THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

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CHRISTMAS 1909

THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON, Editor

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1909

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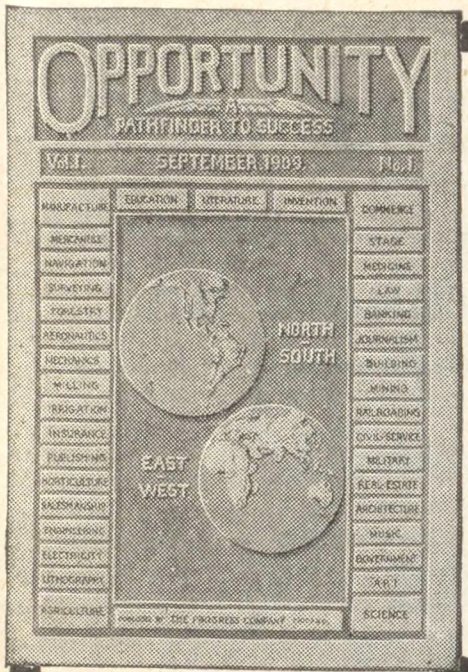

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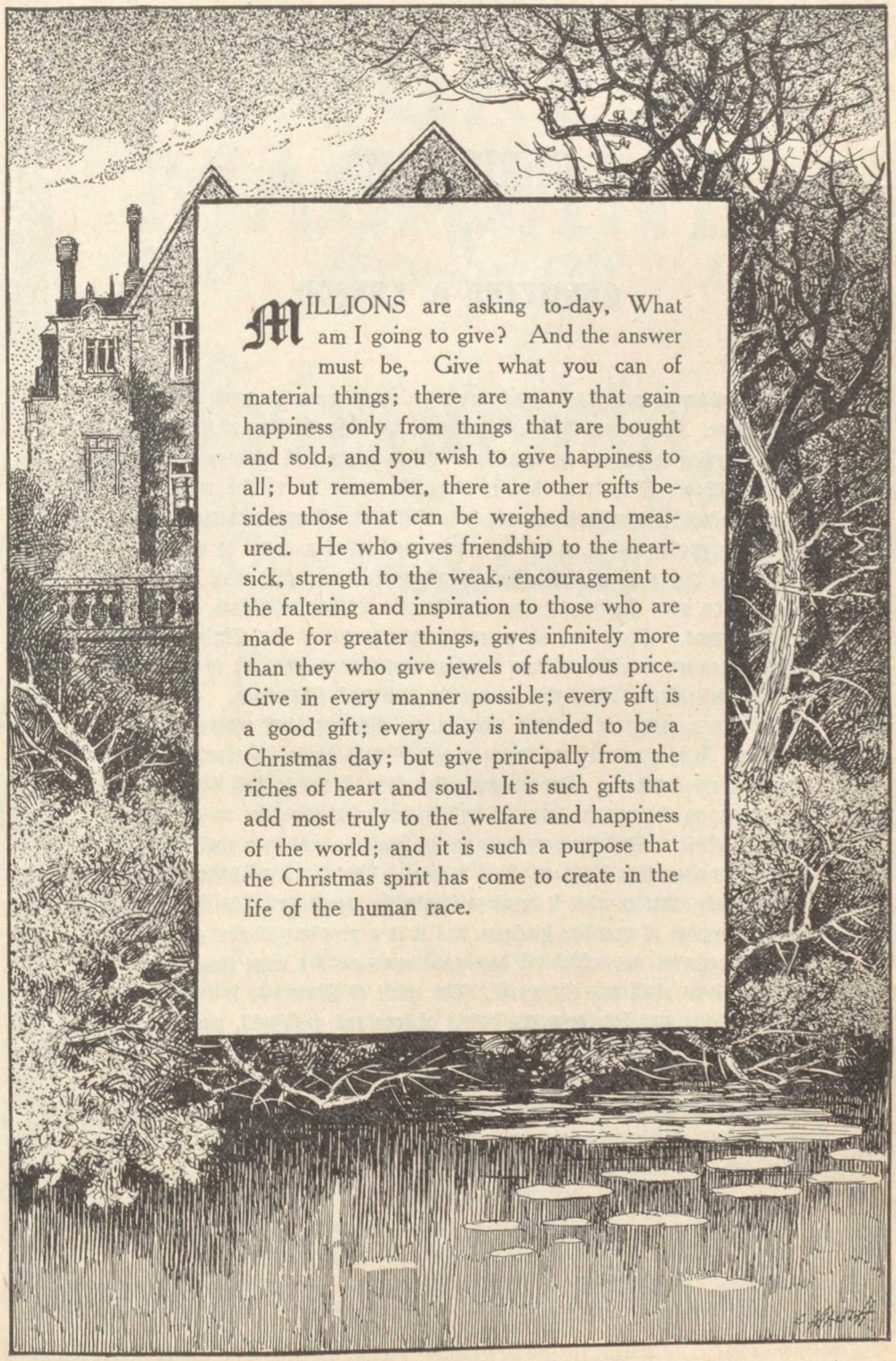

MILLIONS are asking to-day, What am I going to give? And the answer must be, Give what you can of material things; there are many that gain happiness only from things that are bought and sold, and you wish to give happiness to all; but remember, there are other gifts besides those that can be weighed and measured. He who gives friendship to the heart-sick, strength to the weak, encouragement to the faltering and inspiration to those who are made for greater things, gives infinitely more than they who give jewels of fabulous price. Give in every manner possible; every gift is a good gift; every day is intended to be a Christmas day; but give principally from the riches of heart and soul. It is such gifts that add most truly to the welfare and happiness of the world; and it is such a purpose that the Christmas spirit has come to create in the life of the human race.

CHRISTMAS

By

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON

The Holiday Season is at hand, and its significance is again the great theme. We cannot think of Christmas without thinking of its meaning, or trying to fathom its meaning. Other times and seasons may come and go without calling forth thought from the many as to the real significance involved, but with Christmas it is different. It means something special to everybody, and it creates in nearly every mind a desire to enter more deeply into the soul of that which it means to him. We must not dwell, however, on what Christmas may mean to this or that individual, or to this or that creed. There are so many interpretations of the Christ and his mission that we should enter into hopeless controversy were we to enumerate intricate definitions. And that is not the spirit of Christmas. The spirit of Christmas seeks not to find wherein we disagree, but wherein we can all unite. It is a power that draws together, that binds, that cements, that makes of the many one. Our purpose, therefore, is not to find what Christmas means to the various forms of beliefs, but what it means to all, regardless of beliefs. And the very moment we begin to seek, we shall find that it is nothing less than kindness. Just be kind. That is what Christmas means to everybody; that is what it tends to inspire in everybody. The Holiday Season is a symbol of unending kindness, and it is a prophecy of that greater day—that wonderful day which all awakened souls declare must finally come—when kindness shall rule the world. The spirit of Christmas is steadily and surely making way for the gentle Prince of love and good will, and it is our privilege to hasten the coming of this Prince by entering so earnestly into the spirit of Christmas that its spiritualizing power may thrill the life of every soul throughout the year. When every day is as sweet and gentle as the spirit of Christmas day, then we shall soon witness the coming of the great day—the unending reign of kindness in all the world.

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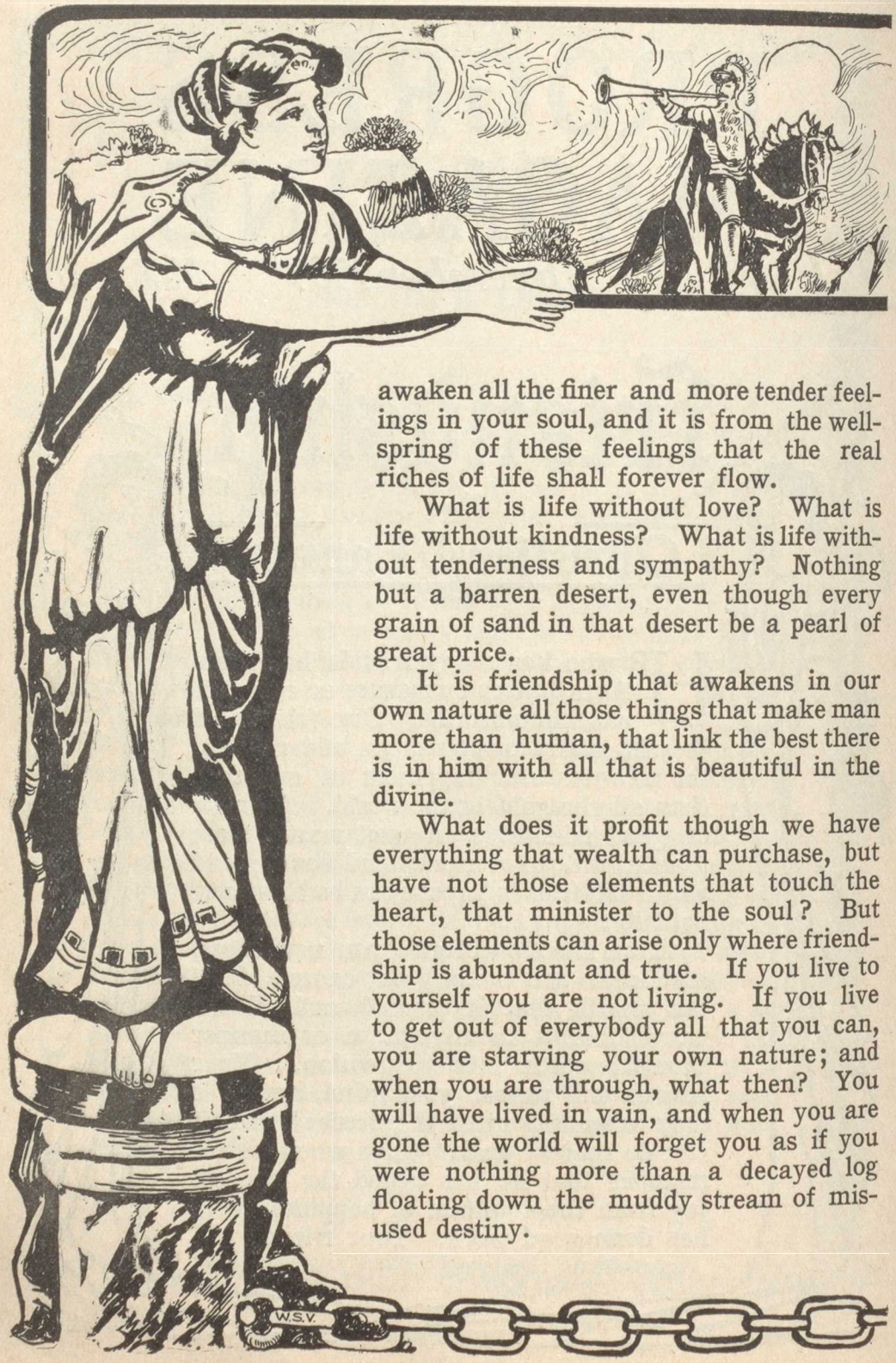
Friendship

By
Christian D Larson

HE who has many friends has more than time can measure or even life can circumscribe. Our friends, if they be many and true, can add more to the richness and happiness of existence than all the gold in the world. A group of good friends is an asset worth more than a carload of stocks and bonds; and with such friends anyone can be blest perpetually.

Your friends will give you new ideas, and ideas are the original causes of all the wealth that is created, and all the worth that is in any shape or manner brought forth into expression. Your friends will refresh your mind, and it is only when the mind is refreshed that it can do its best work. Then we must remember that he has tasted the deepest joy from the fountain of happiness who has done good work. Your friends will

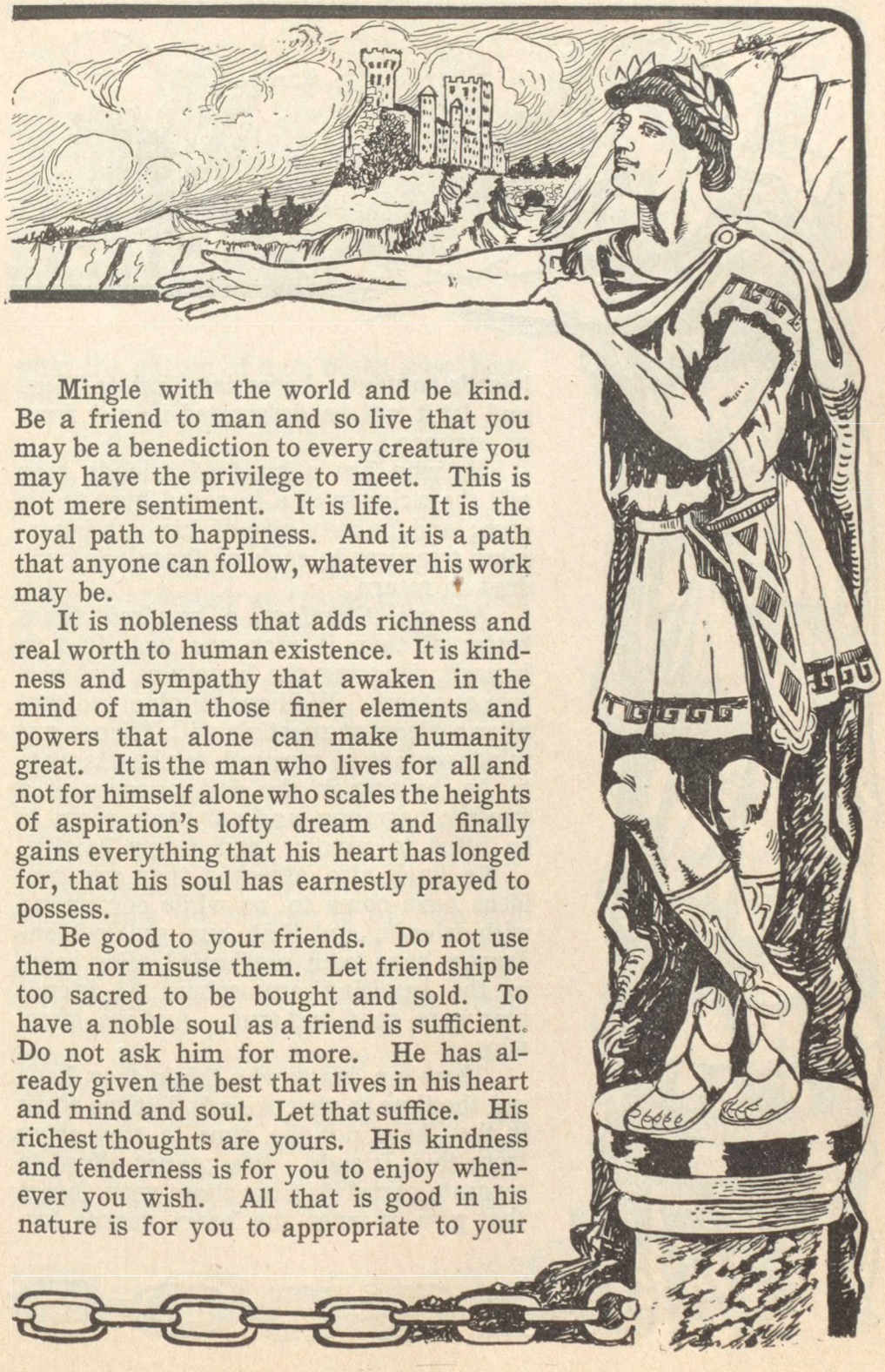


awaken all the finer and more tender feelings in your soul, and it is from the well-spring of these feelings that the real riches of life shall forever flow.

What is life without love? What is life without kindness? What is life without tenderness and sympathy? Nothing but a barren desert, even though every grain of sand in that desert be a pearl of great price.

It is friendship that awakens in our own nature all those things that make man more than human, that link the best there is in him with all that is beautiful in the divine.

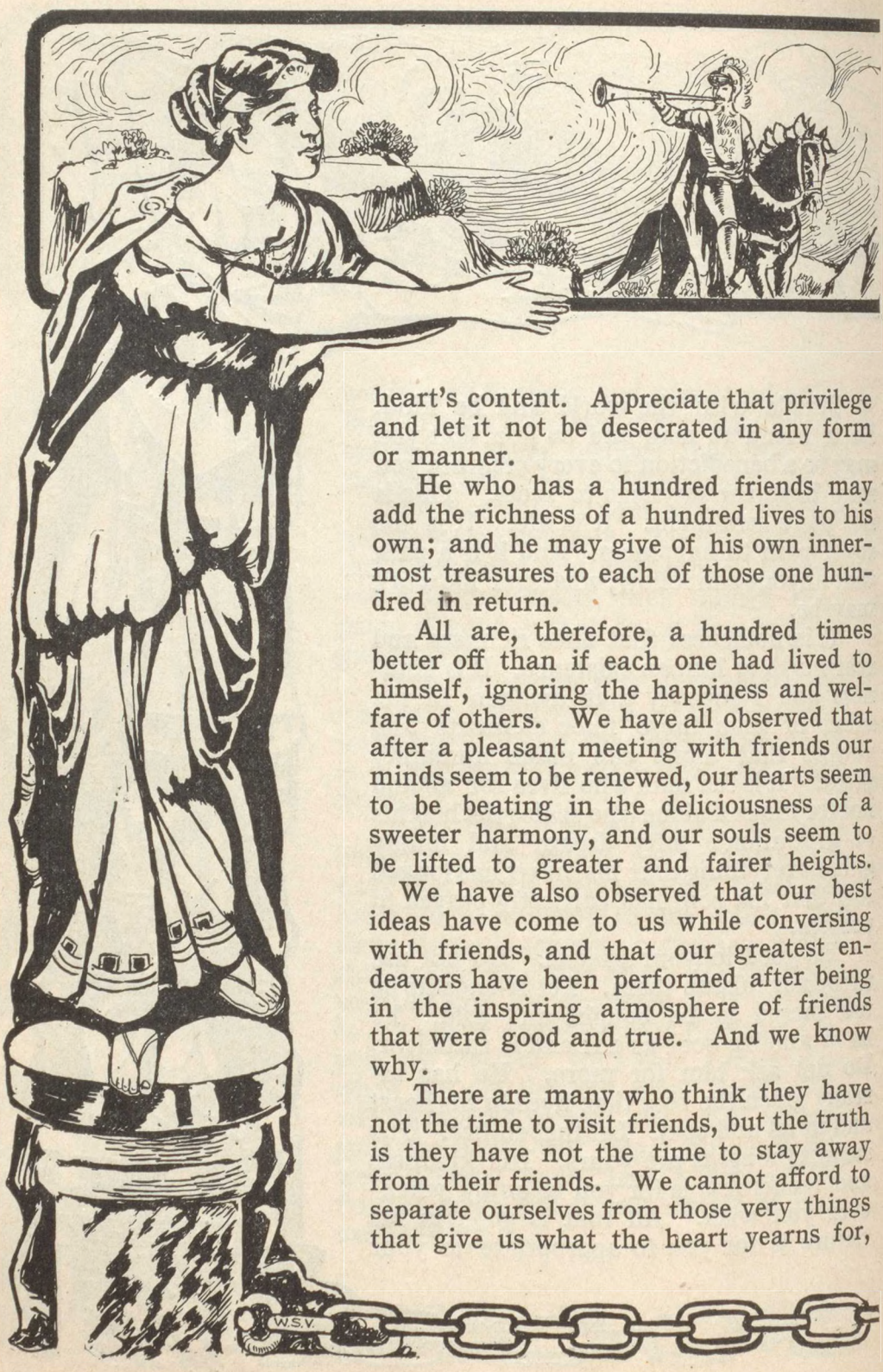
What does it profit though we have everything that wealth can purchase, but have not those elements that touch the heart, that minister to the soul? But those elements can arise only where friendship is abundant and true. If you live to yourself you are not living. If you live to get out of everybody all that you can, you are starving your own nature; and when you are through, what then? You will have lived in vain, and when you are gone the world will forget you as if you were nothing more than a decayed log floating down the muddy stream of misused destiny.



Mingle with the world and be kind. Be a friend to man and so live that you may be a benediction to every creature you may have the privilege to meet. This is not mere sentiment. It is life. It is the royal path to happiness. And it is a path that anyone can follow, whatever his work may be.

It is nobleness that adds richness and real worth to human existence. It is kindness and sympathy that awaken in the mind of man those finer elements and powers that alone can make humanity great. It is the man who lives for all and not for himself alone who scales the heights of aspiration's lofty dream and finally gains everything that his heart has longed for, that his soul has earnestly prayed to possess.

Be good to your friends. Do not use them nor misuse them. Let friendship be too sacred to be bought and sold. To have a noble soul as a friend is sufficient. Do not ask him for more. He has already given the best that lives in his heart and mind and soul. Let that suffice. His richest thoughts are yours. His kindness and tenderness is for you to enjoy whenever you wish. All that is good in his nature is for you to appropriate to your



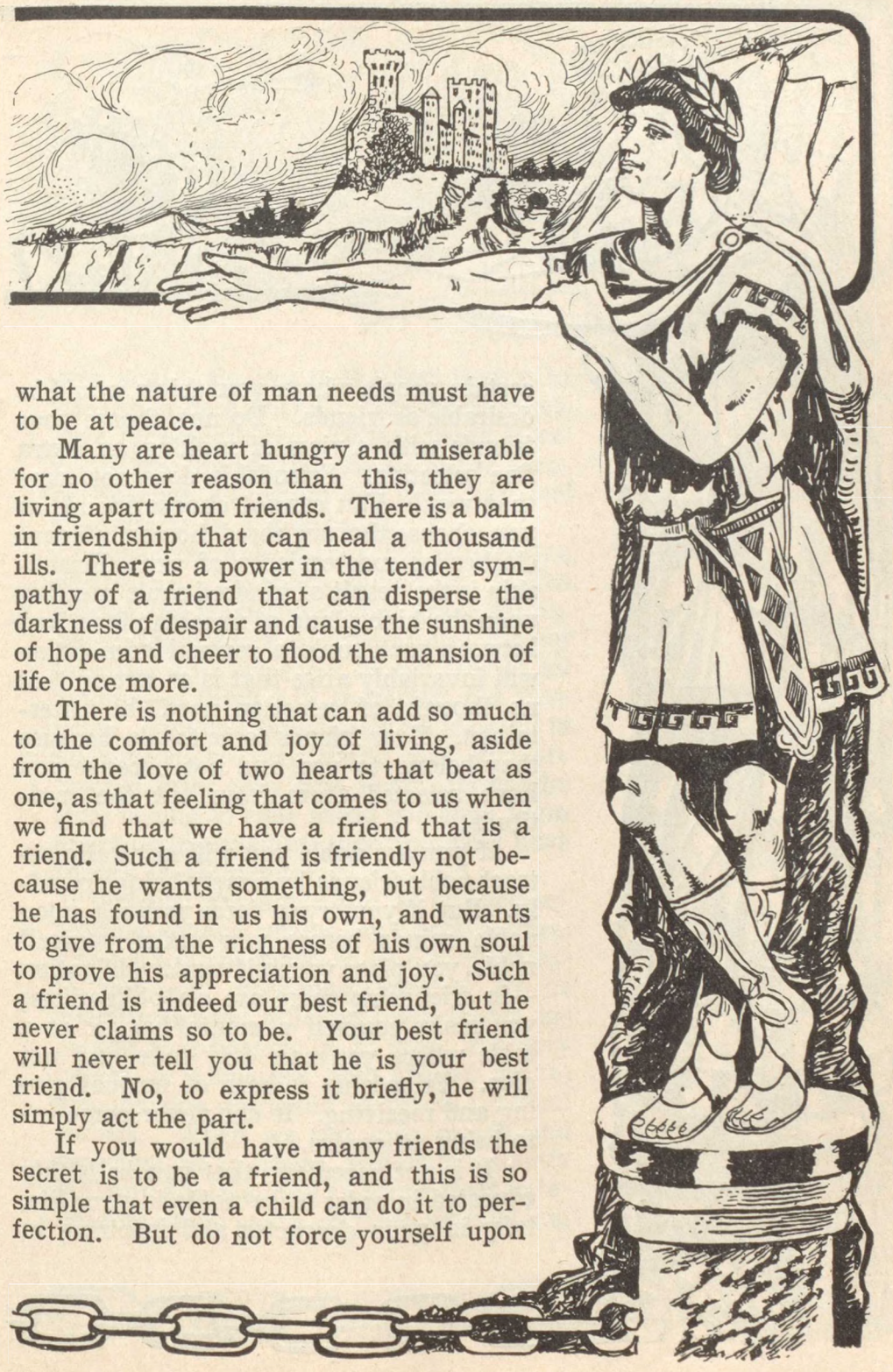
heart's content. Appreciate that privilege and let it not be desecrated in any form or manner.

He who has a hundred friends may add the richness of a hundred lives to his own; and he may give of his own innermost treasures to each of those one hundred in return.

All are, therefore, a hundred times better off than if each one had lived to himself, ignoring the happiness and welfare of others. We have all observed that after a pleasant meeting with friends our minds seem to be renewed, our hearts seem to be beating in the deliciousness of a sweeter harmony, and our souls seem to be lifted to greater and fairer heights.

We have also observed that our best ideas have come to us while conversing with friends, and that our greatest endeavors have been performed after being in the inspiring atmosphere of friends that were good and true. And we know why.

There are many who think they have not the time to visit friends, but the truth is they have not the time to stay away from their friends. We cannot afford to separate ourselves from those very things that give us what the heart yearns for,

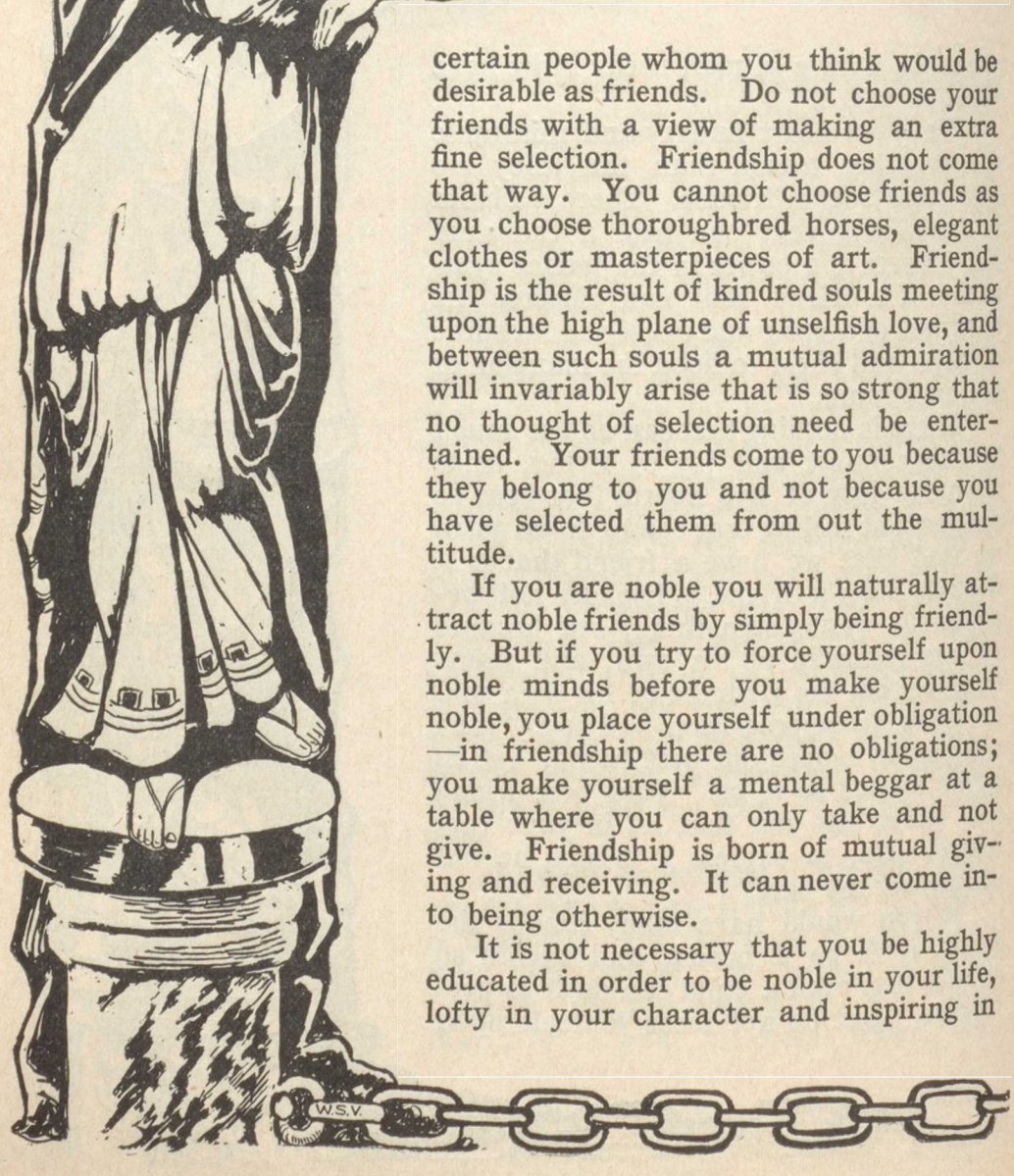


what the nature of man needs must have to be at peace.

Many are heart hungry and miserable for no other reason than this, they are living apart from friends. There is a balm in friendship that can heal a thousand ills. There is a power in the tender sympathy of a friend that can disperse the darkness of despair and cause the sunshine of hope and cheer to flood the mansion of life once more.

There is nothing that can add so much to the comfort and joy of living, aside from the love of two hearts that beat as one, as that feeling that comes to us when we find that we have a friend that is a friend. Such a friend is friendly not because he wants something, but because he has found in us his own, and wants to give from the richness of his own soul to prove his appreciation and joy. Such a friend is indeed our best friend, but he never claims so to be. Your best friend will never tell you that he is your best friend. No, to express it briefly, he will simply act the part.

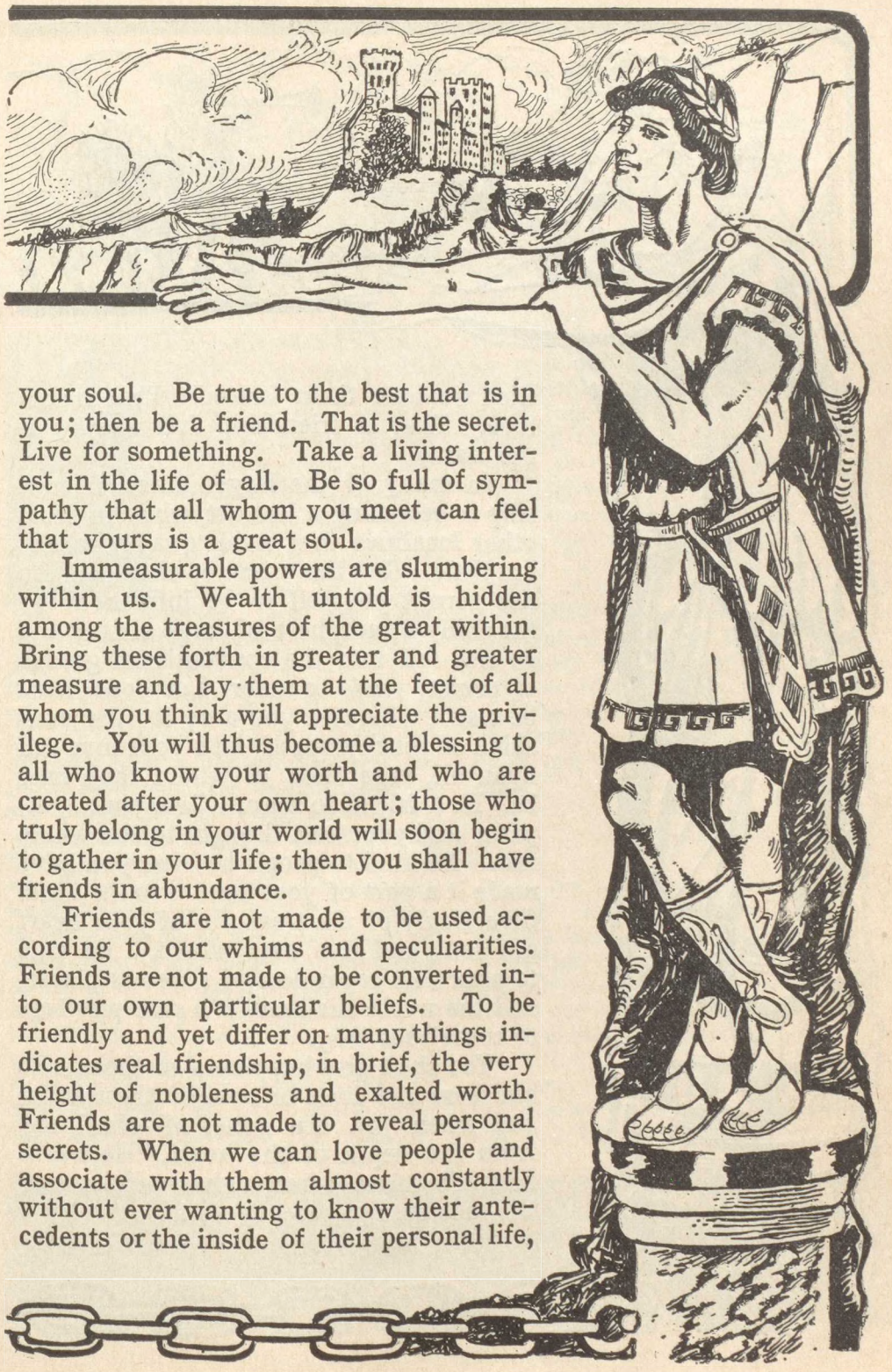
If you would have many friends the secret is to be a friend, and this is so simple that even a child can do it to perfection. But do not force yourself upon



certain people whom you think would be desirable as friends. Do not choose your friends with a view of making an extra fine selection. Friendship does not come that way. You cannot choose friends as you choose thoroughbred horses, elegant clothes or masterpieces of art. Friendship is the result of kindred souls meeting upon the high plane of unselfish love, and between such souls a mutual admiration will invariably arise that is so strong that no thought of selection need be entertained. Your friends come to you because they belong to you and not because you have selected them from out the multitude.

