Mind, Inc.

JUNE 1929

Mind, Inc.

THE KEY TO LIFE

Vol. I. JUNE, 1929 No. 2

CONTENTS

ROBERT COLLIER, *Editor*

Office of Publication, 19th and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J.
Editorial Offices, Mind, Inc., 599 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Jersey City address, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Printed in the United States of America.
Subscription price, $4.85 a year in advance.
Single copy, 50 cents.

MIND, INC., *Publishers*

Robert Collier, *President* H. R. Sekwood, *Treasurer*

Mind, Inc.

Dear Subscriber:

Why does Fortune seem to favor the few, and pass the many by? Why does an epidemic or accident strike down a dozen in a group and leave one or two untouched? What is back of the ill luck which dogs some people, the good fortune which attends others? Can *you* tell?

Three Laws of Life govern men—and two of them at least govern you whether you wish it or not. You can disregard them if you like. You can remain ignorant of them. And you can continue to be the sport of circumstance.

Or you can learn these laws, understand how they operate, and work *with* them to get any good thing of life.

The first of these laws is to many the most hopeless of all of Nature's laws. It seems inexorable as the Car of Juggernaut. It has caused more sorrow, more poverty and misery than all other laws together. It is—

THE LAW OF AVERAGES!

Under it, man has come to accept evil as a necessity, feeling that he must take the bad with the good. Under it, he has become accustomed to seeing corrupt politicians, bootleggers and evil-doers of the worst type prosper, while the decent elements in the community pay. Under it, he expects to fail more often than to succeed.

Why? Because that is the Law—the law which brings forth enough fish

to choke the sea, then lets the many die that the few may live; the Law which puts enough riches in the earth to make us all millionaires, then lets the many serve that the few may enjoy.

That is the Law of Averages. That is the law which makes it hard for people to believe in a just God. That is the law which rules in the Country of the Blind, where more than two billions live. That is the law which has been governing *you!*

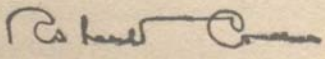
But that is the law which governs you no longer, now that you have taken the first step into the Land of Promise. You are over the worst part. "To begin," said some sage of old, "is to be half done." You have begun. Like the swimmer who plunges in boldly, you are over the shock. There remains now the exhilaration of the struggle, the joy of conquering new elements.

For in this new land into which you are entering, there is a law which overrides the Law of Averages. It is the Fundamental Law of the Universe. It is called *The Law of Attraction.*

We touched upon this fundamental Law of the Universe in our last Lesson. In this—the second Lesson—we shall try to show how, by applying this law to certain ideas, you can give them power to draw to themselves anything they may need for their manifestation.

This law is our second step—a much longer step then the first one. It is the star to which we are going to hitch our wagon. It is the force which will take us out of the crowd, up among the do-ers and the thinkers, where the real rewards lie.

Let's get started!



Lesson II

The Three Laws of Life

It has been conservatively estimated that 60% of the causes making for success or failure in business lie outside a man's own control, entirely apart from his particular ability or methods.

They are the fundamental trends, the seasonal ebb and flow of the tides of business which cast so many upon the rocks. To the extent that men swim with the tide of fundamental forces, they succeed. To the extent they fight against it, they fail.

For thousands of years, philosophers have wrangled over the problem of why men without scruple or conscience should so often succeed, while good men of equal ability fail. Some tell us it is because the wicked have their innings in this world and will suffer for it through eternity, while we shall have our turn at happiness and plenty then. That is a bit unsatisfying, especially when those near and dear to us are suffering for lack of things

we should be able to give them. But for many, it has to suffice.

But not for all! A few have learned that there are definite laws governing success—just as definite and just as certain of results as the laws of Physics.

These basic laws govern everything you do. They rule all of mankind, whether mankind likes it or not. They are unlike man-made laws in that they govern high and low alike. They defer neither to rich nor to poor, to weak nor to powerful—only to those with an understanding heart. It was with them in mind that the wisest of ancient kings bade us seek first understanding, and all things else would be added to us. Summed up, those laws are:

1st. *The Law of Averages,* under which man in the mass is no better off than the animals, his chances of happiness and success in life but little better than one in a hundred.

2nd. *The Law of Tendency,* which is towards Life-GIVING. To the extent that a man allies himself with this great fundamental force of nature, to that extent he improves his chances for success.

3rd. *The Law of Capillary Attraction,* which gives to every nucleus the power to draw to itself those things necessary for its growth and fulfillment. It is through this

third law that man is able to rise above the Law of Averages. It is by using it with the Law of Tendency that he is able to reach any height, attain any goal.

Under the Law of Averages, man in the mass is subject to alternate feast or famine, happiness or misery—just as the animals are. Nature seems carelessly profligate. She brings forth enough fish to choke the sea—then lets the many die that the few may live. She gives life with a prodigal hand—then seems entirely careless of it, letting the mass suffer or perish so long as the few survive.

To man she has given inexhaustible riches—but the few have most of it while the many toil to serve them.

That is Nature's Law of Averages in the animal kingdom. That is Nature's Law of Averages for man in the mass. But for man the individual she reserves a different fate.

As long as he chooses to be governed by the Law of Averages, man must be content with his one chance in a hundred of prosperity and happiness. But let him separate himself from the mass, and he can choose his own fate.

And the way to separate himself from the mass is—not to journey to some desert or forgotten isle, not to mew himself up in a solitary cell—but to hitch his wagon to the star of some strong purpose, and thereby pull himself out of the mass of

self-centred, self-seeking, merely animal humanity, and ally himself with the great fundamental Law of the Universe which carries all mankind upon its crest.

The word "Man," you know, means steward or distributor. The purpose of man here on earth is to utilize and distribute God's good gifts. To the extent that he co-operates in this purpose, he is allying himself with the forces behind all of nature. To the extent that he looks out only for his own selfish ends, he is opposing it. "I came," said Jesus, "that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

And what is "Life"? Life is energy. Life is power. Life is supply. Life is the creative force out of which the world and everything in it was made in the beginning, and is made now.

As I see Him, God is the Life-Principle which permeates and directs the universe. His "sons" are the individual subconscious minds or Spiritual Selves back of each of us, pouring Life into us, guiding and governing (to the extent we permit them) all the complicated functions of our bodies, all our outward circumstances and conditions.

These "sons" are like vast Genii, possessing all riches, all happiness, all wisdom on their own plane, but forced to reflect those God-like gifts upon the material plane only as we (their mirrors) can understand and express them.

They pour their Life-energy through us in a con-

tinuous stream, like the strips of steel that are fed into stamping machines in a steel mill. Going in, it is potential life, potential power, potential riches. But like the strips of steel, coming out it is only what we have expressed through it—what our stamping machine (our innermost beliefs) has impressed upon it.

Whatever we truly believe, it brings into being in our lives, in our bodies, in our circumstances. Like light shining through a prism, it is broken up into its component colors in passing through our conscious minds. But like the prism, our minds can be darkened by fear and worry to shut off all the happier colors. It is a perfect stream of Life-Energy that starts through us, but just as a poorly made die in a stamping machine can cut crude and ugly patterns on the best of steel, just as a faulty prism can turn beams of sunshine into shadows, so can your beliefs turn perfect Life-Energy into manifestations of sickness and poverty and misery.

The first essential, then, is to change the pattern —to watch your beliefs as the Director of the U. S. Mint watches the molds which cast the golden eagles he turns out. Instead of picturing the things you FEAR, and thus stamping their mold upon the Life-Energy passing through you, picture the conditions you WANT. "What things soever ye ask for when ye pray," said Jesus, "believe that ye RECEIVE them, and ye shall HAVE them!"

What do *you* want? Know that your spiritual self HAS it. Like the perfect flower in the tiny unopened bud, it is all there, needing only the sunshine of your faith to bring it forth.

You have seen trees in the winter, all the twigs bare, with no sign of the brilliant foliage soon to spring from them. Yet the leaves are already there, perfectly formed, waiting only for the warm sunshine to bring them out. In the same way, the things *you* want, are already around you, no matter how bare everything may look. They need only the sunshine of your faith to bring them forth.

That is the first step, *to have faith!* That is the pattern which molds all your circumstances—*your beliefs*. Get that pattern right. It is there that unscrupulous men get ahead of their less understanding brethren. Knowingly or unknowingly, they have hit upon the fact that the first essential of material success is to believe in themselves, believe that the world belongs to them, believe that it *owes* them a living.

To that extent, they are right. Their trouble is that they do not bother to look around for right sources from which to draw their supply. They take whatever is not nailed down, and sooner or later they run afoul of the Law of Tendency and end in ruin.

This Law of Tendency is our next step, for it

requires co-operation with the Life-Giving forces of the universe—*swimming with the tide.*

The Law of Tendency is based upon the fact that the whole purpose of Life is growth. The forces of Nature are Life-GIVING forces. Its fundamental trends are towards the advancement of life, the good of the world. Those businesses and those individuals whose work is in line with that tendency are swept forward by the great tide of good. Those whose work tends to hinder the forward movement of life are sooner or later brushed aside and cast upon the rocks.

"But," I can hear you say, "I know many worthy men whose efforts were always for good, yet who are hopeless failures." True—but so do I know many swimmers who cannot keep afloat a hundred yards, even with the strongest tide behind them. The tide is the second step. The first step is to get your pattern right—in other words, learn how to swim. And having the tide with you makes that first step none the less necessary.

Believe in yourself. Look upon yourself as one of the Lords of the Universe. Know that it belongs to you. *Believe that you* HAVE *it!*

That is the first essential. The second is to USE your powers for good—*get on the side of the Life-*GIVING *forces.*

"Sounds well," perhaps you will say, "but I'd like you to tell me how I am going to use riches

for good, when my principal reason for taking this course is to learn how to GET riches to keep the wolf from my own door!"

The first essential in the creation of anything—be it a house or an automobile or a fortune—is the mental picture or image. Before God made man, He "imaged" him—He formed a mental picture of him. Then He poured His Life-Energy into that image, and it became man. Before an architect builds a house, he draws a mental picture of it, he "images" it upon paper. Then he pours materials and energy into that image and it becomes a house. Before you can build a fortune, you must form it in your mind's eye. You must "image" it on the mental plane, and in that mental image you must think of it as already yours. In other words, "believe that you HAVE it!"

It is only thus you can make an image strong enough to hold the Life-Energy passing through you. Every doubt and fear makes a crack through which energy escapes. It is only by forming a perfect image that you can accumulate enough energy to create a nucleus, with power to draw to itself anything it needs for its manifestation, and thus demonstrate the third step—the Law of Capillary Attraction.

Scientists tell us, you know, that everything in this world starts with a nucleus—a bit of whirling energy microscopically small, but with the power

of attracting to itself everything of a like nature which it needs for its growth. Plants, animals, man himself, are started by just such a nucleus. And so-called inanimate matter is formed in the same way.

Plant a seed of corn in the ground, and it will attract to itself from the earth and the water and the air everything it needs for its growth. Plant the seed of a desire in your mind and it forms a nucleus with power to attract to itself everything needed for its fulfillment. But just as the seed of corn needs sunshine and air and water from which to draw the energies necessary to bring forth the perfect ear, so does your seed of desire need the sunshine of a perfect faith, the fruitful soil of a will-power held steadfast to the one purpose.

