A. Henckels' instruments.

Price, complete, \$12.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York



SEALY

Tuftless Mattress

Pure Long-Fiber Cotton

In One Pneumatically-formed Batt

No Layers or Sections

The Only Successful Tuftless Mattress

Guaranteed 20 Years

"A Pillow for the body"

YOU don't have tufts in the pillow upon which you lay your head. Think how uncomfortable a tufted pillow would be.

Give to your entire body the same comfort as you give to your head.

The Sealy is a big, billowy, head-to-foot pillow, that sinks and rises beneath the undulations of the body conforming to every curve, to every position.

The Sealy Mattress is made entirely of pure, new, high-grade cotton grown on our own plantation. We have no use for the gin-waste, mill-waste or shoddy so generally put in layer-felt mattresses.

We do not felt the cotton in layers for the Sealy, but form the filling into one complete batt by our air-current process.

Only by this Sealy Patented Process and with the Sealy Grade of cotton is it possible to make a successful, durable, tuftless mattress, worthy of a 20-year guarantee. So-called tuftless mattresses made by simply leaving the tufts out of layer-felt linters mattresses can not give satisfaction—and are not guaranteed.

The Sealy Triple Guarantee

FIRST:—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton, without linters or mill waste.

SECOND:—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

THIRD:—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Bookfold Sateen, or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge, like illustration. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$18; Art Ticking, \$19; Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20; Art Ticking, \$21.

Send for our Booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses"

It describes Mattresses fully; we want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the guarantee.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, HOUSTON, TEXAS
Factories (also offices) at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, TEXAS

Denatured Alcohol in Solid Form

A well-known Wheeling (West Virginia) chemist has succeeded in producing chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form by means of a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature are obtained which very closely resemble physiologically the effects of ethyl alcohol distilled from sawdust. The method employed and the results obtained are somewhat similar to the crystallizing of rock-candy or that of saccharine, containing as it does three hundred fifty times the sweetening strength of cane-sugar. As this alkaloidal crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength of the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol, it will yield one hundred ninety-four proof liquefied denatured alcohol with a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and is absolutely non-explosive.

A Cent's Worth of Solidified Alcohol

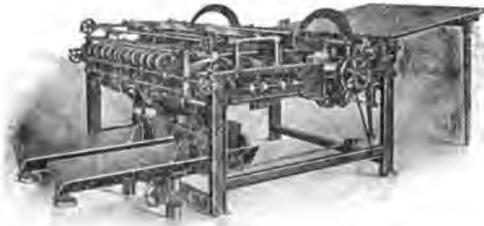
At the average rate for the power or heat paid by the ordinary consumer, says the "Chemical Journal," a cent's worth of solidified alcohol will keep a six-pound flatiron hot for fifty-five minutes; will make four cups of coffee; will keep an eight-inch disk stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak; will bring to boil two quarts of water or operate the baby milk-warmer twice; will make a Welsh Rabbit in a chafing-dish; will operate a seven-inch frying-pan twelve minutes; will keep a heating-pad hot two hours; will operate a griddle eight minutes; will keep a foot-warmer hot thirty minutes; will run a boiler nine minutes; will vulcanize a patch on an automobile-tire; will heat a curling-iron once a day for two weeks.

The secret of the production of this industrial alcohol in chunks is very simple and cheap. You can have it for a very small consideration. Can be made cheaply at home and sold in stores with good profits. A sample can containing twenty-six solid alcohol cubes, with a stove for burning same, will be sent to any address *postpaid* on receipt of \$2.00.

WOOD WASTE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc.,

Wheeling, West Virginia, U. S. A.

**THE ROYCROFTERS
USE**



Brown Folding-Machines

Made by
Brown Folding-Machine Company
Erie, Pennsylvania

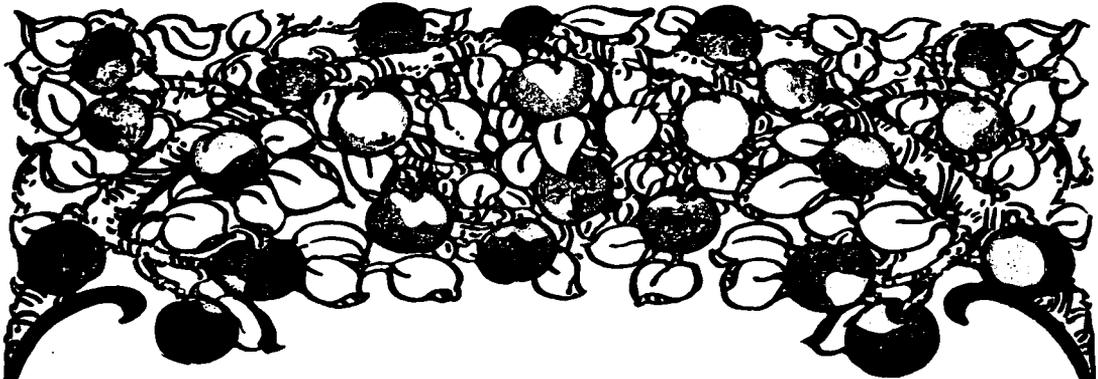
**STREISSGVTH-DETRAN
ENGRAVING CO.**



S-P



MAKERS OF
QUALITY CUTS
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



APPLE ORCHARDING IN THE SPOKANE COUNTRY

Commercial Apple Orchards are Wonderful Wealth-Producers. Through us you may become identified with the industry and thus increase your income

In the Spokane Country, the Apple Industry, commercially engaged in, is the one big *Opportunity of the Hour*, and we have taken this page to invite you to become interested in it with us. ¶The market for high-class winter apples is *hopelessly undersupplied*. An apple throughout the East is a *luxury*. ¶The production of the world shows a *decrease* during the past 13 years from 69,000,000 to 21,000,000 barrels. Meantime, *the population has increased*. ¶The apple is used in *more* different ways than is any other food, and the amount of ideal or perfect orchard land is limited. ¶These few facts *emphasize* the importance of the Apple-Orchard Industry and will give you an inkling as to the profits that Apple Orchards *must earn* for their owners.

A Word from A. G. Hanauer—Personally

Your money should work for you as hard as you work for it—an investment of \$100 earns for some as much as an investment of \$300 does for others.

Through us you can increase your income materially, as many other Readers of THE FRA have arranged to do, and every day a few more are deciding favorably.

I am desirous that you know the Orchard Industry as I know it, and I want to send you our new Booklet entitled: "THE APPLE AND THE DOLLAR," provided, of course, you wish to increase your income—and I am quite sure that that is the ambition of every one.

Mail the coupon now—that's the first step.

We are the largest orchard operators in the Northwest and are developing a number of orchard properties under the Unit System of Ownership. Each property of from 100 to 300 acres is divided into a number of parts called Units, and these Units are sold on small monthly instalments, bringing the investment easily within the reach of any one who will cultivate the "Saving Habit" and is willing to lay aside a little each month—for a purpose.

The investment is backed by the best collateral—secured by the best security—Washington Apple-Orchard Land—and the value of the land increases each month in proportion to the sum total of your payments, which earn 7 per cent per annum for you, just as fast as they are paid in.

From the moment the young trees are set out, the planted orchard has a greater asset value; and by and by, in a few months—for time is a swift, fleet thing—all your payments will have been made, the trees will have reached maturity, they will begin to bear.

The orchard then begins to pay and the Units that you own, which cost you \$250 each and which you paid for in small monthly instalments, will each be worth \$500 or more and return you liberal interest on the enhanced value.

What would all this mean to you if you were receiving this increased income?

Surely it is worth knowing more about, and that is why the coupon appearing below is hereto attached for your convenience.

Commercial Orchard Company, of Washington
453A First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

REFERENCES: Traders National Bank, Spokane; Spokane & Eastern Trust Co., Spokane.

A. G. Hanauer, Pres., 453A First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

Write me fully concerning your plan. Mail me your new booklet, "The Apple and the Dollar," just off the press.

Name

Street

Town State.....

FRA, APRIL

TEMAGAMI
A Land of
Lakes and Rivers

IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

An Ideal Resort
For the Camper, Canoeist and Fisherman
Black Bass, Trout and other varieties of fish are plentiful
Write to any of the following for handsomely illustrated booklets, containing maps and all information
H. G. Elliott, 917 Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago
F. P. Sawyer 200 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
E. H. Boynton 266 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
D. P. Browery 8 Burgess Building, Cortland, N. Y.
H. M. Morgan 262 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. Robinson 626 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.
W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal
G. T. BELL, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal
G. W. Y. A. U. A., General Passenger Agent, Montreal

AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH - BLACK BASS

A Sample Sent Free

A ROYCROFT PECAN PATTY will be sent to you for the asking. There is only one reason for sending out samples, and you probably know what it is. So around the Patty you will find an Order-Blank.

The Roycroft Candy Kitchen
East Aurora, New York

THE business of advertising is the business of distribution. In our industry distribution is the most important work, the still very incomplete task of our epoch.

We have solved difficult problems in production, in industrial organization. Our capacity for manufacture is practically as unlimited as our capacities in agricultural and mineral production. Our great problem unfinished, barely begun, is the problem of distribution. Fruits rot on the ground for lack of distribu-

tion. Cloak-makers are idle many months in the year through defective distribution. Workers of all kinds suffer from the uncertainty of the markets, simply because our organization of distribution has not kept pace with organization in production. The advertising man is the distributor. Upon his intelligent, convincing work depend the growth of industry, the growth of human comfort and the elevation of the standards of living. A man can buy only when he knows that the thing is for sale. A man must be intelligently instructed as to the quality of what is offered to him, and advertising does this important work. The intelligent advertising man is to our industrial and commercial system what the fruit is to the tree. Down below the ground the roots are gathering the wealth of the earth; they represent the factory. Above, the thick trunk, the many branches and leaves do their share of the work; they represent the store-managers and clerks. The fruit at the top, ready to drop, is the advertised product. That fruit taken and distributed gives to the world the work that

The Truth About Our Civil War

has been done by the unseen roots, the trunk and the branches and the leaves. The advertiser distributes the work of factory, soil, store and management. Advertising men give out to human beings the products of ingenuity; they do for the work of men's intelligence what the rainclouds do for the water in the ocean, scattering over the land what the land needs.—Arthur Brisbane.



The Hand of Man

The Hand of Nature

It is doubtful if any can be absolutely fair to both sides of a question. In every story of the War, North or South he found some grievance. But though the mind of man may doubt and the hand of man may waver—the hand of nature is sure—and it is our great good fortune at this day—fifty years after the War began—to have found the story of the Civil War that was written by the sun in the sky on the sensitive plate of a camera.

We have found 3,500 photographs of the Civil War that have been lost for nearly fifty years. We have recovered them from oblivion and now you can own them for less than one cent a picture.

These photographs were taken by the greatest photographer in the country. He died in an army ward, long after he had lost this splendid work of his genius. Grant saw these pictures taken—Garfield valued them at \$150,000—the Government paid \$27,800 for a similar collection. Now the original negatives are almost priceless—for they are the one vivid, accurate, story of the War.

Here is vividly contrasted the work of the hand of man and the work of the camera. Brady caught this artist from Harper's Weekly as he was sketching a battlefield.

At best this artist could only put in a few strokes of the pen in the few minutes at his command. He had to draw on his imagination when he finished the picture at leisure.

The camera caught the whole scene in a flash. Even the developing was done on the spot, as is shown by the photograph of Brady and his improvised dark room in camp. You have seen the work of this Harper's Weekly artist in old books. Now you can see the truth from Brady's camera.



Photographs Copyright 1911
Pictorial Publishing Co.

ADVERTISING is a great, though almost unknown force, a force made up of a hundred different elements, each one too intangible to be defined. It is something which, properly directed, becomes the most powerful engine

for influencing human action that has ever been discovered or devised.

All of the great forces that have moved the human race—the eloquence of the orator, the fervor of the religious enthusiast, superstition, terror, panic, hypnotism—all of these things are utilized in advertising. All the emotions of the human race are played upon, appealed to, coaxed, cultivated and utilized. The man who can tell most nearly what one thousand people will think upon any given topic will

18 of these Pictures FREE for Framing

Send only 10 cents for mailing

To give you some idea of the bigness of this enterprise, a monumental and absorbing work, not for this day only, but to be handed down to future generations of American citizens,—your children,—we have chosen 18 typical photographs, reproduced them carefully, and enclosed them in a handsome portfolio. These 18 we will give you FREE if you send only 10 cents—the cost of mailing. Even these samples will be valuable acquisitions.

Not only are they of great historical importance, but they will make appropriate additions to your library walls. They show various different aspects of the mighty struggle.

Let us hear from you before our supply is gone. Better send the coupon at once and make sure.

FR 4-1

13 Astor Place
New York

Send me, free of charge, the 18 reproductions of your newly discovered Brady Civil War photographs ready for framing and contained in a handsome portfolio. Also send me the story of these photographs and tell me how I can get the whole collection for less than one cent a picture. I enclose 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Review of Reviews Co.
13 Astor Place
New York

come nearest to making successful advertising, but no human being can really foretell the actual results of any advertising that was ever planned.—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

WOULD rather be a good fellow among my fellow-men than a tightwad millionaire.—Charles Henry Fox.

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.—Denham.

PHOTOGRAVURES

FRAMED AND UNFRAMED

☞ The Roycrofters print photogravures. The printing of photogravures is a rare art. It requires mental alertness and fine digital dexterity to feel out the delicate lines of the face of a Mozart, or a Chopin, and to lay the ink so that the impression will be perfect.

☞ We have fitted some frames for these pictures and offer them now for the first time.

Single photogravures, unframed, 6 x 7 1-2 inches	-	\$.50
Single photogravures in oak frames, 7 1-2 x 9 1-2 inches		1.50
Three photogravures in three-panel oak frames, 11 x 20 1-2 inches	- - - - -	2.50
Six photogravures in six-panel frames, 11 x 37 1-2 inches		5.00
Six photogravures in double-panel oak frames, 18 1-4 x 20 3-8 inches	- - - - -	5.00

☞ We have the following subjects, unframed or in three-panel, six-panel and double-panel oak frames:

Beethoven	Bellini	Charlotte Bronte
E. B. Browning	Carlyle	Andrew Carnegie
Cellini	Chopin	Corot
Charles Dickens	Ruskin	George Eliot
Elizabeth Fry	Handel	Victor Hugo
Liszt	Mozart	James Oliver
Paganini	Schumann	Shakespeare
Verdi	Wagner	Walt Whitman

☞ The Roycrofters do not pay carriage on these goods.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

A Book That I Read

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE other day I received the 1911 Coward Shoe Booklet. There are two reasons why every year I look over the Coward Booklet: First, The Coward Book is a record of the work of James S. Coward, a man I admire. Second, The Coward Shoe Book shows the advance of commonsense as regards footwear.

Coward Shoes are thoughtful shoes, and true thought is a manifestation of commonsense.

The Coward Book is modestly written. If I were to write it, I would say some things about Mr. Coward and his work that he himself has omitted, but Mr. Coward is a Shoemaker and I am a Writer of Advertisements.

This man's time and attention are riveted on the making of Shoes. John Ruskin once issued a notice to this effect: "Mr. J. Ruskin is about to begin a work of great importance and therefore begs that in reference to calls and correspondence, you will consider him dead for the next two months."

James S. Coward has the same spirit, with this difference: that he receives callers and answers correspondence, but centers on his particular subject, Shoes.

The Coward Out-of-Town service is so thoroughly organized that the Coward Shoe Booklet becomes of special importance to every man who is interested in doing the right thing by his pedals. You can make a satisfactory selection and obtain the Coward Shoe Blessings by mail as well as at the New York Store.

When you visit New York, it will pay you to call at the Coward Store, which is located in the Lower West Side of New York City, occupying six buildings on Greenwich Street South of Warren Street. It is reached conveniently from all railroad terminals; from ferries and bridges; all elevated, subway or surface car-lines; and is only a short walk from the Hudson Terminal at Cortlandt, Fulton and Church Streets. I have hoofed it from the Terminal many a time.

Send for the Coward Book. It is one book that I myself always read. It shows the Coward Shoe Family—and it's interesting.

Here are a few special Coward shoes for special needs:

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)
The Coward Bunion Shoe The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Combination Shoe The Coward Orthopedic Shoe
Booklet Showing the Coward Shoe Family Sent Free

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York
 MAIL ORDERS FILLED (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets appeal to your Commonsense as well as your sense of taste. They are pure gum made with True Mint. Chiclets are expertly prepared and merit reputation. They are above competition. On sale everywhere. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent Packets.

SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

go under the ground and stay there. To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds, and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing a man can do. When Cicero writes of the pleasures of old age, that of agriculture is chief among them.

To dig in the mellow soil—to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly—is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one touches it with a hoe. Antaeus was no doubt an agriculturist; and such a prize-fighter as Hercules could n't do anything with him till he got him to lay down his spade and quit the soil. It is not simply pota-

THE love of dirt is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest. Mud-pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. So long as we are dirty we are pure. Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasure and business, eaten dirt, and sown wild-oats, drifted about the world and taken the wind of all its moods. The love of digging in the ground (or of looking on while he pays another to dig) is as sure to come back to him as he is sure, at last, to

toes and beets and corn and cucumbers that one raises in his well-hoed garden; it is the average of human life. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds; and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it. The hot sun on his back as he bends to his shovel and hoe, or contemplatively rakes the warm and fragrant loam, is better than much medicine. The buds are coming out on the bushes round about; the blossoms of the fruit-trees begin to show; the blood is running

up the grape-vines in streams; you can smell the wild-flowers on the near bank; and the birds are flying and glancing and singing everywhere. To the open kitchen-door comes the busy housewife to shake a white something, and stands a moment to look, quite transfixed by the delightful sights and sounds. Hoeing in the garden on a bright, soft May day, when you are not obliged to, is nearly equal to the delight of going trouting. Blessed be agriculture!—if one does not have too much of it. All literature is fragrant with it, in a gentlemanly way. At the foot of the charming, olive-covered hills of Tivoli, Horace had a sunny farm:

it was in sight of Hadrian's villa, who did landscape-gardening on an extensive scale, and probably did not get half as much comfort from it as Horace did from his more simply tilled acres. We trust that Horace did a little hoeing and farming himself, and that his verse is not all fraudulent sentiment. In order to enjoy agriculture you do not want too much of it, and you want to be poor enough to have a little inducement to work moderately yourself. Hoe while it is Spring and enjoy the best

anticipations. It is not much matter if things do not turn out well.—Charles Dudley Warner

WHEN we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet more wholesome and a happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Nature seems to have been created to inspire feeling.—Thomas Starr King.



Only on the Victor

or on the grand-opera stage can you hear the wonderfully sweet and powerful voices of Caruso, Calvé, Eames, Farrar, Gadschi, Homer, Journet, Martin, McCormack, Melba, Plançon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich, Tetrazzini and other world's famous operatic stars.

But not even at the opera can you hear in one evening such a celebrated group of artists as you can hear on the Victor anywhere at any time.

Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and hear these famous artists sing their greatest arias. And if you haven't heard the Victor recently, you'll be astonished at the height of perfection reached in the art of Victor recording.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Are You a Pawn or a Player?

There's a splendid *lesson* in the great game of chess for *every* man who wants to *win* in business.

The chess-player uses his wits, his talents, his cleverness and his experience, moving the pawns or figures over the board to serve his own *best* interests. The *more intelligent* his handling of the pawns, the *more substantial* will be his success.

Hundreds of men today are mere "pawns" in the hands of other men, when a little train-

ing in the right direction would make them "players" with a good chance to win.

If you are a "pawn" in the world of business, if you are a mere figure in the hands of other men who are moving you and your talents around the board to suit *their* own interests. Sheldon has a way to lift you up to the "player" class.

Make Your Next Move Toward Sheldon

One move across the chess board often decides a game. *Your* move today toward Sheldon Training may be the making of a big tomorrow—yet your first move *costs you nothing*.

Sheldon has written a book. This book is to business tactics what Hoyle is to the game of chess. It points the way to a better understanding of the business *laws* and *rules* which help men win.

Your name on a postal card or on the coupon below brings a free copy of The

Sheldon Book *on one condition*—that you will agree to read it.

The Book should be in the hands of every man who wants to be a "player"—it lays bare what the Sheldon Courses in *Sausmanship* and *Business Building* can do for you in your spare time at home.

And after this, here's your next move: Get intouch with Sheldon—get the Free Book *now*.

I "Move" As Follows:

SHELDON SCHOOL, 1204 Republic Building, Chicago. If you will send me The Sheldon Book "Free," my next move will be to read it thoroughly:

Name

Street

City..... State.....



The Sheldon School

1204 Republic Building,
Chicago, Illinois

WILLIAM LLOYD, of Westfield, New Jersey, may or may not be a philosopher. I am willing to leave that question to the philosophical critics. The chances are that Lloyd and I will both furnish sirloin steaks for an underground banquet long before the critics have agreed upon the question. But two things any man must say about Lloyd who has ever shaken his hand, looked into his eyes and read his writings. The first is, that Lloyd's is a gentle, sensitive, poetic soul, which has wrested

from life, as the prize of struggle, the secret of poise. And the second is, that he knows how to write books equally true to life's every-day realities, and suggestive of the highest ideals. Lloyd's latest book, entitled "Life's Beautiful Battle," is devoted to the secret of serenity—which Lloyd found in the old, familiar, but oft-forgotten principles that the good of life is in the strength that comes through conflict; and that evil, as the condition of conflict, is a necessary element in the evolution of a beneficent universe. Hence the "Paradox" of which Lloyd so often speaks: "We must, at the same time, both be at peace with evil and fight it, to get its full value. To

be at peace with evil we must love it, because by the overlook we perceive its final fruit of good, and yet to enable it to fruit we must resist it—and all our progress depends upon this resistance, and all our joy upon this acceptance."

The more strenuous the conflict, the more serene becomes the spirit which has learned the Paradox. So conceived and fought, the inevitable and inescapable battle of life becomes "beautiful" indeed.

One would suspect, from this resume, that Lloyd crosses swords with Tolstoy. He claims Jesus on his side, as against the great Russian teacher, on the ground that what Jesus taught "was not non-resistance, in any logical and complete sense, but non-resistance by evil. Evil was to be resisted and overcome by good." ♣ And Lloyd finds the "good" or "evil" of any form of resistance, not in its methods but in its spirit ♣ Resistance becomes evil when it is accompanied by hatred. "In the defense of your rights and liberties, or of those depending upon you for protection, you may resist an invader, even to the death, and with every mental and physical

force at your command, and yet love him through it all and desire his larger good even with your own—thus using no evil, in the moral sense, in resisting him."

Lloyd is an uncompromising individualist. The final good of life is the development and enrichment of personality. He even calls himself an "anarchist." But in accordance with his favorite thesis, that both sides of every disputed question are true, he believes also in government. From his point of view, government is

Suggest It

There never was a walk yet that was n't made more enjoyable by dropping in at a soda fountain for a bit of a rest and

A Glass of
Coca-Cola

And it fits in so well with the joy of the walk. There's a briskness—a fresh wholesomeness that's for all the world like a smart walk on a clear day.

Delicious—Refreshing—Thirst-Quenching

5c Everywhere

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

an evil; but, like every other form of evil, it is a necessary evil, and will continue to exist until men are able to live without it. The same individualistic point of view appears in Lloyd's treatment of love and marriage. That is no true love which does not concede Liberty. The moment the marriage relation becomes a straitjacket instead of a spur, it becomes immoral ♣ ♣

Lloyd, it will be seen, does not write for babes and sucklings. He is facing towards the dawn



JUST SEE what you are missing by not having a greenhouse. Missing having a flower-garden like this for a full eight months in the year. Missing the fun of "tending it"—missing the health of working in it—missing the joy of giving from it—missing the unalloyed satisfaction of owning it.

And even that is n't all; every member of the family will be interested in it—will share in its benefits, its pleasures. Your ailing friends will be cheered and comforted by the armfuls of flowers you will share with them. You can pay your guests a nice little compliment by putting in their rooms a bounteous vase of their favorite flowers.

In the fall you can completely outwit Jack Frost in his stealthy destruction and bring your outdoor garden favorites into the indoor garden. In the spring you can have plants all ready to set outdoors, that are so far advanced that you will be a month ahead of your neighbors—a month longer of summer flower joys for you. Your vegetable garden will profit by it in the same generous way.

But best of all—winter will not seem so long—you will be saying scat to dull care, and when spring comes, you will wonder how under heaven you ever got along at all, without your indoor garden. It's great—this owning a greenhouse!

When you are missing a thing, it is the time to arrange for getting that thing. So send for our New Catalog now. It will be a revelation to you. Write us a good heart to heart letter, all about your winter garden dreams, and we will answer it fully and make suggestions to fit your particular needs. Think about it, dream about it, talk about it—then let us build it for you. Yes, build it for you this very spring.

If you live West of Cleveland, send your letters to our Chicago Office. Our Western garden-loving friends wanted so many more glass-enclosed gardens than ever our wildest hopes had pictured, that we have been compelled to build a Western factory. It is located at Des Plaines, Illinois, eighteen miles from Chicago. All Western orders will be shipped direct from there. This will make a great saving in freight costs to you Westerners.

Write us that letter and send for the catalog before it is crowded out of your mind by the every day things of life.

NEW YORK
St. James Building
BOSTON
Tremont Building

PHILADELPHIA
Heed Building
CHICAGO
The Rookery

Lord & Burnham Co.

of a new and better day, and writes for men and women who have learned that their heads were intended for something else besides hat-racks. As I hinted before, Lloyd may not be as much of a "philosopher" as he thinks he is. If I wanted "philosophy"—which I don't—I should take down Plato and Hegel and Green and Royce. But Lloyd has studied life at first-hand, and when the battle of life gets hard, I often turn to this last book of his. Just a sample before I close. Speaking of the

serenity which comes from the "acceptance" (in Lloyd's sense) of evil, he adds: "But too often this beautiful truth has been degraded into the affirmation of mere indolence, apathy and pessimism as the true wisdom, and the posing of the lazy, cynical and spiritless as superior. On the contrary, the true greatness is with those who keenly desire, yet serenely lose, who fight bravely, and with their might, yet endure defeat with dignity, and victory without exultation or revenge; who work with all their skill and yet calmly see their products pass away or decay; who join heart and hand, like true and loyal comrades, in all the toil and warfare of the

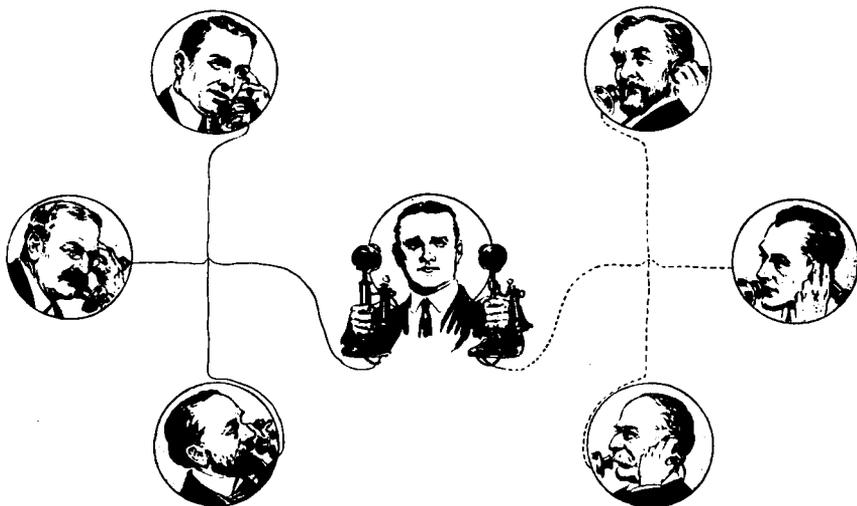
world about them, and yet have souls floating like angels, wide-eyed and calm, in a heaven above it all. These are they who know that the battle is more than the victory, and the work more than the ware. These are they who hold the Paradox and the Reconciliation."

—Charles B. Mitchell.

 E glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.—Henry Van Dyke.

MEN do not fail commonly for want of knowledge, but for want of prudence to give wisdom the preference. What we need to know in any case is very simple. It is but too easy to establish another durable and harmonious routine. Immediately all parts of Nature consent to it. Only make something to take the place of something, and men will behave as if it were the very thing they wanted. They must behave, at any rate, and will work up any material. There is always a present and extant life, be it better or worse, which all combine to uphold. We should be slow to mend, my friends, as slow to require mending, "Not hurling, according to the oracle, a transcendent foot towards piety." The language of excitement is at best picturesque merely. You must be calm before you can utter oracles. What was the excitement of the Delphic priestess compared with the calm wisdom of Socrates?—or whoever it was that was wise. Enthusiasm is a supernatural serenity.—Henry D. Thoreau.

The man who blesses—who makes the world better—is the true priest.



Half Service Or Double Expense

TWO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

MOUNTAINS seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper. They are great cathedrals of the earth, with gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars.—Ruskin.



**Individual Libraries
With Unlimited
Possibilities of Growth**

To have one's books appropriately housed, but within easy reach, where they can be enjoyed without interruption, and without encroaching on the liberty or pleasure of others, is the secret of the Individual Library idea.

For the young people at home, or away at school, their books and favorite authors; for the guest room, den, living room, hall; for any room, no matter what the size of your book collection may be—there is a style or combination in

**Globe-Wernicke
Elastic Bookcases**

exactly suited to your needs; yet possessing unlimited possibilities for home decoration or future growth.

The Unit Construction

of Globe-Wernicke bookcases lends itself perfectly to the individual requirements of all, or any room. Made in a wide diversity of styles and finishes Globe-Wernicke "elastic" bookcases will harmonize with any interior fittings desired. They are

Easy to Arrange or Rearrange

and as the number of books increase, or additional units become necessary, new and artistic combinations may be easily and quickly created. Globe-Wernicke bookcase units and duplicates at any future time will be found on sale in 1500 principal towns and cities. Where not represented, we will ship on approval, freight paid.

Write today for complete catalogue illustrated in color and a copy of "The World's Best Books"—both mailed free. Address Dept. U

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.



SOME PREACHMENTS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



HE special booklets written by Elbert Hubbard have become factors in the advertising world.

¶ Banks, Department-Stores, Railroads, Private Schools, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers have used these booklets by thousands, their ad on the cover.

¶ The humor, the pathos, the human quality in these preachments touch all people, and they are read, remembered and redistributed.

Some of these booklets are:

A Message to Garcia

The Cigaretist

The Boy From Missouri Valley

Get Out or Get In Line

Help Yourself by Helping the House

The Parcel Post

How to Get Others to Do Your Work
Pasteboard Proclivities

"The hundred thousand copies of your 'Boy from Missouri Valley' we used, was the most effective advertising we ever did."—
R. H. MACY & CO., New York.

Send for samples and prices ✂
Use your business stationery.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

of the city, the magnificent Hudson—and the majority of those who live in the huge city know as little about the Hudson as they do about the Orinoco ✂ ✂

As it is in New York City—the worst American example of human crowding—so it is to a lesser degree in Boston, Chicago and the other great cities of the world.

Men gather together like swarming gnats. They look only upon the faces of other men—worried, anxious, hurried, tired, bound to brick and stone and iron.

The sun rises and sets and, unless by accident, the city people see neither the rising nor the setting. They have forgotten that there is a moon and

THE population of our great cities increases with dangerous rapidity.

Human beings, for whom was made this beautiful earth, with its trees and sunshine and clouds, are huddling in narrow, stony, sunless streets ✂ ✂

In New York City five millions of human beings are gathered, living under false conditions ✂ Their city is almost at the edge of the water—and more than half of them have never seen the ocean. A beautiful river flows on one side

do not distinguish its light from the dull blue electric lamps swinging shadows above the street ✂ ✂

The human race in the cities reproduces faithfully the old Greek story of the men who lived in the cave and who knew of life only as much as was told by the shadows that the fire cast upon the walls.

At whatever cost, by whatever sacrifice, take your children, take yourself, into the country. Even if you must go to a dismal, lonely, half-

built suburb—
go there *و* Get
away from the
noise, the stones,
the microbes,
the dulness.

Let your chil-
dren see the sky
—that wonder-
ful, ever-chang-
ing picture that
Nature spreads
before her chil-
dren *و*

The mind within
you has back of
it a history of
millions of years
—a history in
touch with
Nature and Na-
ture's wonders.

¶ Your mind
can not grow,
develop or work
as it should in
the city. ¶ The

earth, to which
you belong, is
the inspiration
which you need,
and a mind sepa-
rated from that
earth by the
stones of the
pavement is as
unfortunate as
a child separated
from its mother.

¶ When last you
saw the country,
how did it look
to you?

The brown earth plowed ready for the seed
of Winter grain.

Trees red, scarlet, yellow and brown, dropping
back upon the soil the leaves drawn from the
soil *و*

The wind blowing fresh and clean across the
wide spaces.

The sun filling with brilliant light or mysteri-
ous shadow every corner of the land.

And above, most beautiful of all, the clouds,
fleecy and white, circling around the horizon,

Nelson's PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF Encyclopaedia and Research Bureau for Special Information

"It Cannot Grow Old"



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
That Little Bar and Nut has solved the Problem!
It has put all other Encyclopaedias out of date!
"It is used as an authority in our Editorial Rooms." Review of Reviews.
The most valuable, durable and beautiful set of books published.

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Future generations will read of the city life as we read today of the lives of the cave men,



Prof. Henry Dickson

America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self-Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

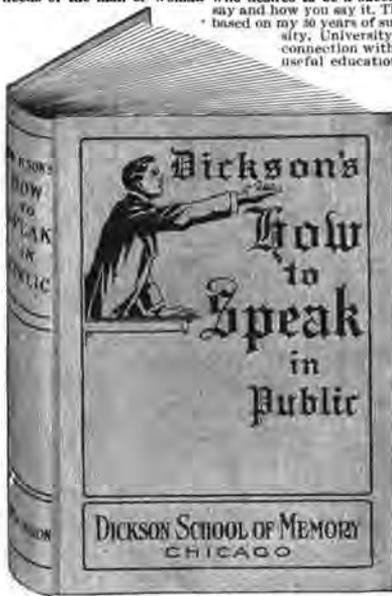
More About Remembering

ARTICLE II

LAST MONTH ELBERT HUBBARD told the readers of THE FRA something about my School of Memory. The FRA knows that the men I am helping most are you Managers, Secretaries, Teachers—men and women in business who need the Quick Thought, Accurate Judgment, Unhesitating Decision—in short, the Responsive Memory which presents Facts to you when Facts are needed. The FRA recommended my System to you because he knows that hundreds of readers of THE FRA have already raised their standard of efficiency by taking my method. Now I am addressing you personally. Increased efficiency, greater abilities, higher standards are all for you; my booklet will explain. Simply cut out and mail coupon below. Accuracy of Memory is not all that is covered by my method. Remember the man who was called upon to speak—he arose, stammered, sucked air, gurgled ice-water—forgot—and sat down in the kindly silence. Memory in Relation to Public Speaking was what he required. That is one of the many subjects in my Method. It is very simple; you do not realize the capacity of your own brain until you have put it through a few easy exercises. Ability is latent within you, simply it needs developing. You will be surprised to note how quickly and accurately a *trained* faculty responds.

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De Luxe edition, handsomely illustrated, richly bound. Is full of carefully selected material exactly suited to meet the needs of the man or woman who desires to be a successful public speaker. **Success** in life depends on what you say and how you say it. This book of mine on Public Speaking and Self-Expression is based on my 30 years of success as an instructor in Public Speaking in Chicago University, University of Notre Dame, and other well known schools. Taken in connection with my memory training, you can obtain a far better and more useful education than is afforded by many of the best universities. The price of this full de luxe edition is \$2.00. I will, however, present a copy absolutely free to every student who enrolls for my course of memory training within ten days after reading this offer. *The ability to think on your feet, to focus your mind instantly and receive your thoughts unhesitatingly, interestingly, makes you a leader of men—and it's worth while.*



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No matter where you live, what your vocation, or what your age, my course will make you infinitely more successful. Only ten minutes a day—no tedious lessons, only a simple method which teaches you—How to remember names and faces of people you meet. How to focus your mind instantly on the points of a business proposition. How to commit a speech or toast to memory quickly, and deliver it unhesitatingly. How to converse at social gatherings in a natural, interesting way that wins friends. How to overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness. How to control your mind. How to memorize for studies, examinations, etc. *The Dickson System of Memory Training has been highly recommended by such notables as Elbert Hubbard, Prof. David Swing, Dr. Latson and thousands of others.* The fame of this unique and successful system has spread over the entire country, and its successful graduates fill every walk in business, political and professional activity. While the weakest memories can be strengthened, many of the most intellectual men of the day have availed themselves of memory training.

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Name

Street

City State

when others kept them bound, emancipate yourself, free yourself and leave the city

—A. Brisbane.

HOSE who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations; but at least they will run no risk of being beguiled, by ennui, idleness or want of occupation, "to buy the merry madness of an hour with the long penitence of after-time."

The love of Nature, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind. It turns "every ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice," and brightens life until it becomes almost

the lives of those that built their homes on platforms out above the lakes, or of those that dwelt high up on the sides of cliffs.

There are millions of square miles unoccupied on this earth's surface—mountains, valleys, rolling hills, beautiful plains—and the millions of human souls that should occupy and enjoy this great domain are cooped up in hideous cities and tenements, stagnating spiritually and intellectually.

If you admire the man who freed his slaves

like a fairy-tale.—John Lubbock.

MAN is incomprehensible without Nature, and Nature is incomprehensible apart from man. For the delicate loveliness of the flower is as much in the human eye as in its own fragile petals, and the splendor of the heavens as much in the imagination that kindles at the touch of their glory as in the shining of countless worlds.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

✱ It is well occasionally to stop our stargazing and consider the ground under our feet. Maybe it is celestial, too; maybe this brown, sun-tanned, sin-stained earth is a sister to the morning and the evening star ✱ If it should turn out to be so, it seems to me that we have many things to learn over again—we must tear down and build larger ✱ ✱

No wonder the old fathers resisted the notion that the earth was round and turned round! It was not the millponds that were in danger of spilling out, so much as certain creeds and theories ✱ Once set the earth afloat, and what have you not unloosed? Admit that the notch in the mountain really does not

determine where the sun shall rise—or, further, that this great palpable fact, which our senses so overwhelmingly affirm, of the passage of the sun from East to West over the earth, is no fact at all, but an illusion—that it is the solid ground beneath our feet that is slipping away, and not the sun up there—and you have admitted a principle that make your creeds and philosophies whirl like soap-bubbles.—John Burroughs.

A little ignorance is not a dangerous thing.



THERE needn't be *any* left-at-homes when you own a Detroit Electric Brougham. It's so comfortably *roomy*.

Ample space for four large adults. Wide, deep cushions—richly upholstered—the smartest of equipages for town and suburbs.

The Detroit Electric is the car of *dependable safety*—a woman can drive it anywhere. Its special control means that if *she* forgets, the car "remembers" automatically.

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✱ **T**HE tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. Some see Nature all ridicule and deformity, and by these I shall not regulate my proportions; and some scarce see Nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees.—William Blake.

A gentleman is one whose virtues are not founded on self-interest.

A Civilizing Influence

THE institution which does the thing supremely well always gets its reward in long life. And the way to live ninety-nine years is to work ninety of them. Service and promptness are safeguards along the way. Dempsey and Carroll, Stationers to the American People, exemplify this.

THEY have served the public wisely and well; so every Spring a flood of mail comes into their New York store for Wedding-Invitations, At-Home and Church Cards and other social requirements. When a house gets repeat orders every year, you know the reason.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL have a love for their business—they are intent on doing things right, to make their trade not only a fine art but a civilizing influence. There are certain words which mark the Spirit of this Firm: System, Service, Purpose, Courtesy, Initiative, Truthfulness, Individuality, Mutuality and Thoroughness.

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THE sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing, which is a thing Dempsey and Carroll understand well. Trust your orders for Announcements, Wedding-Invitations, At-Home and Church Cards to them and you will get positively the best the world affords. Send your orders in early; but if something occurs which demands quick work, call on the firm by mail which has made a reputation for promptness—Dempsey and Carroll.

ALSO, if you want something extra special and choice, there is no other firm you can be so sure of, to furnish what you want and when you want it. Their engravers and printers are expert, artistic and intent on producing the proper thing for every event. Prices and samples supplied gladly, on request.

IF you have not seen the best, it is quite easy to be content with something else. But if Dempsey and Carroll do your work, you will be content because you have the best.

of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet, blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me, now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled Immortals. My heart is fixed

ALTHOUGH not often consciously recognized, perhaps this is the great pleasure of Summer: to watch the earth, the dead particles, resolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed-leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny, mottled egg come the wings that by and by shall pass the immense sea. It is in this marvelous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of Summer reside. Every blade

firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the Summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower to me is so much more than stalk and petals. When I look in the mirror I see that each line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is, my experience—I remain an optimist. Time with an unsteady hand has etched thin, crooked lines, and, deep-

ening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadow. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing; as the sea-hoofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves but onwards, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. He is indeed despicable who can not look onwards to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.—Richard Jefferies.

LIMB the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn.—John Muir.

LOVE is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathom-

able ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

ONE night, in the desert, Mohammed and one of his followers came to an oasis and halted for the night. As they dismounted, Mohammed's follower said: "I will loose my camel and trust him to Allah." "Nay, my friend," replied Mohammed; "tie thy camel and trust him to Allah!"

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To get that infinitely small fraction of accuracy makes your watch cost ten times as much as the Ingersoll-Trenton—and that small fraction is not really of value in the day's work. In other words, an Ingersoll-Trenton at, say \$9.00, is a good enough watch for anybody. Sold only by responsible jewelers.

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THE ROYCROFT CONVENTION



THE Sixteenth Annual Convention will be held at East Aurora, July First to Tenth, inclusive, Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

All Life Members, and subscribers to "The Philistine" in good standing, are especially invited to be with us and join in the glad-some glee. ¶ There will be two formal programs daily, but not too formal—afternoon and evening—when men and women of note will speak, sing, recite, vibrate and otherwise disturb the ether.

There is always much good-fellowship at these conventions. Introductions are tabu. Everybody knows everybody else ¶ Good will and the laugh in which there is no bitterness prevail. ¶ The Science of Business, this year, will be one of the especial themes under discussion.

Music will be a principal feature.

The Roycroft Physical Director will lead gentle walks afield—down to the Spring and through The Roycroft Wood ¶ There will also be tramps to The Roycroft Farm—there usually are—and demonstrations at The Roycroft Woodpile.

Health, happiness, good cheer and all that makes for increased efficiency will be yours.

As for Ideas, everybody is welcome to all he can bring, and to all he can carry away.

There is no charge for attendance at the lectures, concerts and other entertainments.

Rates at The Roycroft Inn are Two Dollars a day and up, according to rooms, including meals. ¶ Free automobile service meets all trains at the station. Reservations at the Inn can now be made. Perhaps you had better not dress too fine—flannels, corduroys, khaki, stout shoes and a smile!

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Blue-Bird Box for Brides



CHARLES HENRY FOX, Florist Extraordinary, has dressed the Blue-Bird Box in the mode for many an occasion. Ever and Always it has been a delight and a surprise. But just now, when the birds are calling to their mates and Spring is all about us, Charles Henry makes all his previous efforts pale beside his new creation—the Blue-Bird Box for Brides.

May and June are Nature's nuptial months, and flowers in recognition of this put on a new and significant beauty. Fox uses the best of them in witching the Blue-Bird Box for Brides into being. It is a joyous, gladsome and glorious gift to send to that girl friend who is to take a life pal this month or next.

The Blue-Bird Box will be sent on this important errand, passage paid by Fox, to any bride (of any man) anywhere for Five Dollars. Mail remittance, address and date and Fox will have the Box of Happiness delivered on the morning of the day of days.

N. B.—You probably remember two or three girls who promised to "be a sister to you" and who are to be married soon. Send in the particulars and remittance for all now, and Fox will fill the various marriage dates with the Bridal Blue-Bird Box and your Good Wishes.

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of the Rose Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.

June Brides

To YOSEMITE YSOBEL

An Advertisement written in the Yosemite by Elbert Hubbard with Ysobel by his side and the Bridal Veil singing a ceaseless lullaby across the canyon, and flowers flecking the pathway ❁ ❁

Paul Rieger's
CALIFORNIA
Flower Drops

CALIFORNIA, the land of flowers! Flowers are a love-product—Nature's nuptial decorations. Only lovers understand the language of flowers, and the man who is too old to be a lover is old enough to die—and moreover, does. When the love instinct withers to ashes of roses, Charon's scow is grating on the sands.

Charon does not love flowers; in the lapel of his — er — slicker, there is no boutonniere.

If I had but two loaves of raisin-bread, as much as I like it, I'd sell one of them to buy a package of Paul Rieger's "Flower Drops" to feed my soul—and hers.

"Flower Drops" is neither a smell, an odor, nor a perfume—it is a suggestion of the growing blossoms. Bottled smells are in bad form. They go with the vulgar rich; but California "Flower Drops" breathe the essence of blossoms, nodding free in the sunshine, kissed by the Summer breeze.



Flowers form a lovers' litany and the lines they lilt offer this refrain, "Love like ours can never die!"

Paul Rieger's California "Flower Drops" are put up in cut-glass bottles, each one packed in a tiny maple case—precious as the tears of the prophet—only they tell of love and joy, breath and happiness, sunshine and serenity. "Flower Drops" are always a delight. Flowers wither, petals droop and drop, and leaves crumble; but the breath of flowers as revealed in "Flower Drops" sings in the heart that loves a perpetual Eucharist, "Love like ours can never die!" "Flower Drops" are a symbol, a suggestion, a reminder, a creed, a memory tryst. To each June Bride I know goes this precious present—a present that is always in exquisite taste, since its value is not in what it costs, but what it suggests, "Love like ours can never die!"

"Flower Drops" will be sent on receipt of \$1.50 to any address. Miniature bottles are mailed for Twenty Cents in stamps or silver and the name of your Druggist.

PAUL RIEGER, 296 First Street, San Francisco, California
169 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.

watch a chance and give ourselves over to receptive idleness ❁ It is the enjoyment of such moments in anticipation that makes labor tolerable. One day in seven is every man's by law, and so he values it at much less than its real worth. A stolen week-day hour, for which one plans and struggles, is a tidbit more clearly remembered than a month of Sundays. I never met him yet who had no love for a holiday ❁ Toil is necessary, but it does not charm; labor per se is not man's chiefest aim, but to complete a life-work as soon as possible, that the active contemplation of it may be indulged. So universal is a love of such idleness that, it is safe to assume, idleness is the

CHESTERFIELD asks somewhere, of some one, "Will you improve that hour instead of idling it away?" That depends. For myself I hold it most righteous to idle away many an hour, for paradoxical as it may seem, with folded arms and half-closed eyes we may wax wiser with every hour. An idle hour is a contradiction. The world does not pause because your step becomes a shuffle; and where, out of doors, is it empty? Custom is a cruel taskmaster; but when his back is turned it is well to

aim of life ❁ Every one disputes this, but it matters not. We all know it as a feeling hidden in every breast; else, why every one wishes he was so far rich that he need not labor? Not necessarily to sit with folded hands and dream; but to be able to follow the whim of the moment—to do as he pleases—to indulge in idleness. This, unhappily, is the lot of few, but the many are not so sorely stricken as they imagine, and hours of happy idleness are lost through ignorance.—Charles C. Abbott.

EVERY time that we allow ourselves to be penetrated by Nature, our soul is opened to the most touching impressions. Whether Nature smiles and adorns herself on her most beautiful days, or whether she becomes pale, gray, cold and rainy, in Autumn and in Winter, there is something in her which moves not only the surface of the soul, but even its inmost depths, and awakens a thousand memories which to all appearances have no connection whatever with the outward scene, but which, nevertheless, undoubtedly hold communion with the soul of Nature through sympathies that may be entirely unknown to us, because her methods seem to be beyond the touch of our thought.—Maurice de Guerin.

THE man who makes his wife get up in the morning to start the fires, at last saved enough money to buy an automobile. One day while going up a hill the machine stopped. "You'll have to get out and push, Fannie," he said, "because I've got to stay here and guide it."—William J. Burtscher.

A Dutchman—His Paint

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI once said, "Perfection is so rare in this world that when we find it we must pause and pay it the tribute of our silent admiration."

I have been studying the subject of Paint, and I have found a perfect paint.

The first painters were Sailors—Dutch at that. They painted their ships as a matter of necessity—to waterproof them. A house is nothing but a ship on land, and the first house was painted by a sailor out of a job.

These Dutch sailors came from the land that produced Rembrandt, and if I were to apply Rossetti's definition of Perfection to any painter, I would give it to Rembrandt.

The maker of this Perfect Paint is a Dutchman, P. M. Baumgardner, of the Holland Linseed Oil Company. Rembrandt was a king of light and shade, and so is Baumgardner. He is the inventor of an Indestructible Paint.

This paint is composed of pure white lead and pure linseed-oil, combined with a special preparation which goes to make it absolutely rust-proof, and keeps it from cracking, peeling or blistering. This waterproof formula is transparent and works in any color. Baumgardner will match any color or tint, including jet-black and white.

His paint stops the disintegration of metal, wood, brick and stone. It will wear five times longer than any other paint yet made.

It is sold direct from the manufacturer to the consumer, at a lower price than you could possibly mix Linseed-Oil and White Lead yourself.

The Holland Linseed Oil Company will ship this paint at the low price of \$1.50 per gallon, freight prepaid on one hundred pounds or over, to points East of the Rocky Mountains and South of the Canadian Line.



Beautiful color-plates of different painted houses are sent on application, so that you can make an intelligent selection of color combinations.

Mr. Baumgardner will be delighted to inform you on the subject of paint and painting if you write to him.

Holland Linseed Oil Company
2012-2014 Austin Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Y garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me, like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, Nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man.

—Alexander Smith.

That which perfects humanity can not destroy any religion except a bad one.

A Business Helper Who Is Needed

The man who sells the goods is the real businessman. All the rest are merely helpers, and this man must be a man of poise, who endures everything from his customers and gets even by selling them a bill. He has a general policy that is right.

¶ This man realizes that the important thing is the business, and that his personal feelings are beside the question.

Such a man is needed in every business house. This man must be a world citizen, a cosmopolitan.

G. V. W., care of Adv. Dept., The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Responsibilities gravitate to this man because he can shoulder them: power flows to him because he knows how. He does n't worry, for he feels his strength.

If your business is minus such a man, there is one you can secure right now.

He knows English, German, Spanish, also French.

We recommend him to any importer or manufacturer who is looking to the world market. ¶ He is forty-five years young.

No stock, land speculation or other shaky deal attracts him. He is a one-hundred-point man in every way. Address him as follows:

Fresh Salmon Delivered Everywhere

DISTRIBUTION is the greatest problem with which the business world has to contend. ¶ Food a mile from human bodies has no value save as it is known that this mile can be bridged.

The Occidental Fish Company of Seattle have centered on this question of distribution, and now it is a fact demonstrated daily that a fine Steelhead or Chinook Salmon just as it comes from the water, packed in ice, will reach their customer in perfect condition, being re-iced every two hundred miles by the Express Company and delivered wherever the express companies have an office North of a line, say Saint Louis to Philadelphia, for twenty cents a pound, express paid.

The Occidental Fish Company have made it their purpose to place elegant Salmon just as they come from the water direct to those who are unable to get them from local markets.

The Occidental Fish Company can reach every town in the country that has express service. Here is a particular advantage of the Occidental service, that you get Western Fish in preference to the Eastern varieties which do not include Salmon, as fresh as you possibly could from the Eastern dealers.

Civilization is an evolution. It is the efficient way of doing things. The man who studies mankind, finds out what men really want, and then supplies them, is the man who deserves your patronage.

¶ You should know more about this plan of the Occidental Fish Company in regard to the distribution of Fish and filling a human need.

Write to them direct. They will gladly tell you all about it.

OCCIDENTAL FISH COMPANY, Inc., Seattle, Washington

¶ T is a great moment in a man's experience when he awakes to the wonder of the world about him, and begins to see it with his own eyes, and to feel afresh its subtle and penetrating charm. From that moment the familiar earth and sky become miracles once more, and his spirit is hourly re-created in their presence.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

¶ The ideas that benefit a man are seldom well received in his first presentation.

¶ S the story comes to me, old Hiram Bitner "took sick" with something on the back of his neck, so he sent for Doc Leggett. The "Doc" diagnosed the trouble as blastomycosis, and told Hiram it would cost him fifty plunks to have the bloomin' thing blasted out. The old man said he'd rather retain both the fifty and the disease.

Then he called in Doc Plummer, who said it was no more blastomycosis than it was hypertrophied papillae linguae. ¶ He called it dysidrosis, which carried with it a fee of seventy-five bones for treatment. Old man Bitner told Plummer to chase himself hence and take his dysidrosis with him.

Doc Swope swore by the shades of Stewart Hartshorn that the trouble was telangiectasis, and he could n't think of going after it for less than an even hundred simoleons. Both the name and the price scared Hiram for a moment, but he spunked up and told Swope he would hang on to the hundred, and he could do what he dam pleased with his telangiectasis.

When Doc Duncan looked the case over, he decided the patient was smitten with oophorectomy, and anything carrying a name like

that also carried a fee of a clean hundred and a quarter. Hiram offered the quarter if Dunc would knock off the hundred, but the deal fell through. ¶ Doc Bumps was at first inclined to call the affliction thyro-idectomy, then switched to trachelorrhaphy, then to coccyetomy, but said he might change the diagnosis to colporrhaphy or enterorrhaphy after he had Hiram on the table. ¶ In any event, it would cost five hundred for the cutting, twenty-five for the bottle-holder and ten for the dope. ¶ Old Lady Bitner happened in just then, fired Bumps out of the place, looked at Hiram's neck, said it was a "bile," put on a milk-poultice, and in a day or two Hiram was digging post-holes back in the clearin'.

—Bert Moses.

WHEN I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of



Users of Thread will study their own interests by insisting upon having

**BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREAD**

Made Since 1784

AVOID cheap cotton thread branded "Linen Finish."



**BARBOUR'S
F. D. A. LINEN**

A NEW CROCHET THREAD

of superior quality with higher lustre than has before been given Flax Thread. Possessing the lustre of silk, yet retains all the merits of Linen Thread.

Purchase of your local dealer
Nos. 18 to 150 White

Sample Card Upon Application

THE LINEN THREAD CO.
Lace Work Dep't., 96-98 Franklin Street, New York

Your Business Stationery

is *always* worth what it costs you if it bears the watermark

Trade Mark Registered

Best at

the Price

Made in White and Six Colors

With Envelopes to Match

The truth of this statement rests upon a nation wide plan of selling *direct* to responsible printers and lithographers in quantities of 500 lbs. or more at a time, while other equally fine bond papers are sold through *local* jobbers, a ream or two at a time, to any printer who will buy them. The advantage in favor of Construction Bond assures you

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Many fine papers will produce "impressive" stationery but none other enjoys the one-profit, expense-eliminating selling plan of Construction Bond; none other receives the support of, and is obtainable *only* of the highest grade printers and lithographers throughout the United States. The name of those in your locality and some samples of fine letterhead work on Construction Bond will be sent *free* if you ask us on your business stationery. Make a note now to write us if you want "Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price."

W. E. Wroe & Co.

1002 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him.

—Izaak Walton.

NATURE is the true idealist. When she serves us best, when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, that the light, skies and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.—Emerson.

There is no solitude in Nature.—Schiller.

If you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want.

HE* HEALTH* HOTEL

By FRA ELBERTUS

The Hotel Rider that was, is now The Vanadium. Generally the advertisements read, "everything new but the name." The Rider, magnificent and beautiful as it was, is so much improved that even the name could not stay. ¶ This great modern hotel at Cambridge Springs, in the foothills of rugged Pennsylvania, is one of the few places which can be visited with equal pleasure and comfort at any time of the year. Perhaps this is why so many people include The Vanadium in the Winter travel list. The less favored places you visit when you can.

For "Adventures in Contentment," I recommend The Vanadium like my Little Journeys. The long Peristyle and the cheerful, cleanly interior possess a lure for me that syntax will not make you see and understand. This Little Journey you must make yourself, and not in the depths of a Morris chair either. The Vanadium and Cambridge Springs are only a night's ride on the Erie from New York and Chicago, and but four hours from Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburgh.

This is the most accessible health, recreation and rest resort in America. Nature's medicinal waters for the inner and outer man mean health. The baths are superb and the gymnasium is equipped to develop Muldoons. Sit amidst the quiet elegance of the new lobby before one of the big fireplaces with its crackling logs, and submerge the cares and routine of the tense life in the congenial company of people and books.

Health is the most natural thing in the world, but sometimes we need a place to induce it.

The Vanadium was remodeled for one purpose only: to induce health as promptly, as pleasantly and as permanently as possible. Start now.

BOOKLET C GRATIS

THE VANADIUM HOTEL, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

GEORGE W. AVERY, Manager

Formerly Hotel Astor, New York

Little Messages of Love

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ A letter from a friend is a window thrown open on a fairyland. Eugene Field may not have been a great man, but he knew the secret of friendship and he knew how to write a message of good cheer. Gene was not as profound as Emerson, not as learned as Greeley of the "Tribune" nor as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters command price that those of the good men just named do not.

¶ A Gene Field letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love and truth. When Gene Field wrote letters, he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself he was pleased with Gene and everybody. He made you feel that the world is all right and that you are its younger brother. A Gene Field letter is always brief—a Lettergram.

¶ I make it a rule never to write a grouchy letter—I telephone.

¶ That plan of the king in olden times who killed the messenger who brought him bad news has my approval. Blessed are those who bring glad tidings! If you can not write a good letter—don't!

¶ A long letter is as bad as one that contains grouch and grum. Let your letter contain an element of joy, a message of wisdom and a jigger of wit to give it flavor. Write it on the best stationery you know, and the best stationery you know is OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, "The Stationery of a Gentleman."

¶ OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is a smooth, firm texture bond note-paper with envelopes to match. It has the crackle and the feel of genuineness and elegance. It shows care, good taste, consideration on your part, and the friend who receives your message will know and understand your expression of good will the better.

¶ Your stationery is a vehicle of expression just as much as the words you use.

¶ I received a letter from a friend the other day written on OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. I read it thoroughly and then I pinned it up over my desk where I could see it. I wanted it to stick in my memory as an exquisite sample of what a message of good fellowship should be.

¶ There is a subtle suggestiveness in the words OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. When you open an envelope made of this paper there comes memory, assertion, avowal and promise. "Art is not a thing," said William Morris; "Art is a Way—the beautiful way."

¶ Via OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is the beautiful way of sending a message. It is an appeal to the refined imagination, the generous mind, the receptive heart and the kindly mood. It stands for good taste.

¶ If you want to know more about this Stationery, a trial box will be sent you free. Send four cents to help cover postage. It costs more to send it. Address the makers direct.



Hampshire Paper Company, South Hadley Falls, Mass.



Important to Those Who Expect to Build

¶ When planning to build, you will find it of *great value* to first make a careful *personal* study of the illustrations of houses, etc., that have been designed and built by a *number* of leading architects, and to also learn *their* ideas regarding the best interior arrangement and the most appropriate furnishings.

¶ This important information, which would greatly aid you in deciding about *your own* building plans, when you take them up with your own architect and builder, can easily be obtained from the *several hundred* exterior and interior designs that are beautifully illustrated in the last six numbers of

The Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders

¶ In these six numbers are *also* illustrated and described the numerous building specialties that add very much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing the initial cost; and *this* information *may* mean the *saving* of many dollars to *you*.

Our Special Offer

¶ We have a limited supply of these sets of six numbers, which are invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although the *regular* price is \$1.50, we make *you* a *special* offer of \$1.00 for the six, while the sets last, if you will mention THE FRA. They will soon be sold ~~out~~. Send in your order to-day, to-morrow may be too late.

Send the Coupon with \$1.00 To-day

THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD, 150 Metropolitan Annex, New York.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for which please mail your last six numbers, according to special offer in THE FRA.

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

Next to the laborer in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to Nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure.

Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted plant in his house or carriage till he has established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then those invisible fibers and root-lets through which character comes to smack of the soil, and which make a man kindred to the spot of earth he inhabits.

The roads and paths you have walked along in Summer and Winter weather,

★ DO not think that I exaggerate the importance or the charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land. No one else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as does the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through.

the meadows and hills which you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, where fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways, where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend—pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring—henceforth they are not the same; a new charm is added; those thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks there forever.

—John Burroughs.

SOCIETY, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rock where I may hide, and sweet valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitterness make me whole.

—Oscar Wilde.

NATURE, like a loving mother, is ever trying to keep land and sea, mountain and valley, each

in its place, to hush the angry winds and waves, balance the extremes of heat and cold, of rain and drought, that peace, harmony and beauty may reign supreme.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

POETS have described the beauties, the sublimities of Nature; Browning was the first poet, so far as I know, who made a starved landscape poetical; by which I mean, such a landscape appeal to the spiritual nature of the reader. It is all important in the higher

A Man With the "Sterling" Mark

W. THOS. COXON has been marked "Sterling" by such efficient judges of man material as M. S. Flanigan, Commercial Agent of The Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad; R. J. Curran of The Nashville, Chattanooga and Saint Louis Railway; and E. H. Brown, Agent of The Union Line. ¶ Now, Coxon, the "Sterling" Mark man, wants to move up a peg. There is only one reason why he wants to make a change: He is bigger than his present job and it does n't fit him. ¶ Coxon overflows with the stuff that makes a successful Traffic man and business-getter. He is a real hustler himself and he has been successful in his work. He wants an opening where enthusiasm, big ideas and a splendid experience will meet larger opportunities. He believes in earning more than he gets and knows that any employer will find his services a good investment. Coxon will work for your House, if you want him, every minute, and he knows the philosophy of "Get out or get in line." ¶ Coxon is a dynamo, and his source of power is not dope. He is hobbled now and has a lot of stored-up energy to work into your business. ¶ To any business man or business house who wants a first-class executive, a man who knows system, an economist of time and energy, and withal a Traffic-Manager, etc., we recommend this man with the "Sterling" mark. Address him personally.

W. THOS. COXON, 531 Second Street, Henderson, Kentucky, U.S.A.

The LAND of PROMISE

California is a land of fruit and flowers. Everywhere there is the eternal sunshine which woos all Nature into joy. Everywhere there is life, and life in abundance. California produces, among other good things, **GERALDSON'S FIGS**

GERALDSON'S FIGS are absolutely supreme as a confection, food and system-regulator. They are packed in small, tight packages, and reach your hands clean and fresh with all their original flavor.

Six pounds by express prepaid for \$1.00 Ten pounds by express collect for \$1.00
100 pounds by freight prepaid for \$12.00

The GERALDSONS are also planning to furnish next season, in assortments, the finest Dried Peaches, Apricots, Olive-Oil, Pickled Olives and Nuts.

The FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY is one of the most promising organizations in America.

¶ Some of the treasury stock of this Company can be secured now by the right parties.

Write to them and see if you can get in on this splendid opportunity

Foothill Orchard Company, Newcastle, California

poetry that the concrete become a direct spiritual medium to the student, independently of any intellectual interpretation.

The true function of poetry should be to induce an exercise of the spiritual nature. There are plenty of other things in this matter-of-fact world to induce an exercise of the bumptious intellect.—Hiram Corson.

Truth is an imaginary line dividing error into two parts.

An American Bible



THE ROYCROFTERS are now at work on a new and most important book—AN AMERICAN BIBLE. It might have been called, "The American Bible," but we realize that there will be other bibles than this, and we hope better bibles.

This bible is written by Americans, printed by Americans on American paper, bound by Americans, meeting the needs and wants of Americans.

Any young man or woman who is not familiar with the matter in this book can not be considered an educated person, because such a one is not abreast of the best thought that has helped America to take her proud place among the nations.

Any one who knows this book can not be considered an ignorant person.

No five feet of books is required to make an educated person—this one FIVE-DOLLAR book, well read, will differentiate a man from the mass, a person from the proletariat.

The authors represented in this book are: Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, Robert G. Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elbert Hubbard.

There are other American authors of worth—this is admitted—but without these men just named there would be no United States of America as our Nation exists today, and the bird of freedom would be a Rostand rooster giving the Sun his cue—not an eagle that aviates.

The selections are of an affirmative type. Negations are omitted. The denial is often necessary, but a negation is transient and local, while the affirmative lives on and on forever.

The value of a book is not in the knowledge that it imparts, but in the inspiration that it bestows on the reader.

Emerson says that the greatest teacher is not the one who supplies the pupil the

most facts, but the one in whose presence the pupil becomes a different person.

The hope and the intent of this American Bible is to supply uplift, courage, good will and the health and sanity that sees beauty reflected on every side, and which realizes its own divinity.

The word "bible" simply means book. We have arrived at the point where no single book produced in Asia two or three thousand years ago will supply our needs. Problems confront us that were absolutely unknown and are unknown in the Orient. We want a book that will help us live—we can die without assistance.

An American Bible breathes essentially a note of faith. The real doubters in the world are those who see death, damnation and destruction tied up in the fabric of things, and howl in falsetto—Calamity Jake bringing glad tidings of great joy.

Faith and love behold the beautiful and the beneficent.

An American Bible will never drive any one insane, because it will not perplex and pollute the mind with doubts.

No priesthood is required to explain this book.

An American Bible will stand for love, hope, faith, work, laughter, study and play, and will teach the scientific fact that death is a form of life and for all we know, just as good. It will, at all times, extend the firm faith that the Power that cares for us here will never desert us there.

This book will make men think: it will give them strength to decide; and it will inspire wisdom to act; and it will also give power to sit silent.

There will be portraits in photogravure of the subjects, with a special introduction by Alice Hubbard.

The book will be printed in two colors, and will be an especially fine specimen of typography—something that would delight the heart of Benjamin Franklin were he alive today. Oxford binding—sure!

Price of the volume is Five Dollars. Orders are now being recorded by

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

TO ADMEN EVERYWHERE.

DEAR PARTNERS IN WELL-DOING :

Mr. Hubbard requests me to say to you that he will be delighted to greet you whenever you show up at sun-up.

When you come to Roycroft, make yourself known, and we will tell you some of the things we do not know about advertising.

We will also be glad to display for you some de-luxe printing and binding.

THE FRA and "The Philistine" are your Magazines. You are making them a success with our help, and we want to talk the thing over when you come this way.

There will be times when we will pass the medicine-ball and forget it.

We are waiting at the Chapel. Good wishes ever.

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK
SAINT GUTENBERG'S DAY
CLOSING TIME

JAMES WALLEN,

Secretary to Elbert Hubbard



BACK TO THE WOODS

SOME SHOT BY FRA ELBERTUS

The average businessman is generally short on oxygen around Spring and Fall, and needs to get out into the open with a MARLIN REPEATING-RIFLE ♣ Not that the game is anything to him, but the open air and the livening effect of the pursuit of wild things is what he needs.

Pursuing the dollar breaks down nerve-force. Going after game renews it. Avoid Nerve Pros. with a Marlin.

♣ The Marlin 22-Caliber Rifle is a simple, modern and sure take down with a Trombone Action.

You can buy no better gun for target-work and all small game up to two hundred yards. Without change of mechanism it handles .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges, perfectly ♣ The deep Ballard rifling develops maximum power and accuracy and adds years to the life of rifles.

The solid top is protection from defective cartridges — prevents powder and gases from being blown back ♣ The side ejection never lets ejected shells

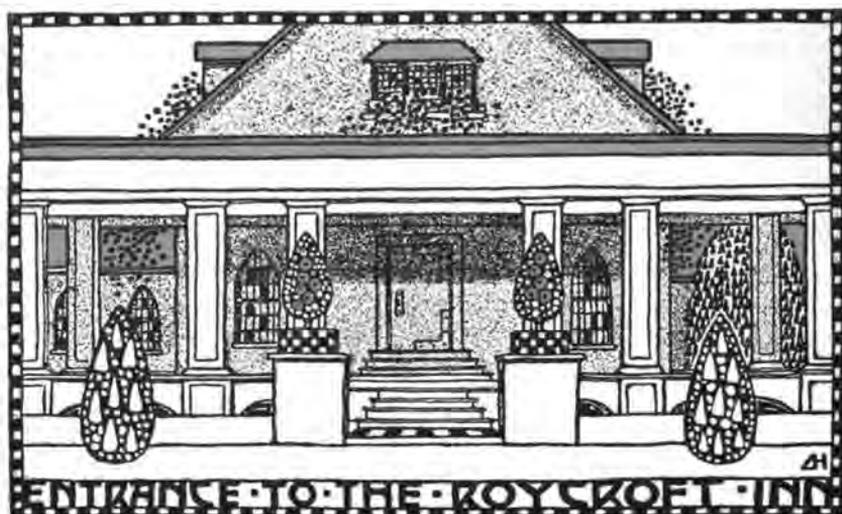
spoil your head, and allows quick, accurate repeat shots. With simple take-down construction, removable action parts — least parts of any .22 — it is the quickest and easiest to clean.

When the Roycroft boys take to the woods, they carry this type of gun, and they generally bring back the bacon.

The Marlin people have some interesting literature on the subject of going after big game and small.

♣ The Marlin literature will give you an evening of joy, and you may incidentally buy a gun ♣ Now is the time to gain gun-knowledge.

Marlin Firearms Company, 65 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



The Roycroft Inn

THE Roycroft Inn so supplies the wholesome needs of life that it makes a regular call upon the hearts of the faithful who have sheltered there. And with the Spring, the old friends begin to travel Inn-ward, and with them come the new.

We hear so much about the simple life, that even conversation has grown involved; of simplicity and simple living, the world has seen but little.

At The Roycroft Inn the windows are made wide to let in the sunlight. There are out-of-door sleeping-rooms that have a corner on ozone. There are medicine-balls and hand-balls and a playground where you will find health and joy.

There are walks afield, mid May's wild flower welcome. There are woody depths along a creek, all violet blue.

All about the Inn is the service that serves, but does not weary. The things you want and need are where you wish to use them.

If you want rest you will find it here. If you need play, there are

jolly playfellows waiting to greet you ☺ ☺

The food is the simple, wholesome kind that brings no regrets. All that comes to our tables is raised on our Farms and prepared for us by people who have a regard for the alimentary and a knowledge of the elementary needs of man.

The roads are open and that automobile feeling is in the air. From Buffalo the route to East Aurora is just eighteen miles, straight out Seneca Street.

Or, take Clinton Street at Fillmore Avenue in Buffalo and follow Brick Road to Elma. Watch for sign on telephone pole, "To East Aurora." Take dirt road through Elma village and straight on to East Aurora, seven miles after leaving Brick.

Sunday dinner is served at one o'clock, and costs one dollar.

The Roycroft Inn is an American plan hotel; rates, Two Dollars a day and up according to your desires. De-Luxe suites with outside sleeping-apartments are Three Dollars per day for each person. Special suites with bath, Four and Five Dollars a day for each person.

☐ The Inn Portfolio and rate-card sent to any address for ten cents.

THE ROYCROFT INN
East Aurora, New York State



John Davey - Father of Tree Surgery

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL CO., T. Taggart, Pres.
French Lick, Indiana, Feb. 5, 1911

My Dear Mr. Davey:—
Your letter of February 3rd is received, and I take pleasure in saying to you that a great many of the trees that you treated for me are showing beneficial results. The bark in many places is beginning to grow over the zinc which you placed over the holes and cement. This coming summer will demonstrate very clearly what the results are, but I am sure, from what I saw last year, that they will be fully up to our expectations.

With kindest personal regards, I beg to remain,
Yours respectfully,

(Signed) T. TAGGART
The Davey Tree Expert Co., Kent, Ohio.

You Pay for the Expert Treatment of Your Trees Whether or Not They Receive the Benefit of It

You must pay cash for really expert treatment of your trees, if their lives are to be preserved and prolonged. You must pay as much or more in the lessened beauty and utility of the trees, and ultimately in the loss of the trees themselves, if you do not employ expert service for their care.

Most trees have some defects. Often these can not be detected except by experts, but if not checked they become rapidly worse. Decay or physical weakness in trees grows in seriousness until the trees go to pieces. Which can you best afford: to lose the trees, or pay the price of saving them?

Trees Are Saved by Experts—Untrained Tree-Men Do Them Only Harm

Through years of study and work, John Davey discovered the correct principles of tree preservation. The new science of tree surgery is taught only in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, at Kent, Ohio. Its practice by trained men, under a responsible organization, is confined to the staff of the Davey Tree Expert Company. The service of the Davey Tree Experts is now available from the Missouri River to the Atlantic Ocean. The cost is insignificant, considering the amount of money saved.

Write us at once if you own a fine home surrounded by beautiful trees. Tell us how many trees you have, what kinds, where located, and in what condition they appear to be. We will send you beautiful booklet explaining tree surgery, and may be able to have one of our experts examine your trees during the spring or early summer, if mutually agreeable.

The Davey Tree Expert Company, Inc., 175 Buckeye St., Kent, Ohio
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)

Ernest A. Hamill, President
John C. Neely, Sec'y.

Charles L. Hutchinson, V. Pres.
Frank W. Smith, Cashier

Chauncey J. Blair, V. Pres.
J. Edward Maass, Ass't Cashier

D. A. Moulton, V. Pres.

B. C. Sammons, V. Pres.
James G. Wakefield, Ass't Cashier

THE CORN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO
Capital \$3,000,000 Surplus \$4,000,000

Chicago, February 10, 1911.

M. L. Davey, Treas. and Gen'l Mgr. The Davey Tree Expert Co., Kent, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—I have your letter of the 3rd making inquiry as to the results of treating trees at "Ballyatwood," Lake Forest, Illinois. I have kept the work somewhat under my observation, and find the trees are all healing nicely, and there seems a healthy growth around the cavities you filled. The bark protection ranges from a quarter to an inch in thickness, which suggests a successful operation I think. Considering the fact the trees were quite old ones, your treatment of them has proven all you claimed for it, and I am pleased with the work you did for me.

Very truly yours,
Signed (ERNEST A. HAMILL)



BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, under the title of **Elbert Hubbard, Banker**, we paved the way. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity. ¶ We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ¶ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, *Banker*
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YEAR

Never Before A Motor Car Like This For \$1150

THE big handsome "Henry 30" 1911 Fore Door Touring Car shown below is the one great motor car achievement of the year. It is almost incredible that a "30" of this up-to-the-minute type, embodying all that is latest and best in "Henry" Motor Cars, complete with standard equipment, can be offered to the public at \$1150. While our output is big, the demand for this "Henry 30" is going to be tremendous and we must advise all who want this car to avoid being disappointed by writing to us at once for complete specifications and information as to the nearest dealer.

Just think of these features in a 1911, 30 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore Door Touring Car with standard equipment—liberal construction, a magnificent motor, 4x4½, en bloc type, 30 H. P. rating. The transmission of the 3-speed selective type and rear axle are of marked strength, the frame large, the wheel base of 112 inches, the tires 34x3½. The Model K, roadster type of this model, listing at \$900, is the greatest two-passenger car value on the market. The Henry Model T, shown at the left, is our "40" which corresponds to the "30" and at \$1850 is another unusual value, especially for those interested in this power. Our "40" H. P. Chassis is absolutely the strongest to be found in any car of this price in the world.

SEND FOR THE "HENRY" BOOK

The "Henry" Book gives all the information you must have to get even a small appreciation of what magnificent cars make the name of "Henry" the grand old name of the motor car world in 1911. Send for a copy. Call on our dealer in your locality—his name on request.



"Henry" Model T

Henry Motor Car Sales Company 1507 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Distributors: For Eastern New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, Crawford-Thomson Company, 1849 Broadway, New York City; For New England, Henry Motor Car Sales Company, 49 Fairfield St., Braintree, Mass.; For Ohio, Henry Motor Sales Company, 2059 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; For Kansas and Western Missouri, Henry Motor Car Company, 1124 E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.; For Iowa, Iowa Henry Auto Sales Company, 907 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.



A Bully Book

THE ROYCROFTERS are now printing a book the title of which is:
A Thousand and One Epigrams

BY ELBERT HUBBARD. ¶This book is issued in response to the law of supply and demand, and he who fails to possess one will be a monkey's ear.

The epigram, orphic or proverb is portable wisdom. It is also the earliest form of literature. It is something people can remember and then keep by passing along. This is a case where you can eat your cake and still keep it.

A good orphic always incorporates three things: one is wisdom, next is wit, third is the element of surprise.

A good epigram gives a pleasure to the reader, since a certain mental process is demanded in order to understand it.

An individual who comprehends an orphic on first reading it is always pleased with himself, and when an individual is pleased with himself he is pleased with the author, and everybody.

Every one thinks great thoughts, or, at least, has at times great emotions.

To translate an emotion into a thought, and then translate the thought into words, is a trick, a knack, a talent, practised until it becomes an art.

It would be a fine thing if young people would acquire the habit of watching for the electric spark as it flashes through the cells of the mind, and then seize upon it and transmute it into words. This habit is the thing which people call "genius," although, analyzed, it is simply a matter of mental industry and cosmic economy.

As a brain exercise it will produce a Sandow, if anything will.

The epigram will always be in demand, for it expresses in a few words a truth which otherwise might require a page, a chapter or a volume.

The epigram hits a man square in the middle of his solar think-box. It gives him a thrill, a shock, a vibration, makes him cerebrate, and then it makes him smile.

Mr. Hubbard, like all writers of epigrams, has attributed some of his good Class A product to other writers. For instance, he was once writing about The Roycrofters, and having in mind the number of visitors who come to see us, he wrote this: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door."

It was a little strain on his ego to let this thing go under his own stamp, so he saved his modesty and at the same time gave the epigram specific gravity, by attributing it to one Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The world took it up, and Emerson's writings have been scoured with fine-tooth combs in the endeavor to locate this particular epigram, when it is simply one of the things that Emerson would have said if it had occurred to him.

Often there are things a trifle gamboge on the edges, with a fromage flavor, which the author finds it convenient to attribute to Rabelais, Victor Hugo, Bruce Calvert or Ali Baba. Thus do Bruce and Ali gain a tuppence worth of fame, and the only thing they can then do is to live up to their lithographs and put over a few cracks of their own to prove their quality.

Mr. Hubbard may have found a few mental mavericks in Emerson, which in moments of aberration he has branded as his own; but if so, the debt is more than offset by things which he has attributed to Emerson that Emerson never wrote.

The price of the book, A THOUSAND AND ONE EPIGRAMS, will be just Two Dollars—the classic sum—and no more. Oxford binding—looks so much like a Prayer-Book that you can carry it to church. Well printed in two colors. And the text—well, it is something to beguile the idle hours, add joy to life's journey, and pass along to her, underscored, when the heart is full and voice fails. Record your order now for this precious volume by addressing THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

MOTOR SUPREMACY



STEPHEN GIRARD was born at Bordeaux, France, in Seventeen Hundred Fifty. He died in Philadelphia in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-one.

Stephen Girard was the best gift in the way of man material that any country could give any other, and we thank France for him.

Girard loved Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson, and one reason why he was drawn to them was because they all spoke French and he had a high regard for the French people. Franklin and Jefferson were each sent on various important diplomatic missions to France.

Let these facts stand. Franklin taught Girard the philosophy of business and fixed in his mind philanthropic bias, and in return Girard gave Franklin a few lessons in Finance.

The French and American minds have always interchanged ideas to the eternal benefit of both, and at the present time France is teaching America some things about that important factor in our civilization, "Motor Cars."

Louis Renault has given us an American Special Motor Car at a price within reason, \$5,300. The 25-35 Horsepower Renault, with a long stroke motor, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, is used by Americans everywhere who appreciate the French workmanship and ingenuity in manufacturing cars. Renault is an economist, master-mechanic, inventor and artist.

If we in return give Louis Renault our business, we are merely paying a debt. He has improved the Motor-Car Industry. His Long-Stroke Motor runs powerfully, evenly and constantly.

For detailed information, consult the American Branch.

THE RENAULT 25-35 "American Special" long stroke motor at \$5300, TOURING - - \$6800, LIMOUSINE

IS THE BEST VALUE NOW ON THE MARKET

RENAULT FRERES SELLING BRANCH, Inc.

PAUL LACROIX, *General Manager*

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Branches—CHICAGO, 1606 Michigan Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, 116 Van Ness Ave.

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CHEER UP THE FURNITURE

Liquid Veneer will gladden your furniture just as the Fra gladdens your heart.

DUST WITH LIQUID VENEER

Simply moisten an ordinary cheese cloth duster and dust away. In the ordinary dusting operation it removes the dust, dirt, finger-marks and scratches, and restores the natural beauty of everything to which it is applied—whether it be the kitchen chairs, the piano, metal work, chandeliers or brass bedsteads. It is really the greatest "CHEER UP" article for daily use in every home.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

Write for free sample bottle today, and prove its great "CHEER UP" qualities.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
19 Liquid Veneer Building Buffalo, New York

Values, Virtues and Pebeco

THAT there is no such thing as a bargain is a thing we determined long ago. Since the publication of a little discussion in **THE FRA** Magazine last month anent the virtues of two Advertisements on Pebeco, we have received hundreds of letters regarding Pebeco Tooth Paste. Nearly all of our correspondents say this: "Pebeco can not be bought on the Bargain-Counter. It costs more than the ordinary Tooth-Paste, but it is worth more and goes further in the long run."

Pebeco is not a bargain; it is a value, and its virtues can not be questioned. Within thirty years' time we have evolved a new science of education, a new science of medicine, a new science of theology and a new science of business. Pebeco is a product of the new sciences.

Lehn and Fink, the American Importers of Pebeco, realized that in this awaking in America, better goods would be demanded, and Pebeco was imported to meet the demand.

PEBECO

TOOTH PASTE

is the only perfect dentifrice, safely and scientifically made, which not only cleanses, whitens and polishes the teeth, but also saves them by removing the cause of tooth degeneration—acid mouth.

Pebeco rids the mouth of bacteria, underlying fermentation and acidity. It acts gently on the soft delicate gums and prevents disorders of the mouth and throat. All discolorations are permanently removed by consistent use of this perfect paste.

Pebeco originated in the laboratories of the famous chemists, P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. This fact insures you absolutely against any misrepresentations. Beiersdorf Preparations are the standard the world over.