If you are noble you will naturally attract noble friends by simply being friendly. But if you try to force yourself upon noble minds before you make yourself noble, you place yourself under obligation —in friendship there are no obligations; you make yourself a mental beggar at a table where you can only take and not give. Friendship is born of mutual giving and receiving. It can never come into being otherwise.

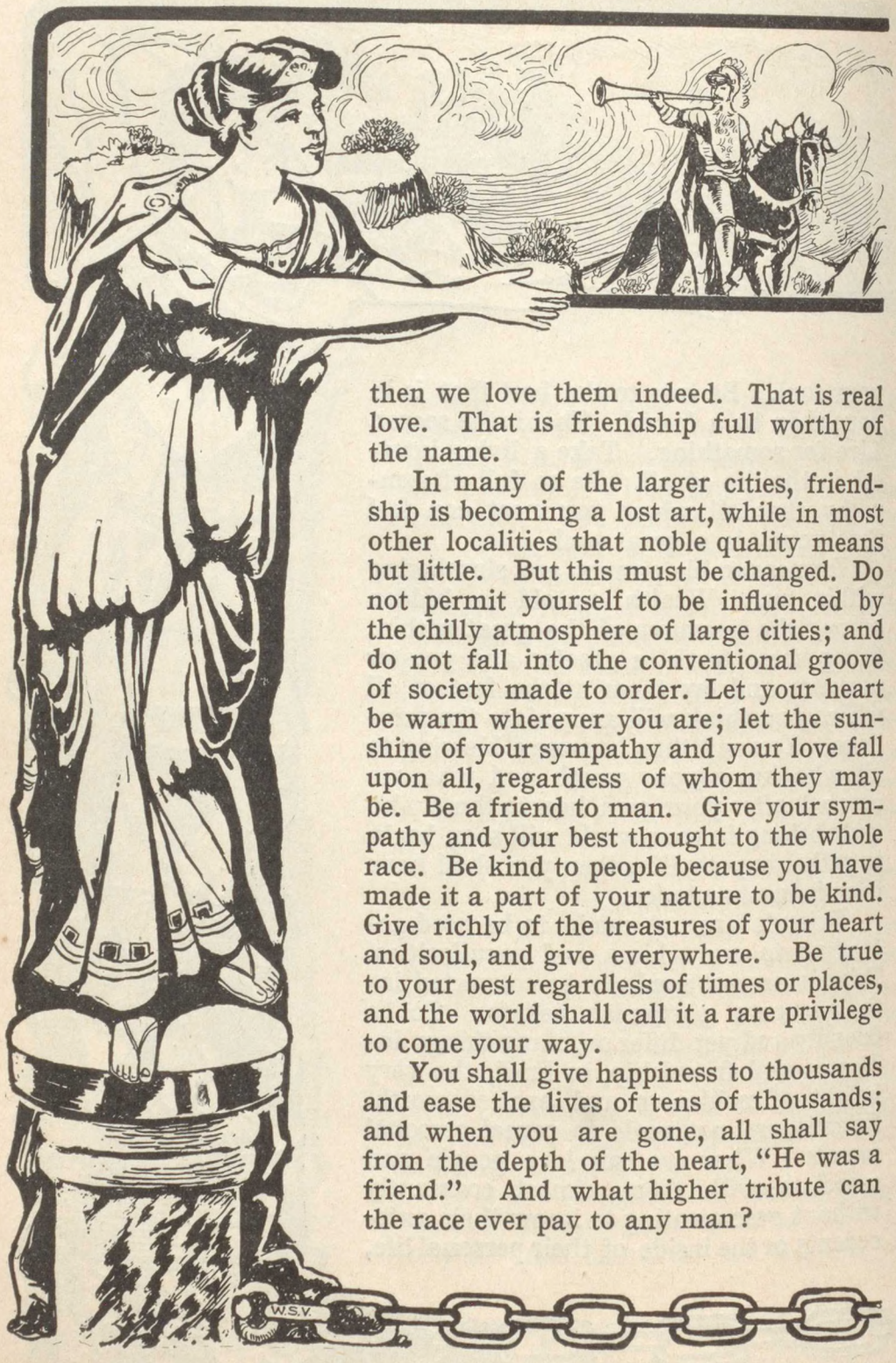
It is not necessary that you be highly educated in order to be noble in your life, lofty in your character and inspiring in



your soul. Be true to the best that is in you; then be a friend. That is the secret. Live for something. Take a living interest in the life of all. Be so full of sympathy that all whom you meet can feel that yours is a great soul.

Immeasurable powers are slumbering within us. Wealth untold is hidden among the treasures of the great within. Bring these forth in greater and greater measure and lay them at the feet of all whom you think will appreciate the privilege. You will thus become a blessing to all who know your worth and who are created after your own heart; those who truly belong in your world will soon begin to gather in your life; then you shall have friends in abundance.

Friends are not made to be used according to our whims and peculiarities. Friends are not made to be converted into our own particular beliefs. To be friendly and yet differ on many things indicates real friendship, in brief, the very height of nobleness and exalted worth. Friends are not made to reveal personal secrets. When we can love people and associate with them almost constantly without ever wanting to know their antecedents or the inside of their personal life,



then we love them indeed. That is real love. That is friendship full worthy of the name.

In many of the larger cities, friendship is becoming a lost art, while in most other localities that noble quality means but little. But this must be changed. Do not permit yourself to be influenced by the chilly atmosphere of large cities; and do not fall into the conventional groove of society made to order. Let your heart be warm wherever you are; let the sunshine of your sympathy and your love fall upon all, regardless of whom they may be. Be a friend to man. Give your sympathy and your best thought to the whole race. Be kind to people because you have made it a part of your nature to be kind. Give richly of the treasures of your heart and soul, and give everywhere. Be true to your best regardless of times or places, and the world shall call it a rare privilege to come your way.

You shall give happiness to thousands and ease the lives of tens of thousands; and when you are gone, all shall say from the depth of the heart, "He was a friend." And what higher tribute can the race ever pay to any man?

TEN ACRES AND A LIVING

By EDGAR WILLIAM DYNES

LIKE many other prominent public men, James J. Hill has a habit of saying things. A few short years ago he made the statement —it was a prophecy then— that the development of the fruit lands of the great Northwest would form a very large part in the life and progress of the next decade. He was right. He forecasted the future correctly. Every year thousands of homeseekers are moving to the further west to settle on the sunny slopes and fertile valleys of this great undeveloped empire. And, although some are more ambitious, the great majority have only one thought in mind, and that: "Ten acres and a living."

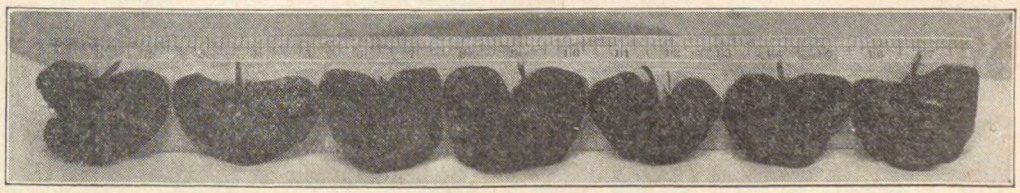
I met a man recently who was looking for a location. When I met him first he told me that he desired to purchase about fifteen acres of good fruit land, as he was of the opinion that a man could not support a wife and family on the product of ten acres. I met him again a week later. He had a much different story to tell me. In the meantime he had talked with dozens of fruit growers. He had learned what a given acre would produce and how much time was required in the cultivation of that acre. The result was that he had come to the conclusion that ten acres would not only produce enough to support himself and family but that it would keep him very busily occupied as well. In fact, he had come to the conclusion that by devoting his attention very largely to small fruits, five acres would be enough.

This opinion is shared in a general sense by Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. After visiting the fruit districts of Canada's Pacific province he made a statement to the effect that he believed there were thousands of comparatively well-to-do families in the Old Land who would be very glad, indeed, to have the opportunity of attempting to make a living on only five acres of first-class fruit land.

The Reason Why

How can a living be made on ten acres of land? Are you sure that it is not a faddist's theory? Is it really being done by practical men and women or is it only the half-baked vision of dreamers and worked out in one or two instances?

The answer is emphatically in the affirmative. It is a practical thing, has been, and is being worked out by practical men and women, month after month, and year after year. There are many



Seven Strawberries to the Foot

reasons in support of an affirmative reply to these questions, the most important of which I shall touch upon briefly.

Firstly, and perhaps the most important, is the natural fertility of the soil and its adaptability to the growth of fruit. Most varieties of apples begin to bear the third year after planting, while some of the earlier varieties bear slightly the second year. Were not the soil and climate well suited to the growth of apples and other fruit this would not be possible.

Secondly, it is not necessary to use expensive machinery as is the case with general farming. A spraying outfit is the

A Three-Year-Old Bearing Apple Tree in Columbia Valley Country

most expensive part of a fruit grower's equipment. Add an ordinary one-furrow field plow, a one-horse cultivator and a few smaller tools, none of which are very expensive, and the machinery list is complete.

Thirdly, the fruit grower and his family can do practically all the work themselves; there is no heavy expense for hired help. What he makes is profit.

Fourth, there are no granaries to be filled with seed to plant another crop. The initial planting of the trees is all that is necessary. Nature does the rest.

Fifth, and by no means the least important, the financial returns are very satisfactory.

In two seasons a Wenatchee man sold $7,800 worth of apples off nine acres of six-year-old trees. This was the gross output, but after paying all expenses he would have a very handsome net income. Another energetic grower in a district farther north sold 256 crates of strawberries off two-fifths of an acre. He received $2.60 a crate for them, a total of $665.50, or at the rate of $1,664 per acre. An exclusive strawberry grower does almost as well proportionately with a larger acreage, for in a recent year he sold over four thousand dollars' worth of strawberries from four acres of land. It will be seen that peaches are a very profitable crop in a good season, when I mention that a Yakima man sold the product of an acre and a half of peaches for $2,137. It is not to be disguised that these figures are above the average return, but it only illustrates the possibilities. It goes without saying that the most energetic horticulturist gets the best results.

Two hundred dollars an acre net, after paying all expenses, is considered to be a fair average return. In one year a careful study of the operations of the growers in the Wenatchee valley reveals the fact that the returns averaged over two hundred dollars an acre for every acre of orchard in the valley.

Good Returns from Eight Acres

A grower in southern British Columbia furnishes an interesting compilation of the returns he received from a small plot of eight acres. His ranch—everything from two acres up is called a ranch—is situated two miles from a town of three thousand which provides a good local market, but to offset this only four acres of his orchard is in bearing.

Between the rows of trees he grows strawberries, vegetables and small fruits. The results in one year are as follows: Apples, $870; prunes and plums, $347; from three-quarters of an acre of strawberries, $428; one-half acre of raspberries, $450; black and red currants, over $200. The returns from the vegetable

Strawberries Between the Rows While the Trees Are Coming Into Bearing

crop were $915, making a total of $3,210, or over four hundred dollars an acre. This is a fair, honest statement of what one man did, and is the more remarkable when we consider that only one-half of his young orchard is as yet in bearing.

Another statement, and although not exceptional, is very significant. It is that of an Idaho grower who has a ten-acre plot set out to Italian prunes, cherries and berries. In one year when the trees were still young his orchard produced over forty-five thousand pounds of prunes for which the owner received $450 in the orchard. In the same year the return from the cherries and berries was slightly over eleven hundred dollars. The following season, the trees being a year older, eighty-seven thousand pounds of prunes were picked. They brought a cent a pound in the orchard. In this season the other fruits yielded slightly less than the previous year, or about $800. The next year the prune crop amounted to two thousand pounds more, while the price had increased to one cent and a half a pound. This, with the $1,400 which came from the cherries and small fruits, made the very handsome sum of $2,635—gross returns from ten acres for one year. In addition the place supported some chickens, a cow and a horse.

With the exception of some extra help at picking time, all the work was done by the owner and his wife. No account was kept of the amounts paid out in this manner, but they would not total very much, so that the net returns would be close to $2,500. This is a simple story culled from hundreds that might be told of the experiences of the fruit growers of the Northwest.

An added source of revenue is provided by the local canneries which absorb all the second and third-grade fruit. Nothing is shipped but the very best. The majority of the growers are very proud of their reputation and would rather send

nothing at all than allow anything inferior to go out with their name upon it. The cannery obviates all possibility of anything of this kind. It buys everything in the way of pure fruit. It makes pure fruit jams and jellies. Glucose and other injurious ingredients are never allowed to enter in the composition of the various products of the jam factory or cannery. The result is that they manufacture a high grade of stuff which is always in demand.

Crop Failures Almost Unknown

A crop failure in the fruit districts is almost unknown. To be sure, there are seasons when the returns are comparatively small, but an absolute failure is out of the question for the simple reason that the grower, in the irrigated districts, at least, is protected, by insurance of the rain-when-you-want-it-type.

Irrigation is making thousands of acres of desert and arid land valuable. Without water it is almost valueless. With water it produces some of the finest fruit in the world.

The wheat grower of the plains is at the mercy of the elements in the matter of excessive moisture, or the lack of it, but the fruit grower can lift up the head gates, open the sluices, and let the glistening drops of water tickle the roots of the apple trees; likewise the feeding ground of the root crops between the rows. He need never fear that he will have too much water, neither is there ever any excuse for too little moisture.

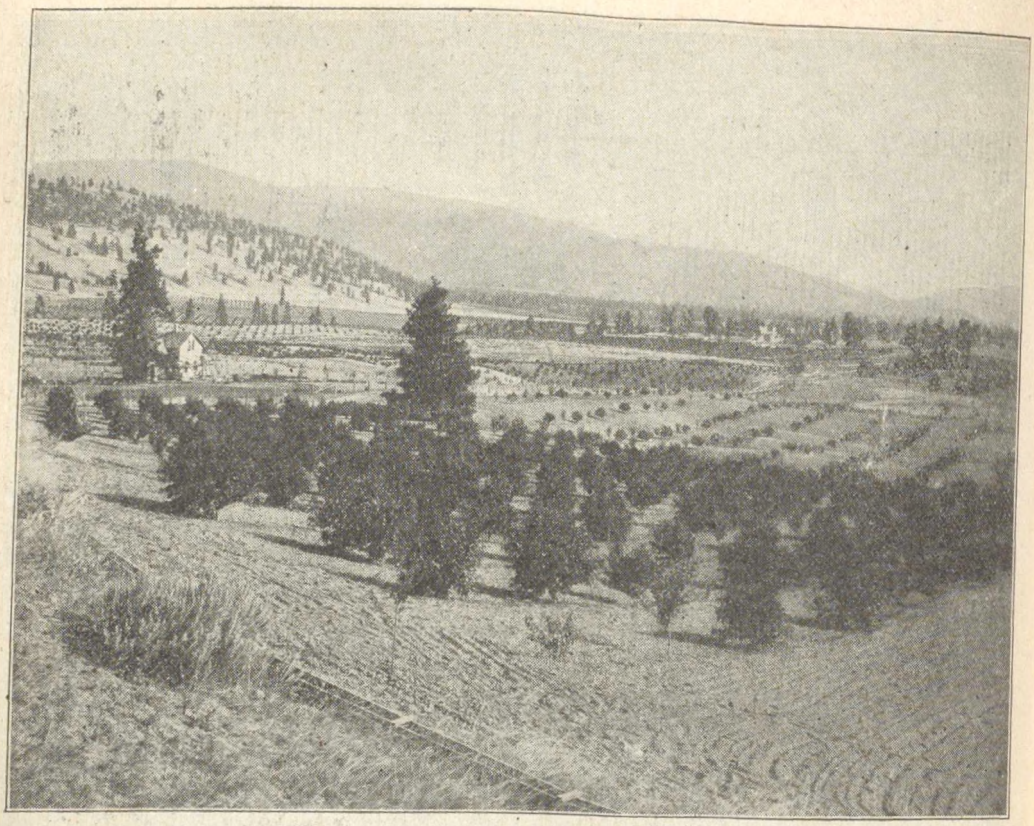
Another device in the way of crop insurance is the frost alarm and the coal-oil orchard heater. It is used to prevent damage by late spring and early fall frosts. A self-registering thermometer is placed in the orchard and when the temperature drops to the danger point, being connected by wire with an electric alarm bell in the house, the alarm rings and keeps ringing until the fruit grower gets up and lights the heaters which are

A Block of Fruit Land in the Rough

A Choice Display of Apples at a Western Show

placed all over the orchard. This system has only been used of late years but it has been so successful that more orchards are being continually fitted up with heaters and the frost alarm system. Many thousands of dollars have been saved to the growers by this combination of inventive genius and midnight activity on the part of the energetic horticulturist.

Prof. Craig, of Cornell University, while addressing a group of western fruit growers, complimented them upon the fact that their orchards were comparatively free from insect pests. In order to



Orchard of the Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, near Penticton, B. C.

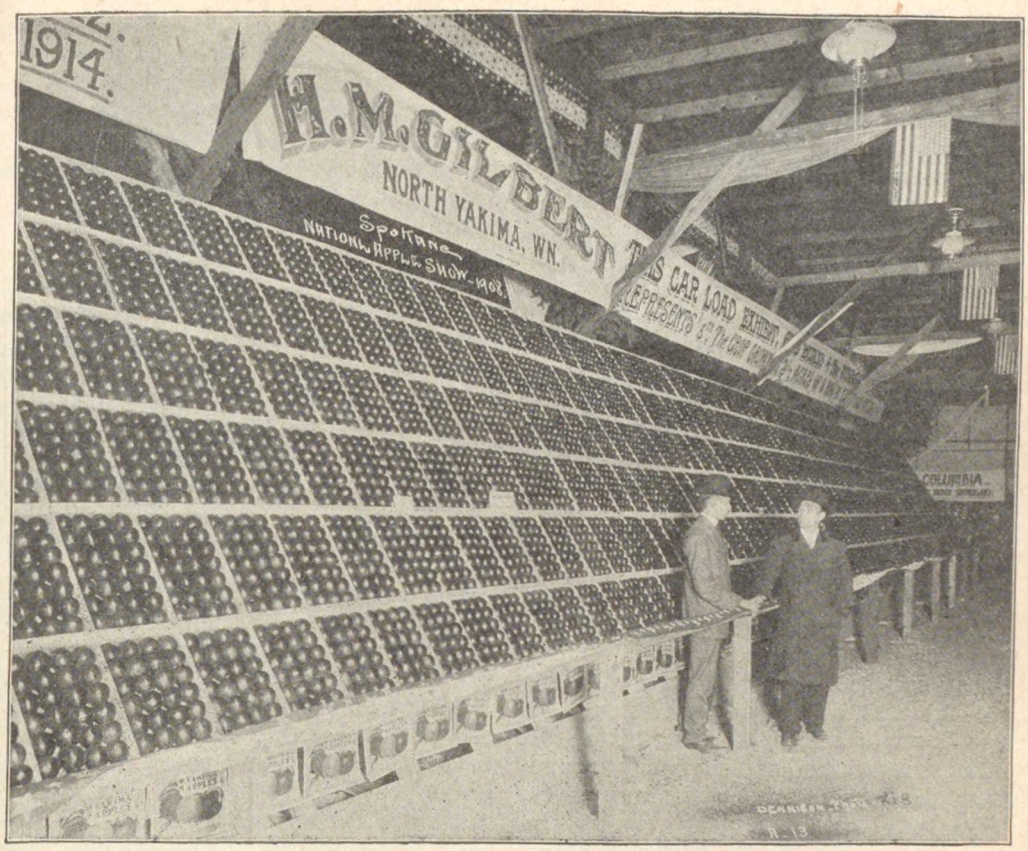
impress upon them their enviable position, he stated that the fruit growers of the New England states spend annually twenty per cent of the gross returns from their orchards in fighting three of the worst insect pests. But in the Northwest a comparatively small amount is spent in fighting the various pests which infest the orchard.

Such a favorable condition would not be possible without the most hearty co-operation of the various governments in providing a large force of inspectors who make regular visits to all commercial orchards, and in some localities, to orchards of any kind. British Columbia, with scarcely more than one hundred thousand acres in orchard, has twenty-six inspectors, and partly because of this very efficient inspection, and partly because it is the newest, of the new fruit-growing districts of the west, it is more free from insect pests than any other section of North America.

Fruit Grower a Business Man

Eternal vigilance is the price of success in this, as in many other callings. The man who wins in modern fruit culture is a man of technical knowledge in his line, and a specialist as well. A prominent eastern fruit grower, after having visited some of the great fruit districts of the Northwest, and having noted the large returns compared with those of the less fortunate growers in the east, expressed his opinion in language something like this:

He said that in the east, the orchard was more or less the adjunct of the farm, while in the west it was an occupation by itself. As a consequence, a given acreage received a good deal more attention in the west than it did in the east. The western men were reaping the results of specializing. They were growing a quality of fruit which could not be surpassed anywhere, and which was being much sought after on the great markets of the world.



A Carload of Apples for Display Purposes

The eastern grower was right. A specialist always succeeds.

Packing, grading and marketing are the greatest problems which face the holder of a ten-acre tract. He may grow the very finest quality of fruit but if he does not understand how to pack it properly, to grade it accurately, or market it to advantage, his efforts are a failure.

He overcomes these obstacles by practical co-operation. There is not a valley or a district which is producing fruit in commercial quantities that has not its own co-operative fruit association. It is an absolute necessity. It packs, grades and sells the fruit. In the larger centers cold storage depots and cooling stations are erected. No stone is left unturned to make the organization as technically perfect as possible.

The manager of the association is a busy man during the shipping season. He has to be a clever business man as well as a first-class fruit man. During the period when the shipments of small fruits are going forward he must keep in constant touch with the great consuming centers by telegraph. If the day is cool and cloudy, much less fruit will be required to meet the requirements of the trade, while if it is warm and sunny the demand for fruit will be unusually large. Some associations spend as high as twenty-five dollars a day in sending telegrams in order to keep in touch with the changing market conditions. It is a great deal easier to keep their fruit in the cooling station for an extra day or so than to have it in the hands of the commission men at the other end.

In former years one of the greatest difficulties was in getting a sufficient number of cars when needed. This difficulty prevails to a very large extent yet, but a recent law enacted by the Washington Legislature provides that when proper

notice is given, the railroad company must furnish cars. In case they refuse to do so all that is necessary upon the part of the fruit grower is to pile his fruit alongside the railway siding, and, if through the inability of the railroad to furnish cars, the fruit is a loss, the railway company is obliged to remunerate the grower accordingly.

The history of the growth of the fruit industry will show that the growers have been engaged in one continuous struggle with the railroad and express companies. It has been a fight for fairer classifications and better rates. Although the present situation leaves much to be desired, a very great deal has been accomplished.

Social Conditions

Life in the rural districts has, to the average city resident, no claim for serious attention. The mere thought of it suggests an unbearable lonesomeness. To be tied down to a farm and away from all social intercourse has kept many a man from the country who might very much better have been there.

But where the quarter section of a few years ago is now subdivided into sixteen lots of ten acres each the situation is much different. Allowing for roads we may safely say—fifteen lots of ten acres each. This means sixty families on a section of land. In the better settled districts, each home is supplied with telephone, rural mail delivery and all modern conveniences. This mode of living embraces the advantages of town life with the peace and quiet of the country. Neighbors are far enough apart to keep away any thought of overcrowding and yet close enough to preserve the sociability of life in the more crowded centers.

The fruit grower's environment has an elevating effect upon him and upon the life of the community as a whole. He is constantly in touch with all that is beautiful in nature. The best in him has an opportunity to grow and develop. And thus it happens that visitors to fruit-growing sections note at the beginning the high moral tone pervading the life of the various communities.

In no place has this been more distinctly shown than in the Kootenay country. In the early days when mining was in full swing, fruit growing as yet unheard of, the life of the various camps was as wild, as free and easy, as it could possibly be. With the settlement of the beautiful valleys in between the mountains studded with shaft houses, a new element is making itself felt in the community. No longer are saloon licenses granted to every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes along with the wherewith. In a number of instances recently, saloon men have made strenuous efforts to obtain licenses in new towns supported by fruit settlements, but in almost every instance they have been met with large counter petitions and their plans have fallen to the ground.

The districts where fruit growing is the principal industry are known in commercial circles as being very prosperous communities.

A town in a good fruit-growing section is rated number One by the credit men of the wholesalers. There was a time in the history of the west when a new mining camp was the mecca. It is different today. The merchant, the professional man and the investor look with more favor upon a location in a town in a banner fruit center, where, although the returns may not be so large in certain instances, the ultimate return is bound to be greater.

It not infrequently happens that the professional man becomes so enamored of life on a fruit ranch that he deserts his profession for the orchard. It is astonishing the number of former professions which are represented among the fruit growers of the Northwest. You meet men from all walks of life. Strange, as it may seem, fewer recruits come from the wheat growers of the plains than elsewhere. It appears too hard to make them believe that a living can really be made upon ten acres. They are inclined to treat the tales of bumper yields with disdain, if not absolute contempt.

The wage-earner of the cities seems to be particularly attracted. If he desires to get out into the country he is inclined to dread the arduous toil that seems to be associated with mixed farming. He pre-

fers to turn his eyes toward the valleys in the mountains. Besides, it often happens that he will buy a block of land, arrange to have it planted, and then work at his ordinary occupation until his trees commence to bear.

Success of Amateur Growers

Although it requires a man of average ability and a certain amount of horticultural training to make a successful fruit grower, there is hardly any calling where the amateur makes so much of a success. The grower who won one of the five-hundred-dollar prizes at the National Apple Show in Spokane did not know anything of fruit growing when he came to Yakima from Illinois eleven years ago. A Portland letter carrier bought a block of fruit land over ten years ago and had it planted while he was still doing his work as letter carrier. He has made a phenomenal success of the venture, selling his total crop for a very large figure—so large that I hesitate to name it—just nine years after the planting of the orchard. A station agent in one of the interior districts had a similar experience. He struggled along for a few years, and then when the trees began to come into bearing, was lifted to a plane of financial success where he did not need to care if he never again saw the inside of a station. A school teacher bought some land near Dayton, going heavily in debt to get it planted. When the trees were seven years old he sold the crop for seven hundred dollars an acre and he refused $1,000 an acre for his land. He never teaches school now.

What does it mean?—this new movement! What effect will it have upon the life of our country? It means that America can support in comfort more people than our fathers dreamed. It marks the beginning of an era of intensive cultivation. It demonstrates that it is not the amount of land but the way in which it is worked and the amount it will produce that counts. It is the herald of a new day—the forerunner of a great back to the land movement. It thrills the onlooker as he gazes upon the progress of the years. And no wonder! It furnishes a glance at men and women who are doing things. It is a great movement—a great land—a great people. A great people? Yes! Out there among the flowers and the vines—in the shade of the beautiful orchards where the red apples grow—they are laying the foundation of a New America—an America of force, power, refinement, culture and wealth on the slope of the western sea.

STABILITY

Eugene C. Dolson

Rightly indeed he fares, who, all his days,
With heart elate and purpose fixed and true,
Turns not aside in devious, aimless ways,
But fronts the life-work he has planned to do.

A NEW IMMIGRATION PLAN

By CHARLES DILLON

FIFTY Jewish immigrants from Russia were received at the port of Galveston one day. There were no women or children; just men, every one of them skilled in some trade or occupation. They were not turned adrift to shift for themselves, as had always been the custom in New York. An agent took them to a receiving station and saw to it that they were fed and allowed to stretch themselves after their long voyage. He had a way-bill showing the history of every man. If he was married the way-bill gave the names of his children if he had any—and most of them had a few—and, finally, showed how he expected to earn a living. Having receipted for his fifty men the agent turned to his files. An agent in Kansas City, Mo., he learned, had places for ten workmen. St. Joseph could use the same number. Wichita would look out for five and St. Louis wanted twenty. Each city had specified just what sort of craftsmen it could employ. Within two days after the whole party had left Galveston ticketed to the cities where a future awaited them dependent only on their own industry and ambition.

Along with their shrewdness and wisdom in commercial matters the Jews of the United States have maintained a live interest in their own race. They have been quick to see the necessities of their people, particularly in educational and economical ways. They have co-operated liberally and intelligently with every organized effort having in view the bettering of human existence, without especial respect for creed or nationality, although holding among themselves a very large degree of religious exclusiveness to be found in hardly any other race in the world. They have given particular attention to restricting ill-advised or indiscriminate immigration to this country. In this one direction they have done greater service than the law could do in lessening the number of dependents upon charity who enter at the port of New York. And that city until two years ago spelled America for all of them.

The distributing system now in operation was established two years ago through the efforts of Jacob Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York, and other wealthy Jews. It is called the Galveston Movement. It is an effort sanctioned by the United States government. It does not seek to encourage immigration from abroad, but to restrict it to a respectable class of Hebrews, men who have means to pay their way to American cities and trades with which to support themselves after arriving. It has stopped congestion to a large degree so far as this race is concerned. It has been productive of happiness for thousands who never had known anything except hardship. It has brought over, not contract labor, as many erroneously suppose, but men who readily adapt themselves to new environments; who learn the language more rapidly than Americans would take up theirs; who enter energetically into the social organization already formed by those who preceded them, join the labor unions, send their children to school and, in short, become Americans voting and paying taxes as all do, or should.

Since the Galveston movement was started, thousands of Jews who never had known peace or tranquility or the pride of ownership have come to America and are citizens to-day. There is nothing hap-

hazard about it. The agents of the society in control choose their immigrants carefully and send them only where they are welcome. Instead of landing in New York to become a part of the foreign congestion, to wander about seeking employment and perhaps to fall eventually a burden upon society, these men, diverted to Galveston, go where they are needed, or at least where they may become economic factors in the great rush of American industrial life. Every one of them is put to work at his trade. If employment is not immediately obtainable they are supported until opportunity knocks at their doors, but with the agreement that they are to pay the institute where they have been received every dollar it spends for them—the employers being parties to the arrangement.

When the ten from Galveston reached Kansas City they were received in the Union Depot by Jacob Billikopf, Superintendent of the Jewish Educational Institute. He found in the group three shoemakers, one cabinet maker, one wood carver, two tailors, two butchers and one laborer. They were taken to the institute, directed to bathe, provided with an immediate change of clothing, and allowed to rest until the next day. Unable to speak a word of the prevailing language, these new citizens might, in ordinary circumstances, have been in a sad plight. An American set down in Moscow under like conditions would doubtless appeal to his country's ambassador or consul. But these Jews, with a volume of persecution written in their faces, were guided by friends so that when they left the Jewish Educational Institute the next morning with the superintendent, they were a happy lot starting away to work where work means a part in the making of the city and every man is rewarded according to his own diligence, regardless of previous condition of servitude.

One man whose dry goods shop in a Russian town had been demolished by rioters was placed in a hat factory at $7 a week as a start learning to block hats. A wood carver found immediate employment at his trade, and so did a carpenter and cabinet maker. This carpenter is not more than 40 or 42 years old, but he has a family at home that will make money circulate some day when it comes across the sea. The children's ages are 21, 18, 16, 14 and 10. "And every one of them," Mr. Billikopf said, "is, or will be, an earning force in the community. That family will get along well."

The butchers were particularly fortunate. Usually men of this calling have to work at side lines of one sort or another until they learn English, but Armour's needed butchers immediately and these men were on the spot at the right moment and got the job. Two tailors were working before 10 o'clock for one of the largest tailoring houses.

Three shoe operatives had a peculiar experience. The Jewish agent in Galveston had been requested by Mr. Billikopf to send shoemakers. Instead he sent three machine operators. It chanced that the big factories had no places for machine men that morning. Did the three wander idly about the streets waiting for something to turn up? Not these three. They were taken to a large tailoring establishment where clothing cut and ready to be sewed is piled at the sides of electrical machines. These men knew how to sew leather, why could they not sew cloth? Certainly. They are earning their own way now like the others in the party. Soon they will be working at their own trade. The laborer found work as a watchman.

These immigrants, started upon a new and brighter way than ever would have been possible in the lands they left, the descendants in most cases of parents who have been persecuted for years, are not forgotten when they have paid their score. A record is maintained, a sort of probationary history. From week to week

and sometimes for months or a year their progress is noted in a book in Mr. Billikopf's office. They are encouraged to attend the night school to learn English and listen to talks on history, plainly recited, so that they become familiar with American institutions, study and understand the country's politics—so far as that is humanly possible—learn that beards are no longer fashionable, and in every possible way fit themselves to become citizens of the country to which their eyes have looked longingly for years as the promised land. And after a while, when in the continuance of their inherited frugality they shall have saved enough to justify it, they send for their families, if they have them, or write to those in the old country and tell of their success so that they, too, may profit by the example and throw off the yoke of servility.

Since the Galveston movement was started Kansas City has received about 250 Jewish immigrants. They are all self-supporting. They are all doing well. They have homes and most of them have their families with them. Some are here, others are in the towns to which Mr. Billikopf sent them. The records in his office show what they are doing and how much money they receive for their labor. In July this year twenty-one of these immigrants came to the city. In the group were five carpenters and cabinet makers, two tailors, two clerks, three butchers, one window dresser, one glazier, three shoemakers, one candy maker, two laborers able to turn their hands to a variety of tasks, and a competent driver. One of the clerks could not find employment in his chosen line, so he got a place making hat frames at $7 a week. The carpenters obtained immediate work at $11 and $12—a little below the accustomed scale, but all they were worth until they had learned new ways and had joined the union. As they had arrived in the "slack season," the two tailors had to take jobs at $10 a week, more than they had ever earned. The driver found work in a packing house at $9. The other of the two clerks went into a bottle factory with $7.50 to start. One butcher went to work at $9 with the promise of an advance as soon as he had learned the language of the country. Another became a farm hand at $25 a month and board. The window dresser learned that his education would have to begin over again. He is earning his living as a presser at $9 a week and studying the windows of the large stores during leisure moments. Having once been employed in the Bon Marche, the great department store of Paris, he is certain soon to find better employment than pressing clothes. The glazier is earning $9 a week; the candy maker is in a packing house at $10; the two laborers are earning $40 a month as night watchmen; the shoemakers are in a factory and getting $9 and $10 a week.