This is the Alpha and Omega of all accomplishment—that every seed has in it the perfect plant, that every right desire has in it the perfect fulfillment. The seed must be planted, it must have nourishment and sunshine. The desire must be definitely planted by the work of starting the initial step in its accomplishment, it must be nourished by a will-power which holds it to its purpose, and it must have the warm sunshine of perfect faith. Given these, it will attract to itself whatever else is necessary to its fulfillment.

You see, the Law of Capillary Attraction is based upon the principle of growth from the vitality inherent in the seed or idea itself. It is like a snow-

ball which starts with only a handful of snow, yet by gathering to itself all it comes in contact with, ends as an avalanche!

First the seed, the desire. Next, the planting—the initial step necessary to start its accomplishment. Third, the cultivation—the continual working towards the one end. You can't just will a thing into existence, you know. But you can use the will as the machinist uses a vise—to hold the tool of your purpose until it accomplishes its end. Fourth, the sunshine—FAITH—without which all the others are as nothing. Without sunshine, the seed will rot in the ground, the plant will wither on the stalk. Without faith, your desire will die still-born. Believe that you RECEIVE. See the perfect plant in the seed. See the perfect accomplishment in the desire.

But be careful that your desire tends towards Life-GIVING, towards the furtherance of Good. You can't make much of a snowball pushing up hill. If you do, it will presently grow bigger than you, get beyond your control, and engulf you in the resultant catastrophe. The fruit you bring forth is going to partake of the same nature as the seed you plant. If there is no kindliness in the seed, no love of your fellow-man, nothing but self-gratification, the fruit of your tree will be of the same kind. It will be bitter to others—it will turn bitter in your own mouth.

Now how does this apply to you? There are certain things you want from life—Success, Riches, Fame, Honor, Love, Happiness, Health, Strength. All of these are worthy desires. All of them are entirely possible of fulfillment for you. Let us take them in the order given. In later Lessons, we shall deal with each of the others, and try to show you how to bring it into being in YOUR life. First, let us treat of Success.

What is the first essential of success? *To get a clear idea of what you are striving for,* is it not?

Success is not merely making money. The saloon-keepers and distillers accumulated millions of money, but they were not successes. The "bootleggers" and narcotic vendors of today are banking thousands of dollars every day, but they are not successes. Man is a steward, a distributor of God's gifts. To do your neighbor out of what is rightfully his, whether you do it legally or otherwise, is not the part of a successful steward. To sell him that which will do him harm, just to make money for yourself—that is not making a success.

To be a success as a steward is to serve your Lord's retainers as you serve Him—to the end that both sides may be satisfied, that both may profit. The maxim that "he profits most who serves best" was not meant merely for copy books. It is the basis of every real success. Judged by that standard, Edison is a success. Ford, Burbank, Wool-

worth, Penney, and a host of others less well known are successes. They will be remembered when the names of modern robber barons are as dead as those of their prototypes of feudal days. They *serve*. They will leave the world a happier, better, more comfortable place than they found it.

And if you would have a gauge to measure your success, ask yourself—"How have I used the gifts God has given me? Have I distributed them in such a way as to increase the *livingness* of this world for those around me, for those with whom I do business? Have I added anything to their well-being, to their usefulness, to their happiness? Or have my efforts been centered on the gratification of my own desires?"

"He that findeth his life, shall lose it," warned the Master, "but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

He that finds his pleasure only in the gratification of his own selfish desires shall speedily lose it. But he that loses himself in the service of others shall presently find that in serving them, he has served himself best of all!

What is a manufacturer's success dependent upon? Not upon his money or prestige, but upon the extent to which his product adds *livingness* to men's lives.

Upon what does a merchant's success depend? Upon the extent to which he can bring product and

customer together with the greatest comfort, the utmost satisfaction to the customer.

Each man in business is a distributor, a steward of certain products or abilities, and upon his ability to distribute these efficiently and satisfactorily to the points where they are most needed, depends his success.

When Peter Van Vlaanderen landed in this country at the age of 23, he had neither trade nor occupation, and he could not speak a word of English! But he set out to learn how he could serve, and by doing odd jobs around a machine shop, he presently picked up enough knowledge of the machinist's trade to qualify as a machinist.

Many men stop there. But not so Peter Van Vlaanderen. He wanted to become the best machinist it was possible to be. So he took to staying after time to work out difficult jobs. And he showed such an interest in them that foremen and superintendents took the trouble to explain things to him.

After a couple of years Peter Van Vlaanderen was so good a machinist that he decided to set up a shop of his own. He had no money, but he had a lot of friends who knew the kind of careful, painstaking work he did. So he rented an old barn at $1 a month, bought a second-hand foot lathe, and salvaged a steam engine from a scrap yard. A few

years later, Peter Van Vlaanderen was building a $750,000 factory of his own!

The stories of that kind you can find are legion. Men and women, young and old, in every occupation, from every walk of life, have taken ideas of service, and the energy to put them to work, and with them have built successes. Most of them had little or no money to start—just an idea for serving the world a little better, for improving its *livingness*. It matters not whether you are the president of a bank, or the third assistant errand boy at the corner grocery—you have the same opportunity they had. Start where you are. Do the work you are doing a bit better than it has ever been done before. Use up all the possibilities for service in the job you have before you look elsewhere for greater ones.

To sum up from the beginning, here is the whole train of causation:

1st—EMOTION. Why are you studying this course. Because you wish to improve yourself and your conditions. Something, or a train of somethings, has happened which has made you dissatisfied with things as you find them. You wish to rise above your present circumstances. Your dissatisfaction has given rise to DESIRE for something better.

2nd—JUDGMENT. You weigh that desire. You

decide whether it is good, whether it is possible of fulfillment. You compare its advantages and disadvantages, and you decide that the game IS worth the candle.

3rd—THE SPIRITUAL PROTOTYPE. The desire approved, you proceed to make the mental image of the result you intend to achieve. Whether it be the building of a house or a business, the first requisite is this mental picture of the finished result.

4th—CAPILLARY ATTRACTION. The mental picture finished, you put life into it by BELIEVING in it. How did Napoleon become Emperor of the French and master of most of Europe? By seeing himself as the favored son of Destiny. By believing that the stars had decreed his rise from aforetime. By seeing it all pre-ordained—BELIEVING THAT HE HAD IT—knowing that in the bare twig which was he, lay fully formed the leaves which made the Emperor's crown! It is that BELIEF which supplies the capillary attraction which draws to you whatever means are necessary to the fulfillment of your desire.

5th—SWIMMING WITH THE CURRENT. The tide of life is towards greater livingness. Swim with that tide, and your success is easy. Fight against it, and sooner or later it will wear you out and cast you upon the rocks.

In his early days, Napoleon's ambitions were for France—to make her the greatest nation on earth, as well as himself the greatest in it. But with power came selfishness. He wanted the earth—for his own personal aggrandizement—no matter what it cost France or the world. He got one little rock upon its surface. He rose superior to the Law of Averages, but no man can fight the Law of Tendency—and live.

Exercise for Lesson II

Your job here on earth is to distribute certain God-given gifts—certain goods, certain services, certain abilities—to the end that the world may be more livable for your having been in it. So let's take stock for a moment and see how you are doing it.

To do this, suppose we go back to the simile in the Exercise for our first Lesson—the simile of the Egyptian "Ka" or "Double".

The Egyptian's Ka, you remember, was his REAL Self. It had infinite power for good. His body was merely its reflection, seen through the glass of his conscious mind.

So it is with you. Your REAL Self is God's im-

age of you—the one He created. He gave it dominion over all the earth. Can you imagine it, then, as powerless under any circumstances, as poverty-stricken, as in doubt where its supply is coming from?

If you believe in God at all, you must believe in His intelligence. And if He is intelligent, He made nothing without a purpose. Everything fits into His plan. YOU, for instance—He created you for the purpose of performing certain work. That being so, it would seem pretty certain that He gave you every ability, every means necessary for the perfect performance of that work, would it not?

But how are you to know what that work is? Easily enough, if you will stop to analyze your ambitions and desires. They are your subconscious promptings. Not, of course, the merely selfish desires for the gratification of some personal vanity or passion. But the big, deep down ambitions that come to you in exalted moments. They are your Double's promptings, urging you to EXPRESS on the material plane the work he is already doing in the mental realm.

You have an idea, let us say, for turning iron ore direct into steel. (One of our readers had that thought a couple of years ago. Today he has $3,000,000, which a big steel company gladly paid for the process.) You have ANY idea which will

short-cut the work of the world, make life easier and happier for any large number of its inhabitants. You take whatever steps seem good to you to accomplish that idea. But you presently reach a point where lack of money or lack of knowledge or other circumstances leave you high and dry—seemingly at your rope's end. What are you to do then?

PRAY! And how are you to pray? Jesus gave us the formula—"Whatsoever things ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye RECEIVE them, and ye shall HAVE them."

But how can you believe that you HAVE when you are at the end of your resources and there is no possible way out in sight? How? By knowing that your REAL Self already HAS the answer in the realm of the REAL. By seeing the finished result there, imaging it in your mind's eye, and then putting it up to your Double to show you the next step necessary to reflect that result on the material plane, in the serene confidence that, since he has worked out the answer, the EXPRESSION of it step by step through you is simple.

How simple that expression is was proved by a young scientist with a class of Cambridge University students a few months ago. He took some twenty students who were worried about their examinations, hypnotized them, and while they were in that state assured them they HAD all the knowl-

edge needed to satisfactorily pass the examinations. *All but one passed!*

No matter how limited your education, no matter how straitened your circumstances, your Double HAS the knowledge and the means and the power to accomplish any right thing you may desire. Give him a job—and it is DONE! You HAVE it! And you have only to see that finished result in your mind's eye—"BELIEVE THAT YOU RECEIVE"—in order to begin to reflect it on the material plane.

Therein lies the nucleus of every success—the nucleus which has such life that it draws to itself everything it needs for its full expression—*the belief that you* HAVE. It is the secret of power, the Talisman of Napoleon. To acquire it takes just three things:

1st—Know that this is a world of Intelligence. Nothing merely happens. You were put here for a purpose, and you were given every qualification and every means necessary to the accomplishment of that purpose. So you need never fear whether you are big enough, or smart enough, or rich enough to do the things required of you. "The Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," so do the things that are given you to do in the serene knowledge that your needs will be met.

2nd—Know that your Double or REAL Self is already DOING this work you were given to do, so all that is required of you is to SEE that accomplished result, and REFLECT it step by step on the material plane, as the way is opened to you. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying—This is the way. Walk ye in it."

3rd—Have serene faith in your Double's ability to express the finished results through you. When you can SEE that result as already accomplished, you will realize that you don't need to fear or worry or rush in and do things foolishly. You can go serenely ahead and do the things that are indicated for you to do. When you seem to reach a cul de sac, you can wait patiently, leaving the problem to your Double in the confident knowledge that at the right time and in the right way he will give you a "lead" showing what you are to do.

The fundamental Law of the Universe, you remember, is the Law of Attraction. You attract to you whatever you truly believe is YOURS.

Knowing that your Double HAS the fruition of your desire—knowing that the perfect leaf is in the bare twig of your present circumstances—it is easy to pour such life and warmth into that leaf that

it bursts its bonds and blossoms forth for all to see.