It is just as necessary that you should take care of your teeth as it is that you should read good books, hear good music or look upon beautiful pictures. The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical and rightly understood are one and the same thing.

It is your duty and should be your joy to use Pebeco, the only tooth paste which will absolutely preserve the teeth from attacks of "acid mouth."

Fill out coupon and send for a sample tube.

LEHN & FINK, 133 William St., New York



Originators of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum—the powder free from graininess.

**Lehn
& Fink,**
133 William St.
New York

Gentlemen:
Please send me Trial
Tube of Pebeco Tooth
Paste and Acid Test Papers.
(Write your name and address fully
and plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 Is tipping an evil? If so, to whom?
- 2 Do preachers live on tips?
- 3 Is the tippee a form of hold-up?
- 4 Are you going to take a vacation this Summer? Why?
- 5 Distinguish between (a) sincerity and seriousness; (b) sensuousness and sensuality; (c) commonsense and horse sense.
- 6 What is (a) Pantheism? (b) Paganism?
- 7 Name the chief god of (a) Greece; (b) Rome; (c) Egypt; (d) India; (e) Judea.
- 8 Compare the character of King Lear with that of Ivan the Terrible.
- 9 What is "Canned Life"?
- 10 How long do you expect to live?
- 11 Is longevity increasing?
- 12 Do you maintain a "Family Physician"? What for?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Would unrestricted immigration be an evil?
- 2 What do you think of reciprocity with Canada?
- 3 Compare Canada's class of immigrants with those entering the United States.
- 4 What is the difference between curative medicine and preventive medicine?
- 5 What is meant by the statement, "Crime is a question of athletics"?
- 6 What is (a) Protection? (b) Reciprocity? (c) Free Trade?
- 7 Which do you consider the most desirable?
- 8 What in your opinion was the principal cause of the French Revolution?
- 9 Did it do good?
- 10 What are the so-called Western land-frauds?
- 11 What is the significance of the assertion that the Battle of Waterloo was won at Eton?
- 12 Explain the anomalous statement that "so long as we are dirty we are pure."

Lesson Number Three

- 1 Is government a necessary evil?
- 2 What is a paradox?
- 3 What is the most famous paradox in Biblical literature?
- 4 Who was (a) Antæus? (b) Hadrian? (c) Hegel? (d) Lubbock? (e) Anheuser Busch?
- 5 What is the Doctrine of Non-Resistance?
- 6 Did Christ teach non-resistance?
- 7 What is your conception of a philosopher?
- 8 Name three Ancient and three Modern philosophers.
- 9 Is our largely increased urban population a menace?
- 10 What is Productive Labor?
- 11 Is so-called Non-Productive Labor useless?
- 12 Is a little knowledge a dangerous thing?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Do you believe in the saying that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
- 2 Is idleness a sin?
- 3 Are outdoor sports involving the destruction of life to be condemned?
- 4 What in your estimation is the function of poetry?
- 5 What are the charms of pedestrianism?
- 6 Is Health a matter of Habit?
- 7 What were the satyrs, fauns, nymphs and Eumenides?
- 8 What is your estimate of the morality of Shelley?
- 9 What is (a) sympathy? (b) pity? (c) compassion?
- 10 What in your opinion is the reason for the decline in the use of the bicycle?
- 11 How does this issue of THE FRA affect your cosmic sparker?
- 12 What is the highest good?

Roycroft Letter-Papers

☞ The Roycrofters are stationers to all those folk interested in papers that have individuality, personality and finesse. ☞ Write a few letters on our Handmade or Rhododendron paper and you will have developed opinions about letter-papers ❁❁❁

PURE WHITE ITALIAN HANDMADE

Two Styles		
Folded note sheets	5½ by 8	inches
Baronial style envelopes	4¼ by 5½	inches
Folded note sheets	6	by 7¾ inches
Oblong envelopes	3¼ by 7¾	inches

RHODODENDRON PAPER

Frost Gray and Chocolate Brown, with or without Roycroft Mark
 Folded note sheets 5½ by 8 inches
 Baronial style envelopes 4¼ by 5½ inches
 There are twenty-four sheets and twenty-four envelopes in each box
 The price is seventy-five cents for each box. This prepays carriage

THE ROYCROFTERS
 EAST AURORA, COUNTY OF ERIE, NEW YORK

Your Book of Friends

☞ GIVE a Roycroft Guest-Book to the "sweet girl graduates" and the June Brides that you know, and you will win their smiling glances of happy approval, and compliment yourself.

There are always some friends in every group to which we belong, from the mud-pie stage to the last stage of all, whose names we want in our book of friends.

Some dear girls you know are just ready to leave the old for new surroundings, and you want to send on a reminder of the old life and of yourself. Give them a "Roycroft Friend-Book."

"The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it," is the legend done in gold on the cover.

These books are specially made from selected sheets of handmade paper, suede sheep binding, silk lining and silk marker. The colors are green, red, brown, gray and old rose.

THE BINDINGS ARE IN TWO STYLES:

The turned-edge style - - - - -	\$3.00
The plain-edge style - - - - -	\$2.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Mr. Advertiser:

JUST tell us to put your name on the Solicitation List of THE FRA and "The Philistine." We will send you some choice bulbs every little while, which will sprout business ideas that will delight your busy soul ❁❁❁

Address: JIMMY, Secretary to Fra Elbertus, East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

Questions and Answers

WE don't affiliate to any extent with Fra Elbertus in his Junta organizations, but we believe our office-boy's answers to certain questions asked in the February FRA will entitle him to qualify, plus. ☞ Here are a few of them:

- Q.—What is the attitude of organized labor toward industrial education?
 A.—Holding both shoulders to the mat.
- Q.—Are capital and labor co-equal?
 A.—No; co-respondents.
- Q.—What is higher education?
 A.—Old Heidelberg and Mount Holyoke.
- Q.—What is intensive farming?
 A.—Pitching on the load.
- Q.—What do you think of the advertisements in THE FRA (a) from a literary standpoint? (b) from a business point of view?
 A.—(a) Gee! (b) Gee-Gee!
- Q.—Is THE FRA getting better or worse?
 A.—I think it is.
- Q.—What and where is Yasaya Pollana?
 A.—Restaurant on East Houston Street.
- Q.—Was Tolstoy a success?
 A.—No. Ma'am.
- Q.—What are the lessons to be learned from his life?
 A.—Don't live in Russia.
- Q.—Is work a blessing or a curse?
 A.—I refuse to answer.
- Q.—What is the difference between physical culture and athletics?
 A.—Omega Oil.

From "COMMENT," Personal, pertinent and passably polite on pending publicity problems—by B. W. Parker.

Chicken Anti-Race-Suicide

An Advertisement by Fra Elbertus

LAST June one of our guineas at The Roycroft Farm disappeared. The other one used to come around, lonesome-like, just a-wearying for his mate. He would fly up on the ridge of the barn and call and call. We felt awful sorry for him. We thought his mate must have been killed or stolen.

But one day, would you believe it, I saw those two guineas out in the stubble, a half-mile from the barn. They were cooing away, chuckling, clucking and seemingly polishing up their vocabularies.

I was that rejoiced that I went right out to see them. As I approached I saw a brown moving mass close to the ground all around them. This mass was baby guinea-hens. There were four thousand of them.

As I approached, Mr. Guinea-hen gave a cluck and yelled, "Low bridge!" and the little ones disappeared as if my old friend Keller were in charge of the show.

I stood still, and in about five minutes Mr. Guinea-hen gave another low Number Six cluck and shouted, "All safe—let her go!" and the ground was alive with the guinea-chicks.

They were little brown, fluffy things, about as big as what

the girls call "a spool of cotton," the kind that used to cost us five cents, but which now is six.

I watched them for an hour. Mr. Guinea-hen kept circling round and round the brood talking in a monotone to himself. I never heard such boasting and bragging! He scouted race-suicide and flouted Teddy Da Roose.

And, by the way, all Chick Families can do the same if Park and Pollard's Dry-Mash is provided. This Dry-Mash "makes them lay or bust." It keeps the birds healthy, and robust fowls fed on Park and Pollard's Dry-Mash and Scratch Feed are producers of immense families.

You can not provide anything better for them than this scientific preparation. Every Poultryman should carry all the fowls he can, and the first aid to a successful poultry business is the Park and Pollard Dry-Mash Feeding System.

This system of poultry-feeding is the result of experiment, study and close observation.

The Park and Pollard Company will gladly supply you information on the subject for the asking.

Order Dry-Mash from your dealer if he has it in stock. If he has not, it may be secured from the makers direct.

The Park and Pollard Company, Fifty Canal St., Boston, Mass.



The Doctors

A Modern Satire, by Elbert Hubbard

A Satire, when it is one, has the particular quality that makes for literary endurance & Man has a natural mental affinity for acid and the bitter-sweet. *THE DOCTORS* is a satire even to the binding. It is unique, amusing and amazing :: :: :: ::

PRICE TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Friendship, Love and Marriage

BY HENRY D. THOREAU

Friendship takes place between those who have an affinity for one another, and is a perfectly natural and inevitable result. No professions nor advances will avail—but it follows after silence.

Love must be as much a light as a flame.

A true marriage will differ in no wise from illumination. No wonder that out of such a union—not as end, but as accompaniment—comes the undying race of men.

HERE is no layman so humble but has a thought which seems to him divine about Friendship, Love and Marriage. ¶ Every plant that grows to bloom proclaims the reality of these great forces. Every nesting robin sings of love and of his mating. Every civilization has been developed by the power of love.

Henry D. Thoreau has given to Literature three great essays, which are as a ray of light to those who would find the path of wisdom, that they may walk therein.

In making up this edition, The Roycrofters have given these essays the arrangement and relation they merit.

The regular binding is Limp Leather, full Japan Vellum, or one-half Vellum with handmade paper sides.

The price of any of these is Two Dollars

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

do that than to do our digesting with our minds. It's as bad as, if not worse than, the yogi who sits for a lifetime with mind and eye fixed upon his umbilicus. The man who tells us that we must chew until we are forced to swallow is an authority until we read the man who tells us to bolt our grub in great gobs and hunks. So with drink doctors ♣ There are those who say "sip!" and those who say "gulp!" and sometimes one's right and sometimes the other. Take the matter of assimilating Hubbardism ♣ Some chew and find him tough; others bolt and find him fillin'; some sip and enjoy; others gulp and have pains in their little Marys ♣ All this pontificating upon nutrition

RA ELBERTUS HUBBARD is in the "Mirror" this week with an article rhapsodizing about Fletcherizing. It is a veritable "chew d' spree." This Fletcherizing business is all right for those who like that sort of thing. For me, I think that people are in a pretty bad way when they have to devote all their thought and spare time to their bellies. Making eating, mastication and digestion the main business of life is rather a carnal sort of autolatry. I doubt not most of us eat too much, but it's better to

is an affliction to the spirit, though doubtless it is profitable to play to the grand army of cranks upon the subject of their stomachs ♣ People who are always thinking of their stomachs never get any fun out of them. Therefore they should quit the thinking ♣ Doubtless the exercise of rationality in eating would make eating more enjoyable, but I think the establishment of a regime of good cookery would do more ♣ A good cook should be paid more than a good lawyer or a good preacher. Behold

thecook, though. Never was one of a sweet temper. Why? Because he or she is always thinking about eating, their own or others'. I don't agree with my friend the Fra, nor with Horace Fletcher, who'd have us all institutionalized as to our feeding. Let everybody eat. Let 'em eat like Doctor Johnson at Sir Joshua's; let 'em eat till the restaurant music drowns the noise of their eating; let 'em eat till they're sick, if they want to. If we hearken to the Sage of East Aurora, we shall be having dietary clauses in State Constitutions, as the Prohibitionists want to regulate our drinking. Still, I print the sagacious Hubbard's article, in the belief that it will offset itself with

those who "go to it." Mr. Hubbard, by the way, will lecture here soon, though not about eating. I don't recall what is his announced subject, but that matters not. He has but one—proteanly interesting, too—Himself. He's the only man who can fill a hall at fifty cents per throw with people anxious to hear him elaborate euphemistically all the synonyms for the pronoun first person singular. We have some men in this town—men of note. There's John I. Martin, Sergeant-at-Arms of the National



The Excellence Mark Of Francis Maria Farina

WHEN Herr Francis Maria Farina put the Number of His Own House on the Soap he made and sold, he showed Great Faith in that Soap. This was in 1792. There were no Trademarks in those days and few marks of Identification. Nameless Merchants Sold Nameless Goods. The Booth, the Bazar, the Auction, the Fair, were the accepted marts of Trade.

No one elected to assume the responsibility of any Sale.

"Let the Buyer Beware" was the Universal Slogan.

To make, to sell, to Pocket the Profit and call the transaction Complete—that was the System. To have a Purchaser come back was the calamity: he usually had something to wrathfully return.

Cumulative Selling was not yet: the Purchaser's Good Will an unsought luxury.

But Herr Farina, who had spent years in working out the Formula for His Soap, sincerely believed that this Soap was the Best Soap that could be made—that it was priced conservatively—that it would benefit the User.

His was the Spirit of Wagner and Froebel—the German Revolutionary Spirit that placed Right above All things.

So he named the Soap with the Number of his Own Home—and instructed each separate Purchaser that at this Number could the Maker of the Soap be found.

Herr Farina was willing to be judged by, to stand sponsor for His Best Work.

He builded better than he knew.

One hundred and eighteen years later the Old German Chemist's Soap still commands the Market where fine toilet requisites are appreciated.

Wherever you find well-bred, intelligent people, there will you also find No. 4711 Soap.

Through all these years the descendants of Herr Farina have worked to increase the quality and efficiency of No. 4711 Soap. But the old-time Chemist marked his Standard High. All Changes are Minor. Even as the Soap was made a Century ago, 'tis made today.

This PURE GLYCERINE SOAP, first made in 1792 by Herr Francis Maria Farina, at No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, is today made from the same Formula with the same exacting care—and Sold Everywhere. If you seek a positively Pure, sweet-smelling, healthful soap—you should try a cake. Send 15c. in stamps for full-size sample cake.



FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE O/R, GERMANY

(DIRECT DESCENDANT)

Mülhens & Kropff, Two Hundred Ninety-Eight Broadway, New York City

Democratic Committee. There's John I. Beggs, of the North American Securities Company. But their Is are secondary. Mr. Hubbard is I. Elbert Hubbard. He is a self-symphony, a seipsical "Ding an Sich," but he can talk about himself in a way to make you think he's flattering you.—W. M. Reedy.

OUR American life still needs, beyond all things else, the more habitual cultivation of outdoor habits.—Thomas W. Higginson.

Velvet-Finish Sheepskins for Pillows and Spreads



The sheep, goat and calf skins used by the Roycroft book-binders are selected from the finest stock that can be obtained in any market.

Some special skins have been chosen from our stock for pillows, table-covers and spreads.

For use in libraries and dens, pillows and spreads of the same color-tone make for harmony in room decoration.

We have these skins in brown, blue, green, gray and red.

The full skin pillows are 20 by 20 inches in all colors, \$5.00.

We make a special plain skin pillow with laced edges 20 by 20 inches, \$6.00.

Velvet sheepskins in all colors, \$2.00.

Goatskins, each, \$3.00.

Very fine quality calfskins, each, \$4.00.



THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Sanitation, Service and Safety

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WILLIAM MORRIS insisted that Housekeeping must be simplified, and that we should have fewer things and have them better. I have seen several houses furnished entire by William Morris, and the first thing that impressed me was the sparsity of things.

Instead of a dozen pictures in a room, there were two or three. Gilt frames were abandoned almost entirely—a dark-stained wood was used instead. Wide fireplaces were introduced and mantels of solid oak. For upholstering, leather covering was usually employed, instead of cloth. Carpets were laid in strips not tacked down to stay, and rugs were laid so as to show a goodly glimpse of Hard-wood Floor; and in the Dining-Room a large round table was placed instead of the right-angled square one. William Morris' whole idea was sanitation plus beauty. His motto was not "How Cheap" but "How Good." He worked a revolution in the taste of fifty million people, and today the William Morris idea is well instilled into the minds of sensible people everywhere.

The Illinois Refrigerator Company have carried out

this idea in the AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR. This Refrigerator is absolutely clean, sanitary and durable. It combines the refrigerator and water-cooler. The Illinois Refrigerator Company have no competition on their product. No water-cooler can compare with it in any way. The Illinois Refrigerator Company asks this pertinent question, "How about the water your family drinks?" This AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR gives germs no possible chance. The water-cooler is cast iron, porcelain-lined, and the food-chambers are lined with seamless one piece genuine vitrified porcelain, zinc or white enamel. The Refrigerator is equipped with a bottle-holder if you want it. You can place a two-gallon bottle of any spring-water you may use in the holder. Half of the water goes into the cooler and then as it is drawn off for use, the supply left in the bottle is drawn upon and always available until used up.

This Refrigerator is worthy of your serious consideration and I advise you to send for literature on this subject which will be sent to you gratis.

ILLINOIS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Morrison, Illinois



Denatured Alcohol in Solid Form

A well-known Wheeling (West Virginia) chemist has succeeded in producing chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form by means of a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature are obtained which very closely resemble physiologically the effects of ethyl alcohol distilled from sawdust. The method employed and the results obtained are somewhat similar to the crystallizing of rock-candy or that of saccharine, containing as it does three hundred fifty times the sweetening strength of cane-sugar. As this alkaloidal crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength of the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol, it will yield one hundred ninety-four proof liquefied denatured alcohol with a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and is absolutely non-explosive.

A Cent's Worth of Solidified Alcohol

At the average rate for the power or heat paid by the ordinary consumer, says the "Chemical Journal," a cent's worth of solidified alcohol will keep a six-pound flatiron hot for fifty-five minutes; will make four cups of coffee; will keep an eight-inch disk stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak; will bring to boil two quarts of water or operate the baby milk-warmer twice; will make a Welsh Rabbit in a chafing-dish; will operate a seven-inch frying-pan twelve minutes; will keep a heating-pad hot two hours; will operate a griddle eight minutes; will keep a foot-warmer hot thirty minutes; will run a boiler nine minutes; will vulcanize a patch on an automobile-tire; will heat a curling-iron once a day for two weeks.

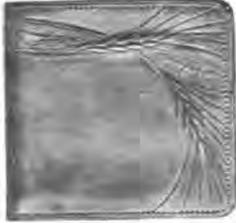
The secret of the production of this industrial alcohol in chunks is very simple and cheap. You can have it for a very small consideration. Can be made cheaply at home and sold in stores with good profits. A sample can containing twenty-six solid alcohol cubes, with a stove for burning same, will be sent to any address *postpaid* on receipt of \$2.00.

WOOD WASTE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc.,

Wheeling, West Virginia, U. S. A.

TRAVELERS' NEEDS IN LEATHER

BILL-BOOKS AND CARDCASES



This Bill-Book closed is 4 x 4 inches; open, it is 4 x 8 inches. Five pockets. Price, \$5.00.

CARDCASE WITH TWO GUSSET POCKETS



Closed, 3 x 4½ inches. Open, 4½ x 6 inches.
This case is a special value at \$4.00.

WATCH AND COIN FOBS



These Fobs are suitable and convenient for the Summer traveler. Either style, \$1.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

This Book for You, GRATIS!

Health and Wealth

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WITH your subscription to THE FRA Magazine there is sent you gratis, at once, as a premium, a copy of *Health and Wealth*. This book of 162 pages contains thirty-two essays on various phases of practical life. It shows how to keep well; how to make money and how to save it; also, how to secure all the happiness you deserve. It reveals the very kernel of The American Philosophy, or what has been called, "The Gospel of Commonsense."

Health and Wealth is bound in limp suede leather, silk-lined, silk marker, two special portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, special watermark paper, antique type. A strictly De Luxe and unique specimen of bookmaking.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

TO FRA ELBERTUS

Frater-in-Charge, East Aurora, New York

FRIEND:

I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription to THE FRA Magazine, so send *Health and Wealth*, gratis, and any other perquisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name _____

Address _____



THE BED DELUXE

☐ One thing, if a man goes to bed in a Bernstein early enough, he can get up early enough because he has had rest enough.

☐ Bunk in a Bernstein and you will never feel bink the next day. The Bernstein gives you rest that is not rust.

☐ It is made in three parts only—head, foot and springs. No creaking and unevenness there to disturb your slumbers.

☐ No bug is buggy enough to build his bug-house in a Bernstein Bed, because it has no inviting cracks or crevices.

☐ The Bernstein is bacteria and dirt proof.

☐ Write to the makers for information which will be cheerfully supplied.

BERNSTEIN MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

Adown the Centuries

The Pyramids and the Singer Building were erected by Weisheimers. In both instances concrete was used.

From the building of the Pyramids to the building of the Singer, there were times when men forgot and civilization was on the wane. But this is the Age of Concrete and Asphalt, and the town that does not use Asphalt for paving is on the decline and needs some kind of business revival. Here let me add that there may be some excuse for the man who heretofore has not used Reynolds Flexible Asphalt Slate for roofs; but now that the Reynolds people are giving their wonderful product publicity, it should be adopted universally.

Reynolds Flexible Asphalt Slate is impervious to frost or sun. Wind and storm have no power to affect it.

The Slate is 8 inches by 13 inches in size and made of natural asphalt, felt and crushed slate. It is absolutely fire-resisting and contains no coal-tar.

Roof problems have been solved by the H. M. Reynolds Roofing Company for all time. Men of experience and foresight have declared this Slate beyond criticism. It resembles quarry Slate in appearance, but is easier to use and costs much less. Made in colors: Garnet, Red and Gray-Green.

For details and information, write to the makers direct.

Illustrated Booklet free for the asking.

H. M. Reynolds Roofing Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ESTABLISHED 1868

Tacoma, Wash., April 10, 1911

MY DEAR FRA:

I read Mr. Meador's letter in the last "Philistine," and wish to unburden myself of the following: I read THE FRA, front cover, ads, insides, fine print, large print, and rear cover. I enjoy reading it all.

I use Pebeco now, even though it does cost more, and I use it oftener than I ever used any kind before.

I also wear Stein-Bloch Clothes, brought about by reading your ads.

The best ad brings the trade nowadays, no matter whether it advertises the writer or the goods most.

Sincerely,

KENNETH B. KIZER

THE IGNORAMUS MAGAZINE

(Only the unwise claim to be wise; the wise are content otherwise)

A periodical published Bi-monthly in the interests of those who know better and want to do it. To disseminate rational living, including proper breathing, eating, drinking, thinking and sleeping, is its mission. To be sick is to acknowledge to the world that you are not living right. Hurry ye Roycrofter and get a

FREE SAMPLE COPY

Subscription 75c a year, including six lessons in rhythmical breathing FREE

THE CO-OPERATIVE HEALTH ASSOCIATION

414-415 MERCANTILE BLDG., DENVER, COLO.

Professional Advice to Advertisers

The most precious possession in life is good health. Eat moderately, breathe deeply, exercise out of doors, get eight hours' sleep, and advertise in THE FRA and "The Philistine."

A. Wiseheimer, M. D.

A NATURAL TONIC

¶ Games are as old as man's life upon the earth, and each passing season calls out its particular sports. ¶ Every natural kideiens can tell kite-time and ball-season from the color of the sky. ¶ Roycroft hand-balls and medicine-balls are a primitive Spring tonic—wholesome exercise brings healthy thoughts, and this means life in abundance.



Medicine-Ball—Weight, 5 lbs.
Price, \$5.00



Indoor Baseball \$.50



Indoor Baseball \$1.00



Medicine-Ball—Weight, 3 lbs.
Price, \$3.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

DO YOU WANT CASH?

IF so, become an agent for THE FRA, and you can make money fast. ¶ THE FRA is the exponent of The American Philosophy. It is the magazine of a thousand thinks; and it is the best-printed magazine in America. ¶ THE FRA is published by businessmen for businessmen. Its subscription-list contains most of the big, busy, brainy men and women of the world, but we want the rest. ¶ That is why we need your help. ¶ Subscription to THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with this we give gratis, as a premium, a copy of "Health and Wealth," bound in limp leather, silk-lined, a beautiful and valuable Roycroft book by Elbert Hubbard. ¶ Your cash commission on each subscription, provided you send five or more at a time, will be Fifty Cents. So, on every five subscriptions you make Two Dollars and Fifty Cents and remit us Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents. ¶ We

have many agents, young men and women, who secure four, five, ten or twenty subscriptions a day. ¶ Now, here is the way to get your outfit: Remit us Two Dollars for your own subscription to THE FRA, and we will, of course, send you gratis the premium copy of "Health and Wealth" and in addition our agent's outfit, consisting of a dozen back numbers of THE FRA, sample sheets, pictures, blank orders, etc.

Use This Form or Cut Out Coupon

THE FRA, East Aurora, New York

I enclose Two Dollars for a year's subscription, so send the gratis premium-book, the dozen back numbers and agent's outfit.

Name

Address

Date..... State.....

"SOIL, SUNSHINE, AND THE SMILE OF THE SOUTH-WIND"



JOAQUIN MILLER lives on "The Hights" in half a dozen little white houses. He has one house for a sleeping-room, one for a kitchen, one for a library and three for visitors. When you call on the Poet he gives you a house to live in, all your own. It's only about as big as a dry-goods case, but it is your house.

Always when I go to California I climb The Hights. The last time Clarence Darrow was with me. We stood on the topmost rock, and saw the sun sink, a big red ball, into the sea beyond the Golden Gate ❖ ❖ ❖

To the South stretched miles upon miles of fruit-farms. At Hayward, five miles away, we could see the roofs of Hunt Bros. Company.

"There they are, Royal Roycrofters-at-Large," said Joaquin—"right in the midst of this vast orchard of cherries, pears, apricots, peaches. These orchards are the product of rain, dew, melted snow, sunshine, soil, the smile of the South-wind!"

The next day we rambled cross-lots down the mountain slopes—Joaquin, Clarence and I. We reached the "Kitchens" of Hunt Bros. Company, and saw the delicious fruit selected, inspected, peeled and packed. Not such a vast quantity—but the finest, most luscious and palatable, perhaps, that is prepared for the use of man.

The cleanliness, care, patience, intelligence which these Hunt Bros. bring to bear in their work made us stand uncovered.

Some housewives do not give as much attention to their food-supplies as to dress. In eatables they telephone and take what their grocer sends. But in dress-goods they select with great care. and often with the help of an expert ❖ ❖ ❖

In one case some one's eye may be offended, but in the other the whole family may be poisoned. ❖ Which is of the greater importance?

Fortunately most of us possess resisting power, so we get away with our "peck of dirt" without difficulty, but sensitive people no doubt often suffer from impure and adulterated foods.

This moral seems to be: Buy your supplies from men of intelligence, who know what they are selling and who have a pride in their business ❖ ❖

HUNT BROS. CO., San Francisco, California

Canners of the Highest Grade California Fruits. Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food-Products. Canneries: Hayward, Alameda County, California; Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, California. We will mail you, postpaid, a prettily illustrated Booklet, "Hunt's California Canned Fruits," if you will send us the name of your grocer and mention THE FRA.

Consecrated Lives

A Tribute to Teachers by Elbert Hubbard

TOUR man of the Consecrated Life may mix with the world and do the world's business, but for him it is not the true world, for hidden away in his heart he keeps burning a lamp before a shrine dedicated to Love and Beauty ❁ ❁

To the Man of Consecrated Life all progress is possible. Behind his purpose lies the eternal desire for truth.

Elbert Hubbard has dedicated this book to the teachers in the Public Schools—a class which does more work and better work for less pay than any other in America ❁ ❁

"Consecrated Lives" is exhausted in all the editions except the finest, which is printed on Japan Vellum and bound in Full Levant—Price, \$25.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Ladies' Bill-Pocket



A bill-pocket that pleases the eye and satisfies the service-demand is a unique combination.

This particular bill-pocket is made of the finest materials, by workmen who are acknowledged leaders.

The turned-edge finish gives the Roycroft art touch. The pocket is leather-lined, has three gusset pockets and two flat pockets.

Experience and use will give a practical demonstration of the value of this handy bill-pocket.

THE PRICE IS FIVE DOLLARS

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, New York

WILL O' THE MILL

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"So long as we love we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

ROBERT LOUIS, the Beloved, could well write of gentle men and their ways; of thoughtful men, and their thoughts; and he has given us, in "Will o' the Mill," a rare type of the gentle, thoughtful soul.

The story of the development of this strange boy, his love for Marjory, the parson's daughter, and his grasp of the great truth that to have is not to hold, is one of the realest of Stevenson's tales.

The book is a rare one, and the edition is limited. Each copy is illumined by hand, and is numbered and signed by Elbert Hubbard. The books are bound in ooze-calf with turned edges. This gives the finest finish known in ooze-leather bindings. The price is Five Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, STATE OF NEW YORK

The Roycroft Mediums

(MATERIALISTIC)

¶ Here is a symposium on the advantages of advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA: the same being penned with a due regard for truthfulness.

¶ "The Philistine" and THE FRA are edited by Elbert Hubbard.

¶ Their circulation is national and bona fide.

¶ They are read and passed along.

¶ They go to a class of people who think and act for themselves, and who have the money and brains to discriminate in favor of good things.

¶ The Editor of "The Philistine" and THE FRA is perhaps the most widely quoted and the most positive force in the literary and business world of today.

¶ Elbert Hubbard's admirers and patrons form a distinct class who can be reached only through the mediums of his publications.

¶ While you may not agree with all you find in "The Philistine" and THE FRA, there are thousands who do, and who believe in the advertisements as well as in the writings of Fra Elbertus.

¶ The readers of "The Philistine" and THE FRA are made up of all classes, from the millionaire who buys the choicest and costliest products of The Roycroft Shop, to those who treasure their one and two dollar productions as their choicest and dearest bits of literature—hence anything good can be profitably advertised in these publications.

¶ If you have anything to sell to reading, thinking people, a better or more permanent method of placing yourself before them than advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA can not be found.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

STRENGTH, SERVICE and SALES

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



THE word "Consolidated" means "united and strengthened." The idea of the business corporation came from Julius Caesar and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life. It was a device to insure against the dissolution of a plan in case of death. The intent was to provide for the carrying out of enterprises which no one man could do. England, according to Lord Coke, owes her commercial supremacy to the corporation, so when I hear the words, "corporation and consolidation," they bring to me the idea of perpetuity and power.

Recently, my good friends, The Croxton Motor Company and the Royal Tourist Car Company, formed what is known as The Consolidated Motor Car Company, to manufacture Motor Cars, Taxicabs and Trucks under the trade-names of "Royal Tourist" and "Croxton."

¶ The sole idea in doing this was to give the public better service. To "Consolidate" is to make solid, and solid enterprises are the only ones you can afford to have anything to do with.

The Royal Tourist is a car noted for great power, flexibility, perfect carburetion, a wonderful braking system and remarkable accessibility. You do not have to hire a Pinkerton to find its parts. It stands the test of continuous service.

The Croxton Car is of the French type and follows the best French practises, which has proven its success. It has a closed hood, which prevents all dust, dirt and water from getting into the motor.

Both of these cars are cars you ought to know about. Your education on this subject of Automobiles is not complete until you do.

The organization of The Consolidated Motor Car Company is bent on the accomplishment of one purpose: "to produce absolutely perfect and serviceable cars at prices within reason."

One point in the organization is to produce automobile-motors which consume less fuel and oil than any other. This saving will be appreciated by automobile users the world over. The real benefactor of mankind is the economist, and this Company by centering on the saving of fuel and oil is providing the motor world a boon.

Andrew Carnegie's success, like that of every master businessman, has turned on his selection of men. He has always been on the lookout for young men who could Carry the Message.

The Consolidated Motor Car Company has men who can Carry the Message on the subject of Automobiles to you.

THE CONSOLIDATED MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Cleveland, O.



Title-Page from "The Mintage"

A Short- Story Book

BY **ELBERT HUBBARD**

Platonic love is the only kind of love that is blind. It never knows where it is going to fetch up.

× ×

Pushing to the front is very bad. You had better get in line and await your turn, then you won't evolve a rhino spiritual rind and grow a crop of bristles up and down your back.

× ×

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone.

× ×

Paul going down to Damascus to persecute Christians and coming back one, is the true type of the man who grows red in the face over something he does n't know much about.



WHEN the writings of Elbert Hubbard are viewed from the standpoint of their epigrammatic value, it seems necessary to agree with William Marion Reedy of Saint Louis that Mr. Hubbard is the greatest writer of epigrams since Solomon, with this advantage—he lived later. As the living exponent of American Philosophy, he has given the world an impulse for New Thought, and New Thought differs from Second-hand Thought in that it bears a pertinent relation to our present need and conditions. ¶ The latest of Elbert Hubbard's books, "The Mintage," is a collection of short stories—epigrammatic, philosophic, human, modern. Stories that are neither problematic nor melodramatic; they have no gamboge tint, but are warm with the color of life.

"The Mintage" is printed on Italian Handmade paper, special title-page, initials. Also photogravure of Elbert Hubbard. *Miriam Binding* \$2.00. *Modeled Leather* \$10.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The IRISH AND FLOUR

An Advertisement by ELBERT HUBBARD

IRELAND has supplied more rogues for the Rogues' Gallery, and more Saints for the Saints' Calendar, than any other country on earth. Incidentally—I hate to confess it—the finest book in the world is an Irish production. Look at it when you are at Trinity College in Dublin. "The Book of Kells"—it represents the work of one man. He began this book when a youth of twenty, and finished it when he was past eighty. A lifetime to a single book! Think of the patience, the endurance, the devotion, the persistence, the love of such a man!

Alexander Turney Stewart was an Irishman, born in Eighteen Hundred Two. He came from the land that supplied England her greatest orator, Burke; her greatest satirist, Swift; her greatest fighter, Wellington; one of her greatest poets, Oliver Goldsmith; one of her greatest scientists, John Tyndall.

"Look out for transplanted Irish—they will run the world!" said Mulvaney to his friend Rudyard Kipling.

I once heard Michael Davitt say, "I came from a race that will not pay rent." The answer in America is obvious—the Irish are landowners, not renters.

And it was Shane Bros. who, with the help of Wilson, true Irishmen, evolved the Flour business in America until it became a fine art. Shane Bros. & Wilson Company, Irish, are the manufacturers of "King Midas Flour, The Highest-Priced Flour in America and Worth All It Costs."

The concentration, patience, application, persistence and love which that monk who created "The Book of Kells" brought to bear in his bookmaking, Shane Bros. & Wilson Company have focused on the making of flour.

Wholesalers, grocers and jobbers are largely responsible for the marketing of food-products; and the salesmen employed by these houses influence the local retailer to a greater or less extent as to what he shall put in stock and offer to the public.

This particular message is designed to appeal to the wholesaler, and to say to him that if he has the interest of his patrons at heart, who in turn are looking for the welfare of their customers, I would say, "Advocate and sell King Midas Flour."

You are giving the grocer a chance, and every opportunity you give him to expand his business is a direct aid to you. You can not afford to give him an inferior product. Business is built on co-operation, faith, reciprocity, helpfulness, truthfulness, frankness and fraternity. All of these good qualities enter into the making and selling of "KING MIDAS FLOUR."

☞ King Midas costs a little more than any other flour, but you are not in a "cheap" business if you are progressing.

Purchase your Flour supplies from the Irishmen who made flourmaking a fine art.

The Shane Bros. & Wilson Company will gladly supply you any information you may desire on the subject of FLOUR.

SHANE BROS. & WILSON CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Modeled-Leather Mats

For the Spring Refurnishing

All sizes in each design.



20 inches diameter, \$7.50



12 inches diameter, \$2.25



10 inches diameter, \$1.75



12 inches diameter, \$2.25



9 inches diameter, \$1.50



18 inches diameter, \$5.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Auto Philosophy

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Oakland

One thing, even if gasoline is not exactly attar of roses, it does not breed flies. Three years ago, when the Proprietor of a big hotel in New York asked the police to keep his curbs clear of cab-horses, he was denounced as finicky and fussy. Now, no good hotel man will allow horses to stand in proximity to his Inn.

One great value of the Auto to Society is that it relieves the streets of horses and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness.

We are living under peculiar conditions, and we must meet situations as they come, with scientific and sanitary means.

The automobile fills a demand for sanitation, and makes for sanity, safety and success.

The Oakland, a staunch car, is the principal pet of the busy businessman. The Oakland is a car at the commonsense price, the price that you and I can afford to pay, and it meets all the requirements which are claimed for higher-priced cars.

You can not get a better car for every-day needs than the Oakland—no matter how much you pay.

1911 Oaklands include the following models, three of which are here pictured:

30-H.P., 4-Passenger Torpedo Body . . . \$1,200	30-H.P., 2-Passenger Runabout . . . \$1,000
30-H.P., 4-Passenger Toy Tonneau, detachable fore doors . . . \$1,150	40-H.P., 5-Passenger Touring-Car, fore doors . . . \$1,600
30-H.P., 5-Passenger Touring-Car, detachable fore doors . . . \$1,200	40-H.P., 2-Passenger Torpedo Roadster, fore doors . . . \$1,550
(Detachable Tonneau, if preferred)	40-H.P., 5-Passenger Touring-Car . . . \$1,500



Model "33"—30-H. P. Detachable fore-door Touring-Car. Detachable Tonneau if preferred; 5-Passenger \$1,200.



Model "24"—30-H. P. Runabout. 2-Passenger \$1,000



Model "K" Special—40-H. P. Touring-Car. 5-Passenger \$1,600.

Send for the Oakland Literature. It is almost as classic as my little work, "The Age of the Auto."

The Oakland People would be glad to tell you all about their car. They love their car and like to talk about it. Just get them started.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY Dept. D PONTIAC, MICH.

The Dramatic Number

THE June issue of THE FRA Magazine will be the Dramatic Number.

Mr. Hubbard has just completed his tour of farewell to the stage.

He covered the Orpheum Circuit from Omaha to Seattle and down to Los Angeles—twelve weeks in all, say one hundred and fifty performances and a few more.

On this Little Journey, Mr. Hubbard collected a deal of good stuff in the way of pleasing tales about legit, vodes, soubrettes, heavies, boy comedians, infant prods, and child phenoms—of all ages. The whole tour was one continuous Joy-Ride, with not a single incident on the route that Mr. Hubbard would care to have changed in any way. Everybody was lovely.

Some laughed at him, all laughed with him, and some, of course, laughed in the wrong place—but this always happens, even in church.

There was enough copy caught to fill twelve numbers of THE FRA; but it has all been boiled down and condensed in genuine vaudeville style, so nothing is left but the pure hand-panned nuggets of glee.

Naturally, Mr. Hubbard thinks he knows more about the stage just now than any other of the ink-stained craft.

He has seen the wheels go round behind the asbestos curtain.

He has also gotten a glimpse into the box-office, and into the hearts of the players; and the auditorium from orchestra to gallery is to him familiar.

The Secrets of the Stage will all be delivered once and forever in the June number of THE FRA. Get it and read it or forever creep and crawl through life ignorant, forlorn and uninformed.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

For Graduation Gifts

These hand-hammered copper gifts will delight the college student, both ed and co-ed.



Book-Ends \$3.00

Paper-Knives



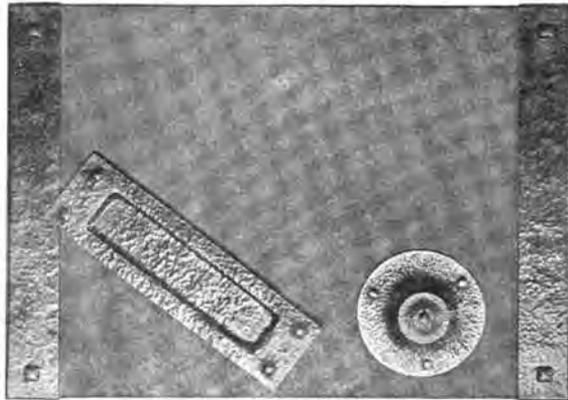
50c.

\$1.00



Candlestick \$3.50

Set Complete \$10.00



Desk-Pad, 15x20 inches \$5.00

Ink-Pot 4.00

Pen-Tray 1.50

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The Map With a Thinker

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

LOST in an automobile! The most humiliating of experiences is this. I know, because I have been there. Yes, Daffydil, me! To have at your command the power of sixty horses for speed and six hundred horses for endurance, and yet as utterly lost as if in a trackless desert. Then, Angel of Light, comes a native in "those parts" and you eagerly grasp for the words of direction that will convey you back to "God's country." "Grasp" is often the word, for nine times out of ten—yes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred—you are misdirected and are as hopelessly lost as before.

The United Manufacturers of New York, at any rate one of the Uniteds, became lost on an up-State road, and after hours of unprofitable searchings through guide-books, over maps, and following directions from the natives, was still lost. Necessity, in this case, was the Mother of the Jones Live-Map, the greatest boon to touring automobilists that has yet been offered.

This Map with a thinker is composed of a round, white disk, with directions that tell you every turn you must make in the road, which fork to take, when you approach a difficult crossing, what customs are necessary to "get by" the constables in each locality, and warns you of speed-laws.

All this is done by an indicator on the rim of the disk. This indicator means "NOW." If you look at your Live-Map and the indicator points to "Right Fork—Cross Bridge," you immediately look up and there is the fork in the road and, a little beyond, the bridge you are to tackle.

The motion for this Map, the muscles for the Thinker, comes from the rotation of the front wheels by means of a gear connected, by a long, flexible driving-shaft, to the disk itself.

The rim of this Jones Live-Map represents 100 miles of road, divided into 170-yard sections. At the end of each hundred miles, if on a long tour, the next disk in order is attached, and you are free from direction troubles for 100 miles more, or till the end of your journey.

If, just across country, you see an inviting-looking tavern, which will require a detour, all that is necessary to reset the map is a simple twist of the knob at the top of the disk. So you may hit the open road to your heart's desire. You need not be afraid of turns or twists or to be alone in the dark.

Then, as night approaches, and you are speeding the car to get to shelter, there is a tiny electric light that, starlike, illumines the disk until you are safe, comfy and happy within the fold.

For your further information, there is a book, "The Jones Live-Map Book," which tells all about the Instrument which knows every road, every corner, every puzzling fork and crossroad in the whole world, described and pictured, together with the grim story in nineteen photos of What Happens Without It.

JONES LIVE-MAP METER DEPT., UNITED MANUFACTURERS
BROADWAY AND 76th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



SEALY

Tuftless Mattress

Pure Long-Fiber Cotton

In One Pneumatically-formed Batt

No Layers or Sections

The Only Successful Tuftless Mattress

Guaranteed 20 Years

Send for Our Mattress Museum and Our Book of Mattress Facts

THE Museum contains exhibits of actual mattress materials arranged side by side for your comparison. It also gives facts concerning each exhibit. The book tells things that everyone should know before buying a mattress. It will insure you against fraud and deception.

Last, but not least, it tells about the Sealy Tuftless Mattress.

Tufts in mattresses are comfort destroyers. Yet they are a necessary evil in every mattress but the Sealy. If they are left out of the ordinary layer-felt mattress, which is commonly made of gin-waste or shoddy, the filling will slide about in the tick and become lumpy and uneven.

The Sealy Patented Process, which necessitates the use of pure long-fiber cotton, produces the entire filling of the mattress in the form of one giant batt, formed by compressed air without layers or sections. No tufts are required with this filling.

The Sealy Mattress is guaranteed for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy. Its construction gives a billowy, undulating quality to the mattress that makes it conform to every curve of the body in any position. This means a new comfort, fullest relaxation, complete rest and sound sleep.

Buy under the Sealy Triple Guarantee

FIRST:—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton, without linters or mill waste.

SECOND:—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

THIRD:—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Bookfold Sateen, or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$18; Art Ticking, \$19; Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20; Art Ticking, \$21.

Send for our Booklet

"The Real Difference in Mattresses" and the "Mattress Museum"

With them we will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the guarantee.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Factories (also offices) at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, TEXAS

All for One Dollar!

1—The Philistine Magazine for One Year, as Issued

Businessmen, doctors, lawyers, preachers, actors, adboys—all those who prize the Kosmic Kilowatt—peruse "The Philistine," and pinch from it as their needs require.

2—One Special De Luxe Roycroft Book

(Our selection), by ELBERT HUBBARD, bound in boards, French charcoal-paper sides. Portrait from special drawing by Gaspard, English handmade paper, special watermark, antique type, wide format. STRICTLY DE LUXE and a RARE and UNIQUE SPECIMEN of BOOKMAKING.

3—An Autographed Etching of Fra Elbertus on Japan Vellum

By Schneider, suitable for framing.

4—Twelve Back Numbers of The Philistine Magazine

To read and pass out to the non-cogibund.

THE PHILISTINE, East Aurora, New York

Enclosed find ONE DOLLAR, in acceptance of your SPECIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

Extra Postage: To Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents

Hand-Illumined Mottoes

Opportunity

MASTER of human destinies am I:
Fame, Love and Fortune on my
footsteps wait ;
Cities and fields I walk; I pene-
trate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden, once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake ; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of Fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death; but those who doubt or hesi-
tate,

Condemned to Failure, Penury and Woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore ;
I answer not, and I return no more.



These Mottoes are printed on Italian Handmade paper. They are 11½ inches by 15½ inches.
Illumined, One Dollar; Unilluminated, Twenty-five Cents.

Send for our Catalog of Mottoes. It is yours for the asking.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

Cold Facts About Cold Cream

NATURE wastes no time repairing the individual who neglects his skin. What Nature does for you on the inside must be supplemented by effort on the outside. Woman took the initiative in regard to the use of cold cream and passed the idea on to man. Modern man realizes the value of a clean face as a business asset, so he gets busy with the cold cream a few moments every day, as a matter of stern duty.

Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

when applied to the skin with a washcloth which has been dipped in hot water, does all that soap and dry-massage cream can do and more. It removes the waste skin and dirt, relieving the pores of the substances which prevent their action.

While it is breaking down and removing the useless and unfit, it heals and feeds the skin. Your skin is only as good as it looks. A defect on the surface will soon infect what lies beneath.

The curative and cleaning power of Perfect Cold Cream makes it a dozen points superior to any other beauty aid. But then there are various cold creams offered you. Daggett and Ramsdell have made it a business and a duty to perfect what they righteously call "Perfect Cold Cream."

Only the purest of products go into its composition and in correct proportions. It never deteriorates, so is fresh and sweet as the breath of Spring clear to the bottom of the jar.



Your dealer has it now. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50; Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c. Write for Free Tube today. With the sample tube is mailed an interesting book, "Beware of the Finger of Time," which contains valuable lessons on the care of the skin.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL

DEPT. E, D. & R. BUILDING

NEW YORK

THE PEOPLE'S PIANO

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



NT was not so very long ago that all of the beautiful things of earth were believed to belong to the superior class; that is to say, all the toilers, all the workers in metal, all the bookmakers and authors, poets, painters, sculptors and musicians did their work to please this noble or that. All bands of singers were singers to "His Lordship," and if a man wrote a book, he dedicated it to "His Royal Highness."

Leopold Mozart and the son who caused his name to endure were in the employ of the Bishop of Salzburg; but today art belongs to the people, and so the work of Hugo Sohmer and Joseph Kuder belongs to you and to me. 🎹 🎹 🎹

Hugo Sohmer and Joseph Kuder are the creators of the soulful SOHMER PIANO, which will be more frequently found in public institutions and private homes

than any other piano I know. It is the people's choice. You reach sublimity through sweet sound; but the instrument on which you produce the sound must be absolutely perfect. 🎹 The delicate nuances of music depend entirely on the vehicle of expression. No one knows this better than the makers of the Sohmer, for they have proved it.

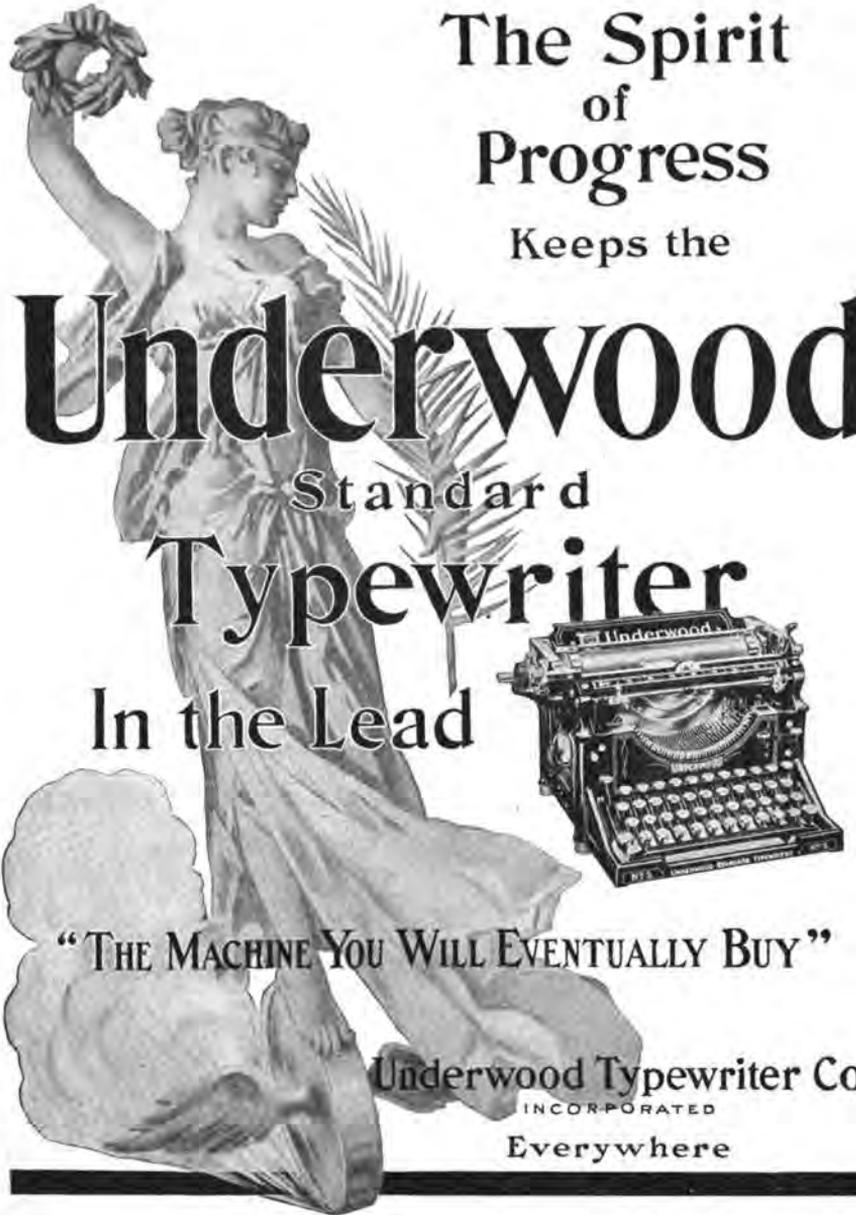
The Sohmer is a dynamo of sound energy, and yet it will produce the most delicate shade of sound known. The influence of the soulful Sohmer has had its effect on the world of music. The Sohmer has raised the standard of piano technic.

The Sohmer is made in many varied models, but the artistic excellence of the Sohmer goes into every instrument produced by this Company.

Just to satisfy your inner self, send for the Sohmer literature, which is of unusual interest to every one. 🎹

SOHMER & COMPANY, SOHMER BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

Three Hundred Fifteen Fifth Avenue, Corner Thirty-second Street



The Spirit
of
Progress
Keeps the

Underwood

Standard
Typewriter

In the Lead

“THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY”

Underwood Typewriter Co.
INCORPORATED
Everywhere

and panic seize the town, but there is one man who is in peace.
—Robert T. Morris.

✧
THAT life should appear commonplace to any man is evidence that he has invested it with the coarse habit of his thinking. Life is beautiful to whomsoever will think beautiful thoughts. There are no common people but they who think commonly and without imagination or beauty. Such are dull enough.
—Stanton Davis Kirkham.

✧
THE inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the Winter scenery, and believe that we

KNOW the beds of Eastern princes, and the luxurious couches of Occidental plutocrats, but under the rafters of a farmhouse, where the mud-wasp's nest answers for a Rembrandt and the cobweb takes the place of a Murillo, there is a feather-bed into which one softly sinks until his every inch is soothed and fitted, and settling down and farther down falls into sweet unconsciousness, while the screech-owl is calling from the moonlit oak and frost is falling upon the asters. Stocks may fluctuate

are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of Summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

✧
TO see in all mountains nothing but similar heaps of earth, in all rocks nothing but similar concretions of solid matter, in all trees nothing but similar accumulations of leaves, is no sign of high feeling or extended thought.—Ruskin.

WE follow the stream of amber and bronze brawling along its bed with its frequent cascades and snow-white foam. Through the canyon we fly—mountains not only each side, but seemingly, till we get near, right in front of us—every road a new view flashing, and each flash defying description—on the almost perpendicular sides, clinging pines, cedars, crimson sumach-bushes, spruces, spots of wild grass—but dominating all, those towering rocks, rocks, rocks, bathed in delicate varicolors, with the clear sky of Autumn overhead. New scenes, new joys, seem developed. Talk as you like, a typical Rocky Mountain canyon, or a limitless sea-like stretch of the great Kansas or Colorado plains, under favoring circumstances, tallies, perhaps expresses, certainly awakes, those grandest and subtlest element-emotions in the human soul, that all marble temples and sculptures from Phidias to Thorwaldsen—all paintings, poems, reminiscences or even music—probably never can.—Walt Whitman.

Barcalo Beds

Stand The Hammer Test



See This Test— And the Barcalo 35-Year Guarantee

BARCALO Brass and Iron Beds are unbreakable. The Hammer Test proves that the corner—the weakest point in ordinary beds—is the strongest part of the Barcalo Bed. The Barcalo 35-year Guarantee means that if your Barcalo breaks you get a new bed. A twelve-ply English lacquer finish makes Barcalo beauty permanent—fresh and glossy for years. See the comprehensive Barcalo line—so complete that you're sure to find the style and price you're looking for.

Choose springs as you do beds—inspection and test prove the quality of Barcalo Imperial Springs.

The trade mark "Barcalo-Buffalo" is a positive identification of Barcalo Beds. Insist upon its being on the bed you buy. Send for the Barcalo Style Book. We'll send it free—also the name of your Barcalo dealer.

Barcalo Manufacturing Co.

Dept. E 6, Buffalo, N. Y.



ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT,
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

April 3d, 1911

I want to congratulate you on the April issue of "The Philistine." It strikes the "high note" of so-called "high-class Society Publications," and discloses the absurdity of their advertisements. The advertisements in "The Philistine" and THE FRA are the cleanest, sanest and most sensible of any of the magazines of the present day. Your method of writing copy is so novel that it attracts not only the careful readers, but those who only hastily scan the pages.

Brighton, N. J.

Sincerely yours,
R. H. DIAMENT

ALL those who love Nature she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things, of this world—not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.

— John Lubbock.

The outcome of the battle is of no importance—but how did you fight?

No man can make others think unless he himself is a thinker.

Directing Genius

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

GENIUS is unique. No satisfactory analysis of it has yet been given. We know a few of its indications—that's all.

First among these is ability to concentrate. No seed can sow genius; no soil can grow it; its quality is inborn and defies both cultivation and extermination.

To be surpassed is never pleasant; to feel your inferiority is to feel a pang. Seldom is there a person great enough to find satisfaction in the success of a friend.

To the young author I would say that the person most interested in you is the person who can profit through you. There are men who make a business of directing genius for profit. Their business is honorable and unique. They are just to the man who can do the thing, because they secure for him a remuneration which he would not otherwise receive.

¶ The Literary Bureau makes a business of directing people who have the genius to write wisely and well. This Bureau makes no charge, except for typewriting and revision when necessary, until your manuscript is sold.

The Literary Bureau has established other authors, and they can make you if you have possibilities.

The Literary Bureau, Inc., Philadelphia
SUITE 809 STEPHEN GIRARD BLDG.

Educated Grass-Seed

KALAKA is just grass-seed with a college education. It boasts the classic degree of B. S. And it is the degree that makes it different.

Kalaka is the master Lawn-Producer. It makes a green sward grow where before grew but a lonely blade.

Kalaka is the concentrate of dried cattle manure treated to eliminate all foreign seeds and substances, and then mixed with the finest grass-seed.

The process is secret, but the result of sowing Kalaka is known to the world.

You sow it like ordinary grass-seed, water it, and you soon have a perfect lawn.

It goes further and does better than any known grass-seed.

Kalaka comes in five-pound boxes. East of the Missouri River, the price is \$1 a box; West of the River, \$1.25 a box—express prepaid in either case.

¶ Try it. Send for the free booklet, "How to Make a Lawn."

The Kalaka Company, Chicago, Illinois
831 EXCHANGE AVENUE, UNION STOCK YARDS

INVESTIGATE

Roycroft Pecan Patties are made from maple-syrup and selected pecan-nuts. Sap's running and maple-syrup is new right now.

Roycroft Patties are at their best, luscious and alluring.

This is the age of the man from Saint Joe. ¶ Send for a sample.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Robinson Crusoe



Three Volumes Selected by the Editor of *OUTING* from the Best Outdoor Books in America

For the person living a week or a year away from the doctor, the grocer and the tourist guide. Volume One, *The Book of Camping and Woodcraft*, by Horace Kephart, is the standard pocket encyclopedia on life in the woods. *Cann Cookery* deals with food supplies, from raw material to the eating; includes chapters on outfitting and nutritive values compared with portability. *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine*, the third volume, is a common-sense book in plain language on the diagnosis and treatment of diseases and accidents. Written by Dr. Moody.

Under the guidance of the library one can be prepared to live in safety, comfort and health in the open. Used and recommended by mining engineers, travelers and hunters, from Alaska to South America. Bound luxuriously in flexible leather and enclosed in durable cloth holder. Size 4½ x 7 inches. Each book fits the pocket. The set may be returned if not satisfactory. Order through any bookstore, almost any good sporting goods store, or direct. Price, \$4.00. Write for free descriptive circular of the Robinson Crusoe Library.

These books may be purchased separately, in cloth binding, as follows: *Camping and Woodcraft*, \$4.50; *Cann Cookery*, \$2.00; *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine*, 75 cents.

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY, 315 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SIMPLE SHOE SENSE



SHOEMAKING is a business. There is no black art in the construction of a shoe. So much material, so much skilled labor, so much time matched up expertly, produce the shoe. All this is plain, simple, business sense. You can not get away from it. ♣ ♣

This is why James S. Coward's Store is conducted on a human business basis. You may follow a Coward Shoe through the different stages of making, and you will find its operation the most efficient and honest system possible.

There is no sentimental value in the price of a Coward Shoe. It is every cent the best James S. Coward or any other Shoemaker can produce.

People who wear Coward Shoes are foot care-free, because James S. Coward builds a shoe that protects rather than hinders the foot while walking. Coward Shoes are built along the line of Commonsense and the styles are conservative.

James S. Coward has only one store, but he has organized an efficient Mail-Order Department which will take care of your wants just as well as if you were able to call at the store in person.

When you visit New York, it will pay you to call at the Coward Store, which is located in the Lower West Side of New York City, occupying six buildings on Greenwich Street South of Warren Street. It is reached conveniently from all railroad terminals; from ferries and bridges; all elevated subway or surface car-lines; and is only a short walk from the Hudson Terminal at Cortlandt, Fulton and Church Streets.

Send for the Coward Book. It shows the Coward Shoe Family—and it's mighty interesting.

Here are a few special Coward shoes for special needs:

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

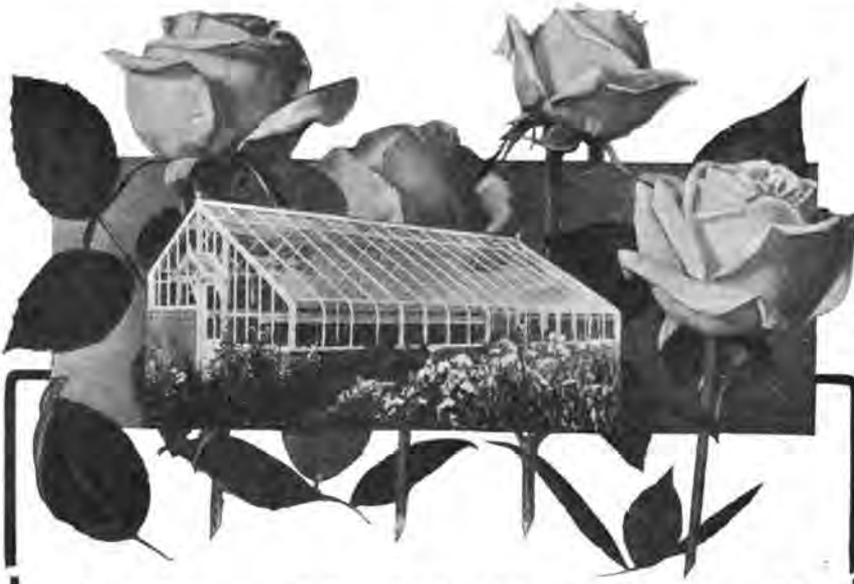
The Coward Combination Shoe The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

Booklet Showing the Coward Shoe Family Sent Free

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



It's Rose Month Every Month If You Have a Greenhouse

Roses by the armful *every day*
 Roses, pink, white and yellow
 Roses with the blush of the morning in their buds
 Roses with the sunset glow in their petals
 Roses with the delicate, fleeting perfume of May
 Roses with the fragrance and vigor of June

Surely there is nothing so satisfying, so ever welcome as the rose.

All the winter long you can revel in roses from your own rose garden, if you have one of our greenhouses. Not simply roses that anyone can buy in the shops—but roses that are personal acquaintances of yours—roses that you have, from day to day, watched and “fussed with a bit”—roses that mean concentrated sunshine, peace and joy to you. That kind of roses—the

kind that can only be grown in your own glass enclosed rose garden—one of our greenhouses.

Our catalog illustrates and fully describes this particular rose garden. You may be interested to know that it is owned by a woman, and that 10,000 roses were cut from it last year. Send for catalog. Build your rose garden now and get it planted so you can be cutting blooms early in September.

Lord & Burnham Company

NEW YORK
St. James Building

BOSTON
Tremont Building

PHILADELPHIA
Heed Building

CHICAGO
The Rookery

FACTORIES:
IRVINGTON, NEW YORK and
DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS

leads into the place itself. On the edge of the sidewalk the persuasive notes of the barker rise fitfully above the roar of traffic. His eloquence stamps him as a person who might have been a United States senator, only he considered the show world less corrupt than politics. One can't miss him. He never permits it. An army of men and women and children, a million strong, march and counter-march past him nightly, past that flaming yellow entrance, as they spring out of the dark to plunge headlong into the dark again. So many thousands know no other light! They pause and look, startled, pleased, drawn by the brilliancy. The eloquence of the barker, the purring of a

THE Nickelodeon is one of those peculiar mushroom growths in the amusement of a great city that sprang up suddenly, somehow, no one knows why, and it had to grow because the good in it was too big and splendid at rock bottom to allow the little evil to control and destroy it.

A fascinating ribbon of incandescent light wriggles around and around the word “Motion” strung out before the gaudy blue and yellow Moorish entrance, flaming with posters, which

string band hold them. The conscious thought of relaxation, of recreation, is upon them. The subconscious desire of being a unit in the passing show seizes them. “It is only five cents!” coaxes the barker. “See the moving-picture show, see the wonders of Port Said tonight, and a shrieking comedy from real life—all for five cents. Step in this way and learn to laugh!” And the thousands venture.

Three years ago the nickelodeon was unknown. Cheaply made moving pictures on indifferent

topics were utilized to fill up the bills of vaudeville theaters. As the machines became perfected, and every phase of life was drawn upon to enhance the novelty of motography, it was found expedient to create a place devoted solely to the bringing of this practical and inexhaustible form of entertainment to the people.

So vast a field of knowledge, of art, of science, of natural history, of political history, is embraced by motography that it has become today, almost a liberal education in itself. In three years' time the nickelodeon has in truth become both a clubhouse and an academy for the workingman. Saloonkeepers have protested excitedly against its

permanent establishment as a menace to their trade. The saloon has lost its hypocritical and pious cloak as the workingman's club. The nickelodeon now beckons to the saloon's former patron with arguments too strong to be withstood.

The nickelodeon's grasp on the public, then, is a fact to be reckoned with. It has become a nightly amusement ground of the masses and its influence is widespread and insidious. Ten thousand or more of these little theaters daily

Here's
to Your Good Health
and Pleasure

Come---follow the arrow 'til you
join the merry throng of palate
pleased men and women who have quit
seeking for the one best beverage because
they've found it---

Coca-Cola

Real satisfaction in every glass---snap and
sparkle---vim and go. Quenches the thirst---
cools like a breeze.

Delicious---Refreshing---Wholesome

5c Everywhere

Send for
our interest-
ing booklet,
"The Truth
About Coca-Cola"

THE COCA-COLA CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow, think
of Coca-Cola

open their doors to the working people and the children of the great cities. More than two hundred thousand people find amusement within their doors in New York city every day.

—Lucy F. Pierce.

SUCCESS treads on the heels of every right effort; and though it is possible to overestimate success to the extent of almost defying it, as is sometimes done, still in any worthy pursuit it is meritorious.—Samuel Smiles.



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets mean teeth-health, because they are pure, clean and sweet. ¶ Chiclets surpass any gum made in delicacy and quality. ¶ Made with True Mint. They sweeten the breath and aid digestion. ¶ Sold Everywhere. ¶ 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent Packets. SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

Everybody who had been once wanted to go again and find out what he laughed at. Was he bug, or she? Vode verdict—all were nutty and headed for the hutch on the third clutch, Lyman Glover included. In the meantime the cash rolled into the box-office until the ticket-sellers cried for mercy.

To analyze the performance of this woman were vain—she just does it, that's all. She does and says some things which if others should do or say would be crude, rude, vulgar and bizarre. But all she does becomes her ❄ ❄

She is down on bills for twenty minutes, but the audiences will demand thirty or forty. Ladies like Little Eva, and children love her. ¶ She draws

THE last week in March, Eva Tanguay played the Majestic in Chicago. The sale started at an easy jog, with all seats sold for the first two performances. Next there was a mob, a riot, a wild Camorrist rush for tickets, and by Tuesday noon the house was sold for every performance the rest of the week. More people were turned away than got in. Two weeks later Eva comes back—that is her specialty. This time she held over for two weeks, and the success of the first week was repeated.

the biggest pay of any person in Vode—save two or three—sleeps twelve hours, fletcherizes, and off the stage is the color of a quail in a cornfield. She gives the show, she is reliable, she co-operates with the management—she gets the mun. All of her kicks are in the line of art. ¶ She is a fool only on the boards. In private life, while she can not give points to Harry Lauder, the Scottish Spendthrift, she has a cash-register eye, knows the value of real estate, and buys no gold bricks or ferryboats.

And the strange part is, she grows in power in her work all the time. She plays with consummate abandon, but always she has one link left. If she carries a hundred pounds on her cosmopolitan boiler, she only uses sixty. Arrested development catches most of us—not so little Eva. Her name is Cummings, not Goings.

"It never rains in Southern California, but it pours," and figuratively, also, in receiving pleasurable visitors. Elbert and Alice Hubbard dropped down in The City of Beautiful Angels recently, and it is needless to say the enjoyment was mutual. What surprises me is that such apparently intelligent people as the Hubbards

can remain away from Southern California, even a part of the time, when they know that life is so short. Why not allow the old orthodox gang of hell-fire people, who expect future rewards, in proportion to their suffering "here below," to do all the suffering and be damned?

—Franklin H. Heald.

✽

The awakening of China is coming at last—coming through the ministrations of the Big Ben Clock.



Ingersoll-Trenton

\$5.00 to \$19.00

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch offers such accuracy as can be had in only a few of the more costly watches. It combines with this accuracy, an attractive appearance and a very low price.

Its close timing is possible through the bridge-model construction of its movement—a type of construction shared only by the highest priced time-keepers.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you this modern product of efficient manufacturing methods which have created a high class time-piece at a moderate price. Watch satisfaction is now yours for the price you know should command it.

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch, movement and case, is fully guaranteed.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Ashland Building, New York

GGS are like men—some of them have poaching qualities, while others can only pass muster when they are scrambled. Speaking of eggs, have you seen Maude Adams in Chanticleer? It is now running in New York. Of course it would be more appropriate for a man to take the part of a rooster, but Maude is so sweet, and crows so daintily, that you forget the inconsistency of a woman taking this most masculine part. Yes, sweetheart, give me mine with the sunny side up.—Mike Kinney.

Are You Well Vroomed?

I never wear anything out—friends, thoughts, loves, nor a suit of clothes.—Benj. Franklin.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had only one smart style of clothes in all his career. And in the opera-comique of the passing years, Ben changed much, but the style was kept in continuous service, for Deborah, the faithful, made Ben just one suit of clothes a year for fifty-three years. ¶ As Big Ben became bigger, Deborah moved the coat-buttons until they came to the very edge. Benjamin still continued his policy of expansion and she originated the loop style, with braided cord connecting the two edges of his coat.

Thus was Ben's personal popularity increased and reinforced. His favor in America and in France, the Land of Fashion, was greatly enhanced by that one de-luxe suit.

Vroom, Tailor Extraordinary to American Businessmen, on olde Broadway, who lures men from Fifth Avenue by the quality of his clothes, can make you a suit as good as Franklin's. No one wants a suit to last as long, so you pass a Vroom Suit on to the most deserving when you feel that you want a change, just as Franklin did.

¶ Vroom knows this, but he will never die of self-satisfaction, because he is always trying to do something better and still better.

¶ Vroom is always just inside the entry to his shop, and he will greet you personally whenever you call. He will help you select the material and measure you up himself. The tailor men who will make your garment all have the Vroom spirit, integrity and enthusiasm.

Vroom is virile, and his clothes possess virtue. You know that when you talk to him; you feel it when you put on a Vroom garment. Vroom's prices begin at Forty-five Dollars. He knows that you can not make a Class A garment for less, and so he refuses to try, and he gives you more for your money than any man cutting cloth.

When along New York way, call on Vroom: He will be glad to see you and tell you some things you possibly do not know about Clothes. By the way, Vroom gets out a little magazine of his own each month called "Groom." It's nearly as good as *The Philistine* and *The Fra*. He'll send you a copy regularly if you say so.

VROOM, TAILOR—1115 Broadway at 27th St., New York

For the portals of a theater may be the doors to Arcady. ¶ That man is poor indeed whose memories of the theater hold no such experience, even out of childhood or youth; and for such a man the play-house may well be a place of only idle amusement or intellectual interest.

But for those of us who do cherish such experiences, the theater seems thereby a more lovely and important institution, nearer, more human and more elevating.

—W. P. Eaton.

HERE is a publication called "Variety," a weekly, issued in the interests of vaudeville.

It is of the best of its kind in the world.

I recently saw an advertisement in "Variety"

JUST as there come moments to every man when he is a philosopher, a metaphysician, so there come to him moments when this world of humdrum facts, of prosy occupations, of men and women each bent on petty and selfish ends, seems none the less suddenly good, shot through with charm, shimmering with romance. Perhaps this experience comes to a man with the love of a maid. Perhaps it comes with health and a May morning. Perhaps it comes with a trip to the theater.

ety" which proves that it is the genuine Good Stuff.

The advertisement offered for sale six ferryboats, duly describing them, stating where they could be seen and purchased.

At the bottom of the advertisement was a postscript by the Editor to this effect: "It may seem strange to readers of this publication that we should advertise ferryboats, but the real fact is, actors are such fools when they have money, that they will buy anything!"

END it, but did you ever hear of a girl backing out on her wedding-day?

If we happen to run into a dull day when we are suffering with a boiled-apple-dumpling headache (the apple-dumpling having been served with melted butter dip), the world looks mighty dreary.

Along about 5:30 in the afternoon, when we see a woman hurrying along Commercial Street, glancing nervously at the clocks in jewelry-stores, we know what's up: she's afraid of her husband, and having been to a matinee, is hurrying home to get his supper ready on time.

When, however, a woman strolls along carelessly, and stops to look in the dry-goods windows, heaven help her husband

—he's afraid of her. ¶ There seems to be more difference of opinion about a good song than almost anything else.

Girls probably would play the piano less if it did n't furnish an excuse to dodge dishwashing.

¶ When a man becomes irritable, and unfair and quarrelsome, it is the surest sign that he is going to pieces.

Atchison has a good many automobiles, but not a single Limousine; indeed, we Atchison people can't pronounce the word.—Ed Howe.

Nelson's PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF

Encyclopaedia and

Research Bureau for Special Information

"It Cannot Grow Old"



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
That Little Bar and Not has solved the Problem!
It has put all other Encyclopaedias out of date!
"It is used as an authority in our Editorial Rooms." Review of Reviews.
The most valuable, durable and beautiful set of books published.

FOUR GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS

1. **Patented Loose-Leaf Binding Device**
Keeps Nelson's perpetually new.
2. **Three Permanent Staffs of Editors**
Insure accurate and dependable information.
3. **Research Bureau to Answer Questions**
Makes Nelson's the only complete work of reference.
4. **Models and Manikins Show and Explain**
all parts of the Automobile, Turbine, Human Body, etc.

1. Nelson's Patent Binding Device makes Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia the only absolutely New Reference Work obtainable, because this Wonderful Device enables the Publishers to keep Nelson's always up to date.

2. Nelson's Maintains Permanent Editorial Staffs in New York, Edinburgh and Montreal. The Editor-in-Chief is John H. Finley, LL. D., President of the College of the City of New York; the Canadian Editor is William Peterson, LL. D., C. M. G., Principal of McGill University, Montreal, Canada, and the European Editor is George Sandeman, M. A., Edinburgh, Scotland. Thus, Three Great Editorial Staffs, assisted by a corps of contributors, are engaged on Nelson's the year round, and **OVER 800 NEW PAGES** are supplied every year, so that this great work never becomes old—it will **Always be the Latest.**

3. Nelson's Research Bureau for Special Information—only institution of its kind anywhere—is maintained entirely at the publishers' expense to answer questions and to furnish subscribers any information requested—**FREE.**

4. Nelson's Beautiful Models and Manikins have been imported especially for this work, to illustrate such absorbingly interesting subjects as the Human Body, the Automobile, the Turbine, etc. **No other Reference Work has accomplished this.**

Approved, Adopted and Used by the United States Government Departments and by Universities, Colleges, Libraries and School Boards throughout the Country; also The Officially Recognized Authority in Canada.

READ THIS LETTER

The University of Rochester
Office of the President

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Rochester, New York
New York, N. Y. May 8, 1911

Gentlemen: I have received your shipment of revision pages for the Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia for the year 1911, and I desire to express to you once more my appreciation both for the form and substance of your Encyclopaedia. It seems to me you have devised an excellent and most valuable method of keeping reference material up to date.

Very truly yours,

Russett Phelps

NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPAEDIA CONTAINS MORE THAN 70,000 SUBJECTS—TREATING OVER 1,000,000 TOPICS—7,000 ILLUSTRATIONS—500 MAPS.

Each Article in Nelson's embodies the results of the very latest research. See the articles on Aodes Tunnel and Railway; Conservation; Flying Machines; Fireproof Construction; Foods; Inland Waterway; Panama Canal (constructive work, concrete plants, etc.); and hundreds of others not to be found in any other Encyclopaedia.

IMPORTANT We have found that information on subjects of great interest changes so rapidly that we have decided hereafter, no matter how great the cost, to issue our revision pages half yearly in March and October instead of annually as heretofore.

EXCHANGE Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia has so put out of date the old-fashioned, regularly bound encyclopaedias, that we are constantly receiving requests for an allowance on old encyclopaedias to apply as part payment on Nelson's. List showing these allowances will be sent on request.

Write today for the **FREE** loose-leaf portfolio on Nature Study, particulars of the Bureau of Research for special information, facsimile endorsement letters from Scientists and Educators, and full information about Nelson's Loose-Leaf Reference System. Our special introductory price and easy-payment terms interest all who appreciate a bargain.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Dept. 10F 381-385 4th Ave., New York

Founded in Edinburgh 1798 Over 100 Years in Business Established in New York 1854

Publishers of The American Standard Bible—Endorsed by Universities, Theological Seminaries and Colleges throughout America

¶ I AM confident that there is a crying need in this country for a conservatory of music and a festival house for operatic performances. Present conditions make it impossible to enable the public to enjoy opera in English, or to hear the singing of that great host of talented Americans who are forced to address their efforts to European audiences.—Lillian Nordica.

Good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.—Emerson.

THE ROYCROFT CONVENTION



THE Sixteenth Annual Convention will be held at East Aurora, July First to Tenth, inclusive, Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

All Life Members, and subscribers to *The Fra* and *The Philistine* in good standing, are especially invited to be with us and join in the glad-some glee. ¶ There will be two formal programs daily, but not too formal—afternoon and evening—when men and women of note will speak, sing, recite, vibrate and otherwise disturb the ether.

There is always much good-fellowship at these conventions. Introductions are tabu. Everybody knows everybody else ♣ Good will and the laugh in which there is no bitterness prevail.

¶ The Science of Business, this year, will be one of the especial themes under discussion.

Music will be a principal feature.

The Roycroft Physical Director will lead gentle walks afield—down to the Spring and through The Roycroft Wood ♣ There will also be tramps to The Roycroft Farm—there usually are—and demonstrations at The Roycroft Woodpile.

Health, happiness, good cheer and all that makes for increased efficiency will be yours.

As for Ideas, everybody is welcome to all he can bring, and to all he can carry away.

There is no charge for attendance at the lectures, concerts and other entertainments.

Rates at The Roycroft Inn are Two Dollars a day and up, according to rooms, including meals.

Free automobile service meets all trains at the station. Reservations at the Inn can now be made. Perhaps you had better not dress too fine—flannels, corduroys, khaki, stout shoes and a smile!

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

Values, Virtues and Pebeco

THAT there is no such thing as a bargain is a thing we determined long ago. Since the publication of a little discussion in THE FRA Magazine last month anent the virtues of two Advertisements on Pebeco, we have received hundreds of letters regarding Pebeco Tooth Paste. Nearly all of our correspondents say this: "Pebeco can not be bought on the Bargain-Counter. It costs more than the ordinary Tooth Paste, but it is worth more and goes further in the long run." Pebeco is not a bargain; it is a value, and its virtues can not be questioned. Within thirty years' time we have evolved a new science of education, a new science of medicine, a new science of theology and a new science of business. Pebeco is a product of the new sciences. Lehn and Fink, the American Importers of Pebeco, realized that in this awaking in America, better goods would be demanded, and Pebeco was imported to meet the demand.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE



is the only perfect dentifrice, safely and scientifically made, which not only cleanses, whitens and polishes the teeth, but also saves them by removing the cause of tooth degeneration—acid mouth. Pebeco rids the mouth of bacteria, underlying fermentation and acidity. It acts gently on the soft, delicate gums and prevents disorders of the mouth and throat. All discolorations are permanently removed by consistent use of this perfect paste.

Pebeco originated in the laboratories of the famous chemists, P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. This fact insures you absolutely against any misrepresentations. Beiersdorf Preparations are the standard the world over. It is just as necessary that you should take care of your teeth as it is that you should read good books, hear good music or look upon beautiful pictures. The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood are one and the same thing.

It is your duty and should be your joy to use Pebeco, the only tooth-paste which will absolutely preserve the teeth from attacks of "acid mouth," the greatest cause of tooth decay.

Fill out coupon and send for a sample tube.

Lehn & Fink, 133 William St., New York

Originators of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum—the powder free from greasiness.

Lehn & Fink,
133 William St.
New York

Gentlemen:
Please send me Trial
Tube of Pebeco Tooth
Paste and Acid Test Papers.
(Write your name and address fully
and plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

The Most Intimate Thing We Own



THE Greeks have a saying, "Nothing is impossible to industry," and American manufacturers are proving that this is so.

The word "Underwear" a few years ago did not suggest anything especially pleasing, but The Cooper Manufacturing Company of Bennington, Vermont, have evolved a "grade de luxe" Underwear which is perfection itself.

The Cooper people have put more value into Underwear than any one ever imagined was possible. Cooper Spring Needle Underwear is made under ideal conditions at Bennington, Vermont.

We like to know how and where our food is secured. We like to know the laundry that cleans our linen and how they clean it; but heretofore, when purchasing Underwear, the most intimate thing that a man or woman can own, we seemingly grew careless and accepted the first thing a salesman handed over the counter.

Some Underwear is made any way and anywhere—often under conditions that do not invite confidence or a hope of cleanliness.

The average underwear-maker sends out any old thing, because he supposes the public does not care—but an awakening has come. People now ask, "Where is this Underwear made and who are the makers?" Unnamed, unknown underwear is not worth the buying, much less the wearing.

Cooper's Spring Needle Underwear is the only underwear made from the genuine Spring Needle Fabric. To make sure of this, the Cooper people make the machines that make the goods.

This Underwear is made in Union and Two-Piece Suits in all sizes and in popular weights and colors. Write the makers and they will send you a booklet giving prices, etc., and a liberal sample of the wonderful Spring Needle Fabric. You will never know what fine underwear is until you investigate the Cooper, which has durability, beauty, stretching and comfort-giving quality to commend it.

Cooper Manufacturing Company, Bennington, Vermont

who plunge into the writing of plays, from one end of the land to the other, never stop to think of this, although they probably have never read a play themselves. Big in their minds looms the idea of the lucky few—not as many as they can count on the fingers of one hand—who have made fortunes by simply, as their would-be imitators believe, stringing together on their paper enough words to cover two or three hours in delivery. Some twenty thousand plays a year are received in manuscript form by various theaters in New York. The New Theater gets an average of fifteen a day; David Belasco, about twenty, with nearly an equal number

PRODUCED BY BRAINS

UTICA Pliers are the exemplification of one rule: that only expert workmanship and the best material positively produce results.

For those who want only the best, Utica Pliers make an appeal. It was Alice Hubbard who said, "Any one can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article."

Utica Pliers are a better article, and brains have entered into their composition. Utica Pliers have been subjected to every known test, and have won out every time.

Utica Pliers are the tools of a thousand uses. Anything from the kitchen to the drawing-room is constantly in need of these Pliers. Housekeepers who call on the Hardware-Dealer for Utica Pliers do themselves a better service than they know.

Utica Drop Forge and Tool Company, 800 Whitesboro St., Utica, N. Y.