So they have come, as Zangwill has put it, "Into the Melting Pot" to be made over into citizens and owners of homes.

PROGRESS

Eugene C. Dolson

While centuries dawn and die away
The world still keeps their record vast,
And gathers ripened sheaves to-day
From seeds that fell in ages past.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

By SHELDON LEAVITT, M. D.

MEN have long experienced a need of more efficient help to rid themselves of their mental and physical ailments. Physicians have been energetic, self-sacrificing and faithful in their efforts, but the means employed have been conspicuously inadequate to meet requirements. There has been a despairing wail going up to heaven from the suffering whom no man was able to save out of their troubles; and human eyes have long searched the horizon for some sign of approaching aid. Prophets among the people have predicted its coming, and, like Elijah of old, they have sent time and again to see if its approach was to be descried, but only recently has the word come back, "Behold, there ariseth a cloud out of the sea, as small as a man's hand." That this little cloud, which bears on its bosom tokens of better things, is about to fill the earth with showers of blessing, there are many who believe.

The insistent demand of the people is working a silent revolution in medical theory and practice. One of the best known and most reputable physicians of Chicago said to me not long ago, in a heart-to-heart talk: "Doctor, there is a great deal more to psychotherapy than we doctors have been willing to admit. We have been incensed by the absurd claims of Christian Scientists and many of the New Thought people into denying the value of the thing *in toto;* but now that you and some other physicians in good standing have begun the consistent practice of mental medicine, and do not claim that it is the whole thing, the general profession will gradually take it up. The practical worthlessness of ordinary medications will drive them to do so. Personally I am satisfied that we have been pulling the poorer of two strings and wondering why we did not get expected results, when we should have pulled each string at its proper time."

This is the character of the revolution silently going on in the medical profession, the effects of which are already apparent. Physicians themselves, as well as members of their families, have come to me for psychical aid for physical ailments, and some of them have gone away enthusiastic in their praise of its efficiency. I have even been asked by physicians for absent help for patients who were passing through crises, for which they cheerfully paid my customary charge. So pronounced is the awakening of the medical mind to an appreciation of the value of psychotherapeutic measures that there is real danger of the movement reaching the same fanatical extreme to which new remedies and measures have been pushed in the history of medicine made during the limits of my own medical life. That the practice will not become a medical fad I heartily pray all the gods at once.

Meaning of the Movement

Mind cure is practiced in a variety of ways, and yet the principles of its action, however sought, are the same. Now that orthodox medicine is taking up the practice, an attempt is being made to discredit an application of identical principles in other form than that indorsed by the medical schools. This is both

childish and absurd. The ordinary practitioner of medicine is too much of an infant in the art to become a leader. He must abide his time. Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, whom the Emmanuel Movement people have been boosting into eminence as an authoritative writer on the subject, in an article on "The American Type of Psychotherapy" himself confesses that "it was not until the translation in 1905 of Dubois's epoch-making book that the American medical public became aware that there was such a thing as scientific mind cure." Then he goes on to say that "Mind cure they knew, *and very properly abhorred.* Science they also knew and loved; but any possible association of the science and mind cure seemed absurd." That "the American medical public" is still suffering the effects of mental strabismus is evident in the condemnation of faith cures as unscientific, while their high-priest, in things psychic, Professor Dubois, is a constructive indorser of the supreme value of faith in working the hoped-for cure. In his lauded, and truly meritorious, book, "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," this author puts the following paragraph into italics in order to make it the more emphatic, than which nothing stronger is to be found in the writings of the most "unscientific" practitioner of mind cure, which Dr. Cabot and others now attempt to cry down merely because they do not belong in the regular ranks. I quote:

"The nervous patient is on the path to recovery as soon as he has the conviction that he is going to be cured; he is cured on the day when he believes himself to be cured."

The adoption of a consistent psychotherapy means a distinct step in the direction of "idealism," which in most of its forms involves a change in one's mental ideas respecting human life and the universe in which it is finding expression. I deem the advent of psychotherapy a step in the great evolutionary process which is being worked out. Men are learning many things, and among them this, that "the more deeply we probe the matter the more evidence we find that emotions, and even thoughts, tend to reverberate through every function of the body, especially those related to the digestion and the circulation, and also through the most intimate processes of nutrition."

Psychotherapy is largely applied psychology; it is psychology—or the science of mind and soul—put to work under the conditions of sickness, as medical practitioners are willing to admit; and it thus brings to bear upon the ailing the giant energies of the unseen world.

It comes as a silent protest against the crass materialism of the dominant schools of medicine. Search has hitherto been made among material things, and the cry of science ever is, 'Show me! Demonstrate your alleged truths. Show them to us in the terms of sense. What our eyes can see and our hands can handle, that, and that alone, is convincing to us." It is because of this that the heavens of truth have remained unexplored, and that thence the healing principles have not been appropriated. The invisible things of mind and spirit cannot be shown under the lens nor made to respond to chemical reagents; and yet they are the most potent in the universe. It is back there in an unexplored region that the causes of disease lie hidden rather than in the organs and tissues of the material body; and, this being true, a radical cure of physical disorder, we say, must come through the mind.

Psychotherapy consists essentially in an awakening of the latent energies of mind and body and their direction into normal channels, and is accordingly built upon the following two assumptions, namely, *that all the energy required to restore and maintain order is within the individual, and that it can be aroused into action by various mental stimuli.* This is a summary of the whole theory of mind cure, but it is too concise to be lucid to the average mind, and we will accordingly take up its study in detail.

The ideas involved are not new; they can be traced in the literature of the world to most ancient authorities. The principles involved are hinted at in the old Hebrew Scriptures, and wherever found are closely related to religion and philosophy. Indeed, one cannot be a

good psychotherapist without holding opinions concerning the character of the universe and human relation thereto.

Psychotherapy a Protest

Psychotherapy comes as a protest against crass materialism, which has had too strong a run. Curative thought and practice are taking a turn toward mental and spiritual entities, but not to the entire neglect of physical measures, since these are as essential in their sphere as are the others on their special plane of action. But it is sure to raise the ban which has been laid by the severest coterie of scientists on the acceptance of anything which cannot be demonstrated by application of the hard-and-fast rules of sensory study and experimentation. Scientists have to learn that satisfactory demonstration of an action can be made only on the plane upon which it belongs. There is doubtless a correspondence of action on the various planes, but the criteria of appreciation and judgment are different. Grapes cannot be gathered of thorns, nor figs of thistles. Each has its own sphere of action and utility.

As a science it is almost as old as the human mind; but as an art it is rightly regarded as new. What is called "New Thought" is mainly a practical application of principles which wise men in all ages have more or less distinctly pointed out. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are full of psychotherapeutic hints, as are the writings of many of the philosophers and other deep thinkers of the world; but they have been so associated with others of a contravailing kind that they have done the people but little good. The same is true of medicine. Old Hippocrates himself recognized the value of optimistic thought to the patient, and, close observer that he was, he advised the practitioner to avail himself of its use.

Approach the modern physician with the claims of psychotherapy, and he will tell you that physicians have always been using this means of cure and that there is nothing new about it. At the same time, that same modern physician so confounds his psychic principles in the practice of his art as to produce far more harm than good in his use of them. He is a fountain which gives out a bitter-sweet water which has a most nauseating effect upon the patient. The true psychotherapist may justly aver that the modern physician has small practical knowledge of the subject, no matter what his pretensions.

An Analytical Study

When we come to study cases which have responded to the application of psychotherapy we find the principles of cure standing out in a conspicuous fashion. Perhaps we have no better examples of such action than are furnished by certain of the so-called miracles of Jesus. Take the instance of the paralyzed man, a record of whose cure is found in the fifth chapter of Luke's Gospel. His friends had heard so much of Jesus, and some of them had seen so many examples of cure, that they were anxious to have this friend brought under the came curative influence. But the difficulties of getting him to Jesus were great because of the multitude, so that they had to resort to unusual tactics to accomplish their purpose. Uncovering the simple roof of the house in which Jesus was teaching on a particular occasion, they let the sufferer down into the very midst of the assembly. When Jesus recognized the earnestness and resoluteness of the approach he doubtless knew that there was no limit to the necessary energy required to be put forth and felt it quite unnecessary to pursue a prescribed line of action. When the faith of a patient is absolute, or in those instances where the character of the disease precludes the exercise of an intelligent faith on the part of the patient, the conditions are usually so fully met as to preclude the possibility of failure, and the healer, whether professional or lay, is put at his ease. It would seem from the narrative that Jesus felt so sure of the result that he was ready almost to play with the case. He took an unusual course in operating, merely saying to the patient that his sins were forgiven him, and it was only when the multitude began to murmur against such talk that he

said in plain words, "Get up and take up your pallet and go home."

The principles involved in this cure are the same which are involved in every cure, and they are these: (1) On the part of the healer a strong launching of the healing suggestion under pressure of an unquestioning faith, and (2) on the part of the healed an unwavering and childlike acceptance of the suggestion. These two principles operate, I say, in every instance, no matter whether the process is set up by auto-suggestion or hetero-suggestion. Study the examples of healing everywhere and you will observe that this is true.

There is no principle of cure which stands out so prominently in all of Jesus' teaching and example as that of faith. Disease is never healed without it. It makes no matter what certain sects of psychotherapists say to the contrary, in every successful case faith can be shown to be the leading principle in the action by which the effect was obtained. Mind you, I do not say that faith is indispensable on the part of all concerned, though such a condition is one to be desired; it may be present to a large degree only in the mind of the healer or of the healed. From among the cures made by Jesus we can select three or four in which there could have been no conscious faith on the part of the receiver. The instance of Jairus' daughter and of Lazarus, both of whom were said to have been dead, may be cited. Here it was the faith of others, and particularly that of Jesus, which determined the effect. As examples of the other kind, I may mention the cures wrought at shrines. There the surpassing faith of the patient does the whole work. The truth is that it matters little what the means employed, it is, after all, the energy resident in the patient which does the work, so that we can truthfully say that *all cures are self-cures.* Somebody or something acts as the determining agency. In one instance it is a word or a look, in another an illusion or an hallucination, in another a dream, in another a good book, in another a carefully-chosen drug, and in still another an oft-repeated affirmation. The power is there all the time, but some agent has to arouse it and give it an impulse in the right direction. This, I know, is contrary to accepted belief, but it is true. It is by an analytical study of clinical cases, such as I have been making for many years, which has brought home these truths to my conviction.

Having once learned them, we shall be able by a variety of means to apply them with success. Whenever a patient comes to me, suffering from an ailment of any type, with confidence written in every feature of his countenance, all doubt of my being able to at least aid him is at once dissipated from my mind. Should he be suffering from an abnormal growth in some part of the body I very well know that, though I may not be able to dispose of the lesion itself, I can still make what is termed a symptomatic cure. That is to say, recognizing the truth that a tumorous growth does not always and of necessity seriously disturb the health, but that the bulk of unpleasant symptoms are often the outgrowth of perverted mental attitudes, it is quite possible to restore the patient to perfect comfort by changing his mental attitudes in such a way as psychotherapeutic measures alone can. Nor is it to be forgotten that the failure of psychic measures to remove serious organic changes does not reduce them in value below the orthodox means of treatment, since these are confessedly inadequate to meet the situation with any better effect. Surgery alone is the final resort for absolute removal of such pathological conditions, and to this the psychotherapist is as accessible as is the orthodox medical practitioner. These features of the situation appear not to have been recognized by Christian Scientists, and the oversight leaves them open to just attack when they lay claim to cures which do not show objective results.

Having said this much for faith, it remains for me to allude a little more in detail to the other principle of cure which runs through all successful practice. I allude to the principle of energetic and forceful attack. The careful student of oratory and elocution, as well as the student of life success in general, learns that to make an impression upon both the individual and the composite world an idea has not only to be launched with energy, but that its effect is in direct ratio to that energy. To be sure, the

impressive orator does not need to scream any more than the effective molder of the world's thought needs to send out his messages from a Sinai. The orator often makes the deepest impression when he merely whispers, and the reformer sometimes, like Jesus, does his best work in a quiet conference with a Nicodemus. But the ponderous mental energy of the man has to be behind what is done and thought and said to insure the desired result. It is impossible to do successful healing by mental methods in the spirit of the cold and calculating scientist; but a wealth of energy and faith has to sweep down upon the patient in order to secure the effect. That is one reason why the patient is usually unable to cure himself. In his weak and discouraged state he is unable to arouse sufficient emotion to hurl his conscious forces with effect upon the unstirred energies within him. Something has to come from without to set into warm flame the slumbering fires within. The divine spark which is able to set off the mine has to be passed like a sacred secret from mind to mind. It is a spark from the very altar of heaven.

There are certain natures of a highly nervous or even hysterical type that are able to throw themselves into a state of ecstasy at will, and who under the spell of such highly wrought emotion, when it chances to take the right direction, are able to set up a flow of health-establishing action. To accomplish this they are accustomed to go into "the silence" again and again, under the impression of salutary autosuggestion, making themselves passive in order to acquire the good which they so earnestly seek. Much benefit is often found in such practices, and yet the danger of them to those who can follow them with the best facility is not to be overlooked. Those of the type mentioned, both male and female, to my own knowledge have been carried in some instances to most pernicious extremes. As an example of what is here meant I shall quote from a book written by a well-known practitioner of mental therapeutics detailing her own experiences, together with the most unwholesome inferences drawn from them. She says:

"Before very long I noticed that mental concentration under these circumstances was accompanied by a distinct physical sensation. A large part of my days thereafter was spent in inducing this sensation, which I found to be very agreeable, and I would lie for hours in a state of what might be termed ecstasy."

When this practice began she was a young woman whose nervous balance had been upset for a good while and who was ready to enter with strong emotion into silent meditation. She says that, in dwelling on musical harmonies, in a quiet way, she found a peculiar sensation was produced, and a large part of her days was spent in inducing it. She lay for hours in ecstasy. After practicing for some time she began to feel a distinct sense of relief. The nerve storm, which she says at times resembled a veritable electric shock, like many other nerve storms, was succeeded by a calm which had a tendency to tranquilize the nervous forces and give a sense of well-being. But what sane person, acquainted with the effects of such practices, which allow fancy to have its sweet way at the expense of reason, would hesitate to pronounce the results most likely to ensue disturbing and perverting in their nature?

The Silence

It must not be supposed from what has just been said that there are good reasons for discrediting the practice of solitary communion with one's self. "The silence" means different things to different people, and, while the practices indulged at such a time are sometimes weakening rather than strengthening, there is no doubt that, by the exercise of wisdom, the thing can be made of inestimable value. It is too generally made an hour of pernicious negativity. I do not say that we ought never to put the mind into a negative state, but I do insist that we are to be positive in our mentality towards all things not distinctly above us in goodness and beneficence and strength. Accordingly it is dangerous to attempt to do what can really never be done, and that is make the mind a blank, except upon the heels of a strong suggestion of inflowing energy to be placed under the direction of the ego which is ever seeking to lead us in the direction of the good, the true and the beautiful.

The silent hour ought to be largely an hour of deep concentration and of earnest insistence upon strong and healthful development. It is a time to declare for great and good things. Instead of sitting in the posture of an Indian fakir with the legs crossed, the hands placed in a particular fashion and the eyes turned to the end of the nose in an unnatural squint, let one pace the room, if he choose, in earnestness while he declares for the things that will minister to his

health, happiness and prosperity. It is a time of growth and unfoldment when rightly used, but it can become one of disintegration and destruction.

The advisability of a mixed treatment which involves the use of other than psychic means is a most important one. To reject every aid to recovery of health save that of psychotherapy appears fanatical, while to accept the use of a variety of means is liable to dilute the mental energy to a point of absolute inefficiency. The very nature of the treatment by psychotherapy signifies a reliance upon the action of high and sufficient forces for the accomplishment of the purpose in hand. Then, too, the cornerstone of success in our efforts is laid in faith, so that anything which, even by implication, tends to reduce faith below the absolute degree, is destructive of success. The Christian Scientists have met this difficulty by effectually ruling out all forms of adjuvants. Reckoning the powers of Divine Mind adequate to any and every task, they spurn all proffered help. In the incipiency of their work they were even more restrictive than now, and I am not sure that the few concessions made by them have not lessened the efficiency of their treatment.

At the beginning of my own special work along psychic lines I hoped to be able to lug in my new ideas and amalgamate them with the crude notions and methods ordinarily followed in drug medication. I had learned that mental suggestion was able to give point and efficiency to the administered drug, and I hoped by such a use of the new means to secure ideal results. However, as my experience has widened and deepened my use of the older means has diminished and my faith in the new has increased, until now I use drugs under protest and mainly as concessions to the whims of certain of my patients and occasionally to my own lack of faith. I would far rather that my patients walk without crutches or canes, and I would myself like to do so, for such a course leads with greater directness and certainty to the goal. It is from considerations such as these that I advocate the granting of absolute rights to every man and woman who wishes to take up the practice of mental cure. That the highest success in such practice will never be obtained by those whose minds have become saturated with pathology and the standard limitations of medical thought, but rather by great souls in touch with a cosmic consciousness which will make them masters of men, I verily believe. *The psychotherapy of the regular physician will forever be inferior to that of the mind cure operated by giant personalities outside the ranks.* I find that I myself succeed in precisely the degree that I throw off the old belts and braces and don the looser garments of a simple faith, for it is thus that I am best able to establish in the patient's mind the conditions so essential to a satisfactory cure.

What Is Required

It is not enough that one accept the principles of psychotherapy in order to apply them with success to themselves and others. In the practice of ordinary medicine there are many perfectly well qualified practitioners who make a complete failure of their work, in both the quantity and quality of it, through lack of temperamental adaptation to it. Cold intellect is sterile in relations where success is dependent upon the awakening of self or others to strong action. It is an icicle-finger pointing the way, but furnishing no impulse. The driving emotions have to be stirred, and, when they are not, worth-while achievement is impossible. In the well-qualified physician or healer there has to be a geniality which melts and fuses wherever it touches. The psychotherapist has to be able to get to the heart as well as the head of the patient. The first contact may be unpleasant owing to the need of a breaking-up process which opens the way. The patient is often proud and sensitive, willful and capricious, and is dreadfully hurt by the very intimation that there is any lack of force and fervor in her thinking and doing. Why, she is the very epitome of mental strength, without which she would long ago have been utterly lost; and to convince her of her error is an unpleasant undertaking when the faith of the patient has not already fitted her to accept in humility whatever the physician may sug-

gest. The problem is to change the patient's mental attitude towards both herself and her feelings, a thing not always to be done without precedent friction. It is at this point that the unsuited, the ill-adapted, operator is often worsted. The best will sometimes fail. The issue is dependent upon many things which cannot always be corralled into favorable moods. It is the man or woman of large mind and heart who most frequently carries success to the greatest limits.

Personal power is dependent in larger degree on heart than head. Deep, robust emotion can accomplish far more than discerning and profound intellect, not only for others, but for one's self as well. Many men and women come to me for help in mental, moral and physical particulars, professing their absolute faith in psychotherapeutic principles, but confessing their inability to furnish efficient self-help. The trouble with them is that they lack the sacred fire of driving emotion which has to be communicated by another. Disheartening and depressing emotions abound, but they can get up no propelling power. There is the plain and sad lack which it becomes the problem of the wise physician to supply.

Salvation in Self-Mastery

Salvation from physical and mental ills is to be had through nothing short of self-mastery. Help of other than an inspirational sort that comes to us from outside sources only accentuates our own weakness and makes us the more dependent. Since, as I have shown, all cures are self-cures, the only aid which we can afford to claim is instruction and stimulation. The principles of action have to be gathered in the main from the pens or lips of others, as life is too brief to admit of their being obtained wholly from personal experience. And then, as I have just shown, even when the principles are understood and will command our intellectual faith, there is a call for something more, and that is the application of the motive power to be had from propelling emotions. Without the latter we cannot properly advance. It simmers down to this, then, that one must be master and not servant or beneficiary if he would be strong and well. This truth ought to be sounded with clarion voice wherever human ears are open to the truth. Men and women everywhere ought to rise to the height of their heaven-bestowed privilege and be true sons and daughters of the Almighty, as by so doing they reach the acme of strength and usefulness.

Then comes the inquiry, "What do you mean by self-mastery?" I mean that, above all things, man is to be master of his own *action*. He cannot directly control his own emotions and not always his own thoughts; but he can command his *doing*, and this is the highest and most effective kind of self-mastery. This means that his intellect—his reason—is to be his guide; his emotions are to do nothing more than furnish the necessary motive power, and his will is to be the rudder. This means that steam and electricity and winds are not to determine whither he shall go, but that the helm shall, when once the chart of his proposed course has been provided.

The laws of the different planes are much alike. In matters pertaining to moral life are we to decline to do the strong and right thing because we do not feel like it? Does not the moral derelict fall into error by giving way to his impulses and emotions instead of holding himself to what his own good sense tells him is a proper course despite his emotional inclinations? Our good moral philosophers forget that the same principles apply to matters of health. When they have a pain they stop or change their plans for fear that to go on will involve them in discomfort of an aggravated sort, just as the morally deficient stop following the right for fear that they will not be as happy if they do so. The first says, "I have heard of people doing themselves infinite harm by ignoring their feelings, thereby aggravating troubles from which they might otherwise have escaped;" and the second says, "I have been told by many a one that to ignore the temptations to immediate pleasure is the sure way to be unhappy forever, and I love myself too well to suffer unnecessarily."

Is it fair to presume that the body will respond to the commands of the conscious mind? It surely is. This, I admit, is a revelation to the ordinary man or woman.

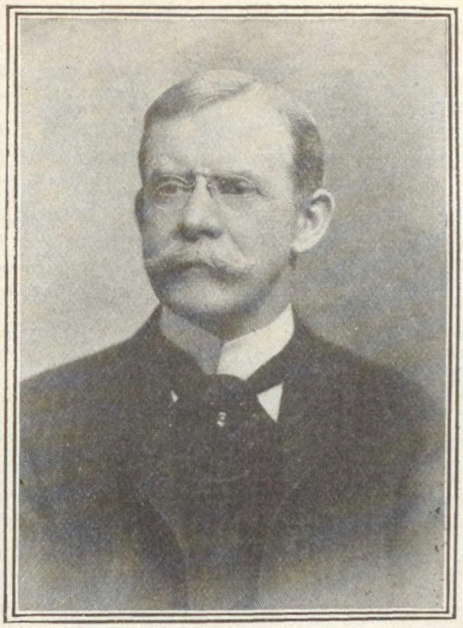
People have been so accustomed to running to drugs and medicines for aid in event of bodily disturbance that a real subconscious conviction has seemed to take them into custody. Reader, you do not know how responsive the body is until you attempt in utmost confidence its subjugation. Try it in a strong and consistent way and see what an obedient servant it is. Should you fail to get the desired results you may be sure that it is not because there is no truth in what I here proclaim, but that it is because you have not succeeded in getting up enough motive power. The spark to start the fires may have to be borrowed, and you may have to be given your course; but the power to *do* belongs wholly to you. Then use it as you should!

There is a demand for explicit directions, but the wisdom of attempting to give them within the limits of a short paper I seriously question. We ought to command ourselves as consistently as we command our children. The most effective way is sometimes the quietest and most argumentative, and again it is the strident and menacing, all depending upon conditions under which control is attempted. It is just as hard to tell one how to control himself as it is to tell him how to control his children. Those who have never had any children to control have the greatest confidence in their own wise precepts, and those of small observation and experience in psychotherapy are the promptest and most cock-sure in their advice. In my own practice I provide few autosuggestions for my patients, preferring, as do the most expert teachers, to have my students exercise their own faculties upon the details of application. I say to them, "Now, here are the general principles to be observed. They are broad and plain. I want you to keep them in mind and to apply them in your own way. The more originality you develop in so doing the more efficient your self-command. I want you to be broad, and big, and self-reliant, and these you can become only by the exercise of your own faculties. I want ever to remain your mental and physical director and your inspiring friend; but the real struggle must be made by you. I cannot fight your battles for you, but I can do much to make you win by running up and down the lines crying, 'Be strong and of good courage!'" Life's battles are won by mental and spiritual stalwarts.

MASTERY

By Francis Sims Pounds

Ah! this for man were victory supreme:
To curb and conquer Self with iron hand;
Like some brave charioteer of old to stand
Above the heat of passion, calm, serene,
With whip of Will, and train the fiery team
Of steeds—Desire and Sense—to his command;
To discipline to noble end and grand
Their virile strength, till, vanquished, they shall deem
Him master. Freedom beckons unto him
Who triumphs thus, and gladly she will crown
His days with richest gifts, his course will bless
With peace and pow'r and fulness to the brim,
While men with chains of Self, like slaves, bound down,
Will him proclaim a god in mortal dress.



JOHN H. PATTERSON AND THE N. C. R.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO, ACCEPTING OPPORTUNITY'S CALL, HAS BUILT, IN A SCORE OF YEARS, ONE OF THE GREATEST BUSINESSES OF THE WORLD. THE HISTORY OF THE DAYTON CONCERN AND THE FACTORY AS IT STANDS TO-DAY

By JEWETT E. RICKER, JR.

DAYTON, OHIO, is deservedly famous for two things. In justice to the town it may be said there are more, but it is with the two only I wish to deal. The first of these takes the form of a small, low, unattractive building in the poorer part of town. No one pays much attention to it—possibly because its exterior is almost repulsive. The other is found on the other side of the town and consists of thirteen great white buildings surrounded by beautifully terraced lawns. One—from exterior appearances—is dirty and in disorder. The other is as immaculate as a bridegroom. Both are factories in the narrow sense of the word, and each has had focused upon it the attention of the admiring world.

The first—small, dirty, inconspicuous—bears the legend "Wright Bicycle Company" above the door. It is the birthplace of the aeroplane—the cradle wherein was wrought the first ship to win the mastery of the air. A modest man—rather tall, rather slender and rather attractive looking—may be seen, if one is lucky, tinkering inside this door. His name is Wilbur Wright. No one in Dayton gives much attention to him, and few even look his way, and yet he is the same man whom Alfonso—King of Spain—crossed France last year to see. The same man whom King Edward and President Fallieres of France hobnobbed with on the friendliest of terms. The same man for whom a fitting monument—years hence—will undoubtedly be reared.

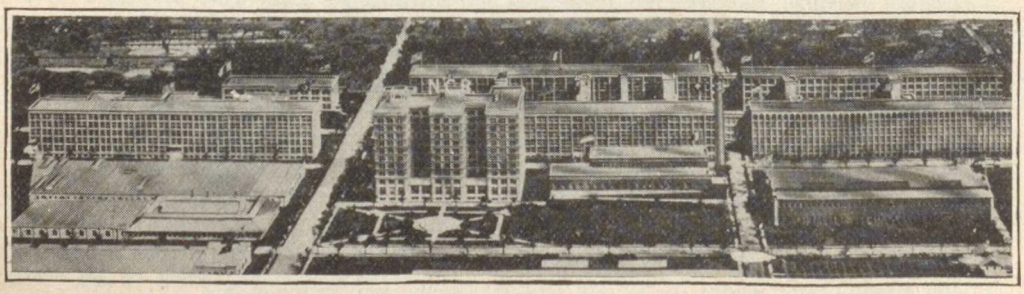
The other—the show place of Dayton—lies far across the town in an opposite

direction. It occupies a whole park in itself, and above the door of its principal building stand out three letters, N—C—R. Inside this building and its companion structures there work 4,500 employes. It is the home of the cash register—and is a gigantic monument in itself. And upon it and its work—as much as upon the two figures of the Wright brothers—there has been showered the plaudits of the world. And so, no wonder Dayton holds up her head in haughty pride. Why not? On one side she has, in the shop of the Wrights, the beginning—the actual birthplace—of one of the coming industries of the world—a modest monument to perseverance and genius, while on the other she has, in the plant of the National Cash Register Company, the final word—the actual realization—of the most fantastic of dreams, a veritable ideal come true. A monument not so much to perseverance and genius as to opportunity, business judgment, quick decision and steady, healthful progress. The world of to-morrow will have to judge the relative greatness of the two, for the story of the Wrights is as yet far from woven—its romance lies in the future rather than in the past. The four walls and the two virile figures of the Wright brothers constitute its story as it stands to-day. But, after all, the contrast is found great only through the difference in age and the change in time. For—thirty years ago—the cash register industry occupied a structure smaller and more inconspicuous than that which houses the "flying machine" business of to-day.

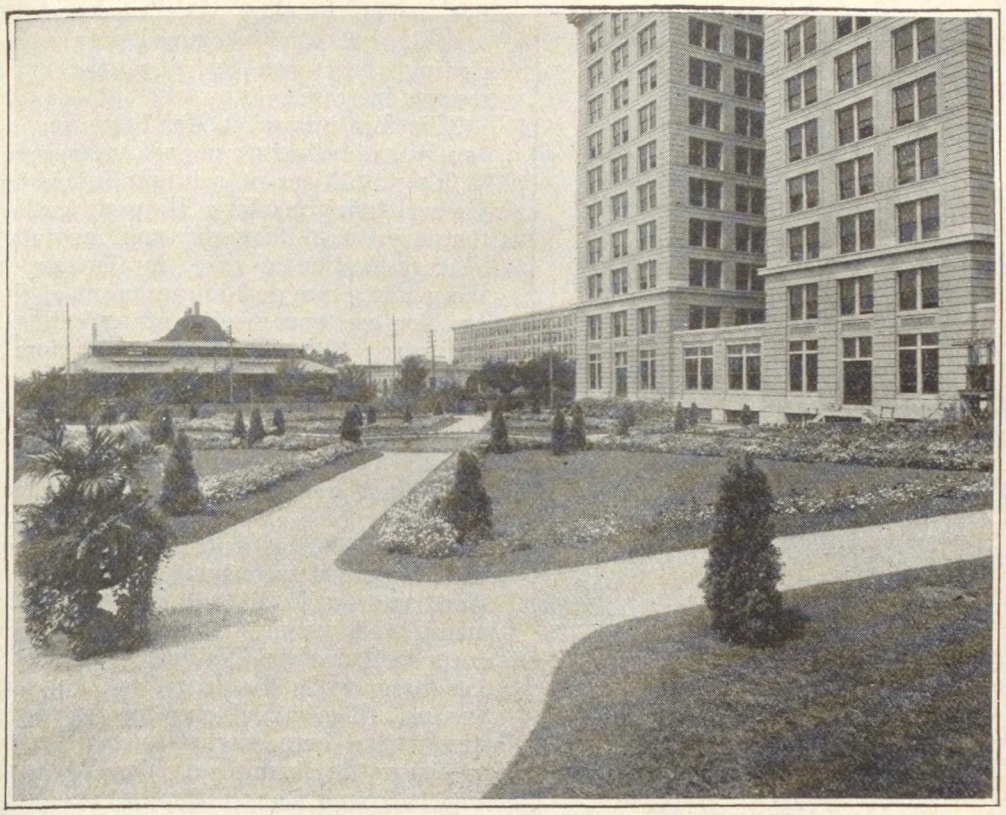
Of the two the aeroplane breathes, in its very name, romance of the wildest sort. The other—the cash register—seems, on the contrary, prosaic and commonplace. We marvel at its ingenuity, it is true, and wonder at its intricate mechanism, but beyond that the layman has seldom gone. And yet few works of fiction have told stranger tales, few epic poems have recounted more wonderful things, than is written in the story of the birth and growth of the cash register industry.

The first chapter in the history of the cash register and the wonderful plant of the National Company, which has resulted from its birth, is found just thirty years ago. In that year—1879—Mr. Jacob Ritty, a retail merchant of Dayton, took his first trip abroad. Things had been going along prosperously in his little Dayton store and, after much thought, he determined to indulge himself in his long-wished-for trip. One obstacle only seemed to stand in his way. This took the form of a fear on Mr. Ritty's part to trust the running of his store to his clerks, the same fear that had kept many a man home in that day. And so—in this distrustful mood—Mr. Ritty undertook his trip. He had not gone far on his ocean voyage, however, when he was attracted to the workings of the recorder on the propeller shaft of the ship's engine. Almost at once, in its mechanism, he thought he saw the possibilities of a great invention. For, oddly enough, his thoughts of his Dayton store caused him to apply its principles at once to the recording of sales in stores.

So sure, in fact, was Mr. Ritty of the soundness of his own conjectures that he shortened his stay abroad, returned to Dayton and built for himself the first "cash register." In appearance this initial contrivance resembled the familiar old-fashioned parlor clock. But, good though it was in principle, it was impracticable



Birdseye View of the N. C. R. Factory

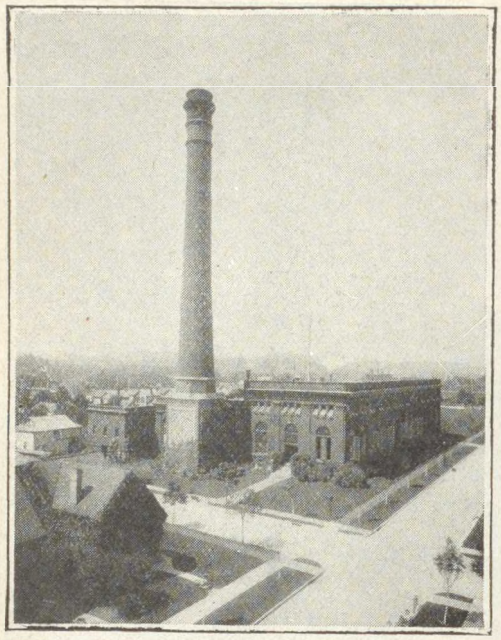


Office Building to Right, Foundry to Left, and English Garden

when put to use and was never placed on the market. The next step, however, marked a distinct advance and placed the machine—for the first time—on a practicable basis. In this improvement the dial was removed and indicators added which gave to the machine an appearance similar to the more modest of the cash registers of our day. Mr. Ritty placed this crude model in his own store and, finding it of some assistance in the transaction of his business, became encouraged to start the manufacture of cash registers. In this work the inventor had but one assistant and the only piece of machinery utilized consisted of a small lathe. The premises occupied by Mr. Ritty at this time were small and unsatisfactory and are shown graphically in an illustration which accompanies this article. But while these machines were highly satisfactory and held out rich prospects to the inventor, Mr. Ritty was forced, through lack of capital, to sell out his invention soon after to the National Manufacturing Company, at a figure absurdly and unjustly small.