So, like the Egyptians of old, let us commune with our Double night and morn, much as our reflection in the mirror might commune with us:

> Reality of me, I greet you and salute you the perfect "me" God created. You have infinite riches—dominion over all things. Use that dominion, I pray you, to uncover and bring out in me the perfect reflection of (whatever your particular desire may be).

Then SEE, in your mind's eye, your Double doing those things you wish to do, emphasizing the traits you wish to cultivate, displaying the riches or possessions you want. Know that he HAS these. And that as fast as you can *realize* that possession, ***you too will reflect them for all the world to see!***

The Talisman

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

PROLOGUE: As old as mankind is the search for something outside himself on which to rely in time of trouble.

First, it was an amulet or charm, taken from the dwelling place of a favorite idol, and therefore supposed to be possessed of all the idol's power to guide and protect.

Then, as pagan rituals became bolder, oracles appeared who, either as mouthpieces for the god, or as the god himself, posed as present guides and future prophets.

After them came the astrologers, who professed to read in the stars the destinies of those rich enough and important enough to pay for their services. Throughout the Middle Ages, the belief in their claims was so

great that many powerful Princes and Generals would make no move without first being assured by their astrologer or soothsayer that the stars were propitious. Even Napoleon is generally believed to have placed all faith in his "star."

Men like him were certainly above the ordinary in intelligence. If they believed in talismans and horoscopes and the like, there must have been some good reason for their belief. Perhaps the story following will give you the basis for it.—*The Editor.*

IT MAY be that you knew Moukoubamba, who was famous in all Passy as a mender of cane-bottomed chairs, a weaver of baskets, and a teller of tales to entertain those who chanced to pass by or who frequented the dismal haunts where the offscourings of Paris absorb their meat and drink. He was an aged negro who had come from Guiana; his skin was black as night, his kinky hair snow-white, his eyes were soft as velvet, and his crocodile jaws were always gay with child-like laugh-

ter. He honored me with his visits now and then, when he discovered that some object in his possession was unsalable. Then, with wide gestures and copiousness of words, he would make clear to me my surpassing good fortune in needing an object that happened to be in his custody. And, since he was quick to perceive that his by-play diverted me, he would let himself go, and burst forth with an eloquence that was inevitably more or less remunerative.

"Moukoubamba knows all the world," he would say, and add, "Moukoubamba knows everything that a man can know."

And so great was the generosity of his primitive heart that, instead of keeping his wisdom jealously, he freely gave of it to one and all. With equal pride he foretold tomorrow's weather and recalled yesterday's. The future he predicted by means of cabalistic hieroglyphs on a grease-stained parchment—a shining future that never held anything but good fortune. To the poor he promised the inheritance of vast estates; to the rich the increase of their wealth; to the young, love; to the old, an indefinite prolongation of life. Moukoubamba sold fragments of paradise.

I once reproached him with this, explaining that life occasionally inflicts misfortunes, if only to acerbate the taste of the pleasures to come, and that sometimes there must be a discrepancy be-

tween the flood of joys he foretold and the rare good fortune that actually came to pass.

"Life," replied Moukoubamba, "is a procession of delights. When one has passed another begins its journey. It may be long before this delight reaches you, but you should await it confidently. Often it is this awaiting which is its happiest part."

These words seemed very wise coming from the mouth of a mender of chairs.

"Who taught you that?" I asked him.

"A holy man of Benares, who knew all the world's secrets."

"Then you have been in India?"

"I have been everywhere."

"Moukoubamba, my friend, you must have lived a strange life. Won't you tell me about it?"

"If you will have them bring me coffee and cigarettes, and if you will let me smoke and drink as much as I talk, I shall tell you my whole story."

I assented, and Moukoubamba installed himself on my veranda, squatting down on one of his straw mats, inhaling the perfume of Araby and exhaling clouds of blue smoke, apparently lost in a search for a proper beginning to his story.

"What was your first trade?" I asked to help him along.

"The easiest of all," he answered, rather shamefacedly. "I began by being a minister of state."

"Minister of state!" I was astonished. "Where, and for whom?"

"For the great king, Matori. Far, far away, farther even than the Niger."

"Indeed? I congratulate his Majesty. And you think this was an easy profession? Your colleagues here in France appear to have a different notion."

"I tell you what I saw. In our country the masters are always right. Do you know any corner of the earth where it is otherwise? When I was minister I knew how to do nothing. I should have been unable to weave the mat I am sitting on. Yet every word I spoke was admired, every command I gave considered the best in the world. I was a fetich, for my mother gave birth to me on the first day when it rained at the end of a long drought."

"And what were your duties?"

"Oh, you know. I did the marketing for the king's establishment, naturally retaining a just portion for myself. Matori was very fond of me. But nevertheless I had enemies, who made him believe that my Talisman was stronger than his own. So fearing my power he sold me to an English trader who needed bearers for his ivory tusks."

"I was not so very unhappy. You see, they fed us well, for they wanted to keep us in good condition so that it would be easy to sell us. That is where I learned how to weave rushes and rattan and to carve wood. The man next to me was a magician in his own country. He worked with bamboo, he knew how to cook and to melt iron. They took very good care of him. Finally they got rid of him—they did not sell him, since slavery does not exist, but they exchanged him for two dozen bottles of French brandy. That was a fine price: Matori only got a gourd of rum for me."

"Poor Moukoubamba!"

"I deserve your pity—that was far too low a price. It humiliated me for a long time. But my new master told me that I must learn to 'dominate the demon of pride.' "

"Is that what he said?"

"That is what he said. One day when I was working there at the end of my chain a man, dressed all in black with white around his neck, came up to me and said, 'Brother, what have you done with your soul?' I had learned a little English during the voyage, but nevertheless I had to ask him to repeat his question. He said it over and over again, and at last I understood that he was talking about my Talisman and that he wanted to know what had become of it. I answered him that it was sacred, that I always had it with me, but

that I would gladly use it in his service if he would buy me from my master. My reply seemed to please him, for that very evening I was taken to the vicarage of the worthy pastor, Ebenezer Jones. He taught me all about his Talisman, and I perceived that it was not much different from Matori's. It's always about Something about which we know nothing and which treats us well or ill. We pray for it for good and joy, but we don't always get what we beg for. But, as I said before, we must wait for the good to come, and waiting teaches us to be patient.

"Ebenezer Jones told me some beautiful stories filled with strange and miraculous events. After he had finished he would always ask me the same question: 'Do you believe me?' Now, how could I not believe him? He was such a good man and he gave me soup with meat every single day, and he baptized me with a beautiful ceremony. He became so pleased with me that he made me sacristan, and everybody gave me presents. I liked that, for then I could go secretly and purchase very excellent rum.

"Ebenezer Jones travelled all over the country telling people about his Talisman, and I went with him. I had all his speeches in my memory and often I recited parts of them after he had finished. People appeared to understand me better than they did him, and I was not surprised at that. The

greater part of his success my spiritual guide owed to me. That lasted for nearly ten years.

"One day Ebenezer decided to take me to London. I went with joy, and indeed the six weeks I spent in that great city were wonderful. I was exhibited at the Society of Missions as a model convert. At the dessert of the feast I rose and told them how happy I was. That was both true and natural after so fine a banquet. The people around me wept with emotion, and I, too, wept. The old ladies gave me presents constantly, mince pies and delicious puddings. I never ate so much nor drank so well.

"It was with amazement that I learned that all the English people do not agree concerning their Talismans. I should have expected that, but somehow I did not.

"One afternoon in London, a great big Irish priest came to see me. He had heard about my religious zeal, and the glory which the Mission Society gained through me angered him. He had determined to take me away from Ebenezer Jones. I went with him to his house and there I found a table overladen with food. There were patés, sweets and liqueurs—ah, such liqueurs! All that affected me deeply, and I could not conceal it from my new friend, Father Joseph O'Meara. He took great pains with me, and made clear to me that his Talisman was mightier than that of Ebenezer Jones.

Finally I had to admit that he was right. As soon as I had said that, he baptized me and the following day we celebrated my reconversion, with a magnificent and elaborate rite. Joseph O'Meara wept with joy, and I wept also. That evening there was a grand feast, like the others. They had taught me a new speech, but they had given me so much to drink that I forgot and all I could say was, 'Moukoubamba is happy, very happy.' And that was not a lie.

"The only unfortunate thing was that Ebenezer Jones was ashamed that they had been able to take me away from him, and he wanted to get me back. But Joseph O'Meara was wary. He treated me like a prince, and did not let me out of his sight for two weeks. Then he told me that, in order to escape Ebenezer Jones, I must leave that country.

"They sent me to a mission in Bombay, where religion was altogether different. There were monks there who did nothing but fast. All they gave me to eat was a little rice with plenty of dust and all the warm water I wanted to drink. I wandered through the streets searching for a Talisman that wanted me. There were people of all sorts in Bombay. I asked a Parsi—a worshipper of fire—about his Talisman. But although he could create fire at will, he had cooked nothing to eat in his kettle. I asked a Chinaman, too. He watched

me eat and told me that I would be reincarnated in the shape of a shark. None of them seemed eager to convert me.

"I journeyed about weaving mats and baskets as I do now. I fared very badly. Everybody in that land clings to his Talisman and is unwilling to change. Ebenezer Jones and Joseph O'Meara would find no field there. But in spite of their Talismans the people are very unhappy. They die by the hundreds of starvation. And yet they adhere to their own Talismans and refuse to change and adopt those under which other people live in plenty.

"One day I encountered a fakir from Benares. I had been told that he possessed supreme wisdom; so I asked him about conditions in Bombay. His Talisman was a small bowl of wood behind which he squatted by the roadside. Just looking at it you wouldn't have thought much of it, but this bowl had the strange power of attracting money because the fakir had established the belief that to give brought luck for the givers. I have since learned that you have the same notion in this country. Only in your country the mendicant-fakirs are of two castes: the professional beggar who gets nothing because he is not 'respectable,' and the professional fakir who gets much because he makes fortunes.

"The man from Benares knew all that and num-

berless things besides. He became attached to me because of the simplicity of my questions. In the evening he gave me a gift of a bowl of rice. Often he permitted me to lie down in his hut. At night, under the stars, he taught me his mysteries and withheld nothing from me. He it was who taught me the real truth about the Talisman, and his teaching gave me the ability to live day by day without care for the morrow.

"Later on, a Parsi, who was a rich merchant, carried me to your Algeria and after that took me to Paris, where I stayed. But all that I have seen in the world has only fostered my belief in the wisdom of the great man from Benares."

"Is that so? And what did he tell you about the Talisman?"

"I have no more coffee . . ."

"Well, well. How about a little glass of cordial?"

"With pleasure. What he taught me can be told in a few words. He said that the whole world is only a vast conglomeration of Talismans. He said that there are as many Talismans as there are human beings, that some of them are strong and some of them are weak. And that there is a battle waging between them constantly to see which one will win. He said that wicked people are those who do wrong in order to win power, and that good people are those who attain the

same results by means of kindness, artfulness, and gentle persuasion. He said that it is imperative to be on the side of the good people if you are not very strong."

"I see that. But I don't understand whether it was of human beings or of Talismans that the fakir was speaking."