MORE people write plays than read them.

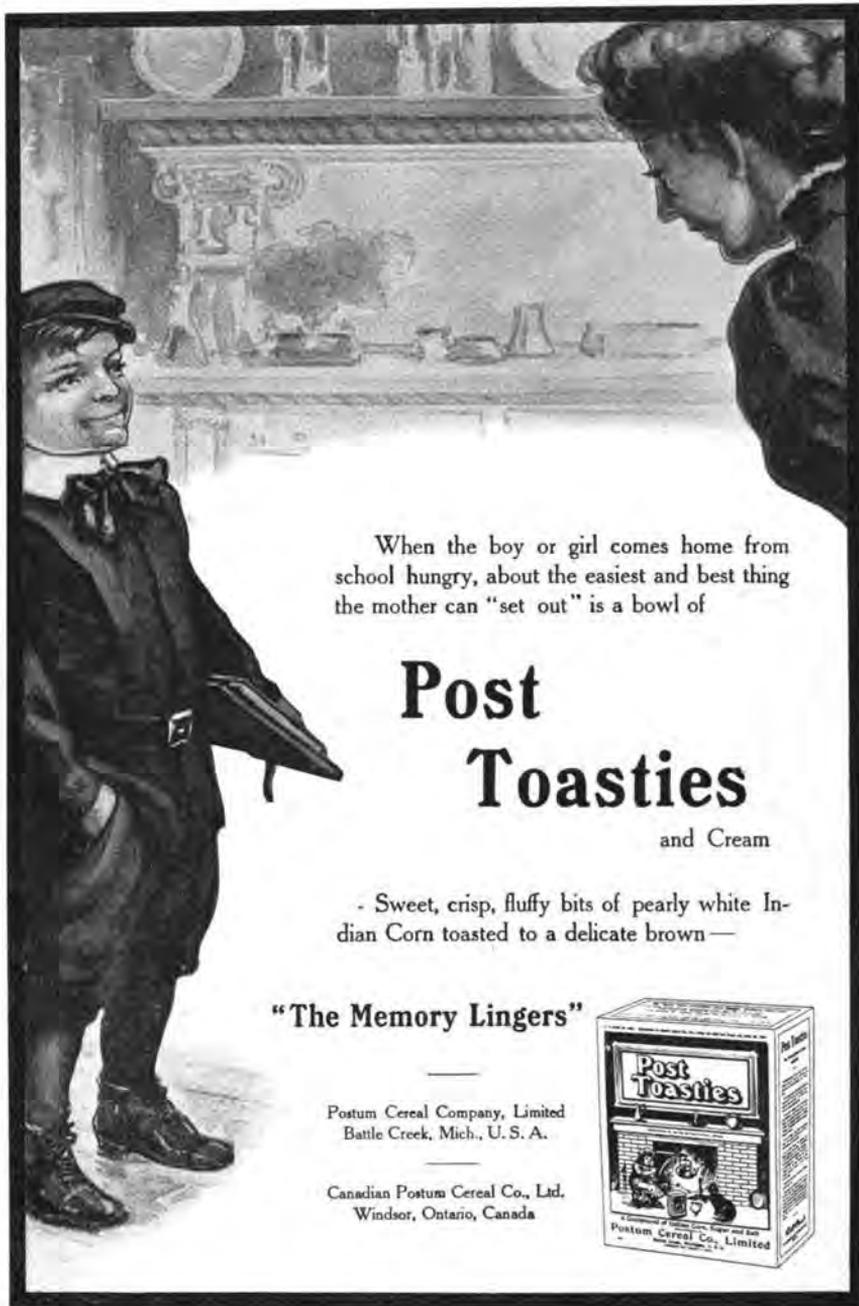
There is an incentive to write a play, but none, as a rule, to read one. Indeed, the reading of a play is very tedious business compared with skimming through the same plot in story form. The names of the persons speaking, and the parenthetical descriptions of what they are supposed to be doing, form constant interruptions to the smooth flow of narrative, and render the drama the least-read division of fiction. ¶ The thousands of men and women

for Henry B. Harris. The reader at the New Theater is rather more optimistic than the others, for he says that among the fifteen his secretary finds about three good enough to pass up to him for further consideration. At the Belasco, the run of the offerings is usually hopeless, many of them coming from the most illiterate sources; while out of the thousands of scripts sent to Mr. Harris every year he has never found one worthy of production. The plays he has staged have come to him from

people he already knew, and this supply is so small that Robert Edson has been forced to write one for himself, adapting it from a novel. And yet all the leading theaters now maintain a play bureau, and examine everything offered, in the persistent hope of finding another "Paid in Full," "Fortune Hunter," or "Seven Days."—"Munsey's Magazine."

✱ **E** may thresh and rethresh the old question of opera in the vernacular till we are worn out, but the fact remains and will not go down that, so long as we refuse to hear opera in our native tongue and to encourage opera written by our own countrymen in our own musical idiom and accompanying a native drama of our own society, build we never so many new opera-houses, hear we never so many of the first productions of European works in advance of Old World productions, nevertheless we are not truly a producing center of operatic art—we are virtually in an operatic suburb. ✱ Our chief claim to glory is that we are a very rich suburb.

—W. P. Eaton.



When the boy or girl comes home from school hungry, about the easiest and best thing the mother can "set out" is a bowl of

Post Toasties

and Cream

- Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of pearly white Indian Corn toasted to a delicate brown —

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



⊙ **H**, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—Shakespeare.

Priceless Volumes for You and Me

The history of America's thought evolution can never be written with the name of Robert Ingersoll left out. ¶ In his own splendid personality he has no rival, no competitor. He stands alone; and no name in liberal thought can ever eclipse his. ¶ He prepared the way for the thinkers and the doers who shall come after. The earth is a better place, and life and liberty are safer because Ingersoll lived. He did a great and necessary work, and he did it so thoroughly and well that it will never have to be done again. ¶ He shamed men into sanity. He abolished fear, gave courage in place of cringing doubt, and lived what he believed was truth. His was a brave, cheerful and kindly life. His influence in the cause of simplicity and honesty has been priceless. ¶ The Dresden edition of Ingersoll is a gift to the world, the value of which can not be computed. It is in thirteen volumes, containing Ingersoll's complete writings and that splendid biography by Kittredge. This is the authoritative edition published in conjunction with the Ingersoll estate. ¶ In order to please and accommodate FRA readers and to give the work the widest possible circulation, The Dresden Publishing Company have arranged to deliver the complete set, carriage prepaid, on receipt of proper recommendation, and allow subscribers to pay in small monthly payments. ¶ The Dresden Edition is beautifully printed and artistically and strongly bound in several styles of binding. Full information regarding this will be supplied you for the asking. ¶ On receipt of Ten Cents in stamps, the Publishers will send you a photogravure portrait of Ingersoll suitable for framing, a facsimile reproduction of his "Birthplace of Burns" and other Ingersoll matter of much value. Remit Ten Cents today, with a request for information about this valuable set of books which every thorough American should own.

THE DRESDEN PUBLISHING COMPANY

18 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Moreover, this play-impulse is a common function of health and growth. The impulse to dance when joyous is found in children and in all people, expressing, as it does, primitive, fundamental emotions. But the many go on worshipping at the shrine of Tusitala's two bestial goddesses, Comfort and Respectability, and those who, like Stevenson, are brave enough to pray for deliverance from these two, so that they may devote their energies and talents to the contemplation of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, are viewed askance by their fellow-men. Or else, if it is not the utilitarian who pricks the bubbles of the glad children of play and art, it is the religionist

AMERICA'S FAVORITE IRISH COMEDIENNE

GRACIE EMMETT

Permanent Address:

77 AVON STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Under the Direction of Pat Casey

INTERESTING, indeed, it is to pause in the mad whirl of dancing, in which not only this country but Europe has been caught up in the last few years, to try to discover what it all means, and whether this much abused and much debased practise can legitimately be classed among the so-called Fine Arts.

One of the strongest impulses is the play-impulse. The play-impulse is, in its essence, an expression of the longing to escape, through the imagination, from life's commonplaces.

— not the truly religious man, for the artist is, above all, a worshiper at heart, but the Puritan, who is afraid of the beautiful things and does not know that the love of the Beautiful and the love of God are the same thing. The beautiful use of the body is worship. The earlier peoples knew it. Dancing is a part of all primitive worship. Even David danced as well as harped before the Lord.

All art is the effort to express the inexpressible, to utter the ineffable. The painter uses one

means of expression, the poet another, the musician a third. But they are, one and all, seeking to express the same things. Now the dancer's medium of expression is the human body. To a certain caliber of mind—half-civilized one might call it, for the unconscious simplicity of the savage has been lost, while the insight and correct recognition of values of the fully civilized mind have not yet been acquired—the human body stands for nothing more nor less than the lure of the flesh. On such a mind are lost all efforts to express the deeper truths of intellectual and spiritual life, or to catch and make visible or audible the fleeting fancies of the imagination. Unhappily, such

are our limitations, the artist must needs use some physical means of expression. We are fortunate in that we can, in exalted moments, feel and seek to express the "infinite passion," but doubly unfortunate in that we must endure the "pain of finite hearts that yearn."

—Alice Martin.

The Circus Busch has a "talking" dog. It may be able to talk, but has shown no inclination to do so yet.—"Variety."

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT ADVERTISING

THERE is a symposium on the advantages of advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA: the same being penned with a due regard for truthfulness.

"The Philistine" and THE FRA are edited by Elbert Hubbard.

Their circulation is national and bona fide.

They are read and passed along.

They go to a class of people who think and act for themselves, and who have the money and brains to discriminate in favor of good things.

The Editor of "The Philistine" and THE FRA is perhaps the most widely quoted and most positive force in the literary and business world of today.

Elbert Hubbard's admirers and patrons form a distinct class who can be reached only through the medium of his publications.

While you may not agree with all you find in "The Philistine" and THE FRA, there are thousands who do, and who believe in the advertisements as well as in the writings of Fra Elbertus.

The readers of "The Philistine" and THE FRA are made up of all classes, from the millionaire who buys the choicest and costliest products of The Roycroft Shop, to those who treasure their one and two dollar productions as their choicest and dearest bits of literature—hence anything good can be profitably advertised in these publications. No advertisement of a questionable nature will be accepted at any price.

If you have anything to sell to reading, thinking people, a better or more permanent method of placing yourself before them than advertising in "The Philistine" and THE FRA can not be found.

Think it over—and let us have your contract before rates are advanced or the doors closed.

ADV. DEPT., THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

THINK I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.—Charlotte Cushman.

Quality holds off competition.—John L. Mahin.

A Civilizing Influence

THE institution which does the thing supremely well always gets its reward in long life. And the way to live ninety-nine years is to work ninety of them. Service and promptness are safeguards along the way. Dempsey and Carroll, Stationers to the American People, exemplify this.

THEY have served the public wisely and well; so every Spring a flood of mail comes into their New York store for Wedding-Invitations, At-Home and Church Cards and other social requirements. When a house gets repeat orders every year, you know the reason.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL have a love for their business—they are intent on doing things right, to make their trade not only a fine art but a civilizing influence. There are certain words which mark the Spirit of this Firm: System, Service, Purpose, Courtesy, Initiative, Truthfulness, Individuality, Mutuality and Thoroughness.

Dempsey & Carroll, 22 West 23 St., New York

THE sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing, which is a thing Dempsey and Carroll understand well. Trust your orders for Announcements, Wedding-Invitations, At-Home and Church-Cards to them and you will get positively the best the world affords. Send your orders in early; but if something occurs which demands quick work, call on the firm by mail which has made a reputation for promptness—Dempsey and Carroll.

ALSO, if you want something extra special and choice, there is no other firm you can be so sure of, to furnish what you want and when you want it. Their engravers and printers are expert, artistic and intent on producing the proper thing for every event. Prices and samples supplied gladly, on request.

IF you have not seen the best, it is quite easy to be content with something else. But if Dempsey and Carroll do your work, you will be content because you have the best.

response from the average audience. Comedy, which is the term under which we class the different forms of humor, is therefore an essential element in drama. It does not deal with emotions that are heart-searching nor terrifying incidents, but trades rather in eccentricities of character and quaintness of manner; consequently, its chief dramatic use is to relieve the tension of a serious action. It is in this manner that it was used by the Elizabethan playwrights, who fully appreciated the tastes and weaknesses of their audience. However, comedy is not an absolute essential to the success of a play. Nearly all the best tragedies and certain of the most powerful dramas

HUMOR has been defined as the salt of life. It is a caprice of our natures, or rather that quality which gives to ideas a ludicrous or fantastic turn, the effect of it being to excite the pleasurable emotions which we exhibit in laughter or mirth. Its unflinching power to win an audience is well known, and it is to this emotion that the amateur's attention is first attracted. It may take the form of a play of wit, sarcasm, satire, irony or the like; in any case, it is certain to meet with a prompt

have not a ray of humor in them. The reason is not far to seek, for serious subjects, such as deal with the dignified and noble qualities of the human nature, admit only of a serious and earnest presentation. It has been said that the direct appeal of the drama is to make the audience think, feel or laugh, and certainly a drama which does not accomplish at least one of these results is a failure; but to combine all these qualities in the proper proportions in a single play demands the greatest ability, and

few playwrights can accomplish it. Humor in the hands of an artist has an unflinching power to win an audience, and it is the best means which the playwright has at his command for relieving the stress of a serious action.

—O. R. Lamb.

L B E R T MILDENBERG is a well-known composer who has inaugurated a plan to establish Municipal Grand Opera in New York City. Mr. Mil- denberg's long experience as conductor in the great municipal opera-houses in France and Italy has fitted him well for this laudable under- taking, which will pave the way for the training and placing of many talented pupils in this country, who have heretofore

been compelled to go abroad in order to secure positions on the grand-opera stage.

WHEN the husband gets ready to regard his wife as an equal partner in the marriage firm instead of as an employee with one share in a million-dollar company, or as merely a housekeeper; when he is willing to regard his income as much his wife's as his own and not put her in the position of a beggar for every penny she gets; when he will grant



East Aurora, New York
Saint Gutenberg's Day
Closing Time

TO ADMEN EVERYWHERE

Dear Partners in Well-Doing:

MR. HUBBARD requests me to say to you that he will be delighted to greet you whenever you show up at sun-up.

When you come to Roycroft, make yourself known, and we will tell you some of the things we do not know about advertising.

We will also be glad to display for you some de-luxe printing and binding.

The *Fra* and *The Philistine* are your Magazines. You are making them a success with our help, and we want to talk the thing over when you come this way. There will be times when we will pass the medicine-ball and forget it. We are waiting at the Chapel. Good wishes ever,

JAMES WALLEN
Secretary to Elbert Hubbard

Before You Order Business Stationery

learn about the advantages you'll secure by specifying that it bear the watermark

(Trade Mark Registered)

CONSTRUCTION

Best at the Price

Made in White and Six Colors

With Envelopes to Match

BOND

This paper has not only the strength, crackle and character that give impressiveness to business stationery, but its economical method of distribution has so reduced its cost that it produces

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

That method is this: Construction Bond is sold only direct to responsible printers and lithographers in quantities of 500 lbs. or more at a time, while other fine bonds are sold through jobbers, a ream or more at a time, to any printer who will buy them. The saving is obvious and it's your saving if you secure Construction Bond. We will tell you more about our sale plan and send you some handsome specimen letterheads on Construction Bond, together with the names of those printers and lithographers in your vicinity who handle it, if you'll just ask us on your business stationery.

W. E. Wroe & Co.
1002 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

her the same privileges he demands for himself; when he is willing to allow his wife to live her own life in her own way without trying to "boss" her, we shall have more true marriages, happier homes, a higher civilization.

—O. S. Marden.

THE Orator persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; the Rhetorian can prove that he ought to have persuaded and carried all with him.—Carlyle.

THE JULY FRA



THE July issue of THE FRA will be the Vacation Number. ¶ Usually the man who needs a vacation most is the average individual who has just had one.

However, THE FRA Magazine is not for average people.

Only about one man out of fifty ever thinks. The rest merely memorize and think they think. Average people follow the mob. When THE FRA has as many subscribers as the Hum Journal, I will know I am not passing out anything but persiflage and piffle.

THE FRA is for people who find an exquisite joy in a think vibe. Such people eliminate properly, and if you do not eliminate, you can not absorb. Absorption and elimination form the divine program called LIFE. To cling, clutch, get, grab and hold fast is fixity, and fixity is death, and death is simply a new deal.

The folks who sit on hotel verandas and discuss their aches, ills and operations are listening to an organ recital.

Cut it out, I prithee, even if you have to take ether!

Lots of folks who need a vacation never get one. Lots of folks who have vacations need work more. But the man who lasts longest and does the best work is the one who gets his vacation every day. The good man who lives in the Vatican never takes a vacation.

During your vacation you want to store up health, good cheer, ideas, and prepare yourselves to carry heavier burdens, face greater obstacles, overcome greater difficulties, have more fun and make more money than you ever have before.

The July FRA will help you to have a good time on your vacation, so you had better make sure to take along a copy, to mark, inwardly digest, and then pass along to her. Or, if you do not have a vacation, THE FRA will show you how you have n't lost much, but are still to the good, just the same.

The Fra, East Aurora, New York

Your Cosmic Balance

¶ We do business on our nerves and some of us have a mighty small balance in the cosmic bank. Those of us who have a surplus have invested early enough in labor-saving machinery.

¶ This year our good friends, Sears, Roebuck and Company, have issued a check for Twenty-two Thousand Eight Hundred Seventy Dollars in payment for Seventy Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machines to be used in their general office in Chicago.

¶ A man who complains against the modern way of doing things is a dead one, whether he knows it or not. "Get the thing done" is the motto of the big men who are doing big things that have never been done before. They must act on this basis, otherwise they would be ironed out to the average and their dreams would evaporate like the morning mist. Businessmen deal with conditions, not theories; facts, not fancies.

¶ The Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machine is first assistant to this type of man. The makers of The Wales have evolved more than Forty models for special requirements.

¶ The Wales is the most completely visible Adding and Listing Machine made today. An operator can do more accurate work on The Wales and at greater speed than on any other machine.

¶ The Wales is sold on a five-year guarantee, because its makers know that it will perform the service for which it is intended.

¶ Sears, Roebuck and Company are economists. They do not experiment in a matter like this. The reason they issued the largest check ever written for Adding Machines to be used in one office to The Adder Machine Company is obvious. They knew that The Wales Visible was the one machine which could do the work which they have in hand.

¶ Over One Thousand Banks, recognizing the superior excellence of The Wales Visible, have ordered in generous quantities. Be a Wiseheimer—make money, thus gaining health and wealth for yourself, and increasing your balance of nerve-force in the Bank of Cosmos by investigating and installing The Wales.

¶ Detailed information, interesting and varying, will be sent you for the asking.

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in All Leading Cities

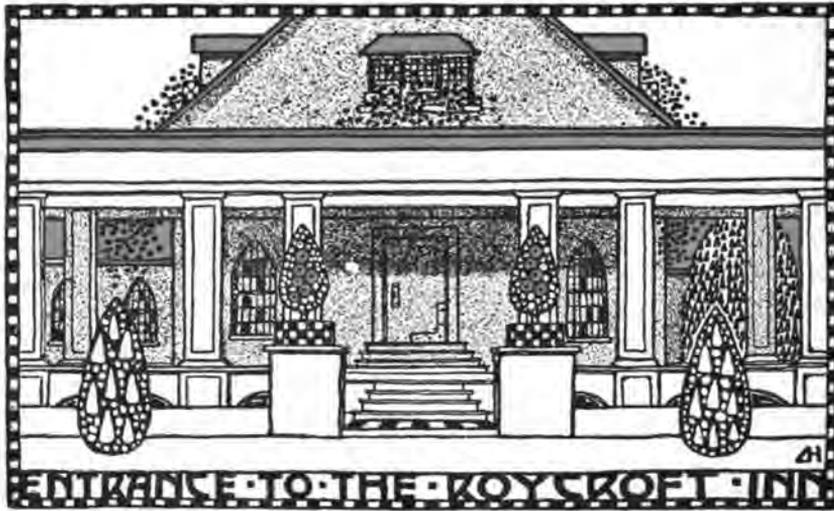
Pin Coupon to Your Letterhead

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing The WALES Visible.

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....



The Roycroft Inn



HE Roycroft Inn is a hotel—American plan—but it is something else beside.

It is a symphony in tints and tones, and a study in the grain of woods. The buildings that make The Roycroft Inn were built by The Roycrofters; the furniture was thought out by the same heads and made by the same hands that built The Inn.

You can forget the woes that you've been manufacturing all Winter, at The Roycroft.

There is a cool restiness about the long Peristyle by the fountain that sends weary city days into the limbo of distance.

There are cattle on our thousand hills and woods and meadowland, all the wholesome things of country life, and right at the heart of it, a world industry.

The Roycroft Shops are open at all times to our guests. This is the sixteenth year of their development.

So every Summer there are some who journey Roycroft-way by the Twentieth Century or Pierce-Arrow routes.

June is the month of commencements, marital commencements, and the like. Brides, grooms, sweet

girl graduates and their fond parents—and those workaday bodies who need a brief rebuilding spell—are welcomed, made at home and left to their own sweet devices.

We serve simple, wholesome, well-prepared food produced on The Roycroft Farm, at Round Tables that would have charmed King Arthur's Knights.

We pass the medicine-ball and exclude the bilious bolus dupe and dope. We gather at the pump, refresh ourselves at the eternal spring, and follow the good dictum of early to bed and early to rise.

All themes are discussed save your troubles and your ills.

The Roycrofters are healthy, reasonably wealthy, happy and fairly wise. They send you greeting and welcome to The Roycroft Inn.

The rate for simple, well-ordered rooms is \$2.00 and \$2.50 a day.

De-luxe suits with out-of-door sleeping-apartments, \$3.00 a day.

Choice suites, with sleeping-porches and bath, \$4.00. Extra De-luxe rooms, \$5.00 a day.

Good automobile roads from anywhere to everywhere connect with East Aurora and The Roycroft Inn.

All kinds of benzine-buggies, including Uncle Hiram's chug-chug.

THE ROYCROFT INN
East Aurora, New York State

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

The "All Right" Gun

THERE is an aristocracy among manufacturers. Certain men make certain things better than others. Also, some towns are noted for some particular product. But there are exceptions. Philadelphia is not especially noted for the manufacture of Firearms, but the Finest Gun in the world is made there, just the same.

The Fox Gun is genuine. It stands foremost among Sporting Arms, because A. H. Fox is a leader among the experts on the subject of Gunning.

A Fox Gun will last for ninety-nine years and longer. It will stand the hardest usage without giving away. Its coil-main and top-lever springs never get off the job. The circular locking-bolt never shoots loose.

Buffalo Jones, who lives in the open—a child of the great outdoors, of the wind and rain; his home the saddle of his broncho, his bed the bosom of Mother Nature—says that the Fox Gun is "all right"! Men of the minute, fellows with plenty of ginger and dash in their cosmos who are setting a pace in modern business, are the men who get out in the open with a Fox Gun.

Every line and curve of the Fox Gun exemplifies marvelous mechanical execution. Fox Guns are the better guns. There are many guns made in this country—but a gun to commend itself to critical and experienced minds must have external finish and more. It must be imbued with the superior intelligence of its inventor and maker. This must seem rather vague, but ask any man who uses a Fox and he will tell you this is so. He knows.

Mr. Fox will gladly send you some interesting literature. Write today.

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4680 NORTH 18th STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For Wedding and Graduation Gifts

Gold has been used as the medium for color harmony ever since the blending of shades and tones was recognized as a fine art.

Roycroft Modeled-Leather Goods possess a unique, distinctive harmony of color tone, because the art shades used are softened and blended with gold.

This Music-Fold will take a full sheet of music, has side wings and side handles. A durable, beautiful, useful art piece. Price, \$15.00.

The Travelers' Writing-Case contains blotter-pad, stamp-box, stationary ink-well, pen and pencil trays. Price, \$15.00.



Music-Fold, 12 x 15 inches, \$15.00.



Travelers' Writing-Case
Closed, 2 x 9 x 13 inches.
Open, 2 x 13 x 18 1-2 inches.



A Distinctive Shopping-Bag. This modeled-leather Roycroft bag is leather-lined, has inside pocket with bill-purse. Size, 8 1-2 x 9 3-4 inches. Price, \$20.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

A Special Ukase to Every Man Who Runs an Auto or Owns One

We want to show you how to avoid most tire troubles, and minimize the rest.

We can help you cut down tire expense fully one-half, and reduce unmanicured vocabulary in proportion.

TIDDY-IRO TROUBLES

are those which never happen, and we are told that these are the worst kind.

But Tire Troubles for an autoist are no airy, fairy freak of the imagination. They happen, and they happen always at the inopportune time.

Tire Troubles cause more woes, worry, waste and cuss-words to an autoist than all others combined. These things you know, and now if you would remedy them send at once to the address below, for a gratis little book on Tire-Repairing.

The writer of this is a Roycrofter and runs cars of various makes. He knows all tires, and all auto troubles; and he also knows that tires give more trouble than all other causes combined.

The Imps of misery and mischief live in your tires.

But the way to banish them is easy and plain: mend your own tires, and do it before a small break develops into a blow-out. The time to avoid an accident is before it happens.

This little book on Tire-Repairing will be a godsend to you. A postal card fetches it.

THE NEW PROCESS VULCANIZER
3230 MONROE STREET TOLEDO, OHIO

Gifts in Hammered Copper

When you choose a wedding-gift, you have two people to please—yourself and the bride and groom. These simple, hand-hammered individual Art Pieces, no two alike, will appeal to the new home-maker.

They have grace, usefulness, beauty, personality & They bear the Roycroft mark of distinction.

These things will fit the new home.



Single Candlestick Price, \$3.50
The Pair Price, \$7.00



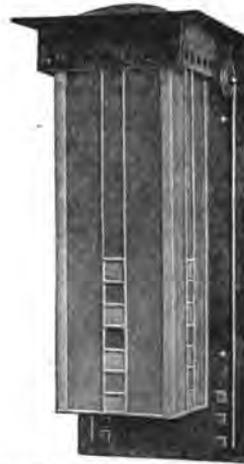
Single Candleholder
Price, \$4.50



The Colonial
Price, \$2.00



Jardiniere. Hand-Hammered copper, with German Silver Trimings, for 6-inch pots . . . \$15.00
Try these Jardiniere for the veranda plants.



Electric Side-Wall Lamp. Price, \$15.00. These lamps are leaded with modern art-glass, and are especially good in rooms where a soft glow is the desired light-effect.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Never Before A Motor Car Like This For \$1150

THE big handsome "Henry 30" 1911 Fore Door Touring Car shown below is the one great motor car achievement of the year. It is almost incredible that a "30" of this up-to-the-minute type, embodying all that is latest and best in "Henry" Motor Cars, complete with standard equipment, can be offered to the public at \$1150. While our output is big, the demand for this "Henry 30" is going to be tremendous and we must advise all who want this car to avoid being disappointed by writing to us at once for complete specifications and information as to the nearest dealer.

Just think of these features in a 1911, 30 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore Door Touring Car with standard equipment—liberal construction, a magnificent motor, 4x4½, en bloc type, 30 H. P. rating. The transmission of the 3-speed selective type and rear axle are of marked strength, the frame large, the wheel base of 112 inches, the tires 34x3½. The Model K, roadster type of this model, listing at \$900, is the greatest two-passenger car value on the market. The Henry Model T, shown at the left, is our "40" which corresponds to the "30" and at \$1850 is another unusual value, especially for those interested in this power. Our "40" H. P. Chassis is absolutely the strongest to be found in any car of this price in the world.

SEND FOR THE "HENRY" BOOK

The "Henry" Book gives all the information you must have to get even a small appreciation of what magnificent cars make the name of "Henry" the grand old name of the motor car world in 1911. Send for a copy. Call on our dealer in your locality—his name on request.



"Henry" Model T

Henry Motor Car Sales Company 1507 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Distributors: For Eastern New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, Crawford-Thomson Company, 1649 Broadway, New York City; For New England, Henry Motor Car Sales Company, 49 Fairfield St., Boston, Mass.; For Ohio, Henry Motor Sales Company, 2059 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; For Kansas and Western Missouri, Henry Motor Car Company, 1124 E. 15th St., Kansas City, Mo.; For Iowa, Iowa Henry Auto Sales Company, 907 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.



Big Ben



An Advertisement not written by Elbert Hubbard

FRA ELBERTUS has never missed a train, failed an appointment nor a lecture date. Ask any man who knows him.

The Sage of East Aurora put himself on record with "The Message to Garcia" for promptness. He has to live up to his lithograph.

He does it with the aid of a Big Ben Clock. He is up on time and so starts the day right. Big Ben will help you make good.

Big Ben is an action-sure sleepmeter and timekeeper because he is made by experts. He is good to look at and pleasing to hear.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

Western Clock Co., La Salle, Ill.

BEN President Taft appointed James J. Britt, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, he chose wisely and well.

The worst I can say of Britt is that he is a lawyer. The best I can say of him is that he does not work at the trade all the time.

Britt was born in the country and brought up to work hard and long. He has gotten an education out of his work, at his work. He is a teacher and he is a learner. The bumptiousness of some officeholders is far from Britt. He is

courteous, kind, quiet, reasonable, and firm when he should be.

Britt is a man the Post-Office Department would do well to hang on to. He stands for the economics, and he also stands for progress along business lines.

PICTURE of Laura Nelson Hall is shown on our front cover. The costume worn is not the one Miss Hall wears on the street or when traveling on the cars. It shows her as dressed in the banquet scene of "Everywoman," where Success cuddles at her feet and she has the world by the cosmic scruff—or thinks she has, as most women do at some time in their career. Miss Hall runs the gamut from gleeful girlhood

to grief, scorn and abandonment, when all have forsaken her but Nobody. It is a great thing to be an Everywoman. Miss Hall does it, and makes us smile, laugh, groan, moan, sigh, and remember—a great woman in a great play!

If all felicities the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities.—Seneca.

ONE of the most sensible and helpful books on oratory, of which I know, was written by John P. Altgeld.

There is a great deal of affectation about "art." Nobody knows what it is; and those who have it often know the least about it. ¶ But there are a few plain, commonsense facts about the use of the voice in public that we all should know. Now comes a little book by Millie Ryan of Omaha, entitled, "What Every Singer Should Know," that is a gem.

Miss Ryan is a singer, a teacher, an athlete, and best of all, a commonsense person. Her book is a delight and a relief. * One would naturally expect a lot of mystical and silly rules about

focusing your epiglottis, singing over your larynx, not under it, and letting go your palate.

¶ The fact is, singing is automatic. When you feel right and sing big, you are not aware of your organs. Miss Ryan says, "To be a great singer, you had better first be a great individual. Knowledge, sympathy, patience, persistence, health—all enter into the formula, and singing is only an incident in life, not the end of it."

¶ And as for myself, after reading this charming book, I would travel far to hear Miss Ryan

Many a Big Business Deal

swings on the pivot of "first impression." Many a first impression is gained from a letterhead. If you would be sure to have such first impressions in your favor your letterhead should be printed, lithographed, or engraved on

Old Hampshire Bond

File a memorandum now to "specify Old Hampshire Bond next time we order letterheads."

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads, and other business forms, printed, lithographed, and engraved, on white, and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead.

Address:

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond. "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Type-writer Paper and Manuscript Covers.



sing or speak. The book can be had for a dollar—but it is worth two. * It is published by the Franklin Publishing Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

* **HERE** is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy.—Longfellow.

SOME PLAYS (*Oh, Not So Bad!*)

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



THE DOCTORS, a satire in four seizures, and "Justinian and Theodora," a historic drama bearing on the one gleam of light during the Dark Ages.

¶ In the *Dramatis Personae* of "The Doctors" are a few choice spirits who make up the State Hospital Staff of house physicians; Mrs. X, the mysterious patient, and baby X; a reverend gentleman; a pretty nurse or so; First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Patients, all bug—but only a part of the time; and enough others to make the silence palpitate.

"The Doctors" is warm with wit, wisdom, epigram, orphic and proverb. It is illustrated with some bum cartoons, guaranteed to make any certified M. D. laugh, if they don't make him mad.

"The Doctors" is a dose of allopath, healthy humor.

¶ In a special freak binding. Price, \$2.00.

"Justinian and Theodora"—a less objectionable play—has the golden thread of tragedy in and out and through it all. Comedy makes life livable, but we grow in the shadows. We work our grief up into art.

"Justinian and Theodora" is printed in three colors on imported handmade paper. It is bound in limp leather, silk-lined. Price, \$2.00.

It is quite a book for lovers—wedded or otherwise *

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

the stage drop the professional makebelieve of their mimic existence and turn to the genuine play of childhood * Child actors are just little children working for their living; that is all * And if the work is easy, and such that they may delight in, that is no more than just, since happiness and lightheartedness are the rightful heritage of children *

Those unfortunate little ones whose tasks are hard and loathsome are supporting on their frail shoulders burdens not honestly theirs—the artificial result of a grasping and sordid world's artificial distribution of labor. Any pleasurable work is the only work which a child should have to do; it is in this accom-

UCH is said and written of the precociousness of the children of the stage, and little of the naturalness. This you can tie to as a fundamental truth: little children are little children at heart, no matter what else they are. And the child actor is no exception. ¶ Just as the nine-year-old "little mother" of the slums will, if the opportunity is afforded her, turn from the real nursing of her baby brothers and sisters and take up the management of her dollies, so will the kiddies of

panying happiness that the best answer is found to the argument against stagework for children *

Children of the stage are happy in their work. They take a delight in it; a pride in it which yields nothing to the older actor in the way of loyalty. They regard their help to the productions in which they are cast with a seriousness which is at once amusing and gratifying. They are part and parcel of the play, and they feel the responsibility of the honor * Baby Davis,

the little seven-year-old boy who has won the hearts of playgoers all over the country by his unaffected acting of the little girl with Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby," successfully concealed the advancing progress of a cold for three days in order that he might appear in his usual part in the piece. So well did he contrive that it was only when the childish treble became affected with huskiness that his guardians learned he was sick, and even then he protested with all his little might against being absent from performances.

"I must play!" he wailed, "I must! It won't be the same without me, and the others will get all mixed up!"

¶ Stage-children are rarely ever late for performance; their prompt and faithful attendance upon rehearsals is axiomatic in the profession.

People who are not familiar with the stage and its ways are always astonished when they meet child players away from the footlights to note how utterly like other children the little actors are. I saw something of the sort occur during the run of "Mary Jane's Pa," in New York. A gentleman who had been quite captivated



"The Player That's Different"

WHETHER your pleasure is to evoke memories of Auld Lang Syne through the ever-new melodies of childhood—
Or whether you wish to render perfectly the most difficult compositions of the masters of music—

The Krell Auto-Grand offers possibilities of interpretation and accentuation which no other player approaches.

Why the Krell Auto-Grand is Different

The patented exclusive striking principle duplicates exactly the human touch.

Krell Auto-Grand

There is an individual pneumatic for each key of the piano—and each one of these can be removed easily by itself—no expert is necessary to adjust or clean it. The pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and *before* the keyboard. This is true of no other player.

Because of the Extra Storage Air Reservoir, volume may be increased or decreased simply by pedaling, and without effect upon the tempo. The motor is noiseless, the tubes metal (instead of rubber), the tracker-board a special aluminum alloy. The graduating tone device makes possible effects attainable in no other player. The Krell Auto-Grand is an 88-note instrument. Before you choose a player-piano, see and hear it. ¶ Did you ever stop to consider that a player-piano gets much more and much harder usage than a hand-played instrument?

The ordinary piano is not built to stand this heavy strain; and merely attaching a player mechanism to it does not make it any stronger. *We manufacture all parts of both our piano and player action ourselves.* Most other manufacturers merely assemble the different parts.

The Albert Krell piano is noted for its sweetness and musical capability; in addition, it is strengthened in every vulnerable part. The Auto-Grand piano can only be found in the Albert Krell Piano.

"How to Select a Player-Piano" Sent Free

A very interesting little book on player-piano construction and development which is of vital interest to every one interested in players. It gives you a thorough insight into the principles of player-piano construction and it tells in detail of the hundred-and-one distinctive features of the Krell Auto-Grand. Write for it today. You should have it.

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company
Department 1-F **Connersville, Indiana**

by the charm of the play and the grace of its personnel expressed a desire to meet little Gretchen Hartman who played the important rôle of Mary Jane, a lassie of thirteen summers. He was taken "back" by the manager, and Gretchen was brought out to shake hands with him. ¶ The stranger had his mind filled with questions he wanted to ask Gretchen, how she conceived her part, what her art meant to her, and the like. ✽ He was altogether nonplussed when confronted by a shy little girl of eleven,

Birthdays, Beauty and Blossoms



BIRTHDAYS come to every one of us once a year. Some of our good friends say we should forget our birthdays, but the fact is we have a birthday whether we forget it or not—and the strange part is that we never forget it. ¶ We all of us know how old we are, at any time. ¶ But to live and live well is not a disgrace. We are parts and particles of each other, although some people are a little more a part of us than are others. ¶ In any event, we no longer hate anybody, because we can not afford to. Everything we give out comes back to us again. We love our friends, and there is nothing more complimentary in friendship than to remember the birthday of your friend. ¶ I know a man who has made a record of the birthdays of fifty of his nearest and dearest friends—men, women and children. ¶ On the birthday of each and every one he remembers them with some beautiful effective suggestion and inexpensive gift. Last year he gave to each one a bottle of Paul Rieger's Flower-Drops. These Drops are put up in cut-glass bottles, each bottle in a hand-carved maple box. The way I happen to know about this is because I am one of the particular parties on my friend's list, so I received a bottle of Flower-Drops. ¶ This year I got another bottle. ¶ I am just a human being—a plain, common, every-day, average man—and the things that please me I know will please other people. ¶ I have everything I need and wish, anyway; but there is one thing that we never get a surplus of, and that is, human affection. ¶ There never is or will be an excess of love in the world. Friendship may be expressed fulsomely, lavishly, and in a way that bores you, but the sentiment itself is divine. And when your friend impresses upon you that your name is in his mind and your welfare is in his heart, by sending you a beautiful little gift on your birthday, you are simply choked up, melted, and ready to capitulate. ¶ Everything in the world seems more beautiful for this little remembrance. ¶ As a suggestion for a birthday gift I do not know how we can improve upon the example of my friend. ¶ Flower-Drops are the concentrated essence of California flowers. ¶ A manufactured perfume may be a little too pronounced; it possesses ego plus, and is a social buttinski. In fact, it is sometimes coarse and vulgar. But the suggestion of a perfume, and the suggestion of beautiful flowers, and the suggestion of friendship and love—these things as symbols can never die. ¶ Paul Rieger has done a great and beautiful work in putting symbol and suggestion within our easy reach. ¶ Bottled exquisitely and shipped anywhere upon request and a remittance of \$1.50. ¶ Miniature bottles sent for twenty cents in stamps or silver and name of your druggist.

PAUL RIEGER, 296 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

169 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

strangers. This was the case with Gretchen, and I have observed the same thing many times with stage-children. —Vivian Moses.

¶ **L**OVE is the only universal motive, consequently the only one seen of universal response. It is not every one that permits love to control his life, but at least it rules all imagination. Truly, I think sometimes that modern play is truer to love than is modern life, for it still teaches that love is the synonym of self-sacrifice, especially for a woman. ¶ The meanest woman, the most stupid, has a capacity for devotion that amounts to genius. ¶ Woman's devotion does not always take the form of love for a man. Very often it is a pas-

who sidled up against her mother and showed a decided tendency to run back behind the wings. ¶

"It can not be possible," he exclaimed, "that this is the child whose ease and presence on the stage I have just been admiring!" Yet it was true. It had not occurred to the bewildered man that a child might be endowed with the imagination necessary to conceive and portray the rôle and yet not be possessed of that worldliness which makes you at ease in the presence of

passion for humanity like that of Monna Vanna. But the best form it can take, the one which gives the most happiness to the world and to the woman is—the love of a mother for a child. The greatest rôle is that of the Madonna. Not the most varied, not the most dramatic, but beautiful is religion which is not dramatic at all. A mother is the only artist who never has any regrets, who can never have a rival. Motherhood makes of every woman what you call in this country a "star."

People are much truer to their selves in the theater than they are in every-day life. They get a perspective on their own lives when they see the universal emotions portrayed in a play that they could not obtain in any other way.

¶ There are great rôles which we call of vengeance, of cruelty, others of fantastic comedy, but in the play, as in life, these are really rôles of love disguised under another name. Consider the great characters of the drama directly or indirectly, they all go back to love, the motive power of the world.

Hamlet, Phædra, Fedora, Beffa—all the dramas with great crises, great problems—have their inception in love thwarted, triumphant, or betrayed.—Sara Bernhardt.

¶ ELBERT HUBBARD has nothing on Joe Ollier, Southern California representative for the E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20," when it comes to writing "sensational" books. "Defects in the E-M-F '30'" is the title of Ollier's latest literary aspirations. The book is the subject of much thought on the part of Ollier and has taken much time to compose. It is bound in "goat" skin. The pages are as

The Great Study of "Human Nature"



In every walk of life, in every business and in every profession, the big man is always he who knows how to judge other men—not only men in the mass but the *individuals* with whom he comes in daily contact.

There is a science of man-study which you as a seeker for success should investigate. How to get in touch with it at no expense to yourself, is told herein.

Men cannot be studied from books alone—just as the surgeon must dissect, the lawyer must plead cases and the manager must handle men, so the student of human nature must

learn most of his lessons in the great laboratory of daily life.

But, the surgeon, the lawyer or the business man cannot dissect, cannot plead a case or manage a staff of men without a working system, without first finding out the *underlying principles*.

Equally true is the study of "human nature."

Sheldon Has Formulated a Working Plan

In your spare hours at home Sheldon will show you the simple science of sizing up men. He will teach you how to classify men into certain groups, how to pick out certain types and temperaments, and what methods will most appeal to each particular type in the sale of goods or any other procedure.

This is undoubtedly the most interesting and at once the most valuable study a man could under-

take. Yet it requires little time and less effort than you think.

It's all a part of The Sheldon Courses in *Business Building, Salesmanship and Man Building*, clearly explained in The Sheldon Book.

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Please send me FREE copy of THE SHELDON BOOK and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

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clear and white and pure as Joe's countenance. Not a word on them. Just blank paper like Elbert Hubbard's essay on "Silence." Fra Elbertus can now back up and take a rear seat.—Omaha "Bee."

¶ HE consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.—Addison.

HERE'S only one insurgent stand-patter and stand-pat insurgent who is more so than Theodore Roosevelt, and his name is Elbert Hubbard. Hubbard would be an admirable Republican candidate for President. He would please all factions. He's "right" with the Chautauquans and he has said the very nicest things sayable about John Davidson Rockefeller. There's an undeniable charm about the Hubbard philosophy which maintains that everybody's all right. Mr. Hubbard is the man who could get votes going and coming. After George Bernard Shaw, he's the only public character in the world who is able to stand off, take a good look at himself and laugh, with the rest of us. If it were not for his "onto-himselfness," he'd be the most lynchable person on the planet. He is in vaudeville of his own volition, but so many other public men are in vaudeville without knowing it, that Hubbard becomes by contrast immeasurably their superior. Hubbard has a following that chases him. Most other folk in his line are chasing their followers. Hubbard can out-jolly Taft and out-homilize Roosevelt. As an actor without scenery, he can



About Remembering

by Elbert Hubbard



Without his notes he is helpless



The lessons you learn are not unless you retain them by memory



He never misses a face



OR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, whichever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches Memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student. He is a graduate of three colleges, and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention. But this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

This man openly confesses that he can not memorize a date or a line of poetry, and retain it for twenty-four hours. His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.

EDUCATION is only what you remember. The lessons that you study into the night and babble about the next day in class are not, unless you retain them and assimilate them by the slower process of memory. You can not gulp and discharge your facts and hope that they will do you good. Memory only makes them valuable.

EVERY little while in business I come across a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

He can tell you when, where, why, how much, what for, in what year, and what the paper said the next morning.

beat both Bryan and La Follette. He has the grittiness of Gaynor and the sympathetic "morbidezza" of Beveridge. He has the wit of Dooley Dunne and the sanctimoniousness of Ray Stannard Baker; the egoism of George Sylvester Viereck and the tumultuousness of Tom Watson. As bland as Folk, he is as reservedly radical as William Allen White; as canny as Carnegie and as blunt as Pierpont Morgan. He writes ads that are editorials and editorials that are advertisements. He "gets the money"

Like this man is another, the general manager of a great corporation in a Western City. He never misses a face. If he sees you once that's enough. The next time he'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home, and ask if you have recovered from that touch of rheumatism. He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Professor Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Professor Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.

THIS Dickson System of Memory-Training, as I understand it, and I do understand it, is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm to increase the power and strength of your muscle, you exercise it. The same with your mind.

You must put your brain through a few easy exercises regularly to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, when you go about it the right way, to know how quickly it responds to you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays you tricks, I especially recommend that you write to Professor Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if his credentials and recommendations and the facts he sets forth, do not convince you, you are not to be convinced—that's all. You do not know when you will be called to stand on your feet and tell what you know; then and there a trained memory would help you.

YOU'VE sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice-water and forgot, and sat down in the kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

¶ Professor Dickson's System can give you a BETTER MEMORY because it is based upon right principles.



Write and ask Professor Dickson to tell you how he trains the memory. Fill out the Coupon or Postal and mail TODAY. It means success.

How to Get a FREE Copy of This Book De luxe edition, handsomely illustrated, richly bound. Is full of carefully selected material exactly suited to meet the needs of the man or woman who desires to be a successful public speaker.

SUCCESS in Life depends on what you say and how you say it. This book of mine on Public Speaking and Self Expression is based on my 30 years of success as an instructor in Public Speaking in Chicago University, University of Notre Dame, and other well known schools. Taken in connection with my memory training, you can obtain a far better and more needful education than is afforded by many of the best universities. The price of this 1911 de luxe edition is \$2.00. I will, however, present a copy absolutely free to every student who enrolls for my course of memory training within ten days after reading this offer.

How to Remember

Send me free Booklet "How to Remember," also full particulars how to obtain a free copy of "Dickson's How to Speak in Public."

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PROF. HENRY DICKSON
Principal, Dickson School of Memory,
963 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it.—The same with your mind



The man whose memory plays tricks



The little girl who stuttered her piece



The strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice water and forgot.

founded a cult with an incalculable rake-off. He invented the limp calf cover for books, a device which, had it been known by Master Francis Rabelais, would undoubtedly have been made to answer for "anser" with the great and good Gargantua & I sing Hubbard! He is "the man who" of all the conventions & And his "spiel" at the theaters and in all his publications is "what the public wants" and deserves to get until Hubbard makes it wise to itself and—Hubbard. Hooray for Hubbard!

—W. M. Reedy.

HAT a heritage of charming, healthy and healthful humor Charles Lamb has bequeathed to all English-speaking

even when the audience cries, "Get the hook!" He hands us something and in return gets his in legal tender. When Rudyard Kipling rewrites "The American Spirit Speaks," he will do so after reading and hearing Elbert Hubbard, and when Richard Le Gallienne revises his famous booklet, "If I Were God," it will be to reissue it as "A Little Journey to East Aurora." Hubbard is our greatest success at "putting it over," except Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy. Except her, he is the only American who has

peoples! How it sparkles with personality, how it beams with good feeling and glows with sympathy and kindness! How permeating and pervading, like the redolence of flower-beds, or the light and warmth of an open fire!

—Zitella Cocke.

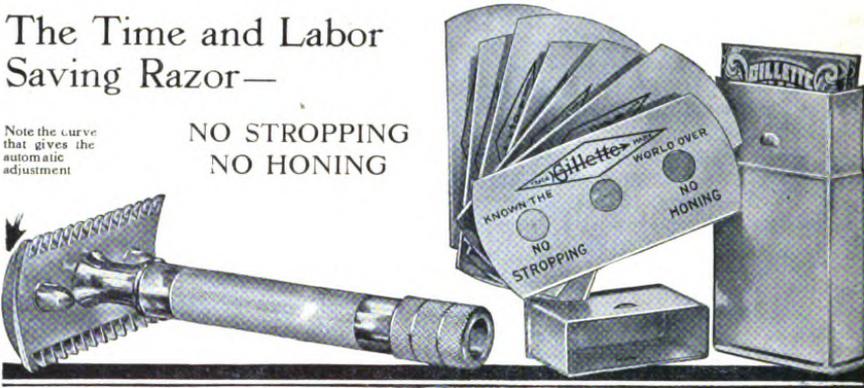
HE meaning of music goes deep & It leads to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that.

—Thomas Carlyle.

The Time and Labor Saving Razor—

Note the curve
that gives the
automatic
adjustment

NO STROPPING
NO HONING



Doing Today's Work Today

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the first thirty minutes on awaking determine the mental attitude for the day. Every man who has reached the age of discretion (and many who have n't) faces the proposition of how to get that beard off, each morning of his life. Some go to a barber and waste half an hour of valuable time; others "chew" the bristles off with an antiquated straight blade: but the big boys who are doing things start their day right by getting a smooth, easy, Gillette shave with their own trusty Gillette Safety Razor. This puts them in a cheerful state of mind and starts them for the day's duties with a beatific grin and a free mind to go after problems, like Buffalo Jones after a jungle cat. They do today's work today.

King C. Gillette had an ambition to construct a safety-razor that would have no competitors—and he did! In the first place, he designed a razor that would last the whole of the threescore and ten, and then could be passed on as a reward to the most deserving son. He built it with a blade rigidly held in place, so there could be no nerve-racking vibration when the edge struck a particularly rough section of your map. Last of all, he made it adjustable for a close or light shave—and there's nothing more to perfect.

So when you see the Gillette name on a neat, black leather case, you'll know that it contains quite the shaviest shaving tackle, and most durable, made.

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish. Rust-proof and antiseptic. Packet of 6 blades (12 shaving edges) 50c.; 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel plated case, \$1.00. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced.

The GILLETTE Lasts a Lifetime. Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line.

"Send postal for our New 1911 Baseball Booklet"

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 West Second Street, Boston, Mass.

New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building; Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China. Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING



\$5⁰⁰

Every-
where

King Gillette

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor."

The Central Manufacturing District of Chicago

A Little Journey by Elbert Hubbard



WE live in an age of business. Economics is fast becoming a science.

There is only one sin, and that is waste.

And disuse and misuse are both forms of waste.

The best brains of the world are at work now endeavoring to eliminate lost motion and take up the economic slack.

The men who are making the biggest fortunes are making their money out of by-products.

That is to say, the thing once thrown away and discarded is now being coined into cash.

Mark Antony made a little speech at the funeral of the late Julius Cæsar wherein he paid great compliment to his subject by saying, "He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

Julius Cæsar knew only one way to make money; and that was to hold somebody up, or kidnap and hold the gent for a ransom. Half of the population in America are engaged in farming. Farming is a primal need, because we get our food out of the soil.

Next to food, love is the second requisite, and no man is loving, lovely or lovable who is on half-rations. Richard Cobden put this concisely when he said, "The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn."

Next to farming in importance comes transportation, because a thing has to be at a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value. The railroads bridge time and annihilate space.

The third most important thing in the world is manufacturing, which is taking raw products and combining them into forms of use.

The fourth most important thing is distribution. Our great cities are centers where vast warehouses are located, and these warehouses gather together the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea, and distribute them to the millions who need them.

The fifth most important thing in the world is banking. The banker is one who takes the savings of the people and loans out again

eighty-five per cent of these savings to the people who can use money to make more money. Statistics show that with a fair capital to start on, the banker can safely loan out eighty-five per cent of his deposits and at all times stand ready to meet the checks of his customers.

Banking is a great move in Economics, as it keeps money active instead of allowing it to be stored away in the ginger-jar and in the unsafe and unsanitary clock—where the mice and cockroaches do congregate and thieves break through and steal you to a standstill.

The sixth most important thing in the world is advertising, and advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The only man on earth who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not. For him Charon's mud-scow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the harbor bar.

Great Economic Betterment

THE Central Manufacturing District is a tract of some three hundred acres in the very center of Chicago.

All residences are eliminated from this tract. Good teaming roads, boulevards and street-car lines lead from this district to all parts of Chicago.

Surrounding this district circles the Chicago Junction Railway, with switches and sidings running into and alongside of every factory.

Chicago has thirty-four railroads.

The Chicago Junction Railway connects directly with every one of them.

Chicago is the second city in size and the second in financial resources in America.

It stands first as a distributing center.

No other city on earth has railroad facilities equal to Chicago. All trains stop here, none go through.

Everybody stops in Chicago—to transact business, to spend money, to have a good time.

Chicago is the trade center of the United States, and the Central Manufacturing District is the geographical center of Chicago.

In the Central Manufacturing District of Chicago there are at your door steam and electricity. There are banking facilities, post-office, express and messenger service, telephone, police and fire protection and labor

without limit of every kind and quality. In order to do business nowadays, wise men agree that you have to be where business is being done. In this way you take advantage of the enthusiasm, the hope, the courage, the uplift and the example of many men working together for a mutual benefit.

To overcome the natural, unavoidable obstacles in trade is quite enough for the average strong man, so if he is wise he will eliminate the down-pull of inertia and get his factory where hundreds of millions of capital are banded together for safety, convenience and economy.

¶ In the Central Manufacturing District, all legal battles—smoke, noise, light, heat, sewerage, pavements, water, sidewalks, taxes—all have been fought. You know just what you have and what you can do, and you know what you will have to pay.

Your neighbors are successful men. Their example and advice are yours.

Here we get a genuine community of interest in widely diversified lines.

If you want a new factory or warehouse, it will be built for you if you deserve it. Credit is to be had without wrangle or argument. Here you get manly independence without charity or patronage; and the gabby gossip of the average villager is eliminated and the setter is without the pale.

Because in the Central Manufacturing District everybody has a job; and it is a mighty good man who looks after one party—and that is the party right under his own hat.

Chicago knows everything that will not work. She has attained progress and prosperity by the law of elimination, and half a century of hustling, bustling, busy, heroic endeavor lies behind her.

Chicago businessmen are all young—no matter how long they have lived.

They are spenders, and they have not forgotten how to play and how to laugh, for the only man who can carry big burdens is the one who gets his little recreation every day, and exercises his diaphragm by the smile audible.

It is a wonderful thing to live, to work, to love, to laugh, to study, to play, to benefit yourself by benefiting others—that's Chicago.

Railroads and Manufacturers

WHEN railroads and manufacturers combine for the mutual advantage and accommodation of each and all, the world has surely made a big stride toward the ideal.

Of course, we will never reach the ideal because the ideal once attained ceases to be.

The ideal eternally recedes, but in the Central Manufacturing District I found a deal of beauty which came to me as a great surprise.

The splendid paved streets, the ornamental concrete lamp-posts, the extensive water and sewer systems, the substantial, imposing and artistic buildings, each with its own private railway siding and driveway, and the beautiful grass parkways—all brought a feeling of permanence, utility and beauty quite refreshing.

¶ After all, why should not the manufacturer be surrounded by trees, and flowers, light and air, and all the desirable things that are supposed to hedge about our homes? We spend more time in our factories and offices than we do at home; and a beautiful flower-bed with the posies blowing in the breeze is not exhausted when you look at it. Art is not a thing, it is a way: and in the Central Manufacturing District they are doing business in the beautiful, the artistic, effectual way.

These great open spaces in the Central Manufacturing District are for the benefit of everybody. All the workers partake of this beauty. Sanitation has had special attention here from the best scientists procurable. The drinking-water is pure, the air is not corrupted or vitiated. The sewer is perfect and the buildings are all erected with the purpose of securing proper light and ventilation. ¶ In the Central Manufacturing District there is not a single foot of board sidewalk; concrete is everywhere and the genus rodent is kiboshed once and for all.

Railroad Facilities

NOT long ago I met a gentleman who had just erected a manufacturing plant in a certain town in Michigan. He boasted to me that he was on the line of one of the best railroads in the country. This is beautiful and well, but if you are on the line of the Chicago Junction Railway you are also on the line of every one of the thirty-four railroads entering Chicago, because the Chicago Junction Railway accepts and delivers freight from all railroads and all boat-lines continuously, day and night, every day in the year.

Some European countries have government ownership of railroads, but no European railroad offers its clients any such accommodations and facilities as are here tendered by the Chicago Junction Railway.

The Chicago Junction Railway has no passenger-trains and does not want any. ¶ Like Cascarets, it works while you sleep.

All cars loaded one day are taken out the same night; and if you want empties, you have only to hint at the fact and you find them alongside your warehouse in the morning.

The Chicago Junction Railway is a freight-railway. It cleans up each day's business today, and tomorrow starts with a clean slate.

The Chicago Junction Railway's tracks, double, triple and quadruple, are open at any time, night or day, to the trains of any railroad. Electric signals and switchmen guide all engineers without pilots; and in all the years of stress, and strain, and storm, never an embargo on the Chicago Junction Railway has been known.

Over the Chicago Junction Railway passes the great volume of stockyards and packing-house tonnage. This railway has numerous engines of its own, and almost any day will find three hundred engines of other roads using its rails.

It does its business so that it constantly has empties of any and all railroads at all times within its quick and easy reach.

If you are on the line of one railroad you may run a big risk of not being able to get empties when you want them; but the Chicago Junction Railway has men who make it their special and sole business to see that its customers are supplied with empties when needed.

The packing-house industries all depend on the Chicago Junction Railway; and the packing-house industries take absolutely first place in their own line in the whole wide world. These are the men who eliminate waste motion and get rich on by-products, and they are the men who made the teaming of freight to scattered freight-houses obsolete and unnecessary.

Merchants and railroads combined for mutual benefit and a Union Freight-Station was established. ✽ ✽

If you are in the Central Manufacturing District, full cars of freight coming in are set at your door on the Chicago rate.

If you are in the Central Manufacturing district, full cars leaving Chicago are taken from your door without switching expense.

¶ If you are in the Central Manufacturing District, you do not have to have teams even to get your less than carload freight to freight-stations. You load everything into a car at

your building, and the Junction Railway takes this car of promiscuous tonnage to the Union Freight-Station and distributes this freight to the various railroads, and does it for you free, gratis and without charge.

A Real "Union Freight-Station"

It has been a dream of years that Chicago should have a Union Passenger-Station where all passengers would arrive and depart, and where baggage would be checked without transfer, but this dream still remains a dream on the far and distant horizon.

But the Chicago Union Freight-Station is right there in Chicago in the Central Manufacturing District—a genuine reality and a reality that works. This station is operated by the Chicago Junction Railway.

This Union Freight-Station is quite the most amazing focal point of industry I have ever seen. It is a veritable hive of activity. Freight comes pouring in by car and by team from packing-houses and Central Manufacturing District industries. An army of truckers run hither and yon distributing the freight into one hundred twenty-five cars destined for every Chicago road. Every car is marked "RUSH." Economic slack is here unknown.

At stated times enough engines to equip an ordinary railroad come hastening in and snatch out the cars for their respective lines. While the onlooker is still wondering, a new setting of one hundred twenty-five cars is placed and more freight is being transferred.

This Union Freight-Station is a glutton for freight. Its appetite is insatiable.

But when you come to think about it, this is as it should be, for it takes a lot of tonnage to satisfy thirty-four railroads calling for freight several times a day.

Here again all business is cleaned up each day.

A Union Boathouse

THE Central Manufacturing District has a Union Boathouse also.

The tonnage of the port of Chicago exceeds the combined foreign tonnage of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charlestown.

Chicago's water traffic, therefore, by lake and river is highly important.

It follows then that a well-regulated manufacturing community should have access to such facilities.

It costs less to ship by water than by rail and here is the opportunity for practically applying scientific economies.

The Central Manufacturing District tenants can locate directly on the River, for the River runs through the District, or they can ship by rail and lake directly from their doors.

Down at Twenty-sixth Street there is a Union Boathouse operated by the Chicago River and Indiana Railroad Company, closely allied with the Chicago Junction Railway. This boathouse is nearly one thousand feet long and one hundred feet wide, with many hundred feet of adjacent docks and platforms. Along one side a dozen of the largest lake boats receive and discharge freight. On the other side several hundred cars are set to transfer this freight to railroads and industries.

Here the activity at the Union Rail Station is duplicated.

Here rail and water meet, and here again industries located in the Central Manufacturing District or on the Chicago Junction Railway approach the ideal.

A Model Warehouse

FOLLOWING perfect railroad facilities naturally comes the demand for warehouses where these facilities can be utilized.

¶ A few years ago if a shipper wished to consign his freight to Chicago and from this point redistribute, he shipped to some particular warehouse and this warehouse took his carload and with the aid of teams hauled the freight through the streets to the different freight-stations. This meant delay, expense, breakage and exposure to the weather. With increasing congestion in the streets and delays at the local freight-stations, it was quite apparent that distribution from Chicago did not spell economy.

But when things get bad enough they cure themselves, and so now on the line of the Chicago Junction Railway in the Central Manufacturing District, immediately adjoining the Union Freight-Station, there has been organized what is known as the Midland Warehouse and Transfer Company—a concern with ample capital that has two great warehouses, fireproof, sprinkled and steam-heated, with ample track-room, driveways, electric elevators and every other equipment necessary to expeditiously handle freight of all kinds ¶ The financial responsibility of this Company is beyond cavil. Goods shipped to the Midland Warehouse and Transfer Company are held in storage or quickly transferred directly to any one of the thirty-four railroads that enter

Chicago, without teaming and without delay. The Midland Company has a little booklet called "Midland Service," which it sometimes sends to inquisitive people.

The Junction policy is to live one day at a time and clean up its work today so as to start fresh tomorrow ¶ ¶

This is the genuine Chicago spirit—"I WILL!"

Strictly Personal

DO you need a new factory? Do you need centralization or distribution so as to eliminate waste motion and meet competition? ¶ If so, the Central Manufacturing folks will be glad to co-operate with you.

You can build your own building if you desire under the Central Manufacturing District's limitations and conditions; or, if you wish, the Central Manufacturing District will erect a building for you to meet your needs and requirements on a long-term lease.

If you have the tonnage, and believe in yourself, the Central Manufacturing District will believe in you. This is a matter of reciprocity.

¶ Before you locate, you had better look up this subject very thoroughly. The saving in teaming and the facilities offered in the way of light and power, in and of themselves, will afford a fair profit to the average manufacturer. Money saved is money made, and if you want to make money you would do well to get into a district where others are setting you the example. ¶ The Chicago Central Manufacturing District supplies a standard of excellence, and this standard is the worked-out ideal of ten thousand hustling, bustling, ambitious men who have given fifty years or so of valuable life to make this thing practical.

We build upon the past, and all the days that have gone before have made this time, this hour, this place, possible.

If you are interested, write for descriptive booklet; or, better still, just go and quietly look over the District and see for yourself what man hath wrought.

Here is practical co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality, progress, success, health, wealth and happiness.

This is modern business, which is the science of human service.

The Central Manufacturing District Offices are at 1305 First National Bank Building, Chicago. The Trustees are J. A. Spoor and Arthur G. Leonard, and H. E. Poronto is Industrial Agent.

The Blue-Bird Box for Bon Voyage



CHARLES HENRY FOX is the Vogue when it comes to flowers. No other florist compares with him in originality and artistic good sense.

So Fox, who formerly was florist to the elect, the select and the few, is now Florist Extraordinary to the American People. ¶ The Blue-Bird Box had something to do with this, and right now it is serving a new and distinctive purpose.

The Blue-Bird Box for Bon Voyage is a charming reminder to your friends that your thoughts are with them as they go over the briny.

¶ For just Five Dollars, Charles Henry will deliver this box of gladness at any outgoing steamer on the Atlantic Coast or to any hotel at Seashore, Lake or Inland Point.

Love, good will and undying friendship are expressed best by flowers. Fox gives them the proper setting to convey the message, and if you want the Blue-Bird Box dressed as a Commencement, Engagement or Wedding Gift, just say the word.

Fox fusses the Blue-Bird Box in the mode for every occasion. Each style is distinctive, peculiar and pleasing. Five Dollars is all he asks—Charles Henry pays the passage. Mail your remittances and addresses today.

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of the Rose Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Stage in the Twentieth Century

Over eighty per cent of the subscribers to Mr. Grau's previous works have ordered the forthcoming Volume in advance of Public Announcement.

The following are extracts from letters sent to the Author, after he had informed the writers of his plans for a third volume.

"I am enclosing my check for \$50.00 as a contribution to your new volume, and hope it will aid you in your fine purpose."
WM. K. VANDERBILT

"I take pleasure in sending you a check for \$50.00 as my contribution to your third volume."
OTTO H. KAHN

"I am glad to contribute \$50.00 towards your efforts."
JOHN W. CONSIDINE

"I am sending you herewith my check for \$25.00 as evidence of my interest in your forthcoming volume."
MORRIS MEYERFELD

"Enclosed find \$25.00, which I gladly contribute toward your third volume."
HENRY W. SAVAGE

"Enclosed check for \$25.00, being my contribution to your forthcoming issue."
MARCUS LOEW

"I am happy to hear you are preparing another volume, and you can count on me for \$25.00 as before."
LEO FEIST

"Count on me to any extent desired for your number three."
MILTON ABORN

"Am contributing \$100.00 toward your third volume, but this does not represent by any means the total resources from this end."
L. E. BEHYMER

"I am pleased to enclose \$50.00, and hope your third volume will be as worthy as the others from your pen."
THOMAS A. EDISON

NOTE—The third volume, *THE STAGE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY*, treats intimately of every phase of modern theatricals from grand opera to the phonograph, and from the problems confronting The New Theater to the moving-picture progress, dealing distinctly with "*The Rising Generation*" in the *Amusement World*.

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This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

CHALMERS cars are built in a factory which was erected and equipped for the express purpose of building Chalmers cars.

The buildings and equipment of this factory cost more than \$3,000,000. It is a new factory. It is built of steel and concrete to last for a long time. It has more than 750,000 square feet of manufacturing floor space. It has the most modern machinery. It employs good men to operate the machines. It has light, well-ventilated, clean work-rooms throughout. It is a beautiful and perfectly equipped place for men to work.

In this plant are made all such important divisions of Chalmers cars as the motors, gears, axles, steering connections, etc., as well as the smaller parts.

Chalmers cars are *manufactured* by the Chalmers Company.

Chalmers "30" \$1600
Chalmers "Forty" \$2800

Including Bosch Magneto, gas lamps and Prest-o-Lite tank.

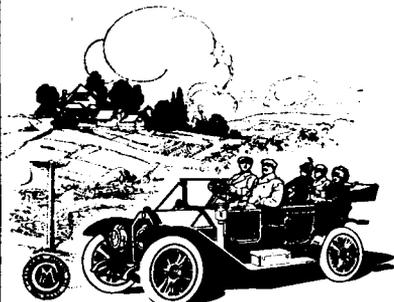
From such a factory automobile buyers naturally expect unusually good cars to come. It is a matter of some pride with us that thousands of buyers have told us they were not disappointed.

The products of this factory are on show in all the leading cities of the country, and Chalmers dealers are always at your service. They have one price and one service to all—the quoted price; the service which satisfies.

A hint: Chalmers cars have never been slow sellers.

Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan



One fascination of motoring is that you can go all day without knowing or caring just where you are headed—simply "on your way" with gladness, from Any-Nice-Place to Somewhere-Land. Such trips are an especial pleasure in the sturdy, reliable, eager-running Chalmers.

The Oliver Hotel which is in South Bend, Ind.



MICHEL, in an article in "Town and Country," in reference to the Grand Hotel Continental in Munich, says: "The word Hotel once stood only for comfortless living and cold soulless rooms. A great improvement, however, has been brought about in recent times, thanks to the energetic spirit of progress, innate in the Hotel Business, a spirit which every improvement in the method of transportation, every progress in the conditions of private dwellings urges on to further self-development." ¶ If things have changed in Munich, they certainly have changed in America, and today the new type of American Hotel represents the highest comfort and service.



AMES OLIVER

The Oliver Hotel at South Bend, Indiana, is pre-eminent among American hotels in the new way of doing things.

The Oliver Code takes for its first consideration the absolute comfort and convenience of its patrons.

Unusually energetic and progressive forces have had a hand in the development of The Oliver. It is a credit to every one concerned. It is an honor to South Bend.

¶ South Bend is on the direct East-West Line, so that you can stop at The Oliver Hotel as a matter of pleasure if you do not happen to have business in South Bend.

South Bend is a pretty good place to visit at any time, and you will get some ideas out of The Oliver that you can carry with you. Motor that way when you have the chance.



And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.

The Oliver Hotel

South Bend, Indiana

A VIOLET STORY

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



At Norfolk, Virginia, I once saw an Armour Refrigerator-Car being loaded with Violets—fresh and fragrant—bound for Pittsburgh, and it came to me that Armour cars always carry the fresh, pure and clean.

¶ Armour's "Star Hams and Bacon" and "Simon Pure Lard" are the cleanest, choicest and finest prepared anywhere. ¶ "Star Hams and Bacon" are from corn-fed hogs—barrow hogs. Being something of a farmer myself, I know that from this combination can be produced the best possible Hams and Bacon. Armour "Star" Hams are cured and smoked the good genuine way over smoldering hickory-logs, and they are tender, juicy and alluringly palatable.

¶ "Simon Pure Leaf Lard" is just what its homely and unpretentious name claims for it. It's "Simon Pure"; that's all.

¶ The housewife who says "Armour" when she talks over the telephone knows what she is doing. She is ordering the best, and most of us are so poor that we can only afford the best. Nothing cheap is cheap at the last, and though Armour's products are sold at reasonable prices, you can possibly get cheaper products, but this is not economy.

¶ "Simon Pure Leaf Lard" is economical. You need use but two-thirds as much as of ordinary lard, and then you have absolute assurance of purity, because it comes to you in the original package. You can depend on uniformity when you tell the man, "Armour's."

¶ Take my word for it—Armour's Products are none too "good" for you, because you can buy them and save money. As clean as the Violets that were shipped in the Armour Car from Norfolk, your dealer receives the eatables stamped "Armour."

¶ Send to Armour and Company, Chicago, for "Pastry Wrinkles"—an interesting little book free for the asking. Here is some common-sense, domestic-science literature.

White Hyacinths

Some Truth by Elbert Hubbard



The little mischief god has been reputed blind since the founding of Olympus, but actually Love is as far-seeing as Truth, for they are close cousins.

WHITE HYACINTHS was written out of the necessity for expression. From the depths of its emotion it speaks to all who can understand.

The binding is in two styles, ooze-leather or boards, \$2.00. A limited edition in special Alicia binding, \$5.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

BUSINESS BOOKLETS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WITH the coming of electricity the day of the novel passed.

The race is to the swift, and information is collected on the high clutch.

☞ Newspapers, magazines and booklets make up the businessman's library—his books are for his librarian and his wife's friends.

The Roycrofters print business booklets, written by a business expert for business judges.

One of these booklets has been printed, reprinted and translated even as Holy Writ. Some of them are listed here: THE CIGARETTIST, HELPFUL HINTS FOR BUSINESS HELPERS, THE CLOSED OR OPEN SHOP, WHICH?, THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA, HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING THE HOUSE, PASTEBOARD PROCLIVITIES, GET OUT OR GET IN LINE, READABLE WRITE-UPS, THE AGE OF THE AUTO, THE BOY FROM MISSOURI VALLEY. Twelve assorted booklets, no two alike, by Elbert Hubbard — price, One Dollar.

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EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



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"Putting on the Wall Paper"

Under the Exclusive Management of Pat Casey.

Doing nicely, thank you!

Regards to all.



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Underground Garbage Receiver Underfloor Refuse Receiver

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This book, THE FRA, Volume Six, prepaid, \$3.00.

¶ If you like better to have your own well-thumbed numbers bound, send them on.

The binding rate for THE FRA (your copies) is \$2.00 a volume.

Bound volumes of "The Philistine" \$1.00 each. Volume Thirty-one now ready.

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You must know about the Oliver and its wonderful record—You are safe in writing us a letter today, stating that you are willing to try one of these typewriters on our liberal plan which is all in your favor, still if you would rather see a picture of the typewriter and a more detailed description before sending for the machine, then just write on a postal—"Send description."

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The business motto is the Ben Pitman method.

Put a letter-size motto into your correspondence; make it keen, to the point, epigrammatic—a distinct reminder of you and of your business.

Some of the best things Elbert Hubbard has written have been printed on these letter-size business mottoes. Here is a sample of the quality.

HORSE SENSE—If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

Failure is only for those who think failure!

Co-operate and assist—not criticize and find fault.

Remember, one-man power is one-man power. When you address an individual you lose the benefit of our organization. Let's get together on this. Address all communications to—

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.

The mintage of wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that real life is in love, laughter and work.

In assorted lots of one thousand, \$5.00. In lots of one thousand, with your name printed on them, \$6.00. Motto Catalog free on request.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.



BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, under the title of **Elbert Hubbard, Banker**, we paved the way. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity. ¶ We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ¶ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, *Banker*
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

The Map With a Thinker

An Advertisement By Elbert Hubbard

LOST in an automobile! The most humiliating of experiences is this. I know, because I have been there. Yes, Daffydil, me! To have at your command the power of sixty horses for speed and six hundred horses for endurance, and yet as utterly lost as if in a trackless desert. Then, Angel of Light, comes a native in "those parts" and you eagerly grasp for the words of direction that will convey you back to "God's country." "Grasp" is often the word, for nine times out of ten—yes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred—you are misdirected and are as hopelessly lost as before.

Jos. W. Jones, the Speedometer man, became lost on an up-State road, and after hours of unprofitable searchings through guide-books, over maps, and following directions from the natives, was still lost. Necessity, in this case, was the Mother of the Jones Live-Map, the greatest boon to touring automobilists that has yet been offered.

This Map with a thinker is composed of a round, white disk, with directions that tell you every turn you must make in the road, which fork to take, when you approach a difficult crossing, what customs are necessary to "get by" the constables in each locality, and warns you of speed-laws.

All this is done by an indicator on the rim of the disk. This indicator means "NOW." If you look at your Live-Map and the indicator points to "Right Fork—Cross Bridge," you immediately look up and there is the fork in the road and, a little beyond, the bridge you are to tackle.

The motion for this Map, the muscles for the Thinker, comes from the rotation of the front wheels by means of a gear connected by a long, flexible driving-shaft to the disk itself.

The rim of this Jones Live-Map represents 100 miles of road, divided into 170-yard sections. At the end of each hundred miles, if on a long tour, the next disk in order is attached, and you are free from direction troubles for 100 miles more, or till the end of your journey.

If, just across country, you see an inviting-looking tavern, which will require a detour, all that is necessary to reset the map is a simple twist of the knob at the top of the disk. So you may hit the open road to your heart's desire. You need not be afraid of turns or twists or to be alone in the dark.

Then, as night approaches, and you are speeding the car to get to shelter, there is a tiny electric light that, starlike, illumines the disk until you are safe, comfy and happy within the fold.

For your further information, there is a book, "The Jones Live-Map Book," which tells all about the Instrument which knows every road, every corner, every puzzling fork and crossroad in the whole world, described and pictured, together with the grim story in nineteen photos of What Happens Without It.

Jones Live-Map Meter Company

Broadway and 76th Street

New York City, New York

On the Briny



WHEN HENRY HUDSON'S crew mutinied, they gave him the privilege of being put afloat in a boat, or of sailing home with them. He chose the open boat.

☞ Since Hudson's time, we have made some advances in the matter of boats, and to be put afloat in a boat today is somewhat of a joy. A ride in a motor-boat starts your mental accelerator and brings you back hungry and happy. ☞ There is a word which looms big in the motor-boat business. That word is "Speedway," and is the name of an engine.

☞ Gail Davis says that sport is a matter of speed, and lovers of Motor-Boats will understand this. They will also appreciate the fact that a boat is being built today which is fast and yet may be enjoyed as a boat which glides along on her keel instead of sliding on her transom through a shower of spray.

☞ Out on the briny, you do not have to eat any one's dust, and that is one advantage the boat has over the buzz-wagon.

☞ They say that two men owe their commercial supremacy to sea-air: Lawson and Lipton are names that loom big on the horizon. But it is a long name that looms largest in the manufacture of boats and engines, Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury and Company, Consolidated ☞ ☞

☞ These people are the makers of the "Speedway" Engine, the most perfect product of its kind man has yet been able to construct.

☞ Any boat equipped with a "Speedway" would be a fast boat, but boats which make the best combination are those manufactured complete by this company, such as The Tartar, the sixty-foot speed-boat designed for Mr. Ralph E. Slavin, which is equipped with two six-cylinder 8" x 8" "Speedway" Engines. Mr. Slavin has a boat that is his pride and joy, and as he merrily cuts the waves, rivals look on in envy.

☞ The illustrated catalog which these expert boatmakers will send you is an interesting bit of seafaring literature which you ought to know and enjoy. Send ten cents in stamps and you will be rewarded and benefited by this booklet.

**Gas Engine and Power Company and
Charles L. Seabury and Company, Consolidated**
Morris Heights ☞ ☞ ☞ New York City



Majestic Hotel

SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND CENTRAL
PARK, WEST, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK



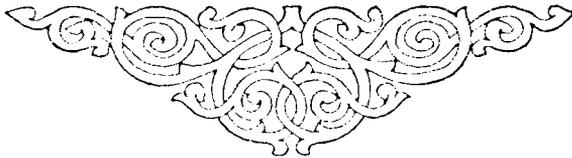
The daylight-all-over hotel.

The most comprehensive view of
Central Park to be had from any
place in the city.

A superb Roof-Garden and fine
music.

Restaurants and service unsur-
passed.

The Hotel for the out-of-town vis-
itors who want home comforts.



The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 Have you read the "Essay on Silence," and does the world need more books of this character?
- 2 Through what countries does the Fortieth Parallel run?
- 3 Are Piety and Pretense synonymous?
- 4 What is a Chautauqua?
- 5 What are marriage vows? Why are they made?
- 6 What are the characteristics of the "crocodile proclivity"?
- 7 What are the advantages and disadvantages of being in a rut?
- 8 Who was Thomas Brackett Reed?
- 9 Is walking an art, an achievement or an accomplishment?
- 10 Do you believe in women working in the fields?
- 11 Who was (a) Bertrand? (b) Moliere? (c) Aristophanes?
- 12 Have children rights superior to parental love?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Who is Uncle Joe Cannon?
- 2 How many men of the first class have we had for Presidents?
- 3 What do you think about having theaters and public libraries open Sundays?
- 4 Do you believe that churches should be kept open all week or closed all the time?
- 5 What is a miracle or mystery play?
- 6 How does vaudeville affect your cosmogony?
- 7 What is a cosmogony?
- 8 Is vaudeville educational or merely entertaining?
- 9 Where and what is the New Theater?
- 10 Why is "Oedipus Rex" the greatest tragic drama of history?
- 11 Who wrote (a) The Blue-Bird? (b) The Melting-Pot? (c) The Music-Master? (d) Every-woman?
- 12 What is a "White Rat"?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 What is the Law of Pivotal Points?
- 2 What is the Law of Diminishing Returns?
- 3 Do you believe that employers should be allowed to hire their own help?
- 4 Who was Ricardo?
- 5 What is Interdependence?
- 6 What is Dementia Protectiana?
- 7 What is "Individuality"?
- 8 Are you an Impressionist or a Realist?
- 9 What is Love, and how many kinds are there?
- 10 Is your conduct shaped by what your neighbors think?
- 11 Distinguish between the words, accomplice, accessory, abettor and pal.
- 12 Was Solomon very wise when he said that "the merry laugh doeth good like a medicine"?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 What is the Nature Movement?
- 2 What are "house diseases"?
- 3 What therapeutic value have sunshine and fresh air?
- 4 Is night air injurious?
- 5 Will out-of-door schools ever be popular?
- 6 What are the advantages of deep breathing?
- 7 Distinguish between animal organisms and vegetable organisms.
- 8 What are the constituent gases of the air?
- 9 What is pure air?
- 10 Name some of the advantages of outdoor sleeping.
- 11 Do you ever have the blues?
- 12 Do you ever get a grouch?

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

TINTS IN SHADES

HANDEL LAMPS are symphonies in glass and metal. They are made by men who have all the time there is. Handel Lamps are not rushed through a factory devoted to the gaudy and ordinary. The making of the Handel Lamp is done in joy under ideal conditions. Each shade is the individual work of a skilled artist. The decorations are put on by hand with a brush. The Handel workmen and artists detect and produce tints in shades which hitherto have seemed impossible. Handel artists see just one lily top swaying in the breeze, and the hazy luminous ray of the atmosphere in which it is bathed—just these two things. They give us these, and we are amazed and delighted. They give us dim suggestions of pictures, lights lost in a fog—all strangely molded with peace and subtle thoughts of stillness, rest and dreams. For the June bride no gift can be more redolent of beauty.

Handel Lamps are as practical as they are beautiful. They are made for use with electricity, gas or oil. The word "Handel" stands for all that is good, graceful and original in Lamp construction.

Prices range from Fifteen Dollars to One Hundred Fifty Dollars. No. 3345, here illustrated, sells for Twenty-five Dollars. Handel Lamps are sold in nearly every American city and town by leading jewelers.

Write for the interesting booklet, "Suggestions for Good Lighting," and in your request name your dealer. The Handel people will also inform you as to the nearest place you can secure their wonderful lamps.



The Handel Company

Three Hundred Ninety-Two E. Main Street, MERIDEN, CONN.
New York Showrooms—64 Murray Street

THIS BOOK FOR YOU, GRATIS!

HEALTH AND WEALTH
BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WITH your subscription to THE FRA Magazine there is sent you gratis, at once, as a premium, a copy of *Health and Wealth*. This book of 162 pages contains thirty-two essays on various phases of practical life. It shows how to keep well; how to make money and how to save it; also, how to secure all the happiness you deserve. It reveals the very kernel of The American Philosophy, or what has been called, "The Gospel of Commonsense."