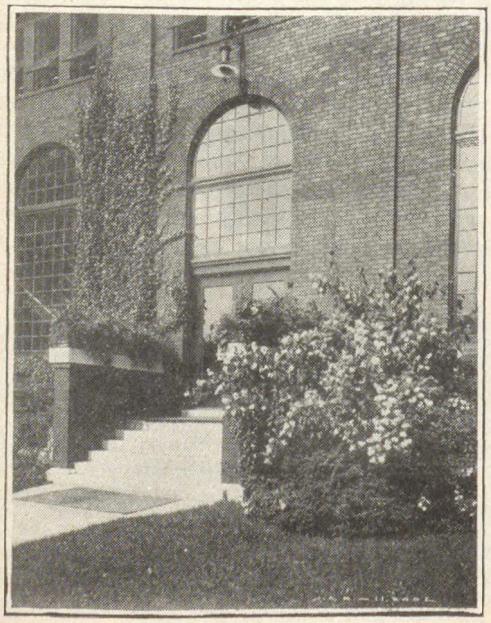
At about this time Mr. John H. Patterson, the present head of the National Cash Register Company, was in the coal mining business at Coalton, a small town in Ohio. In connection with the coal mine, he operated a general store for the purpose of supplying the miners. In this store, however, he found himself constantly facing a loss. Night after night he tried to figure out the reason for this strange circumstance, but all without result. The stocks he carried were large and valuable; the profits almost nothing. And yet Mr. Patterson "turned" his goods quickly and with seeming success. It was quite evident, this being the case, that there was a leak somewhere.

Mr. Patterson a few days before had heard of the cash registers being manufactured in Dayton, and so he determined to try them. He immediately ordered two



Power Plant

by telegraph and, strangely enough, the ones he received were the first ever sold to a retail store. The machines he received were of the crudest style, their function consisting solely in punching holes in a roll of paper to indicate the amount of the purchase to the customer.



Entrance to Power Plant

But, notwithstanding their crudeness, it seemed that almost immediately upon putting them into the store the daily receipts increased.

This fact interested Mr. Patterson intensely, and he became at once enthusiastic in his predictions of a bright future for the registering machine. He went further than most men, however, and instituted an investigation at once, for he saw in the manufacture and improvement of the machine an opportunity of exceptional brilliance. "What is good for my store," said Mr. Patterson, "would be good for every retail store in existence." And so, acting upon his firm conviction, he determined at once to interest himself actively in the manufacture of these machines.

As a result the controlling interest in the National Manufacturing Company was purchased by Mr. Patterson in 1884. The name of the concern was changed soon after to that of the National Cash Register Company, and a larger building was secured. The manufacture of cash registers was at once entered into under the strenuous leadership of Mr. Patterson and, although many difficulties had to be overcome, the sales were gradually increased. At this time the force at the factory numbered but fifty workmen—a decided increase, however, over the number previously employed.

But Mr. Patterson and his brother, Frank J. Patterson, who had joined him in the business, were not content with so small a plant and so—notwithstanding their business was far from enormous at this time—they determined to build a factory of their own. To this end ground was broken in 1888, the site chosen being the old Patterson estate on the Shakertown Road, upon which John H. and Frank J. Patterson had romped and plowed in their boyhood. Thirty days after the first spadeful of ground had been dug the first factory building was half completed and in sixty days it was ready for business—a record in building construction that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. This building, when completed, contained practically everything the National Cash Register Company owned in the world.

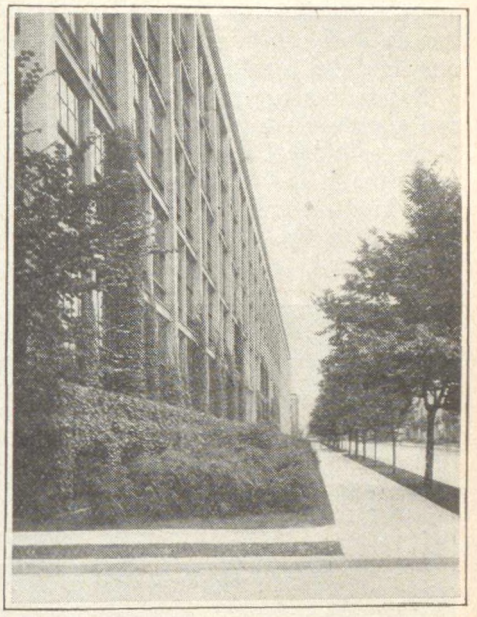
The next two years in the life of the Pattersons and the N. C. R. border on the weird tales of Grimm. Stated in figures alone the accomplishments that transpired and the progress made in this period challenge belief. And yet the Patterson brothers in this short interval scored what was unquestionably the greatest triumph in the history of the industrial world. In 1888, it must be remembered, the one great building stood out alone. People, in fact, gasped at the bravado displayed in erecting for the business so big a structure. Business men—sane ones, too—scoffed at it. For, while they admitted readily the possibilities of the business, they were not used to moves of this kind. They were accustomed to build as business demanded—and then along conservative lines. But the Pattersons reversed this and believed in making their business expand with the growth of the plant.

Consequently, the next two years saw *twelve* more buildings—of huge proportions—rise on the Shakertown site. Thirteen buildings, in all, of steel and reinforced concrete construction, five or more stories in height—and this only eight years after the patent rights had been bought! Surely, romance has seldom written upon its pages a more wonderful tale!

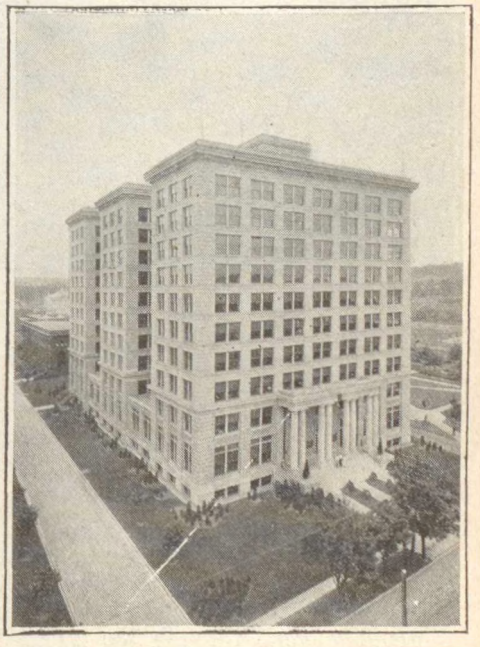
But with the mere completion of these great buildings the Pattersons were not content. They had in their investment one, if not the finest, manufacturing plant in the world, but their ideal was based on higher and bigger things. And so a new start was made—one that has won for the N. C. R. the admiration of the whole world.

But before considering the many-sided features that have made the Dayton company a model of its kind, let us see first the factory itself and try and gain an understanding of the real enormity of the works as they stand to-day.

The buildings of the National Cash Register Company are—as has been said thirteen in number. There are other buildings, to be sure, but the thirteen constitute the bulk and backbone of the plant. These buildings are all of steel and reinforced concrete construction and were built with a view to affording the best light, ventilation and sanitation possible. They are five or more stories in height and the ceilings are high throughout, thus giving air of exceptional purity. In all, the buildings boast a floor



Building No. 3—North side



Office Building
Largest office building in the world used for the exclusive use of a factory

space approximating 34 acres and occupying an area one-third of a mile long by one-eighth of a mile wide.

But in the construction of them light and ventilation was, after all, the prime factor with the Patterson brothers. As a result the factory buildings are models of their kind—a fact duly attested to when it is shown that 341,500 square feet of the wall area is of glass as against only

Bindery Department

60,000 square feet wall area of brick. Another innovation is found in the color of the brick used—white tile having replaced the old-fashioned red brick in the construction of this plant—a feature, by the way, that adds greatly to the picturesque appearance of the buildings.

A better idea can probably be gained, however, of the size of the plant when it is stated that the writer—after having thoroughly gone through the factory—found that the trip had forced him to walk ten miles, and this in the face of the frequent use of the elevators to and from the several floors.

But this fact is due entirely to the greatness of the buildings themselves rather than to any difficulty in access from one to the other. For, quite on the contrary, the N. C. R. in this respect—as in so many others—has outdone all the other factories in the world, having provided not only bridges between the several buildings but tunnels beneath them as well.

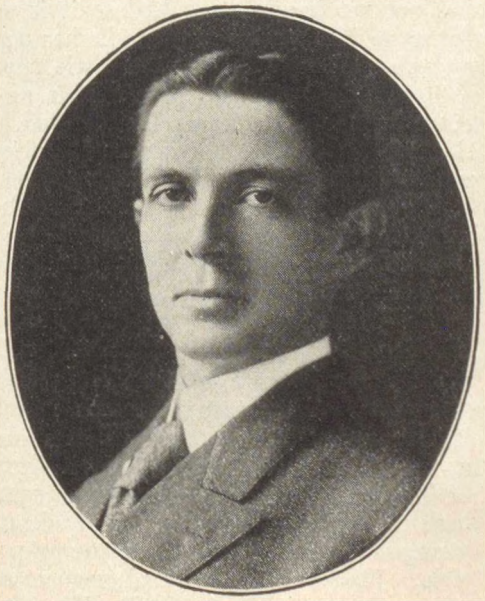
In the buildings themselves the chief feature is found not so much in their colossal proportions as in the uniform cleanliness and healthy conditions existing throughout. The chief agent toward this result was gained in the total abolition of steam and other similar agencies as motive power—electricity being utilized solely throughout the plant, the total horsepower aggregating 4,900.

Another innovation having the same

object in view is the installation of an exhaust system by which the dust from the brass polishing and other machines is carried away from the eyes and lungs of the workmen. This highly important feature is accomplished by means of the suction of air which takes the dust direct from the machine wheels through a series of pipes and eventually out of the building.

Next to cleanliness and, of course, akin to it is the world-famous sanitation of the N. C. R. buildings. Toward this end the air in the buildings is changed every fifteen minutes by means of a fan system. To accomplish this result pure air is drawn down from above the buildings through large ducts, and then distributed by means of smaller ones into the various departments. Drinking water—drawn from an artesian well—is also supplied generously throughout the buildings for the benefit of the employes while at work.

And it is, indeed, through the protection the N. C. R. offers its employes and the advantages it has given to them that its fame has most justly and widely spread, until it has become known throughout the world as a pioneer in a new and helpful work. And here, again, we come to look at the Dayton factory as

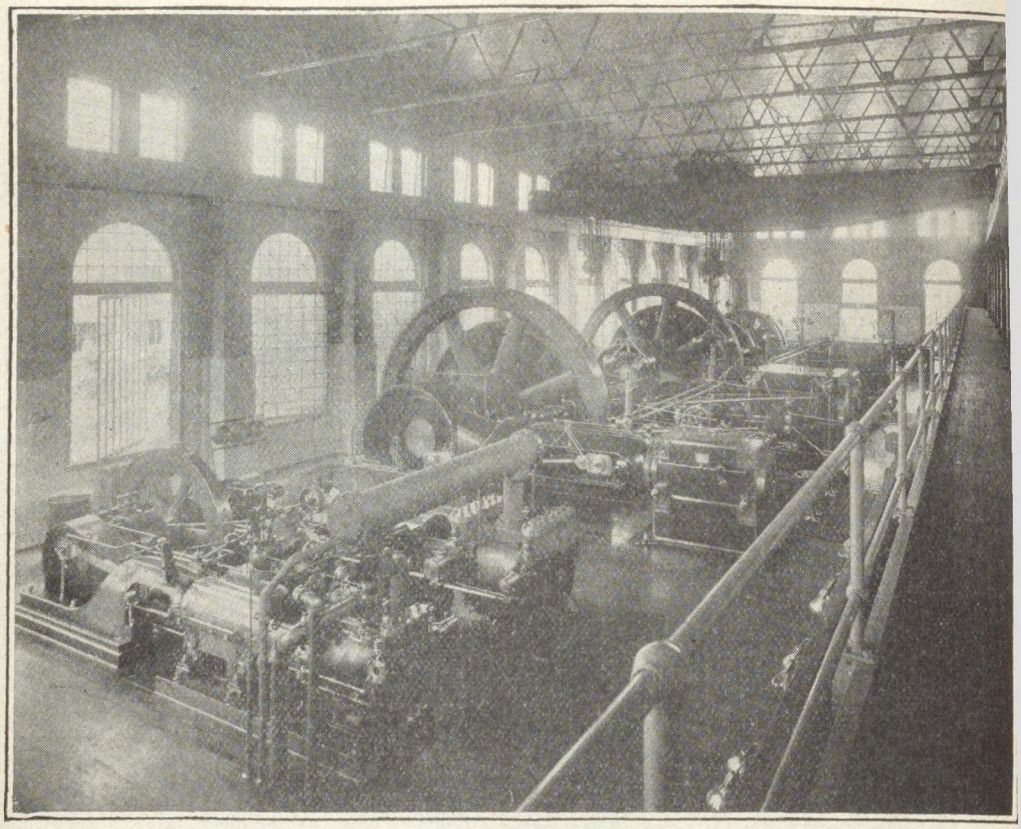


Mr. William Pflum,
Vice-president and manager of the N. C. R. works

Mr. Edward A. Deeds,
Second vice-president and assistant manager of the N. C. R. works

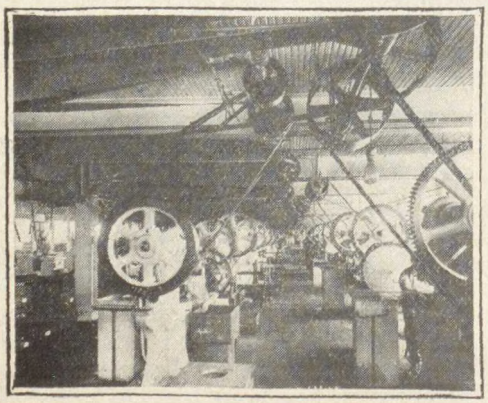
the concrete realization of an ideal—an ideal that will do more perhaps for the great working class than any movement yet conceived by mankind.

But before going further into this most interesting feature we must digress long enough to explain the character of the man who has brought this all about—we must examine a little more closely Mr. John H. Patterson himself. To adequately understand Mr. Patterson would require the trained pen of a master student of character and it would further demand a book quite in itself, for Mr. Patterson—in his meteoric career—has accomplished so much and gone into so many fields that it is impossible to keep pace with him or easily comprehend the meaning of it all. And yet behind all his work there lies a simple rule—so simple, in fact, that it borders on the Golden law. It is this: "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you." And it is along this line that Mr. Patterson has worked. Apparently it has been his ideal, for Mr. Patterson has believed conscientiously that



Interior of the Power Plant

whatever advantages he offered his employes would return to him in the form of better work. And—believing in this law—he has gone ahead and, single-handed, revolutionized the working conditions of the day. Some men may have done more for mankind than this, but the full result of Mr. Patterson's pioneering has not yet been seen. And so it is not for us to judge. At any rate he has done enough—labor could ask but little more.



Punch Department

But it is to the woman worker especially that Mr. Patterson has devoted his sincerest thoughts. For her he has given, without question, "the best he knew how." Every comfort he has extended to her until in the N. C. R. the woman who must labor seems to have found surroundings of Arcadian wonder.

The National Cash Register Factory employs no women workers under 17 years of age, nor less than 115 pounds in weight. The reason for this is that it excludes weakness, and the "Cash"—as it is called—requires in them a degree of strength. Other things being equal, high school graduates are preferred, and young women are secured whenever possible. Widows and married women are not employed by the N. C. R. The same care and nearly the same rules are employed in selecting women employes as

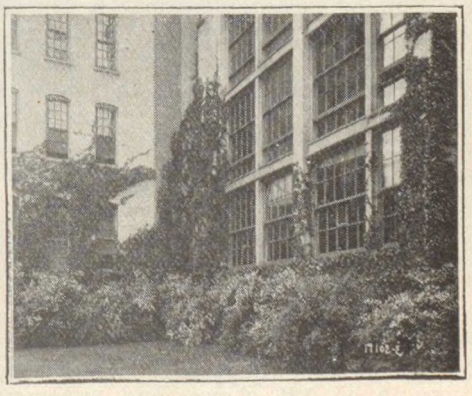
Polishing Department

The sign hanging from the ceiling reads: "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake let us pass on.—Edmund Burke"

apply to men. At the present time 550 women are employed in the Dayton works. Of these, 150 are in the typewriting department, about 50 in the offices at clerical work, and the remainder on mechanical work in the factory, which—however—is of the lightest kind. Of this number, 550, not less than 400 have had a high school education or its equivalent, while 250 have had technical training, by which is meant the high school course and, in addition, a course in college work, post-graduate work at college, special courses in advertising or in night schools, etc.

For these women workers the N. C. R. has established many innovations. One of the most important of these is found in the rule which requires women to report later for work than the men—a rule which has done much to insure them comfortable street-car facilities, an advantage which will be quickly appreciated by the resident of Chicago or New York. The same is true again at night, when the women are dismissed ahead of the men.

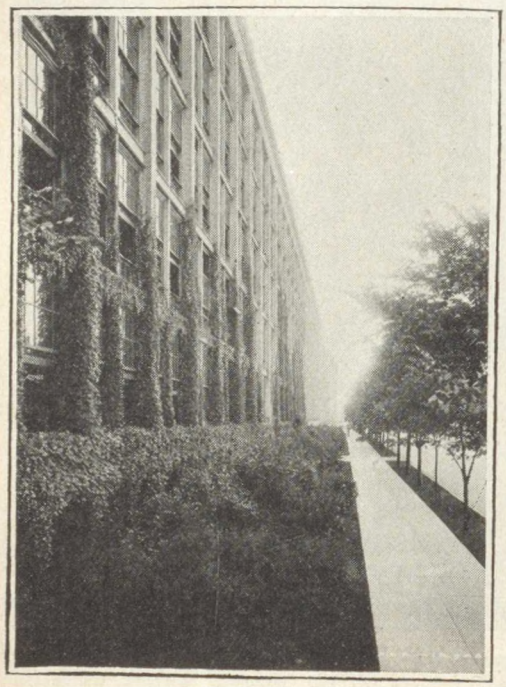
Another improvement over the old methods was found in the introduction of the high-backed chairs and footrests at



Building No. 3—South side

the N. C. R.—a decided advancement, indeed, over the uncomfortable, unhealthy stool previously in use.

But, as though these advantages were not enough, Mr. Patterson has gone further in his protection of the health of



Building No. 3

his women employes by allowing them recesses of ten minutes duration at ten o'clock every morning and again at three in the afternoon. This plan, by the way, has been extensively adopted by many other concerns since its inauguration at the Cash Register plant.

Adjoining each of the women's departments, rest-rooms have also been provided, to which they can retire in case of indisposition. These are in charge at all times of a trained nurse. Then there is a laundry for the benefit of the women workers. From this they are furnished twice a week clean sleevelets and aprons—at the expense of the company. Other laundry work is also done gratuitously for the women employes.

Bathrooms have, likewise, been provided for all, and company's time is allowed for the purpose of bathing, there being in all 148 shower and numerous plunge baths in the factory.

As a still further precaution hoods have been placed over all of the machines at which the women employes work. This is for the purpose of protecting the hair against injury or contact with the machines—an unfortunate accident a few years ago having made this innovation imperative.

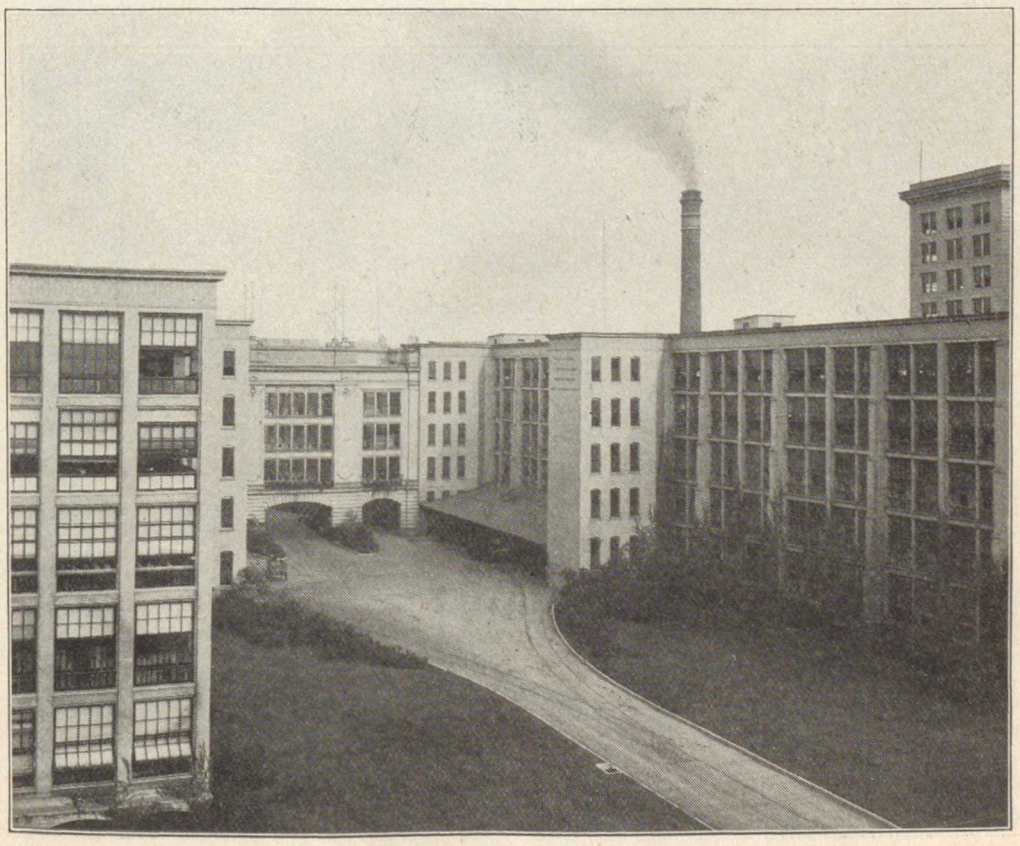
For the employe who rides a bicycle conveniences have also been provided. These are in the form of sheds, where the wheels may be stored and locked, while compressed air is provided to inflate the tires.

A physician is constantly in attendance at the factory, and a hospital with the most modern equipment is held in preparedness in case of accident or injury to an employe. But, in addition to this, and as an extra protection to those already employed, the company stipulates that every new employe must pass a physical examination—a method that has gone far toward insuring the health of the N. C. R. workers.

But in its promulgation of the health and happiness theory the National Cash Register has not limited itself to the care of its employes during working hours alone. For, quite to the contrary, it has spent its greatest energy in the furtherance of recreation and pleasure after the working day is over. Toward this end Mr. Patterson has provided his employes with numerous forms of healthful, pleasant and progressive social entertainment. Indeed, one of his chief hobbies is found in the athletic field he has provided for those on the "Cash" payroll. Here, at the side of the big office building, we find a playground the equal of many boasted by the best colleges and universities in the land. Three baseball diamonds may here be found, upon which interdepartmental games are played each Saturday afternoon throughout the summer months. A dozen tennis courts are also provided—the equal, by the way, of any in our best regulated public parks, while various other forms of recreation and amusement may be indulged in under the auspices of the great firm. Throughout the year—to aid in the quest of fresh air and wholesome exercise—the factory closes at 12 noon, while the athletic field is also thrown open during the noon hour.

Nor is this all. The National Cash Register goes farther even than this in its helpful work, having inaugurated in late years an outing for its employes. Two of these have already been conducted with great success. The first was at Port Huron, Mich., and cost $7.88 per person for the period of ten days. In this amount was included the cost of transportation, tent, cot and meals. The second and last was held at Michigan City, Ind., and surpassed even the first. Here, again, the same accommodations were provided at a cost—this time—of but $5.75 for each person—a figure that brought this outing within reach of the poorest paid of the employes. In order that its employes may avail themselves of these annual outings, the N. C. R. has adopted the policy of closing down the entire works for a ten-day period each year—rather than providing vacations along the usual rotation system.

These outings and most of the social features coincident to work at the Cash Register factory are under the charge of "The Men's Welfare League"—an organization of employes formed for this purpose. The beginning of this league was due to the call of President Patterson, who brought 3,000 of his employes together for the announced purpose of forming a body of this character. At this meeting Mr. Patterson—in his address—told the men he wanted them to take a more active share in their own way in the "welfare" work; wanted them to inquire and suggest to him what they would like to do, and what the company could help them in doing by co-operation. The idea at once met with hearty and unanimous favor, and under his leadership the league was organized. Officers were at once elected, and the work has been carried on with much vigor ever since. The athletic field is, in fact, one of the recommendations of this body, which has also provided stereopticon lectures by



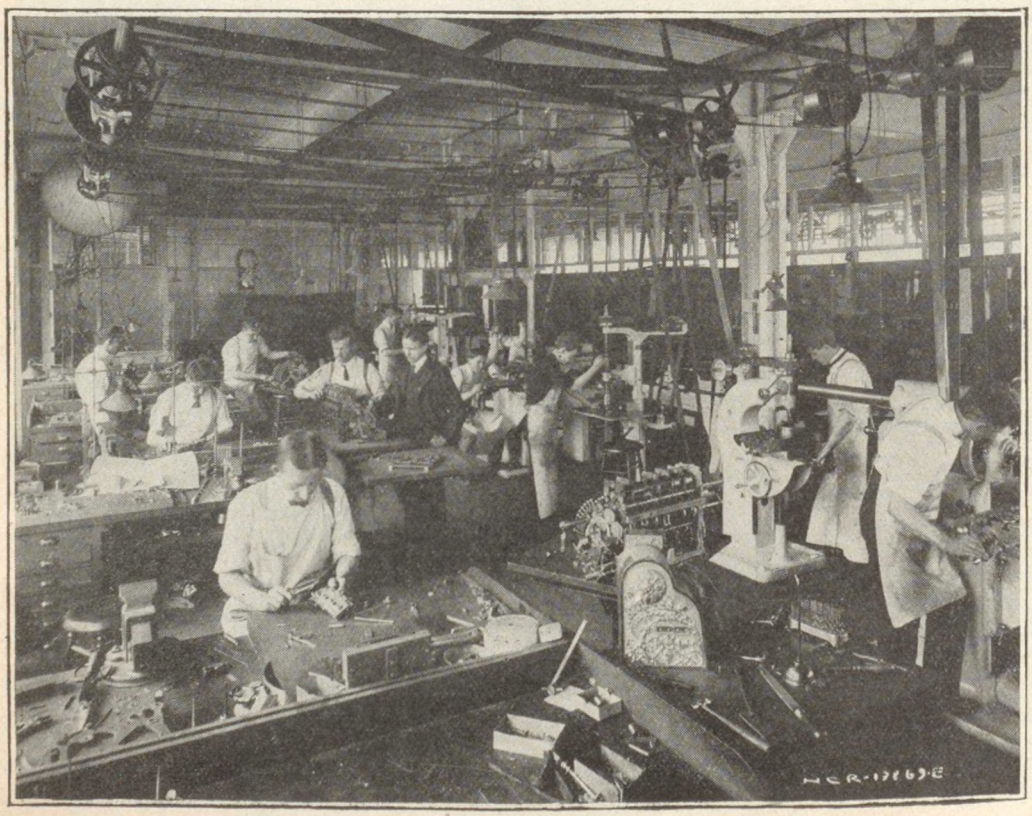
View of the Grounds

eminent men for its employes, private theatricals and numerous other educational and social features. Further than this, it has made many innovations in the factory itself—individual wash-bowls having been provided through one of its recommendations. Nor has its work and influence been confined to the Cash Register factory alone. On the contrary, the Welfare League has made many helpful recommendations to the Dayton schools and has done much to improve the general living conditions in the Ohio town. From time to time it has also sent delegations throughout the United States on visits to other factories and manufacturing plants, where it has both extended and received recommendations of mutual benefit. Every employe is a member of the "Welfare League," the officers of which are elected in the usual way.

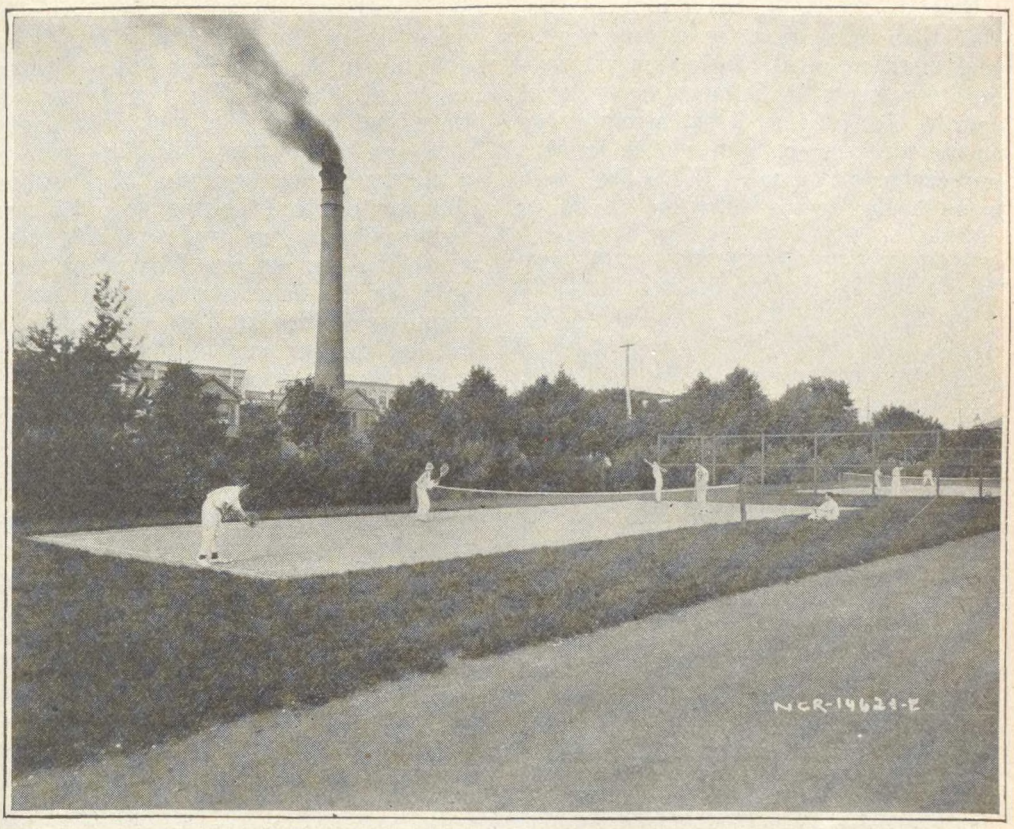
Still another innovation in this "Welfare" work is found in the formation of the Rubicon—a suburban settlement a quarter of a mile northeast of the N. C. R. factory. Here the employes of the Cash Register Company may rent or buy homes on the most generous basis—small payments insuring the workingman a home of beauty in the most pleasant of environments.

From an esthetic and artistic standpoint, the work of Mr. Patterson in connection with the National Cash Register plant stands out as one of the great moves of our age. A lover of nature in the beginning, Mr. Patterson was early determined to revolutionize in his factory the conditions usual to the manufacturing building. He was determined to give to it, not the revolting surroundings of most concerns of its kind, but instead to make its environment one of exquisite natural beauty. And so—as in all his work—Mr. Patterson rolled up his sleeves and set himself to the task.

The outlook at the start was anything but encouraging, for the N. C. R—be it remembered—was located in the midst of Slidertown, the most dilapidated part of



Invention Department



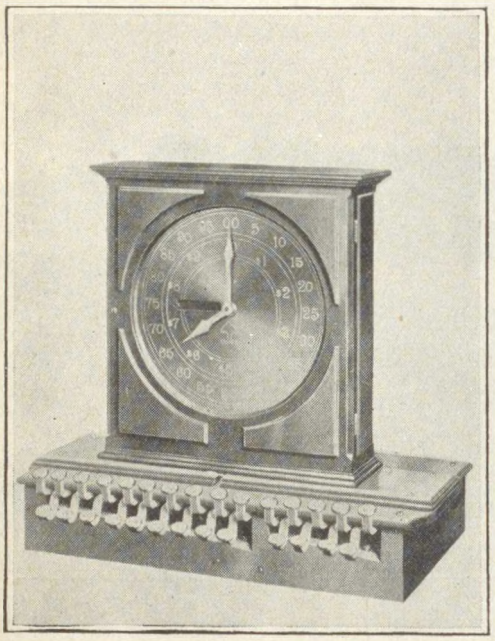
Tennis Courts

Dayton. But the very hopelessness of the task made Mr. Patterson all the more determined to bring about its consummation.

As a start, he ordered all of the fences on his property removed, grass seeds sown and the buildings freshly painted. The following year shrubbery and flowers were introduced. And yet, while they were beautiful within themselves, little art was displayed in their distribution. Mr. Patterson was the first to realize this fact and the first to say it would not do. Consequently the next year he secured the services of Mr. J. C. Olmstead, of the firm of Olmstead Brothers, landscape architects, of Brookline, Mass. This firm had previously laid out the grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago, Central Park in New York City, Asheville, N. C., and many of the prominent parks and private estates of the country. From Mr. Olmstead's suggestions and those of Professor Bailey, of Cornell University, the N. C. R. evolved three principles as the A, B, C of landscape gardening. These three are set forth as follows: (a) Keep the center of the lawn open; (b) plant in masses, and (c) avoid straight lines. With these three cardinal principles, the transformation of the N. C. R. grounds was undertaken. The result, description alone is inadequate to state, for the N. C. R. grounds to-day are among the show-places of the land—a veritable park of exquisite and lingering beauty, from which the visitor turns only with a feeling of regret.