"Ah, you want to know everything! I shall give you the answer. I cannot deny it you. Well, this fakir declared that the Talisman and the human being are one and the same thing, *for every man creates his own Talisman according to his light and his power*. And that is why I don't lie when I predict a happy fortune to everyone. That belief makes stronger their Talismans, and so their chances for happiness increase. Moreover, they have the pleasure of the anticipation."

"Then, Moukoubamba, in various forms and in shifting words you declare that the only Talisman to which you have been faithful and which has rewarded you by leading you across the earth . . ."

"Is Moukoubamba himself. That is the great secret. Think on it as did the fakir."

"I shall do so, to be sure. But do you think that this secret is known only in Benares?"

"I have often wondered. If one can judge by the actions of people, everybody must know it. But the man from Benares is the only one who dared to *say* it."

What Price Success

RICHARD LYNCH

ONE of the world's greatest benefactors was asked if he thought achievement worth the price one has to pay for it. His reply was conditional. "It all depends upon what success really means," he said. Now we know that each man is called upon to determine this for himself. Does it mean getting money and accumulating a fortune? Financial prosperity is useful up to a certain point, after which it often destroys the very ease it has created, by imposing heavy burdens of responsibility upon its possessor. What does it profit him in return for what it has cost? Has it exacted of him health? Has it levied a tax of inharmony and unhappiness? If so, he has been pursuing a phantom success and too often he finds the game has not been worth the candle. "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it," was Goethe's philosophy. This understanding was voiced by Henry Ford in a recent interview with Ralph

Waldo Trine. Wealth he relegated to the background as nothing more than a tool to work with, in the success construction. He compared it to the fuel which feeds a furnace, or the belt that runs a wheel—simply a means to an end.

To many men success means fame, power or position. How much did Napoleon pay for his bauble of fame? And what did its fleeting power profit him? Every American schoolboy is taught to regard the position of President as something enviable, something to look up to as the very highest ideal of success. Our late President, Calvin Coolidge, will always be remembered as an unqualified success, but what of the heartbreaks he feels the position cost him? Not until he had transferred his public obligations and retired to private life, did he ever mention what, to him, seemed the price of his office. "From the day I lost my dear son," he has written, "all the glory of position was gone. I could not help feeling that if I had not been living in the White House, my boy would not have met with the accident which resulted so fatally. From that moment the soul of my apparent success did not exist for me. It costs a great deal to be President." Which last remark of Mr. Coolidge calls to mind words written half a century ago by another New England genius, the Sage of Concord: "The farmer imagines power

and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House."

Although each man has a different idea of what success means to him, and is very liable to judge others from his own standpoint, serious thought about achievement convinces him that success does not necessarily mean millions of dollars and acres of land; fame or influence or position. It is, in itself, a quality of spirit, an inner joy, a satisfaction resulting from triumphant principle. Money and the things it can buy are necessary, to a certain extent, in carrying one to the summit of his ideal—to that pinnacle which is success, but too often the attention is centered upon the means rather than upon the end in view.

The first requisite is clarity of vision—direct spiritual perception of life and its true values. One of the high spots in the recent libel suit against Sir Joseph Duveen, art critic and connoisseur, was when he told the jury that he runs his great art business by eye. He depends upon his expert vision which sees "life" only in an original painting—all copies appear "dead" to him. It should be just so with the critic and connoisseur of that greatest of all arts, the art of living. His eye must be trained to discriminate between the original and its counterfeits; to recognize living values in the midst of inanimate representations. He must learn to choose his ideal expertly and, having made his

selection, to confidently and enthusiastically trust in and defend its genuine originality.

In *Man and His Powers*, described on page 95, a chapter is devoted to the realization of ideals. A paragraph taken from this says:

"In each one of us exists the ideal, immortal being—the divine image which was our glory with the Father before the material world existed for us. To nourish this germ into growth, to free this soul from its bond of sense, is the goal toward which we work. In the infinite Mind lies the true design for each one of us—the pattern of what each is capable of becoming. No child is born without this heritage, and failure in life is but a lack of discernment or a wilful neglect of its presence; never for a moment does it affect the Absolute Idea."

For countless ages men have been seeking to discover some magic secret of success. The quest has been as elusive as that of the Holy Grail or the Rainbow's End. The truth is, there *is* no such secret. There are certain known elements—attributes—qualities, whose combinations, according to principle, produce certain inevitable results. Back of every reaction, action; back of the attainment, its price. Success is a right combination, a correct solution, and it is arrived at, not by luck or chance, but by orderly operation of

principle. It is the triumph of law and order over indiscriminate, unscientific effort.

"How did you do it? What did it cost? Is it worth the price?" Men are continually asking these questions of each other. There are diversities of replies, but the same principle. Diversities of elements and their combinations, but the same law working in all. Diversities of results, but in all these the same rule of action. "What price success?" each one of us is asking. "What is it? How may I get it? How much will it cost?" And afterward, when we have paid for it and it is ours, what does it profit us? Money, power, fame, perhaps, but unless there is a balance of happiness, the spirit of the thing itself has escaped us.

This happiness which is the heart of achievement is not to be confused with fleeting amusement. It also is a spiritual quality, independent of outer, material conditions; its inner harmony is an accompaniment to the great Te Deum of Divinity. Its peace no outer cause is able to disturb, and no person can bring you, but yourself.

And how is this to be obtained? For every action, an equal and opposite reaction. The love sent out returns to its sender, with interest of strength gained through exercise. For the goodwill, the justice, the service rendered, like reactions occur. The race is a vast incorporation, and all men are stockholders. No individual interest

may prosper without enriching the whole, and no failure is "unto itself alone." He receives most, then, who is the greatest giver. Thomas Edison considers his most successful invention not that which has brought the largest financial return, but that which has given the most joy to the most people. "If you are in a line of business which makes people happy," he says, "you get the vision of something which makes you happy yourself."

To quote again from *Man and His Powers*, "We must know the secret of the Blue Bird of Happiness: that its dwelling place is the mind of man. It is always there, but it loses its beauty if it is held captive in a cage of selfishness. It must be released for the benefit of the Great Whole. In the flash of its exquisite beauty, as it flies on its mission of loving service, we shall find our own celestial joy, and enter into our kingdom of success."

What shall a man give in exchange for success? Is he willing to invest his spiritual capital of faith, hope and love? To build upon the rock of fearless integrity; to behold opportunity with clear eyes of intelligent, determined expectancy; to sacrifice greed and personal ambition, substituting goodwill and unselfish service? If so, he has the basal elements of the true nucleus of that which he is seeking. For, although success has many different names, its underlying attributes are the

same: clear insight, accurate imaging, honest purpose, loving service. Without these the task is hopeless.

These are each man's mental heritage—his original capital of mind which he may invest according to his desires. He may see as clearly and plan as accurately as he wishes. He may recognize the necessity of falling in line with the Great Scheme, and harmonizing with the immutable Principle, or he may resist it. He may realize his oneness with the Universal, and his dependence upon it, or he may walk alone. He has the privilege of focusing his attention upon an ideal—of keeping his mind's eye single to it—of holding on, steadfastly and persistently; or he may divide and scatter his forces. He has the ability to depend upon an inheritance of infinite Power; to unfold his life and draw it out of himself, through the spirit of service; or he may raise barriers of idleness and incompetency. He knows instinctively that goodwill towards his fellowmen is a boomerang which brings rich returns of friendship and love, of peace and happiness; but he may withhold it at will. He feels the contagion of sincere, whole-hearted enthusiasm—that quickening spirit which underlies all achievement; if he so decides, he may inoculate himself against it. To use the vernacular: it is "up to him."

Lincoln once said he thought people were as

happy as they made up their minds to be. Assuredly they are as successful as they decide to be, if they are disposed to stand by that decision. What price success? What are you willing to pay?

Success is measured by a golden rule, a law of action and reaction—give and receive, do as you would be done by, invest as you wish to accomplish. Your investment cannot fail. It has insured for you trusteeship in the substantial Bank of the Infinite where the capital stock is inexhaustible, and your revenue is unlimited; where your every requirement is fulfilled, your demands met, your claims honored; where you "decree a thing and it is established unto you," because "He is faithful that promised," and we are all convinced that "He is able to guard that which we have committed unto Him."

Hokum and Hooey

FRANK R. ADAMS

GEORGE TEN EYCK was out to make the world tough for women. It was the expression of the acidity that eats into the souls of men who are conscious of their own nonsuccess in human relationships.

George had experimented with love once. He had been thrown for a horrible loss. Almost at the altar, Emily Crampton had eloped with his best man, whom she had only met the week before.

That was all. George wanted to kill somebody for a few hours; and then, realizing that if he could not hold a woman before marriage, he could not expect to do so afterward, he crawled into a hard shell and dared the world to make him emerge. The world did not appear interested.

George conducted a humorous column for one of the New York daily newspapers. To those who know humorists first-hand, there will seem to be nothing out of the ordinary in the statement that a

man with the expression and general disposition of a crab could be a writer of first-rate comedy material.

The column was called "The Pig's Eye," and editing it was probably a pretty good job.

George rather gloried in the fact that men did not like him and that women distrusted him.

His managing editor sent for him one day.

"What about this stuff you've been running in the column lately about Annabelle Lee and 'The Heart of Humanity'?" Bill Johnson demanded. "Do you make it up yourself?"

"No," George replied shortly. " 'The Heart of Humanity' is one of those Advice to the Lovelorn departments in an upstate daily. It's so slushy it's funny, that's all."

Bill Johnson picked up several clippings pasted on a sheet of copy paper.

"I rather like these," he said, handing it across to his subordinate.

George looked at it disdainfully. The excerpts were from his own column during the past week or so.

"Gentlemen Prefer Grandmothers

" 'Keep yourself sweet, girls. Men may go around with the gilded butterflies for a time, but the girls they marry are the ones whose hearts are gentle and whose ways are the ways of their grand-

mothers.' *Annabelle Lee* in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Respectfully referred to Peggy Joyce for confirmation."

There were several other extracts, all more or less on the same order.

"Well," said George truculently, "I don't think it's so damn' funny myself, but some of the fans like it."

"I wasn't thinking about your part being funny," declared Bill Johnson slowly. "I just wanted to know if this Annabelle Lee was a real person, that's all."

"Oh, I expect she's alive," George conceded, "but just barely, I imagine. She must have been under an anesthetic during the last fifteen years and doesn't know that girls have discarded morals and modesty along with their petticoats and most of their skirts."

"What's the masthead on this paper she works for?" Bill Johnson poised a pencil until the columnist gave him the name of the sheet and the town it was published in.

George wondered vaguely what it was all about, but did not have to speculate long. In less than a week Bill Johnson called him into his office again.

"This is Miss Annabelle Lee," said Bill, introducing him to a caller who was seated beside his desk. "She is going to conduct a new department for us, and as you are responsible for getting her

the job, I thought you would be the right one to show her the ropes. She isn't much used to the city."

George could have guessed that without being told. Her dress, which was too fussy, looked as if she had made it herself and then put it on backward. Her hair was long and sort of scrimped up in a way that could never have been fashionable even during the Trojan War. Sensible shoes managed to display themselves along with a short length of heavy black silk hose from beneath a dress-hem at least eight inches nearer the ground than that of anyone who has made a nonstop flight across Times Square in the last five years.