Health and Wealth is bound in limp suede leather, silk-lined, silk marker, two special portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, special watermark paper, antique type. A De Luxe and unique specimen of bookmaking.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

To FRA ELBERTUS
FRATER-IN-CHARGE, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK
FRIEND:

I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription to THE FRA Magazine, so send *Health and Wealth*, gratis, and any other perquisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name

Address

Life Lessons

By *Alice Hubbard*

A book of seven essays, the subjects as follows:

Susan B. Anthony

David Swing

Mary Wollstonecraft

Robert Louis Stevenson

Friedrich Froebel

Henry D. Thoreau

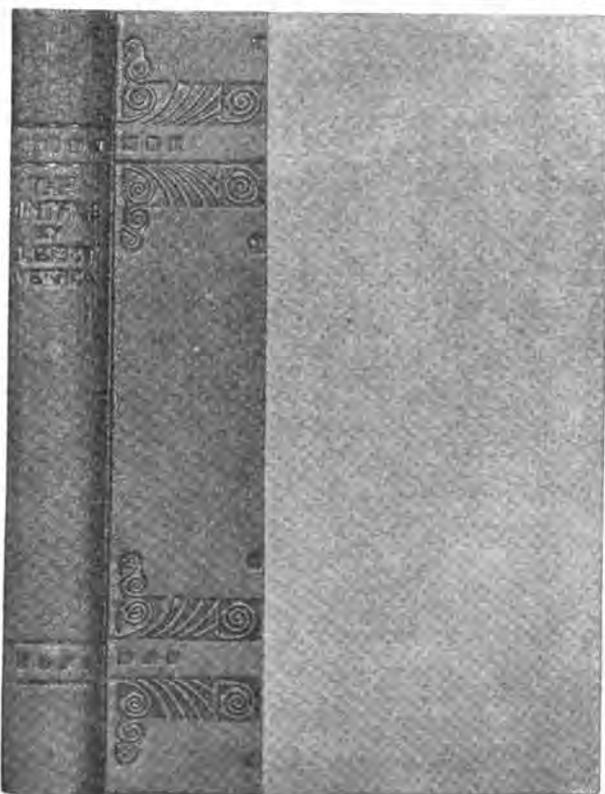
Elizabeth Cady Stanton

A very bookish book, the text so-so. In three colors, on English Boxmoor paper. Portraits in photogravure.

Clarabarton Binding, \$3.00.



LIFE LESSONS, by *Alice Hubbard*—Special Modeled-Leather Binding. Price, \$40.00
Designed by Frederick Krantz



THE MINTAGE, by *Elbert Hubbard*—Miriam Binding. Price, \$2.00

The Mintage Just Stories

By *Elbert Hubbard*

This book has been adopted by various schools and colleges as a study in style. The stories are brief, sharp, epigrammatic, and carry the red corpuscle launched by the actinic ray.

The book is called THE MINTAGE because it is. In thought, form, typography and binding, it is Roycroft class.

Miriam Binding . . . \$2.00

Modeled-Leather Binding 10.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA NEW YORK

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog



A BED TO SLEEP IN

THE Bernstein Bed is a bed to sleep in. Some metal beds are purely decorative.

☞ The Bernstein is a practical bed, invented for the sake of economy, comfort and convenience. ☞ It is made in three parts only—head, foot and springs.

☞ There is no unevenness or creaking to create a disturbing element.

☞ The Bernstein is bacteria-proof, because it has no cracks or crevices to lure boozey bugs.

☞ It is surely a One-Hundred-Point Bed, because even Bernstein's competitors have not been able to find anything wrong with it.

☞ Information—"all about the Bernstein Bed"—will be sent you for the asking.

BERNSTEIN MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

Literary Finance

The expression, "I was broke and he was an author too," has been passed into the Literary Limbo.

THE author today has his profession on a respectable basis, all due to one fact: that modern business methods have been injected into the publishing business. Editors today are business as well as literary men, and the author must conduct the sale of his manuscripts in a businesslike way.

☞ The Literary Bureau of Philadelphia will show authors the modern way of doing things and relieve them of responsibility in the matter of placing their literary output.

☞ The Literary Bureau is in touch with the best publishers in America and Europe. ☞ They will tell authors what publishers are seeking and what their present requirements are. They will find a market for material which is worth publishers' time and attention. ☞

☞ The Literary Bureau charges no fees for consultation. You pay them nothing until your manuscript is sold. The only charge is for typewriting or revising when necessary.

☞ Write to the Literary Bureau today, or, better still, send them a sample of your quality.

The Literary Bureau, Inc.
Suite 809 Stephen Girard Bldg.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Daily Factor

Auguste Comte thought that the calendar was such an important factor in our lives that every date ought to stand for some high ideal, so he wanted to name and arrange the months and days upon a principle of hero worship. So in his project he honored Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Descartes, Caesar, Saint Paul and others with months, while he assigned days to Ulysses, Romulus, Socrates and Plato.

Surely the calendar plays the most important part in our lives, but modern man crams each day with so many important events that the figures are eloquent and we have no need of Comte's system of names.

No man who amounts to anything in this world fails to refer to a calendar several times a day. That is why the Calendar is a result-bringing advertising medium. The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company have concentrated on this matter of Advertising Calendars. They have succeeded in producing the most effective big practical Poster 12 Sheet Advertising Calendars now offered as business-producers. ☞ These Calendars measure 20 x 28 inches. They are made only for business folks who do business with business people.

☞ You should not send out a bad-looking or unpractical Advertising Calendar no more than you should a salesman with unmanicured manners. ☞ Now is the time to get in touch with the Stone people for your 1912 Calendar. Write on your business stationery and say how many Calendars you can distribute. Price depends on quantity. They will submit you samples, estimates and facts regarding this important side of your business.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company
Roanoke, Virginia



SYDNEY FLOWER is a thinker—there are mighty few of us. Mr. Flower edits a monthly magazine called "The Yogi." S S S S S

The May number of this magazine is what Roycrofters call "extra choice class A" literature. ☞ It contains an explanation of the "Havilah Village Movement," also the incisive article, "The Heart of Elbert Hubbard."

☞ The Havilah Village Movement is something that every thinking man and woman should know about. It is a movement to better mankind everywhere.

Mr. Flower is a man of ideas, also ideals. Whatever he says to you in his magazine is straight from the heart, and if you are on his mental wire, you will readily understand all he says.

The Havilah Village will be a spotless town, spiritually, mentally and physically. A town is a living thing composed of living, breathing and working people. In many movements for civic righteousness this fact has been forgotten and the human element has not been considered. ☞ Mr. Flower has taken the broader view, and every citizen of his ideal town will be considered in the scheme and so will have the best interests of his fellow-citizens as well as his own near his heart.

Mr. Flower will send you this copy of "The Yogi" if you address him personally. There is no charge for this number of the Magazine, though it is worth more than tons of literature which are reeled off the Metropolitan Presses every day. Ask Mr. Flower.

Write Now

Sydney Flower 2 Sierra Madre, Cal.

All for One Dollar!

1—The Philistine Magazine for One Year, as Issued

Businessmen, doctors, lawyers, preachers, actors, adboys—all those who prize the Kosmic Kilowatt—peruse "The Philistine," and pinch from it as their needs require.

2—One Special De Luxe Roycroft Book

(Our selection), by ELBERT HUBBARD, bound in boards, French charcoal-paper sides. Portrait from special drawing by Gaspard, English handmade paper, special watermark, antique type, wide format. STRICTLY DE LUXE and a RARE and UNIQUE SPECIMEN of BOOKMAKING.

3—An Autographed Etching of Fra Elbertus on Japan Vellum

By Schneider, suitable for framing.

4—Twelve Back Numbers of The Philistine Magazine

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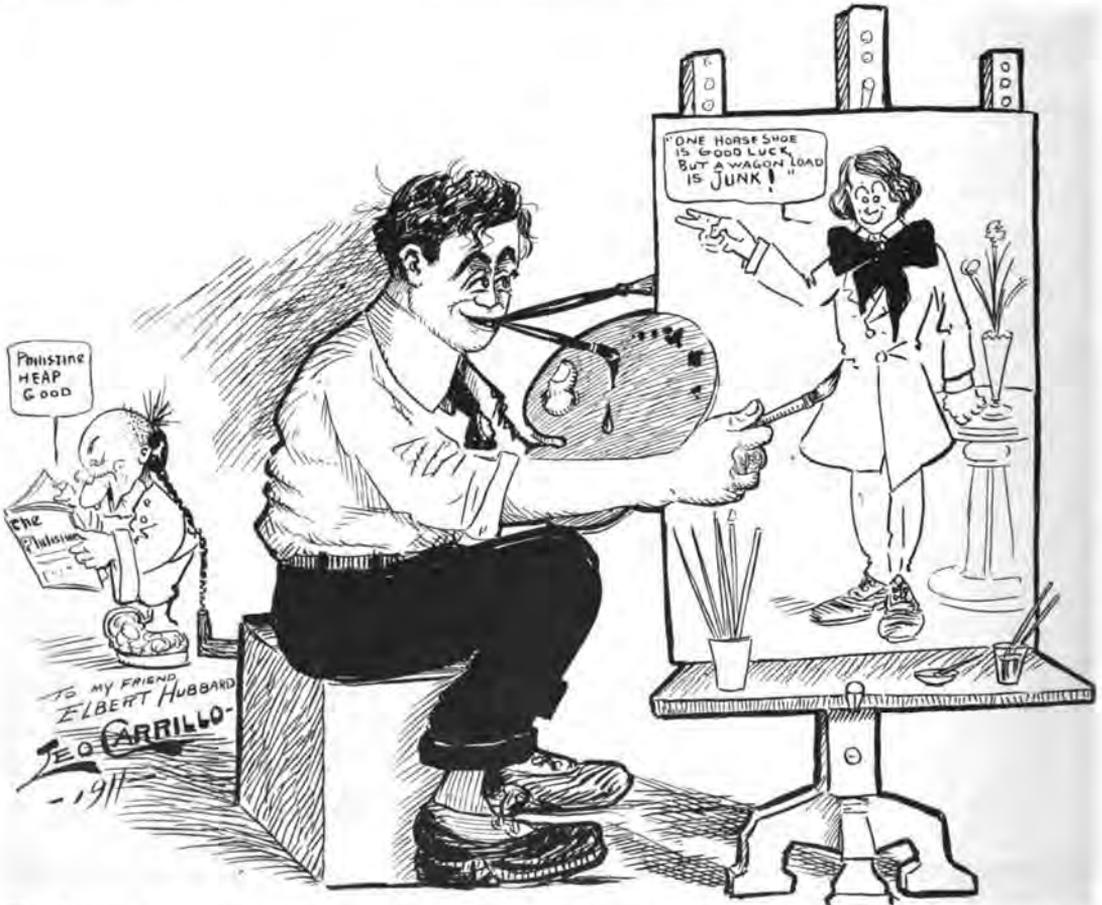
THE PHILISTINE, East Aurora, New York

Enclosed find ONE DOLLAR, in acceptance of your SPECIAL OFFER.

Name

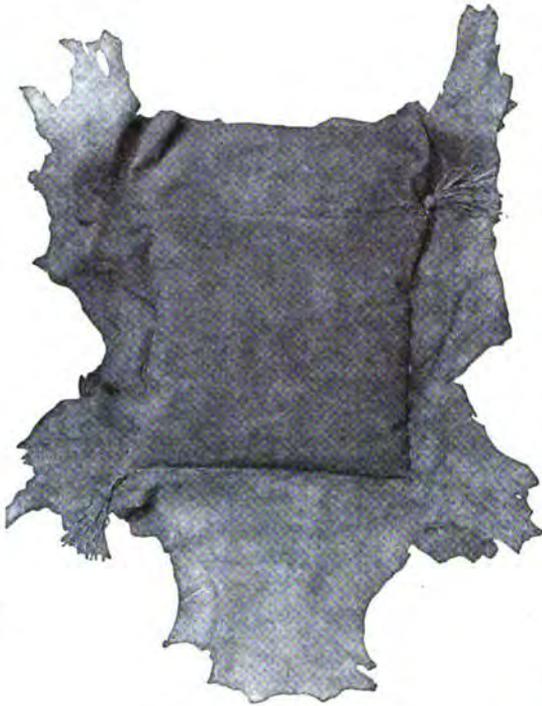
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Extra Postage: To Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents



The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog

Pillows and Table Covers That Have Individuality



The Roycroft stock of leather is selected by men who know leather values.

Some extra special skins are put by for table covers and spreads for people of discrimination.

Pillows and spreads of the same color-tone give a cozy touch to your room scheme. These Roycroft furnishings are distinctive, they have personality, and they add an air of fitness wherever they are used.

We have these skins in brown, blue, green, gray and red.

PILLOWS

The full skin pillows are 20 by 20 inches in all colors, \$5.00.

We make a special plain skin pillow with laced edges 20 by 20 inches, \$6.00.

TABLE-COVERS

Velvet sheepskins in all colors, \$2.00.

Goatskins, each, \$3.00.

Very fine quality calfskins, each, \$4.00.



THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.



MITCHELL cars do not come to you stripped of the necessities. They are all fully equipped—ready for instant use. And every particle of the equipment is included in the regular list price.

List prices in most instances are ambiguous and misleading. Possibly you have found it out. They mean the bare car without the necessities. After you have bought your car, you've got to go to a supply store and pick out accessories that cost you all the way from \$150 to \$200, and often because of your lack of experience and knowledge you pick out the wrong things.

Not only do our list prices include these necessities, but we give you the benefit of our knowledge and buying capacity, so that the accessories you find on the Mitchell are the best money can buy, and are better fitted for the car than those you pick out yourself. These are important details which mean much to you.

Every Mitchell is equipped with a perfectly constructed top, a fine quality magneto, five fine quality lamps, a splendid generator, a horn, jack and complete set of tools. There is not a thing left for you to buy. If you want to fill your dash with a lot of geegaws, that is your affair; but so far as the actual necessities are concerned, every Mitchell car is complete. There are no extras.

One other thing: The Mitchell Roadster and Mitchell Five Passenger Touring Car, which are rated at thirty horsepower, actually have thirty horsepower and the cars are built in proportion. There are many cars that claim thirty horsepower, yet their cylinders are much smaller than ours and have not the power claimed for them. Their piston displacement proves it. Another feature of the \$1,500 Five Passenger Touring Car is the fact that it has the full floating type of rear axle, which many of the other cars do not use. So that we not only have thirty actual horsepower, but the car is built in proportion all the way through.

The Mitchell car has made its reputation on thoroughness and service, and back of all these splendid things is the Mitchell Make-Good Policy, which is a definite and distinct asset to every man who buys the car. The car has more actual value in it than any other car in its class, and we have never yet known an owner to criticize the construction, the material or the general reliability of the Mitchell.

It is selling like the proverbial hot cakes, and our advice to you is to get your order in now, for we purpose that there shall not be a Mitchell car left by July 1.

Mitchell Roadster—3 passenger—30 H.P.—\$1,200 Mitchell "T"—5 passenger touring—30 H.P.—\$1,500
 Mitchell Six—7 passenger—50 H.P.—\$2,250

The car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay

"SILENT AS THE FOOT OF TIME"

ALL PRICES F. O. B. RACINE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

A Thousand and One Epigrams

By ELBERT HUBBARD

THIS precious book is now being printed by The Roycrofters, and will be in the bindery very soon. ¶ The orphic saying, epigram or proverb is a condensed nugget of wisdom and wit, flavored with surprise. ¶ The epigram will always be in demand. The writer of the future will appeal more and more to the imagination of the reader, and not deal so largely in pedagogics, preaching and piffle. ¶ We are going to give the reader or the listener credit for knowing a lot of things which are left unsaid. We are going to talk less and listen more; write less and say more; hate less and love more; eat less and chew more; labor less and play more; worry less and work more; fear less and laugh more. ¶ A few epigrams are herewith given gratis as a taste of quality:

A Miracle: An event described by those to whom it was told by men who did not see it.

We used to hear much about mere man, but man is now fast growing less mere.

We work to become, not to acquire.

Give us the Bough, the Thou and the Jug in right proportion.

God looked upon his work and saw that it was good. That is where the clergy take issue with Him.

Hike for Respectability, and cuddle safely under her Paisley, and it's you for a Mollycoddle. Get weaned—in God's name, get weaned!

Work your grief up into Art, and it is gone.

Any man who has a job has a chance.

Any man who thinks he is very much better than other men, isn't.

No good sensible working bee listens to

the advice of the bedbug on the subject of business.

Some howl before they are hurt; others refuse to groan even afterwards.

When your wife and your affinity are the same person, society has no rope on your foot.

Nature will not pi your form as long as you give a clear and clean impression—keep busy!

Girls should not waste their powder on lobsters.

It takes brains to make money, but any dam fool can inherit. P. S. I never inherited any money.

Fame: To have your name paged by the "buttons" of a fashionable hotel.

The Buffalo Jones who lassoes an idea and hog-ties it is the only lad who really counts.

To be effective, one must be unaffected.

THE price of the book, A THOUSAND AND ONE EPIGRAMS, will be just Two Dollars—Oxford binding, certainment, Terese, certainment. Beautifully printed in two colors. And the text—well, it is something to beguile the idle hours, add joy to life's little joy journey, and pass along to her, underscored, when the heart is full and the voice fails. Record your order now for this invaluable volume by addressing,

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, in Erie County, New York

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

BEAUTY'S LADY

Ah, Springtime of Women! ah, lark throat of Song!
 Be near me in spirit the whole season long,
 That my life like yours may be pure, simple, strong,
 Beauty's Lady.—*Donald Robertson.*

Beauty has always and ever swayed the course of civilization. A beautiful woman should be like Donald Robertson's ideal—pure, simple and strong.

These fine Spring and Summer days are made to renew beauty and strength. We should get out into the open under the sun and in the air.

Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

is the thing to use before and after your air bath. Apply it to the skin with a wash-cloth which has been dipped in hot water, and it will do all that soap and dry massage-cream can do and a great deal more. It removes the waste skin and dirt, and relieves the pores of substances which prevent their action. It also heals and feeds the skin.



Only the purest of products are used in the Daggett and Ramsdell Laboratory. This Cold Cream is indeed the one Perfect Cold Cream. It is always fresh and sweet, clear to the bottom of the jar. Your dealer must have it. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50; Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c. Write for a free tube. With the sample tube you will receive an interesting book, "Beware of the Finger of Time," which treats of the care of the skin and is a guide to beauty.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. E, D. & R. Bldg., New York

Utilizing Waste for Profit

¶ This is the Age of Economy. We not only eliminate waste, but we extract profit from it. We center our efforts on the utilization of products that were formerly considered junk.

¶ A well-known chemist has succeeded in commercializing denatured alcohol in crystal form.

¶ Do you know that a cent's worth of Solidified Alcohol will keep a six-pound flatiron hot for fifty-five minutes; will make four cups of coffee; will keep an eight-inch disk stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak; will bring to boil two quarts of water or operate the baby milk-warmer twice; will make a Welsh Rabbit in a chafing-dish; will operate a seven-inch frying-pan twelve minutes; will keep a heating-pad hot two hours; will operate a griddle eight minutes; will keep a foot-warmer hot thirty minutes; will run a broiler nine minutes; will vulcanize a patch on an automobile tire?

¶ The secret of the production of this industrial alcohol in chunks is very simple and cheap. You can have it for a very small consideration. Can be made cheaply at home and sold in stores with good profits. A sample can containing twenty-six solid alcohol cubes, with a stove for burning same, will be sent to any address postpaid on receipt of \$2.00.

Wood Waste Distilleries Co., Inc.,

Wheeling, West Virginia, U. S. A.

TO THE ELECT



FROM August First to Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, there will be held at East Aurora, a Congress of Economics, to discuss, suggest, presume, and if possible, formulate The American Philosophy, devised by people who live on the Fortieth Parallel in America, not in Asia nor yet near the Equator. India stands for contemplation; we stand for action. The aim will be primarily to construct methods of accurate thinking on matters of Business, and spread the idea of this new philosophy of salvation through the ethical creation and distribution of wealth.

This philosophy reduced to its simplest terms means work, love, laughter, study and play, mixed in right proportions and taken ad lib.

We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured.

We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries, as did earlier civilizations.

Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards busi-

ness enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as "educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable, and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others. Only the busy person is happy. Systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

Doctor C. A. Bowsher, one of the foremost thinkers and teachers of our time, will be present at this Congress of Economics and give a course of lectures on Economics. There will also be present various business men and women of national note who maintain big Payrolls, who will take part in the discussion.

There will be no fees for attendance at lectures or classes, and no collections. Rates at The Roycroft Inn will be Two Dollars per day, American plan, and up, according to rooms. Reservations made now.

THE ROYCROFTERS
WHO ARE IN EAST AURORA * COUNTY OF ERIE * STATE OF NEW YORK

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofts for catalog.

An American Bible

xxi

 HIS page shows the general style of typography of AN AMERICAN BIBLE, a most valuable book now being printed

by The Roycrofters.

¶ The intent of the book is to help people live in one world at a time and live well.

¶ If there is a life to come, we know of no better way to prepare for it than to live here and now up to our highest and best.

¶ Man's chief duty is to know this world and realize his relationship to his fellow men—not to make peace with the skies.

¶ Books written in Asia two or three thousand years ago are adapted to our use only in very slight degree, and such exist now only because it is easier to accept a popular superstition than to refute it.

¶ All books are written and have been written by men.

¶ All religions have been devised by men.

¶ We know of no Being higher, greater or superior to man.

¶ We not only believe in the divinity of one man, but of all men.

¶ America represents a combination of ideas and a mingling of

blood such as the world has never before seen.

¶ The problems that confront us are practical problems, such as eliminating the need of jails,

prisons, hospitals, court rooms, almshouses, asylums for the insane, and doing away with gamblers, grafters and the parasites—educated and illiterate—that prey upon society. Every grown man & woman should be able to earn a living and this ability to earn a living and to be useful should be the possession of every one until the day of his death.

¶ People who live long and well are not afraid to die. They are willing to go or stay—and the person who is willing to go or stay, stays a good while.

¶ There will be portraits in photogravure of the authors, with a special introduction by Alice Hubbard. ¶ The book will be printed in two colors, and will be an especially fine specimen of typography—something that would delight the heart and eye of that master printer, Benjamin Franklin, were he alive today.

¶ Oxford binding—Yes, certainly!

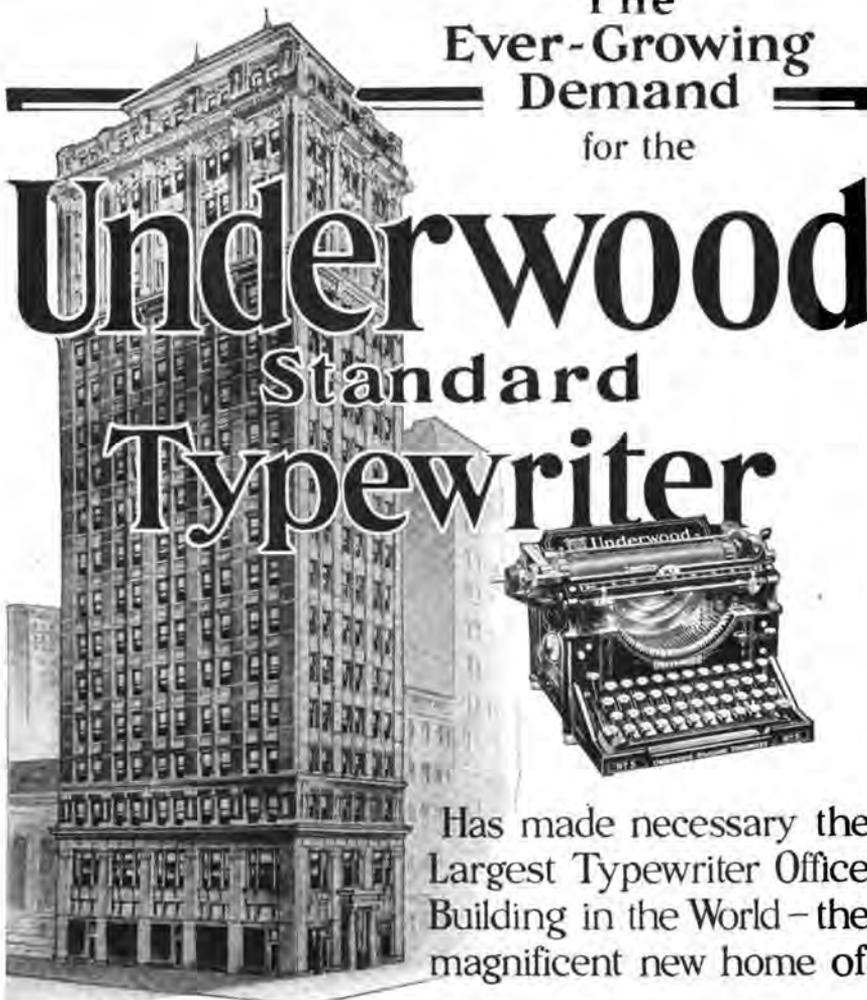


THE authors of An American Bible are:

¶ Benjamin Franklin, printer, businessman, financier, diplomat, statesman and philosopher. ¶ Thomas Jefferson, lawyer, educator, statesman, twice President of the United States. ¶ Thomas Paine, writer, thinker, patriot, inventor, philosopher. ¶ Abraham Lincoln, lawyer, diplomat, orator, writer and patriot, twice President of the United States. ¶ Robert G. Ingersoll, lawyer, iconoclast, writer, orator, teacher, philosopher. ¶ Walt Whitman, hospital nurse, poet, newspaperman, philosopher. ¶ Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet, preacher, essayist and philosopher. ¶ Elbert Hubbard, farmer and publisher.

Price of the volume is Five Dollars. Orders are now being recorded by
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.



The
Ever-Growing
Demand

for the

Underwood Standard Typewriter

Has made necessary the
Largest Typewriter Office
Building in the World - the
magnificent new home of

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

UNDERWOOD BUILDING

NEW YORK

¶ Twenty-five years ago Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" took the country by storm. Audiences marveled at the gorgeous splendor of the production, with its varied color scheme, laughed at its compelling wit and satire, while the tuneful melodies rang in the ears for days and months. It was a triumph. This year the opera is being produced on a much more lavish scale. Those who heard it a quarter of a century ago have rushed with joyous expectation to hear it again; those who have only heard of it have flocked to taste of much-heralded joys. All have been interested, but it is likely that most have been disappointed. Nor is it likely that all could tell why. ¶ In truth,

¶ HERE are fashions in amusements as in clothes or pictures, and it is not often wise to resurrect them. Growth is the dominating feature of existence, an evolutionary process which we are only beginning to comprehend. Yet there are courageous souls who ever and anon insist on giving us the amusements of a generation ago in the sublime exhibition of unqualified success. The modiste might as well use the fashion-plates in old volumes of "Godey's Lady's Book" for contemporary styles.

the world has moved on. The wit of the early Eighties finds no echo of laughter, for it is either stale or not understood. Modern stage mechanics have reduced the scenic splendor of "The Mikado" to a firefly's flash. The music is melodious, but people now want to hear Puccini and Charpentier.

This is no discredit to the opera, nor its most recent progenitors, for they have reaped their reward. Their experience is that of many others. People have not yet stopped going to hear a

Patti farewell or to listen to Bernhardt's impersonation of Sardou's heroines ♣ They do all these things from personal or historic reasons, and find sufficient compensation even from an artistic standpoint. But the canons of art are changing; our sensibilities require new impressions, and our understanding should be appealed to in the light of the most recent knowledge. It is common for us to look back to a period in our own lives, or even far back into history, and make comparisons unfriendly to the present. We are generally mistaken in such judgments ♣ There is no time like the present, and we deceive ourselves with vain illusions when we believe, or affect to believe, anything to the contrary.

—Joseph M. Rogers.

VICTOR MAUREL, the noted baritone for whom Verdi composed Otello and Falstaff, thinks that Americans are as much entitled to hear their language at the opera-houses as are the German, French and Italians. Mr. Maurel believes strongly in giving young American artists of real promise an occasion to make their debut in this country and under favorable

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

Three Special Books For Young Folks—of All Ages

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Three Great Women Good Men and Great Famous Women

YOUTH always loves a hero. The heroic in life, physical daring, adventure, discovery, martyrdom, are the adoration of the young ♣ Elbert Hubbard brings men and women who are gone from the world into rare and intimate relation with our lives. He makes heroes live through that power of imagination which sees all things in their true light.

"Three Great Women"—graphic love-stories about Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madam Guyon and Harriet Martineau. This book is printed in three colors on English Boxmoor, and is bound in semi-flexible art goat. The title is done in gold on the cover. Price, \$5.00.

In "Good Men and Great" there are the ingenious stray bits of information that make the lives of great men near and human. Gladstone, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Shakespeare and two great Americans, Walt Whitman and Thomas A. Edison, live for us as neighbors, friends.

This book has a special one-half pigskin binding, fastened old style with pigskin strap and handmade copper buckle. Price, \$8.00.

"Famous Women" is a book for book-lovers. Printed from a classic type on English Boxmoor paper. There is a portrait in photogravure of each of these twelve women, also a special portrait of Elbert Hubbard. The book is a dignified volume, eight by eleven and a half inches, bound solidly in boards, covered with soft brown-toned handmade paper, with ooze leather back. Price, \$5.00.

For young Americans whose ambitions and hopes are high, these stories of ideally human lives are ever interesting. This fact makes these books the sort of graduation-gifts that you wish to give to the boy or girl whose progress means much to you.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

artistic patronage, and he is going to give them a chance to do so.

THE passions are the only orators that always persuade; they are, as it were, a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man with passion is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it.

—La Rochefoucauld.

Success is the child of Audacity.—Disraeli.

VASE AND TABLE MATS

IN MODELED LEATHER MADE IN SIZES FOR ALL SPACES AND IN DESIGNS FOR EVERY TASTE



This mat is 20 inches in diameter. Price \$7.50

THESE mats are modeled by hand, and in handmade things there are no duplicates. They are tinted art-green—that elusive, beautiful blend of olive and blue, the secret of which comes to us from the Darmstadt Art Colony—the color of the robe worn by “Nobody.” There is nothing “just as good” as these Roycroft Art Mats; they possess a winsome “Everywoman” personality, and unlike Beauty, never grow old.

Just now, when you are refurbishing up a bit, and giving your home some touches of newness, let us send you some of our mats.

Made in successive sizes from six to twenty inches in diameter.

Three or four of the same design in different sizes make a pleasing, suitable set.

6 inches in diameter	\$.75
7 “ “ “ “	1.00
9 “ “ “ “	1.50
12 “ “ “ “	2.25
15 “ “ “ “	3.50
18 “ “ “ “	5.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

“THANK YOU” LETTERS

THE girl or boy, man or woman, who says, “Thank you!” in the way that puts a glow in your heart for all day, makes the world a lovable, livable place.

Such gentle folks choose the paper for their “Thank You” notes with discretion, well tempered by a healthy, happy, humor-loving understanding of humans.

They will write their grateful “Thank You” words for the wedding-gift you sent or the graduation remembrance on Roycroft handmade or Rhododendron paper.

They are discerning, these friends of yours, and they know your taste for the fine fitness of things.

PURE WHITE ITALIAN HANDMADE

Two Styles	
Folded note sheets	5½ by 8 inches
Baronial style envelopes	4¼ by 5½ inches
Folded note sheets	6 by 7¾ inches
Oblong envelopes	3¾ by 7¾ inches

RHODODENDRON PAPER

Frost Gray and Chocolate Brown, with or without Roycroft Mark
Folded note sheets 5½ by 8 inches
Baronial style envelopes 4¼ by 5½ inches
There are twenty-four sheets and twenty-four envelopes in each box
The price is seventy-five cents for each box. This prepays carriage

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, COUNTY OF ERIE, NEW YORK

The Battle of Waterloo

BY VICTOR HUGO

“That world earthquake, Waterloo”



THE men who have written about this great battle have made its scenes familiar ground; but it was for Victor Hugo, master word-painter, to set every part of this great drama on the stage of the world so that no jot of it can be lost.

Victor Hugo, the fearless one, who dared arraign the powers of France at the high court of his clear-seeing justice!

“The Battle of Waterloo” is the story of the readjustment of a world. Out of it grew a new people. Hugo says, “Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the Universe.”

All modern literary stylists trace a pedigree to Victor Hugo. If you would know style—the virile, gigantic, intense, intrepid style of Victor Hugo—read “Waterloo.”

The Roycroft edition of this book is bound in suede sheep, with silk lining and silk marker, or in boards. Each volume contains a photogravure of Victor Hugo

Price \$2.00



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September 10th. Write to The Roycrofters for catalog.

Holding The Trade

WHEN the people of this day and age pay over their Hard-Earned and then come back for More, there is merit in the thing that is sold.

James S. Coward has six stores turned into one for the sale of shoes. When Coward Advertising brings in a new customer, it does not have to interest that particular man or woman again, because Coward Service is superior to Coward Advertising, even if some of it is written in East Aurora. Coward Shoes are plain, good value. They are not the cheapest shoes you can buy, neither are they exorbitantly expensive.

Doctor J. H. Tilden says, "There are thousands of people in the world, poor, miserably poor, and kept constantly in this state by their desire to get something for nothing."

Coward patrons are not this type. They are commonsense Americans, and they know when they buy a Coward Shoe they get their money's worth—just that.

Coward Shoes are not sold in department-stores or any other place except the one store devoted to their sale in New York.

Athens was possible only because the inhabitants were intent on building one temple, not fifty-seven. Had James S. Coward started out to operate a general store, the splendid Coward Shoe would have remained the airy fabric of a dream.

When you buy a Coward Shoe, you place your shoe-money to good advantage. There is no speculative value in Coward Shoes. They are always in good style, because they are made to fit the human foot, and the style in feet has not perceptibly changed since the Year One.

To buy any sort of shoe because the price is low is woosy economics. To buy Coward Shoes is an exhibition of commonsense and splendid judgment.

If you can not call at the Coward Store in person, remember that Mr. Coward has organized an unsurpassed Mail-Order Department. Send for the Coward Book. It shows the various types and styles of Coward Shoes which ought to interest you.

Here listed are a few of the Shoes which are pictured and described in this book.

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Combination Shoe The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

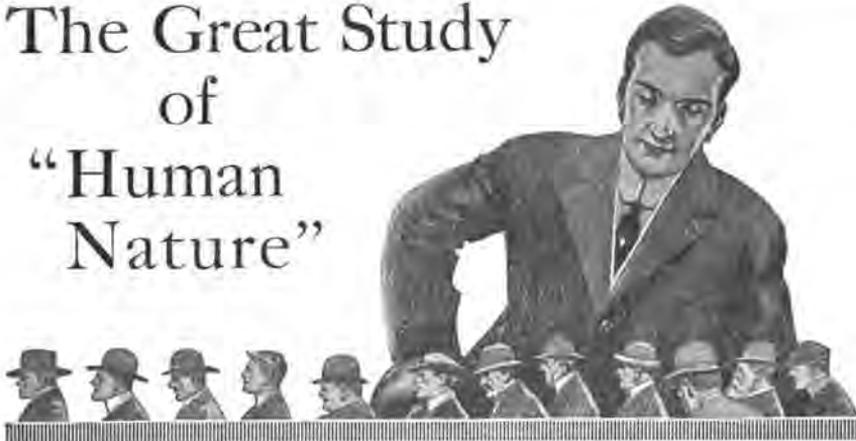
Booklet Showing the Coward Shoe Family Sent Free

JAMES S. COWARD, 261-274 Greenwich St., New York

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)

The Great Study of "Human Nature"



In every walk of life, in every business and in every profession, the big man is always he who knows how to judge other men—not only men in the mass but the *individuals* with whom he comes in daily contact.

There is a science of man-study which you as a seeker for success should investigate. How to get in touch with it at no expense to yourself, is told herein.

Men cannot be studied from books *alone*—just as the surgeon must dissect, the lawyer must plead cases and the manager must handle men, so the student of human nature must

learn most of his lessons in the great laboratory of daily life.

But, the surgeon, the lawyer or the business man cannot dissect, cannot plead a case or manage a staff of men without a working system, without first finding out the *underlying principles*.

Equally true is the study of "human nature."

The very granite hills, the mountains, the valleys, the brooks, the miracle of the growing crops are every moment registering their mighty potencies in his constitution, putting iron into his blood and stamina into his character, all of which will help to make him a giant when he comes to compete with the city-bred youth.
—O. S. Marden.

NY woman can buy the beauty sold at drug-stores, such as it is. ¶ No one ever heard of a man swearing off gambling after a winning. ¶ Real tears are now becoming almost as rare with the women as real hair. One trouble with the man who is greatly moved by a revival sermon is that he is apt to have to

Sheldon Has Formulated a Working Plan

In your spare hours at home Sheldon will show you the *simple* science of sizing up men. He will teach you how to classify men into certain groups, how to pick out certain types and temperaments, and what methods will most appeal to each particular type in the sale of goods or any other procedure.

This is undoubtedly the *most interesting* and at once the *most valuable* study a man could under-

take. Yet it requires little time and less effort than you think.

It's all a part of The Sheldon Courses in *Business Building, Salesmanship and Man Building*, clearly explained in The Sheldon Book.

If you are seriously interested, a copy is *Free*. This coupon brings it quickly. Why not today?



**The Sheldon
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1221 Republic Building,
Chicago

The Sheldon School, 1221 Republic Bldg., Chicago

Please send me FREE copy of THE SHELDON BOOK and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

ONE of the greatest boons that can ever come to a human being is to be born on a farm and reared in the country. Self-reliance and grit are oftenest country-bred. The country boy is constantly thrown upon his own resources—forced to think for himself—and this calls out his ingenuity and inventiveness. He develops better all-round judgment and a more level head than the city boy. His muscles are harder, his flesh firmer, and his brain-fiber partakes of the same superior quality.

be moved so often. ¶ How a man lies when he tells the woman he intends to marry that he plans to devote his whole life to making her happy! * *

Any man who believes that, in a few years, people will travel everywhere in airships is generally regarded as progressive. ¶ If you must talk lodge, talk it only to people who belong. ¶ Romance, when it lasts too long, is always a disappointment. ¶ The landscape affords about the widest opportunity in art for

rotten effort *
The mention of
whisky has
somewhat the
same effect on
the prohibition
crank that gin-
ger does on a
horse.

Women pay
heavier penalties
than men * It
was probably so
intended, or it
would be other-
wise * *

When you are
sleepy, and tired,
and wobbly in
the morning, it
is because you
are not living
right * You are
injuring your
chances unless
you take care of
your health *
Most men who
are polite, agree-
able and success-
ful, enjoy perfect
health.

—Ed Howe.

*
THAT man
who does
not believe that
each day con-
tains an earlier,
more sacred, and
auroral hour
than he has yet
profaned, has
despaired of life, and is pursuing a descend-
ing and darkening way. After a partial cessa-
tion of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or
its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day,
and his Genius tries again what noble life it
can make. All memorable events, I should
say, transpire in morning time and in a morning
atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences
awake with the morning." Poetry and art,
and the fairest and most memorable of the
actions of men, date from such an hour.

Victor



What you can do with changeable needles

Adding the Fibre Needle to the Victor is like adding a new group of beautiful pipes to a church organ. It gives new range and variety, as well as beauty.

Some Victor Records sound best played with a Victor Steel Needle, others with a Victor Fibre Needle. With the Victor you can have *both*. You can adjust volume and tone to suit the record and the conditions. Practice soon develops the ability to use the different Victor Needles in bringing out the peculiar beauties of different records.

Learn how to use the changeable needles in playing the Victor, and you will find in it new charms and beauties.

Loud

 **Victor Needle**
produces the full tone as originally sung or played and is particularly suited for playing records in large rooms, halls, etc., and for dancing.

Medium

 **Victor Half-tone Needle**
produces a volume of tone about equivalent to what you would hear if seated in the third or fourth row of the dress circle at the opera house or theatre—a splendid needle for general home use.

Soft

 **Victor Fibre Needle**
is particularly suited to the discriminating music lover, and reproduces Victor Records with all their clarity and brilliancy in a slightly modulated tone. With this needle your records will last forever. Victor Fibre Needles may be repointed eight to ten times and used as often as repointed.

For 50 cents and 22 cents for return registered postage, we will alter your Exhibition Sound-box so you can use Victor Fibre or Steel Needles at pleasure.

Or, on payment of 50 cents and 44 cents to cover cost of registered postage both ways, your dealer will forward it for you.

Always use Victor Records, played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A. Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canada Distributors

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes or labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me.—Henry D. Thoreau.

*
Your success in life does not hinge on your having a college education.



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets appeal to the busy businessman, the matinee-girl, the matron and the kidlets. Chiclets are everybody's Gum, made from true mint, popular enough to be sold everywhere. Their good reputation grows every day. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent Packets. SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

duction of the steel-mills is utilized by the railroads, also one-half of the output of the forests.

There can be no great prosperity in the United States unless the railroads prosper, to keep pace with the country's development. *

During the last ten years, more than five billions of dollars were spent in new railroad work and new equipment: a sum which would load eight thousand three hundred thirty-three cars with silver dollars—a train-load of silver dollars fifty-two miles in length! We want the train to be just as long during the next ten years.

If confidence regarding railroad investments is destroyed, business in all lines will be made to

THE Railroads are the greatest employers of labor in the United States. One million five hundred thousand people are here employed by railroads, while more than two million people are employed by industries that supply railroads. If, on the average, each employee has three persons dependent upon him, then ten million five hundred thousand persons are supported by the railroads, or about one-eighth of the population. It is estimated that nearly one-half the pro-

feel hard times just as will railroad employees! Nationally, we uphold Protection in some form: both the Republican and Democratic parties favor it. The railroads are as important as manufactories, and, similarly, railroad investments need protection from radical adverse legislation.

No engineer would work around a boiler that was not equipped with a safety-valve. If railroads are not allowed to charge for their service, increased rates to correspond with

increased wages and increased cost of supplies, they are forced across the danger-line, like the boiler minus a safety-valve; consequently, the public, in this country and Europe, will not then invest in railroad bonds and shares, and railroad development must end.

¶ Capital in railroads deserves an equally fair chance as capital in manufactures, in wholesale or retail trade, or in banks!

Every voter in the United States should be interested in securing fair and just treatment for the railroads. It is money in the voter's pocket if the railroads prosper, and all will feel hard times if confidence in the railroads is not maintained.

The railroads of the United States,

directly or indirectly, in maintenance and operating expenses, pay out over a billion dollars in wages every year. More than two hundred thousand fewer people were employed on the railroads last year than in the panic year of Nineteen Hundred Seven; at three dollars a day, this is an annual loss of one hundred eighty million dollars for American labor. The laborer has suffered through adverse railroad agitation, and always will. ¶ Out of the five billion dollars spent upon new railroad work

in the last ten years, at least two billion five hundred million dollars was paid for labor—for new railroad work, new equipment, to lumber-mills and tie-makers and to steel-mills. ¶ If this railroad expenditure is cut down one-half in the next ten years, because of adverse legislation, every other man employed in all this work for the last ten years must be let out. Does this mean you?—A. E. Stilwell.



The essence of power lies in reserve.



LET us send you this booklet about Business Stationery. It is neither long enough to be tiresome nor biased enough to be irritating. It attempts to set forth in a sane way a little "inside information" about business stationery that every man ought to know. With this we will include a sample book of Old Hampshire Bond, which is probably biased, for it contains specimens of the paper printed, lithographed and die stamped with some fine examples of modern letter-heads. These should enable you to settle for yourself, practically and intelligently, the question of business stationery, which you must eventually do.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

A School Census

of the typewriters used throughout the United States by Business Colleges, Commercial High Schools and other Educational Institutions for instruction purposes has just been completed and shows the following results:

Underwood	41%
Next Highest	30%
All Others	29%

The above figures were compiled from actual count by Managers and Salesmen of this Company and are authentic.

*This is the true situation
as it exists today*

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

Everywhere

get more or less away from work. There is work to be done, of course, but there are other things, too, and an excessive devotion to work tends to drive those other things, beautiful things, mostly, out of our lives. That this lesson needs persistent preaching there are many signs. Robert Herrick showed us in his near-great novel, "Together," how devotion to work upon the part of men is one of the things that drives our wives into evil courses & The work-mad husband is one of the influences that tend to disrupt the American family. He is estranged from his wife. He neglects his children in ways that are not atoned for by the generosity with which he

 VACATION time approaches, if it be not already here. What this country needs is more vacation. Our idolatrous worship of work is an abomination. Work is good in its place, for its worthy ends. Work for its own sake is a vice that hardens the heart, narrows the mind, stifles the spirit. Work is a poor religion. There grows up in it a peculiar immorality. It develops greed and selfishness. It makes for all uncharitableness. We don't get to be really kindly until and unless we

indulges them, to their own hurt. He sends them to costly schools, because he has n't time to superintend their education, as he should. He gives the family plenty of money and thinks his duty is done. Doing things becomes with him a vice as deadly as the brothel or the bottle & He fails to behold the beauties of the world about him, or in the lives of his fellow-men. He has nothing but a sneer or a smile of contemptuous tolerance for the poet or the artist. The laws of right

and wrong are repudiated if they interfere in any way with business. He becomes blind to justice, deaf to mercy and utterly regardless of all that makes life truly sweet. When will the American man learn the truth that was laid down by Aristotle of old, that "the end of labor is to gain leisure"? And leisure is only good when used to the development of ideality. What doth it profit a man if he win the whole world and lose his true life, his dearest love and his better self? Wherefore, say I, let us have more vacations for everybody. There'll be work to do after we're all dead, and a deal of it will be the undoing of a lot of dam-fool work so many of us are now doing so madly.—William M. Reedy.

ABOVE the indistinguishable roar of the many feet I feel the presence of the sun, of the immense forces of the universe, and beyond these the sense of the eternal now, of the immortal. Full aware that all has failed, yet, side by side with the sadness of that knowledge, there lives on in me an unquenchable belief, thought burning like the sun, that there is yet something to be found, something



WHEN your enthusiasm bags at the knees and your bank-balance gets shabby, it's time to start anew.

Success is a matter of regulating life and doing certain things at a certain time and doing them right—being on time.

Big Ben is the sleepmeter and time-keeper for men who make good. He is the busy man's aid, because he is on the job at the exact minute.

Big Ben is perfect mechanically, and the best value for the money ever placed on the market. Big Ben is simply worth what he costs.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

Western Clock Co., La Salle, Ill.

real, something to give each separate personality sunshine and flowers in its own existence now. Something to shape this million-handed labor to an end and outcome, leaving accumulated sunshine and flowers to those who shall succeed. It must be dragged forth by might of thought from the immense forces of the universe.—Richard Jeffries.

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.—Seneca.

A Paint Testimonial

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER was once summoned as a witness in a certain suit where the purchaser of a picture had refused to pay for it. The cross-examination ran something like this:

"You are a painter of pictures?"

"Yes."

"And know the value of pictures?"

"Oh, no!"

"At least you have your own ideas about values?"

"Certainly."

"And you recommended the defendant to buy this picture for Two Hundred Pounds?"

"I did."

"Mr. Whistler, it is reported that you received a goodly sum for this recommendation—is there anything in that?"

"Oh, nothing, I assure you—(yawning) nothing but the indelicacy of the suggestion."

When we recommend Baumgardner, His Paints, there is nothing in it for us, but the cost of printing this Advertisement and the pleasure of doing it. ¶ One man has written us to ask how it is possible for the Holland Linseed Oil Company to quote a price of \$1.50 per gallon, freight prepaid, on one hundred pounds or over to points East of the Rocky Mountains and South of the Canadian Line. The answer to this is—P. M. Baumgardner is wise enough to purchase raw material at an advantageous price. ¶ For wearing quality, there is no better paint made than is produced by this Dutchman. ¶ One proposition he offers just now is a special price of \$1.10 per gallon on paint for ironwork delivered in the localities specified above. In iron paints they do not use lead, but the indestructible feature of all paint produced by this concern is the same in black, red, green, or in fact any pigment in the iron shades as well as lead. This iron paint will positively prevent rusting. ¶ Roycroft painters are as particular as Whistler, and they say that these paints are "O. K." in every particular. ¶ The cost of painting is usually about twenty-five per cent for paint and seventy-five per cent for labor. This indestructible paint will last three times as long as any paint now on



the market; hence it is the cheapest to use. This is a bit of good sense that does not have to be emphasized. ¶ This paint is guaranteed. It has stood the test for a decade on iron, wood, stone, brick and galvanized iron. ¶ Color-plates will be sent on application. Mr. Baumgardner will be very pleased to give you any information you want on the subject of paint and painting. Just write to him.

Holland Linseed Oil Company
2012-2014 Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

enabled him to receive such homage and yet never lose his keen sense of how very human he was after all. Like all great men, he was at times the target of the most malevolent criticism and hatred on the part of people hailing from his own country, and these criticisms, though of but slight importance in themselves, achieved then, as they would today (if flung at an unusual character), great attention, simply because the object at which they were thrown was of commanding importance. But Franklin, the Printer—and by "printer" we mean one who was master of the art in all its various branches—rose superior to all the calumny that was

URING his stay in Paris, where he represented the American Colonies in their memorable struggle for independence, Franklin was the recipient of almost idolatrous worship on the part of the French people, irrespective of sect, class or condition, and there is an old French engraving in existence, which is designed to express and typify the designation, "Franklin Can Not Die." There certainly must have been something very remarkable in Franklin's personality, to have

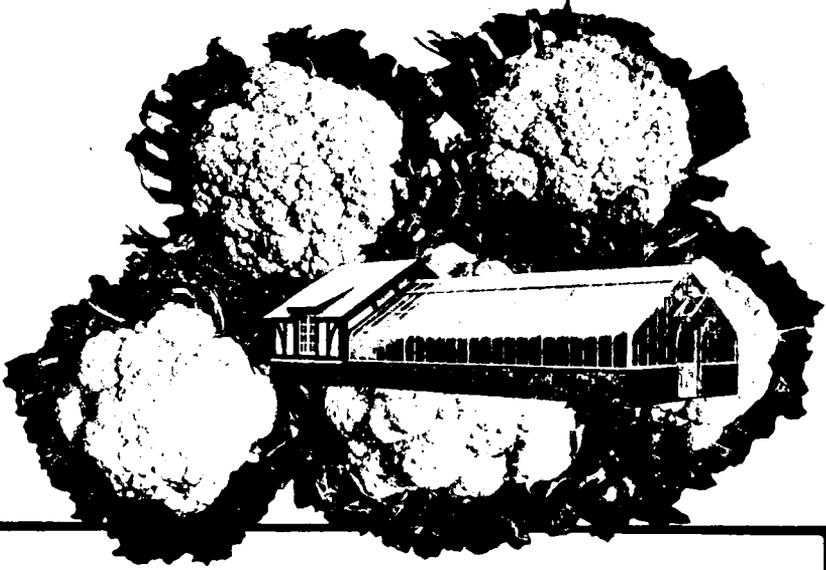
thrown at him. He once shrewdly remarked, "Spots of dirt thrown upon my character I suffered while fresh to remain; I did not choose to spread by endeavoring to remove them, but relied on the vulgar adage, that they would all rub off when they were dry." That "Franklin can not die" is a truism that grows stronger every day; we see it in the quaint and forcible proverbs he rounded into shape; we see it in the great and growing nation whose destiny he announced to future ages;

we see it in the most mysterious forces of Nature harnessed to do the will of man; in the ebb and flow of the tide; in science, art, literature, statesmanship, patriotism and many other ways too numerous to mention. If you desire to do something worth while, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the life of this wonderful man—the Printers' patron saint.—“American Pressman.”

WHAT seems

a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and sweetly; even as she takes her rest, she turns

and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men who have lain down with the fowls open their



All the Seasons are Cauliflower Season if You Have One of Our Greenhouses

Fine, milk white, tender cauliflower any day in the year. The kind of cauliflower that is free from that strong “cabbagey” taste. The kind you can always depend on having that creamy deliciousness which you happen to strike only once in a while in a season.

And it's just the same with all vegetables grown in our greenhouses—you can depend on them. Depend on their being uniformly good, because they can be grown in uniformly favorable conditions, year in and year out.

Ever have a longing for some out-of-season vegetable, and when you tasted it found it flat and disappointing? Discouraging, is n't it? Still, in the face of it all, in a short time you make another try—only to be disappointed again.

Would n't it be great to have a treat of

Golden Wax butter beans twice a week all winter; or meaty, uniformly ripened tomatoes with the real tomato flavor; or juicy melons with that inimitable truly melony taste? Simple enough if you have a greenhouse—one of our kind.

But one thing is certain: if you want all these good indoor garden things to be ready when the outdoors garden ends, now is none too soon to start the house. Fact is, we will both have to step a little lively. Shall we send you a catalog—come and see you—you come and see us—or what?

Lord & Burnham Company

NEW YORK
St. James Building

BOSTON
Tremont Building

PHILADELPHIA
Heed Building

CHICAGO
Rookery Building

FACTORIES:
IRVINGTON, NEW YORK, and
DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS

dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

DO watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy.

—John Ruskin.

In time there is nothing new or old: there is only the rising and falling of the infinite tide.

Traveler's Conveniences in Modeled Leather

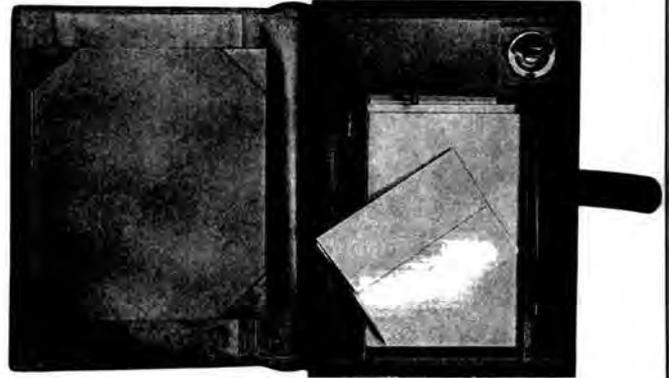


Glove-Case, 4 7-8 x 13 3-4 inches. \$15.00

You only take a few things with you on your vacation trips, and you choose those you can depend on to increase your comfort.

The Roycrofters make a few artistic conveniences in modeled leather, as well as skill and care can make them.

Traveler's Writing-Case.
This case is fitted with blotting-pad, inkwell, pen, pencil, stamp and stationery trays. Open, the case is 2 x 13 x 18 1-2 inches; closed, it measures 2 x 9 x 13 inches. Compact and complete. Price, \$15.00:



Manicure-Case, fitted with the best German cutlery (J. A. Henckels) known as "Twin-Works." Closed, this case is 3 1-2 x 6 inches. Price, \$12.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Essay on Self-Reliance

By *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, American citizen, believer in every free institution, factor in the development of American thought—preacher plus, and first among all modern thinkers.

This man's life taught Self-Reliance, and "Self-Reliance" is his best Essay.

¶ This edition of the Essay exactly suits the thought. The dignified classic type, the fair, generous page, firm, simple binding, all symbol the Master.

PRICE OF THIS BOOK IS \$2.00

The Roycrofters, *who are in*
East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

Woman's Work

By *Alice Hubbard*

WHE Twentieth Century has been called the Age of Electricity, the Age of the Auto, the Age of Aeroplanes.

¶ Perhaps it will be known as Woman's Era. ¶ The recognition of the rights of woman will mark the greatest development in the world of men.

¶ Woman's work is anything she can do. In her book, Alice Hubbard sets forth the truth as she sees it—it is a habit she has.

¶ The book is well printed and stoutly bound. Price, \$2.00.

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, Erie County, New York State



Life Lessons

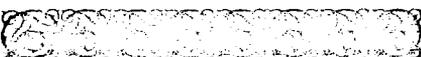
By *Alice Hubbard*

IN this book Alice Hubbard points the way for some of us. These lives which she gives are not biography. They are simply lessons taken from the struggles, failures and successes of the great who have lived. The book is a typographical gem—one of the finest from the Roycroft press

In Clarendon Binding
\$3.00

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, Erie County, New York



The Mintage

By *Elbert Hubbard*

ELEVEN stories make up this book of wit, wisdom and wickedness. These stories have style, and they have human interest. They are about simple folks like you and me.

Mr. Hubbard says that he is the average man, focused and concentrated. He has lived, loved, worked, toiled, struggled, achieved, failed—succeeded. And out of the mintage of his mind, he gives us this literary legal tender.

THE MINTAGE is in the new "Miriam Binding," like the complete set of *Little Journeys*. There is a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Hubbard. The price is Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, Erie County, New York

A Bit of History

PATRICK HENRY arose. He began to speak; stopped, hesitated, began again, shuffled his feet, cleared his throat, and his father, on the bench, blushed for shame. The auditors thought he was going to break down—even the opposition pitied him. **Q** Suddenly, his tall form shot up, he stepped one step forward and stood like a statue of bronze—his own father did not recognize him, he had so changed. His features were transformed from those of a clown into those of command and proud intelligence. A poise so perfect came upon him that it was ominous. He began to speak—his sentences were crystalline, sharp, clear, direct. The judges leaned forward, the audience hung breathless upon his words.

He began by showing how all wealth comes from labor applied to the land. He pictured the people at their work, showed the laborer in the field in the rains of Spring, under the blaze of the Summer Sun, amid the frosts of Autumn—bond and free working side by side with brain and brawn, to wring from the earth a scanty sustenance. He showed the homes of the poor, the mother with babe at her breast, the girls cooking at the fire, others tending the garden—all the process of toil and travail, of patient labor and endless effort, were rapidly marshaled forth. **Q** Over against this, he unveiled the clergy in broadcloth and silken gowns, riding in carriages, seated on cushions and living a life of luxury. He turned and faced the opposition, and shook his bony finger at them in scorn and contempt. The faces of the judges grew livid; many of the Parsons, unable to endure his withering rebuke, sneaked away; the people forgot to applaud; only silence and the stinging, ringing voice of the speaker filled the air. **Q** Before the fiery, overpowering torrent of eloquence of the man, the reason of the judges fled. There was but one will in that assembly, and that will was the will of Patrick Henry. **Q** Such is the power of oratory, and if you have ever been called upon to speak in public, you will realize what it means to be a forceful speaker—perhaps through your lack of ability and the splendid confidence to mold public opinion.

Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course in Oratory will teach you to speak efficiently and persuasively and how to present your ideas logically and forcefully and make you positive, convincing and graceful.

Mr. Kleiser's practical course in Public Speaking takes only fifteen minutes of your time daily in your home or office. It covers

After-Dinner Speeches,

Toasts,

Stories,

Political Speeches,

The Selling of Goods,

Addressing Board Meetings,

Developing Power and Personality,

Improving Memory,

Increasing Vocabulary,

Acquiring Poise and Self-Confidence,

Speaking and Writing English

Efficiently and the subject of

earning more & achieving more.

If you want to know all about this course, write Funk and Wagnalls Company. You will incur no obligation and will receive interesting and valuable material by return mail.

Funk and Wagnalls Company Dept. 193, **New York**

than it can exist in a plant. Heredity means much, but what is heredity? Not some hideous ancestral specter who is forever crossing the path of a human being. Heredity is simply the sum of the effects of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life-forces.—Luther Burbank.

THE stars awaken a certain reverence, because, though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature

THERE is no such thing in the world, there never has been such a thing, as a predestined child—predestined for Heaven or for Hell. Men have taught such things in the past, there may be now those who account for certain manifestations on this belief, just as there may be those who in the presence of some hopelessly vicious man hold to the view, whether they express it or not, of total depravity. But even total depravity never existed in a human being, never can exist in one any more

never becomes a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

—Emerson.

I KNOW nothing of another life. I do not deny, I simply say that I do not know. I do not wish to destroy a single hope, but I do wish to drive from the human heart the wild beast of fear.—R. G. Ingersoll.

SUNDOWN is the hour for many strange effects in light and shade—enough to make a colorist go delirious—long spokes of molten silver sent horizontally through the trees (now in their brightest, tenderest green), each leaf and branch of endless foliage a lit-up miracle, then lying all prone on the youthful-ripe, interminable grass, and giving the blades not only aggregate but individual splendor, in ways unknown to any other hour. I have particular spots where I get these effects in their perfection. One broad splash lies on the water, with many a rippling twinkle, offset by the rapidly deepening black-green murky-transparent shadows behind, and at

intervals all along the banks. These, with great shafts of horizontal fire thrown among the trees and along the grass as the sun lowers, give effects more peculiar, more and more superb, unearthly, rich and dazzling.—Walt Whitman.

THE public is cold-blooded, and, sometimes, untruthful. I wrote lately that my magazine would contain twice as many pages as **THE PHILISTINE**, since I regarded **Elbert Hubbard** as the brightest man in the writing

“Tell me what you drink, and I’ll tell you what you are.”



WE can go without eating for forty days—perhaps. But we can not go without breathing for forty seconds.

And Doctor Osler has told us that the man who is healthy and well is the one who in the good old Summer-time takes a drink every forty minutes.

Doctor Osler then gives some very valuable suggestions on what it is best to drink. Alcoholic stimulants should be indulged in, if at all, with great moderation; and if taken at all it should be at the close of day, when the quiet of sleep will throw off the toxins. **COCA-COLA** is a non-alcoholic beverage.

It is cooling, invigorating, very gently stimulating, and contains a certain degree of nutrition.

It works for health by the elimination of waste matter through the natural channels, and especially through the skin.

The man who keeps well is the man with the healthy epidermis.

Coca-Cola is the National Beverage. You will find it on sale at every crossroad soda-fountain as well as on Fifth Avenue. It is used and enjoyed by plutocrat and proletariat. Stand for a minute near the place where beverages are served and you will hear at least three-fourths of the people ask for the most delightful and refreshing drink known as **Coca-Cola**.

Coca-Cola is a repeater, and when people ask for a thing the second time, there is merit in the thing that is sold. **Coca-Cola** is carefully prepared in a laboratory noted for its model kitchenlike interior.

We do not recommend you to drink a glass of **Coca-Cola** every forty minutes, as Doctor Osler might suggest, although if you do, it will do you no harm. But two or three glasses a day will be found a delightful aid to a brain-worker who prizes efficiency and all that makes for happiness and length of days.

COCA-COLA—five cents everywhere. The man at the soda-fountain is a wiseheimer. Ask him the name of the best beverage and you will hear the words, “**Coca-Cola**.”

Send for the interesting booklet, “**The Truth About Coca-Cola**.” It will tell you some interesting facts you probably do not know.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

game in America. Promptly, one man wrote me, and said, “I note your statement that your magazine will be twice as good as **THE PHILISTINE**, and doubt your ability to keep that promise.” The man knew I never said any such thing; he simply wanted an opportunity to be disagreeable. So I returned his dollar.

—Ed Howe, in “**Howe’s Monthly**.”

When you make a new friend, think of the future enemy who is already in him.—Schopenhauer.

WORK WITH YOUR HANDS



ANE ADDAMS says that every one should do some work every day with their hands. It seems to us that Miss Addams is right, and many of the things we call in the carpenter and repairman for could be done just as well by ourselves—to our benefit.

The best aids to the man who works with his head most of his time and wants to work with his hands occasionally are Utica Pliers.

The Utica Plier is the tool of a hundred uses. To repair the gas-jet, to hang a picture, to bend or cut wire, to fix the sewing-machine, gun, fence or other tools, Utica Pliers are indispensable. The Utica Plier is the only one that fits the hand—it is scientific. The Utica Plier has developed and divulged more uses for pliers than any one ever dreamed of before.

Utica Pliers save time, temper and vocabulary. They are tested thoroughly before they leave the makers' hands. Every plier bearing the Utica brand is guaranteed to give satisfactory service.

¶ You ought to know more about these pliers. ✽ Information will be gladly furnished you.

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Utica, N. Y.

classification ✽
The reason of the forms of their leaves, of the qualities of their fruits, of the colors of their flowers, we also know; for we have learned not a little about the course of the eternal laws that give shape to all terrestrial things. But who they are—that we do not know. What is the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green—the mystery of that which multiplies forever issuing out of that which multiplies not? Or is the seeming lifeless itself life—only a life more silent still, more hidden?
—L. Hearn.

✽
THE plant is an animal confined in a wooden case; and Nature, like Sycorax, holds thousands of "delicate Ariels"

imprisoned in every oak. She is jealous of letting us know this; and among the higher and more conspicuous forms of plants reveals it only by such obscure manifestations as the shrinking of the Sensitive Plant, the sudden clasp of the Dionaea, or still more slightly, by the phenomena of the cyclosis.—Huxley.

✽
There may be a personality behind THE FRA Magazine, but there is most certainly a personality in it.—Henry Fearing.



SAVE TIME AND STAIR CLIMBING

Western Electric Inter-phones

TRADE MARK

Give private telephone service between rooms of the home or business house. Cost less than one cent per week per station to operate. Send for booklet No. 8501.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones



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Buffalo	Milwaukee	Portland	Portland
Montreal	Toronto	Winnipeg	Vancouver
	London	Paris	
	Antwerp	Berlin	Johannesburg
		Sydney	Tokyo



PERHAPS the reason so few advertisements are readable is that there are so many of them. ¶ FRA and PHILISTINE Advertising will always be interesting, no matter how much we carry. COME IN! 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾 🐾

🐾
SUDDENLY and very softly, the thought steals into my mind that the most wonderful of possible visions is really all about me in the mere common green of the world—in the ceaseless manifestation of Life.

Ever and everywhere, from beginnings invisible, green things are growing—out of the soft earth, out of the hard rock—forms multitudinous, dumb, soundless races incalculably older than man. Of their visible history we know much: names we have given them, and

F all the progressive elements which got to make up our American civilization, perhaps the most conservative are the American farmers. In rare instances do they jump at untried things, but also in equally rare instances do they let an invention of proved value get by them. In the good old days of the early reapers and binders, our grandfathers had a merry time watching the contest of the inventors and manufacturers of these machines in their efforts to establish their worth. They scoffed at first—who would not?—but when once convinced they accepted them as their own. And the nine-billion-dollar crop of Nineteen Hundred Ten is a testimony to their wisdom. Newer and later improvements in this field have run the same gauntlet. The cream-separator was rejected until the big dairies came to its rescue. Manure-spreaders were received with doubt until the Government tests substantiated their value. And now it is the powerful gasoline-tractors which are in the limelight. At every big fair and concourse of agriculturists these machines are made to “show off” at plowing and hauling and threshing like champion strong men. Sometimes a



Prof. Henry Dickson
 America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self-Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

A MAN'S VALUE

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



MAN'S value to the world is the sum total of what he remembers. The only man who makes a success of his business is the man who has a grasp of all its details as well as a knowledge of its general workings.

The man who can remember during the course of a conversation in which diplomacy is an asset, the exact cost of making his goods, and knows on the instant at how much margin he can afford to sell, is the valuable man.

¶ A man may be ever so brilliant, but if his brilliancy fails him at the critical moment, it is of no avail. Brilliancy is a matter of remembering the right thing to say or do at the right time. If you

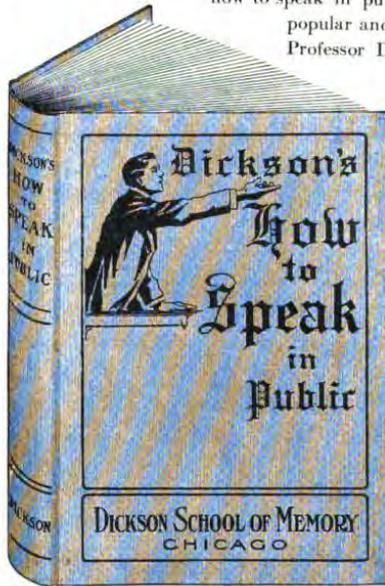
have a good memory, you do not lie awake nights thinking of what you might have done during the day. This sort of memory serves no purpose except to induce remorse.

Professor Henry Dickson, America's foremost authority on memory-training, has centered on this thing of training the memory to serve when it is needed. Among Professor Dickson's pupils are some of the biggest and best businessmen of America: doctors, lawyers, actors—in fact, every profession and business numbers some students and beneficiaries of the Dickson method. ¶ This is the Age of Public Gatherings and Dinners, and the man who knows how to speak in public and can remember all he wants to say, is popular and successful, socially and financially.

Professor Dickson's book, "How to Speak in Public," with

Introduction by Elbert Hubbard, is of the greatest possible value to us all. No man who wants to succeed today should fail to secure this priceless volume, which you can have at the low price of Two Dollars. Better still, a copy will be presented absolutely free to every student who enrolls for this course of memory-training within ten days after reading this offer.

¶ The Dickson System of Memory Training has been endorsed by thinkers the world over. Fill out and mail the coupon today. It will be a profitable transaction for you.



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson Memory School, 963 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me free booklet, "How to Remember," also full particulars how to obtain a free copy of "Dickson's How to Speak in Public."

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

dozen or more are in the same field at one time, chug-chugging at each other in a very human way. That this chug-chug is going shortly to revolutionize the heavy horse-work of farming seems certain, as some of the records of these engines are nearly as miraculous for speed and cheapness as compared with present methods as the old-time reapers were compared with the cradle and sickle.—M. R. D. Owings.

To lose one's self-respect is the only calamity.

VROOM—EDUCATOR

SUCCESSFUL men are never poor dressers. Those who accomplish—who make, say and do things in this world—proclaim their individuality in their attire. The sure-enough saint is the businessman who keeps his word and also keeps up his appearance. Style, fit, finish and quality in clothes give clothes pleasure and the consciousness of being well dressed, all of which makes for personality and power.

The world accepts a man at the estimate he places upon himself, and his clothes are a reflection of his estimate of himself. Good clothes are a sort of mental prop, and to enjoy you must be free from fear and doubt that your clothes are not just right.

To insure peace of mind, consult Vroom, Tailor Extraordinary to American Businessmen, whose shop is on Olde Broadway.

Vroom's prices begin at Forty-five Dollars. Vroom has proven that suits from Forty-five Dollars up are the only good suit investments. Vroom gives you good fabrics, good workmanship, good style—all of which contributes to the Well-Vroomed appearance.

Vroom's is not the biggest tailor-shop in the world, but it has more life, more good-cheer, more health and happiness than any other shop we know of. When you go to Vroom's, you meet the man who owns the place. You know him. He is your friend and your interests are his. To make you a garment that would not tend to give you peace, poise and power, Vroom would consider a calamity to himself. Vroom is at 1155 Broadway to stay.

Vroom gives his customers this advice: "Wear the best. Never accept the ordinary. Keep in style. Clothes react on character."

Vroom issues a little magazine of his own each month, the title of which is "GROOM." Some folks say it is nearly as interesting as The Roycroft Publications. Ask Vroom to put you on his mailing-list. He will educate you in this matter of clothes if you get in touch with him.

V R O O M , T A I L O R
1155 Broadway at 27th Street, New York

Rockefeller, I am really speaking a kind word for all sorts and conditions of men who succeed. Every man who behaves himself, and attends to his work, and succeeds a little, is unjustly assailed by idlers like Abe King. I care no more for Rockefeller than does the reader, but I believe that the American habit of forgetting our own faults, and remembering only those of Rockefeller, is foolish, as well as ineffective. In every town in the country, the busy, useful, progressive men are abused as viciously and unfairly as Rockefeller is abused by Abe King. Another one of my eccentric notions is that the busy, useful, successful man is worth more to his community

REGARD John D. Rockefeller as one of the great characters in history, as I regard Lincoln or Napoleon. It may occur to some reader that this magazine has already been "subsidized" by Rockefeller. That is the reader's way of being unfair. For there is nothing in it. I have never heard of the man except as you have heard of him; I know nothing about him that you do not know, but I do not believe half the stories told on him. And let me add here that, in speaking a kind word for

and his country than the faultfinding idler who invents a list of wrongs. I am only an ordinary man, but I can not remember a time when I did not have too much work, and too much to eat. In this country, we are fat with prosperity, and crying like paupers about wrongs that do not exist. If this course helped the people, I should join them, but it does not: it injures them financially and morally; the foolish howling often causes business unrest, and encourages people in meanness in other ways.—Ed. Howe.

BUT why should any foreign money come here, if, each year, our leading financiers and politicians attempt to create losses in the market value of the very securities which they sold the year before, gilded with glowing promises? Were they deceiving investors then or now? We need only look to the wonderful development now taking place in Canada: two railroads building to the Pacific; railroad extension of all kinds; wonderful growth in population, and alluring thousands of our people; new cities springing into existence; millions for investment pouring in—and why? The Government is aiding railroads, guaranteeing interest on loans.



Free to Every Buyer of Business Stationery

If your business requires the writing of many *important* letters—letters that must *look* their importance—and if you *care* what you *pay* for “looks,” you need our free portfolio of handsome specimen letterheads on Construction Bond. Let us send it together with our booklet telling *why* Construction Bond makes

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

One of the reasons is that Construction Bond is sold *direct* to *responsible* printers and lithographers, in quantities of 500 pounds or more at a time, while other fine bond papers are sold through *local jobbers*, a *ream* or more at a time to *any* printer who will buy them. The *saving* in expense comes *off* the price you pay for business stationery if you secure Construction Bond. Make a note *now* to write us, on your *business* stationery, please, and we'll send you the specimen letterheads and booklet together with the names of those printers and lithographers in your locality who can make you *Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price* on Construction Bond. Make a note *now* to write us.

W. E. WROE & CO., 1002 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

CONSTRUCTION



Best at

the Price

Made in White and Six Colors with Envelopes to Match

Beauty, Health and Youth

Beauty is a matter of health. All good physicians agree to this, and that eminent editor and physician, Doctor J. H. Tilden, has emphasized this many times.

Every woman wants to be beautiful. For her beauty symbolizes youth, and youth is Spring's golden promise of happiness.

Margaret—Beauty Expert—has a glad-some message for every woman. She is the inventor and maker of the Face-Cream known as “MARGARET'S PURE SKIN-FOOD.”

This preparation neutralizes the weather's ravages on the skin. When applied, it quickens circulation, renews wasted tissue, and vitalizes and nourishes

the skin. It co-operates in Nature's house-cleaning. It is a square, sterling, one-hundred-per-cent preparation, free from all harmful drugs and manufactured with but one end in view, to supply a clean, invigorating, strengthening, result-producing skin-cream.

Nature sets us a good example. Her balsam she pours over the sorely tried earth in the form of rain and then soothes with balmy breezes, working only for regeneration.

Margaret's Pure Skin-Food is a natural preparation. There is nothing artificial or injurious about it. Guaranteed not to grow hair.

Agents are wanted to introduce this preparation.

Margaret's Pure Skin Food Co., Bucyrus, Ohio

It is easy to secure money for railroads when the Government is fair, and hence this great growth and the greatest era of prosperity Canada has ever known, side by side with fear and stagnation in this adjoining land.

—A. E. Stilwell.

In this little life the man who would win must conserve all the love he possesses—he must put strife, violence and vengeance out of his heart

WHEN Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age. For Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The farmer feeds the world. I supply the farmer a tool. Between us we make good.

—James Oliver.

The Last of Three Fine Editions Special Roycroft Bindings

Love, Life and Work

By Elbert Hubbard

THIS book is the last of one of the best editions that The Roycrofters ever offered discerning and critical people.

These essays on Love, Life and Work deal with no abstract, theoretical impossibilities, but with the real things of daily existence that make living bright, beautiful and blessed.

They help us to get Tom Potter's attitude, so when the minute comes for us to assume authority and go ahead we take it and go the right way.

Love, Life and Work is printed on French Japan vellum. It is a book of one hundred and fifty pages, and every page is a help toward right thinking and right acting; it is what we think and do that makes us what we are.

The only style of binding left is Three-quarters Levant. The price is \$10.00.

The Law of Love

By William Marion Reedy

WILLIAM MARION REEDY is a great joker, and he is a stylist. He is a man of many words—but of one book! *The Law of Love*—a book so exquisite in thought and form that appreciation of it must be a silent thing.

The binding is modeled leather. The title-page and initials are unusual in design and color.

There are just two of these books. The price is \$10.00.

The Dog of Flanders

By Ouida

SOME stories get into your heart and stay, and this one of Nello, the little Ardennois, and Patrasche, the big Fleming, is the kind you can't forget.

¶ These two were of the same age in length of years, yet one was very young and the other already old.

Both were orphaned and destitute; both owed life to the same hand. This had been the first bond of sympathy; it had strengthened day by day, had grown with their growth, until they loved each other very dearly.

All their lives they lived together, and at the end, the people of their little village implored a special grace for them and laid them to rest, side by side, forever!

¶ Ouida's story of this child and this dog is one of the rarest in literature.

The book is printed in antique red and black on imported handmade paper. The binding is modeled leather. There are just four copies. Price, \$10.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

THE "HEAR-A-PHONE"

A Blessing and a Benefit



KENELM WINSLOW, in his writings on Deafness, gives some valuable information on the subject.

Doctor Winslow treats this all in a very commonsense way, and says some pertinent things.

Among the errors he advises against in cases of deafness is the average advertised hearing appliance which sets up a mechanical irritation in the ear. Deafness is more prevalent than is generally supposed, and the number of deaf people in this country has been greatly underestimated—probably because deafness, unlike blindness, has no outward indications to attract notice.

¶ The Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company have come to the aid of good people everywhere who need ear assistance, with their wonderful instrument called the "Hear-A-Phone"—a scientifically perfected instrument based on the principle of the telephone, and guaranteed to greatly aid all who are hard of hearing.

The Hear-A-Phone is a commonsense instrument. It is to the deficient ear what fine and well-fitted glasses are to the deficient eye. Stromberg-Carlson's customers are their friends. They have studied this matter with gentle, patient care.

The human body is a dual proposition. It is made up of two parts, and very often the two halves are not exact mates. With some parts of the body this makes little difference, but when the eyes and the ears are not mates, the laws are violated, and Nature, in her frantic efforts to adjust, induces nerve friction which in time produces serious trouble.

Why keep on injuring a sensitive ear, even if the other is good, by straining it continually trying to catch what some one is saying? If both ears are affected, why not give one of them assistance and let it do the work of two by doubling its efficiency with a Hear-A-Phone? ¶ Do not use an instrument which is so conspicuous that it makes you conscious all the time of your deficiency. ¶ Sensitiveness of body and soul are the result of cumbersome, lumbering and inadequate ear instruments. The Hear-A-Phone is dainty, inconspicuous and effective. It is made exactly like a telephone, with a tiny receiver, a little transmitter and a miniature battery.

The Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company are also manufacturing an Audience Phone, designed for use in churches, halls and public places, which has become famous because theater managers, rectors of churches and men in charge of public auditoriums America over have recognized its value.

The words "Stromberg-Carlson" are synonyms for two other words—Quality Apparatus. ¶ An interesting and well-illustrated booklet on the subject of the Hear-A-Phone will be sent you for the asking.

The price of this instrument is Twenty Dollars, while other makes sell for as high as Seventy-five Dollars. The Stromberg-Carlson people have decided that no one suffering from deafness shall be deprived of this instrument if it is within their power to furnish it to them.

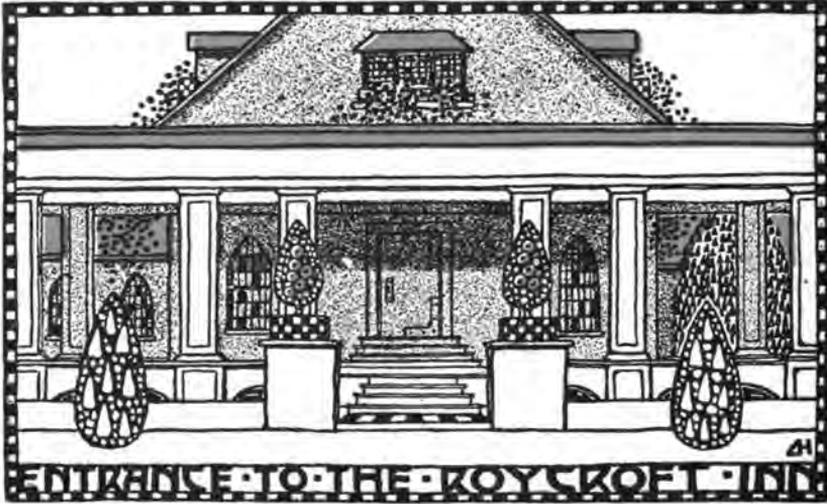
STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO.

Chicago, Ill.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Kansas City, Mo.

The Largest Independent Telephone Manufacturers in the World



The Roycroft Inn



WHEN Socrates was asked how he would secure properly trained citizens for his ideal State, he said that he would send away all those who were more than ten years of age, and begin with those who were left.

An ideal State must grow from small beginnings.

Man can not say, "Go to, now, I will build me a perfect place."

He must begin when and where he gets the idea.

The Roycroft Inn grew out of another Roycroft need. It was a place to live in while we worked—a home.

Today The Roycroft Inn is a home for the wayfarers from every land to every land. Here are embodied the ideals of comfort, beauty, cleanliness. We care for the friends who come as we would care for guests in our home. The freedom of the city is theirs.

The Roycroft farm and gardens bountifully provide our tables with fresh, wholesome, country products. The menu is simple, the food well and carefully prepared and served.

A week of rest in an out-of-door sleeping-porch will give the weary one a new lease of life. The cool nights, the refreshing sleep, the birds outside your screen window in the early morning take you far from the hurry-worry of the city you have wished to forget for a little.

Rates at The Roycroft Inn are from two to five dollars a day. The Inn is an American plan hotel.

Good automobile roads from Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Cleveland, Toledo, cross and connect with the State Road into East Aurora.

We do not page brides and grooms in the dining-room nor on the Peristyle.

The Roycroft Inn Portfolio will be sent to any address for ten cents.

The Roycroft Inn, which is in East Aurora, New York State

YOUR AUTUMN FUN



OBEDIENCE to Nature brings you everything you need—mental, spiritual and physical. To obey requires will-power. The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, disrespectful to his mind. If you want to have control of your body, you must give it exercise—natural exercise. Insomnia never comes to the man who has given his body enough exercise.

¶You must know the great out-of-doors where the Western sky is color deep with red, when the sun has gone down, and the place over across the moor where the white mist gathers. You must see the distant wood turn to purple patches while you make for your bed in the open.

¶Begin to plan now for this Fall, and among your preparations include a Stevens Double-Barrel Hammerless Gun. Stevens Guns range in price from \$25.00 to \$60.00; Stevens Rifles from \$8.00 to \$12.00.

¶The finest gun in the world without exception sportsmen say is the Stevens Double-Barrel Hammerless No. 385 with its Demi-Bloc system. The barrel of this Gun is Stevens Compressed Forged, Krupp Fluid Steel. The case is drop-forged and fancy engraved. The action is the Anson and Deeley type. The Stock is extra selected English walnut, beautifully finished. This Gun is adapted for any standard make of shell, loaded with either black or smokeless powder. It sells at \$60.00.