Thus encouraged by the success of the work on his own grounds, Mr. Patterson turned to other paths, and has since become famous for his generosity in improving the backyards of the nation. Dayton owes its present beauty largely to his magnificent gifts, while the railways entering the Ohio city are richly indebted to him for the beauty of their right-of-way.

But the N. C. R. has gone even further than this. For, by the publishing and distribution of booklets on the subject, together with the awarding of prizes for the best gardens, it has accomplished in one stroke more than all the sermons on beauty ever gained. It has also given over to the boys of Dayton a plot of



The First Cash Register

ground two acres in extent. This plot is located near the factory and is divided into gardens, each ten by one hundred feet in size. From the proceeds of these gardens the boy owners are allowed to earn their pin money, while prizes, amounting to $50, are also annually awarded by the N. C. R. While a small enterprise, even now, the influence this gardening has done has spread broadcast throughout the country, and its beneficial results can only be surmised. It is a side line, that is all, of the great work of the N. C. R.

Yet another helpful, original hobby of Mr. Patterson is found in his belief in the power of inspiration—a belief he has put into practice by means of inscriptions and epigrams, scattered throughout the buildings of his plant. These inscriptions take various forms, but are usually found to have a direct bearing on the work of the department in which they may be seen. "By and by is too late" is a favorite, while "Improved machinery makes men dear; their product cheap" is another that furnishes food for thought. Then—on one of the buildings—may be found the famous epigram of President Eliot, of Harvard University: "A man ought not to be employed at a task which a machine can perform." And this latter, after all, seems one of the truest descriptions of the N. C. R., embodying, as it does, the principle upon which the great industry has been built.

But to return to the organization, the selling system and the manufacturing end of the factory itself, let us consider, once again, the real magnitude of this great business as it stands to-day, and let us try to discover, as briefly as possible, the cardinal points around which it has been built. At first thought, two stand out among the rest. The first is the so-called "selling system," and the second the methods by which the Cash Register Company obtains suggestions from its employes. And in both we find the same originality, the same initiative, that have characterized the work of the N. C. R. throughout. In the formation of the N. C. R. selling system we see the hand of its president, Mr. Patterson, in its strongest form, for it was to this branch of the work that he devoted his chief care and personal attention in the early days.

The selling force of the Cash Register Company numbers in all about 425—they and their employes together about 800. For their benefit the United States and Canada are divided into districts; there are 13 of these districts, each having a district manager, upon a regular salary paid by the N. C. R. Each of these districts is divided into territories, and every sales agent has his exclusive territory. If a register is sold by the factory direct, or by any other person, for use in a given territory, the agent in whose territory it is to be used gets his commission upon it, a small commission only going to the man who made the sale. These sales agents and salesmen all pay their own expenses, and receive as a compensation a contingent part, or commission, on

what they sell, this being the general and express contract provision of employment with these men. But, for its own interests and those of its sales employes, the N. C. R. has seen fit to inaugurate certain principles beyond the requirements of the contract it enters into with its men. First, they are brought together often in conventions at the factory and throughout the country, the expenses of which are largely borne by the company. Secondly, advertising of the most effective and costly kind is furnished them free, and with a liberalty on the part of the Company not shown by any other manufacturing concern. Thirdly, schools for their instruction are held at the factory, and the company not only pays all this expense, but a large part of the agents' personal expenses as well. Fourthly, liberal prizes are given monthly for the quality and quantity of business secured, in addition to the commission paid, and, fifthly, the N. C. R. pays much money for valuable assistance to the selling force in supervision and special agents, and also employs instructors, who, at the company's expense, travel over the country, aiding and instructing the agents in their business. No employe of the Company, from anywhere, ever goes to Dayton, as they frequently do in large numbers, except as the guest of the Company and at their expense while there. In addition to these favors and concessions to its selling agents, the N. C. R. furnishes each agent with a stock of machines for the purpose of exhibit and ready sale. These are really a stock of merchandise, such as a man would own in a store of his own, and amount in the aggregate to $1,500,000 at a sale price. As an exception in the arrangement above stated, the N. C. R. owns and maintains one company office, at least, in each district.

Shaded Portion Shows Where the First Cash Registers Were Made

A company office—say, Chicago, for instance—consists of an office rented, fixtured and equipped by the Company itself, and managed for it by an office manager, who is paid a salary.

The National Cash Register Company also gathers with labor and care the town populations of each district and the names and addresses of all the business men in every town or community, who might use a cash register. The Company then fixes, arbitrarily, the amount of business expected to be secured from each district, based on the amount of town population in that territory. This is called by the N. C. R. the "quota." At the first of each month the Company sets and publishes the amount of business it expects to get in each territory during the month. Each day it also issues an N. C. R. Quota Number, a statement giving each man's fixed quota, and the percentage of quota which the agent or salesman has secured up to that date. These are published on sheets and mailed, so that every agent knows each day what is expected of him and of every other man in the district, and what he has accomplished or failed to accomplish toward securing the amount of business allotted to him. This N. C. R. Quota Number also shows the class of business he has procured and the amount of cash secured with each order. This quota number is the official organ of the Sales Department to the selling force, and in it are published other items of news, of information, of comment, or of commendation. These relate to whatever concerns the agent most, but especially to matters of prizes and competition among the selling force.

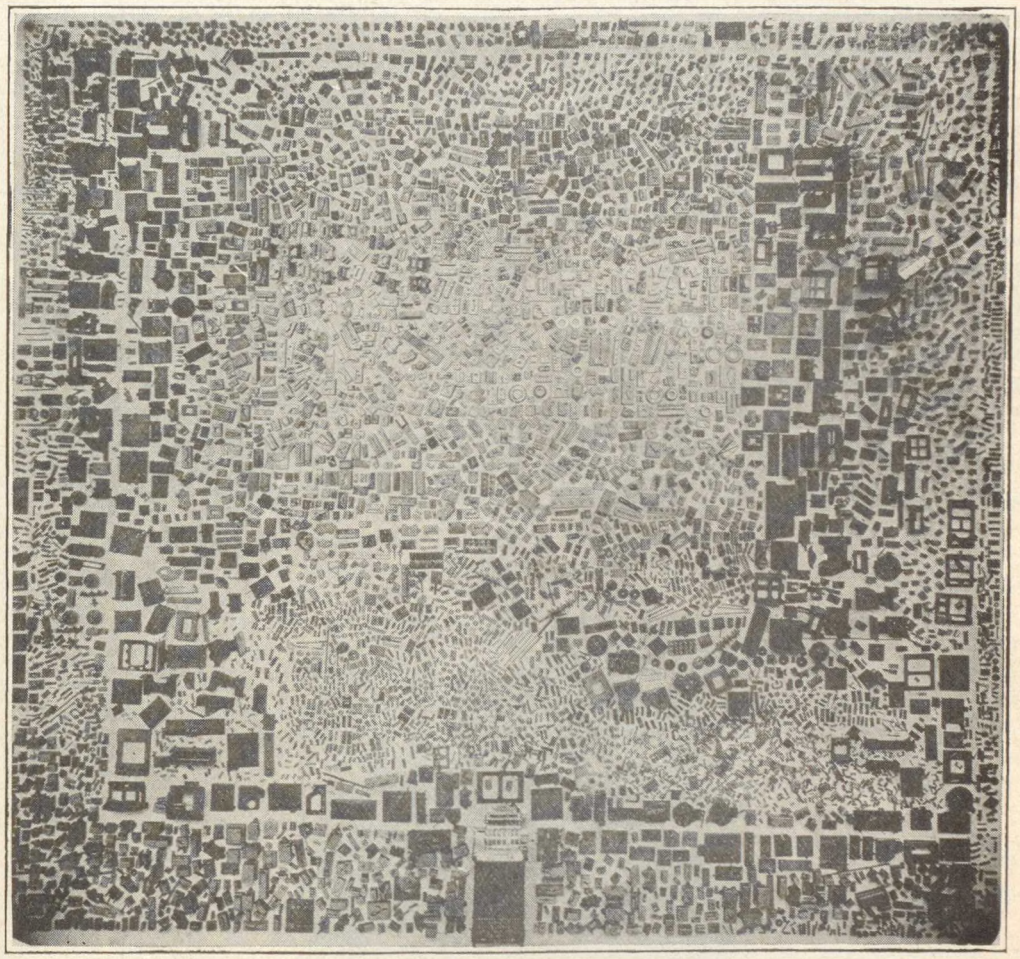
The other great branch of the National Cash Register's promotion business is probably found in its system of obtaining suggestions from its employes. This is accomplished by means of cash prizes awarded to employes for valuable suggestions outside of their given work. These suggestions are made by the employe on autographic registers provided in each department, and are intended chiefly for the purpose of encouraging interest among the employes in the work of the company, as well as to bring each man directly to the attention of the leading officers rather than merely to the eye and ear of the man immediately above him. The present system consists in offering a cash prize of $1 for each suggestion adopted, and in addition cash prizes to the twenty-five employes submitting the best suggestions each quarter, from $10 to $50 each. There are still other prizes and numerous regulations, but the chief rules governing the contest are included in the above awards. An idea of the enormous expenditure of the Company for these suggestions can be gained when it is said that $49,862.66 was thus awarded within a period of five years. This system and the sales system employed by the N. C. R. have been widely copied and are recognized as the best yet devised, by business men throughout the world.

The real greatness of the National Cash Register's plant is almost impossible for the layman to fully grasp, while its diversified branches are too numerous to bear of narration. An idea of the extent of the industry may be had, however, when it is remembered that the N. C. R. not only manufactures cash registers but the tools themselves by which they are built. Yes, and further still, the tools by which these tools are made—a veritable industrial "House that Jack Built"—all in itself. In addition to this the Cash Register Company maintains six inventions departments, employing six practical inventors, twenty-five draftsman and ninety-eight skilled workmen, who devote their entire time to improving cash registers and inventing others to meet the new demands. The patent department looks after all of the N. C. R. patent interests, and takes out all patents on new inventions. And in all the National Cash Register owns at the present time 28,000 patent claims.

After the invention has been made, the next step comes in the making of the tools to be used in its manufacture. An adequate idea of the size of this branch of the industry can be gained when it is stated that a small part of the check printing device of the cash register—3½ inches long by 1¾ inches in diameter—contains one hundred and six parts and requires nine hundred operations in its manufacture. The tools used in the construction of these delicate parts are all made in the "tool room" of the N. C. R., which employs over 200 skilled workmen. Another graphic description will

present itself to the man of scientific knowledge when it is remembered that in the automatic screw-making machinery department, there are 300 machines constantly in operation.

Yet another innovation is found in the switchboards which control the machinery in the thirteen buildings, while the automatic stokers for feeding the great furnaces of the plant are no less remarkable—when contrasted with the old hand methods.



Tools Used to Manufacture Parts for the Latest Model of Cash Register

In all the Cash Register Company manufactures 533 styles of machines, ranging in price from $15 to $800. These latter—a new machine—register simultaneously the accounts of nine clerks. The "class 500" machine—one of the largest of the ordinary cash registers—contains no less than 5,000 separate parts, while the cheaper machines contain from 3,000 to 4,000 parts each—every part of which is manufactured in the factory of the N. C. R. The daily capacity of the Dayton plant calls for a daily output of 375 complete machines a day—which means that a complete cash register is made every 1½ minutes, while in all about 750,000 cash registers have been sold since the founding of the business by Mr. Patterson.

The present force employed numbers 4,500, which represents a weekly payroll of $67,000, while the property owned by the company and upon which the factory stands occupies 144 acres of ground. The

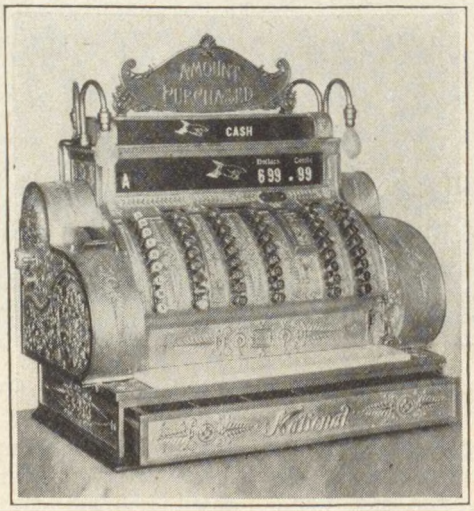
shop is a non-union shop and yet so content have been its employes that a strike has never occurred in the history of the plant. Nor is one believed possible under present conditions.

Aside from its Dayton factory the National Cash Register Company has factories at Toronto, Ontario, and in Berlin, Germany, with a total factory force of seven thousand employes—or three thousand greater than at its Dayton plant. It also conducts training schools in various parts of the civilized world—Berlin, Germany and Tokio, Japan, having especially large classes constantly in attendance.

The N. C. R. has 317 offices in various parts of the world and in each one a trained staff the equal of any in the New York or Chicago districts. Since 1892 its annual expenditures in promotion and publicity have been enormous—a half million of dollars having been thus expended in each year of this period.

The Dayton plant also boasts an office building ten stories in height, which is the equal of any to be found in Chicago or New York. But it is not the United States from which the N. C. R. gains its most lasting fame. Quite on the contrary, it is famous throughout the world and has been the mecca for many pilgrimages from the older nations of the earth, until it has become recognized far and wide as the model factory of the world—the greatest "hotbed" of new and advanced industrial ideas to be found in any land.

And this then is the story of progress during the thirty-year life of the cash register. The story of that small revolutionizer of business which finds its inception in a crude dwelling of Dayton's "Slidertown" and its fulfillment in the great factory that occupies Dayton's South Park of to-day. The story of the business which was sold out twenty-five years ago to John H. Patterson, through lack of funds, to the giant $10,000,000 industry of to-day. The story of the business which no one had heard of thirty-one years ago, to the great industrial city of 13 buildings, which is now visited by 40,000 persons each year.



One of the Latest of the N. C. R. Machines

MENTAL SUGGESTION IN THE PULPIT

By J. ALEXANDER FISK

"Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll
Damnation and the dead.
What horrors seize a guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

"For day and night in their despite
Their torment's smoke ascendeth.
Their pain and grief have no relief,
Their anguish never endeth,
Who live to lie in misery
And bear eternal woe.
And live they must while God is just,
That he may plague them so."

—*Old Hymn*

TWO of the most potent forms of Mental Suggestion are those known respectively as (1) The Suggestion of Authority; and (2) The Suggestion of Association. Both of these forms of Suggestion are actively manifested in the church and its services.

The effect of the Suggestion of Authority arises by reason of the universal tendency of the mind to accept and respond to positive, authoritative statements, advice, or direction made by those who "speak as one having authority." The average individual, while he will more or less carefully consider and weigh the statements of those whom he considers as his equals, will bow his intelligence to those whom he considers to be "above him" in learning and position. The person who occupies an exalted position, and who utters a statement solemnly, gravely, and in a "thus saith the Lord" manner, will find many people to accept his statements without subjecting them to the usual process of logical analysis and criticism. The habit is acquired by most of us in our school days, when we learn to accept "what teacher says" as the gospel; and when we grow out of the pedagogue's field of influence, we have generally moved into that of the minister. The average minister develops a suggestive tone and manner, because he is looked up to and revered by his congregation, and because he grows accustomed to having his statements taken at face value, having no one to "talk back to him" as has the lawyer. To the arts of the professional advocate, he adds the authority, dignity and final decision of the judge. The priest has ever been the best example of the Suggestion of Authority.

The effect of the Suggestion of Association arises by reason of the well-known psychological Law of Association of Ideas, by which is meant that law of mental phenomena by which our ideas are connected one with another. As Brooks states it: "Our ideas seem, as it were, to be tied together by the invisible thread of association, so that as one comes up out of unconsciousness, it draws another with it. Thoughts seem to exist somewhat in clusters like the grapes of a bunch, so that in bringing out one, we bring the entire cluster with it." Ribot says: "The most fundamental law which regulates psychological phenomena is the Law of Association. In its comprehensive character it is comparable to the Law of Attraction in the physical world." Halleck points out the action of the law very forcibly as follows: "Few people stop to think how powerful with everyone is the association of ideas. Few would have any objection to dancing merrily on a plain rosewood board. Let that same board be cut up and put together in the form of a coffin, and no one with memories of a dead friend or relative would manifest

merriment in its presence. The same rosewood board would be there, but not the same association of ideas. . . . It is not the business of the psychologist to state what power the association of ideas *ought* to have. It is for him to ascertain what power it *does* have. When we think of the bigotry of past ages, of the stake for the martyr and the stoning of witches, we can realize the force of the statement."

A Striking Example

The church gives us a striking example of the effect of the Suggestion of Association. To most of us, the church is hallowed by the associations of the past. It has been the scene of the marriages, the baptisms and the funerals of those near and dear to us. In it we have rejoiced upon happy occasions and mourned when sorrow brought us within its walls. The memories of our parents, now long since passed on to other planes of existence, are closely bound up with the four walls of the little church to whose doors the now vanished hands led us in our childhood. The church and its ceremonies have the closest associated memories of every period of life, from the days of infancy to the final committing of the lifeless body to the earth. Within its walls the majority of us have experienced at least some degree of religious emotion, and even to those whose later years have brought about changed views regarding these subjects the atmosphere of the church is charged with associated memories and suggestions which cause us to feel subdued, quiet and open to emotion when we enter into its field of influence. Very few persons, no matter what may be their religious views, can enter into a solemn old church and feel its suggestive quiet, and view its suggestive surroundings bathed in the "dim religious light," without feeling the upward rush of emotional feeling. We find ourselves involuntarily sighing softly, and perhaps longingly, at the suggestion of peace and security which the associated memories of the past bring into our field of consciousness. The critical dramatist would call this the "dramatic atmosphere," and might be able to reproduce it on the stage—we do not think of this, but simply *feel* and bow the head.

It is in this suggestive atmosphere—this mental atmosphere so strongly charged with the Suggestion of Association—that the minister manifests his Suggestion of Authority. Not only does he enact the role of deliverer of the divine message, in the center of the stage of attention, but he has also the most effective mental stage-setting and scenery to enhance his power. His words, following the reading of the Scriptures and the singing of some familiar old hymn which awakens the memory of the scenes of the past, come with the air of authority—forcible, pointed, direct—the voice and words of the leader of his people; the shepherd of his flock; the overseer in the vineyard of the Lord. He, unlike the lawyer, does not have to *argue* his case against a waiting opponent, nor present his case to the judge and jury. There is no opposing counsel, and he himself is the judge who sums up the case. His congregation, while comparable to a listening jury, is not addressed by him as by the counsel for the prosecution or the defense—*he speaks to them in the tones and manner and with the authority of the judge delivering his charge.* And the effect upon the audience is not that of the lawyer arguing one side of the case—but that of the judge enunciating the law of the realm, and closing with his impressive: *"This is the Law!"* Anyone who has ever attended the trial of a case in court will realize the world of difference between the *argument* of the opposing counsel and the *charge* of the judge. And yet the judge has behind him only the law of man, while the preacher is regarded as the almost inspired messenger of the Most High, and as enunciating the Divine Law. Is it any wonder then that the preacher has within his control and grasp the most potent psychological force known to man—the Power of Mental Suggestion—in two of its most effective forms? He may realize this—he may

wield his power unconsciously—but such is the law of the mind!

The Master Key

In view of the facts of psychology just mentioned, it will be seen that a great responsibility rests upon the minister. He holds the master-key to the emotions and mental states of a large number of people, and he should endeavor to use his power wisely and to the best possible ends. The pews look to the pulpit for guidance, advice, direction and suggestion. Is not the minister a "reverend" personage? And does not "reverend" mean, "entitled to reverence or respect; enforcing reverence by the appearance?" To *revere* means "to hold in fear or awe, mingled with respect and affection"—the very word is derived from the Latin word *revereor,* meaning "to fear." The minister moves on a plane supposed to be above that of the ordinary person. In fact, many persons seem to think that he is above the emotions, feelings and weaknesses which are the possessions of ordinary people. Surely, from his lips can come nothing but the truth. Wittingly or unwittingly, he exercises a mighty suggestive power over the minds of his flock. Often he uses it well, but too often he uses it unwisely. Too often, instead of uplifting the manhood and womanhood of his congregation, he uses his suggestive power along negative lines and weakens instead of strengthening his people.

Those who have carefully watched the birth and development of the newer phases of religious thought, many phases of which have appeared of late years, and which have made great inroads in the orthodox congregation, have been struck with the significant fact—ominous to those who refuse to heed it—that under and back of the various cults, new religions, and semi-religious organizations which have sprung into popularity and public favor, there is always to be found one distinctive feature, common to all, and which may be considered the *backbone* of The New Concept of Religion. This one feature which animates and vitalizes all these apparently different movements is the SPIRIT OF OPTIMISM. While the orthodox churches have continued to sound the old note of pessimism, self-depreciation, lowly humility, spiritual pauperism and mental beggary—the newer cults and organizations have sounded the new and inspiring note of optimism, self-respect, self-confidence, spiritual royalty and mental riches. While the old teaching is that man is but "a worm of the dust," and a "miserable sinner," worthy only of eternal damnation and possible only of being "saved by grace"—the newer teaching is that man is a "spark from the Divine flame," an "evolving soul upon the Path of Attainment," whose destiny it was to rise higher and higher, on and on forever toward the Divine Spirit. The ideal of the old was that man should cringe, and like Uriah Heep, take pride in being "humble, so *very* humble"—the ideal of the new is that man should stand erect, with head thrown back, looking at the universe with fearless eyes, and crying "I am the son of a King, and I claim my Divine Heritage." The old teaching was the apotheosis of the suggestion of Fearthought—the new is the apotheosis of the suggestion of Fearlessness, Faith and Dominion.

It is not our purpose to discuss theology. We consider the matter of the two teachings merely in the light of psychology. Surely there must be a far different result arising from the suggestion of "original sin," "innate depravity," and "predestined doom" on the one hand, and that of original purity, innate nobility, and predestined glory, on the other hand. Surely there is a different effect produced by the suggestion that one is "a miserable sinner, under the curse of Adam's fall" and the suggestion that one is an embryo archangel, "a growing scholar in the Kindergarten of God." Surely there must arise a different result from the suggestion that one's only hope is in seeking "Oh, to be nothing, *nothing,*" and that one should assert his spiritual kinship with the Divine, and seek to be "in tune with the Infinite." Leaving theology aside, and looking at the matter

from the purely psychological viewpoint, can there be any question regarding cause and effect here? Can anyone doubt that the vine will bring forth fruit, each after its own kind?

The New Religion

But, some may cry, we must stick to the inspired gospel teachings in preaching. This is true, but do not these same optimistic teachers find within the pages of the Gospel abundant authority and basis for their teachings—do they not draw their optimistic and uplifting messages from the same stream from which the old school bring little else but fearsome and awe-inspiring threats? Is it not a matter of finding that for which one looks? And is not the theological tendency of the day moving directly away from the old conceptions of fear, punishment and belittlement of human life, toward the newer conceptions of love, tolerance, sympathy, understanding and the divine nature of the human soul? Do we not begin to hear a softening of the old cry of "and there may I, though *vile* as he, wash all my sins away," and a rising strain of the joy of the dawning "recognition, realization, and manifestation of the God in me?" The "New Religion," so called, is a misnomer. It is not a *new religion,* but a *new interpretation* of "the old, old story." And the good, old story loses nothing by its new telling. Instead, it stands out in clearer, brighter mental color, instead of in the dull, dismal, gloomy hues of the word-painting of the past.

In this consideration of Mental Suggestion in the Pulpit, we must avoid the common mistake of mere condemnation—the destructive criticism. To point out the fault is but half the work—the other half is the indication of the something else that should be built on the site of the old—*constructive criticism.*

Close observers of the religious and philosophical trend of the day are almost unanimous in the belief that it is the fault of the church itself that so many thousands of its people have been compelled to go outside of the ranks of orthodoxy for that which they need to satisfy the thirst for spiritual teaching—the hunger of the soul. Had the church been wise enough to have recognized that there is an evolution in religious presentation and teaching, as in all else, and had it realized the growing needs of the people, and manifested that knowledge by furnishing the inspiring and uplifting teachings demanded by the growing souls of the age, there would have been no necessity for the birth and rapid growth of the many new cults, organizations and societies. There would have been no room for the various "isms" which have sprung into popular favor not *because* of their half-truths, but *in spite of* their often obvious error—the real reason of their success being the optimistic spirit of their teachings. Not only could the church have prevented this alarming secession of some of its most worthy members, but it might also have drawn into its doors many who dwelt outside of the church organizations. Instead of losing in numbers and weakening in influence, the church could have taken on a renewed life, and would have increased in numbers, usefulness and power.

What Is Wrong with the Church

But it is yet time—it is not too late even now. The answer to the oft-repeated inquiry of the pulpit: "What is the matter with the churches?" can be easily answered. The "matter" is that the churches have been pulling against the tide of the evolution of religious thought. They have been clinging to the old interpretations and the ancient presentations—they have been too closely wedded to their old ideals, or *idols.* While the world has been crying for Love, Optimism and the Evolution of the Soul, the churches have clung to the old teachings of Fear, Pessimism and Original Sin. While the newer teachers have been crying: "Look Upward and Onward," the old pulpits have re-echoed the antiquated cry: "Look Backward and Downward." While the new presentation has

taught "You are the Child of a King, made in the image of your Father, and destined to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven which is within you," the old presentation has insisted that, "You are a Worm of the Dust; a Child of the Devil, Conceived in Iniquity and begotten in Depravity; you are fit only for Eternal Damnation and you will burn in hell unless Saved by Grace."

The old teaching has pictured man as standing, cap in hand, like a mendicant, begging the forgiveness and grace which he does not really deserve, but which he still hopes for through "grace." The new teaching pictures man as standing as a Son before his Father, filled with a belief in the love of the Divine Parent, and asking that he be allowed to enter into his Divine Inheritance—his natural birthright. Which is calculated to bring out the best in the man?

A few years ago a writer along the lines of the New Interpretation was approached by a talented young "evangelist" who had been attracting much attention in the orthodox churches. He had, however, lost faith in some of the old teachings and felt that he could no longer continue his work. Stating the case to the writer, he was surprised to hear the latter say: "No, do not leave the pulpit or the church—you are needed there. Instead of forcing the people out of the churches in pursuit of the newer conceptions of Truth, teach them the Truth by the old familiar methods, in the old familiar places. The church has need of men like you—stay where you are, *but speak the Truth you find within you.*" The young man brightened up, although he felt that he was being called on to lead a forlorn hope. He left for the field of his labors, in a distant city, saying that he would heed the advice, even though he felt assured that he would be compelled to go down in the struggle.

He went to the distant city, and began a two-weeks engagement at one of the most orthodox of the old churches. He was told that the people needed to have "the fear of the wrath of God" held over them, and several of the leading ministers advised him to return to the old methods of "speaking right out about hell and damnation, and causing them to fly in terror for refuge from the pit." He declined to do this, and for an hour or so it looked as if he would be requested to relinquish his engagement. But finally he was told to go ahead, although nothing was expected of him under the circumstances. One old preacher said: "Brother, they need hell—Hell with a capital 'H'—burnt into their understanding. They must be taught to quake at the wrath of Jehovah!" But the young man shook his head, and prayed for help and light.

A Revival Worth While

That night, the opening night, he preached on the text: "God Is Love." The next night he preached on the same text. And the next night, and the fourth night—and so on, *every night during the two weeks,* he poured out his message of "God Is Love," until he had the whole city awakened in a fervor of real spiritual interest. He avoided the clap-trap and cant of the ordinary revivalist—he disdained to make cheap appeals to the emotions of the impressionable type. He refused to put into effect the familiar hypno-suggestive methods of the ordinary revivalist. There was an absence of excitement and hysterical emotion, and in its place was manifested a deep, sincere, heartfelt uplifting influence toward right thinking and right living. He delivered his message like a prophet of old, and many called it "inspiration"—and so it was, inspiration from his own spirit.

This man continued this work for several years, before he reached out for a broader field of endeavor. Everywhere he went he left behind him a new spirit of religious interest, and a broader, more tolerant lot of people. He taught the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, the Kingdom of Heaven within, and "one world at a time," with practically no reference to creed, dogma or theology. If there were a few hundred men like this who would come to the front in the orthodox churches of to-day, there

would be a "revival" such as the churches have not known for many a day. But it would be a revival based on rational feeling and thought rather than upon cheap emotion and hysteria. Its keynote would be Love and the Optimistic Ideal, and not Fear and Pessimism.

If the ministers of the churches would recognize the effect of Mental Suggestion in the Pulpit, and would fall in line with the evolving spirit of religion as evidenced by the requirements of the souls of to-day, there would be fewer empty pews, and much more real interest and zeal in the congregations. Surely the Signs of the Times are plain enough. Can anyone mistake them? Shall the church be allowed to perish as have many before its time, having outlived its usefulness, and having failed to discern the needs of its people? Or, shall it cast off its old somber garments as outworn and faded, and, donning the newer robes of the Twentieth Century religious thought, enter into a new lease of life, giving courage where it is needed, hope where it is cried for, the uplifting life to all aspiring souls, and lending a helping hand to every Seeker for Truth? Upon the answer depends the future of the church.

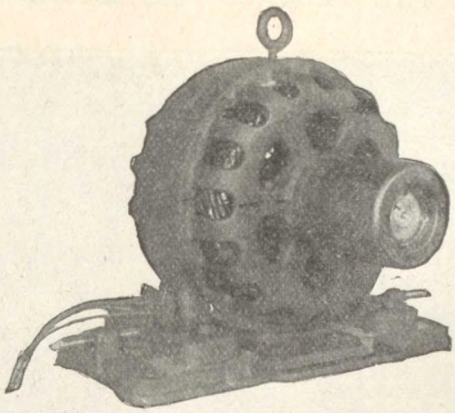
The successful minister of to-day must not only study the New Theology, but also the New Psychology. He must learn to reach men's souls through their minds—and reach them for their own highest good. And in so doing he will also reach their bodies—for the body depends much upon the mental and spiritual condition. Spirit, mind, and body—this is the trinity of Man—and the minister must take each and all into consideration. The minister of to-day must be a physician to the soul. There are many sick souls crying for help. And this help must come through the mind. No longer can the minister cry: "Am I my brothers' mental keeper?" For, psychology answers him, sternly, "Yea! that art thou!" In the New Psychology he may find the answer to much that has perplexed him heretofore. In Mental Suggestion, he may find his Master Key of Service.

It was our intention to say something in this paper about the Psychology of the Religious Revival, but we must defer this phase of the subject until the next paper. Enough to say that the best authorities now agree that the sensational religious revival, once so common, and even now in existence, is a prostitution of the highest spiritual emotion to the play of psychic influences, hypnotic suggestions, and hysterical emotionality. As Prof. Davenport says: "While the employment of irrational fear in revivals has largely passed away, *the employment of the hypnotic method has not passed away.* There has rather been a recrudescence and a conscious strengthening of it because the old prop of terror is gone. And it cannot be too vigorously emphasized that such a form of influence is not a 'spiritual' force in any high or clear sense at all, but is rather *uncanny and psychic and obscure.* And the method itself needs to be greatly refined before it can ever be of any spiritual benefit whatever." In our next month's paper we shall consider the subject of "Mental Suggestion in Religious Revivals."

ATTAINMENT

Eugene C. Dolson

The measure of a life's accomplishment
In ratio keeps with manhood's native fire;
Though youth may pass, youth's force cannot be spent
So long as buoyed by ever new desire.



INVENTIONS THAT HAVE MADE FORTUNES

By P. HARVEY MIDDLETON

E are so accustomed to seeing the powers and forces of nature chained and harnessed by our will that we hardly recognize that the inventor is really at the bottom of all our industrial progress. For mechanical invention is the handmaid of business. At a conservative estimate the stupendous sum of forty-five thousand millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of America alone by inventions—a sum which is greater than the combined national debts of all the great powers. And scores of millions are annually invested in new machinery to keep pace with the development of inventions. All hail, then, to the noble army of inventors, who have in the past half century made greater progress in the sciences and in the practical arts of life than all other epochs of history put together.

They have given us the telephone, the electric light, gas lights of high intensity and economy, electric railroads, wireless telegraphy, duplex and multiple telegraphy, the X-rays, the typewriter, all the innumerable forms of electric bells and signaling, automobiles, bicycles, motor bicycles, motorboats, typesetting machines, the phonograph, high-speed elevators, scientific cold storage and refrigeration, the steel skyscraper, cameras, and all sorts of photographic materials suitable for popular use, air brakes, safety couplings, pneumatic tubes, moving-picture machines, and a host of other marvels. And yet the wonders of the past fifty years are only the starting point. The age of invention has but just begun to dawn. Our past accomplishments, while marvelous almost beyond conception, will not begin to compare with what will be done in the next half a century. For we are groping on the verge of another great epoch in the world's history.

Thirty years ago wire fencing was unknown. Lumber was expensive and it was impossible for the farmers of the great West to enclose their prairie tracts. Large herds of cattle roamed across the plains, just as their predecessors, the buffalo, had done before them. In the storms that swept the prairies often thousands of cattle would be killed. At other times, they perished during the long droughts. The cattle raising business was in a precarious condition. Then the inventor in the person of Mr. Joseph F. Glidden came to its rescue. Barbed wire was the result.

Corner of the Cable Plant of the Western Electric Company at Hawthorne, Ill.

This was in 1872. At first it was made by hand, the inventor making use of an old coffee mill. The business was pushed vigorously, and soon barbed wire came into universal popularity. Mr. Glidden died in 1906, a millionaire several times over. The site of the State Normal School at DeKalb, Illinois, was one of his many public benefactions made possible by barbed wire.