Worst of all was the unexpected angular bulk of her body. Her arms and neck did not seem so large and clumsy, but from the shoulders down, she reminded George of a piece of badly upholstered furniture. The frilly, fussy clothes did not mitigate that impression any.

To go with all that, she should have had a terrified, cringing, mouselike expression, a blanched pallor and a roving eye seeking escape.

But did she? Not so that you perceive it. Her gray-blue eye was clear; she held it steady as it met yours, and she smiled engagingly from a pair of lips that might have belonged to a child.

Apparently Annabelle Lee thought she looked all

right, that everybody was glad to see her, and that it was a very good world after all.

"Good heavens," thought George dazedly, "the girl is acting out sweetness and light in real life—and in that make-up!"

"I suggest," Bill Johnson was saying, "that while I am out, you talk to Miss Lee right here in my office. It will be a little more private and less noisy. After you have explained anything that she wants to know, you might take her out and introduce her around to the gang in the city room."

George had a momentary panic. He did not like being cooped up alone in a room with a woman, even a gawk like this one.

He was wary and waited; but Annabelle was not shy. She had the perfect poise of a child who does not know that its face is dirty.

"I've never been in the office of a big newspaper before," she confided. "In fact, I haven't been able to travel away from home at all. I suppose that here you never have to set your own stuff on the linotype."

"Set linotype?" George vaguely knew what a linotype was, but that was about as far as his knowledge of the machine went. "Can you set linotype?"

"Yes, a little. Everybody on our staff could in a pinch. We only had one compositor, and sometimes he would be sober at the wrong times. It's

just about as easy to compose direct on the machine as it is to typewrite it—that is, my kind of material is easy to write under any conditions. Yours, I imagine, is very difficult."

George was inclined to respect her judgment that his stuff was more difficult to write than the sort of drivel which drips from the heart-to-heart departments of the national press.

"Of course," he conceded modestly, "I have to make my column a little salty. But it is mostly a trick, and after you get onto it, does not require so much time as you would think."

"I didn't mean exactly that. I was thinking how hard it would be to write as you do, making up things that you do not really think are so. All I do is to put down what practically everyone thinks is right."

"Do you mean that you don't think I believe what I write?" George was stung right where he lived, and he rose to the defense of his sincerity.

The girl looked at him wide-eyed. "Why, you don't pretend to yourself that you mean it, do you? I was positive no one could possibly mean the things that you write, and now that I've met you, I'm sure you never could."

George looked right back with coldly appraising eyes. "Of course I mean what I write."

"But women can't be as silly and stupid as you say they are."

"How can *you* say that?"

For an instant he almost regretted that he had stressed the pronoun. After all, you couldn't strike a woman in the face—not when she was looking at you. But he need not have worried; she apparently did not understand his sarcasm.

So he went on: "Grown men and women can't be asinine and puerile as you pretend they are. Do you really believe for a minute that a man who has lost his money, his friends and perhaps his eyesight, can actually kid himself into thinking it's a grand old world to live in just because you tell him it is?"

She flushed a little. It was becoming. "Yes."

He waited for her to go on.

"Is that your only answer just, 'Yes'?"

"That's all the answer there is—just, 'Yes.'"

"You can't make me believe it."

"No, *I* can't make you; but you do believe it just the same."

George laughed with growing exasperation. "How can a kid like you who has never been anywhere tell a lot of people with real troubles what to do? Do you think your line of bull would be of any use if you were in distress yourself?"

She smiled at him. "I've been in pain. I found that it helped."

George made an involuntary gesture dismissing

the subject. The conversation savored too much of a Short Talk on Cheerfulness, by Dr. Frank Crane.

"What are you going to call your department?" he asked, turning the current into more practical channels.

"Mr. Johnson said you would probably help me think up a title."

"Humph! I wonder what the chief thinks I am!"

"He thinks you are very clever. At least, that's what he said."

And Annabelle looked at George guilelessly.

"I admit that I am cleverer than he is. I would never have thought of hiring a guide for morons for this or any other newspaper."

" 'Guide for morons,' " Miss Lee considered it as if he had submitted it in earnest. "No, I don't believe my department could run under that head. You see, lots of my readers wouldn't know what the word 'moron' meant. I myself had thought of writing under the caption, 'The Helping Hand,' but I'm not entirely satisfied with that. It lacks something."

"It's too prosaic," George decided. "There isn't any color in the picture it presents to the imagination. Why not something more poetic and flowery like 'The Silver Lining'?"

"Oh, that's it!" Annabelle clapped her hands

together in appreciative excitement. "That head has everything. And it is so hopeful."

"That's what I thought," George agreed grimly. "It's helpful, hopeful hokum."

"Hokum?" Annabelle repeated vaguely. "I don't think we used that word. Just what does it mean?"

"Hokum means anything that wrings a tear or a laugh out of the boob section of the public. It is usually old stuff and doesn't necessarily have any sense to it."

"Oh, I see. It isn't quite the same as hooey, is it?"

"Hooey?" George was stung to a sudden swift glance at his *vis-à-vis*. She still *looked* innocent. "Where did you learn that word 'hooey'?"

"I haven't really learned it yet. I just heard Mr. Johnson use it for the first time a few minutes ago. It's what he said your column was—a bunch of hooey. Hokum and Hooey—it sounds like the name of a vaudeville team." She laughed: "Hokum and Hooey, Annabelle and George; comedy acrobats, ballad singers, hoofers and hoppers; can double in saxophones for street parade."

"You *do* know the language of Broadway," said George reproachfully.

"Only from reading Nellie Revell's book 'Right off the Chest.' I learned a lot from that—things besides slang, I mean."

"Yeah, I know. She's full of hope, just as you are."

"And she got well, too, didn't she?"

"I don't know. She says she did."

"Then she did. That's one of the nice things about hokum. It almost always comes true."

"My God," groaned George, "are you as cheerful as this always?"

"Why, yes."

"Then," he declared, "I'll have to do all my work at home. My brand of pessimism could never flourish in the same office with a sunflower. In a few days you'd have me conducting noonday sunshine services in the alley for the newsboys. I mustn't talk to you any more. You'll corrupt my immorals. Bill said to take you out and introduce you to the gang. Let's get it over, and then I can go out and get about two fingers of hydrochloric acid to restore my disposition to normal."

"All right." Annabelle Lee smiled appreciatively at his hyperbole and started to rise from her chair.

She got up all right, but her dress caught on something which threw her off balance, and she slipped rather awkwardly to the floor.

George sprang belatedly to her assistance and helped her carefully to her feet. For a moment he stood with his arm around her, steadying her.

During that moment he became conscious that what his arm encompassed was not soft and pliable

flesh. The girl's entire torso was encased in a steel harness or a cast.

No wonder she looked fat and clumsy!

For a second he almost expressed a suddenly evoked and uncharacteristic sympathy, but he looked at her first. Her eyes telegraphed him not to. "It's something I never mention," they said.

So he too said nothing about it then or later, but he knew why Nellie Revell's book had made such an impression on her.

And he knew instinctively that she did not want to be accorded any special consideration on account of her physical disability. So at that instant he adopted a policy that was to continue during the entire duration of their relationship, the policy of being more brusque and more sharply satirical with her than with anyone else with whom he came in contact. He somehow knew that she reacted favorably to being treated rough.

Bill Johnson had assigned her to a desk adjacent to George's own corner enclosure. They had a certain amount of privacy which daily grew less as the gang got better acquainted with Annabelle.

For Annabelle turned out to be a wow. She clicked with everybody she met, from the owner of the newspaper down to the copy-boys who tried to make up errands they could do for her.

Even the other women employees liked her. "They would," George reflected with cynical accu-

racy. "The cowardly sex realizes that there is no danger of real rivalry from a cripple."

But association with women did Annabelle a lot of good. Either by emulation or direct assists, she acquired a more conventional wardrobe and a coiffure which, while still pre-deluge as to length, was more becoming as a frame for her rather childlike features. She turned out to be absurdly young-looking, at least in the face—especially so considering that she must have had a rather painful existence.

George would often look over at her there at her near-by desk, smiling complacently as she turned out typewritten drivel by the yard, and marvel at the confident cheerfulness of her. The woman just couldn't have any brains. Didn't she know that the world wasn't giving her a fair break?

Bah! George would turn from such a contemplation of her dumb and unreasonable happiness and overwrite his column with scathing sarcasm about the exasperating inconsistencies of the feminine clucks. All in all, Annabelle was a great stimulus to George. He wrote more and funnier under the goad of her visible presence than he ever had before.

Of course he could not directly guy her work, now that she was employed by the same newspaper, but he did manage to inaugurate a more or less subtle burlesque of it under the sub-heading, "Hope

for the Hopeless," in which he pretended to deal with the troubles of imaginary correspondents.

He devoted a lot of time to thinking out a real crusher for Annabelle Lee, but finally he wrote—nothing.

But it was rather uncanny the way her department dealt with the quandary.

> "Don't worry," Annabelle wrote to a correspondent, "because you think you are not the intellectual equal of the man who cares for you. One of the things men love us for is their ability to show us the way. To a chivalrous man the principal attraction of a woman is the fact that he cannot strike back on equal terms. Therefore he spars with her, as the boxers say. Sparring is only play, and play is the chief thing that keeps love warm and ready for the great emergencies of life.
>
> "If you were clever in exactly the same way that he is, there would not be much point in marrying. The best partnerships are those in which each member supplies something the other has not. If you are gentle, considerate and kind, see if any man ever notices whether you can answer all the questions in 'Ask Me Another.' "

Several days later George came to bat in verse, or song, rather, in a lyric written to the melody of "The Owl and the Pussycat," entitled,

"Optimism"

Hokum and Hooey sailed away
In a sea of printer's ink.
When the waves rolled high, Polly Hokum would cry,
"I'm sure that the boat won't sink!"
While Hooey grinned as the ship went down
And sang to a small guitar,
"O, lovely Hokum, O Hokum, my love,
What a truckload of hokum you are!"

During all this time, and while they were trading thrusts under the surface, they seldom spoke to one another directly more than to exchange morning greetings. As has been mentioned, George was a lone wildcat by disposition, and nobody bothered him very much in his lair. And Annabelle was so popular with everybody that his Achillean withdrawal from the general acclaim was not particularly noticeable.

Once they were assigned to do special articles on a famous divorce case. Ordinarily George never did any assignments at all, but Bill Johnson prevailed upon him in this instance. He did not tell him the real reason—that he wanted to run his own and Annabelle's stories as examples of widely diversified points of view.

Except for the fact that a great deal of money

was involved in the settlement, it seemed an ordinary enough trial. The wife was seeking a separation from her multi-millionaire husband on statutory grounds, naming as co-respondent a rather drab woman, brazenly painted on the outside to represent the spirit of alluring youth.

Annabelle and George went to lunch together between court sessions. It was the obvious thing to ask her, and Annabelle consented with the stipulation that it should be "dutch."

"I buy the lunch or you can eat by yourself," declared George truculently.

Annabelle looked at him and grinned. "All right. I'm an old-fashioned girl, but don't treat me too rough or I may fall in love with you."

"As long as I don't fall back, there'll be no harm done."

"There isn't any danger of that, is there?"

"Not the least."

"Then we can be ourselves." Annabelle laid her bag on the table and stowed away her copy-paper. "I'm so sorry for that woman," she mused.

"What woman? Lenore Bascomb, the co-respondent?"