¶Literature on the subject of the Stevens Gun and Gunning will be sent you for the asking.

¶If you carry a Stevens Gun with you, your Fall Vacation will be remembered with joy and profit. *Inquire Now.*

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.



THE MUSICAL NUMBER



THE AUGUST FRA will be the MUSICAL NUMBER—a magazine of appreciation, adulation and literary bouquets for singers, players, composers and music-publishers.

Not a word of criticism. As Gilbert Burgess says, "If the critic were competent, he would not be a critic; he would be a composer." Mr. Burgess is the man who was tempted by the Imp of Mischief to write an article, "The Absurdity of Music," and ended by writing an article on the "Absurdity of the Criticism of Music." So, instead of wise criticism, you will find nothing but appreciation of the divine art and its devotees in the August FRA.

The cover portrait will be that of Patrick J. Healy, one of America's great men. Mr. Healy did more to raise musical standards in America than did any other man. He was the founder of the music-house which is a powerful influence in both the commercial and the artistic branches of the musical world.

Every one, everywhere, should read this Number—musicians surely should, and also take this Bully Burgess advice: "Bore them, let them kiss you, give you the hurdy-gurdy, or the accordion; but take the advice of an experienced agent: Work away; work hard; practise with your fiddle. Love music for what it is worth; play the best music. Do not let the thing we call Society hinder you. If the Lady with the name which you think bears a Hungarian sound——" Oh, well! Read the August FRA.

THE ROYCROFTERS, OF EAST AURORA, N. Y.



terest of health. The intent of the operation is to make you sick, in order to keep you from getting sick. That is, you are given a disease in order to keep you from catching one. Some people who have been vaccinated never have smallpox. This is good enough "proof" for people who thrive by selling the "pizen." And it is the only "proof."

Some vaccinated people have smallpox, also some die of tetanus.

If you must vaccinate, my advice is, never use a virus. My heart is with the doctor who vaccinates only with Borden's Condensed Milk.—Ed. *The Fra*.

SOCIETY can never be reconstructed until its individual members are

THIS is a reading notice—given gratis with an ad.

On separate page will be found the advertisement of the Cutter Laboratory. This concern is eminently reliable, and is rated high. But personally, I have no use for their "goods," although their vaccine, I believe, is as pure as pus can be. Vaccine is a virus, that is to say, a poison. Our friends, Cutter and Company, recommend that this poison be injected into the bodies of healthy people, in the in-

reconstructed. As long as self is uppermost in the minds of men, they will fear and hate other men, and under Socialism there would be the same scramble for place and power that we see in politics now. Man must be born again.

EVERYBODY is punk at times. I am, anyway. The desirable thing is not to let the mood become chronic. Then, when the Pivotal Point comes, spread your wings and aviate.

EO have efficiency and power, a system of schools must have capable and universal supervision by scholarly and successful teachers who on the one hand have the gift of just criticism, of systematic organization and of inspirational leadership, and, on the other hand, are anxious to serve all the people, are above bigotry, know better than to attempt politics to protect their places, and are able to bear an independent and aggressive part in the intellectual affairs of the community they serve. A system of schools that applies to and uplifts the life of the people so that they believe in it; that calls out and gathers to itself the supports and the strength

which the plain people have to give; that builds better and better schoolhouses and steadily improves its housekeeping; that makes for rational living and develops real scholarship all along the line; that carries its advantages to the very doors of all the people; that tolerates freedom, and insists upon it for itself and yet attends to its own business; that has clear purposes and makes plans that will work; that is above pedantry and pretense; that resists interference and resents the superficial; that

Books You Need

ALL literature is biography and whenever you write about some one else, you tell about yourself. So when Herman E. Kittredge wrote his splendid biography of Ingersoll, he recorded indelibly his own character and mind.

His work represents six years of loving labor. His purpose, as he himself says, is "to present in chronological order the real significant facts of Ingersoll's life; to synthesize the physical, moral, ethical and logical Ingersoll. As the subject was a profoundly ethical and spiritual man, it is naturally a more or less spiritual book."

The Kittredge Biography is one of the thirteen volumes containing Ingersoll's complete writings published by the Dresden Publishing Company.

This is the authoritative edition published in conjunction with the Ingersoll estate. The Dresden Publishing Company will send you the complete set, carriage prepaid, on receipt of proper recommendation, and allow you to pay in small monthly payments. This edition is exquisitely printed, and durably bound in several styles of binding. Full information will be gladly sent you on request. On receipt of Ten Cents in stamps, the publishers will send you a photogravure portrait of Ingersoll suitable for framing, a facsimile reproduction of the birthplace of Burns and other Ingersoll matter of intense interest.

Remit Ten Cents today with a request for information about the complete works of that gentle but strong philosopher who did more to bring about America's thought evolution than any other man who has ever lived.

THE DRESDEN PUBLISHING CO.
18 East 17th St. New York, N. Y.

Laughlin Fountain Pen

America's Most Popular and Widely Known Fountain Pen

A POPULAR STYLE ONLY ONE DOLLAR

Postpaid to any address  By insured mail five cents extra

THIS Pen is mounted with Sterling Silver Filigree; and also comes in Pearl, mounted with two handsome gold bands. A splendid, practical, useful present for Lady or Gentleman for any occasion. Every pen guaranteed full 14 Kt. solid gold, and satisfactory in every particular.

Try the pen a week; if you do not find it as represented, a better value than you can secure for double our price in any other make, return it and we will refund your money. In ordering, state whether fine, medium or coarse point is desired.

Beware of imitations, insist upon getting the Genuine Laughlin, advertised pen. If your dealer will not supply you, refuse the substitute and order direct from us.

Give us the name of your dealer that you asked to show you a Laughlin pen, and for this courtesy we will send you free of charge one of our new safety pocket fountain pen holders. Address

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO., 753 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

seeks the point of equipoise between general leadership and local initiative, between professional and industrial pursuits, and between profligacy and parsimony; that has power to settle its own controversies and contains the seeds of its own strength and progress—that is the system of schools which has the inherent elements of educational power.

—Andrew S. Draper.

Success is the child of Audacity.—Disraeli.

Fra Fox's Preferred List



CHARLES HENRY FOX is to be a busy man the coming Summer, Autumn and Winter Season. Every member of his staff will be sought and called upon by people everywhere who need the services of America's Foremost Florist and His Helpers. Fra Fox will open his new shop next to his famous little place known as "The Sign of The Rose" across from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel and next to the new Ritz-Carlton on fine old Broad Street in Philadelphia.

To simplify matters, Charles Henry has decided to have what he will call his "Preferred List," and people who feel that they will require flowers or the services of a Florist during the Winter Season are invited to send their names and addresses to Mr. Fox now.

Fox patrons, no matter how small the order may be, are always given courteous consideration and highly satisfactory service; but to belong to the Fox Family and receive little surprises in the way of ideas and inspirations for special occasions, in your mail, just about the time you are thinking about these things, will be a helpful pleasure and joy.

Trixie Friganza says: "Charles Henry Fox has added a lure to flowers. I have always loved them, but Fox has given them a new significance for me. He has proven how near flowers are to our own lives, and that it is a matter of duty to surround yourself with blossom-beauty all the time."

Charles Henry will send out suggestions from time to time during the Winter which will equal all of his past achievements in originality and beauty.

Fox can do more with a bird's nest, a spray of pussy-willow and a bunch of violets than most men can do with the rarest blooms that grow. And he uses the rare exotics, too, judiciously and well. Fox ideas are always good taste, good art and good sense.

SEND YOUR NAME IN TODAY WITH A REQUEST TO BE PUT ON THE "PREFERRED LIST."

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of The Rose

BROAD STREET, BELOW WALNUT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

An enthusiastic belief that superiority brings its own reward impels the production of

Diamond Tire Mileage Not Merely Tires

It has been no easy task to hew strictly to this line—
—but we have done it.

This has set a standard for tire buyers and tire makers—that is some satisfaction.

Specifically for 1911

Diamond

Tires Made for Every Type of Rim
Regular clincher, Quick detachable clincher, Fisk and Mechanical (Dunloptype)

Inner Tubes
stronger, tougher and much better than you know anything about if you have never used them.

Accessories
The best tire sleeves and the new Diamond Cementless patch—practically equal to a vulcanized repair.

The Diamond Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Branches in all Leading Cities

Bound Volumes of THE FRA MAGAZINE



VOLUME NUMBER SIX is out of the Bindery, and is ready to ship the day the order is received. ¶ The binding is solid, heavy boards, with brown-leather back, making a dignified, unique and beautiful book which will appeal to every book-lover. ¶ The size of the volume is ten by fourteen inches. ¶ THE FRA is the best printed magazine issued in America. The text is readable, and contains enough of the saltiness of time so it will endure. ¶ THE FRA Magazine will live in history. It is making a peculiar and distinct impress upon the American mind. It is never cheap, flippant or vulgar; and yet, at the same time, the Plaster-of-Paris cat and the brass monkey are eliminated. ¶ Bound volumes of THE FRA make elegant and fitting books for your parlor center-table. These books are being purchased by dentists, doctors, bankers, lawyers, hotel proprietors, and wise and able preachers, and placed in their reception-rooms where they can be read and appreciated by visitors. ¶ The number of these volumes is limited. The books will never be reprinted, and those who buy now will have something that is of increasing value as the days go by. Bound volumes of THE FRA are Three Dollars each. Volumes One, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six are ready for shipment.



THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, COUNTY OF ERIE, STATE OF NEW YORK

Silver, Science, Saving



HE word Sterling as applied to Silver came from **EASTERLING**. The Easterlings were traders from the Baltic who visited London in the Middle Ages, some of whom were employed in coining, others in silver-smithing. All of them were scrappers, for since the days of Cellini, silver-smiths have been grouches, probably because of the exacting nature of the business.

The Easterlings worked in pure silver; they did not know the secret of mixing metals or of plating. It takes time and science to bring commonsense ways of making things, into vogue.

W. K. Cowan, in his interesting booklet on Old English Silver, says: "During the Eighteenth Century, there grew up in England a desire for greater comfort in the homes of the middle classes. Up to this period there had been little comfort and certainly less luxury except in the houses of the nobility and the wealthy classes. About this time, however, the art of making Sheffield Plate was invented. This was in the Year Seventeen Hundred Forty-two, and the art was discovered by a man of the name of Thomas Bolsover and consisted of the application of silver to copper or other materials."

From then on, this art of Silversmithing has evolved until today we have Community Silver. Now every one can possess and enjoy silverware, because a commonsense method is used in its production. Community Silver is plated unusually heavy with

pure silver. It has a sterling-like finish, and is reinforced at points where the silver touches the table—a distinctive feature.

You can buy six teaspoons, guaranteed for Twenty-five years, for Two Dollars. The Oneida Community is doing the world a great service in producing this beautiful, artistic and durable ware at so reasonable a price.

CA woman who entertains elaborately said the other day, "I use Community Silver because it always gives an impression of richness and beauty, and it seems to me that it has wearing qualities not to be found in any other Silver, either plated or sterling."

The Oneida Community Artists are producing some exquisite designs not excelled anywhere. Saint Dunstan, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Benvenuto Cellini, Paul de Lamerie, Rundell and Bridge, and Paul Storr, Silversmiths, worked for the favored few, but the Oneida Community evolves and produces Silver for the people.

Community Silver is appreciated and used by several million housekeepers who testify to its exquisite charm and exceptional value. To buy Community Silver is a saving on three points—Price, Wear, Intrinsic Value.

It will pay you to investigate Community Silver. A great variety of pieces in many beautiful designs are now being sold by dealers everywhere.

Ask your dealer to show you Community Silver.

Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.



The Doctors

A Satire, by Elbert Hubbard

"*The Doctors*" is warm with wit, wisdom, epigram, orphic and proverb. It is illustrated with some bum cartoons, guaranteed to make any certified M. D. laugh, if they don't make him mad :: :: ::
 In the *Dramatis Personae* are a few choice spirits who make up the State Hospital Staff of house physicians; Mrs. X, the mysterious patient, and baby X; a reverend gentleman; a pretty nurse or so; First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Patients, all bug—but only a part of the time; and enough others to make the silence palpitate.
 "*The Doctors*" is a dose of allopath, healthy humor :: :: :: :: :: ::
 In a special freak binding. Price, \$2.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

TIME AND CHANCE

A Romance and Some History by Elbert Hubbard

It was the month of May, 1861; uniformed men were moving down Market Street in the City of Cincinnati.

Sumter had been fired on and President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand men—three times that number had responded to his call.

Only eighteen months had passed since the raid on Harper's Ferry, yet the files of marching men were singing "John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring

John Brown's methods were wrong, but the man himself was right, as every man is right who lifts up his voice for freedom.
Ralph Waldo Emerson

in the grave, but his soul goes marchin' on!" **TIME and CHANCE** is the simple narrative of the life of old John

Brown, who felt the way out clear for the great, grave, loving, human Abraham Lincoln, and did by his death what the living man never could have done. ¶ This was the third book printed by The Roycrofters; it is in two volumes, illustrated in photo-gravure. Price for the set *Five Dollars*

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, U.S.A.

MAKING TRAVELERS HAPPY AS A BUSINESS

AN ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD



NOT so very long ago you had to reconcile yourself to discomforts when you wanted to buy a little of the one thing railroads have to sell—transportation. Today, on some railroads, your trip is luxurious, comfortable, a thing anticipated with joy, and pleasant in remembrance. This is always so if you use THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD LINES & THE GREAT WESTERN LIMITED, leaving Chicago at 6:30 p. m. for Saint Paul and Minneapolis, is the "train superb."

Every few years some enterprising man of merit builds a hotel with the avowed purpose of surpassing everything before attempted. He succeeds if he has the capital and endurance to realize his dream in steel, marble and mahogany.

The officers of THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD, who planned the GREAT WESTERN LIMITED, set out with the avowed purpose of making the best train the world has ever seen, and I believe they have accomplished their ideal. "No other train so good as this," is the slogan they apply to it. When the train and equipment were complete, they said, "There shall be no better service than that put into operation on this train." The bronzed, smiling faces of the Illini who step off this train on the Minnesota end is gladsome testimony to this truth.

THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD BOYS are not content to make their passengers merely comfortable; they want to make them happy. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, said, "Happiness is no laughing matter," and this making the people happy is a serious business on the "Corn Belt Route."

One of the innovations in service on this train is the Men's Club and Ladies' Observation Parlor, two separate cars to which passengers may go after supper instead of being compelled to return direct from the dining-car to their sections in the sleeping-cars. No dodging the porter or sitting on any one else's baggage, nor being sat on to take away your peace and poise.

THE GREAT WESTERN LIMITED has sleeping-compartments (real bedrooms), electric fans and toilet conveniences—standard sleepers, Class A dining-room service, free reclining-chairs—electric lights. The train leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m.—arrives at Saint Paul at 7:30 a. m. and at Minneapolis at 8:10 a. m.

"Modern Scientific Railroading," is the best phrase to describe GREAT WESTERN service. Time and chance are strangers on THE GREAT WESTERN. Solid, well-ballasted track, perfect system and de-luxe trains make it "The Road Imperial."

The "I Will" town and the "Twin Cities" have been eternally blessed and benefited by THE GREAT WESTERN NEW STEEL LIMITED. ¶ Call or Phone for Tickets, Berths or Information.

Chicago Great Western Railroad

CITY TICKET OFFICE
62 (Old No. 103) *West Adams Street*
Telephone Central 5269

DEPOT
Grand Central Station
5th Ave. and Harrison St.—Phone, Wabash, 3242

Chicago, Illinois

Chicago Tongue

*Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms
That sting each other here in the dust.—Tennyson.*

THE name as a title for a book is not wholly happy, but it springs from a bit of history. ¶ When Mr. Zangwill—who has no Christian name—visited the Stockyards in Chicago, a pert young miss asked him this question:

“Mr. Zangwill, how do you like Chicago ham?”

And the Dreamer of the Ghetto quietly said, “I like it, I like it—much better than Chicago tongue.”

Some years ago, Mr. Hubbard—in response to the law of supply and demand—wrote a little book on the subject of the Unruly Member.

This book was printed on handmade paper, bound beautifully and well in limp leather, silk-lined. By a most curious bit of psychology, the book was largely purchased by people who desired to give a cosmic hunch to some particular person of the Tribe of Gabby Jack. And this beautiful book could be presented without fear of offense. Also, being well printed and finely bound, it would not be gently chucked.

We all need the lesson which this book so well expresses.

Idle gossip, rolled on the tongue of scandal, causes more heartache, misery, woe, jealousy and unrest than any other one reason in life.

An idle remark, flung off in a joking way, may be passed along by some serious soul—and soon the pack is in full cry, and a fair name is torn to tatters.

When we speak of people, let us speak well—otherwise, hold our peace! There is plenty of silence to go around. It will never run out; and when we do not know what to say, let us not say it.

A few copies of *Chicago Tongue* have been found on a high shelf. The price is just one dollar each, and no more. Suppose you get a copy for that tonguey termagant, or that mouthy cuss—you know whom I mean! And say, Terese, when you get the book, before you pass it along to the chin-fly conversational one—just read it yourself.

As before stated, one Taft Dolodocci secures the precious tome.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

An Advertisement Not Written by Elbert Hubbard

ELBERT *could n't* write this because he lacks faith. He is a sort of Mary Baker Eddy—except that he wears his hair long instead of in a knot—and he is down on doctors and drug stores because his father, who was an old-time practitioner, overdosed him with gamboge, jalap, calomel and tartar emetic in the days when large doses of those potent drugs were much in vogue.

This is what he would say, though, if he were not too prejudiced against vaccination to inform himself as to the real facts concerning its value to the community:

“‘I am Pericles,’ I have admitted it myself, but, if I could have a choice, I should rather be Jenner. Pericles was a sure-enough all-round man and did things, it is true, but what he did is only a memory now, without any present significance in the life of mankind. *But Jenner!* only a little more than a century has elapsed since he announced his great discovery of the principles of vaccination against smallpox, yet in this short time millions of unscarred human beings have lived a happy life who might otherwise have died from or been most hideously disfigured by the most loathsome disease known to mankind—that ‘Universal Scourge’ of pre-Jennerian days, smallpox. Thus is Jenner not only a benefactor to his own but to succeeding generations so long as the human race shall endure.

“But other men have to carry on his work, and as in the course of all human events, first efforts and processes are improved upon with the goal of absolute perfection always in view. I believe that of all those who are today serving the race by the propagation of Jennerian vaccine, The Cutter Laboratory of Berkeley, California, is pre-eminently the best situated to produce the best virus—and that it lives up to its possibilities is common knowledge among Western physicians. But besides being synonymous with the best Smallpox Vaccine, ‘Cutter’s’ is the brand on the most scientifically prepared and standardized seriums and bacterial vaccine—ask any progressive Western physician or druggist. Suppose you write on a postcard, ‘send me “Mile Posts in Medical Progress” and “The New Therapy,”’ that is, if you have n’t had them, and send the card to the address below; it will be worth your while.

“As for me I shall spend the rest of my life trying to find unvaccinated persons who are so because of my foolish talk in *The Philistine* and *The Fra*. I shall inform them what I have only recently learned, that while sanitation will prevent typhoid and similar diseases, only isolation will prevent the exanthemata, measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever and smallpox except that in the case of smallpox, thanks to Jenner, protection may be secured by vaccination; that isolation is impracticable and undesirable in this day of trains, steamers, automobiles and aeroplanes; that therefore I urge and plead with them to be vaccinated with Cutter’s vaccine and send the bill to Yeast Rörora. And again I urge my newly discovered brethren in the uplift of humanity, the medical and pharmal professions, to inform themselves concerning the products of that conscientious disciple of Jenner, Pasteur, Koch and Wright.”

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California

Producing Biologics exclusively under U. S. Gov. License No. 8.

The HATTER'S SMILE



JUST remember this: Give out courtesy, kindness, patience and good-will, and you'll get them all back with compound interest. The men who deserve to rank in Class A do not chew the lint and fuss about the small misfits of life. To take what comes and forget the rest is wisdom. Let Braggo give the janitor the call, and the Hall Boys have it out with the Ashbox Inspector—you can't afford to soil your soul with small scraps. Fight on a big scale, or not at all. The folks who have trouble with ushers are always looking for trouble—and find it. Smile, old boy, smile!

Such is the philosophy of Henry H. Roelofs, the "Smile" Maker. His Hats are like himself, pleasing and distinctive. He is great enough as a Hat-Maker to have won the sincere commendation of August Huckel, the Dean of the World's Hat-Makers. ¶ Roelofs Smile Hats are worn by men who carry big burdens America over. The Roelofs helps them to eliminate the grouch and to assume the genial, happy way that makes for success in business.

When a man in a Roelofs Hat looks into the mirror, he is pleased with himself, and when you are pleased with yourself you are pleased with everybody.

There are only a few great hatters in the world, and Roelofs is one of them. He knows some processes in the evolving of hats that remain with him and his workers. ¶ An imitation of the Roelofs Hat is only an imitation at the best, and every one recognizes it.

Roelofs Light-Weight Hats take precedence over any other make, because Roelofs knows how to get wearing quality into a light felt. ✱ The Nap of a Smile Hat is ivory smooth. It feels, looks and is genuine. The Twenty-Dollar Roelofs Smile Hat is the supreme effort of the Hatter's Art, but Roelofs Smile Hats, Derbies and the soft kind selling from Four to Twenty Dollars are acknowledged everywhere as supreme.

Roelofs Hats are made for the smiling, sunny type of man who succeeds because he is a success. No small, mean proposition would feel right in a Roelofs Smile Hat unless he reforms. Your dealer will give you his broadest smile when you ask to see the Roelofs Smile Hat, because he will know that you are a man of discernment and quality.

Write for the charming song, "Smile All the While." It's free to you.

Henry H. Roelofs & Co., Sole Makers
BROWN and TWELFTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A Little Journey to The Hotel Sherman

By Elbert Hubbard

"The Hotel Sherman—the last word in hotel-building and maintenance."



N the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, my old friend, Waldo, of Rockford, Illinois, induced his cousin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, to make a lecture-tour through the Far West ❁ ❁ The "Far West" then meant Illinois.

At this time there was no railroad West of the Mississippi River ❁ ❁

In the contract it was specified that Emerson was to give two lectures in the city of Chicago, and that while there his accommodations were to be at the Sherman House—duly specified as "a first-class hostelry."

From the Sherman House, Emerson wrote a letter to his friend, Thomas Carlyle, urging him to come to America, and promising that lecture-dates would be made for him over this same route that Emerson was now passing. ¶ As an inducement to the canny Scotchman, Emerson explains that "the Sherman House shows no sign of the rough and uncouth, although it was the first hotel built in Chicago, being erected in the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven."

Emerson adds that the hotel compares very favorably with the best hotels in New York and Boston, a thing which surprised him, as evidently he had an idea that many hardships were in store.

Emerson again visited Chicago in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six, immediately after the close of the War.

He again stopped at the Sherman House, and again writes to his old friend, Thomas Carlyle. This time he says:

"I am still stopping at the Sherman House, but the hotel has been rebuilt. The old one was torn down in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, and this new hotel is built on a scale of magnificence which one does not certainly expect.

"Just remember that the town of Chicago was laid out in Eighteen Hundred Thirty, and at that time there were twelve families here. In

three years its population had increased to five hundred souls; in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven there were four thousand people in Chicago, and it was looked upon as a big city. In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six Chicago has two hundred and fifty thousand people, and it is the fifth city in size in America.

"This hotel is lighted with gas—and so, unlike English taverns, there is no charge for candles. I am told there is a bathroom on every floor, and the hotel is four stories high. These bathrooms are at the disposal of the guests, a nominal charge being made for towels and soap; but if you supply your own soap and towels, there is no charge for the use of the water. It is also heated without expense, if you so desire.

"The people who come to this hotel are very earnest and active. Many of them I find quite intelligent, being brought up in the East."

Chicago's Last and Best Hotel

THOMAS CARLYLE, however, was never persuaded to cross the Atlantic. Emerson introduced his books here at his own expense and at quite a loss to himself.

If one wants to know about how fast Chicago has grown, just note the fact that in Eighteen Hundred Seventy this city had three hundred thousand inhabitants; in Eighteen Hundred Eighty it had five hundred thousand inhabitants, and had moved from fifth place to fourth. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety it had one million, and was the second city in size in America. Now it has more than two millions.

The growth of Chicago has been more than that of any other city ever built, and yet it has not been phenomenal, the whole thing being quite natural. ❁ Chicago has evolved simply as the great West has evolved. It is the market-place and the general meeting-place of the strong men of the Middle West. ¶ All trains stop at Chicago, none goes through. Chicago has thirty-four railroads. Its first railroad was built in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, and ran from Chicago to Galena on the Mississippi River.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty Lincoln was nominated for President, at Chicago.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one occurred the great fire, which destroyed one-third of the property in the city.

Emerson's Sherman House, with which he was so pleased and of which he was so boastful, was reduced to ashes. The hotel, however, was

rebuilt on a scale of magnificence that differentiated it quite as much from the former hotel, as the one built in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one differed from the one built in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven.

The Sherman House was Chicago's first hotel, and the Hotel Sherman is her last and best hotel; for the Sherman House, which was completed in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, after the Chicago fire, was torn down and another hotel, finer far than Emerson ever dreamed of, was built. This hotel was opened in January, Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

The site is the same as the hotel built in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven.

The hotel bearing the name of "Sherman" has advanced as the times have changed. It has always ministered to the best, and as the standard of life has changed, so has changed the "Sherman."

There is not a dish, nor a piece of furniture or bedding now used in the Hotel Sherman that was used in the house torn down only a year or so ago.

Everything is brand-new, and on a scale of excellence absolutely abreast of the best that the world affords.

There is not a musty, dusty, microby corner in this hotel. Not a mouse or a rat, or a place where one can lodge.

The Hotel Sherman is fireproof, absolutely, the doors of the rooms and the window-sills being of metal. The contents of a room could be burned up without the fire spreading.

The hotel built in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three originally had two suites of rooms that had bathrooms attached. Later a dozen or so rooms had bathrooms; but now the Hotel Sherman has seven hundred rooms and it has seven hundred bathrooms.

These bathrooms are miracles of nickel, enamel, glass, concrete and marble. There is hot and cold water running in every room, running ice-water in every room, telephone, steam-heat, electric lights, writing-desks—everything which civilization demands.

The Home of Democracy

THE Hotel Sherman is the last word in hotel-building.

I know of nothing in the world to equal it in the way of quiet magnificence and excellence; and yet the place is not gaudy nor loud, nor expressed in lavish fancy.

It has a somewhat subdued effect that not all

of our big hotels possess. In every big city there are flashy hotels where the original use of the inn is lost sight of, the place being taken possession of by a gilded, gabby gang of newly gotten rich, or the offspring of such, where the vampire finds her hunting-ground, and the riot of the senses is complete, where flunkies flunky without ceasing, and the parasite is at home. ¶ The Hotel Sherman, however, has always been the home of earnest, active, intelligent people. ¶ If Thomas Jefferson were alive today and visited Chicago, he would stop at the Hotel Sherman.

If Lincoln came to Chicago, the Hotel Sherman would again be his home.

The Hotel Sherman is the home of democracy, it is the home of the people, of the people who want what they pay for, and who do not want to pay for anything that they do not want. ¶ There is all the service that one requires without the added attention of the flunky who is striving hard to secure his tip and who is thankless when he gets it.

At the Hotel Sherman there seems to be a spirit of friendliness and kindness and courtesy and good-will which one does not expect in a great modern hotel.

In the spacious, beautiful office of the Hotel Sherman, the other day I met friends from Peoria, Macomb, Bloomington, Keokuk, Joplin, Kansas City, Danville & Decatur—bankers, merchants, statesmen, who had come up to Chicago on business and to spend a day or so looking over the city. ¶ Some of these men had their wives and children with them, and it was a delight to see the Mothers in Israel enjoying the restfulness of this splendid palace.

We live in a new world.

What a change we have seen, for instance, in the finish of the Pullman cars from the gaudy, the fussy, the carved, the gilded! We now get absolute economy, strength, fitness and restfulness, which were never seen before.

¶ In the new Hotel Sherman you will find a ballroom, an auditorium, numerous banqueting-rooms, grill-rooms and private dining-rooms in all finishes and representing all nations. Several of these banqueting-rooms have their own kitchens attached, so that the regular service and equipment is never crowded or disturbed.

"College Inn" in the Hotel Sherman is a superb dining-room, decorated with all the principal college colors. Here there are music, singing,

sometimes speaking, and a deal of innocent frolic and good-cheer.

At the same time, if you prefer seclusion you have your own private dining-room, with felt-shod service, sacred as a monastery to you and your few invited guests.

"College Inn" is looked after, personally, by Ernest and Eugene Beifeld. The close attention to detail, courtesy and good taste of these young men have made the place distinguished.

¶ This elimination of the garish and unnecessary marks our moving from the pioneer stage into something better, higher and nobler.

At the Hotel Sherman you pay for just what you get, and for nothing more.

The prices are most reasonable. The place is on the European plan, as all the best hotels nowadays are—a room and bath for two dollars. If you want to pay two and a half, or three dollars, you may. A very few rooms with suites or parlors attached are four dollars—but this is no place to throw money to the birds.

Distinguished Patronage

R ALPH WALDO EMERSON, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis, Isaac Funk, Governor "Dick" Yates, Phil Sheridan, Shelby M. Cullom, Lucian Carr, John A. Logan, Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman; in short, all of the old great who made their impress on the Middle West—and in fact, on the whole of the United States—used to make the Sherman House their home when in Chicago.

This is the type of patron that you still find here—the solid, the substantial, the able, the intellectual, the decent.

Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William Warren, Edwin Booth, Mrs. Gilbert, and all the other best artists and singers of their time looked upon the Sherman House as "their other home." And so it is yet.

A Personally Operated Hostelery

C HICAGO has now more than two million inhabitants, and the day is not far distant when she will be the first city in size in America.

¶ Chicago is one of the healthiest cities in America, having a death-rate of fourteen per thousand, which is less than that of any other city of two hundred thousand inhabitants and over, West of the Rocky Mountains. This is undoubtedly owing to the pure water-supply and the breezes that blow in off the lake.

Good air and good water are the first factors in health. ¶ The next thing is pleasurable

activity. Chicago is a little world of workers. ¶ The Hotel Sherman is operated by the men who own the property.

In the good old days, if you were displeased with something in a hotel, you called for the landlord. You can do the same in the Hotel Sherman. Mr. Joseph Beifeld is there on the spot every day to look after the interests of his guests, and these guests are his friends. The two sons of Mr. Beifeld I found were taking an active and intelligent interest in carrying the burdens of this splendid hostelery—boys brought up to be useful. ¶ The active working manager of the hotel, however, is Mr. Frank W. Bering. Bering struck me as being a young man for the position, but he is big enough to shoulder the burden and walk away with it. ¶ The building of the hotel was left to Bering. He also bought the furniture and the outfit complete. The money was placed at his disposal, and he was allowed to go ahead and use his own judgment. It is a great thing when you have a big man in your employ to give him free rein, and Beifeld was big enough to recognize the bigness of Bering.

The whole place is saturated with the spirit of service, with kindness, good-cheer, goodwill, friendliness, and all that makes for human betterment. ¶ ¶

Emerson might feel a little lost here if he should come back, for the world has made mighty strides since he passed away. But the Hotel Sherman would still be his resting-place, as in days of yore.

Emerson stood for unity—for the brotherhood of man—and business today stands for human service. ¶ The Hotel Sherman is a business institution lifted to the plane of brotherhood. The gilded, the gaudy, the wasteful, the absurd, the tiddy-iro are no part of the Hotel Sherman. The men who built and made the Middle West—this garden spot of the world—made the Hotel Sherman their home; and the sons of these men, spiritually or actually, still do the same. Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill. And when you leave the Hotel Sherman, it will be with regret, tempered by fond anticipation of the happy day when you can return.

Bound Volumes of The Philistine

VOLUME Number Thirty-one is now ready for shipment.

We have these books, bound in boards, leather backs, from Volume Ten to Volume Thirty-one inclusive.

☐ Those before Volume Ten are not perceivable to the naked eye. People who have them demand anywhere from two to twenty-five dollars per volume—and usually they are not for sale at any price.

THE PHILISTINE has a peculiar flavor, and a movement all its own. Many people buy it for the things they do not like.

Bound Volumes of THE PHILISTINE are One Dollar each.

The Philistine, East Aurora, New York

The Rubaiyat of Omar



GREAT man once said, "The best things ever written have been sluffed into the wastebasket."

There's comfort in the thought, but truth in the fact that a few fairly good things have been fished out in the nick o' time ☘

When Edward Fitz-Gerald found, loved and translated the quatrains of the Rubaiyat, his contemporary judges tossed him into the rag-bag of the world, and the quatrains would n't sell for tuppence ☘ ☘

Christmas, Nineteen Hundred and Nine, was the fiftieth anniversary of the first edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar, and the market was flooded with copies from every press in the country.

Thus time equalizes all things.

The Roycroft edition of the Rubaiyat is a distinguished tribute to the most cheerful Pessimist of all time. A de-luxe copy of the Rubaiyat is a gift that is a tribute in itself.

Bound in soft-toned, velvet-finished suede and printed in two colors on special handmade paper. Price for the book, Two Dollars, postpaid.

The Roycrofters, *who are in*
East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

ALI BABA OF EAST AURORA

The History of a Sage Who
Was Not a Saint

By Fra Elbertus, also of East Aurora

This is a fool book—the author admits it. But fool books are ever written for the appreciation of wise folks.

There are just a few of these bughouse books—the last of an early edition. Each volume is numbered and signed by Ali Baba, his X mark.

There are some initials hand-illuminated, after the fashion of the monks, and the frontispiece is a choice picture of this prince of philosophers at work.

The price of the book is *Two Dollars*.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

On Going to Church

■ ■ ■ BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ■ ■ ■

"And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So woebegone and penitent and meek?"
"They're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to Heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

ONE thing certain, George Bernard Shaw has something definite to say on whatever subject he brings to the light.

His prefaces may have the rumble of "world without end," but they carry the grist of his thought.

☐ The Roycrofters have some idea about those places that men have set aside for God, and they recognize Shaw's, "On Going to Church," as a sane, rational, commonsense view of men and the needs of men.

This preachment was one of the first to be done into a book by The Roycrofters. It is a distinctive little volume bound in boards and half-leather.

Price, \$1.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE NEW EFFICIENT FUEL



HE word "alcohol" is of Arabic origin and means "to paint," probably in reference to the use of this compound to dissolve pigment. Nature supplied the means of producing Alcohol for useful purposes. That man has given it a new use is his misfortune, because the possibilities of alcohol for service and general utility have been neglected.

To the chemist, alcohol has always been a valued fuel, producing heat with no annoyance from smoke. A Wheeling (West Virginia) Chemist has added much to the utility of alcohol commercially, by his discovery of how to produce chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form. His method calls for a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature are obtained which very closely resemble the effects of ethyl-alcohol distilled from sawdust.

This crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength of the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol, and in its solid form has a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and is absolutely non-explosive.

The secret of the production of this solidified alcohol in chunks is very simple and costs but little. For use in many ways in the home, denatured alcohol in solid form is very valuable—to heat flatirons, make coffee, cook, boil water, warm milk, operate a chafing-dish or frying-pan, foot-warmer, boiler, to vulcanize rubber or to heat a curling-iron.

A sample can containing twenty-six solid alcohol cubes with a stove for burning will be sent to any address postpaid on receipt of Two Dollars.

WOOD WASTE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc., Wheeling, W. Va., U. S. A.

Made in The Hills

HERE is a subtle influence at work in the world with its call for honest fabrics, pure wools and clean merchandise. The Cooper Manufacturing Company, of Bennington, Vermont, are satisfying this demand as applied to Underwear. The sleazy unreliable bunc brands are fast getting the N. G. mark from the thinking buyer.

Cooper Spring-Needle Underwear is working wonders in the Underwear Trade. The imitators are testing their abilities, but the fact remains that Cooper Spring-Needle Underwear is the only Underwear made from the genuine Spring-Needle Fabric. To insure this, the Cooper People make the machines that make the goods. Much Underwear is made in factories under unsanitary conditions, dumbly and without interest, individuality or science on the part of the workers. In every mesh you can see joyless labor, uncertain and unsanitary; but Cooper Spring-Needle Underwear is made among the Vermont Hills—the fresh air playing through the buildings with the sunshine reflected in the faces of the workers, happy because they are well paid for making the best Underwear sold today.

This means something to you. It means a degree of reliability never shown in any other make of Underwear, regardless of price. It means that Cooper Spring-Needle Knit Underwear represents the most successful method of making sanitary, perfect-fitting and durable Underclothing.

This Underwear is made in union and two-piece suits in all sizes and in popular weights and colors. The makers will gladly send you their booklet, giving prices and a liberal sample of the wonderful Spring-Needle Fabric, which has to be seen to be appreciated. The Cooper product is supremely fine in stretching, comfort-giving, wearing qualities and is beautiful to look at.

The Cooper Manufacturing Company
Bennington, Vermont



No. 3—The Model that made the Oliver Success Visible Writer

TYPEWRITERS

NOW SOLD BY MAIL

FOR

\$50.

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NOTHING DOWN—SHIPPED FOR TRIAL. THOUSANDS WHO OBJECTED TO PAYING \$100.00 RIGHT OUT FOR A TYPEWRITER HAVE EAGERLY RESPONDED TO THIS NEW WAY AND REMARKABLE OFFER.

YOU can write your letters on the world's best machine for five days and if you decide to keep it, send us \$5.00 and then \$5.00 a month—stopping when you have paid one-half the regular price. The typewriter will be guaranteed to you, unconditionally. You get the same value as though you paid \$100.00. We save you \$50.00 by selling direct—eliminating the salesman.

You must know about the Oliver and its wonderful record—You are safe in writing us a letter today, stating that you are willing to try one of these typewriters on our liberal plan which is all in your favor, still if you would rather see a picture of the typewriter and a more detailed description before sending for the machine, then just write on a postal—"Send description."

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
159 A. E. NORTH STATE STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Had Time of Their Lives

AD CLUB MEMBERS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER TRIP TO EAST AURORA—VOTE TO GO AGAIN—FRA ELBERTUS IS SURELY SOME ENTERTAINER, THEY AVER



HE "Annual Frolic to the Fra"—by which comprehensive title is now recorded the first outing of the Rochester Ad Club to the home of The Roycrofters, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York—came to a happy conclusion in the wee small hours of this morning.

The pilot-car did some remarkably good work in marking the entire journey with specially prepared Ad Club arrows. At frequent intervals, these arrows were punctuated with special signs, prepared by the pilot party. For instance, at the top of the first hill, "Love Your Work—Elbertus Hubbard," was tacked to a post; at the next grade, "Ain't it hell?" loomed up; a little farther, after a two-mile climb, "Don't blame the pilot, blame Nature," popped into view. And so it was all through the journey. Many of the cars stopped at Avon Inn for dinner. Fra Elbertus and his family escorted the party out of East Aurora for upwards of ten miles, and was given a rousing cheer as the large caravan of Admen passed him.

The Ad Club had one grand and glorious revel of joy on their trip. Arriving at East Aurora at noon Saturday, they resembled for all the world an army of Roycrofters. Each man wore the proverbial "Roycroft" gray shirt, and long, flowing Windsor tie. Dinner was served on the arrival of the party, and Ad Club songs resounded through the dining-room. All the meals were veritable Ad Club banquets, and brought into play no end of wit and humor. Coats and vests were absolutely tabued. If a stranger entered the dining-room, or a party of strangers happened along that way, they were quickly greeted with:

"Take your coat off, Mr. Stranger,
Take your coat off, just now.
Just now, take your coat off,
Take your coat off just now."

And there was no let-up to this song until the stranger did as requested, when he was greeted with a burst of applause. If there were ladies in the party, the "coat" was changed to "hat." This sport provided any end of entertainment, especially for several large parties of Buffalonians, who greeted every song of the club with hearty enthusiasm, and finally the club complimented them

with the following charming little ditty from Omar Khayyam:

"On Erie's shore a city fair,
Buffalo—you Buffalo!
A city rich in treasures rare,
Buffalo—O you Buffalo!
A treasure-trove of loyalty,
Of strength and strenuousity,
If I were n't here, that's where I'd be,
Buffalo—O you Buffalo!

Saturday afternoon was devoted to baseball and a visit to The Roycroft Shops, which the members found most interesting, and even more elaborate than they had anticipated. In the evening, headed by The Roycroft Band, the club paraded the streets of East Aurora, and attracted attention and admiration.

Later on, they assembled in the Music Salon, where the Fra had prepared a program for them. But before he got started, he was taken off his feet by President Campbell, who in a few happy words presented him with a magnificent mahogany thermometer on behalf of the Club, the instrument having been made especially for the occasion by Taylor Brothers of this city. The Fra talked to the club for an hour most interestingly, reciting the history of the organization of Roycrofters.

Sunday morning the committee on "early rising," headed by Al T. Brown, had every one into the dining-rooms by 8:30. After breakfast, the Fra took the entire party over to the Chapel, and presented each member with some one of the Roycroft books, all bearing some personal inscription by the author. This was followed by the regular Sunday morning services in the Chapel, when the Fra talked on the "Law of Pivotal Points," and this discourse was said to have been the most interesting ever delivered by the Fra on any occasion. Later in the day, the entire party walked to The Roycroft Farm, a great producing place of three hundred acres, some mile and a half from the Inn. This farm is manned by Roycrofters, and is a splendid example of modern cultivation.

One hundred fifty-four members of the Club participated in the Fra's Frolic, and it took just thirty-four automobiles to carry them to East Aurora and back. There is no question but that the frolic will become an annual affair, for the place offers ideal opportunities for just the sort of an outing the Ad Club is able to "pull off," and do it successfully.—*Rochester (New York) Times, June 12, 1911*



BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, under the title of **Elbert Hubbard, Banker**, we paved the way. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity. ¶ We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ¶ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, *Banker*
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 What is a book?
- 2 What book has helped you most?
- 3 What are the advantages of reading?
- 4 Do you believe that "a little learning is a dangerous thing"? Why?
- 5 Who was (a) Montaigne? (b) Amiel? (c) Plotinus? (d) Chippendale?
- 6 What is a Transcendentalist?
- 7 What is the Law of the Medes and Persians?
- 8 Are moral standards the same throughout the world?
- 9 Are comparisons odious?
- 10 What is "Cosmic Consciousness"?
- 11 (a) What is the White Plague? (b) Why is it so called?
- 12 What is the White Man's Burden?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Should there be a woman in the President's Cabinet?
- 2 What do you think of a Children's Bureau?
- 3 What is paternalism?
- 4 What are the following: (a) the Matterhorn? (b) Hecla? (c) Asgard? (d) Molokai?
- 5 (a) Has the Revivalist a mission? (b) What is it?
- 6 What is a "man's man"?
- 7 What qualifications are necessary to be a "ladies' man"?
- 8 What is meant by the expression, "Vicarious Atonement"?
- 9 Should the Church and the State be separate? Why?
- 10 What are the duties of a church member?
- 11 Is it well to hate the evil more than to love the good?
- 12 What is the best recipe for friendship?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 Is it a dangerous undertaking to think?
- 2 How great a factor in modern civilization is the college?
- 3 What is (a) a mossback? (b) a mollycoddle?
- 4 Can theory and practise exist apart from each other?
- 5 Define the following: (a) dirt; (b) mud; (c) energy; (d) power.
- 6 Who is Ernest Haeckel?
- 7 What is the sphere or function of music?
- 8 Is war the mother of valor?
- 9 What is patriotism?
- 10 What is your idea of a middleman? Is he necessary?
- 11 What is a parasite?
- 12 Would you consider preachers a parasitic class?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Do you believe in the feasibility of the Golden Rule?
- 2 In your opinion, should the profits of the trusts be distributed among their customers?
- 3 Does loyalty pay in the business life?
- 4 What is (a) a bazaar? (b) sin? (c) fear? (d) superstition?
- 5 What do the following references mean: (a) Flanders? (b) Cimbri? (c) Lombardy? (d) Friesland? (e) Tudor?
- 6 What is a Pivotal Point?
- 7 What are the uses of church bells?
- 8 What was the significance of the Puritan Movement?
- 9 Who were the following: (a) Hugh Latimer? (b) Alva? (c) Roger Williams? (d) Mazepa? (e) Cortez?
- 10 What is meant by the expression, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"?
- 11 What is a non-producer?
- 12 Are doctors, lawyers and preachers producers?

Chaining Economy and Efficiency

TWO words loom large on the horizon today—Economy and Efficiency. Which is the most important we can not say, but it seems to us that they weigh equally in the cosmic scale of modern business. Without one you can hardly have the other.

Businessmen are finding this out. You must have a business where a lot of money is involved and where you are liable to skid into the bankruptcy court on the high clutch before you really learn the truth of this.

The Franklin Park Foundry Company of Pittsburg and Chicago are doing the world a service in adding one more aid to efficiency and economy in the way of a detachable link chain used for conveying purposes and in transmission of power. In addition to the chain itself, they are making attachments in the form of links in special designs to which buckets, carrying plates, etc. may be attached.

Their chains are made of the best charcoal-iron tested to twice its guaranteed strength.

Franklin Park Chains are insurance against breakdowns, wasted time and worry. The list of machines on which these link chains are used forms the one-hundred-point list of American machinery. Every link turned out by this Foundry is stamped with the Company's trademark, a dumb-bell, symbolizing the strength embodied in the chain.

The old-style sprocket-chain has the least metal at the notch end of the side bar and is weakest at that particular point; while the new pattern sprocket-chain made with a forster reinforcement, which is a part of every Franklin Park Chain, provides for the same quantity of metal at this point as at other parts of the bar and so is the only malleable link of uniform strength.

If you want to know more about the finest detachable chains, send for Catalog H, which will be sent you gladly.

Franklin Park Foundry Co., General Offices, Herra Island, Pittsburg, Pa.

HOTEL MAJESTIC

WEST 72d STREET AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

Absolutely fireproof, 600 rooms, each having direct air and light. Unexcelled cuisine and service. Refined home atmosphere. Removed from the noise of the lower section of the City, yet within 10 to 15 minutes of the shopping and amusement centers. Special rates during the summer months. Open air and enclosed restaurants on highest elevation

ROOF GARDEN

in the City, where one may dine while listening to choice orchestral and vocal music. Service a la carte from 7 to 12 P. M. Rates on application.

MAJESTIC HOTEL CO., NEW YORK CITY



J. M. MACK

The Leading Gasoline Truck of America and The Man Behind It



HERE is a certain personality enters into the production of each Mack not found in the ordinary motor-truck," said a busy man to me the other day.

Everything reminded Abe Lincoln of something or some one. "That reminds me," he used to say.

A Mack Gasoline Motor-Truck reminds me of J. M. Mack—strong, earnest; a living illustration to Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance."

J. M. Mack knows that to keep your columns moving you must introduce new methods, new inspiration, and improve upon the best that others have produced. By this method he has evolved a Motor-Truck that has twenty-five distinct advantages.

Mack carries heavy burdens easily. So do his trucks—they take a double load twice as fast with one driver as any other mode of city transportation. Most Mack models are made in sizes of two to seven tons capacity, but if you want more tonnage, just tell Mack—the James J. Hill of the Motor-Truck Business.

As a lover of the horse and a breeder of horses, I hail the work of Mack with glad acclaim! Horses never commanded so big a price as they do today, and all the time the demand is for a higher-grade horse—not for a plug to drag impossible loads. The cable-car was an attempt to sidestep the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our hearts bled for the poor old street-car horse—galled, limping, panting, that we might fly through space at the rate of six miles an hour. The electric car arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it.

One great value of the motor-truck to society is that it relieves the streets of horses and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness. The presence of horses on city pavements creates an unsanitary condition all the time. Horses belong to the soil anyway. The horse's hoof is made for the dirt.

The motor-truck adds to commerce the value of increased time, since it carries man and load to the desired place in less than half the time that horses can turn the same trick.

Next, the motor-truck brings the outlying sections and factory districts into proximity to the city, since twenty miles with a motor is equal to six with a horse. Thus will suburban property be brought into market and take on value otherwise impossible.

The motor-truck is here to stay. It can neither be laughed down nor worked down. When a man tells you what is going to happen if this benzine-wagon movement does not stop, he is getting ready to buy one. Supposing the motor-truck were substituted for the horse generally for transportation purposes, we would have an interesting

An Appreciation

By Elbert Hubbard

lesson in economics. The total saving effected by motors would be considerably more than a billion dollars a year. This figure is pretty big to grasp, but I have proved it in my little work, "The Age of the Auto," which The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, will send you for the asking. And if you want to get real inside information on the value of the motor-truck to commerce and to your particular business, get in correspondence with the makers of the Leading Gasoline-Truck of America—the Mack.

Remember that there is a Big Man behind this Big Truck who guarantees you satisfaction, service, safety and saving.



MACK BROS. MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Main Office and Shops, Allentown, Pa.

NEW YORK CITY

Sales Office and Showroom, 30 Church Street

Supply Depot, 532 to 540 Atlantic Ave., Borough of Brooklyn

The Adman's Little Pal

GEORGE M. BURDUE, Advertising Manager of the A. B. Chase Company, makers of Pianos and Artistano Player-Pianos, says of *The Philistine*: "We believe *The Philistine* is as big as any magazine, although it can be enclosed in a comparatively small envelope."

Advertisers everywhere are unanimous in praise of this little magazine as a big Advertising medium.

During the next few months, Elbert Hubbard will say some things right out of his mind and heart that no other editor has dared say before. Mr. Hubbard faces the truth in Ibsenesque fashion. That is one reason why *The Philistine* is so popular.

Businessmen who advertise in *The Philistine* enjoy good health, because they do not lie awake nights worrying about that Advertising bill. The rates are reasonable and the service extraordinary.

Information and rates gladly furnished.



Advertising Department, The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA, COUNTY OF ERIE, STATE OF NEW YORK

feet, and it will take years for the nimble fingers of Oriental weavers to complete it, so that delivery can not be made for many months. It is to be woven at Sivas, Turkey, under the direction of the Vantine organization at that place, the order for the rug having been placed with the Contract Department of Vantine's, the Oriental Store, New York City.

During the completion of the rug, Vantine will loan the Library a Persian rug from their regular stocks, and also for use in other rooms in the Library there will be gathered other choice rugs which were taken from their selected stock.

If you were to ask the average man if he desired to see

In the directors' room of the recently completed New York Public Library will be placed a rug which in some respects is the most interesting Oriental rug ever woven. Its design was first put on canvas in oils in four colors. Its painting took more than one month, and the design alone is valued in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars, making it the most expensive design ever followed in the weaving of an Oriental rug. Its size will be twenty-five feet by thirty-five

social justice established, he would wag his head sagely and declare emphatically that he did. But it would be a lie. It is the exceptional and not the average man who desires it. The majority have no higher ideal than that exemplified by the "square deal" and "my policies." In other words, they realize that economically they are being badly squeezed with lessened opportunities for squeezing others, and they would like to see the situation reversed. And because they are densely ignorant

of economics and sociology, and consequently unable to understand the conditions they deplore, they look to their prophets (or profits) for a solution, which is only to be found in an enlightenment that will make for a real social justice.—Mary B. Thompson.

THE more Logic is asked to do, the worse it does it. Pure Reckoning is seen at its best in the Multiplication Table. It is seen at its worst in such a would-be science as Political Economy. There are two schools of this science, known respectively as Individualists and Socialists. Their conclusions are diametrically opposed; both are thoroughly logical, and both

are thoroughly wrong. Both take it for granted that men are right-angled triangles; and setting out in opposite directions from this common ground, both end in absurdity. One holds that men are perfectly selfish, and the other that they are perfectly unselfish; but both are agreed that men are perfectly wise. A world of men who were all ruled by enlightened selfishness would be a heaven—more so, perhaps, than a world of men ruled by enlightened unselfishness. Unhappily, the

case is that most men are intensely stupid. Some of them may be more selfish, and others more unselfish, but stupidity is master of them all, and master of the world.—Allen Upward.

LOTS of folks who need a vacation never get one. Lots of folks who have vacations need more work. But the man who lasts longest and does the best work is the one who gets his vacation every day. The man who lives in the Vatican never takes a vacation.

Ingersoll-Trenton
\$5.00 to \$19.00

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch offers such accuracy as can be had in only a few of the more costly watches. It combines with this accuracy, an attractive appearance and a very low price. Its close timing is possible through the bridge-model construction of its movement—a type of construction shared only by the highest priced time-keepers.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you this modern product of efficient manufacturing methods which have created a high class time-piece at a moderate price. Watch satisfaction is now yours for the price you know should command it.

The Ingersoll-Trenton watch, movement and case, is fully guaranteed.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Ashland Building, New York

Getting Business

THE amount of work that a Big Boy must do today demands every aid for speed and efficiency.

The business motto is the Ben Pitman method.

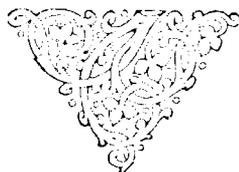
Put a letter-size motto into your correspondence; make it keen, to the point, epigrammatic—a distinct reminder of you and of your business.

Some of the best things Elbert Hubbard has written have been printed on these letter-size business mottoes.

In assorted lots of one thousand, \$5.00. In lots of one thousand, with your name printed on them, \$6.00. Motto Catalog free on request.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

MR. RAYMOND RIORDON, Superintendent of The Roycroft School of Life for Boys, will be at The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York, on July the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth, to meet and to advise with parents and pupils who may care to talk with him



LITTLE BOOKS OF BUSINESS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

When you want hints on making a garden you don't go to a blacksmith. Elbert Hubbard is a business gardener. Men who represent great businesses of America and the Continent come to him for consultation.

¶ His special Business Booklets have been used in editions of hundred thousands. A railroad, a great department-store, the greatest plow industry in America have tested the Booklet Method. It worked for them.

¶ Twelve of these assorted pamphlets (no two alike) for One Dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE

BY ALICE HUBBARD

UHEN you ask me if I believe that marriage as it is practised today is a failure, I answer very emphatically, 'YES.' But were it possible for men and women when they marry to realize that they own nothing more in 'rights' after marriage than they did before, and would make no more demands upon each other, marriage even with its present accepted meaning would not be a failure."

¶ With these words Alice Hubbard suggests her thought on that one subject which in some way or other affects all the men and women of the world. ¶ "The Basis of Marriage" is a reasonable treatise dealing with that condition among humans where most reason is needed and least is used. ¶ The booklet is printed in three colors and bound in brown paper covers. The price is ten cents. Bound in limp leather, the price is one dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Personality Plus

WORK, study, play, love, laugh, live," says Arthur Fischer. He practises what he advocates for others. Arthur Fischer is a protean actor. He is also a protean editor, for he says many things from many points of view.

He edits a "Live Wire Magazinelet"—"Personality." Eva Tanguay says, "What put Theodore Roosevelt in the Presidential chair? What made his successor, Mr. Taft? What made Doctor Parker and our old friend Bill Jerome? Why, Personality!"

Mr. Fischer is as delightful as an editor as he is as an entertainer, and Leland T. Powers has said of him: "Fischer is straightforward, manly, unpretending and clean. He is full of sunshine and good-will. He is interesting and humorous."

His magazine is his hobby, and you will get as much fun out of reading it as he does out of publishing it. Here is a sample of his quality which shows that he knows the craft of pen-pushing:

A man with big ideas always uses little words to express himself, while the man with little ideas surrounds them with big words to impress you with the bigness of his idea.

The world's greatest writer of short stories, Guy de Maupassant, employed the simplest language, rarely using a word that was not of the common vocabulary. Yet he succeeded in conveying to the reader impressions so vivid as to sway the emotions which way he willed. This is true literary skill.

De Maupassant did not write to have the reader say, "What a great writer!" but, for example, to excite his sympathy and pity for the vagabond who came to his death through the simple matter of picking up a piece of string.

♣ Dickens presents not Dickens, but the picture of an oily rogue when in five lines he limns for us the personality of Uriah Heep.

A man who knows so much about the art of writing is worth reading, and you should get in touch with him. Send fifty cents today for a year's subscription to the Magazine of Uplift and Gladness.

Address Mr. Fischer personally.

ARTHUR J. FISCHER, QUINCY, ILLINOIS

THE HOUSE of HIGHEST QUALITY

TO succeed in business today it is not enough that you should look out for Number One; you must also look out for Number Two. That is, you must consider the needs of the buyer and make his interests your own.

To sell a person something he does not want, or to sell him something at a price above its actual value, is a calamity—for the seller.

Business is built on confidence. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not trade with us ♣ ♣

In law the buyer and the seller are supposed to be people with equal opportunity to judge of an article and to pass on its value. This is not so, for the seller is a specialist and understands his product. And so the buyer must depend on the honesty and good-will of the seller.

These facts came with a great throb and thrill to the men who, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight, organized the American Hosiery Company. So they determined that they would build a House on Highest Quality, and make it



Ask for goods made by this Company and you do yourself a practical service. Dealers who handle American Hosiery Company's line prove themselves Class A by so doing

AMERICAN HOSIERY CO., 108-110 Franklin St., New York

SAN FRANCISCO SALESROOMS: 224 BUSH STREET. MILLS: NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT.

Doctor Johnson's Letter to Chesterfield

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it; till I am a solitary, and can not impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM JOHNSON

**STREISSGUTH-DETRAN
ENGRAVING CO.**

S-P

MAKERS OF

**QUALITY CUTS
MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

CHEER UP THE FURNITURE



Liquid Veneer will gladden your furniture just as the Fra gladdens your heart.

DUST WITH

LIQUID VENEER

Simply moisten an ordinary cheese cloth duster and dust away. In the ordinary dusting operation it removes the dust, dirt, finger-marks and scratches, and restores the natural beauty of everything to which it is applied—whether it be the kitchen chairs, the piano, metal work, chandeliers or brass bedsteads. It is really the greatest "CHEER UP" article for daily use in every home.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

Write for free sample bottle today, and prove its great "CHEER UP" qualities.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
19 Liquid Veneer Building Buffalo, New York

SECONDHAND SOAP



PLUTARCH says that the soldiers of Alexander the Great did not own their own uniforms, but the first man who got up in the morning put on the first clothes he could reach.

As we evolve out of the mass and take our place as individuals, we demand a few things for our very own.

Nowadays we want our own duds, and there is a well-founded prejudice against the secondhand apparel. There are some people yet who will use the family comb, but who balk at the family toothbrush.

We know a little about the subject of germs, and we know that certain germs have affinities, and there are other germs that get up a violent fight whenever they meet. This mixing of unfriendly germs is what causes disease. The whole intent of the drug is to drive out the unfriendly germ.

We insist on emptying the washbowl before washing our hands and face, no matter who it is that has stirred the waters before.

How many people are there that you will follow in the bathtub before letting the water out? Of course you will not answer, so I will reply for you. Be you man or woman, look you this: there is only one person in the wide world whom you will follow in that bathtub—and I will not be so indelicate as to force you to tell who this individual is. Down in your own heart you know. So just let the secret die there.

The roller-towel has been found to contain germs enough to start an epidemic.

So we see that this prejudice against the contamination from too close a relationship is founded in Science and also in Health.

"Our likes and dislikes are the highest wisdom playing through us," says Plutarch.

In all first-class hotels in your room you will find a new cake of soap. This is innovation brought about within the last ten years to meet the growing prejudice against secondhand soap—first recognized in the danger to be found in the secondhand towel.

The first individual who uses a cake of soap is the only one who has side-stepped the danger of contamination. Secondhand soap is an unclean, unsafe, unsanitary, unethical and unpardonable habit.

So long as the only soap we knew anything about was the gourd of soft soap at the kitchen-door, or the cake of soap, there was an excuse.

But now, science has given us the West Soap Dispenser—"the kind that tilts." This makes secondhand soap an anachronism.

The wise, the prudent, the civilized, the gentle, the kindly, the able, the healthful, will use only this liquid soap which comes to us in the West Dispenser.

Remit \$3.50 for this beautiful, nickel-plated Dispenser, and it will reach you filled with Beau Brummel Soap. Try it in your own household, and if at the end of ten days you are not entirely pleased, the Dispenser can be returned and your money will be refunded without any charge for the use of the Dispenser or the soap.

Agents wanted everywhere and anywhere to introduce the West Dispenser.

We live in an age when cleanliness and sanitation are being appreciated as never before in the history of the world.

And this invention has come about in answer to the prayer for perfect cleanliness **▲ ▲ ▲**

WEST DISINFECTING COMPANY, Incorporated
 NUMBER TWO EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET NEW YORK CITY

Travel Time



HIS is travel time. Every one who can get away is hiking for the shore, the mountains, the country and the woods.

Girls and boys are just out of school and are making for the great Outdoors, and here is a timely hint to mothers: If you want your girls to retain the youthful character of their complexion, interest them in the use of Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Wind, weather, sun and shower, which are all good health-inducers, have no complexion terrors for the girl who uses Perfect Cold Cream.

Daggett and Ramsdell have just had the distinction of winning the Grand Prix as well as the diploma of honor at the Twenty-eighth International Exposition of Food, Health and Hygiene at Paris. This is the only case where an American manufacturer has received honors of this kind in France, the home of experts in this matter of toilet articles.

Here is conclusive proof that Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is absolutely pure, and this gentle hint to mothers is not out of place. They can safely recommend it to the young folks and influence them in the use of it.



Only the finest of products are used in the Daggett and Ramsdell Laboratory. It is always fresh and sweet, clear to the bottom of the jar. Your dealer must have it. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50; Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c. Write for a free tube. With the sample tube you will receive an interesting book, "Beware of the Finger of Time," which treats of the care of the skin and is a guide to beauty.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL, DEPT. E, NEW YORK
D. & R. Bldg.

EDUCATION FOR LIFE



N a little message about Elgin Watches, you will find this saying: "When the world's service requires a man, it beckons for the job the happy, smiling chap who speaks no hard-luck stories, and who breaks the tape on time. Important labors await him who never misses his connection."

And this being on time is a matter of education or training, if you prefer. The educated man of today deals with the practical things of life—plows, locomotives, street-cars, skyscrapers and concrete.

The chief end of education should be to enable the student to earn his own living and more.

Walter Rasmussen of Saint Paul is an educated man in the sense of the word, and he is educating others in the same way.

The Rasmussen Practical Business School uses commonsense methods. Many young men who believe they are called to certain professions find themselves at the Free Lunch Counter instead, because they have had the wrong training.

You do not get education out of books alone, and this is one of Walter Rasmussen's pet ideas, so he puts every-day business methods into his school curriculum. The work is under his personal supervision,

and he knows what each student is doing and why.

The school work at the R. P. B. S. is so arranged that students can enter at any time—the sooner the better for themselves.

The rates of tuition are reasonable, regardless of how many subjects are taken up; the day school is Ten Dollars per month, the night school Five Dollars per month. These rates may be advanced in the Autumn Season, and it is well for any student to enroll now.

In eleven years of this wonderful institution, Mr. Rasmussen has placed every competent student who has desired employment, in a good position.

There is a particular advantage in enrolling in this school just at present. There are fewer pupils in the Spring and Summer Seasons, and so each one can get more of Mr. Rasmussen's special care and attention.

It is worth while to associate with a man of personality and power, and this all students of this school are enabled to do now better than at any other time of the year.

Train yourself for life by attending a school that prepares you for the stress and victories of business life.

Consult Mr. Rasmussen himself.

WALTER RASMUSSEN, *Proprietor*, Rasmussen Practical Business School
353 Minnesota Street, Saint Paul, Minnesota

*Old Subscribers and new come in on this: subscribe
for THE FRA and secure the precious book*

A Thousand and One Epigrams.

By Elbert Hubbard

WITH your subscription to *The Fra Magazine* there will be sent you gratis, as a premium, a copy of A THOUSAND AND ONE EPIGRAMS.

The orphic saying, epigram or proverb is a nugget of wisdom and wit, flavored with surprise. The epigram will always be in demand. The writer of the future will appeal more and more to the imagination of the reader, and not deal so largely in pedagogics, preaching and piffle.

We are going to give the reader or the listener credit for knowing a lot of things which are left unsaid. We are going to talk less and listen more; to write less and say more; to hate less and love more; eat less and chew more; labor less and play more; worry less and work more; fear less and laugh more.

A THOUSAND AND ONE EPIGRAMS, bound in Oxford binding. Beautifully printed in two colors. And the text—well, well, it is something to add joy to life's little joy journey, and pass along to her, underscored, when the heart is full and the voice fails.

To FRA ELBERTUS, Frater-in-Charge, East Aurora, N. Y.
FRIEND:—I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription to *The Fra Magazine*, so send the *A Thousand and One Epigrams Book*, gratis, and any other perquisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name.....

Address.....



Majestic Hotel

SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND CENTRAL
PARK, WEST, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK



The daylight-all-over hotel.

The most comprehensive view of
Central Park to be had from any
place in the city.

A superb Roof-Garden and fine
music.

Restaurants and service unsur-
passed.

The Hotel for the out-of-town vis-
itors who want home comforts.



TO THE ELECT



FROM August First to Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, there will be held at East Aurora, a Congress of Economics, to discuss, suggest, presume, and if possible, formulate The American Philosophy, devised by people who live on the Fortieth Parallel in America, not in Asia nor yet near the Equator. India stands for contemplation; we stand for action. The aim will be primarily to construct methods of accurate thinking on matters of Business, and spread the idea of this new philosophy of salvation through the ethical creation and distribution of wealth.

This philosophy reduced to its simplest terms means work, love, laughter, study and play, mixed in right proportions and taken ad lib.

We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries, as did earlier civilizations.

Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards busi-

ness enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as "educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable, and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others. Only the busy person is happy. Systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

Doctor C. A. Bowsher, one of the foremost thinkers and teachers of our time, will be present at this Congress of Economics and give a course of lectures on Economics. There will also be present various business men and women of national note who maintain big Payrolls, who will take part in the discussion.

There will be no fees for attendance at lectures or classes, and no collections. Rates at The Roycroft Inn will be Two Dollars per day, American plan, and up, according to rooms. Reservations made now.

THE ROYCROFTERS
WHO ARE IN EAST AURORA • COUNTY OF ERIE • STATE OF NEW YORK

"SECONDHAND SOAP"

A Reform Urged by Elbert Hubbard



WE INSIST on emptying the washbowl before washing our hands and face, no matter who it is that has stirred the waters before. The roller-towel and cake of soap have been found to contain germs enough to start an epidemic.

THE first individual who uses a cake of soap is the only one who has sidestepped the danger of contamination. Using Secondhand Soap is an unclean, unsafe, unsanitary, unethical and unpardonable habit.

So long as the only soap we knew anything about was a gourd of soft soap at the kitchen-door or the cake of soap, there was an excuse.

But now science has given us the West Soap-Dispenser—"the kind that tilts." This makes secondhand soap a criminal proposition. The wise, the prudent, the civilized, the gentle, the kindly, the able and the helpful will use only this liquid soap which comes to us in a West Dispenser.

We live in an age when cleanliness and sanitation are being appreciated as never before in the history of the world. This invention has come about

in answer to the prayer for perfect cleanliness. I urge every man and woman who has humanity at heart to get interested in the West Dispenser. Secondhand Soap is on the Criminal Index.

We have a duty to perform, and the West Disinfecting Company is offering us the opportunity to perform this duty easily, economically and quickly. Remit \$3.50 for this beautiful nickelplated Dispenser, and it will reach you filled with Beau Brummel Soap.

Try it in your own household, and if at the end of ten days you are not entirely pleased, the dispenser can be returned and your money will be refunded without any charge for the use of the Dispenser or the soap.

Agents wanted everywhere and anywhere to introduce the West Dispenser.

WEST DISINFECTING COMPANY

Two East Forty-Second Street, New York City



Sheldon Wants Your Wasted Hours

Sheldon has taken the *by-product* time of more than 48,000 men and in a few interesting lessons at home turned it into *more money, better prospects* and *bigger futures*. What are you doing with *your* spare time?

Every man, however busy, has *some* hours in the course of a day which are *entirely his own*. These hours represent a by-product which can be made immensely profitable by a *little* concentration and a *little* effort along the lines laid down by Sheldon.

And no man who is *honestly* anxious to make good, can truthfully say that he is "too busy" to take up the Sheldon Course. For Sheldon asks only your *waste hours*—the time you spend on the street cars, the time you spend waiting in another man's office, the hundreds of precious minutes when you've nothing in particular to do.

Turn Your "By-Product Time" Into Education

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A copy of this book is *Free for the asking*—it has started many a man on the way to bigger salary and larger prospects. It may be your start in the same direction.

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HERE is no nation so far advanced, nor savage tribe sunk so low, that it does not produce music. And no tribe has ever been found that did not make music by stretching strings on wood and then vibrating them by the hands or with a stick. The principle is as old as man, and older far than history. Every child makes the discovery for himself that a string drawn tight will "sing"; and the thought of making a musical instrument in this way doubtless originated with the hunter

fact is pretty well established that swords have been beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and the deadly bow has been transformed into a musical instrument that shoots sweet sounds into the heart of the listener. ¶ There are in existence manuscripts which show drawings of a musical instrument called a rebec, used by the monks of the Sixth Century. The rebec had a bridge, a tailpiece, screws for tightening the strings, and a sound-post. Some of these instruments had two strings and some

who twanged his bow. ¶ In Africa, Stanley noticed that his guides who were armed with bows and arrows would strike the strings, one man after another, so as to produce a weird sort of music, and this music acted as a rest to the nerves on a long march. ¶ Who the man was who thought of placing a sounding-board behind the strings and added the bridge and suggested strands of horse-hair as a vibrator, are questions that are ever shrouded in mystery. And was he regarded as an infidel and destroyer of the faith in thus seeking to improve on a good thing? Probably, however, it took a good many men and a great many years to work all these changes. But the

twenty, but they were manipulated first by a genuine hunter's bow. In fact, the bass viol and the bow used to play it, is a combination that goes back to the very dawn of the morning. The harp was at first only a warrior's bow with a few extra strings added. And several centuries before the birth of Christ, they told of harps with a thousand strings, which gentfiction was doubtless based on the idea that the more strings you have the finer the music; but this is an error in judgment, for the violin reached perfection with four strings, and when three of these broke, Paganini went right ahead and produced ravishing music on one. From the harp, the strings

of which were picked with the fingers, or smitten with the hand, arose a great number of similar stringed instruments; and these gradually evolved into the clavor or clavichord, then the harpsichord, and finally the grand piano.

Musical savants have recently told us that the modern piano represents the acme of skill, and human ingenuity can go no further. But we remember that Sebastian Bach made a similar remark two hundred years ago concerning the

Leave your call with

Big Ben



LEAVE your call with Big Ben and sleep soundly, trustingly, every minute of the night—he'll call you on the dot at any time you say.

And if you roll over and try just one more nap, he'll remind you gently that it's breakfast time and keep on calling until you're wide awake.

There's a feeling of bigness and strength about him, a peculiar glow of

brightness and cheer that is strangely novel about an alarm clock.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. His face is frank, open, easy to read—his keys large, strong, easy to wind—his voice clear, sunny, pleasing to hear.

It's a great clock for those who've got to get up in time and live on time, it's the one alarm clock you can always count on.

The Western Clock Company of La Salle, Illinois, stands back of him.—They will gladly write you where you can see him.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

clavichord, and as the varnish is hardly dry on the best "Steinway" we can afford simply to enjoy the music—and wait.

But not so with the violin. The piano and the violin trace back to a common parent, yet they belong to different families. Herbert Spencer has explained that Darwin never said that man was descended from the monkey. Darwin said that the monkey and man were cousins: long centuries ago one took to the plains and became a man, the



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Fra Elbertus says: "Don't chew the rag, chew Chiclets. To fletcherize the lint brings discord, but true mint makes for health and happiness." Chiclets are used by good people everywhere. Best Gum made. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent Packets. SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

size, shape and construction, admits of no improvement.

Most instruments and tools used by men last the length of life of a man, and not longer. But the violin is handed down from generation to generation, and is loved as a human soul by men who grow old and tottering and feeble, and bequeath the beloved instrument to a babe in arms, who in turn becomes a man, grows old, and dying transfers the precious instrument to his grandchild. The good violin may be patched, mended, taken apart, glued together again, but the wood once soaked in sunshine and dipped in the silence, charged with the melody of bells calling men to prayer, gives out its

other stuck to the woods and is a monkey yet. ¶ The violin and piano are cousins. A piano is bigger than a violin, but it does not know any more on that account. The best violins are worth as much as half a dozen of the best pianos. The piano has kept right along growing in size, and may get bigger yet, but Stradivarius and his playfellows in the kingdom of God about the year Sixteen Hundred Ninety, at Cremona, struck the right key, and the "Cremona violin," in

sacred sounds whenever it is caressed by a sympathetic hand and is held close to the heart of one who loves it.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

♫ MUSIC vibrates through a man's being and arouses him into a higher life. Not only does his blood circulate better, but he knows better; under the vitalizing touch of the Beautiful we are redeemed and our consciousness is filled with the thought that life is good.

LET me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such

as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life,

and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.—*Max Ehrmann.*

LADY after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the pianoforte in the presence of Doctor Johnson, took the liberty of asking him if he were fond of music. "No, madam," replied the Doctor; "but of all noises I think music the least disagreeable."—*Morning "Chronicle."*



Peaches are Ripe in May if You Have One of Our Greenhouses

PEACHES with skins thin as paper—
Peaches meaty, juicy and luscious,
Just that kind of peaches.

And best of all, every peach will have that same lusciousness. It's an utter impossibility to grow such peaches outdoors—peaches that you can absolutely depend on being uniformly fine, every season, every year, year after year.

Just why greenhouse fruit is superior to any other fruit, is simple enough when you come to think of it, as the greenhouse makes possible ideal growing conditions, which are under perfect control at all times. Heat, ventilation, moisture and feeding can be carried on exactly the same, year in and year out.

None of the strength of the trees goes to withstanding the weather—none of the deliciousness of the fruit is sacrificed because the season is too dry, too wet, or too anything.

Fruit growing with one of our greenhouses is not expensive—in fact, it is decidedly inexpensive. You can do it in a house like the

one above, and have a number of trees of a dozen different kinds, if you wish.

A regular orchard of nectarines, apples, pears, plums, cherries, yes, and grapes, too—grapes in pots, with bunches weighing pounds.

Have us build your house now (one of those splendid iron frame structures that will last a lifetime). By building it now, you can get a crop of vegetables or flowers this fall and early winter, and follow them by starting up your orchard the middle of January.

Our new catalog tells all the particulars. It has seven pages devoted entirely to growing fruit under glass. Send for it. Or better yet, send for us.

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MR. RAYMOND RIORDON, Superintendent of The Roycroft School of Life for Boys, will be at The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York, on August the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth, to meet and to advise with parents and pupils who may care to talk with him



The Mintage

JUST STORIES BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THIS book is a study in style. The stories are brief, epigrammatic and carry the red corpuscle launched by the actinic ray. Joaquin Miller says Elbert Hubbard uses more words than any other living writer, and next to Shakespeare has a larger vocabulary than any other man, living or dead. As for ideas, why—but let that rest. This book is the Mintage of the best that Mr. Hubbard has written in the way of stories.

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THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Woman's Work

By Alice Hubbard



"I BELIEVE THAT WOMAN IS THE EQUAL OF MAN—IF SHE IS. **U**THAT WOMAN IS NO BETTER THAN MAN—UNLESS SHE IS." **U**On this basis Alice Hubbard writes of Woman's Work.

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East Aurora, Erie County, New York

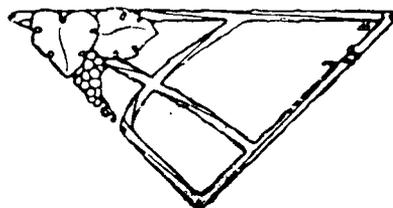
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UThe perfect tribute to one whose theme is life, and to whom the finest art is to live rightly and well, without shame, regret, compromise, explanations, apologies or complaints * *

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.





BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, under the title of **Elbert Hubbard, Banker**, we paved the way. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity. ¶ We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ¶ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, *Banker*
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Here is something you should know: The cost of painting is usually about twenty-five per cent for paint and seventy-five per cent for labor; so that an indestructible paint lasting three times as long as any other paint is an investment you can not afford to pass up.

Mr. Baumgardner, of the Holland Linseed Oil Company, who is an economist as well as a paint manufacturer, is interested in the production of paint with wearing quality. He is the inventor of a special preparation which goes to make paint absolutely rust-proof and keeps it from cracking, peeling or blistering.

The waterproof formula is transparent and works in any color. Mr. Baumgardner will match any color or tint, including jet-black and white. His paints stop the disintegration of metal, wood, brick and stone. It will wear five times longer than any other paint yet made.

Mr. Baumgardner has put this formula to test for more than ten years. The spreading capacity of his paint is one-third greater than that of any other paint.

Roger W. Babson says that a study of fundamental conditions and sane economy is what we may depend on to avoid financial distress in America. The work of Mr. Baumgardner and the Holland Linseed Oil Company is along the line of sane and scientific saving.

Their product is sold direct from the manufacturer to the consumer at a lower price than you could possibly mix linseed-oil and white-lead yourself. ¶ The Holland Linseed Oil Company will ship this paint at the low price of \$1.50 per gallon, freight prepaid on one hundred pounds or over, to points East of the Rocky Mountains and South of the Canadian Line.

Beautiful color-plates of different-painted houses are sent on application, so that you can make an intelligent selection of color combination. Mr. Baumgardner is a positive expert on the subject of painting and is consulted by builders and construction companies on some of the biggest propositions under way.



Investigate this indestructible paint. Better still, order some and try it for yourself.

Holland Linseed Oil Company

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The star was a fat man with a husky tenorino voice, who sang, drunk and half-naked, to a protecting claque of ten thousand hands. ♣ But it was in the circus that Nero was at his best; there, no matter though he were last in the race, it was to him the palm was awarded, or rather it was he that awarded the palm to himself, and then quite magnificently shouted, "Nero, Cæsar, victor in the race, gives his crown to the people of Rome!"

¶ On the stage he had no rivals, and by chance did one appear, he was invited to die. In that respect he was artistically susceptible. When he turned acrobat, the statues of former victors were tossed in the latrinæ. Yet,

♣ S an artist Nero might have been a card. Fancy the attraction—an emperor before the footlights; but fancy the boredom also. The joy at the announcement of his first appearance was so great that thanks were offered to the gods; and the verses he was to sing, graven in gold, were dedicated to the Capitoline Jove. The joy was brief. The exits of the theater were closed. It was treason to attempt to leave. People pretended to be dead in order to be carried out, and well they might.

as competitors were needed, and moreover as he, alone, could fill neither a stage nor a track, it was the nobility of Rome that he ordered to appear with him. For that the nobility never forgave him. On the other hand, the proletariat loved him the better. What greater salve than the sight of the conquerors of the world entertaining the conquered, lords amusing their lackeys!—*Edgar Saltus.*

♣ A thought is an idea in transit.—*Pythagoras.*

BROWNING was a man of the world in the noble sense—that sense in which the saints of the future are to be heart and soul one with their fellows. He saw clearly that this present is not to be put by for any future; that there is no future save in the present. Other poets have chosen their paths through the vast growths of life, and by virtue of some principle of selection and exclusion made a way for themselves. But Browning surrendered nothing; he would take life as a whole or he would reject it. He refused to be consoled by ignoring certain classes of facts or to be satisfied with fragments pieced together after some design of his own. He must have a vision of all the facts; and giving each its weight and place, he must make his peace with them, or else chaos and death are the only certainties. It is only the great souls that thus wrestle the whole night through and will not rest until God has revealed, not indeed His own name, but the name by which they shall henceforth know that to them the Universe is no longer voiceless and Godless.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.



Announcement

WE SELL ONLY HIGH GRADE CARS

British DEASY

THE car which ran 15,000 miles, under observation of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, without a single involuntary stop. Prices ranging from \$2,575.00 to \$4,175.00.

Spanish HISPANO-SUIZA

THE car with the longest stroke motor on the market. Prices ranging from \$2,550.00 to \$4,700.00.

Belgian MINERVA

THE highest grade car on the International market, used by Kings. Fitted since the year 1908 with the world-famous patented Silent Knight engine. Prices complete with Torpedo Touring Body: 16/30 H. P., \$3,500.00; 26/47 H. P., \$4,550.00; 38/67 H. P., \$5,150.00.

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THE car with all speeds in direct drive without any intermediate gear. Prices ranging from \$1,575.00 to \$1,975.00.

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Catalogues mailed upon receipt of eight cents in stamps to cover postage.

FOR some, the secrets of music, the wonder of love, the misty undefined prayers of the soul, constitute true religion. When you place a creed in a crucible and afterward study the particles on a slide encased in balsam, you are apt to get a residuum or something—a something that does not satisfy the heart.

Men, even when alone, lighten their labor by song, however rude it may be.—*Quintilian*.

A Bird That Does Not Sing

Is like a rosebush that does not bloom. Neither the bird nor the bush is natural. The reason for the bloomless rosebush will probably be found in the soil from which it is nourished. The reason for the songless bird is the same. It will be found in its food.

By a careful process of elimination and selection, the Philadelphia Bird Food Company has produced a perfect food for canaries. They have fittingly named this food

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It is a Food, a Stimulant, a Medicine

For the foundation of this wonderful Food-Medicine, the Philadelphia Bird Food Company is indebted to the canary-breeders of the Harz Mountains in Germany. BIRD MANNA restores the color of the plumage, keeps the bird in good health, and as a natural result it expresses its health and happiness in the only way known to it—song. ¶ You can buy BIRD MANNA of your druggist, or a package will be mailed to you for 15c in coin or stamps.

Orange Color Food, another of the Philadelphia Bird Food Company's products, will produce that beautiful, deep yellow color so much to be desired in the plumage of canaries. It is a food, not a drug, like most preparations for coloring the plumage of birds. Effective only during moulting season. Put up in half-pint bottles retailing at 25c.

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The book and a package of BIRD MANNA will be mailed you for 25c.