Sixty years ago a large part of the wheat and grain raised in the world was cut a handful at a time with a scythe, and a man could not reap much more than a quarter of an acre a day. Then Cyrus Hall McCormick, an American, invented a reaping machine which enabled a man and two horses to cut from fifteen to twenty acres a day. In 1859 the late Reverdy Johnson, then Commissioner of Patents, declared that the McCormick reaper was worth $55,000,000 a year to this country. A later Commissioner asserted that "McCormick is an inventor whose fame has spread through the world. His genius has done honor to his own country and he will live in the grateful recollection of mankind as long as the reaping machine is employed in gathering the harvest."

To-day the annual output of the McCormick works at Chicago is more than one hundred thousand reapers and mowers. The number of McCormick reapers in operation at this time is estimated at about two million. Every reaper saves the labor of six men during the ten harvest days of the year. Reckoning a man's labor at a dollar a day there is here an annual saving of $120,000,000. The reaper thus takes its place alongside of the steam engine and the sewing machine as one of the most labor-saving inventions of our time, relieving millions of men from the most arduous drudgery, and increasing the world's wealth by hundreds

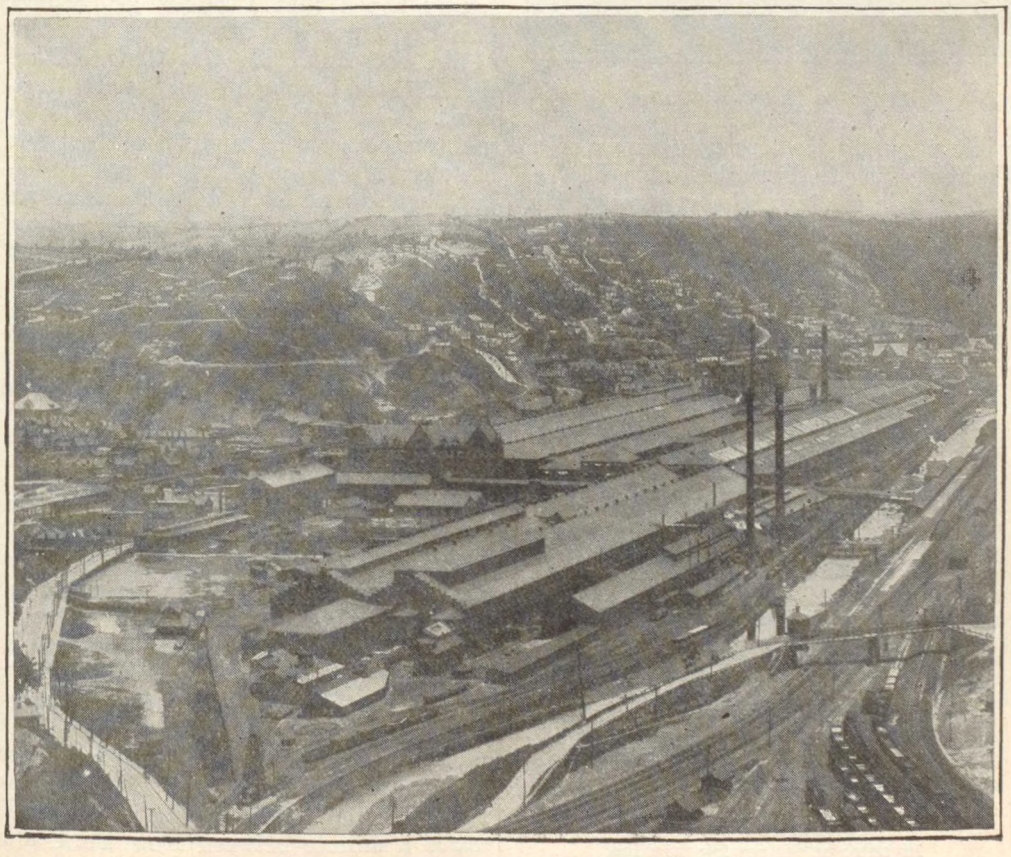
of millions of dollars every year, to say nothing of making a millionaire out of its inventor. Mr. McCormick died worth $20,000,000.

Every section and all classes have cause to be profondly thankful to the inventor, and there was never a more mistaken notion than that labor-saving machinery has decreased the wages of the working man and lessened manual labor. What science takes away with one hand it liberally bestows with the other. The inventor is rapidly sweeping away the humblest classes of employment, and relieving humanity of beastlike toil. By leaving less and less work to be done by the uneducated laborer, science is giving a strong impetus to the cause of education, and putting skill and training at a premium.

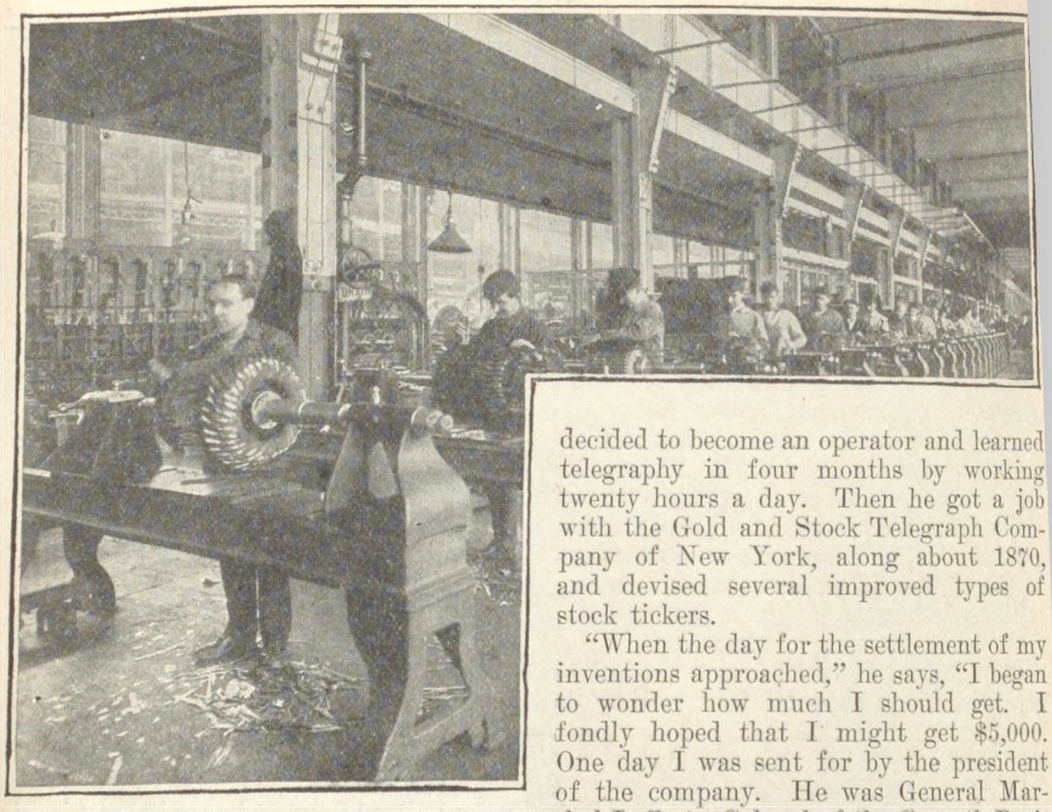
When Elias Howe—who made over two million dollars from his inventions—introduced the sewing machine in 1850, the short-sighted tailors of Boston refused to give him their support, fearing that its general use would mean ruination to their business. Yet twenty years later, in 1870, the number of tailors had increased more than one hundred per cent, while the population increased but sixty-five per cent.

The degree to which invention has contributed to civilization is far from suspected by the casual observer. Almost everything we have or use is the fruit of invention. To the inventor more than to anyone else is honor due for service to the human race. But for his genius we should still be wanderers of the unbroken forests, clothed in the skins of beasts. And it should be a source of considerable inspiration to the struggling inventor that the greatest inventors of all have sprung from humble circumstances, if not actual poverty.

The primate of American inventors, Thomas Alva Edison, sold newspapers on the trains running between Detroit and Port Huron at twelve years of age. It was



The Westinghouse Works at East Pittsburg, Pa.



In the Westinghouse Works

while pursuing the strenuous career of a "newsy" that he saw the value of the telegraph in the transmission of news. He

Elias Howe,
Inventor of the sewing machine

decided to become an operator and learned telegraphy in four months by working twenty hours a day. Then he got a job with the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company of New York, along about 1870, and devised several improved types of stock tickers.

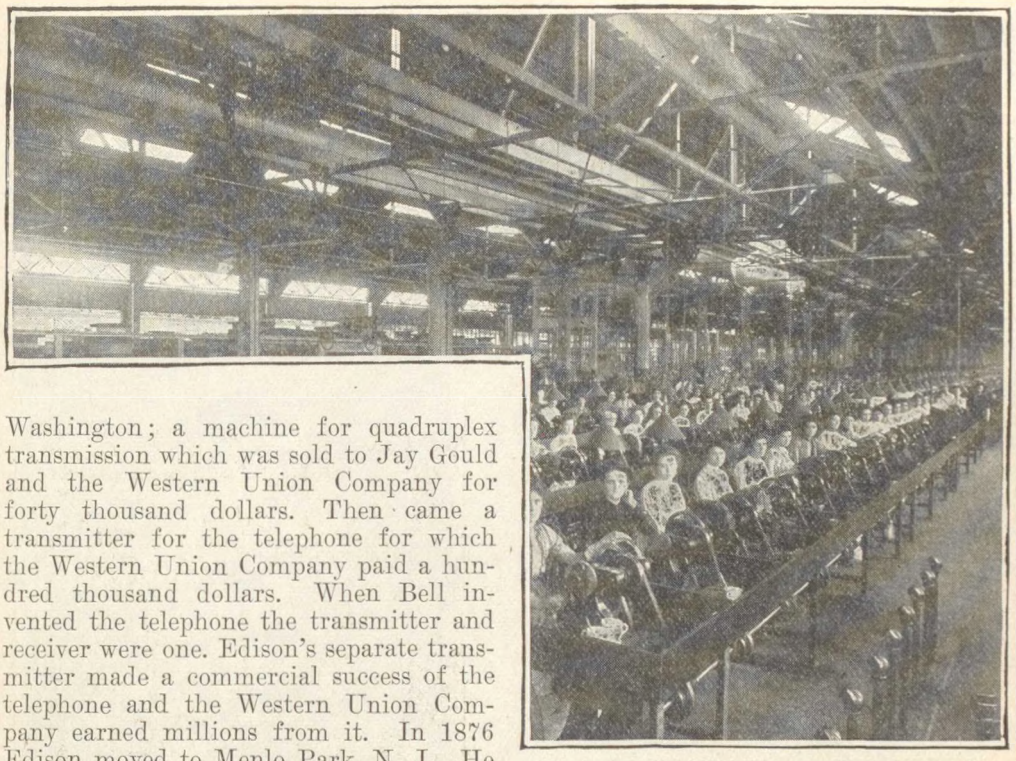
"When the day for the settlement of my inventions approached," he says, "I began to wonder how much I should get. I fondly hoped that I might get $5,000. One day I was sent for by the president of the company. He was General Marshal Lefferts, Colonel of the Seventh Regiment. I tell you I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got into his office my vision of five thousand dollars began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted I was afraid to speak. I feared that if I mentioned five thousand dollars I might get nothing at all. That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. Heavens, how I cudgeled my brains to know what to say! Finally I blurted out, 'Suppose you make me an offer!'

"By that time I was scared sick. I was more than scared, I was paralyzed.

"How would forty thousand dollars do?" asked General Lefferts.

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving away. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat. With a great effort I said as calmly as I could, 'I guess that will be about right.'"

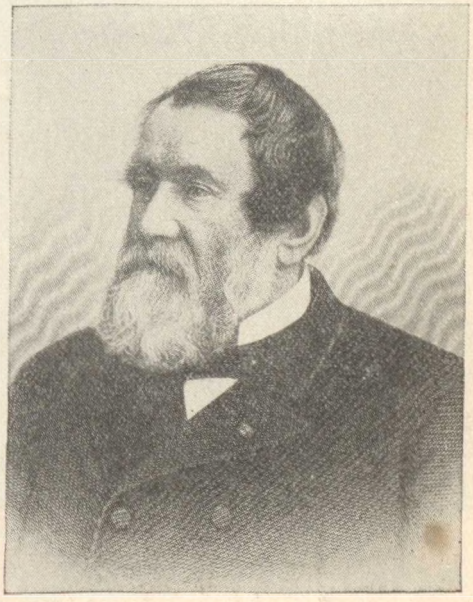
With that money Edison opened workshops in Newark, N. J., and worked out various apparatus for the Western Union Telegraph Company. There was the automatic telegraph which handled a thousand words a minute between New York and



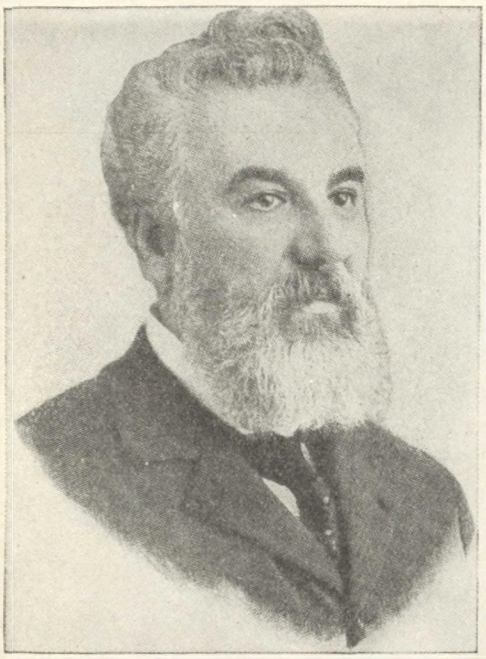
In the Westinghouse Works

Washington; a machine for quadruplex transmission which was sold to Jay Gould and the Western Union Company for forty thousand dollars. Then came a transmitter for the telephone for which the Western Union Company paid a hundred thousand dollars. When Bell invented the telephone the transmitter and receiver were one. Edison's separate transmitter made a commercial success of the telephone and the Western Union Company earned millions from it. In 1876 Edison moved to Menlo Park, N. J. He next invented a mimeograph, a copying machine. It is interesting to note, by the way, that in concluding his sale of the telephone transmitter to the Western Union Company, Edison had the good sense to stipulate that the money should be paid to him in seventeen yearly installments, for he knew that if he got it in one lump sum it would all go in experiments. It was the wisest thing he ever did, for it provided him with the sinews of war for a long and vital period of his wonderful career.

It was this forethought on the part of the "Wizard" which made possible the phonograph, the microtasimeter for detection of small changes in temperature; the megaphone, to magnify sound; the electric pen, and very many more, besides, of course, his system of electric lighting. Millions of men and billions of dollars are employed in enterprises made possible by Edison's genius and his works have extended themselves to the uttermost ends of the earth. The royalties on his moving-picture patents alone yield Mr. Edison an average annual income of a million dollars. He has been made a Commandant of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, and to-day at the age of sixty-two he is a manufacturer em-



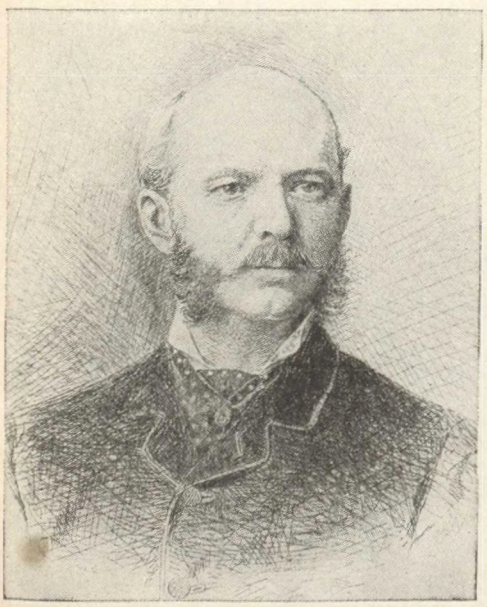
C. H. McCormick,
Inventor of the reaper



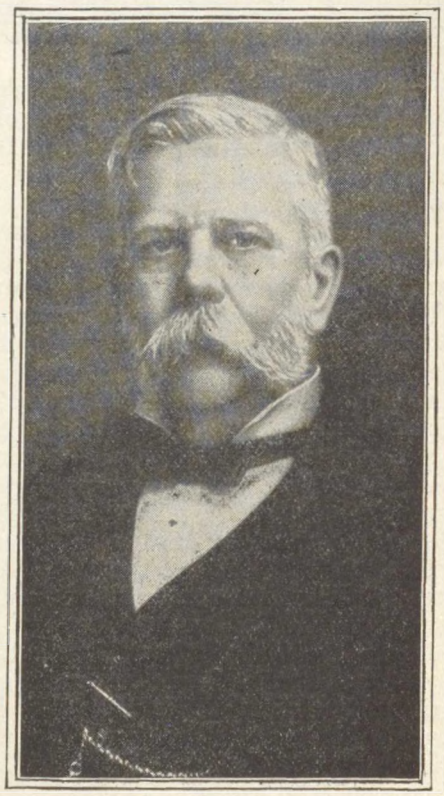
Alexander Graham Bell,
Inventor of the speaking telephone

ploying a force of five thousand men in his own works at West Orange, N. J. In the course of his long life as an inventor Edison has taken out 791 important patents, and the fees he has paid on the American rights alone for these have amounted to the neat little sum of $51,000.

The average person has not the least idea of the amount of wealth in this country that is based upon patents, of which there are now in force 350,000. To give an instance of the power of the patent in our industrial life, it may be mentioned that the United Shoe Machinery Company is, by means of patents, able to control the sewing machines upon which ninety per cent of the welt shoes in the United States are sewn. The Bell Telephone Company and many other corporations of the first importance have built themselves up on patents. Inventors today, however, are more cautious than their predecessors. They either sell a good patent outright for a princely sum, or insist upon making a contract for royalties which calls for immediately placing the



Robert Hoe,
Inventor of the Hoe printing press

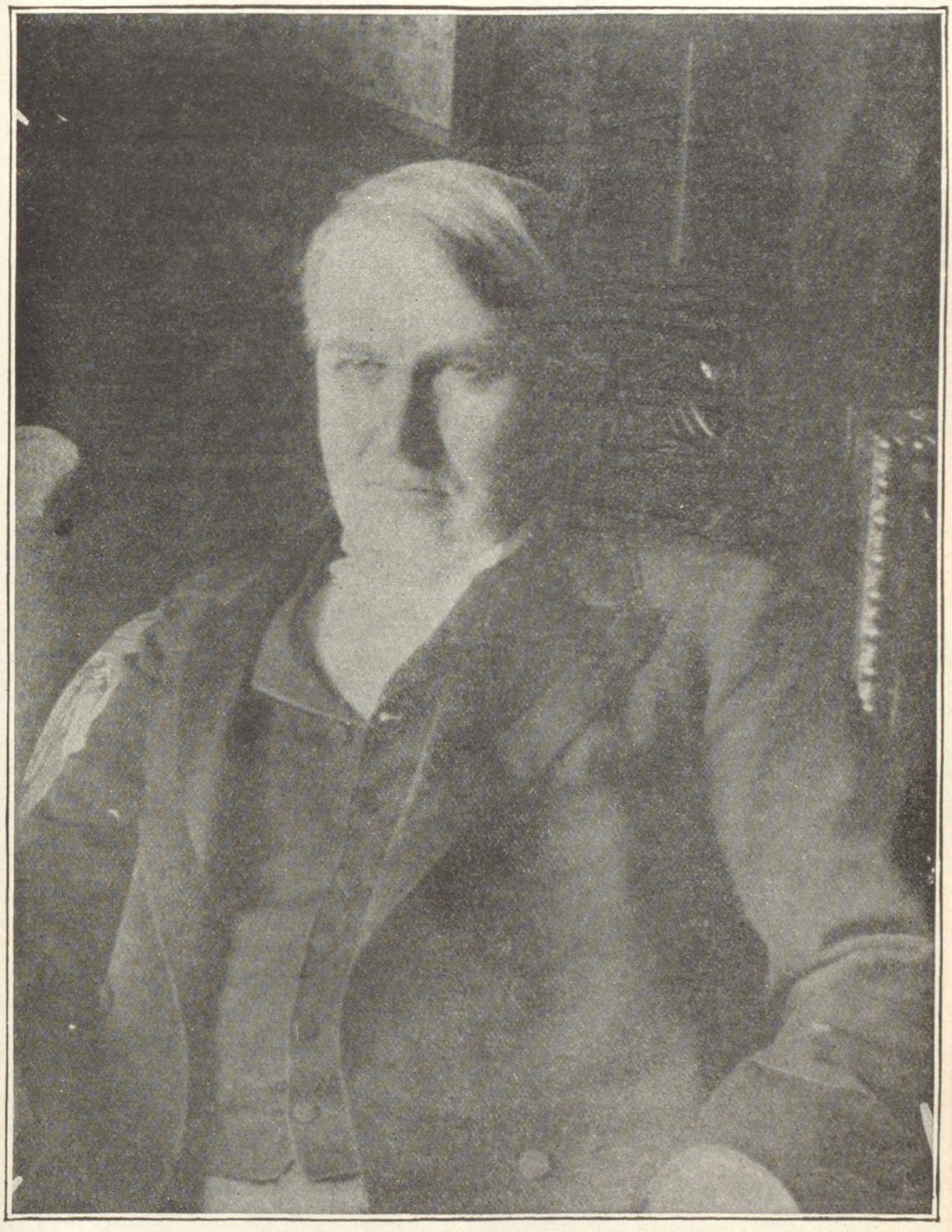


George Westinghouse,
Inventor of the air-brake

invention on the market, with a minimum number to be made each year. In this way they protect themselves from having

ventors of the machines used in cutting out different parts of ready-made clothes.

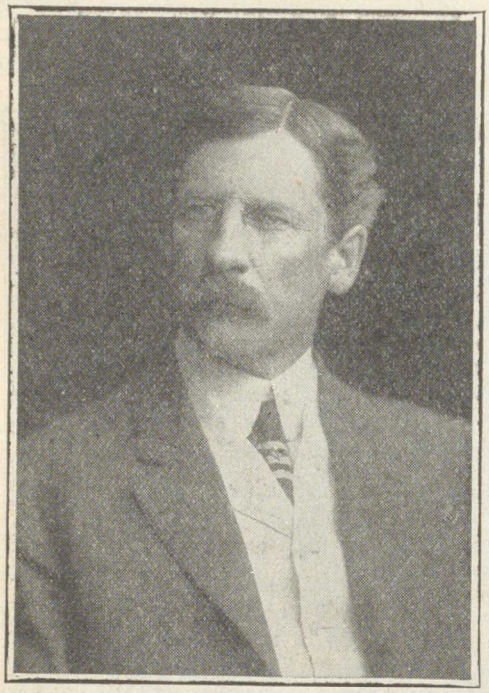
There are two general classes into



Thomas A. Edison

their patents put on the shelf. Thus, royalties of nearly two hundred thousand dollars are paid out annually to the in-

which inventions may be divided; first, those having comparatively few applications and requiring great capital for their

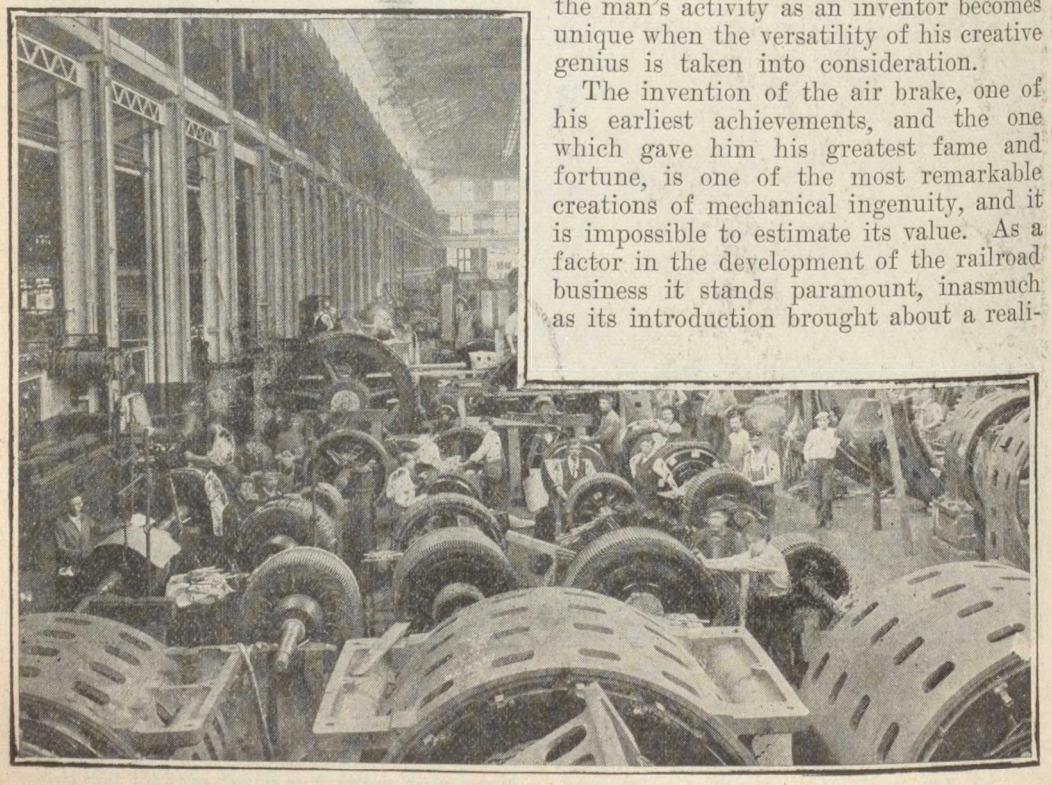


Francis J. Sprague

promotion, such, for example, as the Bessemer steel process, or electric light; and second, those of universal application. It has become almost an axiom with the majority that larger fortunes are to be realized from some simple invention than from difficult and expensive creations. A certain American patent for fastening kid gloves has netted a fortune of half a million dollars for its fortunate owner. And the inventor of the collar clasp enjoys twenty thousand dollars a year in royalties. A new sleeve button made fifty thousand dollars in five years and the simple twisting of safety pins so that the points cannot stick into the user has realized a large amount.

George Westinghouse, a great manufacturer, is one of the most noteworthy inventors of this or any other age. Among the foremost of the world's prolific patentees, he ranks with the leaders, no less than 302 patents having been issued to him by the United States Patent Office during a period of about forty years. While this remarkable productiveness of one mind is a wonderful record in itself, the man's activity as an inventor becomes unique when the versatility of his creative genius is taken into consideration.

The invention of the air brake, one of his earliest achievements, and the one which gave him his greatest fame and fortune, is one of the most remarkable creations of mechanical ingenuity, and it is impossible to estimate its value. As a factor in the development of the railroad business it stands paramount, inasmuch as its introduction brought about a reali-

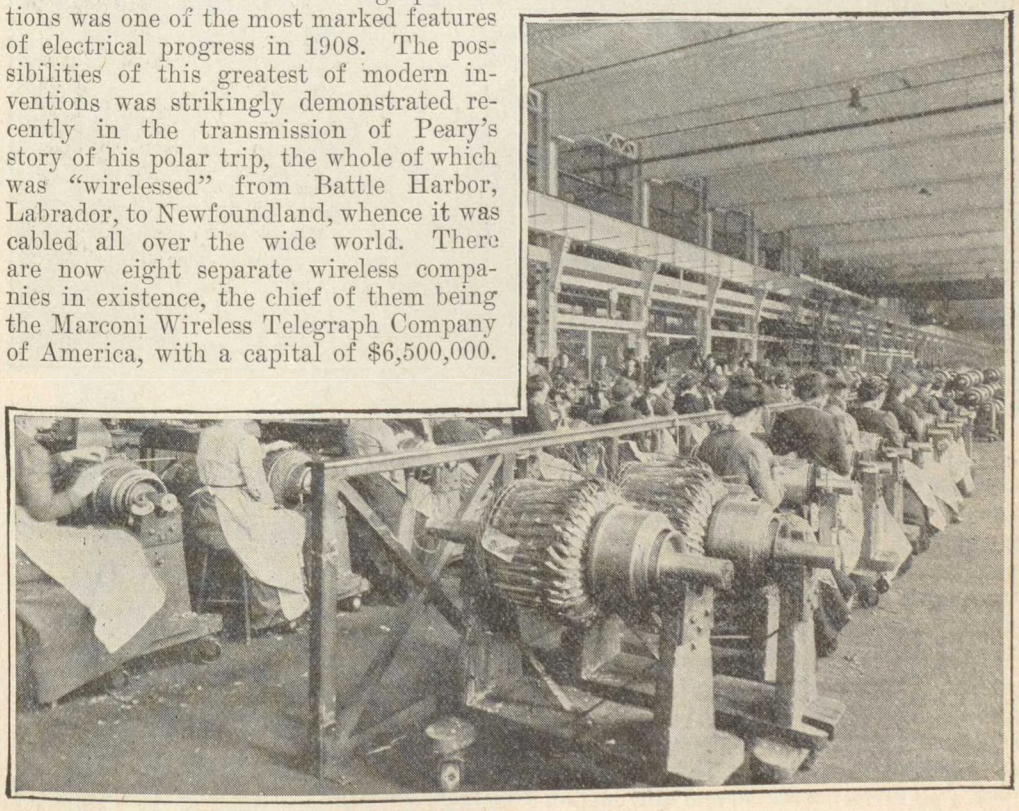


In the Westinghouse Plant at Pittsburg

zation of speed and safety previously undreamed of. As a safeguard to human life and property, its application to the railroad means the saving of incalculable millions. Viewing the air brake simply from the point of a mechanical accomplishment, it is unique in so far as George Westinghouse conceived its origin, worked it out in its entirety of details, and it has never been supplanted by any other device. It stands, even to-day, forty years after its birth, an unrivaled tribute to his creative genius. In spite of his sixty-odd years Mr. Westinghouse is still making frequent applications for patents. He is the president of thirty corporations, the aggregate capital of which is $120,000,000, and employing about 50,000 workmen.

The Patent Office is something of an indication of the trend of the times. There were granted last year two hundred and eighty patents on electro-chemical subjects, and over forty on electric furnaces, in the United States alone. The increase in the number of wireless telegraph stations was one of the most marked features of electrical progress in 1908. The possibilities of this greatest of modern inventions was strikingly demonstrated recently in the transmission of Peary's story of his polar trip, the whole of which was "wirelessed" from Battle Harbor, Labrador, to Newfoundland, whence it was cabled all over the wide world. There are now eight separate wireless companies in existence, the chief of them being the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, with a capital of $6,500,000.

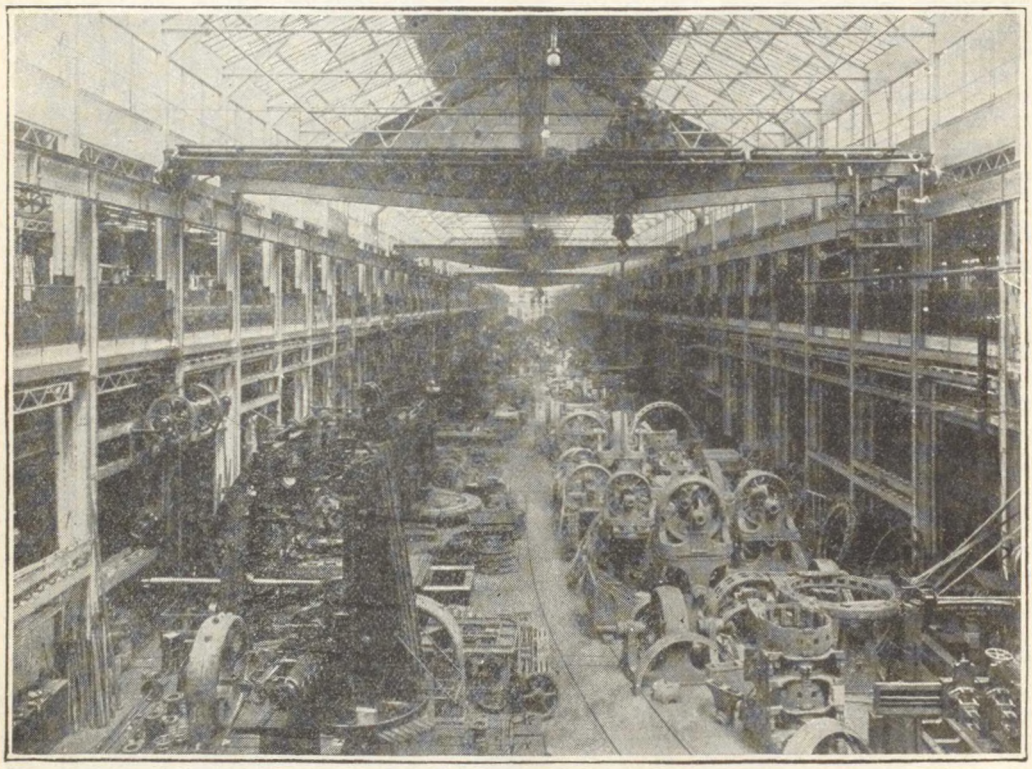
Robert Fulton



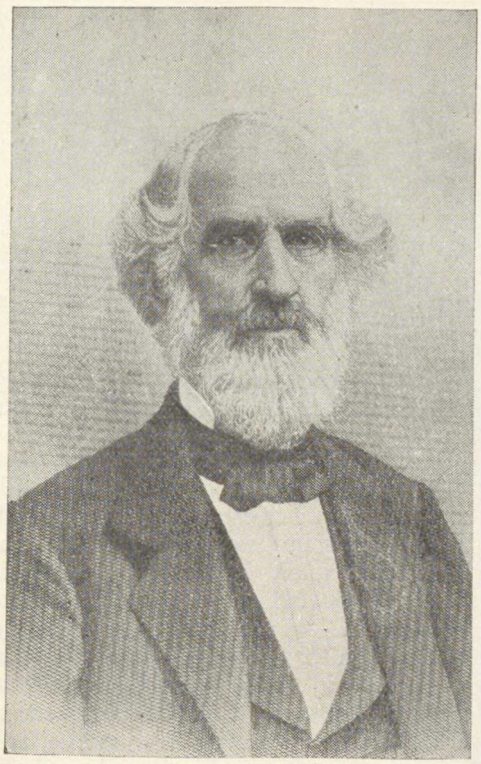
Westinghouse Works

William Marconi conceived the idea of utilizing Hertz's electric waves as a medium of communication in 1894. He was then only twenty years old. In 1896, when radiography was an accomplished fact, Marconi went to England and successfully concluded his experiments. He returned to Italy loaded down with honors from governments and the scientific academies of almost every nation. Now there are hundreds of vessels on the sea equipped with the Marconi and other systems, the oceans being charted into squares so that each ship is constantly in range from land and from other ships and thus can very readily be located and rung up at any time. The wireless man at a dreary station in the wilderness can hear the pulse of the universe beat better than if he were in New York or Chicago, and you or I can nowadays sit comfortably in the smoking room of an ocean greyhound a thousand or so miles from land and chat to our wives in New York or London. The equipment of giant liners with the wireless has, in fact, killed the mystery and loneliness of the deep.