"Heavens, no—this is a successful engagement for her. She gets paid well and receives a lot of publicity besides." Annabelle dismissed her with a gesture. "I was thinking of Mrs. Stanley Cord."

"What's the idea of calling her a poor woman?

She'll shake down Mr. S. Cord for at least one of his millions, and will be free to do what she wants to from now on."

"Perhaps; but the trouble is there isn't anything she wants to do from now on, and that million she will get will be the one thing that will keep her from ever developing a new interest in anything or anybody, including herself. You see, she still cares for her husband."

"Then, for Pete's sake, why divorce him?" George demanded impatiently.

"She hasn't any choice. The way I read it, she was given the chance to sue or be left flat anyway. So, of course, she sued."

George laughed sarcastically. "Lady, you sure have a romantic imagination. The way I figure it, Mrs. Cord didn't know whether to hit her old man on the bean with the fire-tongs or give him a rain-check via the courts, but she finally decided on the latter because she didn't want to get a spot on the new library rug."

Annabelle looked at him reproachfully. "You don't think any such thing!"

"How do you know what I think? Or what Mrs. Cord thinks?"

They wrangled about it all during luncheon, and on the several other occasions that they happened to be thrown together during the trial.

Six months or so after Annabelle's accession to Bill Johnson's staff she took a two weeks' vacation.

She explained it to George and to no one else. "I know I'm not really entitled to it, but it's a case of necessity. You see, I have to go to the hospital twice a year for a sort of inspection and an adjustment. It's a good deal like having your hair trimmed.

"I've written a lot of stock articles to keep my department going, and I wondered if you would turn one of them in every day. I'd appreciate it if you would open my mail, also, and if anybody is in too much trouble, maybe you would come over to the hospital and tell me about it so I can help them."

"Of course I'll ladle out your hokum for you," George assured her. "This isn't anything serious, is it?" he asked suddenly.

"No. I've had it done before, and I get better every time."

"I'm sorry," he began, but she checked him so that he finished, "I'm sorry for your customers who'll have to get along without their soothing syrup for a while, but it will be a kind of a relief not to have so much noise going on at your desk all the time."

Annabelle grinned. That was more like. "And

I," she said, "will probably heal up twice as fast if I don't have to look at you every day."

She held out her hand. "Good-by, Hooey."

He held it awkwardly a second and then let it go. "Good-by, Hokum."

She walked out of the office just as casually as if she would surely be back in the morning.

But she wasn't. At first her vacant desk was not particularly noticeable to George, but finally it got on his nerves, especially as so many people stopped there to ask where she was, and he turned his own desk to face the wall. The light was poor that way, and he had to use a work lamp all the time, but he thought it would be better.

He seemed unable to turn his thoughts around, however, and the spirit of satiric comedy appeared to have fled. Seemingly he had been using her as a focal irritation, a sort of a burr under the saddle blanket, to inspire him to kick out at the world in general. Most especially she had personified the inconsistency of women, and about half of his column was fired point-blank at that target.

He finally turned in his copy, colorless though it was, and started to go home.

But at Annabelle's desk he paused. It was piled high with mail. Apparently there had been one or two deliveries while he had his back turned. Well, he had promised to open it, and if he neg-

lected it for a day the task would become too formidable.

So he sat down and began ripping open envelopes. Most of the letters, just as he expected, he could dismiss with a snort of contempt. They were the usual rot from high-school girls going through the worst stages of puppy-love, from discontented and abused wives, and from shameless men who were whining about the raw deals which fate had handed them. All in all a pretty putrid collection of humanity's more self-centered emotions.

But a few of the letters were different. Some were from desperate but unfrantic people who appeared to have graduated from life's adolescent troubles and were up against problems so staggering that any physical solution seemed inconceivable.

George laid those aside to think about.

There were others from serene, perfectly poised correspondents who were standing slightly above the muddy flood of humanity's troubles and were willing to stoop down and lend a helping hand.

Not all of them were from educated people, but dignity shone through illegal grammar and spelling anyway.

One, that day, happened to be from a judge of the circuit court, then in session.

"My dear Miss Lee:

"Thanks especially for the short article which

you called 'Living Gallantly.' I have taken the liberty of passing it on to dozens of people who have been brought before me with self-induced troubles of one sort and another.

"I'd like to tell you that I read your department daily. Not always, but generally you supply me with a grateful whiff of human wholesomeness that I rather need after a day on the bench.

"John A. Drover."

George was sardonically surprised to find that grim Judge Drover, whom he knew from police-court days, had gone hopelessly Pollyanna. Well, he considered, even men with legal training doubtless have their silly moments.

He reread the other letters, the ones from people who seemed so badly jammed in the machinery of life. The most poignant was this:

"Dear Annabelle Lee:

"If you know some answer to this, please let me know anyhow tomorrow. I can't wait any longer than that. Last week I have lose my job as watchman because I have been away some nights to take care of my wife which is sick. No more jobs can I find because I am quite old and jobs are not many anyhow. The money all of it is gone, also the groceries and medicine. A

little insurance my wife would get if I was dead but who then would take care of her? That I shall do if no other way you can see. If not do not make much bother.

"Respectfully,
"J. H."

George laid the letter aside and turned to some of the others. But he had to go back to it. None of the cases were quite so compellingly urgent as that of the elderly J. H. After a while George began to feel a vague resentment toward the old fool. It wasn't fair that he should have loaded his troubles onto a complete stranger. If he couldn't solve his own difficulties, what right did he have to expect that anyone else could see a way through? George wondered if Annabelle got many of these no-possible-answer cases. If she did and she believed in the underlying tragedies, how could she possibly be so cheerful about anything?

He didn't know what to do. And he couldn't simply disregard the appeal altogether or dismiss it cynically. Something had to be done.

George went to the hospital where Annabelle was. Too bad to bother her with someone else's troubles, but—

At the office of the institution he was flatly denied permission to see her until he insisted on the

grounds that he was her only living relative, her guardian and her religious advisor. What are a few lies to a newspaper man?

"All right," conceded the superintendent, "you can see her, but it won't do any good. She hasn't recovered consciousness yet from the operation this afternoon, and ——"

"She'll get well?" George asked hastily.

"We don't know. There was more the matter than she thought, Dr. Post discovered when he started to operate this afternoon. He made a temporary adjustment, but it may be necessary to make a more extensive exploration tomorrow. She'll have to have rest first."

Annabelle was in a private room. That had been the voluntary contribution of old Bill Johnson, who was paying two sets of alimony and couldn't really afford any such generosity. There was a special nurse on duty. The smell of anesthetics still hovered around the room.

And Annabelle herself, grimly pale and looking more childlike than ever, lay tense upon the pillow.

"If she could only relax," the nurse said.

"Hooey!" murmured Annabelle faintly.

"What's that?" the nurse demanded and then explained to George. "That's the first word she has tried to say. Of course, it's just gibberish, but ——"

"Hokum and Hooey s-s-s-s ——" the voice from the pillow trailed off after a struggle to sing.

"She's still out of her head, apparently," the nurse decided. "There's no sense to that."

"No sense whatever," George agreed. "It's just a nonsense song that she is trying to sing."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Why, yes."

"Then sing it for her, so she won't struggle any longer to get it out of her system."

"I don't really sing."

"That doesn't matter. Just do the best you can."

"All right. You go out in the hall and stuff cotton in your ears besides. Annabelle is unconscious already, so it won't hurt her so much."

It was the most self-conscious moment in George Ten Eyck's life. He would have much preferred to try to go four rounds with the heavy-weight champion.

Twice he started before he hit on a key that he would be able to go all the way through on. But once on the way his voice steadied, and he crooned the darned thing clear to the bitter end.

Midway of the chorus she reached out her hand gropingly and he took it. Gee, what else could a man do? The nurse wasn't there, and Annabelle apparently wanted something.

When he got all the way through and would

have stopped, Annabelle frowned and tried to sing it herself—all with her eyes shut and obviously in a semi-delirium. So George did it again—and again.

Finally the nurse entered. George was sitting there softly yelping to himself and holding Annabelle's fingers. The nurse didn't smile much, but she listened to Annabelle's breathing and took her pulse.

"She's asleep at last," she whispered noiselessly with lips that formed but did not utter the words, and motioned George to go outside.

There, in the hallway, he remembered for the first time what it was that he had really come for. The answer to J. H.'s problem. Or was that it? Perhaps he had gone to the hospital to help Annabelle through her dark hour of loneliness and pain.

Anyway she could not offer any suggestions just then, that was a cinch. If she won her own battle with death, she would be doing more than seemed humanly possible.

And yet something had to be done for J. H., who had so trustfully laid his troubles before what seemed to him an unfailing tribunal.

There had to be an answer. And it was up to him, George Ten Eyck, to furnish the solution. There had to be one. But what? It was like being alone in the cab of a giant railway locomo-

tive, but without any knowledge of how to turn on the power.

The newspaper for which George and Annabelle worked was an afternoon sheet, but the deadline for editorial material, which was the way their stuff classified, was midnight of the preceding day. George finally turned up at the office about twenty minutes to twelve after having sought inspiration successively at soda fountains, lunch-counters and even speak-easies. There wasn't an answer in a single glass or a cup.

He dropped wearily into the chair at his desk and let the clock rob him of ten minutes more. There wasn't any solution. George could just see the old man holding a pistol to his head,—no, he wouldn't have a pistol because he would have pawned that,—or standing on a wet and lonely pier.

He had to put something in print that would stop the tragedy. J. H. expected him to—Annabelle expected him to.

But what?

George started to put a sheet of paper in his typewriter. The machine was gone. Some new reporter had borrowed it—none of the older members of the staff would have taken a chance on his displeasure. No one expected George to be around the office at that time of night.

But George did not have time to express his wrath in words. There were only a few minutes left.

So he took his paper over to Annabelle's desk and took the cover off from her machine. Then he sat there staring in front of him.

For a while his eyes did not focus on anything. Then he became irritatedly conscious of a bordered paper motto pasted on the desk. It was one of those things given out at street gospel meetings. Originally it had read, *"Ask and Receive,"* but the word *"ask"* had been crossed out and the word *"trust"* written in its place.

"Trust and Receive."

Bologny! Trust what and receive what?

It didn't mean anything. If that was the platform of the Hokum department, he didn't think much of it.

Obviously George was not cut out for a heart-throbs editor. He couldn't believe in beautiful bunk. It was all just words to him. However, he had to dish up some sandpaper words to J. H. that would keep him from slipping on a piece of wet planking and falling into the river.

All he could do was take that motto of Annabelle's and say it over in different words. She did it nearly every day in one form or another, and if he could keep from laughing for five minutes, he could doubtless do a fair imitation.

Clack! Clack! Clack! Sound of paper being fed into the machine.

Tap-tap-tappety-tap-tap-tap. Rattle of keys under skillful fingers taking dictation from an agile brain with tongue in cheek.

Result herewith, as it appeared in all afternoon editions next day.

> "J. H.: You say that you are very old. Then you know from experience that something always takes care of you when you are beyond your own powers. When you sleep, something is on guard; when you are ill, the will to live brings you back to health. What has happened before will happen again. The hand of humanity will reach out to you. Just be ready to take it, that's all."

George sat back and surveyed his work with cynical disapproval. "Beautiful bull," he muttered. "Just a word formula without any sense to it."