¶ Orange Color Food, BIRD MANNA and one 32-page and one 120-page bird book will all be mailed to you upon receipt of 50c.

Note:—Bird Manna is sold only in white metal caps, with trademark in red.

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FOUR HUNDRED NORTH THIRD STREET

simultaneously by the greatest number ✽ Its effect is well described in Margaret Fuller's private journal: "I felt raised above all care, all pain, all fear, and every taint of vulgarity was washed out of the world." I think this is an extremely happy expression. Female writers sometimes have a knack of getting at the heart of a problem by instinct, more easily than men with their superior reasoning powers. "Every taint of vulgarity washed out of the world by music." That is precisely wherein the moral power of music lies; for vulgarity is the twin sister of vice. It is criminal to commit murder; it is vulgar to gloat over the contagious details of it in

MEN will have, and must have, their pleasures ✽ Social reformers and temperance agitators could not make a greater mistake than by following the example of the Puritans and tabuing all pleasures. They ought to distinguish between those that have a tendency to excess and vice, and those that are harmless and ennobling, encouraging the latter in every possible way. And first among those that should be encouraged is music, because it is always ennobling, and can be enjoyed

books and newspapers ✽ But how rampant vulgarity still is, and how rare esthetic culture, is shown by the fact that two-thirds of the so-called news in many of our daily papers consist of detailed reports of crimes in all parts of the world, which are eagerly read by hundreds of thousands, while our concert-halls have to be filled by dead-heads.

—Henry T. Finck.

✽ Music is medicine for a sad mind.—Nepos.

XT is safe to say that without the Cremona instruments of the Seventeenth Century the world would not have had the masterworks, quartettes and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. It was, in particular, Stradivarius who created a tone which appealed to musicians, and Francois Tourte, born Seventeen Hundred Forty-seven, died Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five, who invented a bow which made the modern orchestra—with all its shading and nuances—and a Beethoven, possible. Without these instruments and the Tourte bow, invented a century later, the music of today would have been developed on altogether different

lines. One can not help thinking of a quotation from "Pascal," that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the world's history would have been different. ¶ The best Cremona violin is as much an art work as a great statue, and an expert will derive as much pleasure from contemplating its form as from a fine piece of sculpture. The tone of these instruments in masterhands has never been equaled, and as an interpretative vehicle of great compositions they are a necessity.—*Theodore Thomas.*



Two Men With Trained Memories



HIS picture shows Elbert Hubbard and Alfred Henry Lewis, at The Roycroft Shop. Here are two men who count as their assets trained memories. ¶ These men can remember during the course of a lecture the pivotal points in a subject. They can remember dates, names and places, facts, figures and comparisons. They can concentrate on a subject until they have chased the idea into a corner, and then they cash it in.

Their writings are eagerly sought, because they supply a fund of information from the rich stores of their memories. They are successful men in every sense.

Professor Henry Dickson, Principal and Founder of the Dickson Memory School, is recommended by Mr. Hubbard every day to people who seek his advice on the subject of Memory Training. ¶ Professor Dickson's new book, "How to Speak in Public," with an introduction by Mr. Hubbard, will be presented absolutely free to every student who enrolls in the Dickson Course of Memory Training within ten days after reading this offer. The regular price of the book is Two Dollars. ¶ Write to Professor Dickson for the free book, "How to Remember," also for full particulars how to obtain a free copy of Dickson's "How to Speak in Public." Do this much for yourself.

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal Dickson Memory School, 963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BENEATH these flowers I dream, a silent chord. I can not wake my own strings to music; but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me! The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee.—*Robert Schumann.*

There is no passion in the human soul but finds its food in music.—*George Lillo.*

Tool Efficiency!

The man with a hundred things to do needs a tool of one hundred uses. The Utica Plier is a tool that fits the requirements—and right here let us say it is the only plier that fits the human hand. ¶The Utica Plier is scientifically constructed. The makers have not forgotten the fact that, however perfect it may be and no matter how good the materials used in its making, the chief value of a tool lies in its practicability. ¶The Utica Pliers are tested thoroughly before they leave the makers' hands. They are guaranteed to give satisfactory service. To repair the gas-jet, to hang a picture, to bend or cut wire, to fix the sewing-machine, gun, fence, or to repair other tools, Utica Pliers are a constant necessity. ¶Utica Pliers have been subjected to record-breaking tests, and have proved their quality in every instance. ¶Ask your Hardware Dealer for Utica Pliers. Information will be gladly furnished you on request ▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲▲

UTICA DROP FORGE AND TOOL COMPANY
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¶Howe, who is one of the most modest of men, is not a seeker after notoriety or a self-advertiser. He probably declines more invitations to attend dinners and make speeches than any newspaper editor in Kansas, with the possible exception of William Allen White, of the Emporia "Gazette." His usual excuse for dodging these functions is that he is no speech-maker and dislikes traveling, and yet he is a most convincing talker when alone with his friends.

When the writer dined with him at his home in Atchison two years ago, Mr. Howe told him of his great love for music, and expressed the belief that the divine art contributed more



SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOMES

REVEREND K—, a jovial neighborly pastor was making a friendly call on Burton J. Ashley, the originator of the ASHLEY SYSTEM OF SEWAGE DISPOSAL for COUNTRY HOMES, and enquired as to the nature of the business—"what he did," etc. Mr. Ashley replied, "I am trying to keep people out of Heaven." (Laughter.) Doctors are supposed to be doing the same thing, but here is the difference: Ashley is engaged in preventing defilement and sickness, while Doctors only get busy after the thing has got the start of you. Ashley is for "prevention"

and subdues doctors' bills. Water—sparkling, refreshing H₂O—but when you have used it you have produced Sewage, one of the foulest and most disgusting dangerous poisonous substances known. Getting rid of this malignant corruption without a sewer is to some an enigma. It is no enigma for Ashley. He has done nothing else for years but study into these seemingly insurmountable difficulties and provide the remedy—Safe, Sanitary Sewage Disposal for remote homes in the Country. Send for *Booklet C* and you will get some other things along with it that are pertinent. The Ashley people will study your case carefully and make a report on the situation for which *no charge will be made*. If you are "up against it" on Sewage Disposal at your Country Homes, ask Ashley. Make the request for *Booklet C* and you will get something that will make you read.

ASHLEY HOUSE-SEWAGE DISPOSAL CO., MORGAN PARK, CHICAGO

ED HOWE, the Atchison "Globe" editor who recently quit the newspaper for the magazine field, and who is one of the most distinguished products of Kansas, and a lifelong friend of Patrick J. Healy, is to become a musical missionary. He believes that the public's taste for good music ought to be cultivated, and he is going to take a brass band on tour through portions of several Western States in order to give the people a chance to hear the works of the great masters.

to the moral and spiritual uplift of the people than anything else. For several years he had engaged one of the best bands he could find in the United States, and several soloists, to visit Atchison and give concerts for several days, to which everybody in Kansas was invited. He felt in doing this that he was helping men and women to get more enjoyment out of life.

Probably Mr. Howe is now convinced that he is in a position to extend his missionary

work to other communities, and thus to increase the happiness of a still larger number of people. It costs a lot of money to take a brass band of forty pieces on a tour covering ten or a dozen States, and if Howe did not have a comfortable bank-roll he could not do it. That he is willing to spend so much to give people a chance to hear good music is convincing proof of the sincerity of his desire to help make the world happier and better.

—T. B. Shale.

MAN has not yet reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest women strong as men, and his best men tender as women. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself so he can subjugate the one who made him what he is.—Eugene V. Debs.

To The People Who Sing For Plain Folks!

A Song of Songs:

“Nobody’s Got Any Use For Me”

Charles Irvin Junkin and C. E. Le Massena

Play on the hearts of your audience!

Soften them up to the old folks!

Warm them up to the down and out!

And the world will be better for it!

OUR OFFER: For a limited time only, in order to introduce this great song, we are offering a copy of the song and orchestration (16 parts) for 25 cents—to Public Singers, only.

THE HOMESTEAD MUSIC CO., DEVON, PA.

An Advertisement

BY PAUL FITZPATRICK

ELBERT HUBBARD, the sardonic sage of East Aurora, and pulchritudinous publisher of *The Philistine* and *The Fra*, writes editorials that are ads, and ads that are editorials. He has recently dipped his pen in arsenic and taken a literary sideswipe at the wallpaper business. His book is strictly Class A, Frost-Touched Hubbard Squash, and bears the significant title:

Reasons for NOT Handling BOXER WALLPAPERS

Typographically the book is perfect: printed on finest laid eggshell paper, bound in Seal with Plasterer’s Hair. Of course it’s an advertisement of the Boxer Company; but as it is Hubbard’s pungent punk, closely approaching in its arsenical qualities the vitriolic style of his *Essay on Silence*, it is well worth sending for. This in spite of the fact that we will probably mail you a copy anyway.

THE REG. N. BOXER CO., Limited, TORONTO

ELODY has by Beethoven been freed from the influence of Fashion and changing Taste, and raised to an ever-valid, purely human type. Beethoven’s music will be understood to all time, while that of his predecessors will, for the most part, only remain intelligible to us through the medium of reflection on the history of art.

—Richard Wagner.

Genius can never despise labor.—Stevens.

The Mahin Advertising Company Believes In Advertising Itself

WE know that when we can invest the advertising appropriations of our customers successfully, we can do the same thing for ourselves.

The first of this year we outlined an advertising campaign to exploit our service. This campaign is being conducted on a conservative basis in such magazines as Harper's, Scribner's, Century, World's Work, and in Printer's Ink and other advertising journals.

So far this year our volume of business has exceeded, by a large percentage, any like period in our history. We have secured more high-grade accounts since January 1st than during almost any full year heretofore. One reason for this is that we have *made good* on the large quantity of business secured and handled in 1910.

Our customers recommend us freely and enthusiastically. The following letter is one of many we have on file. It is a better advertisement for the Mahin Advertising Company than we could write ourselves:

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio

THE NATIONAL OATS CO.

St. Louis, Mo., May 21, 1910

Mr. Rankin tells me that you are considering the Mahin Advertising Company to handle your business, and, feeling as I do, a personal interest in Mr. Rankin, and also in Mr. Mahin and the Mahin Advertising Company, I take the liberty of voluntarily giving you our reason for selecting the Mahin Advertising Company to handle our business.

We had been doing business through an agency in St. Louis. Their work was good. We went to the Mahin Advertising Company not so much because we believed we could get better art work, or better copy, but because we felt that we could get with the Mahin Advertising Company something in addition to advertising brains, and that thing was Merchandising Ability, and we are happy to state that we can see now that we have made no mistake.

We have met Mr. John Lee Mahin personally many times, and know him to be a practical merchandiser, and we consider his experience on grocery specialties to be such as to make the Mahin Advertising Agency far more valuable to us than any other agency that we are familiar with could possibly be.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. C. REID, Vice-President,
The National Oats Company

—and the Mahin Advertising Company Made Good

As is shown by the following letter:

THE MAHIN ADVERTISING CO., Chicago

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JUNE 24, 1911

Owing to the fact that we have just closed with your Company as our Advertising Agency for another year, we think it quite appropriate to say that we are very much pleased, and have received great benefit from the co-operation of your learned organization on the subject of advertising.

The elegant and productive copy and illustrations that Mrs. Helen Mar Thomson has so ably superintended in getting out for us here, in our opinion, been decidedly profitable to us, in not only securing many new customers for our different Snider Brand goods, but have also brought us closer to many of our old customers of the past twenty-five years.

The copy has convinced our old customers that they were correct in using our goods, and also showed them new and palatable ways to use Snider's Catsup, Snider's Pork and Beans and the other Snider products. The same "news" has convinced our new customers that the Snider products are the goods they should buy.

(Signed) JEFFERSON LIVINGSTON, Sole Owner
The T. A. Snider Preserve Company

The above letters tell how we are putting the *buying impulse* into advertising, how we are influencing the *consumer direct*, and impressing and securing the *co-operation* of the *dealer* and of the *advertiser's salesmen* who call on him—how we are making *advertising* and *selling* a simultaneous achievement. That is what Mahin Service *does*; we will be glad to demonstrate to you in your office or ours what our service is.

Write, wire or phone us and make an appointment in your office or ours



Mahin Advertising Company

JOHN LEE MAHIN, President

WM. H. RANKIN, Vice-President

H. A. GROTH, Secretary

814-864 American Trust Building, 76 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

Newspaper, Magazine, Farm Paper, Trade Paper, Street Car and Outdoor Advertising

is getting results—he is making the rank and file think—"bumping" them into ambition. And to cause any man in this aviation age to ratiocinate and resolve, is an accomplishment that is well worth noting.

Another class there is that requires a more subtle "bump"—the Hubbard "bump"—these are the folks who need indirect bumps.

To grab them by the collar and stare them in the eyes and say, "Wake up and do something," would only affront them. They would feel the slap and not see its purpose. ¶ If Alice and Elbert Hubbard had set out twenty years ago and psychologically evolved a great scientific system by which they would successfully develop

FOURTY years ago, in Japan, if a farmer used his hoe clumsily when a dignitary was around, off went the farmer Jap's head, for the good of Nippon.

Today, the Japanese are conspicuous for their dexterity and intelligence.

To get results, a "bump" must be in proportion to the intelligence of the person.

Arthur Brisbane is "bumping" millions, mentally. *

The cultured would think it crude, yet Brisbane

a million minds into usefulness, into activity and ambition, they could not have succeeded more effectively than they have. They have instituted a great fellowship.

Elbert Hubbard's words have reached homes of every kind: he has lifted men from obscurity by making them think for their own betterment—to do things worth while.

The best advertisement-writers I know thank Hubbard for this mental stimulus, which is the Hubbard "bump."

His philosophy is clean and well cut—he stimulates a sustaining mental process that makes the sky-line clearer—that makes one acquainted with oneself and scatters superstition, which has been the death-knell to progress ever since time was recorded.

Hubbard gives courage to do and dare.

Clear thinking means a healthy body.

The foundation of Elbert Hubbard's personal power is health. He knows life and enjoys it. His "Cigaretist" is a most skilful "bump" for the benefit of smokers * *

Doctor Tilden said there is only one thing in favor of tobacco, "It hurries impotency." It is the well-sexed man or woman who makes the world move on. ¶ Bump away, Hubbard! You're

making real, useful, self-respecting men through your philosophy, and are building them from the ground up with self-reliance—educating them broadly by indirect suggestion in your *Little Journeys*, and in your incomparable *Fra*. You are a teacher of teachers.—*Percival K. Frowert*.

Whatever strengthens and purifies the affections, enlarges the imagination, and adds spirit to sense, is useful.—*Shelley*.

For Worth-while "Summer" Reading BUY and READ

"the most interesting book of the year"

The Red Hot Dollar

And Other Stories from *The Black Cat*

written by

H. D. UMBSTAETTER

Founder and publisher of *The Black Cat*,
and including a unique introduction by

JACK LONDON

The stories, twelve in all, are so absorbingly interesting and so unusual in the realm of fiction, embodying, as they do, amusing character sketches, tales of humor, pathos, mystery and adventure, that they will undoubtedly appeal to a large class of readers, who are not attracted to the ordinary in fiction.

Cloth, 12 mo., \$1.00

(To be had wherever books are sold)

Published by

L. C. Page & Co., 53 Beacon St., Boston

TO be a painter, does it suffice to arm one's self with a brush, or does the purchase at great cost of a Stradivarius make one a musician? No more, if you had the whole paraphernalia of amusement in the perfection of its ingenuity, would it advance you upon your road of happiness. But with a bit of crayon a great artist makes an immortal sketch. It needs talent or genius to paint; and to amuse oneself the faculty of being happy.—*Charles Wagner*.

Perhaps I can point you the pathway that leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I want to do, because I am your friend. And by pointing you the way I find it myself.

HEALTH AND WEALTH

AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD



WITH your subscription to THE FRA Magazine there will be sent to you gratis, at once, as a premium, a copy of HEALTH AND WEALTH. This book of 162 pages contains thirty-two essays on various phases of practical life. It shows how to keep well; how to make money and how to save it; also how to secure all the happiness you deserve. ¶ It reveals the very kernel of The American Philosophy, or what has been called, "The Gospel of Commonsense."

HEALTH AND WEALTH is bound with suede leather, silk-lined, silk marker, two special portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, special watermark paper, antique type. A strictly De Luxe and unique specimen of bookmaking.

To FRA ELBERTUS, *Frater-in-Charge*
East Aurora, New York

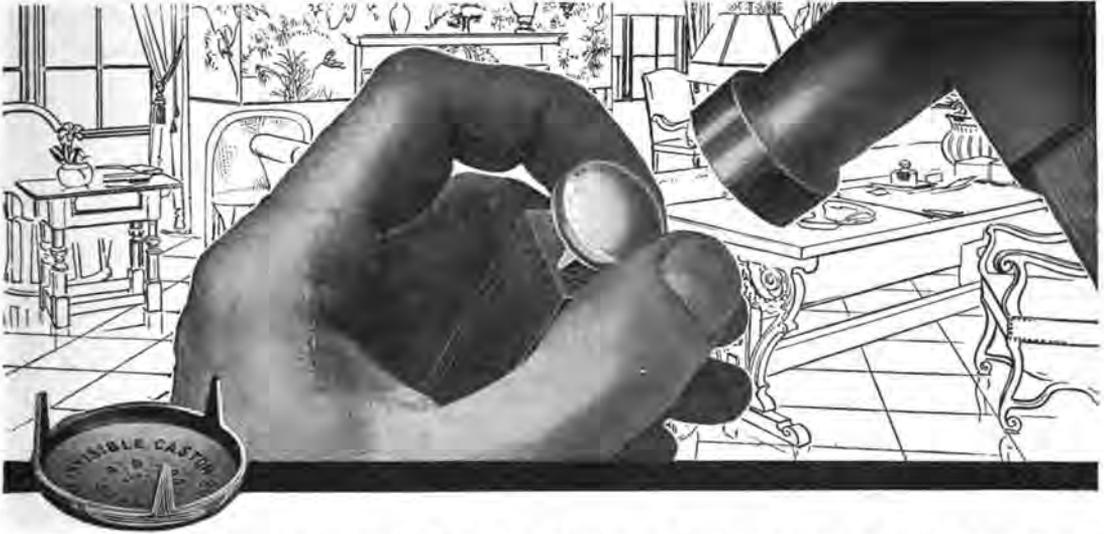
FRIEND: I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription, so send THE FRA Magazine and HEALTH AND WEALTH, gratis, and any other prerequisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Foreign Postage, Seventy-five Cents

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



AN always overlooks the obvious, the simple and the practical in his first attempts to bridge a difficulty. So we have the cumbrous, the gew-gaw, the grotesque in our houses and offices reminiscent of the early efforts to do the thing better. ¶ The castor, for instance—that thing which works like a periodic toper once in a while—was an attempt in the right direction to rid us of the nerve-racking annoyance of moving unshod furniture. It was far from perfect, but like the horse-car in street transportation, it served in Walt Whitman's time. Fortunately, castors have done all the time due them.

Domes of Silence, the Invisible Castor without wheels, is the new and better way. To make your furniture glide and slip easily over the edge of the rug, shoe it with Domes of Silence.

Domes of Silence are made of highly hardened polished nickel domes of steel. They will not scratch, tear nor catch. Every atom of surface is uniform. There are no rough places. Each Dome is as perfect as it is possible for mechanical skill and human ingenuity to make it.

Domes of Silence are made to fit all furniture—in five sizes, the largest One Inch—all, Fifteen Cents for a set of Four.

The importers of Domes of Silence are doing a great missionary work in this country—hence the low price. They want every home and every office to be equipped with this nerve-saving, time-saving, floor and furniture saving appliance.

Any one can adjust Domes of Silence. A few hammer taps and they stay where they are put. They are practically indestructible. Foreign and American patents absolutely cover Domes of Silence. Your dealer has or can secure the genuine if you insist on them.

Send Fifteen Cents for a trial set, and at the same time send in the name of your dealer, so that your repeat orders will be quickly filled in your home city.

Literature on the subject will be sent you free. Dealers who want to have their stock Class A and One-Hundred-Point in every particular, would do well to investigate Domes of Silence.

Write for samples and prices now while you have the opportunity

DOMES OF SILENCE, Ltd.
HENRY W. PEABODY & COMPANY, American Agents
 SEVENTEEN STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY



LET us send you this booklet about Business Stationery. It is neither long enough to be tiresome nor biased enough to be irritating. It attempts to set forth in a sane way a little "inside information" about business stationery that every man ought to know. With this we will include a sample book of Old Hampshire Bond, which is probably biased, for it contains specimens of the paper printed, lithographed and die stamped with some fine examples of modern letter-heads. These should enable you to settle for yourself, practically and intelligently, the question of business stationery, which you must eventually do.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

I hold, then, that in denying me this right without my having forfeited it, departure is made from the principles of the Constitution, and also from the true principles of government, for then I am denied a right born with me, and which is inalienable. Nor can it be objected that woman had no part in organizing this government. They were not denied. Today we seek a voice in government and are denied. There are thousands of male citizens in the country who seldom or never vote. They are not denied; they pursue happiness by not voting. ¶ Could it be assumed, because this body of citizens does not choose to exercise the right to vote, that they could be perma-

✠ HAVE the right to life, to liberty unless I forfeit it by an infringement upon others' rights, in which case the State becomes the arbiter and deprives me of them for the public good. I also have the right to pursue happiness, unless I forget it in the same way and am denied it accordingly. It can not be said, with any justice, that my pursuit of happiness in voting for any man for office would be an infringement of one of his rights as a citizen or as an individual ❦ ❦

nently denied the exercise thereof? If not, neither should it be assumed to deny women who wish to vote the right to do so. And were it true that a majority of women do not wish to vote, it would be no reason why those who do should be denied. If a right exist, and only one in a million desires to exercise it, no government should deny its exercise to that one. If the thousands of men who do not choose to vote should send their petitions to Congress, asking that body to prevent others who do vote

from so doing, would Congress listen to them? If there are women who do not desire to have a voice in the laws to which they are answerable and which they must contribute to support, let them speak for themselves; but they should not presume to speak for me.

Women did not join in the act of constructing the Constitution. So far as I know, none expressed a desire to do so, and consequently were not denied.

But what is government, and what a republican form of government? Government is national existence organized. When government is fashioned for the people it is not a republican form, but when fashioned by the

people it is a republican government. Our form of government is supposed to emanate from the people, and whatever control it possesses over the people is supposed to be exercised by and with their consent. I and others of my sex find ourselves controlled by a form of government in the inauguration of which we had no voice, and in whose administration we are denied the right to participate, though we are a large part of the people of this country. Was George the

The Essence of Flowers

EVERY day the world is born again. Every sunrise is a gift of God. When the sun is at his best, the flowers carpet the landscape, the air is full of perfume. Then, if ever, life is precious. We should lift up our hearts in gratitude for this great gift of life and love, and as a symbol of gratitude we should give gifts to our friends.



Costly gifts are always in questionable taste—they symbolize the art of the goldsmith, the power of the purse. Give flowers, since flowers are ever and always lovers' "props," but better still—a thought—give Paul Rieger's "Flower Drops," in cut-glass bottle, each bottle in a maple case, the divine essence of the flowers—something that reflects the flower and lasts like the memory of things that first stirred us into life, and made us mirror the infinite, if ever.

The most exquisite and fascinating perfume ever produced—one drop enough to diffuse the odor of thousands of blossoms. Four odors: Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, \$1.50 a bottle at druggists or by mail. Send check or stamps. A miniature bottle for 20 cents, silver or stamps, if you mention the name of your druggist.

Paul Rieger, San Francisco, California



TO THOSE WHO LOVE CHILDREN

LUTHER BURBANK says: "There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvements you wish in a flower, a fruit or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in a child, granted that he is a normal child, be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not?"

With this idea in mind, The Writing Form Company are devising ways and means to train children and to assist them in their school-work which will prove helpful and pleasant. This Company has a device for the easy training of the child's hand in writing which has been declared by prominent educators to be an innovation in the method of teaching. Mr. P. W. Henkel, Vice-President and General Manager of The Writing Form Company, will gladly supply you detailed information on this subject if you are interested in children and their development.

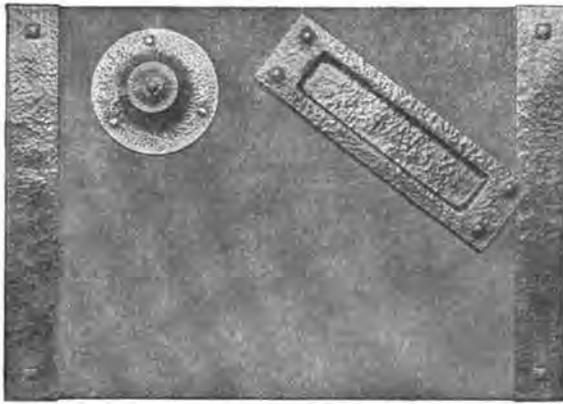
The Writing Form Company, Silk City Bank Bldg., PATERSON, N. J.

Third's rule, which he endeavored to exercise over our fathers, less clearly an assumed rule than is this to which we are subjected?

—Marilla Ricker.

GREAT Musician is a paradox, a miracle, a multiple-sided man—stern, firm, proud and unyielding, selfish too, yet sensuous as the ether, tender as a woman, innocent as a child, and plastic as potter's clay. And with most of them, let us admit it, the hand of the potter shook.

For Your College Study-Table



Hammered-Copper Desk Fittings will stand college use. They are made for ninety-nine years ☞ That ought to be long enough.

Desk-Set with movable Ink-Pot and Tray	\$10.00
Pad	\$5.00
Ink-Pot	\$4.50
Tray	\$1.00



Book-Ends \$3.00



Single Candlestick
Price . . . \$3.50
The pair . . \$7.00

Single
Candleholder
Price, \$4.50



The Colonial
Price, \$2.00



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York



THE ROYCROFT INN

"He has lived in a house by the side of the road,
And been a friend to man."

AND men and women have come to this house—to rest, to live. They have come seeking the secret of the peace that abides within the great oak door, desiring to know this man and this woman who have evolved a home—not for three or four alone, but for all the wayfarers from every land to every land.

Here at Roycroft Inn are embodied the ideals of comfort, beauty, cleanliness, simplicity. Here is sunshine that no fussy curtains shut out; pure air let in through screen-windows in the outdoor sleeping-porches, and sparkling spring-water from a bottomless well. These are the pride of The Roycroft Inn ☛ ☛

The Roycroft farm and gardens bountifully provide our tables with fresh, wholesome, country products. The menu is simple, the food well and carefully prepared and served.

A week of rest in an out-of-door sleeping-porch will give the weary one a new lease of life. The cool nights, the refreshing sleep, the birds outside your screen-window in the early morning, take you far from the hurry-worry of the city you have wished to forget for a little.

Rates at The Roycroft Inn are from two to five dollars a day. The Inn is an American Plan hotel.

Good automobile roads from Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Cleveland, Toledo, cross and connect with the State Road into East Aurora.

The Roycroft Inn Portfolio will be sent to any address for ten cents ☛ ☛

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U.S.A.



CAUCHOIS

H i s G i f t

FRED A. CAUCHOIS is the youngest and the oldest man in New York. He possesses poise, peace, power, and radiates good-cheer and wisdom.

Cauchois is rich, and he works now simply because he is wise and knows that no man can ever afford to be idle, that retiring on your laurels is death—unless you are working for new laurels. So Cauchois works at the task he likes and in the way that pleases him. He owns miles of property in New York, the Kaiserhof Restaurant and several other interesting and profitable propositions, but his heart and brain are centered on one thing particularly—the selling of his famous Private Estate Coffee.

Mr. Cauchois believes that most coffees are better than the methods used in preparing the brew, so he has invented and perfected a percolator which coffee-lovers everywhere proclaim the best percolator made. As a matter of missionary work, Mr. Cauchois has distributed thousands of these percolators absolutely free to coffee-consumers, but being a businessman, he puts a string on his philanthropy. In the Cauchois Percolator, the coffee is filtered through a vellum disk made in Japan especially for Mr. Cauchois.

The Percolator itself can be had on application, but the disk can only be secured in packages of Private Estate Coffee.

"Private Estate," Mr. Cauchois believes, and people everywhere agree with him, is the finest blend of coffee yet evolved.

Here is a unique combination: the highest-quality Coffee with the one perfect method of making it. Write to Mr. Cauchois today and he will make you this little gift with the string attachment.

FRED A. CAUCHOIS
 TWENTY-ONE FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY

barbarous and petty squabbles of a far-distant past, or trying to master languages which are dead, such knowledge as seems adapted for life upon another planet than this, in so far as business affairs are concerned, the future captain of industry is hotly engaged in the school of experience obtaining the very knowledge required for his future triumphs. *

The almost total absence of the graduate from high positions in the business world seems to justify the conclusion that college education as it exists seems almost fatal to success in that domain. Salaried officials are not in a strict sense in business—a captain of industry is one who makes his all in

☞ **HAVE** inquired and searched everywhere in all quarters, but find small trace of college graduates as leaders of affairs, although not seldom occupying positions of trust in financial institutions. Nor is this surprising. The prize-takers have too many years the start of the graduate; they have entered for the race invariably in their teens—in the most valuable of all the years for learning, from fourteen to twenty—and while the college student has been learning a little about the

his business and depends upon success for compensation. It is in this field that the graduate has little chance, entering at twenty, against the boy who swept the office or who begins as shipping-clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this. There are some instances of the sons of businessmen, graduates of colleges, who address themselves to a business life and succeed in managing a business already created, but even these are few compared with those who fail in keeping the fortune received.

Stevens-Duryea



Model AA
Six-cylinder
Torpedo,
\$3,800 H. P.



Look for this
on the radiator
and on the hub

In the mercantile, commercial and financial world it is the poor office-boy who has proved to be the merchant prince in disguise, who surely comes into his heritage. They are the winning classes. It is the poor clerk and the working mechanic who finally rule in every branch of affairs, without capital, without family influence, and without college education. It is they who have risen to the top and taken command, who have abandoned salaried positions and boldly risked all in the founding of a business. College graduates will usually be found under salaries, trusted subordinates. Neither capital, influence nor college learning, nor all combined, have proved able to contend in business successfully against the energy and indomitable will which spring from all-conquering poverty.

—Mike Kinney, Teamster.

No age in the world's history ever offered such allurements to ambition, or such a field of usefulness, as this age offers to the orator; for he can sway not only his hearers but the civilized world.

Would he tread the heights of the ideal? Then

FOR supreme satisfaction in touring: the Stevens-Duryea Six. With its "unit power plant" mounted on "three points," it has the maximum of power efficiency, the minimum of friction and strain, and a motor flexibility that is truly delightful.

Our booklet about "three-point support" is really interesting—and different. Mailed on request.

Stevens-Duryea Company

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

here is the path of the martyr, thorny and blood-stained, but glorious. Would he direct the vintage of his own time? Then here is the vineyard of humanity calling for men. Is he ambitious? Here is the force that shakes the continents and thrills the nations, that rides upon the centuries and sports with the ages. Here, like Pericles' heroes, he can write his epitaph in the hearts of mankind, and have the whole world for a sepulcher.

—John P. Altgeld.

ECONOMICS changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do.

 Coming numbers of *The Fra* and *The Philistine* will contain some special articles on this subject of man and his activities.

There is no greater chance in this or any other country to develop a vocational school than at Roycroft. Why list the Shops, the Farm, the beautiful home — Emerson Hall? Why mention the excellent table? You already know how many Great Men gather at the Board.

The Library, the Music-Room, the Art-Gallery, can't you see what the atmosphere will mean? A strong Academic Course; an unusual Crafts' Course; and a Course in actual Business Practice, unexcelled. Get details, now, by writing to Raymond Riordon, Superintendent, East Aurora, N. Y.

✧
 No man can be happy without exerci-

Resources and Opportunities

The West to-day is not only the land of opportunity—it is the land of fulfillment. There are greater chances for legitimate investment and for the man with intelligence and some money than in any other section of the United States. If you want information about the opportunities and resources of the new empire West of the Rocky Mountains, use the attached coupon.

PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY,
 Portland, Oregon.
 Find enclosed 25 cents in stamps, for which send three recent numbers containing information about the resources and opportunities in the West.

Name

Address

THE Roycroft School for Boys opens September Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven. Shall you wait until success is assured, till your help is not needed, until others have bested you and become pioneers? In other words are you holding back and wondering whether The Roycroft School of Life for Boys is going to have pupils a-plenty, and then when you find it will have, send your boys, or are you going to be the first to head the list?

ing the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self-command, and without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit.—*John M. Good.*

✧
 Generally, music feedeth the disposition of spirit which it findeth.—*Bacon.*

THE Oratorio of the Messiah has been known to draw the lowest dregs of Whitechapel into a church to hear it, and during the performance sobs have broken forth from the silent and attentive throng. Will any one say that for these people to have their feelings for once put through such a noble and long-sustained exercise as that, could be otherwise than beneficial? If such performances of both sacred and secular music were more frequent, we should have less drunkenness, less wife-beating, less spending of Summer gains, less Winter pauperism. People get drunk because they have nothing else to do, they beat their wives because their minds are narrow, their tastes brutal, their emotions, in a word, ill-regulated.

—The Reverend H. R. Haweis.

MUSIC is to me an ethereal rain, an ever-soft distillation, fragrant and liquid and wholesome to the soul, as dew to flowers; an incomprehensible delight, a joy, a voice of mystery, that seems to stand on the boundary between the sphere of the senses and the soul, and plead with pure, unrefined

human nature to ascend into regions of seraphic uncontained life. O wondrous power! Art thou not the nearest breath of God's own beauty, born to us amid the infinite, whispering gallery of His reconciliation! Type of all love and reconciliation, solvent of hard, contrary elements—blender of soul with soul, and all with the Infinite Harmony.—John S. Dwight.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.
—T. W. Higginson.



EVERY line of the Detroit Electric is simple, clean-cut, generous, frank. It invites your close acquaintance, companionship, confidence. It entreats you to look deeper than its distinguished outward beauty, to fundamental principles of structure, upon which depend your safety and permanence of investment.

Learn for yourself the reason why our Direct Shaft Drive is "Chainless." It means much to you—a straight path of power from motor to rear axle—an exclusive feature. However, judge the Detroit Electric as a whole, not by its many exclusive features. It is a Masterpiece of perfect working mechanism welded into a harmony of Oneness.

Batteries:—Edison, nickel and steel, Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.
Tires:—Pneumatic or Motz Cushion.
Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.



Anderson Electric Car Company
449 Clay Street
DETROIT MICHIGAN
Branches: New York, Broadway at 80th St.; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.; Buffalo and Cleveland
Selling Representatives in All Leading Cities

Detroit
ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless



Important to Those Who Expect to Build

WHEN planning to build, you will find it of great value to first make a careful personal study of the illustrations of houses, etc., that have been designed and built by a number of leading architects, and to also learn their ideas regarding the best interior arrangement and the most appropriate furnishings.

This important information, which would greatly aid you in deciding about your own building plans, when you take them up with your own architect and builder, can easily be obtained from the several hundred exterior and interior designs that are beautifully illustrated in the last six numbers of the

Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders

In these six numbers are also illustrated and described the numerous building specialties that add very much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing the initial cost; and this information may mean the saving of many dollars to you.

Our Special Offer

We have a limited supply of these sets of six numbers, which are invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although the regular price is \$1.50, we make you a special offer of \$1.00 for the six, while the sets last, if you will mention THE FRA. They will soon be sold. Send us your order to-day, to-morrow may be too late.



This \$1.00 May Save You Hundreds

THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD
134 Metropolitan Annex, New York City

Enclosed is \$1.00, for which please mail your last six numbers, according to special offer in THE FRA.

Name.....

Address.....

MORE than three and a half centuries have elapsed since the advent of the violin in its present shape, and almost three hundred years have rolled by since the first solos written for the violin were published in Dresden. No other period in the world's history has been so prolific of grand benefits to mankind. The fine and mechanical arts, particularly the latter, have made stupendous progress, although the material benefits and comforts which we enjoy are derived mostly from

comparatively modern times. Music has, if anything, distanced all her sister arts. Poetry, architecture, sculpture, all existed in perfection many hundreds of years before the opening of the Sixteenth Century. Painting and music, however, are the two graces which have, by their perfection of charm and influence, ennobled human existence during the long centuries of which we speak. Had not music possessed a perfected means of expression, it is certain that the art would not have attained to the position it holds today. And it is very doubtful, the means of expression not being at hand, if the genius of Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms

would have been developed. The genius of Bowmaker Francois Tourte, in the judgment of Theodore Thomas, made possible the modern symphony. To those whose minds are constantly awake to the great good accruing to all mankind by the cultivation of love for the beautiful, it does not seem possible to offer too many laurel wreaths in memory of such benefactors to their race.—Patrick J. Healy.

Where there is music there is nothing bad.

NOT only would I have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with Nature, a barefoot-boy with all that that implies for physical stamina, but I would have him reared in love. But, you say, how can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of the races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them and to surround them with all the influences of love. ✽ This will not be universally accomplished today or tomorrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. ✽ It

is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies toward the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race—not gush, not mere sentimentality, but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants or who is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides

Free to Every Buyer of Business Stationery

If your business requires the writing of many *important* letters—letters that must *look* their importance—and if you *care* what you *pay* for “looks,” you need our free portfolio of handsome specimen letterheads on Construction Bond. Let us send it together with our booklet telling *why* Construction Bond makes

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more at a time, while other fine bond papers are sold through *local jobbers*, a ream or more at a time to *any* printer who will buy them. The *saving* in expense comes *off* the price you pay for business stationery if you secure Construction Bond. Make a note *now* to write us, on your *business* stationery, please, and we'll send you the specimen letterheads and booklet together with the names of those printers and lithographers in your locality who can make you Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price on Construction Bond. Make a note *now* to write us.

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CONSTRUCTION

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Made in White and Six Colors with Envelopes to Match

Of Interest to Manufacturers



YOUR sales turn on your representatives. It is the salesman—his personality as well as your goods—that creates your business, and it is *qualities* that fit a man for salesmanship, not the mental possession of facts.

Your representative should have the bodily qualities of good digestion, circulation, breathing, a pleasant voice and perfect poise. He should have the mental qualities of patience, decision, perseverance, courage, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory. He should have the moral qualities of thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, courtesy, good-cheer, honesty, fidelity to a purpose, self-control, self-reliance and self-respect.

If you knew of a man that possessed these qualities, would you not want him as a part of your organization?

Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort.

One man who believes and follows this creed is willing to act as a manufacturer's representative *right now*. This man will increase your business and make business for you where there has been none before.

If you want to talk with this man, by mail or in person, address P. O. Box 148, Philadelphia, Pa.

of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

—Luther Burbank.

THERE is music in the beauty, and the silent note that Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.—Sir Thomas Browne.

The Last of Three Fine Editions

Special Roycroft Bindings

Love, Life and Work

By Elbert Hubbard

THIS book is the last of one of the best editions that The Roycrofters ever offered discerning and critical people.

These essays on Love, Life and Work deal with no abstract, theoretical impossibilities, but with the real things of daily existence that make living bright, beautiful and blessed.

They help us to get Tom Potter's attitude, so when the minute comes for us to assume authority and go ahead we take it and go the right way.

Love, Life and Work is printed on French Japan vellum. It is a book of one hundred and fifty pages, and every page is a help toward right thinking and right acting; it is what we think and do that makes us what we are.

The only style of binding left is Three-quarters Levant. The price is \$10.00.

The Law of Love

By William Marion Reedy

WILLIAM MARION REEDY is a great joker, and he is a stylist. He is a man of many words—but of one book! *The Law of Love*—a book so exquisite in thought and form that appreciation of it must be a silent thing.

The binding is modeled leather. The title-page and initials are unusual in design and color.

There are just two of these books. The price is \$10.00.

A Dog of Flanders

By Ouida

SOME stories get into your heart and stay, and this one of Nello, the little Ardennois, and Patrasche, the big Fleming, is the kind you can't forget.

¶ These two were of the same age in length of years, yet one was very young and the other already old.

Both were orphaned and destitute; both owed life to the same hand. This had been the first bond of sympathy; it had strengthened day by day, had grown with their growth, until they loved each other very dearly.

All their lives they lived together, and at the end, the people of their little village implored a special grace for them and laid them to rest, side by side, forever!

¶ Ouida's story of this child and this dog is one of the rarest in literature.

The book is printed in antique red and black on imported handmade paper. The binding is modeled leather. There are just four copies. Price, \$10.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

A Pillowy College Room



A COLLEGE room is not a college room without pillows—lots of pillows.

There are window-seats and couches and corners, and they all need pillows. Big, soft, comfortable, downy squares that will fit into every nook.

Roycroft leather pillows are made of specially selected velvet sheepskins. The colors are brown, blue, green, gray, tan and red. They are just the pillows to put into that trunk you are packing for college in September.

PILLOWS

The full skin pillows are 20 by 20 inches, in all colors - - - - - \$5.00

We make a special plain skin pillow with laced edges, 20 by 20 inches - - - \$6.00

TABLE-COVERS

Velvet sheepskins to match the pillows \$2.00

Goatskins, each - - - - - \$3.00

Very fine quality calfskins, each - - \$4.00



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York, U. S. A.

The Boycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 What is ostracism?
- 2 What is the distinction between a Closed Shop and an Open Shop?
- 3 Does a Closed Shop act in restraint of trade?
- 4 Have employers a right to organize for mutual protection?
- 5 Have employees any rights in this respect?
- 6 Why have Labor-Unions excited the hostility of employers?
- 7 Do Labor-Unions tend to raise the standard of workmanship; in other words, are their regulations constructive or destructive?
- 8 Who is Samuel Gompers?
- 9 What is a Federation of Labor?
- 10 What do you think of the persuasive powers of dynamite?
- 11 Is it ever justifiable to take human life?
- 12 What is your opinion of the Eight-Hour Law?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 What are the advantages of friendship?
- 2 What are its disadvantages?
- 3 Give one recipe for friendship.
- 4 What is the meaning of the expression, "We are gods in the chrysalis"?
- 5 Do you believe in self-sacrifice?
- 6 What is the difference between egoism and selfishness?
- 7 What is (a) poise? (b) reserve? (c) self-control?
- 8 Is altruism self-sacrifice?
- 9 Is precept stronger than example?
- 10 What is (a) a metaphor? (b) an allegory? (c) an emblem? (d) a symbol?
- 11 What is Respectability?
- 12 What is (a) morality? (b) decency? (c) culture?

Lesson Number Three

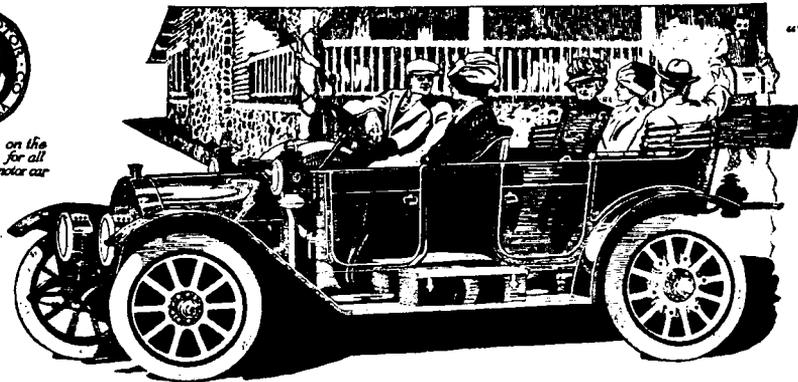
- 1 Why is it that most orphan asylums are in charge of religious organizations?
- 2 Should motherhood always be honored?
- 3 As applied to a child, is the word "illegitimate" in your vocabulary?
- 4 Who were (a) Philip Burne-Jones? (b) Swinburne? (c) Henley?
- 5 What is Henley's best-known poem?
- 6 What is meant by the Law of Mortmain?
- 7 What is the Book of Common Prayer?
- 8 What is meant by Inspired Books?
- 9 Should doctors, nurses and preachers hang together or separately?
- 10 What is (a) industry? (b) diligence? (c) officiousness?
- 11 What is (a) hasheesh? (b) bhang? (c) gunja?
- 12 Define the following: (a) gynolatry; (b) uxoriousness; (c) gynocracy.

Lesson Number Four

- 1 What is the musical center of the United States?
- 2 Which is the most musically inclined nation in the world?
- 3 What is your opinion of the musical value of Sunday-Schools songs?
- 4 Are American musical standards improving?
- 5 Who was Milton? What were his contributions to the gayety of nations?
- 6 Why is the United States naturally a peace leader?
- 7 In your opinion, which is to be the dominant race in the Western Hemisphere? Why?
- 8 Is the influence of woman a political factor in the world today?
- 9 In your opinion, is her influence likely to increase or decrease?
- 10 What is theology?
- 11 What is the distinction between rhythm and harmony?
- 12 What do you think of music as a moral force?



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car



"Thirty-six" \$1800

- Long stroke motor 4 1/2" x 5 1/4"
- Self-starter
- Demountable rims
- 36 x 4-inch tires
- 4-speed transmission
- Bosch dual ignition
- Ventilated fore-doors
- Solar gas lamps
- Prest-O-Lite tank

Chalmers Motor Cars for 1912

"30" Touring Car, 5-passenger, \$1800—Including magneto, gas lamps, oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, top, windshield, ventilated fore-doors, horn, full set of tools.

"30" Torpedo, 4-passenger, \$1800—Equipment same as Touring Car.

"30" Torpedo Runabout, 2-passenger, \$1500—Including magneto, gas lamps, oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, top, windshield, tire irons, horn, tools.

"Thirty-six" Touring Car, 5-Passenger, \$1800—Including Chalmers self-starter, Continental demountable rims, Bosch dual ignition system, black enameled Solar gas lamps and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 36x4-inch tires, four forward speed transmission, long stroke motor—4 1/2" x 5 1/4", ventilated fore-doors, tire irons.

"Thirty-six" Torpedo, 4-passenger, \$1800—Equipment same as Touring Car.

"Thirty-six" Berlin Limousine, \$3250—Including full equipment.

"Thirty-six" Cab Side Limousine, \$3000—Including full equipment.

"Forty" Touring Car, 7-passenger, \$2750—Including Bosch dual ignition system, black enameled Solar gas lamps and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, auxiliary seats, ventilated fore-doors, top, windshield, 36x4-inch tires, tire irons, tools, horn.

"Forty" Torpedo, 4-passenger, \$2750—Equipment same as Touring Car.

"Forty" Detachable Pony Tonneau, 4-passenger, \$2750—Equipment same as Touring Car.

HERE are the motor car pacesetters for 1912—the Chalmers "30," \$1500—the Chalmers "Thirty-six," \$1800. These cars set new standards of motor car values.

When the Chalmers "30" was first announced four years ago, the words "astounding value" were used to describe it.

Each season since, we have greatly increased the value of the car without increasing the price. Each year the verdict on Chalmers cars has been "best value at the price."

And now for 1912 more than ever before we offer "astounding values."

The "30" remains the leader among \$1500 cars. The new "Thirty-six" at \$1800 represents a further development along the line of greater size and increased power. The reliable, standardized, beautiful "Forty" is continued for those requiring unusual power and 7-passenger capacity.

"30" Fully Equipped \$1500

Last year the "30" sold for \$1750, equipped with magneto, gas lamps, top and windshield. Think of it this year—refined and improved in every possible way, with thoroughly ventilated fore-door bodies, inside control, magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, and including also Chalmers mohair top and automatic windshield—for \$1500!

New "Thirty-six" \$1800

When we considered bringing out a new model, the Chalmers "Thirty-six," we instructed our engineers to

build a four cylinder, five-passenger car that would leave absolutely nothing to be desired.

What more could you desire in a car than you are able to get in this one?

More power, perhaps? You really could not use more than the splendid long stroke motor will develop. With large cylinders and long stroke (4 1/2" x 5 1/4") the new motor is a great puller at high speed; a wonderful hill-climber; and will give you all the speed you want. Though called 36 it actually develops 40 h. p.

Four Speed Transmission

Greater flexibility? The four forward speed transmission—a feature until now found only on the highest priced makes—gives a flexibility of control hitherto unknown on medium priced cars. Direct drive is on the fourth speed. A third speed is provided which will carry you over the hardest grades without loss of time.

More room in the body? This body is as roomy as any five-passenger car built. It is a big body. If it were any bigger, it would become awkward and less comfortable.

More comfort? The big wheels and tires—36 x 4—the ample wheel base, sturdy frame, heavy 3/4-elliptic rear springs, tilted, luxuriously upholstered seats, afford the passengers the acme of riding comfort.

Chalmers Self-starter

Greater convenience? The new Chalmers compressed air self-starter does away with the last of the original inconveniences of automobiling.

With it there is no need of cranking. Any woman can now drive a Chalmers

car. Pressure tank of the self-starter can be used for inflating tires.

As to details of finish, we ask you to compare the "Thirty-six" with any car selling up to \$4000.

Body fittings are of the luxurious type found on high priced cars. Black enamel finish instead of brass is used on metal parts. An option of nickel plating, at an extra cost of \$50, is offered.

"Thirty-six" Already Proved

Do you ask greater reliability in a motor car? Probably no new model ever received more thorough testing before being offered to the public.

Months ago—in November, 1910—we completed the first three cars of the "Thirty-six" type.

Since then we have tested not only one car, but a number; we have tested not only one motor, but many; we have not driven a few hundred miles, but tens of thousands of miles. And we have done all this so that we might be able to stand behind an absolute guarantee of all parts of this car for one year and a further guarantee of Chalmers service.

Our Cars Fully Guaranteed

We guarantee Chalmers cars to be free from defects in material and parts. For one year from date of delivery we will replace free any defective part, if returned to our factory for inspection.

We really believe, whether you buy a Chalmers or not, it is worth your while to see the new cars.

We shall be very glad to send you our new catalog, and an introduction to our dealer nearest you.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

The Girl of the Golden West

MORE of Chopin's music is sold in America every year than was sold altogether during the lifetime of the composer. Americans have fostered the best Music. That such a widespread distribution of Chopin's music must have a potent and powerful effect upon the race goes without argument, although the farthest limit of that influence no man can mark. It is registered with Infinity alone. Thus does that most kind and gentle revolutionist, Frederic Chopin, live again in minds made better.

Signor Giacomo Puccini is the logical successor of Chopin, Mendelssohn and Wagner. The delicacy, also the strength, of his operas are exerting a wonderful influence on modern music.

Mr. Henry W. Savage, who stands pre-eminent as a producer of Grand Opera in English, was responsible for the production of "Madam Butterfly," Puccini's beautiful opera, based on our own David Belasco's and John Luther Long's Play.

Now Mr. Savage is going to give us Puccini's masterpiece, "The Girl of the Golden West," which is also built on Mr. Belasco's famous American Play of the same name. Mr. Savage will again equal his "Parsifal," "Madam Butterfly" and his Standard Opera Productions in English with an amazing presentation of the great Italian Composer's new opera.

Mr. Savage has just returned from Europe, where he engaged the most famous English Singing Artists of the world. He also engaged three world-renowned conductors. He secured three alternating artists for each principal character in the opera.

This will be the most extravagant and sumptuous production of grand opera ever taken on tour. The tour will begin in October and include all of the principal cities from Coast to Coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

Hearts and minds all over this country will be made better and enriched by this charming opera. There is a lure and an uplift in Puccini's Music. The grace, gentleness and sublimity of the composer's soul is best shown in his new opera. There is a beauty and kindliness, yet withal a wonderful strength of purpose, in the strains of his very human music.

No other living composer but Puccini could have so well set the plays of David Belasco to music. The entire production will be under the personal care of Mr. Savage, which guarantees success.

The story of the Girl centers upon three characters: Minnie, the

owner of the "Polka" Saloon in the California Mountains; Jack Rance, the Sheriff; and Dick Johnson, who is Ramerrez, a notorious highwayman.

The souls and thoughts of these three characters are interwoven through the subtle Puccini score. On the last curtain, when the boys say tearful good-byes as Minnie and Johnson turn their faces toward the East and the rising sun, to face a new life beyond the Sierras, Puccini brings you to realize that there are some things in life too bitter-sweet for words. The soft, exquisite music sends you home with a new understanding and a deeper appreciation of the glory of life, whether you live in the conservative East or the golden West.



Signor Giacomo Puccini, Composer of
"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

The Libretto of "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" in English will be mailed to any address on request at 25 cents the copy.

Henry W. Savage, Inc., One Hundred Eight West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y.

A Modern Prophet



O pry into the future is something men have long been prone to do.

In Rome, in the days of Augustus, when the Eternal City was at the height of her power, there were nine public augurs in the employ of the State, and their business was to deal in "auspices."

That is to say, they were consulted on every affair of business or warfare, so that they might tell whether the venture was auspicious or not.

In addition to these nine public augurs, there were numerous individuals in the augur calling, privately and unofficially giving advice on such matters as love, matrimony, little journeys or longer ones, planting, sowing, reaping, the writing of books, singing of songs, and all the various minor details of life.

¶ The nine official augurs were held in great esteem. Their office was for life, and when one died the rest elected a successor and coronated him with great pomp and solemnity.

¶ These men were also priests of Apollo.

The office of augur was not abolished under the Roman Government until the year Three Hundred Ninety-one, when the last official prophet died, and nobody had the courage to appoint his successor.

Tacitus the Weisenheimer

¶ HE temper of the times is shown by Tacitus, who about the year Eighty-five wrote this: "Whenever I see two augurs meet upon the street, I note that they come close to each other, look into each other's eyes and laugh. Then they pass on."

The intent of this little remark by Tacitus was evidently to show that the augurs were on to each other—whether the public was or not. *

They foretold the future principally by the flight of birds, and some birds were much more in vogue than others. They used the owl, the peacock, the hawk, the eagle, and a few pinned their faith to the plain old barnyard rooster. Everything in life was symbolic, and the business of the augur was to figure out what each particular manifestation meant. The gods were supposed to send messages

through the birds, and to study the birds was to know the will of the gods.

Tacitus lived at a very wonderful time. He was contemporary with Saint Paul, Pliny, Plutarch and Juvenal. He was considerable of a prophet himself, and one of the things he prophesied was that the Roman augurs would not forever hold their place in popular favor.

¶ He also made the prophecy that as farming as a business declined, Rome as a nation would degenerate. It was a wonderful, wise and farseeing suggestion. The power of Rome had already begun to decline, and the boundaries were being marked by the erection of statues of the god Terminus at the end of every Roman roadway. Tacitus foresaw that the barbarians would pick these statues up and carry them inward between the rising of the sun and its setting.

Tacitus had a scientific basis for his prognostications, and this the augurs did not possess. Very naturally the augurs hotly resented all criticisms by Tacitus, and for a time Tacitus found it very convenient to go on a long vacation into the mountain fastnesses, where some of his best literature was written.

Tacitus lives, but if you know the name of any one of the thousands of augurs, you know more than I do.

The Science of Statistics

¶ HE science of forecasting the future by the aid of statistics is a modern proposition. The collecting of statistics did not begin until, say, the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when the world awoke from its thousand years of sleep.

Statistics were first called, "The Science of Political Mathematics," or "The Laws of Large Numbers." No particular use was made of the discovery that in large numbers chance is eliminated, until about the year Sixteen Hundred Seventy-five, and it was one hundred years later before "Assurance Societies" were founded on mortality tables.

Malthus takes up the idea in his book, "The Principle of Population," and has something very interesting to say on the elimination of chance through large numbers.

Through Census Reports we find that it can be foretold with surprising accuracy how many people will marry in the next year, or in the next five years, and the number who will die. We also know how they will die. We know the number of suicides that will occur; the number

of those that will die by the revolver, and by poison. We know the number of people who will fall out of windows and break their necks; the number who will die through railroad accidents. For instance, in the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety there were six hundred fifty-seven deaths by railroad accident for every one hundred thousand inhabitants in America. The following year the number was six hundred fifty-eight; and it runs now anywhere from six hundred fifty to six hundred eighty-two deaths by railroad accident every year. The business of the great insurance companies is founded on statistics. Also, all great business ventures nowadays rely largely on "Political Mathematics" for foretelling the future.

In America we have men who devote their entire time to the compilation of business statistics, and through these statistics they are able to foretell with a great degree of mathematical certainty what the future will bring forth.

Here we get prophecy reduced to a scientific basis.

The World's Greatest Business Statistician

PERHAPS the greatest living business statistician is Robert W. Babson, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. This man is under forty years of age, but he has placed himself before the world as a wizard in figures. He has organized a company, the business of which is to supply economic statistics, and a record of business in various lines for the past ten years.

Every month this man issues his business tables to his clients, supplying on a single sheet the record for the past ten years, by months, on the following subjects:

Building Construction	Labor Statistics
Money in Circulation	Imports
Loans of the Banks	Exports
Comptroller's Reports	Balance of Trade
Cash held in Banks	Gold Movements
Deposits in Banks	Foreign Money Rates
Surplus Reserves of Banks	Political Factors
Total Bank Clearings	Production of Gold
Bank Clearings excluding New York	Commodity Prices
Stock-Exchange Transactions	Crop Conditions and Iron Production
New Securities	Railroad Earnings
Business Failures	Idle-Car Figures
	Religious and Social Statistics

Besides these, businessmen are supplied with data on subjects concerning which they often desire information, and on which, as is usually the case, they are unable to lay their hands at the time the material would be of most value. Business statistics for the last ten years, brought right up to the past month, this man Babson lays before you on your desk, and does it every month.

An Exact Science

BEGINNING to collect statistics of trade conditions for the benefit of Boston investors, in a very small way ten years ago, Babson has gradually increased his business and grown with it; until now he renders a reliable, peculiar, unique and distinct service for the entire business world.

Ten years ago he had one stenographer working with him. Now he has fifty clerks or so, and thousands of correspondents who supply him information. Out at the Boston suburban district of Wellesley Hills, away from the hurly-burly of business and out of reach of the stock-ticker, he quickly, quietly and surely compiles statistics, which no man in business could ever get together for himself.

The whole idea of foretelling future conditions is founded on knowing what is going on at present. Babson is in touch with all of the principal towns and cities of America. He knows the general trend and tendency from the figures that are at his disposal. Then, knowing the tendency or trend, and figuring the rate of speed at which we are moving, he knows when we will arrive at a certain place. Trade moves in waves. Emotion, mood, habit and fashion play their parts. There are years of plenty and years of famine. To reveal the tendency of the times is the business of this man, Babson. He then places the figures before his subscribers in a way so each one can judge for himself whether it is time to apply the brakes or open up the throttle-valve.

Forecasting the Future

ALL great merchants, manufacturers and investors succeed or fail just as they are able to forecast the future. Most of us have a kind of slipshod, haphazard, intuitive way of betting on what will happen. Babson reduces the thing to a science for our benefit.

For instance, at The Roycroft Shop we contract for our supply of paper a year in advance. Most of the big printers do the same. The question is, "Is paper going up or down?" If we think

it is going down we buy just enough to supply our immediate wants. If we think it is going up, we contract for a year ahead on monthly deliveries. Whether it is going up or down we do not know. We just make a guess on it. By the consultation of Babson's Tables, however, one is enabled to make a very close scientific estimate as to whether the price of certain commodities are going to be higher or lower. Buyers of iron, steel, grain, foodstuffs of every kind, hay, wood, coal are given a scientific basis for calculating, by the use of Babson's estimates.

An Efficient Service

 **R. BABSON** supplies the subscribers to his service a weekly Barometer Letter and Composite Plot which deals with manufacturing and mercantile conditions, banking and monetary conditions, investments, the summary of present conditions, and an estimated figure for complete prosperity ❁ ❁

He supplies maps for the use of the Sales Department of your business, which show the districts where business is on the increase, also lists of cities reporting a distinct increase in business at the time of issuing the map, compared with the previous year.

For your Credit Department, Babson supplies a map which shows where conditions are considerably poorer than the preceding year, also a list of cities in which this condition exists. The map indicates cities where business is declining, and sections where failures are increasing. Crop conditions are clearly indicated on this map, as well as the general financial conditions.

Many business houses America over are using these two maps exclusively in their business in both their Promotion and Credit work, and they date their big successes from the time they began to use Babson's service.

A Unique Service

 **KNOW** of no other concern in the world that gives a service similar or equal to this which is offered to businessmen by Roger W. Babson. His organization studies mercantile, monetary and investment conditions. He lessens the tendency to panic and reckless booms, which eventually lead to panic.

Had Babson been in Rome at the time of Tacitus, he could have foretold to a lustrum when disintegration was to occur. And he and Tacitus would have worked hand in hand.

Tacitus was a historian. Babson is a scientist. His business is the compilation of figures, giving an accurate record of what has occurred in the past.

I have known Babson long and well. In religious matters we gently disagree. And while I know a deal more about theology than Babson, in business he has a hold on facts that puts me into the Kindergarten. I know dozens of big manufacturers who have profited largely by availing themselves of Babson's Tables of Statistics.

A Very Interesting Booklet

 **WISH** that every manufacturer, merchant, banker, broker, or investor who reads *The Fra* would at once write a letter to Roger W. Babson, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, asking for his booklet entitled, "Babson's Reports on Fundamental Business Conditions." This booklet is sent gratis to any one interested. It tells what Babson can do, what he is doing, and what he proposes to do in the way of helping the manufacturer and the merchant to make a wise forecast of the future ❁ ❁

And if requested, Babson is ready and willing to give his subscribers definite information, backed up by special facts and statistics, as to future business conditions; but in the main, any one who familiarizes himself with the charts and tables which Babson supplies weekly and monthly can make his own prognostications, and in the main they will be right ❁ ❁

This means the difference between success and failure ❁ ❁

The simple point is that in business we need every assistance we can possibly bring to bear in order to conduct our affairs wisely and well. The able pilot on the Mississippi River is the man who knows the channel and is able to keep his craft in safe waters. It is exactly so in business. The business pilot needs the map that Babson will supply. Mr. Babson is a business general and he has surrounded himself with big men. He is not afraid of competition on his own force and so every Babson employee is an expert. Thus does he insure the perpetuation of his work.

Get wise and avail yourself of this free booklet which Babson sends, showing you how he can help you to help yourself. Address, Roger W. Babson, Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Thoughts Are Things



Any of these Roycroft mottoes printed on Italian handmade paper or Boxmoor. Size, 11½ x 15½ inches. Illuminated, \$1.00 Unilluminated, \$0.25

The Salutation of the Dawn

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
 Look to this Day!
 For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
 In its brief course lie all the
 Verities and Realities of your Existence;
 The Bliss of Growth,
 The Glory of Action,
 The Splendor of Beauty;
 For Yesterday is but a Dream,
 And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
 But Today well lived makes
 Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
 And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
 Look well therefore to this Day!
 Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Blessed is that man who has found his work.

Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man.—EMERSON.

I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is mis-directed energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the Universe is planned for good. I believe that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful as day, that Death is a manifestation of Life, and just as good. I believe in the Now and Here. I believe in You, and I believe in a power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness.—FRA ELBERTUS.

I love you because you love the things that I love.

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

—STEVENSON, THE BELOVED.

Let what thou hearest in the house of thy friend be as if it were not.

We need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities, and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you: he is one who recognizes the good in me.

—FRA ELBERTUS.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

ADVERTISING VALUES



OME months ago we sent letters to one thousand subscribers of *The Fra*, asking just two questions.

These questions were: First, how many adults read each copy of your *Fra* Magazine?

Second, What proportion of these readers are sufficiently interested in *The Fra* advertisements to read these advertisements with the same care that they do the text?

Answers were received from six hundred twenty-one subscribers.

☐ These answers show that *The Fra* has a little over five readers to each copy of the Magazine.

The answer to the second question, "What proportion of *Fra* readers read the advertisements?" was with eight exceptions out of the six hundred twenty-one replies, "All!"

And a great many volunteered the information that they read *The Fra* straight through from cover to cover, skipping nothing, and often found the advertisements more thought-provoking, instructive and amusing than the text.

The Standard Magazines

THERE are eight standard magazines—men's magazines—published in America.

These are the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," "Everybody's," "McClure's," "American," "Munsey's," "Cosmopolitan," "Hamp-ton's."

Combined, they have a circulation of about four million copies.

Four readers to the magazine is said by Mr. Frank Munsey to be a safe estimate. This gives us sixteen million readers for the eight magazines.

☐ Of these sixteen million readers, careful estimates show that less than five per cent read or even look at all of the advertisements.

The Fra's Circulation

THE FRA is a twenty-five-cent magazine.

This is a higher price than is asked for any of the eight magazines just named.

The Fra has over two hundred fifty thousand readers, who read the advertisements. A page in *The Fra* costs the advertiser one hundred dollars.

☐ This is one twenty-fifth of one cent per reader. Or, if you please, it costs you one cent to have your full-page advertisement read by twenty-five people.

The Cost

IF you advertise in the eight standard magazines, it costs you seven thousand dollars for a page. The circulation of four million gives us sixteen million readers who read the text.

Of these, only five per cent, or eight hundred thousand, read or even look at the advertise-

ments. This is a cost of seven-eighths of a cent per person, or over twenty times as much for each person who reads the advertisements as *The Fra* charges for the same service.

A Big Claim

THERE is n't a Magazine in the world that has on its paid-in-advance subscription-lists as many of the Big Boys who are doing things as *The Fra*. Men, say, like Yoakum, Winchell, Archbold, Westinghouse, Oliver, McCormick, Edkohl, "Oscar," Propper, Post, Schwab, Burbank, Hill, Brown, Shaughnessy, Cortelou, Van Horne, Laurier, Earl Grey, Edison, Armour, Schilling, Fletcher, Lindsay, Martinbeck. These men all stand for the economies, for the decencies, for beauty, work, health, truth and good-cheer. And they are typical, in great degree, of the average *Fra* Reader.

A Summing Up

1. *The Fra* circulation all goes to people who buy the Magazine.

2. It is read by people who have a vital interest in circulating the truths for which it stands.

That is to say, it has a clientele or a constituency who believe in it. The man who wants a copy of *The Fra* can never be put off with a "Munsey" or a "McClure's"; although if he asks for a "McClure's" and they give him some other one he may not know the difference.

The Fra is printed—text, advertisements and cover—in more than one color.

The paper upon which *The Fra* is printed costs double what the paper costs upon which any standard magazine is printed.

Selling at a higher figure, it is safe to assume that the people who buy *The Fra* have more money on an average than those who buy the standard ten-cent and fifteen-cent magazines. Counting the people who actually read advertisements, *The Fra's* advertising rate is only one-twentieth as much as the rates for a like service in the "standards."

And the reason for these things is this: When a Magazine or any business gets too big, the Law of Diminishing Returns enters. In the standard magazines, there is a diminished return in personality. They are not issued by anybody in particular. Their advertisements (like their text) are prepared by Huns, Hessians, Poles and Slavs, who work by the whistle, and turn out literary canned goods. The methods of the sweat-shop enter. Most of the standard magazines are printed down around Hester Street, by concerns that issue a dozen or more others, equally bad, so the product is all very much alike.

Into *The Fra* go the red corpuscle and the live leucocytes of pulsing personality.

Like attracts like, and *Fra* readers are folks who do not live perfunk. They do not enjoy poor health. TO REACH THEM YOU WILL HAVE TO ADVERTISE IN THE FRA.

Getting Business

THE amount of work that a Big Boy must do today demands every aid for speed and efficiency.

The business motto is the Ben Pitman method.

Put a letter-size motto into your correspondence; make it keen, to the point, epigrammatic—a distinct reminder of you and of your business.

Some of the best things Elbert Hubbard has written have been printed on these letter-size business mottoes.

In assorted lots of one thousand, \$5.00. In lots of one thousand, with your name printed on them, \$6.00. Motto Catalog free on request.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



LITTLE BOOKS OF BUSINESS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

When you want hints on making a garden you don't go to a blacksmith. Elbert Hubbard is a business gardener. Men who represent great businesses of America and the Continent come to him for consultation.

☞ His special Business Booklets have been used in editions of hundred thousands. A railroad, a great department-store, the greatest plow industry in America have tested the Booklet Method. It worked for them.

☞ Twelve of these assorted pamphlets (no two alike) for One Dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, Erie County, New York

FORMULAS *for* BOOKBINDERS

BY LOUIS H. KINDER
Master Bookbinder to The Roycrofters

RAYMOND RIORDON is a schoolmaster * He works with boys for boys. He says it is difficult to talk, but to do things is ridiculously easy.

☞ Louis H. Kinder is a master bookbinder. He has the skill to do which makes deeds simple.

☞ He has written a book for bookbinders. This is a technical treatise on the finest of the crafts. There is a master's experience in these formulas written for the students of bookbinding.

☞ The book is authority * *

The price is Twenty-five Dollars

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Life Lessons

A BOOK BY ALICE HUBBARD

IN CLARABARTON BINDING

Clara Barton is a name that breathes courage, strength, poise, hope, life lessons of power.

☞ Alice Hubbard's book, "Life Lessons," is great enough to merit the Clara-barton binding. It is the product of the inspiration of great lives. It is a book that can teach lessons, and does. This book is a typographical joy.

☞ The price is Three Dollars

The Roycrofters, who are in
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Advertising Men: "On to Boston"

This year the Mecca for everybody interested in advertising will be Boston, the first four days of August.

Object—*The Seventh Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.*

If you are at the top of a business, you—or at least one representing you—ought to be there—to learn what the foremost men in the advertising world are thinking, saying, doing for bigger and better things in advertising.

The big men in advertising—the important men in business and national endeavor—governors of many states—mayors of many more cities—will be there, to talk to you and to listen to you.

¶ You will meet personally the worth-while people in your profession. It's an opportunity you must n't miss.

If you are interested in advertising endeavor, in agency—newspaper—magazine—trade paper—catalog—bill-board—street-car or novelty work—be in Boston the first four days in August. Be "among those present" at the *departmental meetings* where more than one topic discussed will *hit home*.

Each general session dealing broadly with a big, broad subject, will "advertise advertising" to you as you have never heard it advertised before.

For your entertainment there will be special luncheons, a "shore dinner," an ocean excursion, a golf tournament, and an automobile trip along the picturesque North Shore to Beverly, where *President Taft* will greet you.

If you want to know about special trains, special rates, and all other things special to this big event, write to

Pilgrim Publicity Association, 24 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts

HERE is a letter from my dear old Pard, Bill Bell, Himself. ♣ Bill loves books, babies, baseball, and cultivates the joy-germs. But just for a while the glooms seem to have got him. Bill better look out about how he issues general invitations—we may accept.

My Dear Elbert Hubbard:

If you happen to meet some poor Devil who knows too much to be happy, who believe this world is only a "crossing" where you change cars on a long journey, and who, knowing all that, is willing to get out and help the natives instead of damning the poor connections, I wish you would ask him if he does not sometimes get lonesome.

Tell him that down at Waldo, Florida, lives William A. Bell, who works and dreams and has no one to work with and no one to whom he may tell his dreams. You might say I have a place on a beautiful lake, and that some Spanish Saint who spent the Winter here six thousand years before Ponce de Leon quit wearing safety-pins banished the mosquitoes and flies from about the shores. It's never very cold nor very hot, and has shady places where you may dream, and cleared patches where you may work ♣

Tell him that if he happens to be empty of purse, it won't matter if he is full of love, and will work—the work may be anything—just as a guarantee that the personality has not been moonatized by too much dreaming. He will find a Friend here who will give him his freedom, a place to lie down at night, something to feed the body and God only knows what else—for I know not what he longs for most. Don't have him waste eternal time by writing, tell him to buy a ticket—tell him if I don't prove to be what he is looking for, he will be looking for the wrong thing, but that you will refund railroad fare at that and charge it up to me along with the subscription account to the "Whole Works," and I will pay it just as cheerfully as I do for the said "Works." Do this for me, and thereafter ask for anything I have.

With Heaps of Love,
William A. Bell

THE ICONOCLAST

REFORMERS have ever been undaunted men, hated and loved, feared and idolized, despised and deified—even yet we find it hard to gauge their work and to give due credit for the good that was in each. But they have their reward. Their names are not written in water; rather they are traced on history's page. We know them while the ensconced, smug and successful have sunk into oblivion. Reformers, like artists, must go, as did Dante, down into the nether regions and get a glimpse of Hell.

W. C. Brann, the Iconoclast, fearless, forceful and brilliant, stands with Ingersoll and Paine on America's intellectual horizon as one of the mental giants of all time.

Brann knew the witchery of words, and used them well to express what was in his heart and mind. His work has been out of print for ten years, but now Herz Brothers,

of Waco, Texas, have reprinted his speeches, lectures and literary labors in "The Iconoclast."

This little Magazine, "Brann's Iconoclast," was written more often with vitriol than with rosewater, but just the same it was full of mighty truths. In "The Iconoclast," Brann said what he wanted to say without restraint. No man can consider himself really educated unless he knows Brann's Writings.

Herz Brothers deserve the world's thanks for reprinting the Works of Brann. There are two volumes with cloth binding, 464 pages each, price \$3.00 per set, 30 cents additional for postage. For sale by book-sellers and news companies, or you may remit direct.

Send in your order now, to be sure to secure copies of the present edition.

HERZ BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, WACO, TEXAS

Character Luggage and Wardrobe Insurance



MARK TWAIN once said, "I can tell a man's character by his luggage." And the author of "Innocents Abroad" knew. He traveled much and was an expert analyzer of men and moods.

The man who possesses Indestructo Luggage proclaims himself an individual of discrimination and commonsense. Indestructo Luggage has the artistic look; it also has durability.

Q Mike Kinney writes us that Trunks loaded as high as the second story are hauled through London streets by traction-engines. An Indestructo Trunk could stand to be put on the bottom of such a load.

The 1911 Indestructo Trunk is the final word on Trunk Construction. It is an improvement over the older Indestructo models, on account of a new corner construction. It has an inside finish of tan lining with cedar panels, decorated with brass rivet-heads. It is covered with canvas, and the metal parts are Government Bronze finish with the exception of the lock, hinges and dowels, which are brass.

The Indestructo Trunk has a personality. You

can recognize it clear across the Baggage room. The Indestructo looks clean and rich and is always in good condition. It is the efficient trunk. When you buy an Indestructo, you have made a good investment. It will last you as long as you care to travel.

Jefferson gained a reputation as a practical man, merely through his ability to meet conditions. The National Veneer Products Company has gained a reputation as a sturdy manufactory of sterling goods, through its ability to meet modern conditions in the world of travel.

Indestructo Bags are on a par with Indestructo Trunks. The word, Indestructo, stands for Wardrobe Insurance. The compartments in the Indestructo Trunk are properly arranged. It can be kept as orderly as a perfectly managed house.

Q Indestructo Trunks are solving the traveler's problem. They lessen worry and add to the joy of "moving on."

If you want to know about Indestructo Luggage—and every one who travels even a little should have this information—send to the makers for interesting booklets on the subject.

National Veneer Products Company, Mishawaka, Indiana



THREE GENERATIONS

An Appreciation by Elbert Hubbard

☞ The plow is the symbol of prosperity. It also stands for honesty, truth and efficiency.

No faker follows a furrow.

☞ No member of the plunderbund and parasitic push can either use a plow or make a good one.

☞ To profit by the use of a plow requires labor; cleverness will not do; the collar and cuff cult is as naught; only hustle counts.

☞ The Oliver Plows represent highwater mark in plow-craft. Competitors may say they have something just as good, but no man ever had the supreme audacity to say he had a better plow.

☞ So the Oliver Plows symbol prosperity, plus.

☞ It has taken fifty years of plow science and brain sweat to evolve the Oliver Tractor Gang Plows.

☞ Life is too short for any one man to have worked this miracle.

☞ James Oliver, who founded the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, was a mechanical genius with an agricultural attachment.

☞ "Genius is transmissible, but it skips one generation," said Doctor O. S. Fowler, the eminent phrenologist.

☞ If Doctor Fowler was right, then the Oliver Chilled Plow Works is just entering upon a record-breaking epoch in its career.

☞ James Oliver was a genius.

☞ Joseph D. Oliver is a great business general—an organizer of rare skill, patience and persistency.

☞ Now comes the third generation, with James Oliver II and J. D. Oliver Jr., showing signs of both speed and endurance.

☞ It is a sad condition when the sons of rich men think they are born but to have a good time. The hope of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works lies in the fact that the third generation of Olivers is proving that the dictum of Doctor Fowler concerning genius is no barren ideality.

☞ Just now there is one big word being used in America—and that word is Efficiency.

☞ The Oliver Plows have it, and so do the Oliver men.

☞ Efficiency—that is the thing—so there you are—EFFICIENCY!

☞ There is a booklet of some forty pages entitled, "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard. Every farmer, farmer's wife, son or daughter should read this story of a beautiful and successful life.

☞ The booklet will be sent gratis to any one sending a postal-card application, to

OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS
SOUTH BEND INDIANA

CHICAGO TONGUE

SOME years ago, Mr. Hubbard—in response to the law of supply and demand—wrote a little book on the subject of the Unruly Member. ¶ By a most curious bit of psychology, the book was largely purchased by people who desired to give a cosmic hunch to some particular person of the Tribe of Gabby Jack. And this beautiful book could be presented without fear of offense.

We all need the lesson which this book so well expresses. ¶ Idle gossip, rolled on the tongue of scandal, causes more heartache, misery, woe, jealousy and unrest than any other one reason in life. ¶ A few copies of *Chicago Tongue* have been found on a high shelf. The price is just one dollar each, and no more. Suppose you get a copy for that tonguey termagant, or that mouthy cuss—you know whom I mean! And say, Terese, when you get the book, before you pass it along to the chin-fly conversational one—just read it yourself. ¶ As stated, one Taft Dolodocci secures the precious tome.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N.Y.

THE MINTAGE

Eleven Short Stories by Elbert Hubbard

THIS is the short-story literary epoch. The demand for the sparkling, minute-variety stories never has been so great as now, and Elbert Hubbard's epigrammatic story style has never been surpassed.

The stories for *The Mintage* were chosen for two reasons:

First: that they should make up a harmonious whole.

Second: that each story should be a perfect part of that whole.

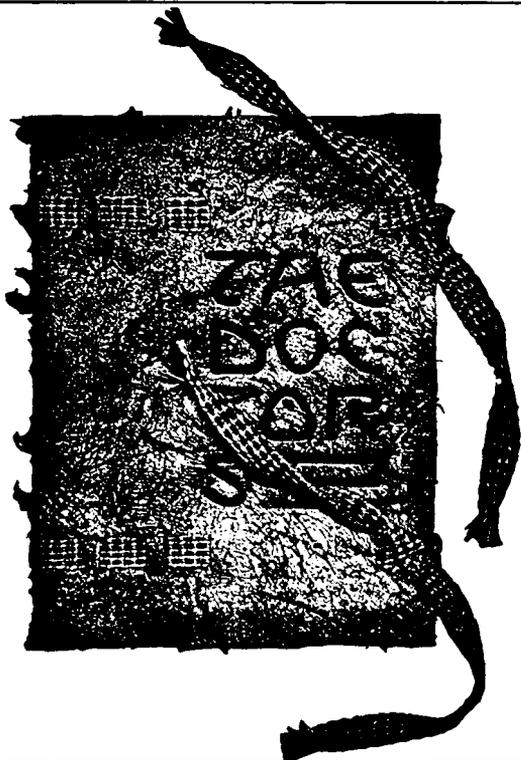
You will judge of our success as you read these stories. They have the lilt of song, the lure of sound, and the thrill of thought.

They are about simple, human folks like you and me. This is what raises them far above the fairy-tales, the folk-stories, or the legends of the gods.

They are stories about our life, written from a great understanding heart.

The *Mintage* in our special *Miriam* binding, printed on Italian handmade paper Price, \$ 2.00
 In *Three-Quarters Levant*, printed on Japan Vellum Price, \$10.00

THE ROYCROFTERS
 In the Village of EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK



The Doctors

A Modern Satire, by Elbert Hubbard

A Satire, when it is one, has the particular quality that makes for literary endurance & Man has a natural mental affinity for acid and the bitter-sweet. THE DOCTORS is a satire even to the binding. It is unique, amusing and amazing :: :: :: ::

PRICE TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Manhattan and Henry Hudson

An Ode and an Appreciation

By Elbert Hubbard and Joseph I. C. Clarke

MANHATTAN, by Mr. Clarke, pictures in glowing words the greatness of Gotham, and forecasts, in hope and love, its future. As a literary production, it will live and grow greater in the minds of readers as the years go by.

The sketch of the life of Henry Hudson, who discovered and located the Isle of Manhattan for us, is a vivid picture of one of the world's heroes. Mr. Hubbard uses fairly good English, and he tells the tale in such a way that child or grown-up will never forget it.

This story of hope, ambition, endurance, suffering—failure—and success grips the attention and holds it to the last word.

The book is on handmade Italian paper, bound in boards, Roycroftie. Special cover design in three colors. Price, Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.



**“The
Player
That’s
Different”**

WHETHER your pleasure is to evoke memories of Auld Lang Syne through the ever-new melodies of childhood—
Or whether you wish to render perfectly the most difficult compositions of the masters of music—
The Krell Auto-Grand offers possibilities of interpretation and accentuation which no other player approaches.

Why the Krell Auto-Grand is different

The patented exclusive striking principle duplicates exactly the human touch.

Krell Auto-Grand

There is an individual pneumatic for each key of the piano—and each one of these can be removed easily by itself—no expert is necessary to adjust or clean it. The pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and below the keyboard. This is true of no other player.

Because of the Extra Storage Air Reservoir, volume may be increased or decreased simply by pedaling, and without effect upon the tempo. The motor is noiseless, the tubes metal (instead of rubber), the tracker-board a special aluminum alloy. The graduating tone device makes possible effects attainable in no other player. The Krell Auto-Grand is an 88-note instrument. Before you choose a player-piano, see and hear it. Did you ever stop to consider that a player-piano gets much more and much harder usage than a hand-played instrument?

The ordinary piano is not built to stand this heavy strain; and merely attaching a player mechanism to it does not make it any stronger. *We manufacture all parts of both our piano and player action ourselves.* Most other manufacturers merely assemble the different parts.

The Albert Krell piano is noted for its sweetness and musical capability; in addition, it is strengthened in every vulnerable part. The Auto-Grand player action can only be found in the Albert Krell Piano.

“How to Select a Player-Piano” Sent Free

A very interesting little book on player-piano construction and development which is of vital interest to every one interested in players. It gives you a thorough insight into the principles of player-piano construction and it tells in detail of the hundred-and-one distinctive features of the Krell Auto-Grand. Write for it today. You should have it.

**Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company
Department 1-F
Connersville, Indiana**

THE Roycroft School of Life for Boys opens September Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, with complete and thorough academic courses.

Do you realize that this School offers a more practical, and certainly a more comprehensive, Course in Business Practise than can be offered elsewhere?

Here is a business organization into which boys soon mold. Let's state it this way: Boys at The Roycroft School learn (and

how better than through actual experience?): Commercial and Applied Arithmetic; Book-keeping; Accounting; Auditing; Business Practise and Banking; Business Organization and Management; Advertising and Mail-Order Business; Shorthand, Typewriting and Office Practise.

Further, where are better shops for the teaching of Printing, Bookbinding, Leather-Tooling, Metal-Work in Copper, Silver, Gold, Cabinetworking—where? And Design—the theory and practise—where?

Then the Farm! Elbert Hubbard and Thomas A. Edison say that the man of the future will not be a poet, but a farmer & Let's qualify this and

say that the poet of the future will be a farmer. Several hundred acres of properly tilled farmland, alive with flocks of sheep, hundreds of hogs, many cattle, fine horses and thousands of chickens, geese, turkeys—all this at the disposal of the boys.

Anything more you wish to know may be learned by writing the School. And then, just this (you may want to know it without writing): few boys can attend The Roycroft School who would not be able to add to their

income after, if not during, their first year.

¶ A beautifully appointed home for a Dormitory; food that other schools could not afford—there's the farm to draw on and the garden; a strong Teaching Force; development of the Individual; a complete Library; an Art-Gallery; constant association with Great Personalities. Is n't that enough?

Details suggestive of your boy's improvement may be had by writing to Raymond Riordon, Superintendent, who is also Superintendent of The Interlaken School, La Porte, Indiana. ¶ Address, Raymond Riordon, East Aurora, New York.

WOMEN need

the broadening influence of the suffrage, the suffrage needs the softening influence of women. Men, as a rule, are inclined to be democratic. The average man is tolerant to anybody but a bore, and is not so particular in inquiring into antecedents. His life has brought him more in contact with all classes. His feeling of brotherhood is broader, if not so strong. Women, on the other hand, are extremely exclusive. Their lives tend to make their sympathies intense and narrow. They do not care to make allow-

Underwood Standard Typewriter

The new home of the original front stroke visible writing typewriter.

A mechanical masterpiece and universal favorite.

Underwood sales exceed those of any other machine.



"THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
UNDERWOOD BUILDING
New York



ances. And woman is the social autocrat. She must have her sympathies broadened before much progress can be made in interclass association.—*J. W. Bennett.*

THE man who has dared to think for himself and voiced his thought—the emancipated man—has been as one in a million. What usually passes for thought is only the repetition of things we have heard or been told. We memorize, repeat by rote, and call it thought.

The September Fra

THE September *Fra* will be of intense interest to Everyman, also Everywoman. In versatility it is surely a leader. As an earnest of the treat in store for you, just glance over the list of contents below :

OPEN ROAD (By Elbert Hubbard)

THOSE DECISIONS—Justice White's Standard Oil decision is emphatically endorsed by Fra Elbertus. The Fra—He knows.

WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE SECRET—"This secret I am about to impart will cause no thrill, save in the hearts of those who already know it"—a really remarkable essay.

PROGRESS AND INERTIA—A disquisition on advertising as a science, with some gentle criticisms of ad clubs.

IN RE LAWYERS—Shakespeare's opinion of the Legal Profession applied to modern instances, with side-lights on the recent Christian Science entanglements.

SUDERMANN—A critical estimate of the philosophy of the great skeptic and playmaker—the author of "Magda" analyzed.

THE GROCER WHO SERVES US—Some pertinent remarks, reminiscent and prophetic, regarding a much-abused individual.

THE NEW THOUGHT—Something on this Old subject that is of compelling interest. The best and tersest article on New Thought that has yet come out of the cosmic ink-pot.

Everyman's Number

PYORRHEA ALVEOLARIS—Mr. Hubbard says that we all have our opinions about doctors, but no sane man knocks on the dentist. In this article he presents some dental dicta well calculated to cause reflection.

SIGNED ARTICLES

MAKE GOOD; THE POLITICIAN—By *Alice Hubbard*. Here are two smart sketches, tinged with good humor, that will surprise and delight the many readers of this writer whose theme is *Woman and Her Interests*. These preachments are *For Men Only*.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY—By *William Thurston Brown*. One of the most powerful articles it has ever been our privilege to print. Mr. Brown points the way in a practical manner.

MR. BALLINGER—By *Alfred Henry Lewis*. The eminent statesman and controversialist in a new light. The great stylist at his best.

THE MODERN INQUISITION—By *Harry Eugene Kelley*. A poignant arraignment of modern police-systems in our larger cities.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE—By *Thomas Nelson Page*. A bitter-sweet poem on the futility of the passion for pelf.

The September *Fra* will be on sale on all newsstands, September First. Make sure that you get a copy. Better yet, insure getting *The Fra* regularly by sending in your subscription, under the liberal offer described elsewhere in this issue.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

What You Receive in Twelve Months of
**THE BOOK NEWS
MONTHLY**

TWELVE three-colored reproductions of famous paintings.

TWELVE portraits of well-known authors. Both sets making artistic framed pictures.

TWELVE special author numbers.

FORTY-EIGHT pages of newsy talks of authors.

And over Two Thousand reviews of the books being published.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN COPY FREE

The Book News Monthly

Philadelphia John Wanamaker New York

\$1.00 a Year

THE editor of *The Fra* has always thought that low prices are the result of competition, but he has been reading a book by a Man Who Knows, called "Typewriter Secrets," from which he has learned that competition makes for high prices. The writer of the most interesting pamphlet referred to has spent most of his business lifetime in the Typewriter Industry. He attributes the standard price of typewriters at One Hundred Dollars to the hard pioneering necessary to introduce the typewriter to the business world. And the blames for the standard price remaining at One Hundred Dollars, he lays at the feet of the great Demon of Business Battles—Competition. The Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, who issue the pamphlet on this subject, are organized to reduce distributing cost. This has been done by a limited advertising appropriation, the selling of machines by mail only, and the sending of typewriters out on trial, letting the machines sell themselves. So typewriters are now sold by mail for Fifty Dollars, in small payments like rentals. The Oliver Visible No. 3 can be had at this price. Ask for the literature on the subject. Better still, send for a machine.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
159 A. E. North State Street, Chicago, Illinois

A Delicious Satire on Studio Society

**Rhododendron Peavy
in Bohemia**

*By Grace MacGowan Cooke and
Caroline Wood Morrison*

In September

Young's Magazine

Rhododendron Peavy is a placid beauty torn from the Tennessee mountains to serve as an artist's model, and nothing could be funnier than New York Bohemia as seen from her wholesome, matter-of-fact point of view. The characters are drawn with mischievous cleverness, and the plot is a delightfully whimsical complication of absurdities—the most entertaining bit of light fiction published this year.

**Whimsical Comedy, Realistic Tragedy,
Young's Short Stories are as
Varied as Life**

An Essay on Godliness

BEFORE the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, she took a bath all over," says Macaulay, "and the water was heated and carried to her by the Lord Chamberlain."

When the Fifth Avenue Hotel was built in New York City, it had n't a single Bathroom connected with a room or suite. Rubber bathtubs were carried into the rooms, and water was brought in in pails, if patrons demanded it.

There was n't a single sanitary Bathroom or Lavatory in Europe until American girls who married titles introduced them.

Now, for the first time in the history of the world, humanity's hide is clean, thanks to J. L. Mott's Plumbing and "4711" Soap.

This Soap is made in Germany, but the Plumbing is strictly on the American plan—the scientific and mechanical genius of America combined with German chemistry.

In East Aurora, Godliness is next to Cleanliness.

Fra Fox's Preferred List



HARLES HENRY FOX is to be a very busy man the coming Autumn and Winter Season. Every member of his staff will be sought and called upon by people everywhere who need the services of America's Foremost Florist and His Helpers.

Fra Fox will open his new shop next to his famous little place known as "The Sign of The Rose" across from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel and next to the new Ritz-Carlton on fine old Broad Street in Philadelphia.

To simplify matters, Charles Henry has decided to have what he will call his "Preferred List," and people who feel that they will require flowers or the services of a Florist during the Winter Season are invited to send their names and addresses to Mr. Fox now.

Fox patrons, no matter how small the order may be, are always given courteous consideration and highly satisfactory service; but to belong to the Fox Family and receive little surprises in the way of ideas and inspirations for special occasions, in your mail, just about the time you are thinking about these things, will be a helpful pleasure and joy.

Trixie Friganza says: "Charles Henry Fox has added a lure to flowers. I have always loved them, but Fox has given them a new significance for me. He has proven how near flowers are to our own lives, and that it is a matter of duty to surround yourself with blossom-beauty all the time."

Charles Henry will send out suggestions from time to time during the Winter which will equal all of his past achievements in originality and beauty.

Fox can do more with a bird's nest, a spray of pussy-willow and a bunch of violets than most men can do with the rarest blooms that grow. And he uses the rare exotics, too, judiciously and well. Fox ideas are always good taste, good art and good sense.

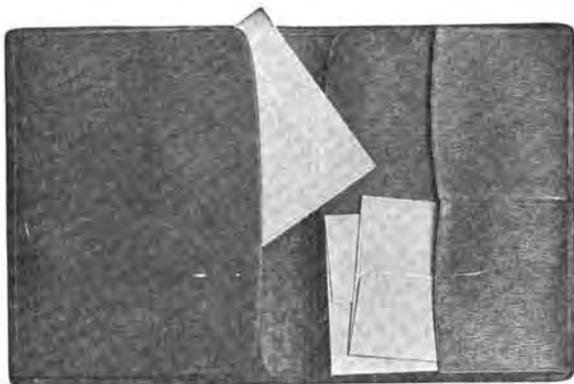
SEND YOUR NAME IN TODAY WITH A REQUEST TO BE PUT ON THE "PREFERRED LIST."

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of The Rose

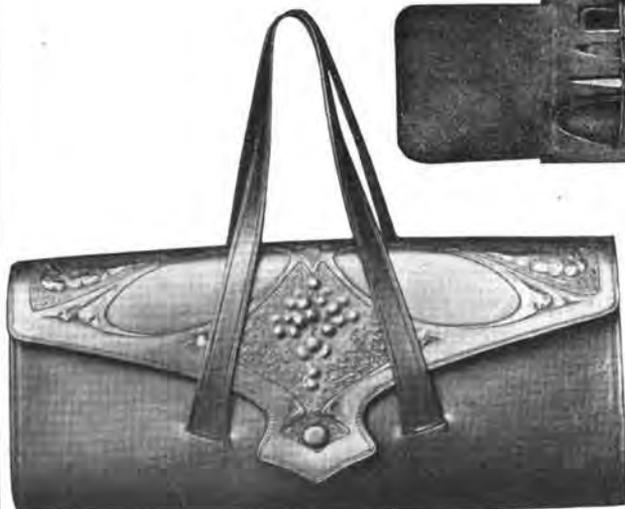
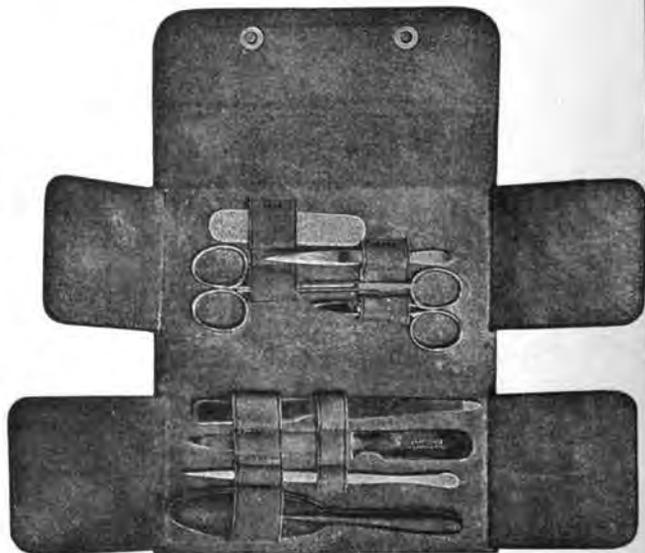
BROAD STREET, BELOW WALNUT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Take These to College This Fall



A sizable portfolio, easy to carry in your suitcase. Good to look at on your study-table. Ready any time for a hike to the woods or a trip to Europe. Closed, 7 1-2 x 9 3-4 inches. Price, \$7.50.

Manicure-Case, fitted with the best German cutlery (J. A. Henckels') known as "Twin-Works." Closed this case is 3 1-2 x 6 inches. Price, \$12.00.



A music-satchel, for service, durability and beauty, will please the girl who is going to the Conservatory this Fall. This satchel will carry sheets of music without spoiling them. Price, \$7.50.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

TO ADMEN EVERYWHERE



EAST AURORA, NEW YORK
SAINT GUTENBERG'S DAY
CLOSING TIME

Dear Partners in Well-Doing:

MR. HUBBARD requests me to say to you that he will be delighted to greet you whenever you show up at Sun-up ☛

☛ When you come to Roycroft, make yourself known, and we will tell you some of the things we do not know about advertising.

☛ We will also be glad to display for you some de-luxe printing and binding. ☛ *The Fra* and *The Philistine* are your magazines. You are making them a success with our help, and we want to talk the thing over when you come this way.

☛ There will be times when we will pass the medicine-ball and forget it.

☛ We are waiting at the Chapel. Good wishes ever,

JAMES WALLEN

Secretary to Elbert Hubbard



**STREISSGUTH-DETRAN
ENGRAVING CO.**



S-P



MAKERS OF

**QUALITY CUTS
MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

The Roycroft School of Life for Boys



BEGINNING September Ten, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, we will be ready to receive boys from twelve to twenty years of age. One-half the day will be spent at books; the other half will be sacred for work on the farm and in the Shops. The endeavor will be to live the natural life, and to do that which allows body and mind to evolve naturally, easily, beautifully and well. ¶ We will work for sanity, truth, efficiency; for all that is kind, helpful, beautiful, effective. Politeness and a consideration for the rights of others will come along as a natural evolution. ¶ To live a useful life will be the one central theme and purpose. ¶ By playing off one set of faculties against another, and following no one course of study until it becomes irksome, evolution will do its perfect work. ¶ If this world is ever to stop the production of invalids, criminals and parasites, the change can be brought about only through forming right habits in the young. ¶ There will be discipline in The Roycroft School, but Mr. Riordon knows how to keep his discipline out of sight. No repression of expression in body or mind. No foundering with food, nor starvation through fads. Just a plain, wholesome way of living, doing, learning, teaching, helping, laughing, growing—becoming. ¶ Every moment of any child's life spent at The Roycroft School will be guided by wise counselors, anxious only to create a spirit of brotherhood, and aiming to found, in these United States, at least one community of child and adult life where clean, hopeful, helpful, happy lives are lived. And neither man, woman nor child can live a moral life without industry. When such industry is for the direct gain of one's self, then the morality of such a one is limited. Industry that helps others, the unselfish industry placed above material gain, assures one of a righteous success. ¶ All studies pertinent to the usual curriculum of the best public Graded and High Schools will be taught. However, the Course will be made to fit the pupil, not the pupil the Course. German, French and Spanish will be taught to those who want them. ¶ Especial emphasis will be laid on Nature-Study, Music, Art, Public Speaking, Science and Literature. ¶ Practical application will be made—in so far as possible—of all subjects taught. ¶ A practical business course will be given, the facilities of the real business of The Roycrofters offering unusual opportunity. In the Roycroft office, in the Advertising Department, in the Mailing and Shipping branches, the boys will become familiar with how a real business is managed. ¶ Drawing and designing will receive special attention. ¶ In the Bookbindery, in the Printshop, in the Composing-Room, in the Studio, in the Copper Shop, at the Forge, in the Modeled-Leather Department, with the Carpenters, in the Power-House—where is there another place so prepared to teach boys to labor with results? ¶ And the Farm—several hundred acres already populated with Cattle, Sheep, Horses, Cows, Geese, Chickens, Pigs, and guided by wise farmers who know their soil and their animal friends. This is to be the boys' Farm, as the Shops will be their Shops. ¶ Then there will be the lectures, musicals and recitals; the Library, Art-Gallery, Chapel; and various associations. Mind—Body—Soul; Head, Hand and Heart; thus will we round out character at The Roycroft School of Life. ¶ We make athletes—useful athletes of all of our boys. ¶ The location of The Roycroft School is at East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York, eighteen miles from Buffalo, from which place trains leave Central Depot every little while. ¶ Write for a Catalog.

RAYMOND RIORDON
Superintendent

ELBERT HUBBARD
President

ALICE HUBBARD
Principal



SUCCESS is the result of developed PERSONALITY.

PERSONALITY! The very name suggests industry, vim, vigor, brains, big things and—Success.

PERSONALITY is a "live wire" magazine of Optimism, Good-Cheer and Inspiration. It is filled with ideas that will increase your efficiency and help you to climb higher. It throbs with the spirit of enterprise. It inspires without "preaching."

"Fletcherize" its philosophy and you will begin to find life a very joyous thing; you will accomplish more, earn more and be worth more to yourself and to others.

PERSONALITY is an antidote for the blues, a sure cure for grouch, and a tonic for human weather-vanes. If you're an optimist, you will want it; if you're a pessimist, you certainly need it. PERSONALITY is for hustlers—the indolent ones don't enjoy it. It interests people who count in this world. It will please you—if you are that kind.

PERSONALITY appeals to busy men and women, because it helps them to live the "complete" life. It says: "What's the use of being a business machine, and of trying to do all the work? There'll be plenty of work after you're gone. Obey that impulse to really LIVE."

With "Work, Study, Play, Love, Laugh and Live" as the theme, the Editor of PERSONALITY writes really helpful articles.

Every issue will contain one idea at least that

you need. You may have had this idea yourself, but mislaid it somewhere. The subscription-price of PERSONALITY is only fifty cents a year. You surely don't want to miss this chance to invest fifty cents where it will yield such big returns in soul tissue and mental fiber.

Fill out the coupon, enclose a half-dollar (or stamps) and mail now.

As you fill out the coupon, jealousy, envy and worry will pass out of your system. When you mail it, you will at once have a feeling of rest and contentment, knowing that you have done a wise thing.

The fifty cents you forward will not be regarded as a remittance, but as a deposit. You will receive a copy of PERSONALITY. If you don't see fifty cents' worth in almost every page, just write a postal and Fischer will return your money cheerfully and cancel your subscription. There are no restrictions, no strings on this offer. It is open to FRA readers because they appreciate such gems as PERSONALITY, even though a yearly subscription to it costs the enormous sum of fifty cents in cash, payable all at one time.

Address all compliments as well as all currency to Arthur Fischer, 1503 Broadway, Quincy, Ill.

DEAR PLAYMATE—Since the price of living went up I have quit eating and do not need this half-dollar, so I enclose it herewith to pay for a year's subscription to your magazine.

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FICTION
HUMOR
POETRY
SCIENCE
TRAVEL
MUSIC

There are many delightful things in Lippincott's Magazine, a complete novelette in every issue—no serials—short stories, clever poems and sketches. But look particularly at "Walnuts and Wine," a department of witty after-dinner stories and sparkling verse.

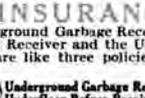
\$2.50 a year—Single copy 25 cents.
Send 25 cents for three months' Trial Subscription

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

HEALTH INSURANCE

The Stephenson Underground Garbage Receiver, the Underfloor Refuse Receiver and the Underground Earth Closet are like three policies for Health Insurance.





Opens with the foot

The Underground Garbage Receiver is a heavy galvanized bucket with bail. The finest germ can not get into it. A pressure of the foot opens the receiver. The Stephenson Underfloor Refuse Receiver is a scientific, cleanly, easy way of disposing of ashes, cellar and yard refuse, also garage oily waste and sweepings. It is fireproof and flush with garage-floor. The Stephenson Underground Earth Closet is the best device for preventing pollution of water supply and dissemination of poison by flies and vermin. You owe it to yourself to investigate these three methods of insuring health & general welfare. Send for circulars. Sold direct.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr.
31 Farrar Street Lynn, Mass.

A Camp Necessity



Easy to sweep into



SHORTY McCABE says, "T aint always the biggest Rooster that has the most sand in his crop." *The Philistine* is n't as large as Collier's, but—

NO man, if he tell the truth, can deny that just so long as Elbert Hubbard is with us in the flesh, the advertising pages of *The Philistine* and *The Fra* will be cut just as eagerly and as thoroughly as the pages of the most thrilling best seller. L. G. MONROE, General Secretary Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, California

Hubbard the Homo, Plus

By Harold Bolce

In "The Cosmopolitan Magazine," March, Nineteen Hundred Eleven.



LBERT HUBBARD, unlike Ponce de Leon, has found the Fountain of Youth. He realized long ago that he was an heir of the ages, and he has foreclosed. He is rich, happy, healthy and wise. As I told him last Summer in East Aurora, he is, in the language of a contemporary, "a hog for happiness."

He has struck pay-dirt on Parnassus. And thus a dreamer, a poet with five hundred people on his payroll, recalls the days and business genius of Voltaire. In addition to two hotels uniquely conducted, and a group of factory buildings, artistic, ivy-covered, arranged like college buildings around a campus, he has a great farm with increasing herds of cattle and swine. He has his own electric-light plant and water-works. He owns a long stretch of wooded wilderness, and in far ravines has a cabin bungalow or two where frequently he retires to write. But most of his work is done in a superbly equipped office within sight of gigantic presses constantly at work.

Hubbard has half a dozen automobiles. He never stops to take a local train to Buffalo, twenty miles away. In addition to factories and fields, the Fra has at least a quarter of a million followers. His enemies say that his leading industry is to work his disciples. This is a libel, even if his left hand is not always aware of the industry of the right.

A Builder—Not an Iconoclast

KNOWN as an iconoclast, Hubbard is a builder. Instead of living in Philistia, he dwells in an Eden where he eats all the fruit he wants and laughs back at Adam. Hubbard is a Philistine without a grouch, except that he has some disciples difficult to endure. But when they become a burden he saddles a horse, gallops afield, and is gone.

Hubbard is fifty-four years old, but has the sap and spirit of twenty-four. Some people think that at one time he had too much urge in his cosmos. He is a human embodiment of the brook of Tennyson.

Recently the Fra went into vaudeville and in

explanation says that he is able, from the stage, to preach to the kind of people he prefers; which provoked the irreverent comment that Hubbard did not have to apologize for going into vaudeville, as he has never been in anything else. Wherever he is, Hubbard always takes the center of the stage.

Roosevelt has been charged with pre-empting the decalogue. Hubbard has filed a caveat on the whole cosmos and has capitalized his conception of God. But Hubbard does not show his teeth, except in smiles. At The Roycroft Inn they have added an eleventh commandment to the ten. It reads, "Don't take yourself too dam seriously."

Some of his followers are as solemn as the dying, and are convinced that Hubbard is one of them. But when he gets the chance, he laughs behind his hand, like the soothsayers of Rome.

Yet there is no caste in The Roycroft Inn. One night, after an address by a United States Senator, we adjourned to a village restaurant, and included in the party was a bright girl who waited at the table at The Roycroft Inn.

The Gospel of Work

FAMOUS extremist with a new economic gospel hailed Hubbard as comrade. The Fra—in reality a rich landed proprietor, manufacturer, and publisher—led his friend to the great cow-sheds and stables, agreed with him that labor makes the whole world kin, and handed him a manure-fork. Then the Fra recollected an appointment—he has a great memory—and the economist strained all day long at the reeking task. Thus simply the stables were rid of accumulations and the Fra of a dreamer.

Hubbard is not a crank. "Whom do you represent?" was asked of Harriman when that great financier was beginning his remarkable career. "I represent myself," was the reply. Similarly Hubbard does. He does not even constitute a part of the movements his writings have helped to provoke.

A New Thought convention was in session at his Inn, the delegates paying full rates—and getting their money's worth. A reporter sought an interview with the Fra.

"What is New Thought, anyway?" asked the journalist.

"Blamed if I know," said the busy man and passed into the building where are housed a hundred or more typewriter girls, a printing

establishment, giant presses, modern offices, and a bank.

The Many-Sided Man

HR. HUBBARD is sane—as sane as a cash-register. In many ways he is perhaps the most roundly gifted genius since Benjamin Franklin, whom he much resembles in humor, in industry, in versatility, in looks, in wisdom, in sunny cheer, and in length of hair. It can not be said in defense of the Prince of Philistia, as Franklin said in support of a plagiarizing clergyman, that it was better to use good things belonging to some one else than to inflict upon the people poor compositions of his own. Stevenson said that God forgives everything except stupidity. Hubbard is never commonplace. He is a trick rider on Pegasus and is always galloping. He is a Raisuli or a Robin Hood ranging the woods of Helicon. ¶ Hubbard, like Homer, takes what he thinks he may require, and he needs a lot!

No one can quarrel with the Fra. In his presence you have the consciousness of abiding calm; but it is the calm of a volcanic mountain with the date of eruption to come indefinite.

It is Hubbard's humor that saves him eternally. He got out a book with nothing in it, which, in itself, is not a feat; but all the pages in this volume, which he called "Silence," were blank, and he sold it and advertised it fearlessly with the satiric comment of some critic that it was the best thing that Hubbard had produced!

An Advertising Sage

THE Fra, contrary to popular appraisal, is not a Bohemian. He is the very antipodes of the vagabond troubadour. True, he wears long hair; and paintings, flowers in costly vases, and epigrams that make you stop to smile, or think, or both, illumine his establishments. Jim Hill also wears long hair and lives among the masters; but the Empire-Builder arrives on schedule time.

So does the Fra. Cut off his halo, as he calls it, and other things that advertise, and the residuum would be a methodical man of business—a strong man dealing in dynamos and engines, presses and payrolls, turning out books and furniture by the ton. He does not loiter in the peristyle of the Inn dreaming about great things—he does them.

Hubbard is a great advertiser. He says that so was Moses, so was Plutarch, and so was the poet who placed Horatius at the bridge.

"Plutarch," he says, "wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to buy gasoline for Plutarch's buzz-wagon."

The Fra's Idea of Art

THE Fra is, in all truth, a seer who believes that all human services are divine; and in The Roycroft Religion, the collection is the supreme sacrament! The first letter in "Sincerely yours," they say, is spelled with a dollar-sign ✽ ✽

He teaches that art is the expression of joy in labor, and the contagion of that spirit animates the workers in his establishments—establishments that are themselves creations of beauty. Into his writings and material works there is breathed the best of his intellect and soul, and he then hitches his prices to the stars. He produces books which actually sell for no less than five hundred dollars apiece ✽ If P. T. Barnum returned and went to East Aurora, he would, in comparison, in the language of Mr. Dooley, look like an old-clothes man.

The great thing about it all is that every one is satisfied. Thousands upon thousands of admiring pilgrims in the course of the year find their way to the shrine of The Roycroft, pay their vows and their bills, and go their way rejoicing, telling every one all that the home of the Fra and the free has done for them.

A Reincarnation of Leonardo

THE Fra is lovable. He is as human as Bobbie Burns and as humorous as Ingersoll. The only mortgage on his home is one held by Happiness. He proclaims that "polygamy is an attempt to get out of life more than there is in it."

He has done things which the world at large has not understood, but love, radiant and lasting, has illumined his way. A Western wit has said that the Giant Sequoias are so tall that you have to look twice to see the top. No man can appraise Hubbard at a glance. His many-sidedness would fill volumes, and it has; to which, some day, some one may add a concordance. He is a semi-comic reincarnation of Leonardo, teaching anew that "all good things may be had at the price of labor."

Hubbard is a Moses, turned real-estate promoter, and booming lots in the promised land. He is a vaudeville performer with a message—a jester pointing the way to the Infinite!

VERY SPECIAL

FIRST—*The Philistine Magazine* for One Year as issued.

SECOND—Twelve Assorted *Little Journeys* booklets, each the complete life of some great man who has made the world better.

CHECK YOUR CHOICE: AN EVEN DOZEN OF THESE

LITTLE JOURNEYS

By *Elbert Hubbard*, given gratis, in Booklet Form—Frontispiece Portrait of each Subject—with each Subscription to *The Philistine*—all for One Dollar.

Benjamin Franklin

Leonardo da Vinci

Robt. G. Ingersoll

Peter Cooper

Samuel T. Coleridge

Abraham Lincoln

Mayer A. Rothschild

H. H. Rogers

George Peabody

James J. Hill

Andrew Carnegie

Robert L. Stevenson

Philip D. Armour

Thomas Carlyle

John Jacob Astor

Stephen Girard

Daniel Webster

Thomas Jefferson

THIRD—An Autographed Etching of Fra Elbertus on Japan Vellum, by Gaspard, suitable for framing.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.:

Enclosed find One Dollar, and I request you to send me *The Philistine Magazine* for one year, and the twelve *Little Journeys* checked, also the Etching of Fra Elbertus, by Gaspard, at once, as your Special Offer.

DATE

THIS OFFER EXPIRES on date shown, as we have only a few of these *Little Journeys* to give away. 

Extra Postage: To Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents.

August 28

1911

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



THE NON-COMPETITIVE BED

PEOPLÉ who have looked over the Bernstein Bed most thoroughly are Bernstein competitors, and they have not been able to improve on it.

¶ The Bernstein Bed combines economy, comfort, convenience, sanitation, beauty and utility.

¶ It is made in three parts only—head, foot and springs. A Bug Real-Estate Promoter would do no business in a Bernstein Bed, because it has no cracks or crevices to lure customers.

¶ If there is a better bed than the Bernstein, it has n't been offered for sale as yet. You ought to know as much about the bed you sleep in as the house you live in. Bunk in a Bernstein and you won't feel bink the next day.

¶ Information "all about the Bernstein Bed" will be gladly sent you on request. Request today.

BERNSTEIN MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

The Literary Specialty

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

IN the early days, the man who wrote the thing, also set it up and printed it, sometimes he bound it. Learning, taste and painstaking mechanical skill worked harmoniously together because the author had all the time there was.

Literature, like commerce, has changed. We do things quickly, and to do things in quickstep and still do them well, one must be expert. To be expert you must specialize.

In the Publishing World today we have three distinct figures: the author, the literary broker and the publisher.

The broker, or literary agent, is a middleman who studies the requirements of the publishers and the possibilities of the author. He saves both time and worry.

The Literary Bureau of Philadelphia is the foremost organization in America doing this work. The Literary Bureau will help the budding author come into his own by sane business methods.

If you have something to offer in the way of an essay, a poem, a story, a novel or an article, submit it to The Literary Bureau for analysis and consideration. If it is salable, The Literary Bureau will dispose of it at the highest market price. Consult them now.

THE LITERARY BUREAU, Inc.
Suite 809 Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Keeping Beautiful



SIR Algernon West, in describing Lady Grey, said, "I see her now with a beauty undimmed by age, her lovely Irish eyes beaming after she had passed the allotted time of life, surrounded by all that should accompany old age—honor, love, obedience and troops of friends."

Every woman should retain her beauty. To have a beautiful old age, you must have a beautiful youth. To keep your beauty, you must take care of it. A beautiful complexion is an essential.

We often hear just as Sir Algernon West has written of the beauties of old age, but the only old age that is beautiful is the one the woman has been preparing for by living a beautiful life. Every one of us is right now preparing for old age. The secret is: Keep sweet, physically and mentally.

The use of Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream following the directions of the eminent chemists who make this Cream, will help any woman retain a good complexion. It is made by chemists who have the interest of their patrons at heart. Only the best and purest of products are used in Daggett and Ramsdell's laboratory. Their Perfect Cold Cream is fresh, sweet and clean to the bottom of the jar.

Ask your dealer for it. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50; Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c. Write for free tube. With a sample tube you will receive an interesting book, "Beware of the Finger of Time," which contains valuable suggestions on the care of the skin.



DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL

DEPT. E, D. & R. Bldg., NEW YORK



CUT SHOWING BARREL DRAWN A PART EXPOSING PRESSURE BAR, READY FOR REFILLING

LAUGHLIN

SAFETY SELF FILLER FOUNTAIN PEN

☐ Guaranteed absolutely non-leakable—pen and feed kept moist and primed, insuring a free uniform flow of ink, instantly upon contact with writing sheet.

☐ May be carried in any position in pocket or bag without possibility of leaking or sweating.

☐ Every pen guaranteed satisfactory to the user or money refunded. Size illustrated in this advertisement, \$2.00 by mail prepaid to any address, plain black chased or mottled as desired.

☐ SEND US THE NAME OF YOUR DEALER, that you asked to show you a Laughlin Non-Leakable Self Filling Fountain Pen, and we will send you FREE OF CHARGE one of our new Safety pocket Fountain pen holders.

☐ It is not required that you purchase a pen to get this Safety holder: we simply want the names of dealers who do not handle this pen, that we may mail them our catalogue.

☐ We will appreciate this favor very highly.

☐ It is not necessary to write us a letter: simply pin a \$2.00 bill to a slip of paper containing your name and address and we will mail the pen by return mail.

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO., 753 GRISWOLD ST.
DETROIT, MICH.

re-create the past for us from the very smallest fragment of language or art, just as surely as can the man of science from some tiny bone, or the mere impress of a foot upon a rock, re-create for us the winged dragon or the Titan lizard that once made the earth shake beneath its tread, can call Behemoth out of his cave, and make Leviathan swim oncemore across the startled sea. Prehistoric history belongs to the philological and archeological critic. It is to him that the origins of things are revealed. The self-conscious deposits of an age are nearly always misleading. It is Criticism that makes us cosmopolitan. It is only by the cultivation of the habit of intel-

It is Criticism, as Arnold points out, that creates the intellectual atmosphere of the age. It is Criticism that makes the mind a fine instrument. It is Criticism, again, that, by concentration, makes culture possible. It takes the cumbersome mass of creative work, and distils into it a finer essence. The thread that is to guide us across the wearisome labyrinth is in the hands of Criticism. Nay more, where there is no record, and history is either lost or was never written, Criticism can

lectual criticism that we shall be able to rise superior to race prejudices. Criticism will annihilate race prejudices, by insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. It is Criticism that, recognizing no position as final, and refusing to bind itself by the shallow shibboleths of any sect or school, creates that serene philosophic temper which loves truth for its own sake, and loves it not the less because it knows it to be unattainable.—Oscar Wilde.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that music has the most remarkable effect, not only on our minds, but on our bodies. Physiologists tell us that different kinds of mental activity are carried on in different parts of the brain, and that, in order to recover from fatigue, we need not rest altogether, but merely take up some other kind of work. Hundreds of times I have found that, however much I may be fatigued by a day's brainwork, I can play all the evening, or attend a concert or opera, without in the least adding to my fatigue. On the contrary, in most cases it disappears altogether, the music acting on the mind as a surf-bath does on the body. Like

many others I have found that the best way to cure a headache is to attend an orchestral concert. It works like a charm. It stirs the circulation in the brain as a brisk walk does in the body.—*Henry T. Finck.*

BESIDES theology, music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity. The proof of this is that the Devil, the originator of sorrowful anxieties

and restless troubles, flees before the sound of music almost as much as he does before the Word of God. This is why the prophets preferred music before all the other arts, proclaiming the Word in psalms and hymns. My heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced and refreshed by music when sick and weary.—*Martin Luther.*

Nothing so awakens interest in music as helping to make it.—*Theodore Thomas.*

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An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



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I do not know that James S. Coward has any ambitions outside of making good Shoes. I do know that he has a fondness for Roses, and perhaps he imagines that if he did not have to make Shoes for people who need shoe aid, he would be the greatest florist in the world.

One thing I do know: that James S. Coward has no ambition to be a capitalist employing workmen to grind out poorly made "factory" shoes. I know that the chief desire of his heart and brain is to be a practical shoemaker and an expert in foot anatomy (which, by the way, he is).

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upon Elbertus in vigorous but unparliamentary language. A day or two ago one of my friends engaged in the socialistic propaganda in Texas called at my door to chat, and relieved himself of sundry savage comments upon *The Fra* ❄ ❄

Norman Hapgood, the presiding editorial genius of "Collier's Weekly," whom we in Texas greatly admire, indulges now and again in cutting allusions to our friend Brisbane, of the New York "Journal."

Now, it so happens that I—Homo Americanus—the average citizen, buying the periodicals in order to read what all of you have written, am the man for whom you all work, to whom you are all

OME time ago, was admitted into *The Fra Magazine* one H. R. Hotchkin, with a violent, abusive, blindly malevolent attack upon my friend Horace Traubel, the editor of the "Conservator," and the author of "Chants Communal."

In another number of *The Fra*, Elbertus himself indulged himself in a splenetic criticism of my friend Eugene Debs.

In a late number of the "Appeal to Reason," some one quotes Debs as having retorted

accountable. ¶ And even as a father curbs the disorders of his unruly children, so must I now admonish you, my flock of gifted but terrible infants. In the first place, Remember that you are all, each in his own way, doing the work of civilization; that all march toward a common goal; and that in the vast work of leading ninety million average Americans toward that goal, you violate commonsense and imperil your leadership when you pause to hurl rocks at each other. ¶ Our friend who flung his

childish mud-balls at Traubel in *The Fra* comes newly, in that instance, within our range of vision. We do not know him. The obvious fact that he has brains enough to read and appreciate, in part at least, *The Fra*, is warrant for our belief that he is at least partially civilized. Yet how pitifully he exposes his intellectual limitations when he undertakes to pass judgment upon Traubel! Had he no true friend to warn him against exhibiting his want of imagination, of spiritual insight, of human sympathy? An old caveman assailing with his rude weapons the serene philosopher, the prophet-priest of human brotherhood! A sorry spectacle. To

that erring child I recommend that he do not despair of understanding "Chants Communal." Let him stick stoutly to the unusual task, and he shall, I trust, be rewarded finally by such an increase of mental muscle as will enable him to glimpse the solemn grandeur of "Chants Communal." On second thought (yielding as ever to the kindly spirit which is my guide), I shall forbear to administer punishment, and instead shall introduce you to each other. Perhaps

you have never met. That would explain your want of comprehension each of the other's merits. Alphabetically, then, lest new jealous cause of wrath appear: Brisbane inherits, and acquires. He rides and guides with skilful hand the buck-jumping bronco in American journalism. He conciliates, compromises, crushes, by turns, driving always toward his vision of social justice. Like Hannibal, he lives in and on

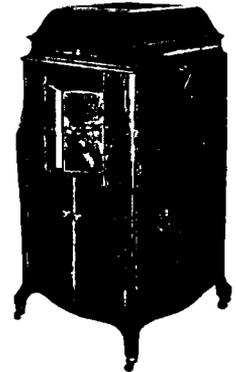
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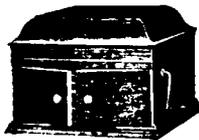
After that we devoted our energies to securing this unequaled tone in less expensive models. From time to time more popular-priced instruments were added until today the Victor-Victrola is within the reach of all and everybody can enjoy the exquisite music from this greatest of all musical instruments.

Hear the Victor-Victrola at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

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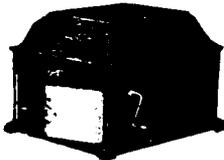
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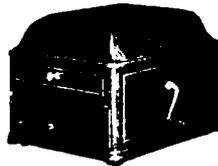
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SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

of his intent shines through every word he sets upon a printed page. The big, kindly, sympathetic heart of the man can not be hidden by the art that embellishes his limpid sentences. He is no pathfinder. He marches with the main column ♣ But he knows the road, all right, all right. His mission is to civilize the rich. More power to him!

Hubbard is the Twentieth Century Voltaire. He marches with his own generation, yet hath shrewd forevision of that which is to come. He lays up treasures on earth for Hubbard, and urges others to do likewise ♣ He dwells in pleasant places. He serveth the wriggling mass of mankind, but

the enemy's country. ¶ Debs is the apostle of a new social order. His gifts are placed upon the altar of humanity. He lays up treasures not for himself in this world, but for all in the enlightened future of mankind upon this rolling globe. He is a white knight leading the new crusaders of the Twentieth Century. "He liveth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

Hapgood's range is limited, but within that range he is an iridescent wonder. The purity

trusteth it not. His faith is in the enlightened self-interest of the self-appointed foremen of the race. He is the scourge of shams, and the whimsical creator of countless hoaxes. Against the menacing hosts of organized religion—tax-dodging, power-seeking, liberty-destroying despots since of old—he maintains a constant front of hostile warfare. He surrounds himself with objects of beauty. His far-flung phrases fall upon the waiting eager ears of millions. ¶ Traubel is the calm at the

dead center of a social cyclone. He is our supreme symbolist. He, like Debs, is a crusader, but, unlike Debs, he knows not the common speech of Homo Americanus. A widely-scattered few throughout the world have recognized his greatness. The hour of his apotheosis is in far distant time. The granite from which shall be hewn his ultimate monument will rest many long decades within the mountainside.

Warren of the "Appeal" is great in his single-mindedness and his simplicity. I think he is the forerunner of a new generation of journalists unbound. War is hell, and the "Appeal" is incarnate war. But war is the necessary precedent to peace with honor. The "Appeal" is waging violent war for all Americans—those who violently hate it, as well as those who love it. In the vernacular, Warren is "the loveliest scrapper of us all." I have seen him whip ten times his weight in federal judges, the kept wildcats of our empurpled corporate despots. He is a propagandist, true, but his propaganda is as broad as all humanity. ¶ Let us have peace, then, while I renew my reading of my friend, Mike Lane's tremen-



Are You Just Drifting Along?

HAVE you just "got a job" at "wages" with nothing big ahead? And do you think your present work is sufficient to develop you for a place higher up?

Some men think the mere activity of their daily work is all the *training* they need, but *big* men and *high* salaried positions are made of sterner stuff.

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Whatever your present work, you *need* outside help if you are looking forward to the \$5,000—\$10,000 propositions which are growing in number with the years.

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dous, coldly-analytical, complete new conception of the human cosmos, entitled, "The Level of Social Motion." I recommend that book to the reformers, one and all. The reading of it will renew their faith, and healthily abate their ferocious egoism. Because Lane makes plain—but you 'd best get that revelation by degrees, reading the book yourself.

—Frank Putnam.

Blessed are the joymakers.—Willis.



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advance proceeds. Its culmination is not in existing types. If humanity descends from apes, from humanity gods may emerge. The story of Olympus is but a tale of what might have been and what may yet come to pass. Even now, if the story were true, and the old gods could return, it is permissible to assume that they would evaporate to ghostland eclipsed. The inextinguishable mirth which was theirs is absent from the prose of life. Commerce has alarmed their afflatus away. But the telegraph is a better messenger than they had, the motor is surer than their chariots of dream. In contemporary homes they could have better fare than

SINCE ago the sphinx was disinterred from beneath the masses of sand under which it had brooded interminably. In its simian paws, its avian wings, in its body which is that of an animal, in its face which is that of a sage, before Darwin, before history, in traits great and grave, the descent of man was told.

There remains his ascent. Future monuments may tell it. Meanwhile evolution has not halted. Undiscernibly but indefatigably its

ambrosia, and behold faces beside which some of their own might seem less divine. The prodigies of electricity might appear to them more potent than the thunderbolts of Zeus, and at the sight of modern engines, possibly they would recall the Titans with whom once they warred and sink back to their sacred seas outfaced.

In the same manner that we have exceeded them it is also permissible to assume that posterity will exceed what we have done.

From its parturitions gods may really come, beings, that is, who, could contemporaneous man remain to behold them, would regard him as he regards the ape. That advance if effected will be achieved by love. In its history, already long, yet relatively brief, it has changed the face of the earth. It has transformed laws and religions. It has reversed and reconstructed all institutions human and divine. As yet its evolution is incomplete. But when the final term is reached, then the words of the Apocalypse shall be realized, for all things will have been made anew.

—Edgar Saltus.

THE way of stating what is going

on all about us today is to say that communities—cities and counties, States and nations—are becoming conscious. Like man himself, human society is rising out of the instructive into an intelligent state of being. A common sense is developing the relations of individuals and institutions to one another and to the whole. This means mind—a public mind distinct from the minds of any or even of all the individuals in the community. And this public mind, conscious of a common



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The Greek and Roman athletes trained on simple, wholesome foods, made largely from the field grains—*producing* and *maintaining* the old-world ideals of vigorous manhood.

These grains grow today as they did then.

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FOOD

—made of Wheat and Barley—contains the body- and brain-building elements stored in the grains by Nature, and is scientifically prepared for easy digestion.

One cannot find better food than Grape-Nuts!

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purpose, is co-ordinating all the resources, efforts and powers of States and their people to the service of the welfare of all.

—Lincoln Steffens.

WHEN I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled.—Darwin.

ARE YOU GOING?
WHICH ROUTE WILL YOU GO?

Great Salvation Route
FROM

Earth to Heaven

Scenery Unsurpassed
via

Mt. Calvary, The River of Life,
Paradise Garden, Mountains of
Hope, Tablelands of Great Joy,
The Plains of Infinite Peace,
Passing the Valley of

THE SHADOW OF DEATH
BY DAYLIGHT

Reaching the Grand Central De-
pot of the Universe of the City
of God, Without Change of Cars

DEPOT: Corner Repentance
and Faith Avenues.
All Cars First-Class.

FARE: THE BLOOD OF
CHRIST.
No Reduced Rates.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be
saved."—Acts xvi: 31.

Damnation Route
THE

Quick Route to Hell

Scenery Fearful
through

Dismal Swamp, Murderers' Gap,
Hangman's Gorge, with Specials
from East Aurora and Ingersoll
Park, Dime Novel Ave., Theater
and Ballroom St., Rumsellers'
and Drunkards' Hall, Blaspheme-
rs' Hall and Gamblers' Cafe.

Lightning train from Suicide
Ave. Extra train on Sunday.
All trains reaching the Valley
of the Shadow of Death at
MIDNIGHT.

DEPOT: Head of Broadway St.
of Unbelief.

FARE: THY SOUL.

Trains stop at Worldly Depot, where
Proud, Formal Church Members Take
Sleepers for Hell.

"He that believeth not shall be damned."
—Mark xvi: 16.

A WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT THE
IMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH

GEORGE L. HALE, PASTOR

CORNER NINTH AND PHILLIPS STREETS. : : : : OKLAHOMA CITY

¶ The above is a reproduction of a bill used to advertise a revival meeting. It is not the work of colored people. The church is a popular one, and its pastor claims that it represents the best intellect in Oklahoma City. And Oklahoma, being a new country and prosperous, largely peopled from the older States, is beyond the average in intelligence.

¶ This is the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven!!

¶ And yet there are people who say the Dark Ages are past.

Overland

30 Horse-Power Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car—\$900

A MONTH ago we made the first announcement of this car. Our prediction came true. The entire industry sat up and had a good look. The day of that announcement dealers wired from almost every section of the country. They came to the factory in droves. Agents that last season bought 100 cars, this year contracted for 150 and 200. The dealers from the metropolitan centers advanced their orders in proportion. Others that formerly contracted for 1000 cars signed up for 1500 for 1912. In one week we signed up nearly 8000 cars. One of our dealers alone takes more cars than most manufacturers turn out in a year. For the coming season eighteen hundred dealers throughout America will handle the Overland line.

This car is now ready for demonstration. If the Overland dealer in your town has not received one he will in a few days. Wait and see it. To fully understand the exceptional value of this car you have but to compare it with what the entire market has to offer for 1912. Study the specifications below carefully. In what other car will you find such value at such a price? What machine under \$1250 can you line up against this, and item for item see so much for so little money? When you stop to consider the fine, thorough construction—the heavy drop forgings—the pressed steel frame—the selective transmission fitted with F. & S. annular bearings (which the most expensive cars in the world use)—the 30 horsepower motor, the big wheel base, the fore-door body with door handles and all levers inside the car, you can better realize what an actual advanced manufacturing step this new

car is. It is doubtful if any one ever expected so much in an automobile for such a small price.

We urge upon anyone who feels at all doubtful about this statement to take the announcement of any other standard maker and see what he has to offer. Just make a few straight comparisons. Take any other car—compare the wheel base—the size of the motor—the body—the design—the finish—the seating capacity. See if you can purchase this car below \$1250. And go further than that—find out how the other cars are made and what they are made of. This will reveal some interesting facts about the economical manufacturing strength of the Overland organization.

Our 1912 catalogue is now off the press. It explains exactly why no other maker in the business can produce this car to sell at this price without losing money. Write for a copy today.

Specifications of Model 59

Wheel base, 106 inches; body, five-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4 x 4½; horse-power, 30; transmission, selective, three speed and reverse. F. & S. annular ball bearings; ignition, Dual, Splitdorf magneto and batteries; front axle, drop forged I-section; rear axle, semi-floating;

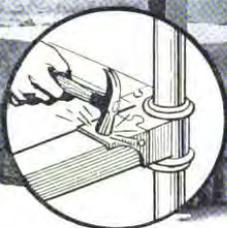
wheels, artillery wood, 12-1½ inch spokes, 12 bolts each wheel; tires, 32x3½ inches Quick Detachable; frame, pressed steel; finish, Overland blue; equipment, three oil lamps, two gas lamps and generator; tools, complete set; price, \$900.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

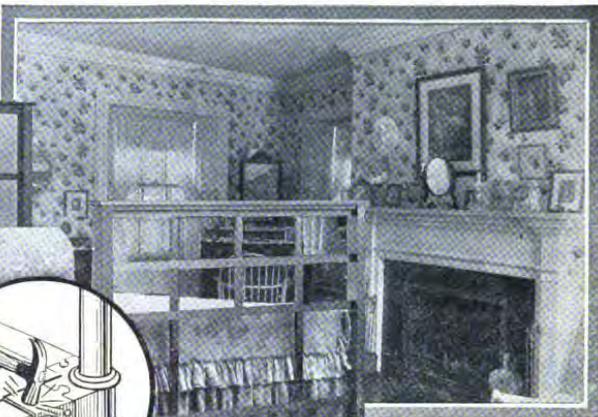


30 H. P., Five-Passenger
Touring Car, \$900

Buy the Bed Marked
BARCALO-BUFFALO



This is our Lynn
brass bed



Barcalo Beds are
UNBREAKABLE

The corners slide into place without pulling, pushing or pounding—and they hold firm without wobbling—the head and foot never sag. You don't need to hammer Barcalo corners, but if you did so you could not break them. Cast iron breaks, but Barcalo corners are made of malleable iron and can't break.

Every Barcalo Bed is Guaranteed for 35 Years

Barcalo Iron Beds and Cribs have three coats of very elastic and durable enamel, baked on. This enamel will not chip or peel off. The lacquer on our brass beds is applied in twelve different coats, while the brass is electrically heated, making the finish beautiful and remarkably durable.

Barcalo Imperial Springs and Barcalo Hair Mattresses are equal in excellence to Barcalo Beds.

Ask your Dealer for Barcalo Beds

If he has n't them write us. We will tell you

where to get them and send you our interesting descriptive booklet showing all styles of Barcalo Beds in brass, iron, or iron with brass trimmings.

BARCALO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 6 Louisiana Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



The La Salle Opera House, Chicago,
is the Opera Comique of America.



Ask Otto R. Henkel, Business Manager, what Harry Askin has up his managerial sleeve for the coming season ❁ ❁ ❁

HAVE been over to Hamilton, Ontario, looking over the new plow-plant of The Oliver Chilled Plow Works. It suits me. The ground was broken for this plant in May, Nineteen Hundred Ten, and in May, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, the first carload of plows was shipped. It is probably the finest equipped factory for the making of plows in the world. ¶ Usually a factory begins small, and as it grows there is a lot of discarded machinery as well as antique architecture about the

institution; but here is a big investment, with fifty years Plow Wisdom and Plow Craft behind it, all absolutely abreast of the times.

The concern knew exactly what it was going to make, a market for the goods was waiting, and the buildings were planned on a modern basis in every particular.

¶ The Oliver folks will ship from their Hamilton plant mostly to the great Northwest, and it is curious to see that there is no market up that way for the good old-fashioned walking-plow that turns a single furrow. They want gang-plows, some of which turn sixteen furrows and are drawn by traction-engines.

Surely the farmer is no longer a joke—with hogs at ten cents and wheat a dollar, a farmer is coming into his own. And the Olivers are right on the crest of the wave of prosperity, as they supply the farmer an indispensable implement. It is a great thing where businessmen can grow with their business. The tragedy is when the business gets bigger than the men who are supposed to manage it. Only a few months before his death, James

Oliver, that rare old Spartan, said to me, "I am thankful that I have a son who is going to make more plows and better plows than I have ever been able to produce."

And now Joseph D. Oliver can say the same, or better, for he has two sons, and I prophesy that the third generation is going to surpass the first and the second combined.

✧ **W**HAT very clever and versatile writer, Gerald Stanley Lee, has written a book entitled, "Inspired Millionaires." ✧ In the past, only prophets and poets were inspired, and these were usually beggars ✧ Now the "Honk, honk!" of the Inspired Millionaire is heard. He's coming!

Gerald Stanley Lee says the trouble is we have had only professional millionaires, when what we need is the amateur. And he's right. The big man is the amateur; while the per-fesh has megaloccephalia and elephantiasis ✧ Read the book; it will make you laugh and it will make you think. Mitchell Kennerley is the publisher.

✧

Some to the church repair, not for the doctrine but for the music there.—*Pope.*

Ingersoll-Trenton

\$5⁰⁰
to
\$19⁰⁰



7 and
15
Jewels

The Ingersoll-Trenton Watch is a new version of the old and well-worn proverb, "time is money." If the proverb means that you ought to keep careful count of your time because it is worth money, it also means that you should not spend an extravagant amount to keep track of the time.

The Ingersoll-Trenton Watch, which, in daily practice in thousands of watch pockets, is measuring time with a most gratifying and lasting accuracy, requires an investment of only from \$5.00 to \$19.00, according to case and number of jewels. It will give you the high-priced watch at a low watch price.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Ashland Building, New York

✧ **S**CIENCE seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.—*Huxley.*

The Voice That Cheers

Big Ben



AN Orpheum Circuit Matinee-Girl said ecstatically of Fra Elbertus, "His voice is as mellifluous as a Big Ben Alarm. It gets you—you sit up and listen."

Big Ben's voice cheers while he calls. Much experimentation and study produced that particular ring. Big Ben was thought into being. And his works are expertly made.

His face is as pleasing as his call. He stands seven inches high, slender, good-looking and strong. His keys are large, strong, easy to wind.

Everybody ought to get acquainted with Big Ben. He will help you live on time—and cash in time. The Western Clock Company of La Salle, Illinois, will tell you where you may see him.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

an initial expenditure as does the automobile. Yet the fact remains that the sale of automobiles continues unabated. The models of earlier years are not discarded and yet the newer models continue to be sold. Which seems to prove that automobiles are not pure luxury. The problem, therefore, seems to me not, "who can afford an automobile?" but, "who really needs the automobile?"

It may be said that the wealthy classes need passenger motor-cars for their pleasure and social intercourse. To the wealthy the automobile is not a luxury, but a social necessity. Yet this class is so comparatively limited that the

THE question, "who can afford an automobile?" should not be answered until the problem of automobile consumption has been thoroughly investigated. At the present time an average of two hundred thousand motor-cars are sold in the United States annually. Even in a country approximating ninety millions of people I do not believe the pro-rata distribution of wealth is so great that two hundred thousand people can each year afford a pure luxury calling for so great

automobile industry can not depend upon it for a steady year-to-year market. Were automobiles sold only to persons of great wealth the supply would soon exceed the demand. The staple motor-car market must be among those who find some use, in a practical sense, for motor cars. If the passenger automobile is purely a luxury then the industry will be short-lived. On the other hand, if the motor-car has practical or economic value, then the building of automobiles

will continue as long as the world lasts. The motor car is today so perfected that it stands ready for immediate use in practically all circumstances. It will go anywhere that a wagon can go. Its carrying capacity is such that it is convenient both for transportation of human beings and of inanimate things. It runs upon no schedule except the will of the operator. That the world needs the automobile in an economic sense is proved, I believe, in the statement of these few simple facts. As to who in the world needs the automobile, must remain a question of personal opinion.—*Hugh Chalmers.*

BELIEVE
emphatically in religion.

God made religion, and man made theology, just as God made the country and man the town. I have the largest sympathy for religion, and the largest contempt I am capable of for a misleading theology. Do not feed children on a maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them Nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light.

Do not terrify them in early life with the fear of an after-world. Never was a child made more noble and good by a fear of Hell. Let Nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant absorbs the sunshine and the dew.

—*Luther Burbank.*

NOTICE:—We notify the public generally that we are in no way associated with the Clement Talbot Ltd. of London, Great Britain, as we are dealing only with reliable manufacturers abroad—which enables us to give our customers a fair and square deal.

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WE SELL ONLY HIGH GRADE CARS

British DEASY

THE car which ran 15,000 miles, under observation of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, without a single involuntary stop. Prices ranging from \$2,575.00 to \$4,175.00.

French DELAGE

THE winner of the 1911 French Grand Prix (Light Car Race). Prices ranging from \$1,750.00 to \$2,900.00.

Belgian MINERVA

THE highest grade car on the International market, used by Kings. Fitted since the year 1908 with the world-famous patented Silent Knight engine. Prices complete with Torpedo Touring Body: 16/30 H. P., \$3,500.00; 26/47 H. P., \$4,550.00; 38/67 H. P., \$5,150.00.

British SINGER

THE car with the most efficient engine of its bore and stroke yet produced. Prices ranging from \$2,975.00 to \$4,550.00.

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Mottoes That You Can Illumine

Men are great only as they are kind.

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I:
Fame, Love and Fortune on my foot-
steps wait:

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden, once at every gate.

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of Fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death; but those who doubt or
hesitate,

Condemned to Failure, Penury and Woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

—JOHN J. INGALLS.

I believe that no one can harm us but our-
selves, that sin is misdirected energy, that
there is no devil but fear, and that the
Universe is planned for good. I believe
that work is a blessing, that Winter is as
necessary as Summer, that night is as use-
ful as day, that Death is a manifestation
of Life, and just as good. I believe in the
Now and Here. I believe in You, and I
believe in a power that is in ourselves that
makes for righteousness.

—FRA ELBERTUS.

Blessed is that man who has found his
work.

Every great institution is the lengthened
shadow of a single man.—EMERSON.

The Salutation of the Dawn

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;

For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

I love you because you love the things
that I love.

So long as we love, we serve. So long as
we are loved by others, I would almost say
we are indispensable; and no man is use-
less while he has a friend.

—STEVENSON, THE BELOVED.

Let what thou hearest in the house of thy
friend be as if it were not.

We need some one to believe in us—if we
do well, we want our work commended,
our faith corroborated. The individual
who thinks well of you, who keeps his
mind on your good qualities, and does not
look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my
brother? I'll tell you: he is one who recog-
nizes the good in me.—FRA ELBERTUS.

Any of these Roycroft mottoes printed on Italian handmade paper or Boxmoor. Size, 11½ x 15½ inches.
Illumined \$1.00; Unillumined, .25

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Three Individual Bindings

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

by Oscar Wilde

*"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky."*

MEN are tried by their deeds as by fire, and sometimes out of the ordeal comes the power to see deep into the truth of things.

Oscar Wilde knew that Society as we have constituted it would have no place for him, but he said: "Nature, whose gentle rains fall on unjust and just alike, will shelter me in sweet valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitterness make me whole."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol is the tragedy of truth. Its lesson is simple and plain: "by your sins do you punish yourself."

The special edition offered here is printed on Imperial Japan Vellum, in two colors. The initials are outlined in gold by hand. Binding, three-quarters levant. Price \$10.00.

The Deserted Village

by Oliver Goldsmith

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S exterior was unlovely—no Hyperion—no front of Jove. But in Oliver Goldsmith's heart was a love for all mankind so wide that he forgot himself. This was his limitation.

When we read *The Deserted Village* we understand his love of Sweet Auburn—loveliest village of the plain.

It was not strange that Goldsmith with his volatile Irish heart should still have hoped, "his long vexations past, here to return—and die at home at last." But he never saw Ireland after he left it in Seventeen Hundred Fifty-four.

On the plain little monument in Temple Church are only these words: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." ¶ But there is only one man who has written a great play, a great novel, and a great poem. That man is Oliver Goldsmith.

There are just two copies of The Roycroft Edition of *The Deserted Village*. This book was printed in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight. The price is \$10.00.

Respectability

by Elbert Hubbard

THIS little volume was written on board railroad-trains on a lecture-tour—barnstorming the one-night stands.

The object of its writing was the delectation and divertisement of the author. The object of the book has been fully realized, and if it serves to set up a small celebration in the minds of others, it will serve a double purpose and make the writer twice glad.

There are no more of these books in the regular library edition, but there are a few printed in black and antique red on imported paper and bound in modeled leather. The price of this book is \$10.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Some Advice by Fra Elbertus



ACCURACY in business is a virtue beyond esteem.

Most inaccuracies come from not really listening to what is said, or not really seeing what you put down.

All the knowledge and effort exerted in a business transaction may be overbalanced by an error in figures, an omitted word or by indistinct writing. Pull yourself together when these finishing touches are to be made, and, on your life, get them clear and correct.

As a salesman, know your stocks—what you have, and the facts of make, use, beauty and fashion which help and interest a customer. This will make you enthusiastic over your goods, and a good salesman without your knowing it.

If asked for information, be sure you have it before you give it. Do not assume that the location or fact is so now because you once knew it so. Don't misdirect. Make your directions so clear that they will be a real help.

And for the same good reason, keep your personal callers, personal letters, personal matters, thoughts and states of mind away from the post of duty.

Having promised to obtain goods or information, or to deliver goods by a certain time, do not start the thing going and trust to luck for the rest. Do your own part in full, and then follow up to know that the rest is moving on schedule time. Remember that the thing specially promised and of special importance needs most watching. "Accidents" and life's "various hindrances" get after just those things with a keen scent.

All of the above things you can not do unless you have a trained memory, and let me here recommend my good Friend, Professor Henry Dickson, Principal and Founder of The Dickson Memory School.

Professor Dickson's new book, "How to Speak in Public," with an introduction by myself, will be presented absolutely free to any student who enrolls in the Dickson Course of Memory Training within ten days after reading this offer. The regular price of the Book is Two Dollars.

Write to Professor Dickson for the free book, "How to Remember," also for full particulars as to how you may secure a free copy of Dickson's "How to Speak in Public."

Do this much for your business success today.

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Principal Dickson Memory School
963 Auditorium Building Chicago, Illinois

mate pride which was unconscious of itself. Hence arose sufferings which he did not reason and which did not fix themselves on a determined object.—*George Sand.*

NONE of the most famous of song composers was Schubert; and Liszt, in addition to being an original composer, rendered a great service to music by transcribing, in most admirable style, many of Schubert's most famous songs for the pianoforte. Widely known as they are for voice, they have through these transcriptions become almost as familiar for pianoforte. The dainty and delicate "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" is a favorite work in Paderewski's reper-

NATURE does not design like art, however realistic she may be. She has caprices, inconsequences, probably not real, but very mysterious. Art only rectifies these inconsequences because it is too limited to reproduce them.

Chopin was a resume of these inconsequences which God alone can allow Himself to create, and which have their particular logic. He was modest on principle, gentle by habit, but he was imperious by instinct and full of a legiti-

tory. So spontaneous was Schubert's inspiration that he wrote the music of this song at a tavern where he chanced to see the poem in a book which he was examining. "If only I had some music-paper!" he exclaimed. One of his friends promptly ruled lines on the back of his bill-of-fare, and Schubert with the varied noises of the tavern going on about him, jotted down the song then and there.—*Gustav Kobbe.*

Discontent is inertia on a strike.

PROBABLY no man who has written books has heard and felt the call of the mountains as John Muir has; they have called him as the desert used to call the old saints and hermits, and there has been a kind of religious enthusiasm in his response. He has spent nearly half his life in their solitudes, engaged in his studies, as he says, but really yielding to the spell which they early put upon him. His studies do not seem as yet to have yielded to his readers results commensurate with this large experience, but his communion with mountains has stamped and molded his spirit: you can see the effects of it in his face and in the wist-

ful, far-away look in his eyes; he hears their call incessantly. Thoreau figured forth his quest for the unattainable in Nature under the legend of the hound, the bay horse, and the turtle-dove which he had long ago lost and which he was ever on the trail of, without getting any nearer them. Muir has lost a mountain and a glacier, and a grove of the Douglas spruce, and though he has found many and grand ones of each of them, he is still as eager in the quest as if he had

Little Journeys By Your Own Fireside



BURTON HOLMES is a good man and great. His is the peculiar mission of Traveling Ambassador of the American People. We send him on the trips we have not the leisure, the opportunity, the strength and oftentimes the courage to make ourselves.

Burton Holmes is the most famous living traveler, and he has the unique distinction of being the only popular travel lecturer. For years he has given his illustrated Travelogues in large theaters America over. Vast Carnegie Hall in New York was inadequate to hold the audiences who came to hear this world-citizen tell his experiences. And Burton Holmes does belong to the world.

The McClure Company has made it possible for everybody—small-town dwellers and city folk alike—to travel with Burton Holmes, the wanderer with a purpose.

Burton Holmes has written his Travelogues into twelve books, containing thirty-six tours, Two Hundred Fifty Thousand Miles of travel through thirty-six cities and countries. This work cost Two Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars, and has been twenty years in the making.

The McClure Company in publishing these Travelogues deserves the gratitude of thinking men and women the world over. You will not know the world you live in unless you have Burton Holmes as a guide. Mr. Holmes is a stylist, and when he writes his pen throws a purple shadow. He is vivid, direct and entertaining. As a sample of his genial quality, let us quote a paragraph from his travelogues on Egypt:

“Cook! Coo-oo-k! Coo-oo-ook!!!” They know that the infidel believes in Cook. They think that Cook is the god of the unbeliever, for the confused and befuddled newcomer always clutches at that word ‘Cook,’ as a drowning man grasps at a life-preserver. Meantime, they clutch your cases, or anybody’s, and piles of baggage melt away and disappear, we know not whither. We simply know that our belongings have vanished in a storm of talk. Egypt is the verbal storm center of the universe.”

Burton Holmes writes with a concise idea of what he is getting at, and then he expresses it so that it is at the moment clear to his other self, that self which looks on over the shoulder of every man, endorsing or censuring his every act and thought and deed. The highest reward of good work consists in the approbation of this other self, and in that alone.

Burton Holmes can say with Stevenson, “I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.” Burton Holmes has made it possible for every one to know the whole wide world. It would cost you Fifty Thousand Dollars to take these tours by yourself, and you would have to have all the time there is left to you. Peril, illness, life and death would have to be braved, if you did not take these Little Journeys in a Morris chair by your own fireside.

This splendid library is sold for cash or on small serial payments. Prepare for your Journeys now by writing The McClure Company for information regarding the Burton Holmes Travelogues. Some interesting literature will be sent you gratis.

The McClure Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

just struck the trail of his everfleeing possessions.—*John Burroughs.*

THE man who starts out with the idea of getting rich won't succeed; you must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success. If you do each day's task successfully, stay faithfully within the natural operations of commercial law, and keep your head clear, you will come out all right.—*John D. Rockefeller.*

For Worth-while "Summer" Reading Buy and Read
"the most interesting book of the year"

THE RED HOT DOLLAR

And Other Stories from *The Black Cat* written by

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Founder and publisher of *The Black Cat*, and including a unique introduction by

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The stories, twelve in all, are so absorbingly interesting and so unusual in the realm of fiction, embodying, as they do, amusing character sketches, tales of humor, pathos, mystery and adventure, that they will undoubtedly appeal to a large class of readers, who are not attracted to the ordinary in fiction.

Cloth, 12 mo., \$1.00. (To be had wherever books are sold.)

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FARR—His Irises, Peonies, Phloxes

Q AT Wyomissing, Reading, Pennsylvania, is a Nursery that deserves the name. Here Bertrand H. Farr grows Hardy Plants with the tender care of an anxious parent raising sturdy boys and girls. And he has the largest Flower Family in America.

Q When you get a seedling plant of Farr you know it will grow, because it has been carefully nurtured into being.

Q Mr. Farr specializes on Hardy Plants, because the perennials have constancy, character and charm which the showy annuals never suggest. Hardy Plants stay with us, and we watch for their blooming with memory full of remembrances of the brave showings they have made in seasons past.

Q Farr's book, which he will send you for the asking, reminds you of Maeterlinck's *Essays on Flowers*.

Q Besides understanding how to raise plants which lure you, Farr knows how to use words that lure in describing his offerings.

Q Send for the Farr Booklet.

Q You may exist, but you will never know all the joy of living unless you know Farr, His Irises, Peonies, Phloxes and other Hardy Beauties.

BERTRAND H. FARR, Wyomissing, Reading, Pa.

who wades in to make all the money he can as quickly as he can, thinking only of getting it without having to go to the penitentiary; caring nothing for morals, manhood, sympathy or self-respect. He is the chap who wants the money first, last and all the time, and who pulls up stakes and strikes out for pastures new whenever the old place gets too warm for him * *

But the third kind of man is the builder—the man worth while. It is he who works with determination and foresight. His aim is to build up a character and a business at the same time—to establish that which shall erect his personality in the confidence and esteem of

Q HERE are three kinds of men in this old world, and very likely they all have a place in the scheme of things. The hibernator, for instance, is the man who is satisfied to go on year after year in the same old way, doing the things he has done for years in the same way he has always done them, year in and year out, treading the paths his forefathers trod, eking out an existence in the same old way.

Another kind of man is the destroyer—he

men, so that, whatever may befall him from without, he will always have that within him on which he can erect a new structure. The builder is the man who gives value received; whose business is a force in the community; who performs a service to other men. It is his aim to please and satisfy his customers and to deal justly and kindly with his employees. He grows up in the community in the spirit of service, and is known in his chosen field as a man who thinks first

of being on the square, of giving dollar value for every dollar spent, and not until he is sure of treating the other fellow square does he think of his own interests. Such men are the builders and to them alone applies the law of compensation in a gratifying way, for it brings them success and contentment, the respect of others, and fortifies their courage with self-respect and confidence.

—L. H. Mory.

THE many attempts made in Europe and America to Christianize the industrial proletariat have completely miscarried; they have not succeeded in moving it from its religious indifference, which becomes general in proportion as machine production enlists new recruits. This indifference of our modern laborers is a new phenomenon, now produced for the first time in history. It is logical for the capitalist to believe in a Providence attentive to his needs; it is still more logical for the proletarian to ignore that Providence. The wage-worker is his own Providence. The life led by the laborer in the great industries has removed him from the influences of

Paint Problems and the Remedy

¶ P. M. Baumgardner, of the Holland Linseed Oil Company, is the Paint-Problem Solver. Baumgardner is an economist, as well as a paint manufacturer. He produces paint with wearing qualities. He has evolved a special preparation which will make paint absolutely rust-proof and keeps it from cracking, peeling or blistering.

¶ This paint is guaranteed to wear three times longer than any other paint yet made. Its formula has been tested for fifteen years, and it has made good. The spreading capacity of this paint is greater than that of any other paint.

¶ The Holland Linseed Oil Company will send you their paint at the low price of \$1.50 per gallon in one-gallon cans. Freight prepaid on one hundred pounds or over to points East of the Rocky Mountains and South of the Canadian Line. Larger packages sold proportionately less.

¶ Splendid color-plates are sent on application, so that you can easily make your selection of color combination.

¶ Mr. Baumgardner is considered an authority on the subject of paint and painting. He will give you some good advice which you can apply to your own paint problems. Some of the biggest contractors in the country are consulting Mr. Baumgardner on the subject of the decoration and preservation of materials through paint.



¶ Just now he is selling structural-iron paint at a special price of \$1.10 per gallon. Investigate the Baumgardner Indestructible Paint. Order some and try it to your satisfaction.

Holland Linseed Oil Company
2012-2014 Austin Avenue :: Chicago, Illinois

the environment of Nature, which in the peasant keep up the belief in ghosts, in sorceries, in witchcraft, and other superstitious ideas. Nature has no hold upon his imagination. His labor puts him in touch with terrible natural forces, but instead of being mastered by them, he controls them. The practise of the modern workshop teaches the wage-worker scientific determinism, without his needing to pass through the theoretical study of the sciences.—Paul Lafargue.

Three Five-Dollar Books

FROM THE ROYCROFT PRESS

Time and Chance

In Two Volumes

A Tale of John Brown of Osawatomie

By Elbert Hubbard

JOHN BROWN'S life was a romance from his dream-filled childhood through all the agony of days that he struggled to fit a soul in a world it disapproved, even to that last day at Harper's Ferry. ¶ He was a natural leader, dauntless as Custer, brave, honest, true to his truth. And it matters not at all that John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave—for his soul goes marching on! ¶ *Time and Chance* is one of the few historic novels that Elbert Hubbard has written. One of the early Roycroft issues. Rare—and getting more so. ¶ Specially printed and bound in gray boards with leather backs—Two Volumes. Price \$5.00.

The Essay on Walt Whitman

By Robert Louis Stevenson

IT may be that Robert Louis could write of the great shaggy American Whitman better than any of the many who have felt it necessary to express their liking for or dislike of him. ¶ Stevenson's perception was so tinged with human tenderness that he saw quite into the hearts of men and because of this he says:

¶ "We fall upon Whitman after the works of so many men who write better with a sense of relief from strain—with a sense of touching Nature as when one passes out of the flaring, noisy thoroughfares of a great city into the huge and thoughtful night."

¶ The Walt Whitman book was printed in Nineteen Hundred. The initials and title-page are hand-illuminated. The binding is ooze-calf, with the turned edge. Silk lining and silk marker.

¶ On the cover, done in gold, is the simple title, *Walt Whitman*. The price is \$5.00.

The City of Tagaste

By Elbert Hubbard

IN the beginning there were nine hundred forty copies of *The City of Tagaste*, printed and specially illumined by hand—this was in the year Nineteen Hundred. ¶ There are now just a few stray volumes of the beauteous book. ¶ There is a rare delicacy of feeling in this dream of a great civilization, where the true value of things shall be the real consideration. There is humor and a bit of sadness—and there is truth. ¶ *The City of Tagaste* is a prophecy—a dream of the be-coming world. Fairylike in its romance, its truth is simple and strong.

¶ *The City of Tagaste* is printed on Whatman paper from a classic type. The few volumes that are left are very valuable. The price is \$5.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

A MATTER OF DECENCY



THE roller-towel and the cake of soap have been given the banishment sentence by sensible men and women the world over. Dismal disease and death are products of unsanitary conditions, the cake soap among them.

I have traveled much. I have slept in Log-Cabins and in Swell Hotel Suites; on the Floor of Railroad-Stations, and in Colonial Chambers; in the Bunk-House of a Logging-Camp, and on a Blanket under the Stars at a Cattle Round-Up; in the Caboose of a Freight-Train, and deep in the Feathers of a New England "Spare" Bed.

I have enjoyed Good Health and Cultivated a Smile. I have learned Values.

I have been entertained by Doctors, Cattlemen, Miners, Merchants, Railroaders, Business Captains, Preachers, Ex-Convicts, Squaw Men, Lawyers, Socialists, Literary Gentlemen, Farmers, Anarchists, Planters, Sea-Captains and Jail-Wardens.

Allah has been good to me. I make no complaint. The memory of many pleasant visits is with me, even now. But, were I to cast about in my mind for the subject of a Single Inconvenience, I should say—SOAP.

Some hotel guest-room soap carries with it the suggestion of microbes, germs and grim death. Cake soap is a close friend of death and the grave. Now, I am not alone in my finicking, for popular demand has brought in the West Soap Dispenser—"the kind that tilts."

I urge every man and woman who has decency of heart—and this is a matter of decency—to interest themselves in the West Soap Dispenser. We owe it to ourselves and to humanity to install the West Dispenser in our homes, hotels and other public places.

Remit \$3.50 for this beautiful nickel-plated Dispenser. It will be sent to you filled with Beau Brummel Soap. Try it in your own home. If at the end of ten days you are not entirely satisfied, you can return the Dispenser and get your money back without any charge for the use of the Dispenser or the Soap.

Agents are wanted everywhere to forward the good work and make money for themselves.

WEST DISINFECTING COMPANY

Two East Forty-Second Street, New York City

Hand-Hammered Copper Nut-Set

WORDSWORTH'S picture of himself as a boy on that heavenly day when, in the eagerness of boyish hope, he left the cottage threshold, sallying forth with a huge wallet slung over his shoulder, a nutting-crook in his hand, and turned his step toward a far distant wood, is a picture of many another boy in many another land in nutting season. ¶ Spring and fishing, Fall and nutting—these are the common seasons and the common joys of boyhood. The boy gets his whole pleasure when he brings home the "wallet" filled with brown, shiny treasure. ¶ For him a flat stone in the woodshed and a hammer is a nut service fit for a king. ¶ This hand-wrought copper nut-bowl with nut-plates, spoon and picks is for the boy's mother. With these she will rightly enjoy the season's Harvest.



Complete Set	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$15.00
Nut-Bowl	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6.00
Individual Plates, each	-	-	-	\$.75	Set	-	-	-	-	4.00
Nut-Picks, each	-	-	-	.75	Set	-	-	-	-	4.50
Service-Spoon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1.50

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

Flowers for October Brides, Debutantes and Babies

¶ All of us live part of the time in a state of sublimity. In these rare moments we do the best things to our credit.

¶ Fox, Florist Extraordinary, will help you capitalize your sublime moments by doing the beautiful and appropriate thing.

¶ October Brides should be remembered with flowers from "The Sign of the Rose." The Blue-Bird Box is still a charming reminder that your thoughts are with the girl friend who has just made the most momentous decision of her life. For just Five Dollars, Charles Henry will deliver this Box, so suggestive of eternal happiness, to any one anywhere.

¶ And then remember the Debutante, the girl who is taking her first step in the social promenade. Send her a corsage bunch of exquisite beauties tastefully fussed together by Fox. And again, the Blue-Bird Box for the center of her luncheon-table.

¶ Please, don't forget the October Baby and its joyous motherlet. The room in which the ginx first learns to kick, roll, crawl and toss should have some fragrant, soul-delighting flowers.

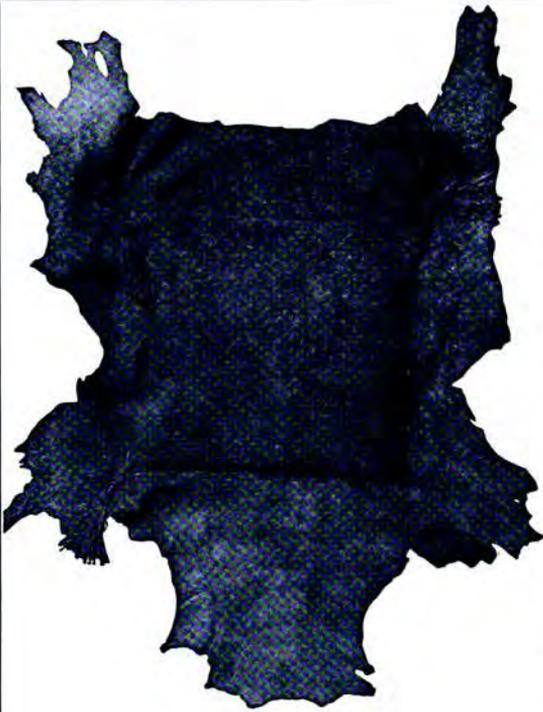
¶ Fox is the Flower Artist pre-eminent, and no one in the world has evolved so many uses for Flowers as Charles Henry.

¶ Send for the Blue-Bird Box as a starter. Only Five Dollars! Fox pays the passage. Or, if there is anything else you want, just suggest it to Charles Henry. Your bill will be reasonable, even though the flowers come from the finest flower-shop in the world. Send today.

Charles Henry, Florist

At The Sign of the Rose

Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.



Ooze-Leather Table-Covers and Pillows

Ooze-leather table-covers and pillows in the same color-tone are especially suitable and pleasing for use in libraries and dens. They help to make harmony and hominess.

PILLOWS

Whole-skin pillows, 20x20 inches, all colors. Price, Five Dollars.

Plain skin pillows with laced edges, 20 x 20 inches, all colors. Price, Six Dollars.



TABLE-COVERS

Velvet-finish sheepskins in brown, green, gray, red, tan. Price, Two Dollars.

Goatskins, selected colors. Price, Three Dollars.

Very fine quality calfskins, selected colors. Price, Four Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.



Voice and Values

☐ Millie Ryan is a hundred-point woman. She has intellect, health, poise, power and commonsense. She is a teacher of teachers. No one living knows as much about the human voice as Millie Ryan.

☐ Voice is the Index of the Soul, and to use it effectively and well is the problem this woman has solved. She has written the most practical book on Voice-Culture we have.

☐ Her chapter headings include Breath Control, Tone Placing, Interpretation, Stage Fright, Opera Singing, Cost of Studying Abroad, Chorus Singing, At What Age to Begin Study, the Italian Method, Selecting a Teacher, What and How to Practise, Educating the Masses to an Appreciation of Good Music, as well as many valuable hints on how to attain Health, Wealth and an Even Temper.

☐ The book has been endorsed by such great and good artists as Madame Nordica and Andreas Dippel. The title of this comprehensive and entertaining volume is what "Every Singer Should Know," and by the way it contains what every one should know.

☐ The price is One Dollar, postpaid. This is the only fault with the book—it should cost more. Send your dollar today.

FRANKLIN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1216 HOWARD STREET, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

A MOTOR-TRUCK YOUR MAN CAN DRIVE

KEARNS will build you a Motor-Truck that can be driven safely, efficiently and easily by the man who is driving the old Normans Truck is to replace in your business plans. Now, your man may know all about the rear action of a horse and what to do when the old fellow is off feed; but he has a corner on ignorance when it comes to Motors. ☐ Your delivery-wagon is one item in your commercial machinery that should move on good time. The cost of doing this should not be too much either, else you will be making progress backwards. Most Motor-Trucks are completely beyond John's sky-piece. John is a good man for the house, but God put limitations on his mental processes and his skill—also his chances. You can not afford a higher-priced man—it is n't in the job. You need the Motor-Truck.