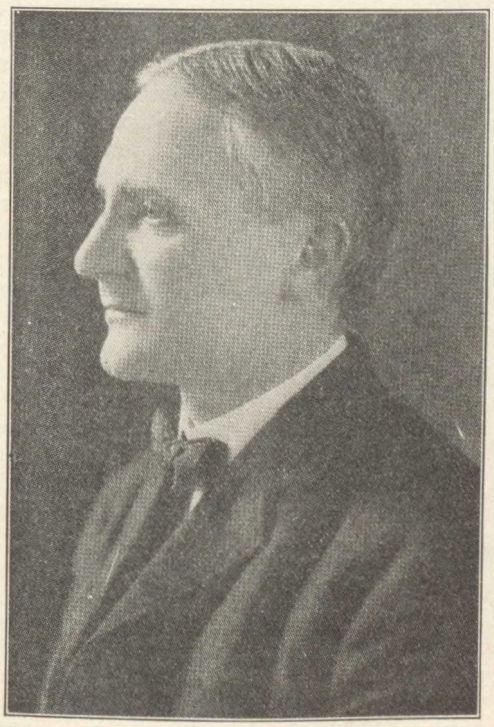
As a life saver the wireless instrument has already rendered priceless service to humanity. It will be remembered that when the Republic was wrecked last January it was Jack Binns, the wireless operator, who saved the lives of the crew and passengers by sending his "C. Q. D." messages out over the stormy seas. Today there is a chain of wireless stations from Belle Isle to Labrador, their duty being to advise boats of icebergs and weather conditions, so enabling them to steer a safe course. Thus a country subject to violent storms and the blowing down of wires is now covered by wireless. Last year wireless apparatus was installed at Nome, and at Fort Gilbert, Alaska, by the United States Army Signal officers, and wireless communication was established between San Francisco and Hawaii, a distance of over two thousand miles. The Glace Bay, N. S., Marconi station is averaging between five and six



Westinghouse Works



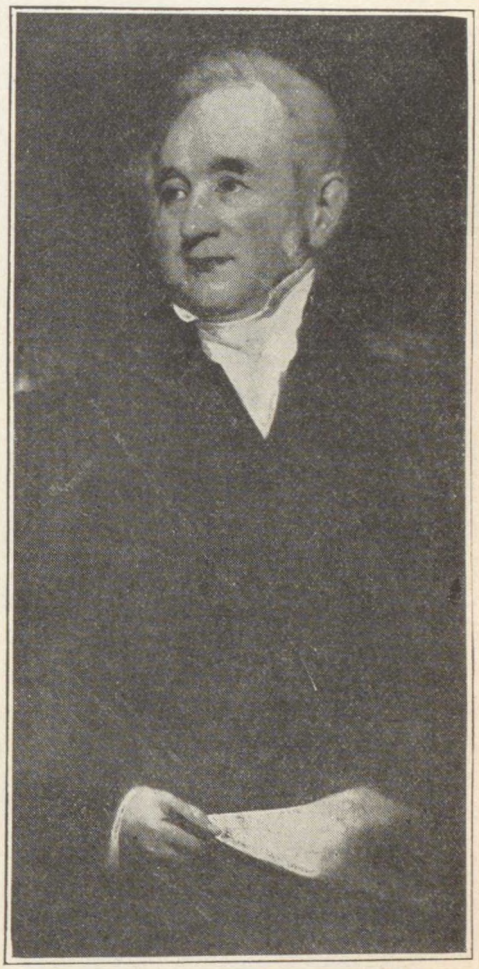
Thaddeus Fairbanks



George Eastman

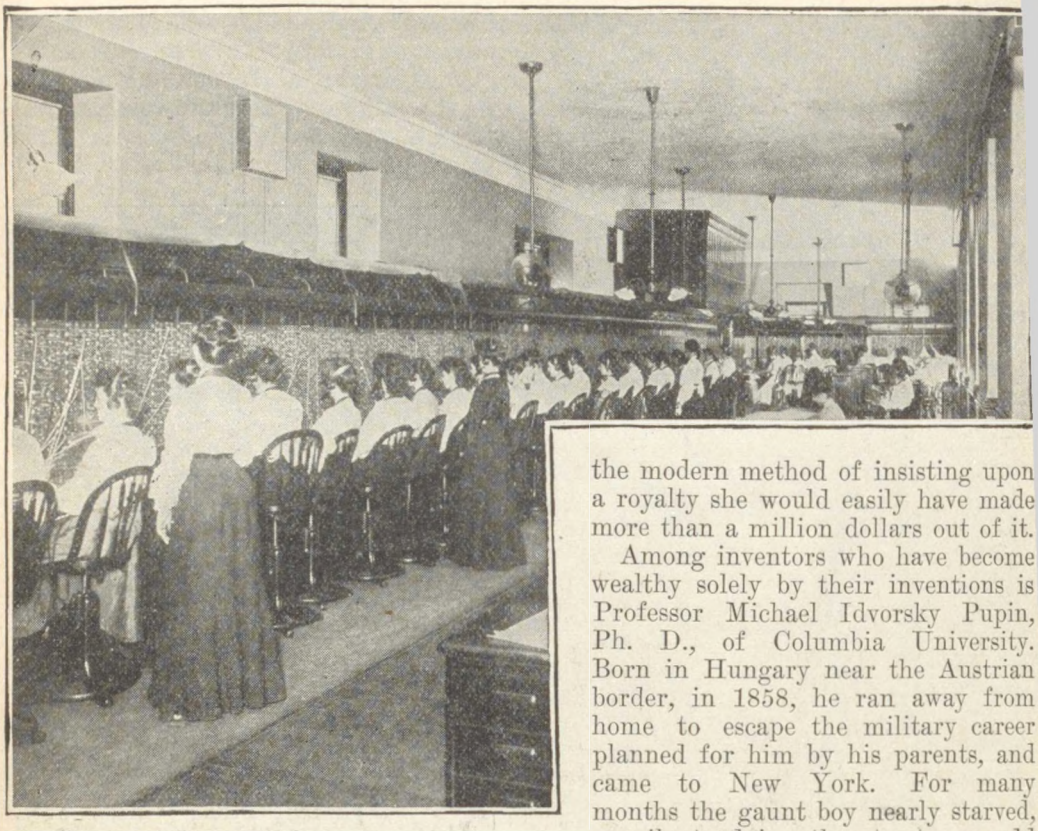
thousand words a day, which shows the wonderful growth of this newest industry.

More striking than anything else during the past year was the advance in aerial navigation, a field of science in which Americans lead the world to-day. Orville



George Stephenson,
Inventor of the first railroad engine and who built the first railroad

Wright has remained aloft more than an hour on three different occasions at Fort Myer, Va., while Wilbur Wright has made a hundred miles in two hours and eighteen minutes. Orville has met the United States Government requirements by flying five miles and back in his aeroplane carrying a passenger at an estimated speed of forty-two miles an hour. For this achievement, made on July 30, 1909, he and his brother will be paid



A Corner of the Busy Cortland Street, New York, Telephone Exchange

thirty thousand dollars by the Government. Another American, Glenn H. Curtiss, won the International Cup at the Rheims races in August. There is no more richer field than this for the inventor of the future, for there are prizes offered by newspapers and scientific bodies in various parts of the world to the value of several million dollars waiting to be picked up by successful aeronauts.

There is no disputing the fact that many women are born inventors, for up to the present time they have taken out 6,500 patents, among them some of the greatest industrial value. Among the most important of these is the ice cream freezer which to-day is almost exactly the same as the original patent granted to Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson in 1843. She was the widow of a naval officer residing in Philadelphia. Her model is still one of the most highly-prized treasures of the Patent Office. Mrs. Johnson sold her invention for $1,500. If she had adopted the modern method of insisting upon a royalty she would easily have made more than a million dollars out of it.

Among inventors who have become wealthy solely by their inventions is Professor Michael Idvorsky Pupin, Ph. D., of Columbia University. Born in Hungary near the Austrian border, in 1858, he ran away from home to escape the military career planned for him by his parents, and came to New York. For many months the gaunt boy nearly starved, wearily trudging the streets, an odd job here and there serving to keep body and soul together. One day he halted in front of a Turkish bath. In the doorway was a benevolent-looking man, who happened to be its manager. Michael, hungry, tired and footsore, poured forth his woes and pleaded for a job. Half an hour later the young Magyar was installed as rubber and shampooer at the baths—a humble position which he held for three years.

And all that time Michael was burning with ambition to become a scientist. He confided one day in the Rev. Dr. Homer, rector of a fashionable Episcopalian church on Columbia Heights. Dr. Homer had many talks with the lad and finally, impressed by his earnestness, secured a scholarship for him at Adelphi Academy, the boy continuing his work at the baths in order to pay for his board and lodging. Pupin literally devoured his books and at the end of two years graduated with honors and captured almost every prize in sight. He saved his prize money and pinched and scraped until he could

afford to go to England, where he was awarded a post-graduate fellowship at Cambridge, and he later won the same honor at the University of Berlin.

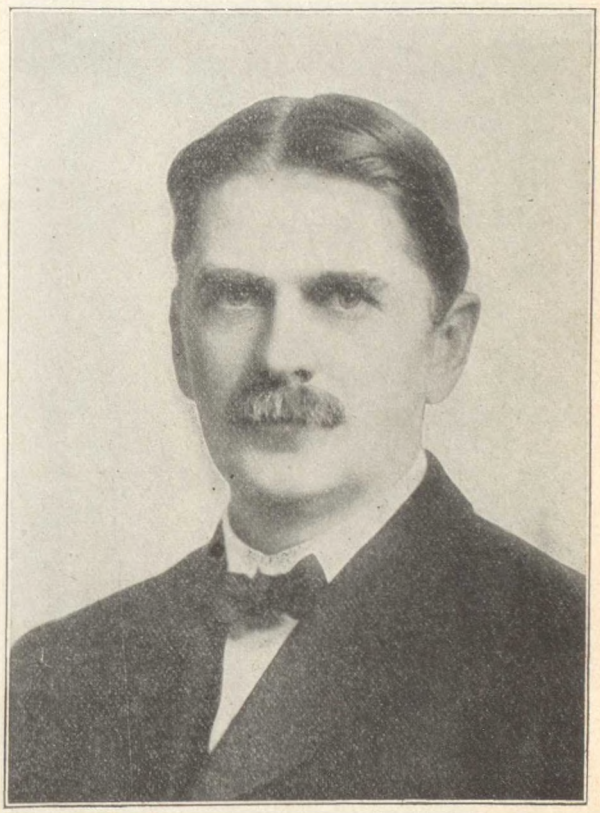
He returned to New York in 1889 with high honors and became instructor in mathematical physics in the department of electrical engineering at Columbia. He invented a system of relay coils which made ocean telephony possible. For this the Bell Telephone Company has paid him two hundred thousand dollars and an annual salary of $7,500 a year. More recently he won another great fortune by inventing a wireless telegraph instrument which the Marconi Company bought, paying, it is said, about two hundred thousand dollars.

When, a year or so ago, the One Hundred Captains of American Industry assembled to honor Prince Henry of Prussia, the man who a few years before had been working in a Turkish bath was one of the company.

Nikola Tesla, who was also born in 1858 on the borderland of Austro-Hungary, made a fortune by making the force of Niagara turn machines hundreds of miles away.

In all departments of everyday life large fortunes have been made by inventions which entered extensively into the requirements of the general public. The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils was invented by Hyman L. Lipman in 1858 and earned $100,000 for him. It was in the same year that George A. Mitchell got a patent for a metallic shoe tip, and from that time on every bootmaker selling shoes with copper toes had to pay a royalty which enriched the originator of the idea to the extent of two million dollars.

James L. Plympton, of Boston, the inventor of the roller skate, made $1,100,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. For years almost the entire trade in roller skates paid royalty on this invention, which was the first to cause the automatic steering of the skate by tilting sidewise to skew the roller. More than a million dollars has been earned by the gimlet-pointed screw, the inventor of which was so poor that he tramped on foot from Philadelphia to Washington to get his patent. The inventor of the common needle-threader earned $10,000 a year. Paul E. Wirt's fountain pen has made him rich. From

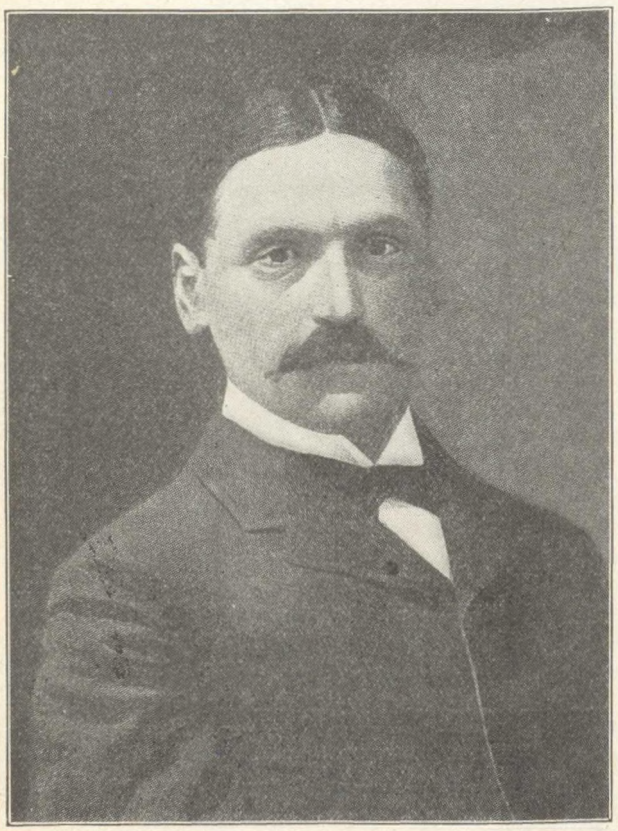


Charles Ezra Scribner,
Inventor of the telephone switchboard

all of which it is evident that wealth may come to a man from a single fortunate idea.

Francis J. Sprague is an inventor who has done more for the comfort of the masses and the wealth of the country than any other single man. He it was who made the trolley car possible, and the trolley car has played a greater part in the economical development of America than any other factor. In 1882, when 25 years old, he made a study of the

question of electrical traction, and finally evolved a rough motor. With this as a basis, he formed the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, on paper. Then he started on a search for a railway company that would give him a chance to try out his motor. He approached every street car man he knew or could locate, but no one would look at his invention. He went pluckily on improving his machine and finally found a sympathetic listener in A. E. Burt, the manager of the principal car system in Richmond, Va. After nearly talking himself hoarse, Mr. Sprague secured a contract to equip the line with forty electric cars, an electric station, poles and wires. Then began the hunt for capital, for Sprague had nothing more than a bunch of blue prints, a lot of rough, experimental parts and an abundance of nerve. But in May, 1887, he finally succeeded in forming a company.



Michal Idvorsky Pupin

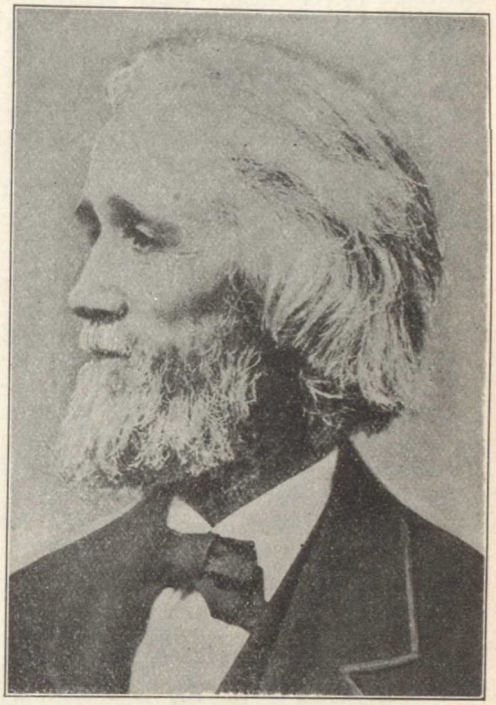
In January of the following year the trial run was made, and a new era in transportation was ushered in. The car moved out of the shed in a wabbly sort of way, started off at good pace, and promptly stuck in a curve. Mr. Sprague was the motorman. "I'll get out of this curve," he said, gritting his teeth, "if I wreck the whole machine," and with that he jammed the handle until the motor fairly sang. The car gave a jerk and in a second had cleared the curve and was speeding up the road. A tremendous mob had gathered while the car stuck and enlivened the proceedings with derisive jeers. When it started up again suddenly a number of people were nearly bowled over, but quickly recovered themselves, the whole crowd running excitedly after the flying vehicle. The car halted after awhile and Mr. Sprague permitted the curious mob to swarm over the car. When he came to start up again, Mr. Sprague found to his dismay that it would not budge. The armature was burned out through over-exertion in climbing a small hill, and had to be hauled back to the barn by four husky mules.

But by May 4 all difficulties had been overcome and the entire road was operated by electricity. To-day the electric railroad industry embraces 38,812 miles of track operated under the ownership of 1,238 separate companies, whose total capitalization amounts to the enormous sum of $4,123,834,598. These companies earned over $425,000,000 in profits in 1907.

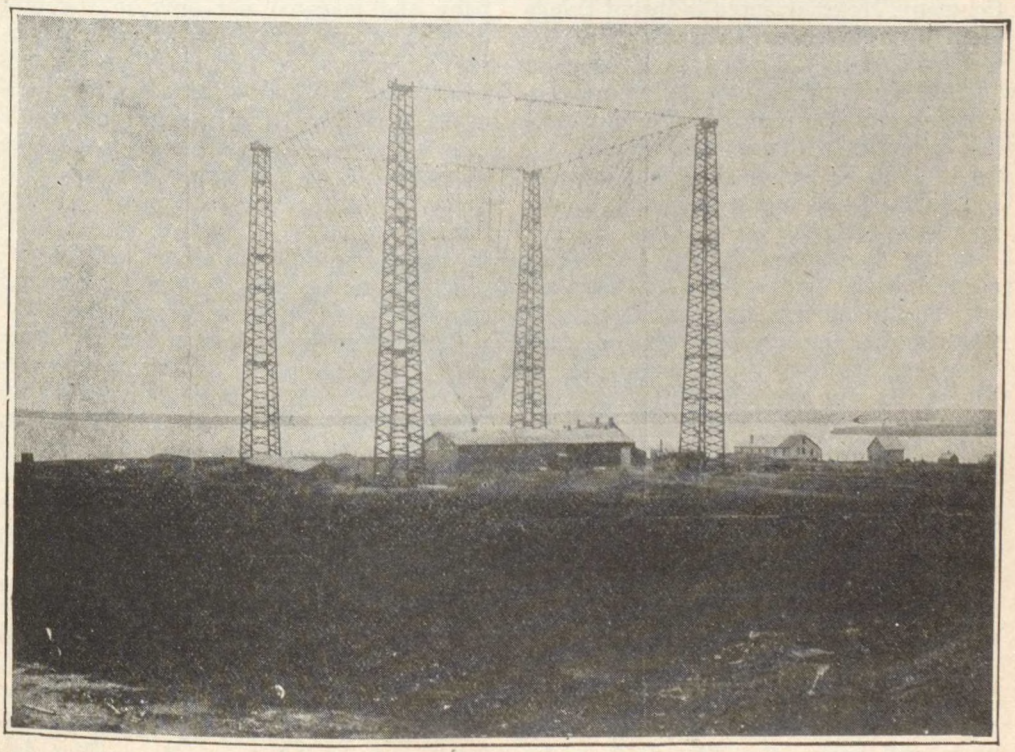
Few persons are aware of the earning capacity of the sleeping cars invented by George M. Pullman. Take, for instance, the run from New York to Chicago of one thousand miles. Every road in the United States pays three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a Pullman and contracts to return the car in as good shape as it is received and to pay for all damages. The journey on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in twenty-four hours; therefore, the car earns $30 a day

for travel. If it is full, which is generally the case, the receipts from berths, sections and staterooms amount to $185, making a total revenue of $215 a day. Out of this amount come the wages of the porter and conductor—the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, ice, etc., the whole amounting to but a small sum. Then there is the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refittings and repainting. Set these charges down at 10 per cent and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each; we have earnings at over $30,000 annually. Some cars earn a great deal more.

In all the history of invention there is nothing more romantic than the promotion of the Atlantic cable. In the early 50's Cyrus W. Field conceived the idea that it would be possible to construct a wire cable with an interior rind of some perfectly insulating material, enclosing a copper wire which could be deposited on the bed of the ocean and used for the transmission of intelligible signals from



C. Latham Sholes,
Inventor of the typewriter



Marconi Wireless Station at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia

continent to continent. When Mr. Field laid his plans before prominent New York capitalists, they dismissed it as sheer madness. But Field had thoroughly mastered his subject and stuck manfully to it until a small company, including Peter Cooper and Robert Minturn, was formed.

After a few messages had been flashed back and forth some defect put the cable out of business, but the supporters of Mr. Field had seen enough to convince them of the wonderful possibilities, and improvements in the sounding and receiving apparatus were soon devised. At the present time there are 203,052 miles of submarine cables in operation. To mention only one company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, with a capital stock of $97,000,000, has made an annual profit of over seven million dollars during the past ten years, while the Commercial Cable Company has a capital of $25,000,000.

No review of the great inventors of the past fifty years would be complete without brief mention of the extraordinary activity of Charles Ezra Scribner, now chief engineer of the Western Electric Company. He commenced to invent things when first he became an employee of the Gold & Stock Telephone Company in 1876. He was then a boy of eighteen. Today he holds the record as the most prolific inventor in the art of telephony, for up to 1906 he had filed applications for five hundred and twenty-five patents, most of which pertained to electrical science, covering dynamos and their accessories, electric lights and systems of telephone switchboard circuits, instrument circuits, line circuits, and telephone apparatus. Of these applications, three hundred and ninety-six have been allowed. There has never been anything sensational about any of Mr. Scribner's inventions. They were always practical solutions to vexing problems. Their great number is accounted for by the tremendous development and extension of telephone plants throughout the world. Through the genius of this man the multiple switchboard has been created in all its marvelous and intricate details. The results of his labor can be found in every part of the civilized world. Although it is impossible to give any figures, it is well known that Mr. Scribner has made several fortunes from his inventions, and he is in receipt of a salary and royalties amounting in the aggregate to a sum in excess of the salary paid to President Taft.

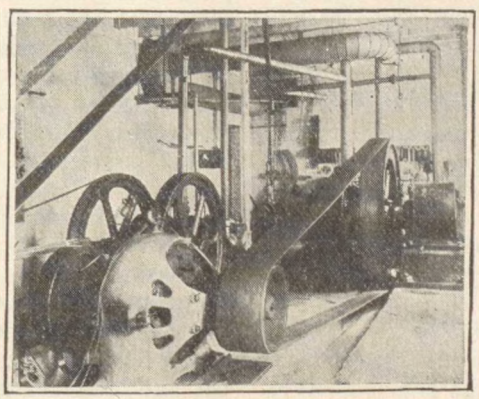
No other of the inventions of the past half century is at once so beautiful, so precious, so popular and so appreciated as photography. It is exercising a beneficial influence over the social sentiments, the arts and the sciences of the whole world. It has made pictorial art by sending the painter to the truths of nature; it has reproduced his works with marvelous fidelity. It has set before the multitude the finest works of the sculptor and is lending invaluable aid to almost every branch of science. The man who has done more than anyone else to popularize the camera is George Eastman, the inventor of the kodak.

While an amateur photographer he perfected a process for making dry plates, and leaving the bank where he was employed he began to manufacture them on a small scale. He soon realized that he had an invention of value, and in 1881 organized the Eastman Dry Plate Company and engaged not only in the production of dry plates but of other photographic apparatus. The roll film, the film holder and the kodak came one after another, and there finally grew into existence a group of industries devoted to the manufacture of Eastman specialties. The kodak was the greatest hit of all and the company formed to produce it was capitalized at five million dollars, while a subsidiary company was formed in England with a capital of one million dollars.

It is not generally known that Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the American who acquired international fame through his invention of the gun which bears his name, devoted the greater part of his time to the invention of farming implements. As a barefooted lad following the plow among his native North Carolina hills, his busy brain evolved an invention for sowing cotton seed and, later, one for thinning cotton plants. Then he conceived the idea of the screw propeller now in universal use on steamships, and this was quickly followed by a rice-sowing machine and one for sowing wheat, the latter invention realizing half a million dol-

lars. Last of all came the gun and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gatling made less money out of this deadly weapon than from his industrial inventions because of the continual alterations in guns made by the various foreign nations, which necessitated the continuous scrapping of old patterns. At one time Mr. Gatling was compelled to put on the scrap heap costly machinery worth over a million dollars on account of an alteration in Government firearms.

It is hardly probable that C. Latham Sholes, of Milwaukee, ever dreamed even in his most sanguine moments of the rapidity with which his invention of the writing machine would be adopted by the civilized world. While many patents have been granted in Europe for writing machines, the real history of the typewriter belongs to the United States. It was in this country that the first practical typewriter was made, and from the very beginning the superiority of the American machine has been universally recognized. In 1868 Mr. Sholes was granted a patent on a machine which was a great improvement on the primitive attempts hitherto made. The inventor continued to make improvements and succeeded in bringing it to a state of practical usefulness, crude though it was when compared with the finished typewriters of the present day. James Densmore became interested in the Sholes patents; he made a contract with E. Remington & Sons, gun manufacturers of Ilion, New York, for the manufacture of typewriters on a large scale, and the improved machine has ever since been called the Remington. It was not until 1874 that the typewriter was placed on the market for general sale. Like many other inventions which have grown to be considered indispensable, the typewriter was received by the public with scepticism. The first machine wrote only with capital letters and was otherwise imperfect. During the first few years the people were not merely indifferent; they were positively antagonistic. Then the legal profession discovered the usefulness of the typewriter in making clean records and the large business houses quickly followed. Since that time the rise of the typewriter has been remarkable. It has received the unqualified approval of the commercial and professional worlds and has been adopted by every civilized government. The typewriter has, in fact, become one of the indispensable appurtenances of civilization. It is carried by explorers into the recesses of the darkest continent. It follows armies on the march and is carried by America's ironclads. It has accompanied every polar expedition and is even used by savage potentates. In 1907 the value of the typewriters exported from the United States was $6,664,164, the capital invested in the industry being $16,641,892.



Engine and Dynamo Which Generates the Power to Send Wireless Messages at South Wellsfleet, Mass.

THE NEW THOUGHT

What It Is—What It Has Done—What It Has Failed To Do and Why

By CHRISTIAN D. LARSON

(SECOND ARTICLE)

AFTER reading the first article in this series, many may have come to the conclusion that there was too strong a tendency to find fault with New Thought and some of its leaders. But this, however, was not intentional. In fact, those who found too much criticism in that article do not discern the real spirit and purpose of this series.

In writing this series there is no desire whatever to criticise or find fault with anything or anybody, but simply to state the facts as they come up in connection with this remarkable and promising movement.

It was stated in the first article that the new thought movement had been given one of the greatest opportunities of history, but that this opportunity had not been taken advantage of. We know this to be true and therefore we want to know the reason why. We want to know exactly what is wrong with the new thought and with those men and women whose work it is to proclaim the message of emancipation. We believe that this message should be proclaimed far and wide, and if there are any obstacles to its universal promulgation, we want to know what they are, that we may proceed at once to remove them.

However we may view the subject, we must admit that the fundamental principles of new thought contain a remedy that can heal the world's ills, and if there is anything that prevents that remedy from being placed in the hands of everybody, we want to know what it is, so that we may clear the way instantly.

Realizing the extreme value of the fundamental principles of genuine new thought, it is highly important that we remove every obstacle that may be in the way of its progress, and try to find the best methods through which the progress of those principles may be promoted as rapidly as possible, and on the largest scale possible.

Those who understand genuine new thought know that its principles can emancipate the race, and no matter where those principles originally came from they contain the secret for which we have sought far and wide. For this reason no circumstance or person must stand in the way of the progress of the new thought movement. But the new thought movement is not progressing as it should; in fact, it is failing utterly to carry out its great mission, and it is the purpose of this series to find, if possible, the cause of this failure; though in working out this purpose, it may be necessary to present some facts that are not pleasant.

However, in order to get at the truth, it is necessary to present the whole truth, regardless of how those may feel who think their efforts have been misconstrued or not appreciated.

The Principal Cause of Failure

There are many reasons why the new thought has failed with its great mission, but one of the principal of these is found in the fact that the occult and the psychical has been given too much attention. Any system of thought will begin to degenerate the moment the seeking of signs becomes a leading factor; and in popular

new thought the craving for mysterious phenomena has been very strong from the beginning.

It was declared many centuries ago, by one who knew, that an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; but things have not changed in that respect since then. The same holds true in this age and will hold true in every age. The minds of those who are more anxious for signs than for the truth itself are perverted. And the converse is also true for the same reason. When any mind begins to yearn for phenomena and begins to devote special attention to the occult, the beginning of retrogression in that mind is at hand. To those who understand the new psychology, the reason for this is simple. Further comment therefore will not be necessary.

Popular new thought has given attention to many fields of the occult and has tried to produce strange phenomena in various ways, but the field that is entered more extensively than any other is that of telepathy. A great many experiments in telepathy have been carried on, and still are carried on, in popular new thought circles. Most of these experiments are carried on promiscuously, and ninety-nine per cent of those who participate have no idea of what they are doing; that serious mental injury must follow in the minds of them all is too evident to need any elucidation whatever.

That telepathy is a fact we all know. There is sufficient evidence at hand to prove it. But promiscuous and wholesale experiments in telepathy, with all sorts of people taking part, is a blunder that cannot be condemned in too strong a language. And yet people who claim to be intelligent, and who claim to have the welfare of the people at heart, are conducting promiscuous experiments of this kind on a large scale.

That such people are, of necessity, most serious obstacles to the progress and welfare of genuine new thought, everybody can see the very moment their attention is called to these facts.

Would you care to live daily in the midst of all kinds of diseases and impurities on the physical plane for the mere sake of the "experience?" You certainly would not if you were in your right mind. You would go and help to remove those conditions if you knew you had the power, but you would not "enter into" the impurity; you would not go and "live" in the disease, because, by so doing, you would defeat your own purpose.

However, those who experiment promiscuously with telepathy are entering into every mental and moral condition in the mental world today, be its conditions good or otherwise. They go and live in the very atmosphere of discord, ignorance, mental darkness, moral perversion, and, in fact, every condition, even the lowest that exists in the world. They do this, first, because they are carried away with the fascination of occult phenomena; and second, because they do not know that they are harming themselves, and everybody else concerned, by taking part in such a pernicious practice.

When anyone begins to experiment promiscuously with the occult, his imagination becomes very active and, as a rule, becomes uncontrollable. The result is that he undermines everything that is wholesome in his nature and misdirects nearly every force that is active in his mentality. During such an experience, every mental expression is exaggerated and every idea and thought that comes into the mind is imagined to be some great fact connected with the phenomena. In consequence, some of the most colossal illusions that an uncontrolled imagination can bring up in the mind are accepted as gospel truth.

Occultism Means Illusion

When the mind, while in this condition, feels something out of the ordinary, it jumps to the conclusion that it is beginning to detect vibrations from other minds. Later when those same experiences come up, the same conclusion is drawn; and thus originates the illusion that we can be, and that we are, in-

fluenced by other minds whenever such minds may desire to exercise such an influence.

Whenever the mind acts in the occult, ninety-nine per cent of the ideas that are met are illusions produced by a misdirected and exaggerated imagination. But these illusions are, as a rule, accepted as facts, and mental conditions are formed to correspond with those supposed facts. The result is that the mind is literally crammed with false conditions.

When the imagination becomes more or less uncontrollable, mental disease invariably follows. When any mental experience is exaggerated by such a state of imagination, the mind does not function properly. When the mind does not function properly there is mental disease and the mind never functions properly when it is acting in the occult field.

The imagination must be constructive if the mind is to be wholesome. But the imagination immediately becomes perverted and mixed and distorted the moment attention is directed toward the occult. The reason is that the occult is foundationless. To tamper with the occult is to grope in the dark, and mental darkness always produces mental disease. When you are living in the occult, your light is darkness; and how great is that darkness.

Look upon the faces of those who "play" with the occult. That tells the story. Look at any audience where an interest in occult phenomena predominates. You will see the mark of retrogression and degeneracy in nearly every face. This fact, however, is no new discovery. Those who knew the truth, no matter in what age they appeared, invariably declared that nothing but harm could come to those who indulged in occult practices or who yearn for mysterious signs.

But people will seek the occult on the mental plane for the same reason that they seek intoxication and dissipation on the physical plane; and abnormal desires constitute the cause in every case. To remove dissipation, physical or mental, it is therefore necessary to remove the cause of abnormal desire, and all abnormal desire originates where proper nourishment, physical or mental, is not supplied.

The man who is properly nourished physically has no desire for liquor or physical dissipation of any kind. Likewise, the man who is properly nourished mentally and spiritually has no desire for the occult, the phenomenal, or the mysterious. A desire for dissipation on the physical or the mental planes can come only from unwholesome food, or a lack of food, on either plane.