So he tacked on one more line:

"Call at this office and ask for me."

It didn't go very well with the high-flown advice which preceded it, but at least it was practical. George would donate a five-spot, he decided, and maybe that would give the old man a chance to turn around and get a fresh grip.

"Boy!" he yelled and sent his copy on its way to the linotype machine. He couldn't do any more in ten minutes. Or any less, probably, he admitted to himself. Thank heaven it wasn't going out over his own signature, anyway.

In the morning George felt particularly disagreeable and decided to work at home so he wouldn't bite anybody. But the telephone stopped that—Bill Johnson on the wire.

"Is this Annabelle Lee?" Bill inquired.

"No, I'm not Annabelle Lee," George replied, and was about to hang up.

"Yes, you are," Bill insisted, "and there are a couple of your customers waiting here in my office to see you."

George tried for a minute to think what this was all about. Then a slight light burst upon him. "Is the first edition of the rag on the streets yet?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose one of the visitors is an elderly gent with whiskers whose initials are J. H. Give him five dollars with my compliments and tell him to buy a new ——"

"You come down here and attend to your own visitors. The other one says she has to meet you face to face."

"She?" George repeated. "It's a woman?"

"Absolutely correct."

"What the ——"

But Bill interrupted him with, "Good-by, Annabelle, and hurry as fast as you can."

Then he hung up.

Which left George with no alternative save to take a taxi.

J. H. did not turn out to look much as George had pictured him. He was old, all right, but he had no whiskers or even any hair on the top of his head, and his teeth had probably been pawned or something. His blue eyes were gentle and steadfastly honest. At any rate J. H. was probably not a faker.

But the other visitor was as obviously wealthy as J. H. was poverty-stricken. Her face was vaguely familiar to George, and when Bill Johnson introduced her as Mrs. Cord, he placed her instantly as the plaintiff in the divorce case which he and Annabelle had covered together.

There was some confusion while George was explaining that he was only Annabelle Lee *pro tem*, but Bill Johnson very considerately had an errand somewhere else in the building and left George and his visitors a clear field.

"If you are not Annabelle Lee," began the old man slowly, "then what you have wrote in the paper today is not so. And my wife, which is home feeling much better because of it, cannot have her medicine ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted George impa-

tiently. "Even if she didn't write it, it might be so, anyway. You believed it, didn't you, and it made you both feel better?"

"Y-yes."

"Then, it has to be so." George wasn't particularly pleasant about it, but he couldn't let Annabelle down without an effort. He reached for his wallet. "You're going to get help somehow. Now I'll give you five dollars today and ——"

"Please," interrupted Mrs. Cord. "This begins to solve my problem, too. Miss Lee wrote to me when I was in trouble and said that I would find my happiness in helping others. And I came here this morning to get her advice on how to do it intelligently. This looks like a good place to begin. Let me have this gentleman and his wife as my first problem to solve. I can take care of them until they get over the worst of it and later find him a job. Then I'll come back to you or to her for something else to do."

That was the way it was arranged. George thought it sounded a little too much like a fairy-story, but it did get him out of a mess which his impulsive desperation had gotten him into and it gave him time to go on with his own work.

"Just a coincidence," he muttered to himself whenever he thought of the perfectly apt way in which J. H.'s problem had been solved by the ap-

plication of Annabelle's revised slogan, *"Trust and Receive."*

He finished his own work and truculently tackled Annabelle's mail. If there were any more cases like that of J. H., he'd not try playing the rôle of "fixer" again. Let 'em sink or swim. He wouldn't put himself in such a ridiculous situation as that of this morning. Hokum! In a pig's eye!

A telephone call interrupted him.

"This is the Memorial Hospital," he was informed after he had admitted his identity. "We cannot get in touch with any other of Miss Lee's relatives, and someone will have to come at once."

"But I'm not a relative," he protested.

"You said you were last evening."

"Oh! Oh, yes, of course, but the relationship is rather distant."

"That doesn't make any difference. Miss Lee has had a turn for the worse, and in case—well, probably you'd better hurry."

There seemed to be no arguing with a situation like that. He wasn't a relative; he couldn't do anything; but he had gotten into this. So he promised to start at once.

The hospital seemed more sinister, more heartless, than it had the evening before. He was surprised to find nurses and doctors talking and laughing in the corridors. Why didn't everyone hush up and stand by?

Dr. Post was in Annabelle's room when he got there and came out in the hall to talk to George.

"The ordinary adjustment did not work this time," he explained. "There is a deep-seated pressure on a great nerve center in the spine. By a very delicate operation we may be able to relieve it. It works once in a hundred times. You'll have to decide whether you want me to take the chance."

"Will she live without it?" George asked, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Not very long, I'm afraid."

"And she is not able to decide for herself?"

"No."

George drew a deep breath. "Then go ahead."

They permitted him to follow the rolling table up to one of the operating rooms and let him stay in a waiting-room there on the same floor.

Many hours were crowded into the next thirty minutes. Perspiration oozed from George's cold hands and brow whenever he thought of the momentousness of the decision he had been forced to make. It seemed unfair that the destiny of a person who was almost a stranger should have depended upon him. It wasn't right that he should have been forced into making a decision that involved so much.

"Dammit," he accused himself, "you let yourself in for this. Now you've got to see it through."

"She mustn't die," he said over and over again. "She can't die—she can't die, she can't die."

If mere positiveness of assertion would do any good, he was helping all he could. He didn't believe in it, but what else could he do? A word formula—that was what it was, just like the trash he had handed out to J. H. Just like the sort of hokum that ——

He stopped short there. The formula had turned out to be true in the case of J. H. But that was mere coincidence.

Bosh and nonsense.

Still, there was nothing else that he personally could do.

So he said again: "She can't die."

Wait. Was that the right formula? Silly to quibble, but was he thinking right? "She can't die." That meant he was putting his will against that invisible something which was trying to snatch her away. That was foolish. He couldn't hold her that way. There had to be more help than that. Annabelle's slogan wasn't *"Argue and Receive."*

What would be better? He had to think fast.

"She will live."

He was sure that was right. It felt right and it conformed to the slogan.

Not that George believed it. But it was better than the other defiant utterance.

"She will live."

After a while he almost began to believe it.

Dr. Post came to him. The Doctor was still in his white clothes.

"We did it," he said.

"Yeh. Lady Luck certainly helped me this time. I'd just about given up hope of getting through before the last remnant of her strength was exhausted, when all at once everything began to go smooth. I found the trouble and it's out."

"She will get well?"

"Unless something very unforeseen happens, she'll not only get well but be perfectly all right afterwards—no more plaster casts for that lady! You can go back to your job now. We'll take care of her for you until tomorrow."

George did not bother to deny the implication in that phrase, "We'll take care of her for you." What did it matter why or for whom they took care of her, so long as they did? That he had no interest in her except a sort of antagonistic friendship, was not important enough to tell anybody.

George Ten Eyck had to write "The Silver Lining" column for six months. Sometimes Annabelle would send him an occasional article of an editorial nature from the sanitarium up in the woods where

she was being built back to strength, but in general her letters dealt with other things.

Someone had told her about his having been around the hospital when she had gone through her especial trouble, and she thanked him several times in shy little letters that tried not to be effusive. Finally he wrote her that it had all been through a mistake and she never mentioned it again. Once or twice he wondered if maybe he had not been too rough about it. But she must understand the kind of a man he was, and that sentiment and all that sort of trash were absolutely foreign to his nature.

It was strangely easy for George to do her work in addition to his own. It seemed to be simply a matter of discarding all his common sense and writing exactly the opposite of what he thought he thought. It seemed to be just what the dodos wanted. They ate it up and asked for more. The Annabelle Lee correspondence amounted to almost the same as that of a large mail-order house. Judge Drover wrote again, and Mrs. S. Cord, the latter every week or so, to ask for more cases where she could help.

After a while he got so he could write the advice without laughing out loud. . . .

George did not know just when Annabelle was expected home. But Bill Johnson did, and he called George into the office.

"I wish you'd go over to the Grand Central Station and meet Miss Lee. I'm busy, or I'd do it myself. She may not be very steady on her pins yet, and a guide might come in handy."

"All right."

George was there. He had permission to be out on the platform.

The train pulled in. Seven hundred and forty-three people got off, met by five hundred and sixty-two red caps. The others banged their own shins with their grips.

The seven hundred and forty-fourth person was Annabelle Lee. It didn't look much like Annabelle Lee or act like her, but the resemblance of Number 744 was closer than that of any who had preceded, so George deduced that this girl was his dish.

Anyway, he said, "Hello, Hoke," and she smiled in a way that showed she knew he meant her.

It was a nice dress she had on—dark blue, sort of, trim and tidy, and it fitted around the body the way other women's clothes did. The skirt was short, too, not a mere wisp as some skirts are nowadays, but modestly short at that. The hat was slightly provocative and close to the head. It was highly probable that her hair had been cut. The sand-colored hose justified their contents, and smart-looking kid shoes almost danced in order to keep up with George's stride.

To tell the truth, Annabelle was much the best-looking girl George had ever walked down a platform or anywhere else with. He had come to meet her in a slightly patronizing tone of voice—to be kind to the hick girl he remembered from months ago; and now, doggone it, she was the kind of a person Flo Ziegfeld might sign up if you turned your back for a minute.

It rather annoyed George. Besides, he was embarrassed. The line of talk he had planned—and, now that you mentioned it, he *had* planned and looked forward to this meeting—that line of conversation had no authority whatever in this situation.

So he walked along sort of dumb.

"Let's send my grip to my room by an expressman," suggested Annabelle, "and then let's walk across town to the office. I want to sniff the city."

"Can you stand it?"

"Stand it! Mister, look at my muscles; see the calf of my leg! I've walked five miles every day for months. Why, I'm going to be married in a couple of months!"

"Oh."

Well, why the hell should he care? Answer, he shouldn't. He didn't. Not a damn' bit. Women were—what were they? He tried to think of something comfortingly sarcastic about the brainless sex.

They had walked a block before he could get his conversational apparatus in order, and then all he got out of it was:

"Why in a couple of months?"

"Well, that will be November, and I thought November would be a nice month for a honeymoon."

"Honeymoon? Are you planning to run off somewhere and leave 'The Silver Lining' department flat?"

"No, nothing like that. I was thinking that a honeymoon right here in the city wouldn't be so bad. I'd keep house and let my husband run the department."

"Say,"—George stopped right square in the middle of the street they were crossing, probably the busiest traffic intersection in the world,—"do you think I've been running your department for you all this time just to turn it over to some sap who will get in wrong with all the patients and make a joke out of their heart-aches? Who is this nit-wit you're engaged to?"

"Honk! Honk!" interrupted an impatient driver.

Annabelle paid no attention. Neither did George.

"I'm not really engaged yet. I'm just thinking of it."

George heaved a sigh, partly of relief and partly of resignation.

"Being engaged is better than just thinking of it." He took the plunge and held out toward her a solitaire that wasn't so very modest, all things considered.

"W-what's that?" Annabelle demanded.

"Your engagement ring."

"When did you buy it?"

"The first week you were in the hospital."

"How did you know I'd take it?"

"The same way I knew you were going to get well. Stop arguing and put this on before we get run over by a taxi."