☐ Kearns makes Motor-Wagons to meet just this problem—simple in construction and operation—Gearless, Clutchless and Valveless. Equipped with the Kearns two-cycle engine and the "Unisparker" jump-spark, they meet your requirements and John's limitations. The Kearns trucks are honor-built and made to last. Kearns puts no fancy valuations on his cars. If you want something more than a beautiful brass name-plate, consult Kearns, Master Motor-Maker, about the Trucks that serve and save. Literature on request.

KEARNS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
M. C. KEARNS, Gen'l Mgr. BEAVERTOWN, PA.

The Home Influence

THE family circle is the influence that keeps the world straight and holds us true. "Give me the boy until he is ten years old," says a great clergyman, "and you can have him afterwards." There is a great deal of psychology in this phrase.

It is in early youth that the habits of life are formed and the character molded for good or ill. Boys and girls are educated in their spare moments, away from the school-room, quite as much as in the schoolroom. Wherever they go, they are receiving impressions, and their minds, like their bodies, are never at rest.

The H. C. White Company, of N. Bennington, Vermont, are assisting parents in the right training of the precious youngsters. Most parents are familiar with the Radioptican, which throws upon a screen any kind of a picture enlarged—from a postal card to a magazine illustration.

Let the boys and girls throw pictures of great scenes, great people and great incidents upon the blank wall. And you will find they want to do it every evening, and if you let them do it themselves, they will find a joy and satisfaction in it. And best of all, it means mental development. ☐ This is the creative period, and if we do not allow the creative spirit to manifest itself naturally, the same tendency will find vent in destructive ways, and we get the hoodlum and the vandal.

A modern camera expert is catching some wonderful incidents, and if the boys and girls could show enlarged scenes reproduced in "Munsey's Magazine" for September of "Crucial Moments caught by the camera," they would be delighted and instructed.

Write to the makers of the Radioptican, the only perfect, opaque, picture-projecting machine. Information and prices will be gladly supplied you.

H.C. WHITE COMPANY
N. BENNINGTON, VERMONT

The Truth About Your Business

"Truth," says Doctor Charles W. Eliot, "is the new virtue."

Let the truth be known about your business.

The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in the way of service, or one who can not make good.

All such should seek the friendly shelter of oblivion, where dwell those who, shrouded in Stygian shades, foregather gloom, and are out of the game.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust.

The Advertising Novelty Company of Philadelphia can help you avoid being absorbed by the Mummy Trust.

☐ The business of this Company is to supply businessmen with valuable novelty advertising. Advertising that stays. A permanent advertising investment is the thing you can get your prospective customer to carry around in his jeans or vest. For instance, the Advertising Novelty Company has a line of hexagon and round pencils for advertising purposes at low prices that you can not possibly duplicate anywhere else.

They will design you special metal goods, transparent and fiber signs, and get you up attractive, engaging window displays that have selling power.

If you have anything in mind yourself along this line and want your ideas executed, write to this Company. They will carry out your ideas faithfully and well.

If you have nothing in mind, but want something, and are floating around in a sea of doubt, write these idea-producers and they will make some suggestions that will please you.

Advertising Novelty Company
136-138 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

An American Bible

xxi



HIS page shows the general style of typography of AN AMERICAN BIBLE, a most valuable book now being printed

blood such as the world has never before seen.

¶ The problems that confront us are practical problems, such as eliminating the need of jails,

by The Roycrofters.

¶ The intent of the book is to help people live in one world at a time and live well.

¶ If there is a life to come, we know of no better way to prepare for it than to live here and now up to our highest and best.

¶ Man's chief duty is to know this world and realize his relationship to his fellow men—not to make peace with the skies.

¶ Books written in Asia two or three thousand years ago are adapted to our use only in very slight degree, and such exist now only because it is easier to accept a popular superstition than to refute it.

¶ All books are written and have been written by men.

¶ All religions have been devised by men.

¶ We know of no Being higher, greater or superior to man.

¶ We not only believe in the divinity of one man, but of all men.

¶ America represents a combination of ideas and a mingling of



HE authors of **An American Bible** are:

¶ Benjamin Franklin, printer, businessman, financier, diplomat, statesman and

philosopher. ¶ Thomas Jefferson, lawyer, educator, statesman, twice President of the United States

¶ Thomas Paine, writer, thinker, patriot, inventor, philosopher

¶ Abraham Lincoln, lawyer, diplomat, orator, writer and patriot,

twice President of the United States. ¶ Robert G. Ingersoll,

lawyer, iconoclast, writer, orator, teacher, philosopher. Walt Whit-

man, hospital nurse, poet, newspaperman, philosopher. ¶ Ralph

Waldo Emerson, poet, preacher, essayist and philosopher. ¶ Elbert

Hubbard, farmer and publisher.

¶ People who live long and well are not afraid to die. They are willing to go or stay—and the person who is willing to go or stay, stays a good while.

¶ There will be portraits in photogravure of the authors, with a special introduction by Alice Hubbard. ¶ The book will be printed in two colors, and will be an especially fine specimen of typography—something that would delight the heart and eye of that master printer, Benjamin Franklin, were he alive today.

¶ Oxford binding—Yes, certainly!

Price of the volume is Five Dollars. Orders are now being recorded by
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE QUEST OF POWER

TO KNOW YOU KNOW IS POWER

—A Thousand and One Epigrams



HE intellectual man is the powerful man of tomorrow, and the truly intellectual man is not all intellect—he has a sound digestion, good health and a sense of humor—which at the last is a sense of values.

Q Until yesterday the world was ruled by brute force. The strong man was Rex. Allen Upward tells us, "The art of life is that high art which children name Behavior." When men develop intellectuality—when they know they know—they have power, plus gentleness and good behavior. To know all is to forgive all, and the thing we understand, we do not fear, take nor challenge. All this is the gist of the philosophy of Doctor Silas S. Neff, Founder of Neff College, as expressed in his new book, "Power Through Perfected Ideas."

Q In his comprehensive book, Doctor Neff paves the way for others to follow, in order to develop the highest possible efficiency, and perhaps more than any other writer on the new idea of efficiency, Doctor Neff goes to the root of things. He is not content to skim along the surface of ideas. He presents the problem, he analyzes it and he gives you his conclusion in a definite, concise and engaging way.

Q Doctor Neff says: "From scientific education not only a new humanity and a new work, but a life in many respects new, will gradually appear. Many material affairs now considered of primary value will occupy a relatively minor position, resulting in a more refined, more permanent material progress. Facts of a mental, esthetic and spiritual character now in the background will assume their true position. In estimating people the test will consist in discovering not how much they own, know, or have done, but how much they are growing."

Q Doctor Neff's Book ought to be read by every man who wants to be in the vanguard of social progress. The price of the book is \$1.50 net. Send for it now while you are thinking about it.

NEFF COLLEGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Luggage-Maker's Craft



HE men who make luggage must understand all the difficulties of transportation and build their product with these things in mind.

Q The word "Indestructo" has come to suggest not only the finest product of the luggage-maker's craft, but it also symbolizes evolution and improvements.

Q The 1911 Indestructo Trunk is nearly perfection. We will not say Perfection, because you can never tell what the makers of Indestructo Luggage are apt to evolve. But the 1911 Trunk is an improvement over the older Indestructo models on account of the new corner construction.

Q The inside finish of this Trunk is of tan lining with cedar panels, decorated with brass rivet-heads. It is covered with canvas, and the metal parts are Government Bronze finish with the exception of the lock, hinges and dowels, which are brass. The compartments for this Trunk are cleverly arranged, so that everything can be kept orderly and neat.

Q Indestructo Hand Luggage is fashioned on new lines, stylish and exclusive. The world over has been searched for leather and other materials to go into this de-luxe luggage. Men who select Indestructo Luggage are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment.

Q Do not buy luggage in one of those feverish intervals when your imagination is astride of a wild bucking broncho of false economy.

Q Indestructo Luggage may cost a little more than the cheapest, but you can not make a better investment in wardrobe protection. Indestructo Luggage has character. It always looks clean, rich, luxurious and strong.

Q If you want to know about Indestructo Luggage, and every one should have this information, send to the makers for literature on the subject.

National Veneer Products Company

Station I-40, Mishawaka, Indiana

A Romance Which Is True

MARTHA SUMMERHAYES has written a book which she calls, VANISHED ARIZONA—RECOLLECTIONS OF MY ARMY LIFE.

If you did not know Mrs. Summerhayes before reading this beautiful record of her army life with the Second Lieutenant she loved enough to marry and follow to the Golden West, after reading you would know and adore her.

Mrs. Summerhayes wrote this volume at the request of the children of this romantic union. A few copies were sent to friends, and lo! the book was carried to the crest of the popularity wave. Most of our best moves are accidents, and so with this gifted woman. She found herself declared a brilliant author, and all the time she thought she was just writing for the kiddies. "Mother, write those Arizona Stories—please do!" and so they were written.

Mrs. Summerhayes' army and wedded life started in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-four at Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. Her "Jack," brave, handsome and tender, is naturally the hero of the story, more or less. There is nothing so beautifully strange as truth, and nothing so romantic as fact. She had some hard, bitter and exciting experiences, did this army bride, but as Frederic Remington wrote her after he had read one of the first copies of her book, "I say—now suppose you had married a man who kept a drugstore—see what you would have had and see what you would have missed!" And then he compliments her on catching the color of the days and the country that Remington himself had put on canvas and in bronze more faithfully than any other man who has ever lived.

The old Fighting Eighth did some service, and when Mrs. Summerhayes tells you about it, you read with all the enthusiasm you did the first stories that stirred you into life.

There are some charming bits concerning social life on the frontier, and this refined New England girl lightened the shadows of her life much by her constant efforts in this direction.

This Book, which is a history worth while, an entertaining love-story and contains clever criticisms of life, letters and art, can be had for \$1.60 postpaid.

SALEM PRESS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, SALEM, MASS.



FILL IN ATTACHED COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 50 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the
NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
and a Watch Fob.

Name

Address in Full

Hello, Brother!

¶ Shed your pack, fill your pipe and sit down—we want to have a little straight "Head Camp" fire talk with you. To get right down to "brass tacks," you've got your share of red corpuscles in your blood—you like the fields, and woods, and waters—you like the solo of the reel, and the voice of the gun. It's an unfortunate fact that you who love these things cannot get more than from one to four weeks off in a year to enjoy them. **NOW LISTEN:**—If we can show you how you can take a hunting or fishing trip twelve times a year for \$1.00 without neglecting your work, will you take it? If we can take you into the big woods where you can smell the evergreens, and hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small, will you come with us? Subscribe for the

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

—that's the answer—and as this magazine comes to you each month, it will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your every-day work to the healthful atmosphere of the woods and fields—will make you forget your troubles—will put new life into you—and in addition to your annual outing in the open, you will get from its contents each month during the year many a pleasant trip and enjoyable experience with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

¶ The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is entirely different from any other magazine published. It's just like a great big camp in the woods, with 100,000 good fellows sitting around the fire, smoking and telling each other stories about their good times in the woods. Come in, Brother, join with us and tell us a good story, if you have one, or just sit and listen, if you'd rather.

¶ Briefly, the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN contains each month 160 pages crammed full of stories, photographs of fish and game taken from life and a lot more good stuff that will make any man with red blood in his veins read the copy through before he goes to bed, even if it takes all night. Think of it: 12 copies, each containing 160 pages, over 1,900 pages in all, sent to you postpaid for one dollar "William."

¶ Is your blood warm yet, Brother? If not, listen to this. Send us \$1.00, on receipt of which we will enter your name on our subscription list for one year, and send you by return mail one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50 c) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold plated buckle. This fob answers the purpose among sportsmen that a Masonic, Odd Fellow, Elk or college emblem does in those fraternal orders. It serves as an easy and agreeable introduction among our readers and friends, which is the greatest outdoor sport fraternity in the world, one hundred thousand strong. When you see a man wearing one of these fobs you will know he is going your way, hail fellow well met.

All Yours for \$1.00

12 copies of NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at 15c each \$1.80
NATIONAL SPORTSMAN Watch Fob .50

Total Value, \$2.30

It's a whole lot for the money, but we know that if you once become a National Sportsman you will always be one.



Modeled-Leather Screen

Designed by Frederick C. Kranz

There is only one screen like this. There will be no other. The dining-room that will own this one as part of its beauty will have a marked place in the memory of every one who sees it. Price, Two Hundred Dollars.

Modeled-Leather Wastebasket

A Wastebasket is a necessity in every library, office and den, if you value the Axminster or your hardwood floors. But a wastebasket with too much ego offends the poetic unities.

This modeled-leather basket never lops, leaks nor lapses. It is dignified, poised, quiet and rarely beautiful.

The design and workmanship are distinctly Roycroft Standard.

Why not make yourself a present?
The price is \$10.00.



9 inches diameter by 15 inches deep

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Little Messages of Love

¶ A letter from a friend is a window thrown open on a fairyland. Eugene Field may not have been a great man, but he knew the secret of friendship and he knew how to write a message of good-cheer. Gene was not as profound as Emerson, not as learned as Greeley of the "Tribune" nor as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters command a price that those of the good men just named do not.

¶ A Gene Field letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love and truth. When Gene Field wrote letters, he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself he was pleased with Gene and everybody. He made you feel that the world is all right and that you are its younger brother. A Gene Field letter is always brief—a Lettergram.

¶ I make it a rule never to write a grouchy letter—I telephone.

¶ That plan of the king in olden times who killed the messenger who brought him bad news has my approval. Blessed are those who bring glad tidings! If you can not write a good letter—don't!

¶ A long letter is as bad as one that contains grouch and grum. Let your letter contain an element of joy, a message of wisdom and a jigger of wit to give it flavor. Write it on the best stationery you know, and the best stationery you know is OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, "The Stationery of a Gentleman."

¶ OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is a smooth, firm-texture bond note-paper with envelopes to match. It has the crackle and the feel of genuineness and elegance. It shows care, good taste, consideration on your part, and the friend who receives your message will know and understand your expression of good-will the better.

¶ Your stationery is a vehicle of expression, just as much as the words you use.

¶ I received a letter from a friend the other day written on OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. I read it thoroughly and then I pinned it up over my desk where I could see it. I wanted it to stick in my memory as an exquisite sample of what a message of good-fellowship should be.

¶ There is a subtle suggestiveness in the words OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. When you open an envelope made of this paper, there comes memory, assertion, avowal and promise. "Art is not a thing," said William Morris; "Art is a Way—the beautiful way."

¶ Via OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is the beautiful way of sending a message. It is an appeal to the refined imagination, the generous mind, the receptive heart and the kindly mood. It stands for good taste.

¶ If you want to know more about this Stationery, a trial box will be sent you free. Send four cents to help cover postage. It costs more to send it. Address the makers direct.



Hampshire Paper Company, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

SPECIAL UKASE TO HOUSEKEEPERS



¶ Half of your troubles are twaddle troubles—those which you can avoid, and maybe they are the worst kind. ¶ Blue, foggy surfaces on furniture, finger-marks and scratches are the bane of every housekeeper's existence.

LIQUID VENEER

Will remove furniture blemishes and reduce your nerve friction one hundred per cent. Spots on furniture are no airy, fairy freaks of the imagination. Things happen to furniture and sometimes they happen at most inopportune times. Bad-looking furniture causes more woe, worry and waste to a housekeeper than all other troubles combined.

¶ Liquid Veneer is applied by simply moistening an ordinary cheesecloth duster and dusting away. In the ordinary dusting operation, it removes the dust, finger-marks and scratches, and restores the natural beauty of everything on which it is used, whether it be the kitchen chairs, the fine mahogany furniture, metal-work, picture-frames, rare ebony, enameled gold or silver finishes. It is an extraordinary "Cheer up" for furniture.

¶ That fine old antique which you like, but think too shabby for use, can be made presentable and usable with an application of Liquid Veneer.

¶ Liquid Veneer is so economical that you can use it on your hardwood floors and wall-panels.

¶ Send for a trial bottle which will be sent you free. You can then prove its quality before purchasing.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

19 Liquid Veneer Building

Buffalo, New York

\$5⁰⁰ Everywhere



Note the curve that gives the automatic adjustment

GENJAMIN FRANKLIN wrote the first Advertisement for The Gillette Razor. This may tax your credulity, but it is true just the same. In mousing over *An American Bible*, now being issued by The Roycrofters, we find this from Big Ben The First:

"Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. The money may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but in the other case, he escapes the foolish vexations of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths and dull razors; he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument. With these sentiments I have hazarded the few preceding pages, hoping they may afford hints which some time or other may be useful to a city I love, having lived many years in it very happily, and perhaps to some of our towns in America."

And were this All-Around Man still taking his daily walk down Market Street, Philadelphia, he would write Advertisements for The Gillette to go in *The Fra*.

The Gillette is the standard Safety Razor to which all others must be compared to their disadvantage. The Gillette means no delay in stopping, no honing and no irritation. You simply adjust it for a light or close shave or a tender skin—and shave. You shave in the clean, quick, satisfying and soothing way when you use a Gillette. The Gillette will last you for ninety-nine years or longer.

Send postal for our free 1911 Baseball or Golf Booklet

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

40 West Second Street :: BOSTON, MASS.

New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building;

Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal; Gillette

Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China.

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

Combination and Travelers' Sets. \$6.00 to \$50.00.

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor."

Ask your dealer to show you the GILLETTE Line.

NO STOPPING ~ NO HONING



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King of Gillette

Art and Housekeeping

Or The Use of Screens as an Economic Factor in Artistic Furnishing, by ALICE HUBBARD, Superintendent of The Roycroft Shops and Manager of The Roycroft Inn



THE idea of the screen comes to us from the Far East, and dates back to the very dawn of history.

The screen stands for simplified housekeeping.

One big living-room can be divided up into various apartments by the use of screens ❀

Here we get ornament combined with utility, but the utility came first, and then the beauty.

Not long ago I was entertained at a most delightful bungalow in California. The whole thing was decidedly Japanese, with American modifications. The little room that was given me was simplicity itself—just what was needed and no more—but across one corner, shielding a Morris chair from the somewhat glaring light, was a beautiful screen upon which was embroidered great clusters of purple wisteria.

Simply this and nothing more, and only one picture on the walls!

I made the discovery later that my host was the owner of something like fifty different screens, and most of these were packed away—flat—in the garret. But certain screens were brought out, at certain set times and seasons.

Some of these screens were simply bamboo, perhaps six feet high and only weighing three or four pounds.

Others were of silk, embroidered; some of satin, hand-painted. A few had frames of exquisite modeled teak-wood, mahogany-wood, African walnut—all of these woods showing a grain, for the grain is the history of the tree's struggle for existence. It is a record of its life.

The Wonder-Working Screen

SCREENS are always in good taste. The room may be ever so barely furnished, but a screen or two, here and there, across a

corner, gives the whole apartment an air of hominess and makes the visitor feel chummy.

❀ Did you ever stop to think that you never saw a screen in your room at a hotel? The place is barren and box-like, and lacks this individual, loving touch of the housekeeper.

❀ I have often wondered why hotels did not make their rooms distinctive by the use of screens ❀ ❀

Here at The Roycroft Shops, where we have made our own furniture, we find that a little expenditure in Japanese screens gives an individuality to a room that the visitors prize and appreciate. Thus is our place differentiated from most others.

The only hotel that I ever knew to make use of screens in its furnishings, beside The Roycroft Inn, is the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, California. But then, we must remember that the Mission Inn is managed by men and women of genius—artists in hostelry—with souls attuned to all that is fitting, harmonious, esthetic, beautiful, elevating, exquisite and altogether lovely.

Screen Effects

❀ O housekeeper, nowadays, who wishes to simplify and adorn with that which is fitting, can afford to overlook the item of screens ❀ ❀

No piece of furniture is so cheap—none so effective ❀ ❀

Where the light streams in a little too glary, tone it down with a screen.

If you want a quiet place to work, with the world shut out, a beautiful screen gives you the suggestion.

Some things in a room are not quite so beautiful as others. They seem a little obtrusive. A screen tones the whole effect down to proper and right proportions.

The World's Screen Exposition

❀ O place that I know of in the whole wide world shows such a collection of screens as Vantine's, New York.

The wise housekeeper would do well to make

a special little journey to Vantine's—just to see screens and nothing else.

Vantine's has screens of every kind and shape and size and variety. If you want to buy a screen for five dollars, here you will find it, and a wonderful piece of furniture it is for the money. For fifteen dollars you can buy a screen that you would think worth forty, judging from the amount of artistic work you see on it.

But Vantine's Screens come from Japan, where artistic work gives more pleasure than money. If you have one, two, three or four hundred dollars to invest, you can get your money's worth at Vantine's.

"The beautiful," says Tolstoy, in that wonderfully interesting little book entitled, *What Is Art*, "the beautiful should be useful, and

anything that is not useful is not beautiful." The definition seems an arbitrary one, but certainly it applies to screens.

No catalog can describe the loveliness and diversity of Vantine's screens—they must be seen to be appreciated!

Just as a matter of education, suppose you visit Vantine's and ask for the Screen Room. And then, after you have looked over the rich, rare and curious objects which the intelligent and courteous salesman will show you, down deep in your heart breathe a prayer of gratitude to me for having introduced you to this airy, fairy dreamland, where screens from Japan, China and the Far East await the coming of some American Queen who will take them to her home and make them her very own.

The October Fra Coinage

OPEN ROAD

The Religious Revival—In this article Elbert Hubbard takes a verbal jab at some religious practises rampant during the Fall and Winter Silly Season. Incidentally, he says some things about Universalism, Unitarianism and Christian Science that set these cults on a pedestal, next to Roycroftism. The article, while caustic, antiseptic and acid, is safe and sane, and we believe will be concurred in by all liberal-minded churchmen. Those who have the welfare of children at heart will surely agree with Fra Elbertus.

Work and Love—"Love," says the Fra, "means universality. We reach God through the love of one. We can gain the Kingdom of Heaven by having the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts." A sweet reasonableness runs through this little preachment that soothes, charms and assures.

The Sergeant—The most valuable officer in a regiment is the sergeant—handy to use and abuse. This appreciation of the utility man of the regiment will be emphatically endorsed by every officer of the line, except the sergeant himself, who is not given to agreeing to anything.

The Gossip Microbe—Some salty remarks anent the social slammer which ought to do a lot of sorrow-saving.

Patience Wins—A pertinent business brieflet on the copious rewards that gravitate to the patient man. This rare virtue has never been discussed so well before.

The Kindergarten—The Kindergarten is easily the greatest, most important and most useful innovation of the past century. In this article, Friedrich Froebel, its father, is given a full meed of genuine appreciation and praise.

Potato Hill and Paradise—Some failings, virtues,

woes and winnings of authors and publishers analyzed, with a gentle use of the Slapstick on the Noodle of one Ed Howe, who has it coming.

That Awful Octopus—In which William Marion Reedy, Esq., mightiest heavyweight of the Grand-Olddate, is asked to "show me," and his monopolistic instincts are bared under the great white glare of publicity.

Sin—A very pleasing discussion of a very interesting subject with which we are all more or less familiar, but about which we can always learn.

Classes and Masses—A little talk on Caste that will do us all good as we motor to Lobster-Palaces, forgetful of other folks.

SIGNED ARTICLES

An American Bible—One of the most ambitious and important essays Alice Hubbard has written. Her article is practical and trenchant and she deals out some new Philosophy in a mighty interesting way.

The Gospel of Selfishness—A scholarly, philosophical discussion, by C. A. Bowsher, of a live, present-day subject. The good Doctor of Business calls it a virtue. Maybe it is.

Popular Election of Senators—A convincing argument by Senator Bourne on the advantages of the direct primary in national politics. Senator Bourne writes with a pen dipped in the Well of Truth.

The Vaccination Question—The opinion of the eminent scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, which he says is liable to make some very good orthodox doctors very mad.

Get a copy of the October *Fra* at your news-dealer's. Better still, subscribe under the liberal offer made in another part of this magazine. You get a Roycroft Book Gratis!

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

No Enemy But Himself

A Novel by Elbert Hubbard

THERE are just twenty-six copies of *No Enemy but Himself* left from the last edition printed at the Knickerbocker Press in Nineteen Hundred Seven.

These books will interest collectors of Elbert Hubbard's writings, because they are offered here for the last time.

No Enemy but Himself is the story of a life—lived foolishly, perhaps, but intensely lived to the strange end of it.

In gray cloth binding, Price, \$1.25

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora New York



DON'T be a Christmas Rusher, and get red in the face. Order your Roycroft Wares early and save your time and temper. You know what those last few days before Christmas are—BE WISE!

SIX DE-LUXE DOLLAR BOOKS



ONE-DOLLAR Roycroft book has several distinctive qualities that make it individual and unforgettable.

¶ The ooze-leather binding, the lining of silk to harmonize with the cover, the quality of the handmade imported paper—all these things make up what is recognized as Roycroft Quality.

¶ The books listed here are the few scattered volumes left from editions that are all but sold out. Books that will not be reprinted, and that have the charm and lure of being First Editions.

CHICAGO TONGUE

by Elbert Hubbard

¶ A preachment on the subject of the unruly member.

ADDISON

by Elbert Hubbard

¶ A Little Journey to the home of that gentle genius whose "Spectator" was the first real daily paper ever published.

THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE

by Alice Hubbard

¶ A reasonable treatise on the unreasonable.

BOTTICELLI

by Elbert Hubbard

¶ A Little Journey to the home of a great Colorist.

BRAHMS

by Elbert Hubbard

¶ The story of a maker of great Music.

COMTE

by Elbert Hubbard

¶ A Little Journey to the home of a thinker, and incidentally some bits of philosophy.

These books are done in ooze binding, silk-lined, silk marker. Special titles and initials. Price of each, \$1.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

CLEMINSHAW—Men's Dresser

C. G. CLEMINSHAW is a man of exquisite taste and good judgment when it comes to wearing apparel for men. What you wear reacts on your character. To know that your shirts and ties are the best that money can buy and taste invent makes you feel as good as the best.

The world takes a man at the estimate he places on himself. Successful men are never poor dressers. Mr. Cleminshaw is concentrating on making two articles of men's apparel better than any one else, and at prices surprisingly low for the value you receive.

For \$5.00 Mr. Cleminshaw will make you three shirts from your own measure from fine Madras, Oxford, Cheviot and Percale.

For \$6.50 you can have three Summer Flannel Shirts made from your own measure, thirty samples to select from.

For \$1.00 he will send you two unwrinkable, Poplin Silk four-in-hand Ties, guaranteed to outwear any silk or satin ties that retail for One Dollar or less. This material will not show pinholes or wrinkles, and if Cleminshaw's Ties do, he will return your money. The ties are four inches wide, forty-six inches long. They also come in one and one-half inch widths, forty-six inches long, if you prefer. The following colors are in stock: black, purple, white, green, brown, red, old rose, cerise, gray, heliotrope, light blue, medium blue and dark blue.

It is to your benefit and advantage to buy from a man who selects every piece of material with exacting care, and sees that every article that goes out from his place is absolutely first-class in every particular. To sell a man a shirt or a tie that did not give entire satisfaction, Mr. Cleminshaw would consider a calamity for himself. He wants to supply perfect fit, style, finish and quality in every instance. A good appearance and making good go together. If you want your ties and shirts beyond criticism, consult Cleminshaw.

Send for self-measuring blanks, also for a catalog of men's furnishing goods. Mr. Cleminshaw will give your request personal attention.

C. G. CLEMINSHAW, 201 FULTON STREET, TROY, N. Y.

"An Ambassador of Advertising"

is an appreciation of Percival K. Frowert, by James Wallen, Secretary Plenipotentiary to Elbert Hubbard.

Mr. Frowert's Office Boy, who is the only one to properly appreciate the appreciation, will send you a copy for the asking.



Frowert Advertising Agency

Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IF I were trying to condense in a few words the best plan for efficient action, I would say: Have a definite thing to do and a limited time to do it. About fifty per cent of the people engaged in business never reach the point where they set their minds on doing some one definite thing. Their aspirations seem limited to doing the work set before them each day, and doing it as well as, but no better than, it was done yesterday. Doubtless such people have a place in the business

of whatever kind, well done, is honorable; its mark is a badge of honor. Work is a need. It is a blessing. The angel that stood with flaming sword at the gates of the Garden pointed the way to man's salvation. It is work, business, that binds together the scattered strands of our vital activities and points the way to ultimate grace, and the achievement of that spirit of brotherhood and co-operation without which man would be but a naked savage in the wilderness.—Evan Johnson.

world, but their place is not among the leaders. Of those who finally and honestly make up their minds to achieve some definite result, not more than fifty per cent ever fix a definite time in which to accomplish this task. They go on from day to day making infrequent, fitful advances in the direction they desire to move; and while at last they may reach the goal, they have paid a price in time consumed which fairly outweighs any benefit they derive. It is left for the men who decide on a definite thing to do within a limited time, to keep the wheels of progress moving.
—H. C. Peters.

WORK influences are more powerful than work. Labor

HERE are only two really deep-seated and influential enemies of human happiness and order: human ignorance and selfishness. These do most all of the damage that is done in the world, and they are the always-present obstacles to improving the conditions of mankind. It is the province of intellectual education to address itself to the first of these, and it is the task of moral education to deal with the other ❀ ❀

If one, seeking to know the history of civilization, casts his eye back over the pages of recorded history, he will find that the record of progress can be written in a single sentence. It is the development of liberty under law ❀

Liberty and law are the two words upon whose true and faithful exposition all training for citizenship must rest. He who truly understands the meaning of liberty and the meaning of law, and the relation of one to the other, is ready to face his full duty as an American citizen.—*President Butler.*

Most newspapers are written below the man in the street for the man in the sewer.

—*William Marion Reedy.*

Big Ben



OUT at LaSalle, Illinois, the Western Clock people design alarm clocks and they design them well.

They take the noisy, unshapely affair of our boyhood days and transform it into a thing of merit and beauty.

They give it their skill, their knowledge and their taste and when it reaches the standard they have set for

themselves, they give it a name and call it BIG BEN.

And they've faith enough in his worth to back him with a guarantee that's stronger than any gilt edged bond. That guarantee is advertising. It's the highest *quality-insurance* that any one can buy.

There are but two Big Ben prices, \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.00 in Canada. Any others mean an imitation.—If you cannot find him in your town, a money order sent to the Western Clock Co., La Salle, Ill., will bring him to you express charges paid.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

EVERYBODY has his own theater, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, scene-shifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain.—*J. C. Hare.*

I KNOW full well the prejudice of ignorance and superstition, and knowing it, I, for one, mean to face it and to challenge it, and to demand for women the right to vote.

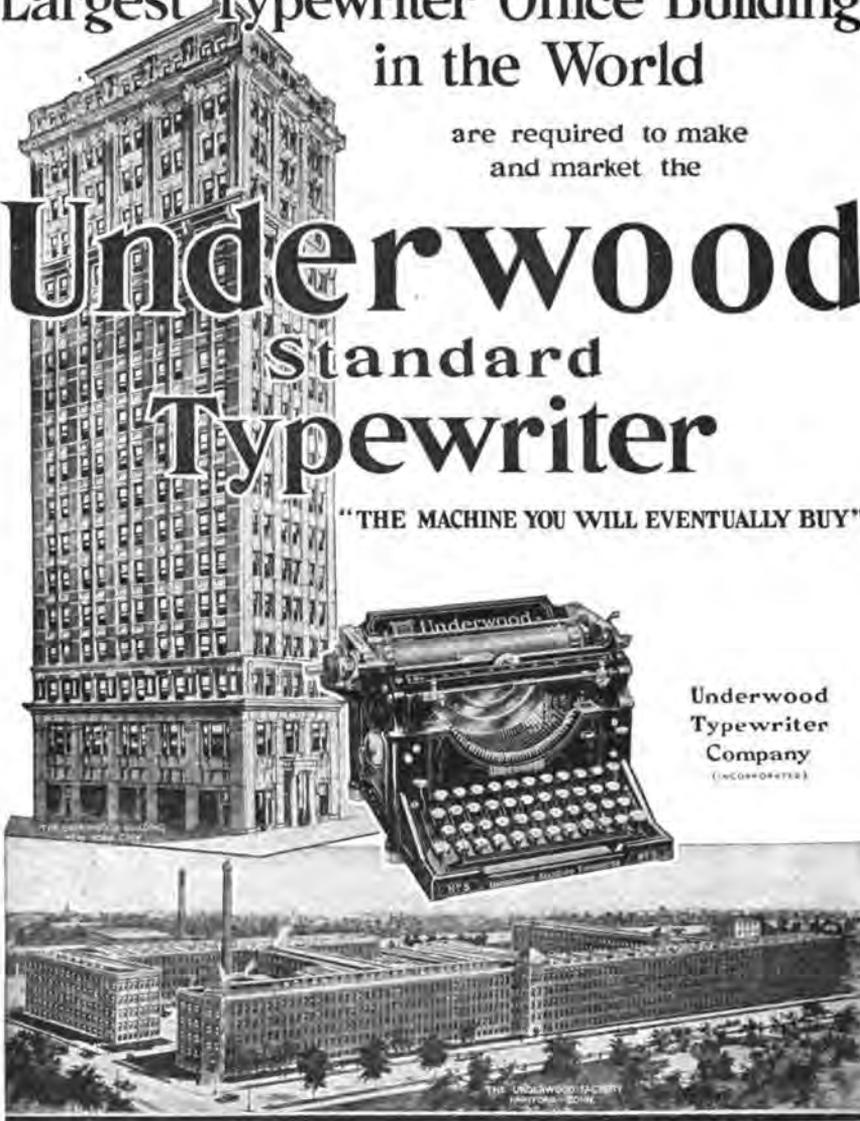
—*Senator Owen.*

The Largest Typewriter Factory and the Largest Typewriter Office Building in the World

are required to make
and market the

Underwood Standard Typewriter

"THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY"



loving God of the Christians. The idea of similarity between father and son is universal, hence the similarity between the attributes of God and Christ. ¶Pope gives a general idea of God when he says, "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God is soul." The present tendency is toward a universal God. The word God is rapidly becoming a meaningless term, for we can have no true conception of an omnipotent, omnipresent, loving power, that controls all. Believing that this power rules over all, including ourselves, we come to the conclusion that we do His will when we attempt earnestly to bring ourselves

It is a noteworthy fact that the God of any given people is represented as having the disposition, passions, emotions and desires of that people. As the mental and moral standard of that people is raised, that of their God is also raised. We note a marked improvement in the God of the Post-Christian period to that of the Pre-Christian period. The cruel, selfish God of the Israelites, who favored murdering, plundering and slavery, becomes the forgiving and to a degree the

in true relationship with the universe, thus making Nature our guide and God.

—Albert Schneider.

THE average successful American is a Commonsense Man. When he buys, he demands style, strength and efficiency. He has the money to pay, but extravagance to him is immoral—worse, it is silly. Coal-Oil Johnny throwing money to parrots does not, nowadays, excite our admiration.—John North Willys.

HE insane spirit of militarism expressed itself the other day when the Seventeenth Infantry, sent to the alleged maneuvers in Texas, heard that they were to be used for actual fighting, and, the newspaper report testifies, "fairly tore the roof off the barracks with cheers." Think of it! Human beings actually cheering the prospect of being called on to butcher other human beings! It is hard to think that even the vilest creature living can sink to such horrid depths of infamy. The only excuse for an army is to do a larger sort of police duty, for the protection of their country. Imagine the police force cheering the increase of crime, because it gives a prospect of the fun of clubbing and shooting the criminals; or the scavenger rejoicing over an unusual accumulation of filth, to give him greater exercise; or the hospital nurses hilarious over the spread of the pest! There is, perhaps, nothing quite so horrible on this earth as the man who can actually lust after the blood of his fellow-man.—*Truth-Seeker.*

Health is the vital principle of bliss.—*Thomson*



"The Player That's Different"

WHETHER your pleasure is to evoke memories of Auld Lang Syne through the ever-new melodies of childhood—
Or whether you wish to render perfectly the most difficult compositions of the masters of music—

The Krell Auto-Grand offers possibilities of interpretation and accentuation which no other player approaches.

Why the Krell Auto-Grand is different

The patented exclusive striking principle duplicates exactly the human touch.

Krell Auto-Grand

There is an individual pneumatic for each key of the piano—and each one of these can be removed easily by itself—no expert is necessary to adjust or clean it. The pneumatic system is placed where it belongs—close to the bellows and below the keyboard. This is true of no other player.

Because of the Extra Storage Air Reservoir, volume may be increased or decreased simply by pedaling, and without effect upon the tempo. The motor is noiseless, the tubes metal (instead of rubber), the tracker-board a special aluminum alloy. The graduating tone device makes possible effects attainable in no other player. The Krell Auto-Grand is an 88-note instrument. Before you choose a player-piano, see and hear it. Did you ever stop to consider that a player-piano gets much more and much harder usage than a hand-played instrument?

The ordinary piano is not built to stand this heavy strain; and merely attaching a player mechanism to it does not make it any stronger. We manufacture all parts of both our piano and player action ourselves. Most other manufacturers merely assemble the different parts.

The Albert Krell piano is noted for its sweetness and musical capability; in addition, it is strengthened in every vulnerable part. The Auto-Grand player action can only be found in the Albert Krell Piano.

"How to Select a Player-Piano" Sent Free

A very interesting little book on player-piano construction and development which is of vital interest to every one interested in players. It gives you a thorough insight into the principles of player-piano construction and it tells in detail of the hundred-and-one distinctive features of the Krell Auto-Grand. Write for it today. You should have it.

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Company
Department 1-F **Connersville, Indiana**

TO be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chord of emotion, a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.—*George Eliot.*

Soft is the music that would charm forever.

—*Wordsworth.*

ESSAY ON NATURE

■ ■ ■ ■ BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON ■ ■ ■ ■

THIS *Essay on Nature* is a verbatim reprint of the first book published by Emerson. This was in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six. Emerson was thirty-three years old. In it he put all he had. It was a summing up of his inmost belief. ¶ The things that he dare not fully explain in the pulpit are here put plainly—the oneness of creation—the absurdity of a special revelation—the declaration that God speaks to any and all who will listen—and that no institution nor man can, by any possibility, monopolize or even represent the divine for other men.

¶ At this time Emerson had no ambition in the line of letters. It was Truth that interested him, not Fame. But two years after, when he gave his famous Divinity Address, he fired a shot heard round the world. Then it was for the first time that he was free to acknowledge the authorship of the *Essay on Nature*—and to live his life. ¶ The edition of *Nature* is sold out in all bindings except Alicia. These books are printed on Japan Vellum in two colors. The price is \$7.50. There are only a few of them.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

THE MAN OF SORROWS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



HE test of innocence is no longer to walk on red-hot iron, and the admissions of a witch or one possessed by devils are referred to the trained nurse or pathologist.

¶ Biology and history know nothing of "the fall of man." So far as we know the race has risen constantly in general well-being and intelligence.

¶ References such as that of a miraculous Star that appeared in the East and guided certain wise men to the Stable where the young child lay, need not now be considered seriously.

¶ Vagrant stars would work a violence to Astronomy; the laws of the Universe unchanging, unchanging, are the true miracle. He changeth not, and in Him there is no variableness neither shadow of turning.

¶ This story told nineteen hundred years after the birth of the Man of Sorrows is a sincere attempt to depict the teachings, life and times and limn the personality of the great and gentle Man of Galilee.

¶ The book is well printed. In library binding—Price, \$2.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

A Friend To Your Face



HE man who shaves himself is free—or partially so. But think not, kind Sir, when you have given the tonsorialist the fond farewell so far as shaving is concerned, that your troubles are o'er—not by several versts.

When the man buys his new razor he is apt to think that the subsequent shaving operation is simple, and so it is if he Knows How.

The average amateur buys the kind of razor that makes the strongest appeal to him in its advertising, and he gets a soap recommended the same way, but for a brush he thinks Any Old Thing will do—and generally he gets it.

Mixing lather seems so simple as seen by the layman in the barber's chair, lazily watching the man as he deftly does his work. But Mr. Amateur pours in about three times as much water as is necessary, and commences to slosh. He gives it that free-arm movement affected by the cook when she stirs a cake, and in less than a minute his shaving-mug looks like a picture of Niagara Falls in the Winter. Like Old Faithful Geyser, the foam leaps upward and over the sides—he has enough raw material to whitewash a fence. On the other hand, if he be too conservative and doesn't use moisture enough, why, he bears so hard upon the brush that it spreads till the bristles flare and it has the shape of a miniature umbrella turned wrongside out.

Such is the fate of the Average Man who would shave himself.

“And is there no remedy?” query those who are Curious to Know.

Indeed there is. We've just been leading up to it. The remedy is the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush.

In the handle of this brush is a glass reservoir filled with shaving-cream. A turn of the cap at the bottom forces this cream into the brush—and there you are!

From a sanitary standpoint the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush has all others distanced so far that when once seen and used, the particular shaver will never go back to the old uncomfortable way.

Its compactibility makes it most desirable for the traveler. Instead of half a dozen shaving appurtenances you have but two—your razor and the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush.

Even a good shaving-brush will soon lose its shape and usefulness when employed every day to coax lather out of a hard cake of soap. If your brush is a good one there is no need of using the fingers to soften the beard, but if the brush's life is worn out by continual gyrations in a shaving-mug, what can a man do? Answer: throw it away and buy the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush. Be a friend to your face.

Placing shaving-cream upon an ordinary brush is awkward, wasteful and unnecessary—now. In the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush the shaving-cream comes up from the bottom into the center of the bristle. It is distributed evenly, thoroughly and as needed, allowing the brush to perform its proper function of lathering the face and softening the beard. With the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush your daily shave is a period of comfort and cleanliness—note that, cleanliness—no spattering deluge of superfluous lather.

Maybe you do not shave yourself. Perhaps you have ensconced in tonsorial archives a beautiful cup with a secret-order emblem or your monogram thereon. Peradventure it may be a present from Her. Love it, but don't use it. The Better Day is here. Get a telescope Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush and leave it at the shop. When you go away on a trip, take it with you. You'll have a Strange Barber, but the familiar brush and cream.

The prices range from \$1.50 for the nickel-finish with white bristle to \$10 for the Very Ornate gold finish with silver-tip badger bristle. Why would n't it be a good idea to send for illustrations, then you can select the style that appeals to your discriminating taste?

THE FESLER SALES COMPANY
Two Fifty-Six West Twenty-Third Street, New York City, in the U. S. A.

The Mintage

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

JAMES T. Fields, publisher and printer in ordinary, asked Emerson one day what to his mind made a great story.

"A story which will make the average reader laugh and cry both is a great story, and he who writes it is a true author," answered the Sage of Concord.

The Mintage is a book of great stories—the man or woman who can read them without emotion is without the pale, without the expense of pink pills.

The Mintage, on handmade paper, Miriam binding, \$2.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora
Erie County, State of New York

MANHATTAN & HENRY HUDSON

BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

THE greatest English Statesmen have ever been Irishmen, but the balance readjusts when we remember that Hendrick Hudson, the Dutch navigator and explorer, was a red-headed Englishman. ¶ He had no dream that the river which makes the name of Hudson known in every land would echo the sounds of the mightiest city of the world. ¶ He had no dream that men would honor him and write his deed in deathless words. ¶ The City of New York, Manhattan's pride—this was no part of Hudson's plan. He came to find the Northwest Way. He faltered when his life was done. ¶ This book is a little tribute to the man, Hendrick Hudson, and to the glory of Manhattan.

Special board binding. Individual cover-design. Handmade Paper. Price, TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Song of Myself

BY WALT WHITMAN

I Walt Whitman, now thirty-seven years old, in perfect health, begin, hoping to cease not till death. I will make the poems of materials, for I think they are to be the most spiritual poems, and I will make the poems of my body and mortality."

¶ The printing of the *Song of Myself* was completed in February, Nineteen Hundred Four. The Colophon reads: "So here endeth the *Song of Myself* as written by Walt Whitman. Done into print (this is no book—who touches this, touches a man) by The Roycrofters at their shop."

¶ The *Song of Myself* is done in two colors, bound in ooze-leather, silk-lined. There are only a very few copies left. Price, \$2.00.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

Rip Van Winkle

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

AS a child, Irving continually lost himself in haunted houses and thrilly places where strange deeds were done, to the great distress of his parents and the certain emolument of the Town Crier. "Child Lost, Child Lost! Blue eyes, curly hair, pink dress—Child Lost, Child Lost!" but the author of *Rip Van Winkle* calmly continued to perch high on a keg on the gray old quay, dreaming strange fancies of far-away folk.

¶ The foreword to *The Roycroft Edition of Rip Van Winkle* is written by Joseph Jefferson, who made the quaint tale immortal.

¶ The special woodcut initials are bits of Dard Hunter's best work.

¶ The last of these books, and there are very few. Price, \$2.00 each.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York

MOTOR SUPREMACY



STEPHEN GIRARD was born at Bordeaux, France, in Seventeen Hundred Fifty. He died in Philadelphia in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-one.

Stephen Girard was the best gift in the way of man material that any country could give any other, and we thank France for him.

Girard loved Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson, and one reason why he was drawn to them was because they all spoke French and he had a high regard for the French people. Franklin and Jefferson were each sent on various important diplomatic missions to France.

Let these facts stand. Franklin taught Girard the philosophy of business and fixed in his mind philanthropic bias, and in return Girard gave Franklin a few lessons in Finance.

The French and American minds have always interchanged ideas to the eternal benefit of both, and at the present time France is teaching America some things about that important factor in our civilization, "Motor Cars."

Louis Renault has given us an American Special Motor Car at a price within reason, \$5,300. The 25-35 Horsepower Renault, with a long-stroke motor, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, is used by Americans everywhere who appreciate the French workmanship and ingenuity in manufacturing cars. Renault is an economist, master-mechanic, inventor and artist.

If we in return give Louis Renault our business, we are merely paying a debt. He has improved the Motor-Car Industry. His Long-Stroke Motor runs powerfully, evenly and constantly.

For detailed information, consult the American Branch.

THE RENAULT 25-35 "American Special" long-stroke motor at \$5,300, TOURING - - \$6,800, LIMOUSINE

IS THE BEST VALUE NOW ON THE MARKET

RENAULT FRERES SELLING BRANCH, Inc.

PAUL LACROIX, *General Manager*

BROADWAY (57th St.) NEW YORK

Branches—CHICAGO, 1606 Michigan Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, 116 Van Ness Ave.

Agents—LOUISIANA, Bernin Auto Co., 933 Perdido St., New Orleans; COLORADO, Colburn Auto Co., 15th St. and Colfax Ave., Denver; CUBA, Y. Castanon, Apartado 128, Havana; HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, Von Hammi Young Co., Young Building, Honolulu; PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, Estrella Auto Palace, 11 Plaza Maraga, Manila; NEW ENGLAND, A. C. Morse & Co., Motor Mart, Park Square, Boston, Mass.; SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, C. C. Henion, 1142 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard

Will deliver his lecture, "The Religion of Business," as follows:

Chicago, Ill.—Studebaker Theater, Sunday Afternoon, 3 o'clock, October 8th.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Lecture Hall, Carnegie Library Building, Shenley Park, Friday Evening, October 13th—Tom Lawson's Day.

St. Louis, Mo.—Memorial Hall, Nineteenth Street and Lucas Place, Tuesday Evening, October 17th. Seats on sale at Bollman's.

Springfield, Ill.—Thursday Evening, October 19th.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Witherspoon Hall, Tuesday Evening, October 24th. Seats on sale at John Wanamaker's.

New York City—Cooper Union, Thursday Evening, October 26th. Seats on sale at John Wanamaker's.

Boston, Mass.—Steinert Hall, Friday Evening, October 27th. Seats on sale at Music Store of Steinert and Sons.

Washington, D. C.—New Masonic Temple, New York Avenue and Thirteenth Street, N. W., Friday Evening, November 10th.

A PRESUMPTION

BY C. A. BOWSER

☞ To secure and perpetuate the American form of Government and the principles of liberty upon which it is established and ordained, the following presumption is presented to the American people for their contemplation and judgment:

☞ It is presumed that the purpose of the Spirit of the Universe on the earth requires that man shall assist it to express as energy in the greatest number, variety and potency of forms with the greatest efficiency.

☞ That for the American people to know of this purpose in terms of energy is their highest obligation, to perform this purpose is their highest duty, and to do it with efficiency is their highest virtue.

☞ Furthermore, it shall be presumed that this purpose of the Universal Spirit on the earth has a definite program of operation, a necessary order of development, a definite direction of progress and a definite goal to be achieved.

☞ Furthermore, it shall be presumed that the American civilization is now the leading factor of this terrestrial program; that it has, therefore, a definite program of operation, a necessary order of development, a definite direction of progress, and a definite goal to be achieved.

☞ Furthermore, the leading factor of the American civilization is now its system of business.

☞ That it therefore has a definite program of operation, a necessary order of development, a definite direction of progress and a definite goal to be achieved.

☞ By these presents it is believed that the progress and prosperity of the American people are now dependent upon the proper development of their system of business, and thereupon are dependent the progress and prosperity of the rest of mankind.

An Issue of Two Hundred Thousand (200,000) Copies

THE PHILISTINE Magazine for October will consist of Two Hundred Thousand Copies. In point of text this issue will be quite the most pleasing, peculiar, and pungently pizzacatto number that has been issued. Sparks from the smithy of the Infinite are discernible in every line; and the advertisements will radiate them. ¶ This little Magazine, which has been correctly called "the torpedo-boat of the literary squadron," has worked its chug-chug without ceasing for seventeen years.

The American people today demand brevity, clearness, lucidity and good-cheer. ¶ We are talking less and saying more than ever before in the history of the world. The heavy, the profound, the lugubrious, the soporific have no place in the pages of the little *Philistine*.

¶ The first forms of the October number are now on the press, but we have room for a few more choice advertisements, with no advance in rates—yet awhile. If you send in your order soon, we will write your advertisement for you—no charge beyond the cost of insertion in the Magazine. ¶ That is to say, we will prepare your copy or take yours and add to it the immortal touch if you so desire. ¶ NOW THEN!!

About Your Precious Silver

DO you want your silver to have that lovely luster so dear to the hearts and minds of Paul de Lamerie, Paul Storr, Rundell and Bridge, great Silversmiths who devoted so much patient care to this branch of the silversmith's art?

The utility of silver depends chiefly on its condition. Don't use inferior preparations in cleaning your silver! Better have tarnished silver than injured.

A Detroit expert on the subject of silver has invented a silver-cleaning preparation which he calls "Lozo." ¶ Lozo will remove every stain from your silver with very little work or effort on your part. Apply it to your Silver Service whenever necessary, following directions, and all discolorations will instantly disappear, leaving the silver exquisite and clean. ¶ On receipt of Thirty-five Cents a bottle will go forward to you in a compact mailing-case. Lozo will reach you in good condition ready for immediate use. Send now while you are thinking about it.

LOZO CHEMICAL COMPANY
672 CASS AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Mr. Secretary Man:

¶ You will find East Aurora a very desirable place in which to hold your next convention.

¶ The Roycroft Inn can take care of two hundred fifty people. The place has an auditorium, and numerous committee-rooms. We have woods, brooks, books, a baseball team, a garage, shower-baths, running water, steam heat, electric lights, orchards, meadows, autos, horses, walks, talks and a woodpile. We have a farm of five hundred acres, and produce the vegetables, milk, butter and poultry that our Inn requires.

¶ If you want to be discreetly left alone, or if you have a little good earnest work to do, this is your place. Our automobiles will meet you at the station when your Coward Shoes touch the sacred soil of East Aurora.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora
Erie County, State of New York

MAKERS and Sellers of Automobiles and Accessories who use *The Fra* Advertising Pages to the benefit of our readers and at a reasonable profit to themselves.

Chalmers Motor Company

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Henry Motor Car Sales Company

Oakland Motor Car Company

Anderson Electric Car Company

Mack Brothers Motor Car Company

Stevens-Duryea Company

Renault Freres Selling Branch, Inc.

Clement Talbot Auto. Import

Consolidated Motor Car Company

Haynes Automobile Company

Babcock Electric Carriage Company

Thomas B. Jeffrey and Company

Maxwell Briscoe Motor Company

Willys-Overland Company

E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company

Columbus Buggy Company

Kearns Motor Car Company

Goodson Electric and Manufacturing Company

Diamond Rubber Company

Jones Live Map-Meter Company

Warner Instrument Company

was able to come to such a conclusion as was scarcely ever wrong. Through this power of analysis he was able to see clearly what had been, and to form an opinion of what would be, "looking before and after," as Shakespeare expresses it.—C. E. Carr.

WHAT there is a difference between the average and the first-class man is known to all employers, but that the first-class man can do in most instances from two to four times as much as is done on an average is known to but few, and is fully realized only by those who have made a thorough and scientific study of the possibilities of men.

This fact is as little realized by

IT may be doubted whether any other man that ever lived has been endowed with such power of analysis as was Abraham Lincoln. He would take up a proposition or a problem and separate and divide it into its component parts, as a skilled chemist would separate the component parts of a solid or a fluid and weigh each individual substance and ascribe to each so much or so little importance as it merited. This thorough analysis was made with deliberation, and he

the workmen themselves as by their employers. The first-class men know they can do more work than the average, but they have rarely made any careful study of the matter. And the writer has over and over again found them utterly incredulous when he informed them, after close observation and study, how much they were able to do.—Frederick W. Taylor.

A prosperous agricultural interest is to a nation what good digestion is to a man.—James J. Hill

LET us listen only to the experience that urges us on: it is always higher than the one that throws or keeps us back. Let us reject all the counsels of the past that do not turn us to the future. This is what was admirably understood, perhaps for the first time in history, by certain men of the French Revolution; and that is why this revolution is the one that did the greatest and most lasting things. Here, this experience teaches us that, contrary to all that occurs in the affairs of daily life, it is all important to destroy. In every social progress, the great and only difficult work is the destruction of the past. We need not be anxious

about what we shall place in the stead of the ruins. The force of things and of life will undertake the rebuilding. It is but too eager to reconstruct; and we should not be doing well to aid it in its precipitate task. Let us therefore not hesitate to employ even to excess our destructive powers: nine-tenths of the violence of our blows is lost amid the inertness of the mass, even as a blow of the heaviest hammer is dispersed in a large stone, and becomes, so to speak, imperceptible to



EVERY line of the Detroit Electric is simple, clean-cut, generous, frank.

It invites your close acquaintance, companionship, confidence. It entreats you to look deeper than its distinguished outward beauty, to fundamental principles of structure, upon which depend your safety and permanence of investment.

Learn for yourself the reason why our Direct Shaft Drive is "Chainless." It means much to you—a straight path of power from motor to rear axle—an exclusive feature. However, judge the Detroit Electric as a whole, not by its many exclusive features.

It is a Masterpiece of perfect working mechanism welded into a harmony of Oneness.

Batteries:—Edison, nickel and steel, Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Tires:—Pneumatic or Motz Cushion.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.



Anderson Electric Car Company

419 Clay Street
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Branches: New York, Broadway at 80th St.; Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.; Buffalo and Cleveland

Selling Representatives in All Leading Cities

Detroit
ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless

a child who may be holding the stone in its hand.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

IT is a very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote. If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote, through the hands of a half-brutal, intemperate population, I think it but fair that the virtues, the aspirations, should be allowed a full voice as an offset, through the purest of people.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

A Freak Magazine, Cure!

☞ It is the Freak Magazines that are slowly but surely redeeming the world. The little magazine with lots of good stuff in it pleases the man whose think-tub is not stagnant.

☞ Literature is not running as much to the acre as it once did. However, just the same, of good writers there are a few—more than some people will admit. But they put their thoughts in concise form. They boil them down to essentials.

☞ Work is the inspiration of the new writers—not rest, rust and dissipation. Arthur Fischer, the editor of "Personality," has something to say and says it well. His Little Magazine, "Personality," is, like *The Philistine*, in the Freak Class.

☞ Mr. Fischer believes that success is the result of mental attitude, and the right mental attitude will bring success in everything you undertake. The world wants its work done, and civilization is simply a search for men who can do things.

☞ Success is the most natural thing in the world. The world needs you. It wants what you produce: you can serve it, and if you will, it will reward you richly. You need what others have to give—they need you. And you need Fischer's little Magazine, "Personality."

☞ Fischer says, in a recent number of "Personality": "I advise every one to go into the 'Cheering-Up' Business, I never heard of a failure in it.

☞ "Personality" is a Magazine of individuality. To quote Fischer: "Too many merchants get discouraged magnifying the volume of business done by the other fellow—Forget it! If he continually advertises his bigness, make capital of advertising the many advantages of being small, and you are very apt to be as big as he is pretty quick."

☞ Fill out the coupon below. The Fifty Cents you forward will not be regarded as a remittance, but as a deposit. You will receive a copy of "Personality." If you don't see Fifty Cents' worth in almost every page, just write a postal and Fischer will return your money cheerfully and cancel the subscription. *Fra* Readers will appreciate "Personality," and Fischer is taking no chances on this.

Arthur Fischer, 1503 Broadway, Quincy, Ill.

DEAR PLAYMATE—Since the price of living went up I have quit eating and do not need this half-dollar, so I enclose it berewith to pay for a year's subscription to your magazine.

☞ Just think! One Year, Only Fifty Cents in Cash.

day, in rich humor and evanescent beauty, he caused Wentworth House, Portsmouth, to become a hallowed spot ☞ When out of the musty legend that Standish once tried to woo Priscilla by proxy, he spun a poetic yarn which exalted the legend into a picturesque historical incident, Plymouth values rose. Even that forbidding institution, the Arsenal at Springfield, draws its scores of visitors yearly because it one day drew a poem from Longfellow. The same thing is true of the churchyard at Cambridge, of the old Jewish cemetery at Newport, Eliot's Oak near Brook Farm and the quaint Pittsfield house which sheltered the Old Clock on the

☞ It is indeed difficult to imagine what might have become of our scant store of American traditions had not Longfellow helped us so signally to preserve them. He created new traditions, too, by writing poems potent to endow comparatively uninteresting incidents with romantic charm. When he wove about the marriage of a stout Colonial governor, aged sixty, to a winsome serving-maid just turned twenty, a ballad second to none in the fragrant atmosphere of a vanished

stairs. Moreover there is every reason to believe that nine-tenths of the Americans who visit Nuremberg, Heidelberg, the old bridge at Florence and the Belfry at Bruges, do so under associations which they have gained from Longfellow's prose or verse.

—Mary Caroline Crawford.

☞ You tell me this is God? I answer you it is a printed list, a burning candle and an ass.

—Stephen Crane.

WOMEN should have the franchise, for every reason that man should have it: to protect their interests, give legal value to their opinions, and secure for them the normal development of the self-governed. There is an added reason for woman's freedom, because the evolution of the race is more dependent upon her than it is upon man. The intellectual equipment and the spiritual dignity of woman measure and bound all the achievements of humanity. All that the mother is she gives to the race. She must find out for herself what Nature intended should be her sphere.

—Clara B. Colby

THE rights of the helpless, though they

be brutes, must always be protected by those who have superior power. The individual vivisector and vaccinator must be held responsible to some authority which he fears. The medical and scientific men who time and time again have raised their voices in opposition to all legal prospects of regulation, know as well as any one else does the unspeakable possibilities of callousness, wantonness and meanness of human nature; and their unanimity is the best example I know of the

Discrimination and Stationery

DISCRIMINATION, commonsense and "knowing how" are qualities that go to make a Class A Stationer. The gentle art of pleasing people in supplying their stationery wants is an exacting proposition at the least. Dempsey and Carroll, America's Leading Stationers, hold their patronage by a realization of this fact. They say, "Quality of workmanship and material, combined with a knowledge of what is right and proper, shall take precedence over everything else in our business."

So when you order wedding-invitations, announcements, at-home and church cards, monogramed correspondence paper, bookplates and crests from this firm you know that you are securing something that you can not get from the "stationer around the corner."

The work of Dempsey and Carroll is always beautiful, artistic and useful. The prices are reasonable, quality of work considered, and they do the work in the shortest amount of time consistent with the very best results. Write to them about your needs in their line. Your correspondence will receive personal and pleasing attention. You can shop with this firm by mail as well as at the New York Store.

Dempsey and Carroll, 22 West 23 Street, New York

THE LINEMAN'S PAL

Q Ask the next Lineman you see working in your town what he thinks of Utica Pliers. He will tell you that he has tested and tried them on the worst possible jobs and found them true.

Q Telephone Boys—Bell and Independent—all root for Utica Pliers, and Telegraph-Pole Shimmers—Postal and Western Union—stand by the Pliers that stand by them.

Q The Boys who work with wire and other obstinate things want service, durability and tools that work easily and effectively.

Q Utica Pliers are scientifically constructed to fit the human hand. They have stood terrific tests and have proven their quality every time.

Q To repair gas-jets, to hang pictures, to bend or cut wire, to repair the sewing-machine, gun, fence, or to repair other tools, nothing equals Utica Pliers. **Q** Ask your Hardware Dealer for Utica Pliers. The makers will gladly supply you information on request.

UTICA DROP FORGE AND TOOL COMPANY
800 WHITESBORO STREET, UTICA, NEW YORK

power of club opinion to quell independence of mind. No well-organized sect or corporation of men can ever be trusted to be truthful or moral when under fire from the outside. In this case the watchword is to deny every alleged fact stoutly, to concede no point of principle, and to stand firmly on the right of the individual experimenter. His being "scientific" must, in the eye of the law, be a sufficient guarantee that he can do no wrong.—Professor William James.

What Mahin Service Means

SATISFACTION PLUS. This is the goal we aim to achieve for every one of our customers. That we succeed is evidenced by their many expressions of appreciation and their enthusiastic recommendation of our services to prospective customers.

Note the following extract from a letter of June 8, 1911, from Mr. Edgar T. Welch, Secretary and Treasurer of the Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.:

"In closing I repeat what I told the representative of an advertising agency who called recently: 'We would place our advertising a second year with the Mahin Advertising Company even had their service not been as satisfactory as it has been.'"

This is "Satisfaction Plus;" they are *more* than pleased with the advertising and sales co-operation given them, and the rapidly increasing sales are an evidence of the high merchandising ability behind their excellent product.

In this connection read what another national advertiser voluntarily says about Mahin Service to one of our prospective customers:

SEATTLE, WASH., May 8, 1911

In reading a notice in a paper recently that you were going to advertise your product in a national way, the thought was advanced that if you were contemplating this and wanted a good live advertising campaign, you could not do better than to employ the Mahin Advertising Company, 76 W. Monroe St., Chicago, whose President and General Manager is Mr. John Lee Mahin, one of the squarest, most able and best advertising men in the United States.

Mr. Mahin has handled our advertising business for the past six years and through his efforts we have been able to have CARNATION MILK well advertised all over the United States, creating a demand for it which far exceeds our output, and we feel confident that if you are contemplating doing some advertising, you can not do better than to place your business in the hands of Mr. Mahin.

Yours truly,
PACIFIC COAST CONDENSED MILK CO.
E. A. STUART, PRESIDENT.

These letters demonstrate the enthusiasm with which Mahin Service is supported by our customers, and the unprecedented sales for their products proves the efficiency of the Mahin conference method of planning and producing advertising copy that creates the *buying impulse* in the mind of the public.

What we have done for others we can do for you.

Write, wire or 'phone us and make an appointment in your office or ours.



Mahin Advertising Company

JOHN LEE MAHIN, PRESIDENT WM. H. RANKIN, VICE-PRESIDENT H. A. GROTH, SECRETARY

819-869 American Trust Building, 76 W. Monroe St., Chicago

Newspaper, Magazine, Farm Paper, Trade Paper, Street Car and Outdoor Advertising

want, to a single cell with a nucleus, to a hollow ball filled with fluid, to a cup with double walls, to a flat worm, to a something that begins to breathe, to an organism that has a spinal cord, to a link between the invertebrate and the vertebrate, to one that has a cranium—a house for a brain—to one with fins, still onward to one with fore and hinder fins, to the reptile, mammalia, to the marsupials, to the lemurs, dwellers in trees, to the simiæ, to the pithecanthropi, and lastly to man ❄️ ❄️

We know the paths that life has traveled. We know the foot-steps of advance. They have been traced. The last link has been found. For this we are indebted,

more than to all others, to the greatest of biologists, Ernst Haeckel.

We now believe that the universe is natural and we deny the existence of the supernatural.

—R. G. Ingersoll.

❄️ We now know, if we know anything, that the universe is natural, and that men and women have been naturally produced. We now know our ancestors, our pedigree. We have the family tree.

We have all the links of the chain, twenty-six links, inclusive, from moner to man.

We did not get our information from inspired books. We have fossil facts and living forms.

❄️ From the simplest creatures, from blind sensation, from organisms with one vague

❄️ SCIENCE, when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to assist in building up a new creed by which man can live.—John Morley.

WE are beginning to realize that while man has been braving the perils of the trackless deep, penetrating the ice-bound barriers of the frozen North, hewing his way through primeval forests, in search of treasures and talismans, with which to defy the gaunt specters of disease, discontent and death; he had within himself a veritable El Dorado whose treasures we have been as yet unable to estimate.

Instead of following the divine current along which life should flow to its perfect fruition in all things worth while, it becomes a tempestuous torrent, which if unrestrained by knowledge, carries the luckless

victim out into a sea of sorrows, perhaps leaving him marooned upon some barren island, far from life's fertile pastures. The lesson to be learned is that life is regulated by perfect law and that this law is beneficent in its action and flows naturally and perfectly toward that which is noble and true. ¶ Hence, those who have fallen into evil have simply diverted the crystal waters of the stream of life into byways which mar and pollute its purity.—W. A. Weltmer.

Next Time You Order Business Stationery

Look up a Printer or Lithographer in your locality who can furnish you



FREE—The above set of handsome letterheads and "Reason Why" booklet.

CONSTRUCTION

Best at the Price



Made in White and Six Colors

With Envelopes To Match

Better yet, write us now and we will tell you who can supply it. A postal will do. If you give your firm name and address, you will receive free our portfolio of 28 handsome specimen letterheads, printed, lithographed and engraved, showing the various finishes, thicknesses and colors of Construction Bond, with envelopes to match. Write us now if you want

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Not every manufacturing stationer can supply business stationery on Construction Bond. It is sold only direct to responsible printers and lithographers in quantities of 500 pounds or more at a time, while other fine papers are sold through jobbers, a ream or more at a time to any printer who will buy them. The saving in our method of distribution comes off the price you pay for stationery—if you secure Construction Bond. Write us now for the names of those who can supply it.

W. E. WROE & COMPANY, 1002 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

You Can Have Health, Wealth and Happiness

Are you a business and social success, or merely one of the submerged millions? Are you a master, or one of the oppressed? How do you stand in your community, have you force and distinction?

Do you get out of life all the health, happiness and wealth you should, or have you given up in despair? Will you leave the world worse off for having lived? Think this over, decide—then write me for my system of Deductive Thought.

You can be exactly what you will be. Great Men and Women are those who know how to be great. To do the right thing at the right time and know it is right, is the problem. I have worked out the plan. It is the application of "Deductive Thought." It saved me, and can save you. If you are already a power, Deductive Thought will make you a greater one, be you man or woman. Deductive Thought can lift any Ambitious Man or Woman to Health, Happiness and Wealth. There is no such thing as luck.



Eight years ago I was an ordinary clerk, sickly, discouraged and miserable, earning but a few dollars per week and without hope until I realized that the world and its good things were created for me if I would but think right and live right.

Today I am the head of two big corporations doing an international business. I am happy, strong and well-to-do, with a growing family, and I envy no man and would trade places with none, all because of my discovery.

Success in life, Physical, Social and Financial, is what you make it. What will yours be? Big Money is not made by routine work, but by the execution of my system of Deductive Thought. Make the most of your life. You owe it to those who depend upon you as well as to yourself. I can help you if you will write me at once for particulars. My time is limited, so don't delay. It will cost you nothing to write and learn the truth. Mention "F & A" and address Frank D. Follansbee, 7157 Yale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Says Charles Isbell Taylor:

There are a lot of wise old ducks a-sitting in college chairs of literature, who can dissect a Little Journey in a wink. They can show you just when the Fra stopped to draw a breath, and where he missed a stitch. And they will rip all the innards out of a Little Journey and pin 'em to the wall. ¶ Never have I seen a student who could write a Little Journey after taking a course in Little Journey Vivisection—and no Professor that I can now name is an active competitor of the good Fra.

BELIEVE in Woman's Suffrage, not so much as an end but as a symptom and symbol of something infinitely greater; because I believe that the demand for political independence springs from woman's recognition of and desire for that social and moral independence which the world has hitherto denied her.—Cicely Hamilton.

Oh! to be that strong in myself, that I ask not the morrow to be revealed.—Muriel Strode.

Perhaps I can point you the pathway that leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I want to do, because I am your friend. And by pointing you the way I find it myself.

HEALTH AND WEALTH

AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD



WITH your subscription to THE FRA Magazine there will be sent to you gratis, at once, as a premium, a copy of HEALTH AND WEALTH. This book of 162 pages contains thirty-two essays on various phases of practical life. It shows how to keep well; how to make money and how to save it; also how to secure all the happiness you deserve. ¶ It reveals the very kernel of The American Philosophy, or what has been called, "The Gospel of Commonsense."

HEALTH AND WEALTH is bound with suede leather, silk-lined, silk marker, two special portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, special watermark paper, antique type. A strictly De Luxe and unique specimen of bookmaking.

To FRA ELBERTUS, *Frater-in-Charge*
East Aurora, New York

FRIEND: I enclose Two Dollars to pay the yearly subscription, so send THE FRA Magazine and HEALTH AND WEALTH, gratis, and any other perquisites from time to time that are my due, without extra charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Foreign Postage, Seventy-five Cents

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

To Particular People:

Q Not so very long ago the particular man was dubbed the "fussy" man. Today we know that the one-time "fussy" man is the good-sense man. A man who is particular about the food he eats, the room he sleeps in, the clothes he wears, the bathroom he uses and the office he works in, is one of the saviors of the world.

Q This is the very man who at first agitated the abolishment of the public drinking-cup nuisance. Today he is using the Jamaica Collapsible Paper Drinking-Cup, which can be bought at the rate of twenty for ten cents.

Q Remit a Dollar today and avoid germs, microbes, bacteria and vibrios.

To Ad-Men:

Q If your product is worth while, you want to appeal to particular people. The best Advertising Medium possible to reach these "worth-while" folks is the Paper Drinking-Cup bearing your Advertisement.

Q The Collapsible Cup is an excellent Advertising Novelty, and is kept, while circulars and so on are given to the waste-basket. This Cup is collapsible, sanitary and inexpensive.

Q For information as to the price of the Cups in large quantities, bearing your Advertisement, write the makers direct.

Jamaica Paper Drinking Cup Company
Box A 122, Jamaica, New York City



Lamps That Beautify

HANDEL LAMPS add a lovely lure to any room. The soft glow under the delicate hand-painted shade adds distinction to the furnishings. Handel Lamps are not made to please the lover of the ordinary and trite. The idea is to please people of discernment and good taste, and good taste is simply a matter of good sense at the last. The Reading-Lamp here illustrated, Style No. 5357 is made for electricity, gas or oil. The base is hand-wrought, cast metal and exquisitely finished. The shade is a glorious design in blown-glass Teroma made by the cameo etching process, which blends the colors to produce a soothing rich radiance.

Handel Lamps

Form, proportion, harmony, utility are all distinct advantages of Handel Lamps. These Lamps are sold by leading jewelers and lighting-fixture dealers everywhere. The name of the nearest Handel Dealer will be sent you on application, also the Booklet, "Suggestions for Good Lighting," which shows some surprising and delightful possibilities in artistic lighting effects. It also shows the different styles of Handel Lamps and Fixtures. The Handel Company's Lighting Experts will gladly assist you in selecting Lamps especially suited to your requirements.

THE HANDEL COMPANY
392 EAST MAIN STREET, MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT
NEW YORK SHOWROOMS, 64 MURRAY STREET

An Earnest Young Man

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BACK TO NATURE



A HEN is not supposed to have much commonsense or tact, yet every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A ROOSTER has n't got a lot of intellect to show, but none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

THE MULE, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting people know he's around by his insistent bray.

THE BUSY LITTLE BEES they buzz, bulls bellow and cows moo, and watchdogs bark, and ganders quack and doves and pigeons coo.

THE PEACOCK spreads his tail and squawks; pigs squeal and robins sing, and even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

BUT MAN, the greatest masterpiece that Nature could devise, will often stop and hesitate before he'll ADVERTISE!



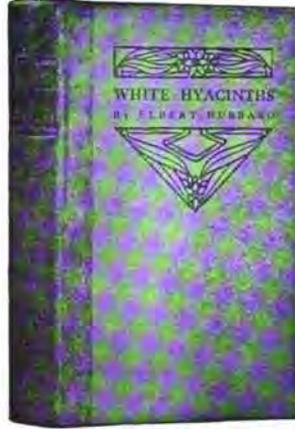
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A BOOK BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WHITE HYACINTHS is a tribute of worth, because it is the truth told of things of value accomplished in one woman's life. To teach and preach a reverent regard of women because they are women is to set up false ideals. Such teaching is from a false premise and can have no conclusion. Nothing is ideal unless it is, and sex can not make it so.



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IT IS POSSIBLE TO revere that which is of value in any life, only when we think, and we are prone to feel and call our feeling—thought.

White Hyacinths is the thoughtful recognition of a truly great life. No other Roycroft book has occasioned so much comment, critical and commendatory.

This Edition of *White Hyacinths* is in regular library binding, boards with leather back, silk marker. There are 161 pages in all, special title-page, initials and tailpieces.
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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



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A Twentieth Century Satire by Elbert Hubbard

Carlyle's greatest satire is "Sartor Resartus," which being interpreted is, "The Tailor Re-tailored."

Elbert Hubbard has written a satire on doctors: long, thin doctors; short, fat doctors; nice, crisp doctors; slow, drawly doctors; doctors of every kind and sort.

The Edition is a harmonious whole of satire—text, type, paper and binding.

The books are almost gone.

The price of this Edition is \$2.00.

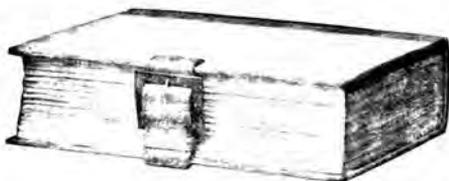
The Roycrofters, East Aurora



Good Men and Great

Timely Tales and True * By Elbert Hubbard

“Genius? No hovel is safe from it!” And geniuses and good men and great are citizens of the world. No narrow strand can hedge them in, they belong to all mankind. There are twelve sketches in this volume of three hundred forty-eight pages. Lives of great men to remind us. Curiously enough, the first good man and great is



that woman who thought so daringly and lived so honestly—George Eliot. Out of her thinking and living she produced the first great philosophical novels.

This special edition is printed on English paper. There are twelve portraits in photogravure. The type, initials and ornaments were specially made.

The book is bound in antique pigskin with the old-style copper buckle and strap fastening. Price, \$8.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



HIPPENDALE is a rare bit from the past—beautiful, but not representative of modern development. Utility, the grain of woods and the simple grace of outline are being considered in the making of furniture for Twentieth Century homes.

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Two or three mats of different sizes can be used to advantage on your library-table.

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12 inches in diameter 2.25

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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of *The Fra*. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 Define (a) proletariat; (b) canaille; (c) sans culotte.
- 2 What is mortmain?
- 3 What is meant by the expression, "The extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice"?
- 4 What is a minority decision?
- 5 State briefly the Jeffersonian ideal of government.
- 6 In your opinion, does precedent exercise any great influence in American legal matters?
- 7 How many honest lawyers are there in the United States?
- 8 Is it too many?
- 9 Explain the following: (a) obiter dicta; (b) hydrosphere; (c) atmosphere; (d) lithosphere.
- 10 Give a definition of (a) Life; (b) Energy; (c) Death.
- 11 What is education designed to accomplish?
- 12 Are learning and education synonymous?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 What is "Good Society"?
- 2 What is the attitude of Good Society toward manual labor?
- 3 Is advertising an economic waste?
- 4 Who was Mary Cowden Clarke?
- 5 Is it true, as Shakespeare implies, that a lawyer's business is to show people how to evade the law?
- 6 Compare the characters of Portia, Bassanio, Antonio and Shylock, in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."
- 7 What has been the treatment accorded Jews by Christian nations?
- 8 What excuse has Russia for persecuting her Jewish population?
- 9 Who was Sudermann?
- 10 Name some of Sudermann's productions.
- 11 What is Sudermann's influence on contemporaneous thought?
- 12 Who was (a) Fichte? (b) Hegel? (c) Odin?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 Why do most novelists drop their heroine at the altar?
- 2 Is love woman's whole existence? How about man?
- 3 What is your opinion of the custom of packaging goods?
- 4 Does machinery displace man?
- 5 What effect have flowers in factory surroundings?
- 6 Of what benefit is price maintenance or uniformity to (a) the manufacturer? (b) the dealer? (c) the consumer?
- 7 Distinguish between new and secondhand thought.
- 9 Give an example of secondhand thought.
- 10 What is your opinion of the general run of "family practitioners"?
- 11 Do you know of any one who knocks on the dentist?
- 12 Why do American dentists take the lead in Europe?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Who was Francis of Assisi, and for what was he noted?
- 2 What is (a) ecclesiasticism? (b) theology? (c) godliness?
- 3 Is there in your opinion any such thing as the Unpardonable Sin? If so, what is it?
- 4 What is your political ideal?
- 5 What is your opinion of the dictum, "Man was made to glorify God"?
- 6 Is the Church today undergoing transition?
- 7 Are riches an encumbrance?
- 8 What are the duties of a police officer?
- 9 Wherein does the Third Degree parallel the Spanish Inquisition?
- 10 In your opinion, what is the future of the British House of Lords?
- 11 What is the moral pointed by the life of Richard Ballinger?
- 12 Have you secured much mental pabulum from this number of *The Fra*?

BEAUTY: A Duty Fulfilled



WOODS HUTCHINSON is probably the most popular physician in America. The reason for it lies in the fact that he advocates the pleasing, the sensible and the simple. ¶ Recently he published an article on the "Sin of Homeliness." This smiling Doctor wants women to be "easy to look at."

He entreats, argues and commands them to cultivate beauty and good complexions. Whether you consider the subject of beauty serious or not, the lack of it surely is.

"Half a woman's attractiveness turns on the pinkness of her skin," says Edna May that was. Daggett and Ramsdell, Chemists to American Beauty by unanimous choice, supply in their Perfect Cold Cream a beauty aid and skin-cleanser that no woman should ignore. By employing only safe chemists they insure exactness, quality and cleanliness in the composition of their product. ¶ Any woman intent on doing her duty in making herself "easy to look at," will do well to trust her complexion to Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Clear to the bottom of the jar you will find it sweet as the dew on a wild rose.

¶ Your dealer must have it. Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50. Travelers' Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c. Write for a free tube. With the sample tube you will receive a valuable booklet, "Beware the Finger of Time."



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¶ In buying a piano, you have to consider: *First*, Its musical quality; *Second*, Its durability; *Third*, Its artistic appearance; *Fourth*, Its price.

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1. *The Philistine Magazine* for one year, as issued.

The Philistine makes you think, wakes you into action and smooths your spinal column the wrong way.

It does not soothe, solace nor sympathize, but it gives the Cosmic Kick that keeps you in the line of progress.

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Extra Postage: Canada, 12 Cents; Europe, 24 Cents.

Woman's Work

A BOOK BY ALICE HUBBARD

QLIVE SCHREINER has written a book on *Woman and Labor*. Alice Hubbard has written a book on *Woman's Work*. ¶ These are women who know the difficulties of life, for they have lived. These are women who understand work, labor, for they are workers in the world.

Woman's Work is a simple book. It carries a great message—a message for all people for all time.

The binding is plain, like the truth it covers.

THE PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS

The Roycrofters

EAST AURORA * * * * NEW YORK

Life Lessons

BY ALICE HUBBARD

IN this book Alice Hubbard points the way for some of us. These lives are not biography. They are simply the lessons from the struggles, failures and successes of the great who have lived; they are practical, not theoretical—they can be used now. The Book, *Life Lessons*, is a typographical gem—one of the finest from the Roycroft press * * *

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By Heinrich Heine

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Ballads of a Book-Worm

By Irving Browne

A Rhythmic Record of thoughts, fancies, and adventures a-collecting. Do not suppose that the writer is always literal, and that what he has written is always his own real experience or serious opinion. Use a little imagination, if you have it handy, and read between the lines now and then. Poets are not always talking of themselves. Such is Irving Browne's Foreword to *Book-Worm Ballads*—useful hints to the gentle reader, says he.

The book is bound in dull gray boards, with the title printed on golden bond. It is distinctly an individual book. Price, \$2.00.

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By Alfred Tennyson

"This then is *Maud*—being a melodrama as writ and arranged by Alfred Tennyson, done into a book for the delectation of the discerning, by The Roycrofters at their Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York." So endeth the title-page of the book of *Maud*. This book is printed from a font of antique type, with special initials, title and tailpieces. There are fewer than twenty-one of these books. This adds to their value. The price is \$2.00.

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By Elbert Hubbard

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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There is no one in America, we believe, that binds books better than do The Roycrofters. ¶ Our books go to the art-centers of Europe—London, Paris, Leipsic, Antwerp, Florence, Rome—and are there put on exhibition with the work of the best binders in the world.

Specimens of our fine bindings are to be seen at the British Museum, the National Library at Berlin, at the Vatican, and in many other of the great libraries of the world. ¶ As men grow in mentality and in spirit, they want fewer things and better things.

A lady once asked Joseph Leon Gobeille, Bibliophile Plus, this question: "Who would pay one hundred dollars for a book to read?" ¶ And Mr. Gobeille's answer was, "Madame, books are not to read—books are to love." ¶ Books are for suggestion, symbol—for all that you can read into them by caressing the covers with your eyes.

As we grow better we want better books. Solomon had a thousand wives—but Geraldine, we will not discuss that question.

Here are some fine books The Roycrofters have in stock. They are for sale at the prices named, and the funny part is they are worth all and more than we ask for them; also, as a matter of simple truth, they are growing in value as the days pass. They are unique, peculiar, rarely beautiful and distinct works of art. If in doubt, and she really has brains, present her one of these books. It will prove your quality and pay her a rare compliment. No duplicates. ¶ So this is a list of a few of the best. They will be sent on inspection and approval to responsible persons, on application.

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