"All right." She meekly slipped the correct finger into the shackle.

He held her hand afterward until they reached the curb. There he lifted the back of her fingers to his lips.

She drew him to a shop-window. "Let me look in here for a minute until I get over wanting to cry. . . . Now I'm all right. Let's go."

And they walked right on down a leafy solitary lane beside a whispering brook with moonlight mottling the path.

Although their feet were on Fifth Avenue with a blazing September noonday sun overhead.

He Started Something

THE STORY OF JOHN BROWN

You never worked in a lime kiln? You're lucky. It isn't a popular job and few have written their names in Halls of Fame after such experiences.

However, there is John Brown.

With even a name suggesting sameness, monotony and mediocrity, this John Brown graduated from his job of cracking with a sledge hammer the rock and wheeling it to the kilns. The blazing rays of an Arkansas sun shining on the south side of the quarry hill had failed to wilt his ambition. It is a wonder that it didn't. The sun that shines in the region of Rogers, Arkansas, fairly fries the shirts on the backs of the men. Such a sun plus the heat of the kiln and the back-breaking work of an "Irish buggy" would be expected to eliminate any ambition that might by chance have lingered in some remote recess of the smallest brain cell.

But John Brown was different. Just because he

barely knew how to read and write and "figger" as he whacked the boulders and wheeled the barrow and rested scringing muscles and turned his seventy-five cents a day over to the Brown exchequer, which because of the numerous members was always empty, he saw no reason why he should keep up such a program.

One evening in the early autumn when he had wearily gone to town in search of some diversion that didn't cost anything he heard Ensign Oleson and his little band of Salvation Army exhorters.

John Brown found there something that appealed to him. Aching muscles did not thereafter debar him from pulling himself up the hill to the town each night of the week, and eventually to joining in the shouting of glad hallelujahs. His program soon became one of pounding the drum by night and the rocks by day for Oleson had discovered a willing learner. So willing did this youth prove to be that he was invited to help in the exhorting.

The lad with the commonplace name found his chance again when Ensign Oleson was ordered away from the little town of Rogers over to Siloam Springs, some thirty miles away. And when the covered wagon of Ensign Oleson left for Siloam Springs, it carried along not only the big drum but John Brown. The mission demanded sacrifice. It meant sleeping in and under the old covered

wagon and working around at odd jobs by day to get something to eat.

Then Oleson who had thus far been his tutor and mentor was ordered away and John Brown was left with the mission. He repaired the mission and built benches which served as a bed at night and visited the townspeople, and worked for them, and talked tellingly and effectually.

Some neighboring towns hearing of his work at Siloam Springs sent word that the Salvation Army was needed there also and urged him to come. John Brown started traveling then and he has done much of it ever since. He has become known as an evangelist that not only reaches the soul but takes an interest in the body, particularly those of young men and young women who are tired of life's wheel-barrows and rock smiting.

This all happened about twenty-five years ago and today Evangelist John Brown receives each hour of the day some new call for distant places and for his sort of preaching. Somewhere he found that he rightly owned a middle name that would tend to very slightly distinguish one John Brown from the other four million. It was Edward.

He was still unsatisfied of fulfilling his ideal in life. He wanted to help the boys and girls who were apparently helpless—the lime kiln type, if you understand what he meant. It again meant sacrifices and neither he nor his wife hesitated to

deed his home, farm and buildings and herd of Jersey cattle and horses and mules and hogs and sheep and poultry and farming implements and even a printing plant to make that dream come true. It was some $600,000 that went to the furtherance of an ideal—the founding of the John E. Brown College that was to help the boys and girls who were "broke." But this was only a drop in a bucket when it came to founding an educational institution.

He told his dream to the town's bankers and business men. Some of them asked, "What do you want from us here at Siloam Springs?"

"Your confidence, your cooperation and $15,000 for current expenses payable in three yearly installments," John Brown answered. His dream was the tabulated, statistical sort. The bankers and business men sat in judgment and studied and examined. They knew Brown from the knowledge of the intimate neighbor. They underwrote the plan.

As a consequence the John E. Brown College became a reality. The school was opened, less than two months from the day he had decided to establish it. It began with a student body of one hundred and a faculty of ten. Today there are more than three hundred boys and girls at the school and more than three thousand who are anxious to attend. Jessie H. Jones, capitalist of Houston,

Texas, one of the men underwriting the enterprise predicts 5,000 students in ten years all comfortably housed and happy. The goal is the largest industrial college in America, a prospect not very remote.

John Brown has built a college that serves and teaches service. A college free to all, international and interdenominational and of practical wholesome ideas. A writer once said of a good man, "what more could one ask than that the natural expression of himself be his life work and all the world his friend?" which applies very well to John Edward Brown.

Never did a quarry turn out better material than has grown from rough unhewn stone that most builders would have rejected, but which has become the hope and inspiration of thousands of the ambitious youth of America.

The Consultant's Corner

Q. I have taken the liberty of writing to express my appreciation of the work you are doing, and have done for me personally.

The first year after studying your books, I made over $2,000.00 in addition to my salary. Duplicated that the second year, but finally, one night was awakened from sleep to have my "Brownies" tell me: "You can't go on doing this outside work without telling your immediate superior." Once having received the thought, I knew it must be done and so I hastened to do it. Having been admitted, I told him the story and said, "I am not asking permission to do this, but I wanted to tell you I am doing it." He replied "You are always giving me a shock. You think up such unusual things. I am afraid you will overtax your physical strength, and be unable to perform all that is required of you for us. I will think of it." It was three months before they sent me a letter forbidding my doing this outside work. You can picture how I felt! Immediately came the thought, "He cannot take away from you one thing that belongs to you." And then, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." That calmed me, and I said to myself, "Perhaps that is not my work, if it is not, my work will be disclosed to me." Since that time that particular work has not been required of me *except in my vacation period.*

In the meantime I continued my study and made a strenuous effort to do more than is required of me here. I kept asking to be shown my right work, and that, with me means high class remunerative work. Suddenly there came to my mind a new thought. I acted on it at once, and as a

result called on one of the very prominent firms of this city; told them what I had in mind and asked if I could find service in that line. The two men with whom I was in conference said: "This is a very strange thing that you should walk in here and propose this thing. We have combed the state for the man who could do this work and have not been successful; of course we will give it to you and be glad to do it."

To make a long story short, what I have obtained will far exceed my wildest dreams, because it opens up an entirely new vista—a line of work done by nobody I have ever heard of outside the legal profession, and it gives me opportunity to use what little gray matter I have, an opportunity denied me here, to a large extent. I should not say "what little gray matter." Do you know I am bubbling over all the time with gratitude to "the Father which dwelleth in me" and to you who have elucidated many things so that a little child might understand them.

W. N., Portland.

A. First I want to thank you for your nice letter, and then to congratulate you on your good work. I think you're doing beautifully.

As I see it, there is around this world of ours a layer of what Judge Troward calls the subconscious mind of the world, made up of all of mankind's fears and beliefs in poverty and disease and lack since the world began. It's like a layer of poisoned gas on a battle field. Those who breathe in these beliefs and fears are governed by them, but the truly great soul can rise above them into the pure air beyond.

That is what you have been doing.

Active Faith

Q. In the past five months I have made from $1,000 to $3,000 a month, and I attribute my success 100% to the lead you gave me through your books and magazine. I believe you are absolutely right in urging people to read your books.

In return for the message you are giving me and others, I shall be only too happy to contribute time and money to spreading the good work.

I was in pretty deep when money started coming in, naturally I greatly appreciated your advice on how much I should hold back from my creditors for the support of my family. Following the advice in your books, I have paid them off as fast as the money came in, knowing there was all the money I needed to take the place of what few dollars I paid out.

What method should one use to keep in contact with the Law of Supply? What is the proper time and what is the legitimate reason and when is it right to borrow money?

Thanks a great deal for your answers to these questions and for the tremendous assistance your books have given me in the past.

F. C. H., Trenton, N. J.

A. I'm delighted to know that the books have been of such help to you, and I'm very glad to try to answer the questions contained in your letter. I don't think I can do this better than by comparing you to an engineer who wants to start a power plant.

The first thing an engineer does is to set up his generator which in your case is your business, your means of serving your fellowman. But the finest generator on earth won't draw electricity into it without one thing: he must start the wheels turning. He must give of the power he has in

order to draw any electrical power from the air about him, and he must keep on giving of his steam or water power just as long as he wants to keep on drawing electrical power from the air. The moment he gets too greedy and tries to save on his own power, that moment the supply of electricity begins to shut off, too. He must keep on giving of his best, freely, serenely, in the confident knowledge that the electricity is unlimited, and that as long as he does his part, the electrical energy will do the rest.

That is what you must do—keep on giving serenely in the confident knowledge that as long as you do your part, God will do His.

Many people wonder why with all His power Jesus never accumulated money ahead. He didn't need to. He had perfect belief in God's ever present supply. And when His disciples asked Him how to pray He told them —"Give us this day our daily bread, etc." He didn't tell them to try to accumulate enough today for tomorrow or next week.

All through the Bible you'll find the same note. The Israelites in the desert received manna enough for only one day. The widow of Zarapheth never found her cruse of oil or measure of meal increasing, but never did it fail.

RICHARD LYNCH

The Lost Word of Power

AMONG the ancient Jewish Rabbis, there was a secret cult called the Cabala.

One of their tenets was that writing was revealed to man as a means of penetrating the Divine mysteries, and that every letter, every word and number, even every accent in the Scriptures, contains a hidden meaning. And by their system of interpretations, they arrived at this hidden meaning.

But there was one word which was lost. And the finding of this word, it was believed, would enable him who had it to do any good thing.

THE MAGNET OF LIFE

Whether the Cabalists were right in this or not, certain it is that there are *"words"* or *"desires"* which, when properly used, draw to them every good thing of life. They are, in a real sense, magnets of good, magnets of life.

In the 7 volumes of The Life Magnet, these methods have been outlined so clearly that any man or woman can learn to use them. Will you TRY? The attached coupon brings these methods to you *without cost* and without obligation.

--------Tear off here and mail--------

Robert Collier, Inc., 599 5th Ave., New York

Surely—I'd like to TRY the methods that have brought riches and success to thousands of other people, provided I can do so without cost or obligation.

You may send me—**postpaid**—for a week's FREE EXAMINATION, the 7 volumes of The Life Magnet. I will **read** them, **try** them, and either return them at the end of the week or send you $7.85 in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.

THE OPEN DOOR

If a magician were to offer you a modelling wax out of which you could form your own tomorrows, you'd cheerfully pay him any price for it.

Yet you have that wax in your hands right now! What is more, you are actually using it—blindly, to be sure, and often harmfully—but using it just the same.

If you would like to see what this wax is made of, and how to use it in such a way as to form only the things you *want*, then—

Mail the Coupon Below

It will bring you *The Open Door* and *The Soul of Riches*, two Lessons that give you clear, simple directions for making your own modelling wax, forming your own tomorrows.

Send for them! The attached coupon brings them.

---------*Tear off here and mail*---------

MIND, Inc.
413 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.

On the distinct understanding that I get my money back promptly if I return the Lessons, you may send me the next 2 Lessons of The Key to Life Course—

The Open Door
The Soul of Riches.

I enclose $1 in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

(For 12 complete Lessons, send only $4.85)