The remedy therefore is simple. The man who is fully nourished mentally and spiritually will not care any more for the occult or the phenomenal than the clean, well nourished physical man will care for loathsome dissipation. He will care nothing for phenomena out of the ordinary because the richness of his daily life not only supplies every desire in his system, but supplies that desire in a wholesome manner. He will care nothing for strange signs because he is constantly in the presence of the greatest sign in the universe—the manifestation of a living, satisfying truth in himself. He will not care to witness the "appearance" when he is constantly living in the understanding of the real thing itself. He will not care for the counterfeit so long as he has abundance of the genuine. He will not require miracles to demonstrate the truth, because his whole life is daily demonstrating the truth to his complete satisfaction.

Who Is To Blame?

During the past century, the demand for the occult and the out of the ordinary has been very great. But who is to blame? The organized orthodox church is to blame, and no one else. When the race continues for a considerable length of time to be spiritually starved, there will be a wild break made for the unseen; but such an effort to satisfy the longing of the soul will result in nothing but moral confusion and mental discord.

When life becomes commonplace the

mind will soon begin to demand the extraordinary, and literally "break loose" in order to find it. But there is only one way to prevent life from becoming commonplace and that is to minister constantly to the soul's perpetual demand for all that is beautiful and lofty and ideal in the spiritual life.

When that institution, however, whose mission it is to minister to the life of the soul fails to carry out its mission, life must become commonplace. The soul is starved; and as we all know, when starvation reaches the limit of endurance, neither law nor precedent will hold any longer against man's determined desire to satisfy that aching void that has become unendurable.

When we ignore the laws of mind and soul in our efforts to supply the needs of our spiritual nature, we will approach the finer things in life through violence or helter-skelter methods. The result is that we do not find what we want. On the contrary, we find only that bundle of occult illusions that we ourselves have created through our own violation of the spiritual law.

We understand, therefore, that to enter the occult is not to enter something that has real existence. To enter the occult is simply to place in action confused mental processes; and therefore all occult experiences must of necessity be illusions from beginning to end. Such experiences do not come from the use of mental and spiritual laws, but from the abuse of these laws. That they cannot be otherwise but thoroughly unwholesome and detrimental, must therefore be evident to all who have the power of reason.

If religious institutions taught real spirituality instead of dogma, this "mental scramble" for something different would never take place anywhere; but so long as dogma has the first place and spirituality practically no place at all in religious movements, a "wild break" for the occult and the unseen will take place periodically. And we have been in the midst of such a period during the past seventy-five years. The end, however, is not yet; though the sooner it comes the better.

That the new thought movement should have become entangled with all those occult sects that have sprung up in modern times, was unfortunate, as that was the direct cause of its downfall. True, genuine new thought has never had any connection whatever with this wild scramble for signs and phenomena; but, as previously stated, genuine new thought has, for the time being, been almost entirely snowed under, so to speak, by the notoriety of popular new thought. The latter, however, has fallen, as was natural, and the new day for genuine new thought is near at hand.

Why popular new thought became mixed with every form and shade of the occult, is due to the fact that the leaders of new thought imagined they were broad and liberal when they invited every bundle of illusions in their midst to come in and help promote the truth. They could not wait for the gradual development of the genuine, as the demand for the extraordinary and for "everything new" was too great among the starving populace. And trying to satisfy the abnormal desires of the popular mind with methods that would insure gratification in the least time possible, a great mistake was made. They tried to satisfy abnormal desires for the occult by producing phenomena and by encouraging experiences in phenomena. The true course would have been to entirely remove the cause of those abnormal desires instead of trying to satisfy them; and the cause of those desires could have been removed by the continuous supply of pure, spiritual truth.

Demand for Mental Dissipation

There are many in the new thought who will try to contradict these statements by declaring that new thought does not seek after signs; but the fact that it does is too evident. When you begin to speak to the average new thoughter about some phenomena, you at once arouse his

attention. In fact, it is the very simplest and best way to attract his undivided attention. This indicates that there is a deep-seated desire in his mind for the occult. In other words, his nature demands mental dissipation, and therefore must necessarily be more or less influenced by abnormal desires.

It is the deep-seated desires that rule the mind and the process of thought, and even life itself. If you are more interested in a call to witness signs than you are in an invitation to partake of a feast of pure spiritual truth, the deepest desires of your mind are abnormal, because it is only abnormal desires that demand signs; and if the deepest desires of your mind are abnormal, your life and your thought cannot be wholesome. You are living more or less in illusions and mental and physical diseases are liable to follow at any time. Though that is not all.

When your desires are abnormal and a large number of your mental conditions mere illusions you cannot make the best of your life; and the very success that you may be trying to secure through occult means will not be forthcoming; nor will you gain real happiness, because happiness can come only where the mind is clean and wholesome. But no mind engaged in occult practices of any sort can possibly be clean and wholesome.

At the present time we have orthodox materialism on the one hand and degenerated occultism on the other. It is no wonder, therefore, that the mental and spiritual life of today is in utter confusion, and, in many instances, in utter darkness. The majority are constantly and anxiously asking what will be the result of it all; and well may they ask.

The multitude is spiritually starved and that starvation is gradually approaching a point where it cannot be endured any longer. When that time comes something will happen; something must happen.

The logical result would be another wild scramble for the occult, a search for signs on a larger scale than has ever been witnessed before; but such a culmination of events must be prevented if possible, and it can be without much effort.

New thought had the opportunity to feed the multitudes a quarter of a century ago, but in its anxiety to do so, it lost its head. The result is that the multitudes were not fed, while those few who had a taste of the genuine spiritual food were drawn into the occult and mysterious, and are now more at sea than they ever were before.

A few here and there are trying to resurrect popular new thought, but their efforts can meet with nothing but failure. Genuine new thought, however, is still in our midst, calmly waiting for great souls to proclaim its wonderful message and carry on its work of emancipation. The same opportunity that existed before is here again today and is larger, as well as richer with possibilities, than it was in the past. The question is, will those who see this opportunity take advantage of it, or will they once more be found wanting?

Among the various so-called liberal sects, we find two distinct tendencies. A considerable group is still showing a strong tendency towards the phenomenal, while another group is moving steadily towards organized death. In this latter group we find beautiful temples and a large membership roll, but no spiritual power. In most of those organizations enthusiam is on the wane, and they are fast becoming purely mechanical both in thought and service. But whenever any system of thought crystallizes into a mere mechanical organization, its spiritual power, as well as its vital force, disappears. The soul takes flight and the shell alone remains.

Flowers of Truth Smothered

There are indications here and there that the orthodox church is trying to incorporate spiritual truth, the healing of the sick, physical and mental, and the carrying out of emancipating work along other lines; but those indications are not very promising. Where the average orthodox church proclaims one statement of

spiritual truth, it proclaims ten dogmas to contradict it. In consequence, those flowers of truth that they have recently undertaken to nourish are smothered to death before they become strong enough to hold their own.

The orthodox church is entirely too slow in providing for the spiritual needs of the race. It is too anxious to maintain its old established order as well as its cherished creeds and ceremonies, to go out of the way of "sound doctrine" to feed the multitudes with the bread of life. That the present confused state in the mental and spiritual world will be transformed into peace and harmony by the established church is therefore a possibility that does not seem to contain the slightest probability.

But in the meantime what of the souls in starvation? Say what we will, believe what we will, man needs religion; and by religion, we mean that inner something that nourishes the spiritual life. His very existence demands it. He must have spiritual food or his life will become unbalanced. When he is not properly nourished spiritually, abnormal desires will arise in his mental system, and he will seek to drown those desires in mental dissipation of some sort. He will follow strange gods, unreasonable beliefs and undreamed-of illusions. His system will be on fire with strange appetites of all sorts, and the many ills in life will inevitably follow.

It is a fact easily demonstrated, that the sins and the ills of the world are due principally to spiritual and mental starvation. The world is full of evidence to prove this fact. Every age has literally teemed with such evidence. Then why do we not wake up to the fact and act accordingly? The established church will hardly be among those to awaken. The indications in that direction are anything but promising.

True, there are attempts in that direction here and there, but at the rate those attempts are progressing, it will require the orthodox church a century or more to come to a point where it can actually satisfy the souls of men; and what is to happen in the meantime? Must we continue to war with the ills of life, the majority of which come directly from spiritual starvation, when the churches, who have the power to supply the bread, actually refuse to do it?

A New Religion at Hand

Everything indicates that a new religion is at hand—in fact everything indicates that it must come. It is becoming a crying need and the demand for it is becoming stronger and more distressing every day.

What this new religion is to be remains to be seen, but the fact is that genuine new thought contains all the essentials for such a religion. The new thought, when emancipated from all the chaff that passes under that name, will be found to solve the problem. It contains the very principles and truths from which the bread of life can be produced. It contains the very principles that can feed the soul, emancipate the mind and give health and wholesomeness to the body. It contains everything that is necessary to make life what we wish it to be.

The coming religion, therefore, may be the resurrection of genuine new thought, possibly under some other name; or it may be some new system based upon those principles that are inherent in the purity of genuine new thought.

If genuine new thought is to be resurrected, however, we shall require men and women to carry on its great work that will be equal to that extraordinary occasion; but such men and women must be constructed differently from those who yearn for leadership. There are several prominent personalities in the new thought field today who long to become the leaders of what they choose to call a revival of new thought; but we must remember in the beginning that any man who is actually big enough for leadership will never boast of that fact, nor will he make any personal effort, directly or indirectly, to be elected to such a position.

A man who is big enough for leadership does not care to become a leader, though he will naturally gravitate towards that position as he finds that such a step will be necessary to the promotion of his work.

The great soul will not try to place himself in personal charge of some organization. If he has a message, he will deliver it in the best way that he can. And he will also try to deliver that message in clean language, giving clothing to his words that are worthy of the words themselves; but this is something that too many prominent new thoughters fail to do. And he will aim to serve wherever he realizes that his services will reach the greatest good in the best way. But he will never try to push himself to the front. He will not seek to gain a "personal" following. He will only seek to do his work well, and he will go wherever his work can be carried on to the greatest advantage. His thought will be, not glory, but usefulness.

When a new movement is being launched, everybody should remember that those who covet the high places are invariably unfit for such places, while those who are too noble to yearn for place, position and honor, will finally be required to occupy those highest positions, because they alone are fit.

What New Thought Needs

What genuine new thought needs today is men and women whose souls are aflame with the fire of truth, but who are too noble in character to seek positions of prominence until the multitude so demands, and then they will occupy those positions not on account of the honor, but on account of the greater opportunity for usefulness that such positions will provide.

Another need in genuine new thought is complete separation from popular new thought; and this means the complete elimination of everything that savors of the occult, as well as those half-truths and illusions that have come directly or indirectly through the use of the mind in producing phenomena.

In addition to experiments in telepathy, popular new thought has carried out other practices that have been equally injurious to the cause. One of these was the formation of success circles. The purpose of those circles was fundamentally to act upon the idea that you can draw success to yourself by the use of certain mysterious forces of the mind. And to act upon such an idea is to cause the mind to give expression to an occult process.

The result is that those faculties of the mind that have the power to produce success are disturbed and undermined by confused mental action. All faculties are undermined when turned to occult use, and all mental energies, through the same practices, are misdirected.

That these success circles should be valueless on the one hand and decidedly detrimental to the progress of new thought on the other, is therefore evident.

Every success circle has had occultism as its foundation and all its practices have been occult; in other words, confused and degenerative. But those circles have practically gone out of existence, as was expected. They were in themselves failures, resulting in nothing but failure to those who took part.

In this connection, we should remember that success comes in quite a different manner. Train your faculties to work successfully and you will become successful. Do good work, improve everything in your nature. And by acting upon yourself according to the laws of constructive thinking, you will improve everything in your nature. Your faculties will work successfully in proportion to your intelligent control of those faculties and your intelligent direction of all mental efforts towards the goal you have in view.

But neither intelligent control nor direction of your faculties is possible so long as your mind is acting mysteriously upon something in the exterior. You cannot make yourself competent so long

as you are throwing your force to the winds, and every effort to draw success to yourself by throwing your mental forces out into the universe is throwing those forces to the wind. It is a practice that is not only valueless, but detrimental in every sense of the word.

Some years ago a beautiful poem was written, the keynote of which was, "My Own Shall Come to Me," and popular new thought immediately made an effort to make this "own" come through the power of the mind, thrown out into the universe, in the hope that it might find and attract the thing desired. Another occult practice; and that everybody who tried to bring his own to himself through this practice should fail was to be expected.

Your own will not come in that way. You cannot draw things to yourself by throwing out mental forces and "roping things in" just as the cattle men on the ranges use their lassos in laying hold of the animals they wish to gain possession of.

Become worthy of your own and your own will come. That is the secret. In brief, be true to all that is in you and make the best of all that is in you. Live in the real as you dream in the ideal, and your life will become so worthy that everything that belongs in your world will want to come and live in your world.

There are many new thoughters who think that they will get what they want by holding out a strong thought for it; but it is the same occult practice, useless and detrimental. It is sending out hidden forces in quest for the things desired, and trying to compel what is desired to come through the power of that forceful method. But what is such use of mental force but a waste of energy, and the cause of a total failure to get what is desired?

Unfortunate But True

Most new thoughters will object seriously when we declare that absent treatment belongs, as a rule, in the same occult and detrimental field. Nevertheless, it is the truth.

There are two channels through which absent treatment can be applied—the spiritual and the psychical. So long as the mind acts through the spiritual the treatment will be effective, and will be beneficial both to the one who gives the treatment and to the one who receives it. Absent treatment on the spiritual plane is not only legitimate and wholesome, but thoroughly scientific; but absent treatment on the psychical plane is injurious in every instance.

At times, however, absent treatment through the psychical channels may prove very successful in the beginning, though the practice will finally cause the one who uses such a method to lose all his power.

He who acts exclusively upon the spiritual plane when trying to heal others will constantly increase his spiritual power, as well as his power to produce healing and emancipation. He who acts upon the psychical, however, may seem to be powerful in the beginning, but his power will constantly decrease until his treatments become mere mechanical actions of the objective mind.

Those who are familiar with psychical, metaphysical and spiritual modes of treatment will see at once that this statement is not only the truth, but a truth that should receive most serious attention.

In the first article of this series, it was stated that popular new thought was literally full of illusions and half truths. Also that unreasonable narrowness and inconsistencies were found among popular new thoughters to a degree that at first sight would seem incredible. The cause for these conditions, however, is easily found. The psychical invariably tends to undermine the substantial in human nature, and the further one gets into the occult, the further he gets away from the sound, the sensible and the genuine.

Therefore, that people who "play" with the occult a great deal, in any of its forms, should present mental peculiarities that are thoroughly at variance with all

the principles of sane living, is a fact that need not cause surprise.

It sometimes seems strange to the outsider that people who profess such beautiful ideas should also profess the silliest illusions imaginable, and that people who claim to live according to the principles of everything that is true and good and wholesome should constantly be found to practice many things that are the very opposite to what we know to be good and wholesome, as well as sane and sensible. But these facts, however, are not strange when we know that popular new thought tries to proclaim wholesome idealism on the one hand and a bundle of occult vagaries on the other hand. The mind that tries to follow all the teachings of popular new thought will gain good from one side and destroy that very good by applying what is taught on the other side. In brief, the good that is gained from sound metaphysical principles will be completely counteracted by the detrimental results proceeding from occult practices. Why the popular new thoughter is a "mental mixture" as well as a failure is therefore clear enough for all to understand.

Thus we realize what is wrong with the new thought movement. It carries truth on one shoulder and a bundle of pseudo-sciences on the other. It is a house divided against itself; but no such house can possibly stand. What is to be done, however, to remove this wrong and bring genuine new thought into the foreground will be interesting; for something will be done to further the development of this great movement; and all who know the real worth of new thought will watch with breathless attention every effort that may be made in this direction.

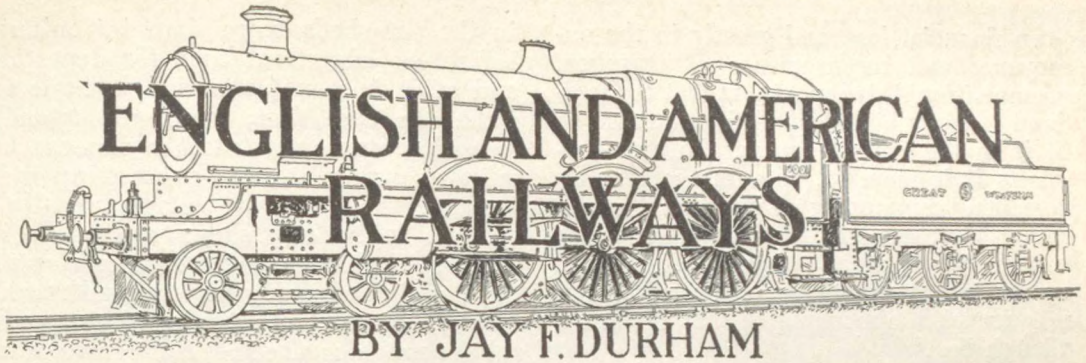
(*To be continued next month*)

UNQUESTIONED

Eugene C. Dolson

He comes among us; 'tis not ours to ask
  Of buried years whate'er his past might be,
If he, but vindicate in this, his task,
  A claim to manhood's true nobility.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS



BY JAY F. DURHAM

ROBABLY one of the most potent causes for the hostility of the public against the American railways, as compared with those in England, had its origin in the uncivil treatment accorded to travelers by employees. In the opinion of a great many Americans, much of the recent railway legislation by Congress, and by various state legislatures, has been the outgrowth of the discourteous and impolite conduct of railway servants toward those paying their money, supporting these corporations, from which employees derive their living.

Within the past twelve months one of the most prominent railway managers in England made an extended journey throughout the United States. In conversation with the writer, a few days after his return to London, he stated that he was greatly surprised to note, wherever he had traveled, the impoliteness upon the part of railway employees, and the lack of proper attention given to travelers. Americans have complained of this for fifty years and more, and are complaining more every day.

As early as 1845 the directors of the London & Birmingham Railway, in England, now a part of the London & Northwestern, posted conspicuously about all of their stations the following: "The public are hereby informed that all of the company's servants are strictly enjoined to observe the utmost civility and attention toward all passengers, and the directors request that any instance to the contrary may be noted by the offended party in a book kept at each station for that purpose, and called 'The passengers' note book'."

The assertion is made, without fear of successful contradiction, that no notice, similar to the above, was ever seen displayed in any railway station in the United States.

An American gentleman, traveling in England, during the present year, stated to the writer in London, last June, that during the past five years, in the United States, he had traveled more than 150,000 miles, and he did not believe he had received, in all that time, a half dozen civil answers to his questions, from many hundred employees with whom he came in contact.

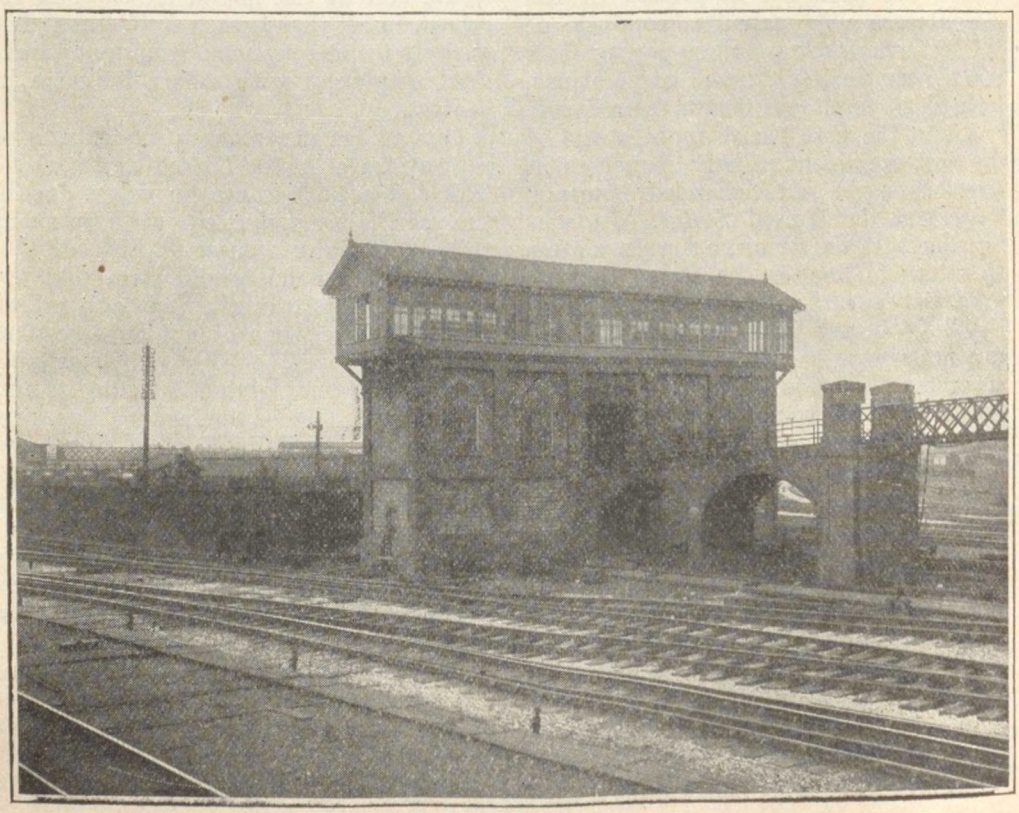
One of the many annoying features of railway travel in the United States, about which thousands complain every day in the year, is the congested condition about railway stations. There is little of this in England, which would seem that the managers of railways in that country had solved the problems of not only keeping the traveling public in good temper, but, at the same time, giving it the maximum of comfort. One of the leading managers of passenger traffic in England was asked what was the chief principle employed to popularize the system with the traveling public, and his answer was brief as well as simple. "Our first object," he said, "is to treat the public fairly; in other words, never involve unnecessary hardships upon those who are giving us our revenue."

The English railways are usually generous in the expenditure of money in providing ample terminal facilities—a very important subject, which too many American roads have overlooked, much to their

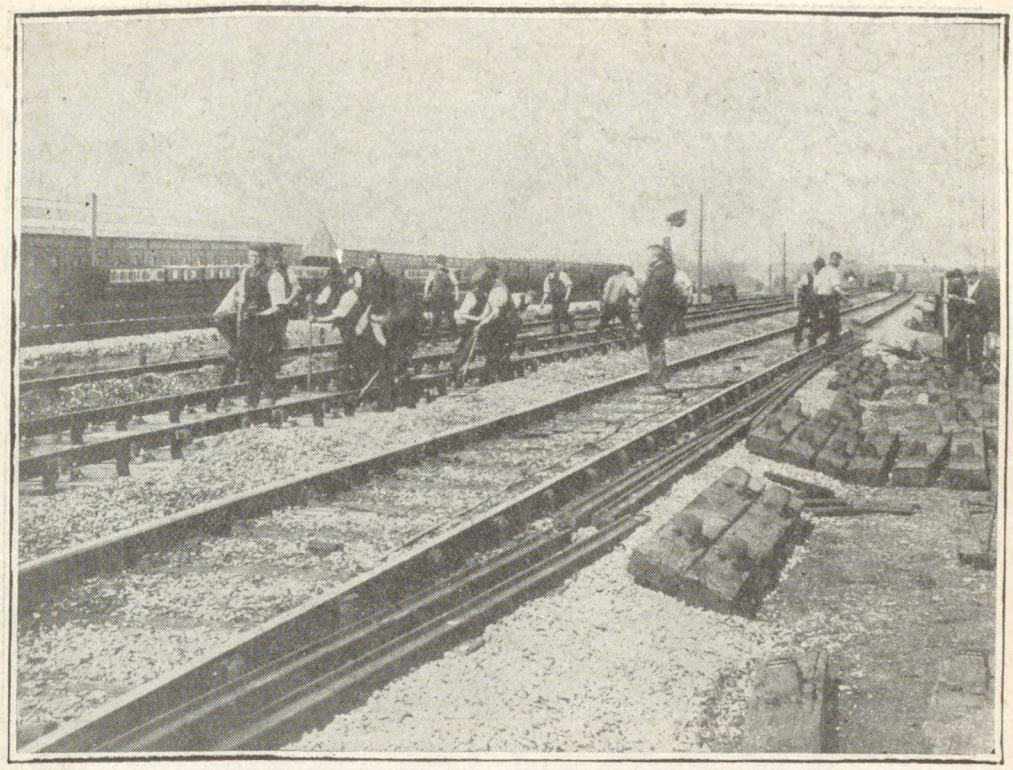
own financial loss, and greatly to the annoyance and inconvenience of travelers. Competition between the roads in England is every bit as spirited and fierce as it is in the United States. In some respects it is more so, because there is no so-called "community of interests," which means that one group of financiers may control two or more competing lines, and no matter by which road the passenger may travel, the money goes into the same "dough bag."

Take, for instance, the locating of trains in stations for the reception of passengers, previous to departure; this, of course, refers to trains at the starting point. In every railway station in London the trains will be announced for the reception of passengers at least thirty minutes before leaving time. As soon as the trains are at the platforms, passengers can go and take their seats.

Unfortunately, it is quite the reverse in the United States. There are few stations in this country where trains are located in the car sheds more than ten minutes before the advertised time for departure, and oftentimes not that long. It is too often the case that, when the train is located, even for as short a time as ten minutes, before it is to proceed upon its journey, the gateman, who is usually a brusque individual, shows a strong disposition to disregard the interests of the travelers by indulging in "shop talk" with some of his associate employees, for probably as much as five minutes before opening the gate at all to let them pass to their trains. In the meantime, the intended passengers have been standing at the gate probably fifteen or twenty minutes; their traveling bags have grown heavy, and they are in no humor to be further annoyed. Circumstances like this have taken place thousands of times in every large railway station in America, and will be repeated, until some general manager, imbued with the idea of universal politeness, sets the fashion of according treatment to passengers upon the



Electric Signal Cabin at Crewe, England



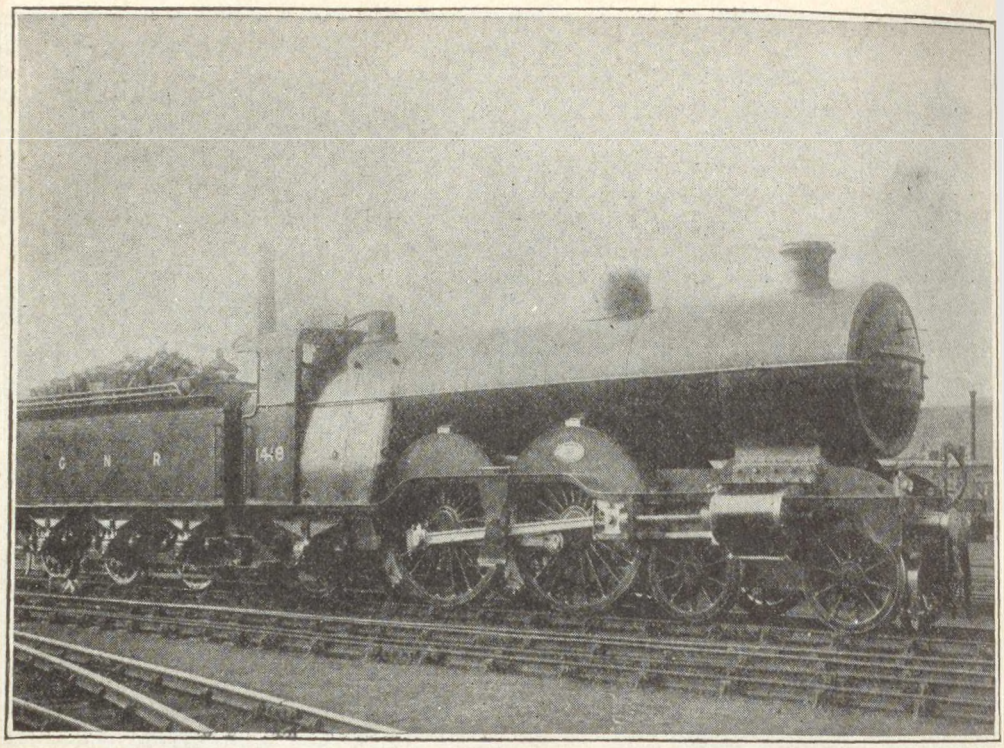
Track Layers at Work
Showing the high quality of stone ballast of roadway

theory that they are human beings, and not as if they were so many cattle.

In England travelers going to their trains will pass through a gate from ten to fifteen feet wide, while in the United States the passageway is usually very narrow, generally not more than twenty inches wide. The gate itself is much wider than this, but this is about the distance which is opened. This forms a congestion that could be easily removed if station officials had the proper consideration for patrons. In English stations, where a half hour is given in which to go into the train before its departure, there is no crowding. There is usually a vast difference between the English gateman and the American. The Englishman is instructed to be polite; his position depends upon it; the American has no instructions at all. He does not care whether he is polite or not, because his superiors are not interested.

Another feature in connection with the intelligent and courteous treatment extended to travelers in an English station is the comprehensive manner in which announcements are made that trains are ready for reception of passengers, the names of the stations through which the trains are to pass, as well as their destinations, being called out. Managers of English railways have heard of the custom employed in the United States and are proud in making the statement that this is a part of the "American invasion" they would not adopt if they were paid hundreds of thousands of pounds for it. In England a station official passes through the various waiting rooms, going close up to all prospective passengers, announcing the names of the stations in a soft, gentle manner, speaking his words with clearness, so that they may not only be understood, but that they will not be misunderstood.

Not so with the American man. He takes his position, usually at the far end of the largest waiting room, poses Apollo-like, and calls out what is supposed to be



Type of Passenger Locomotive, Running 236 Miles Without Stopping, at an Average Speed of 57¾ Miles Per Hour, on the Great Northern Railroad of England

the names of the stations to which the train is going. Sometimes this is done through a megaphone, other times it is not. But from the time this custom began down to the present day, no one has ever been able to understand what this individual has said. The attention of many railway managers in the United States has been called to this practice, but so far the records are silent as to any one of them ever having attempted to break up the nuisance, for such it really is.

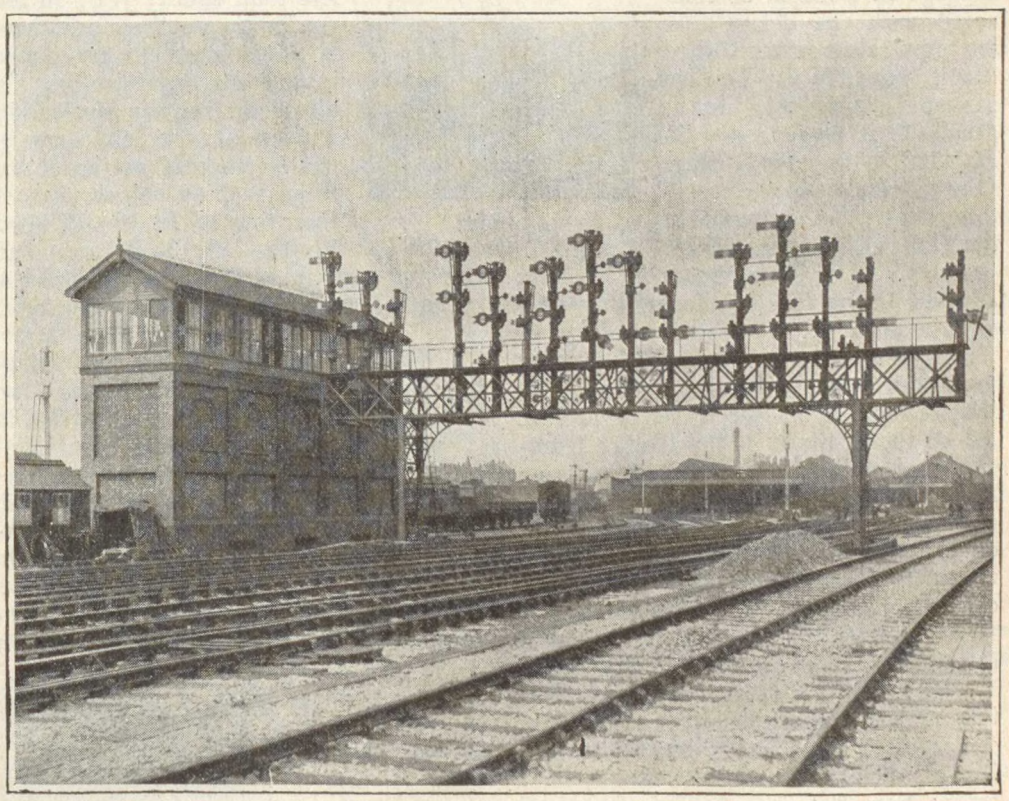
High authority says that Americans are becoming the most nervous and irritable people in the world, and chiefly because of the unusual and unnecessary noises which prevail in the large cities. Much to the credit of English railways, there are no bells on their locomotives, and it is quite rare that the whistle on a locomotive is blown, and when it is, it is not of the loud, screeching kind, but loud enough for all practicable purposes. Great care is taken by the managers of English roads to prevent locomotives from escaping steam while standing in stations. No attention whatever, it seems, is given to this most annoying, nerve-racking nuisance, in the United States.

Just why American roads insist on having the engine firemen ring the bells on locomotives, even when they are standing still, is one of the unsolved mysteries of the age. In none of the large railway stations in the United States is anyone permitted in the train sheds, except employes, and they are instructed to keep off the tracks, and yet, when trains arrive at the stations, the bell on every locomotive is rung to its full capacity, and it is not infrequent that some three or four trains may be arriving at the same time, making a combined noise sufficient to break the ear drums of persons an eighth of a mile away. Noise about an English railway station is reduced to the lowest possible point, while in America, with the increased number of roads, and growing number of trains, there seems no limit to the confusion. In Euston station there are about three hundred trains in and out every twenty-four hours. The same can be said of Paddington station, St. Pancras, King's Cross, Liverpool

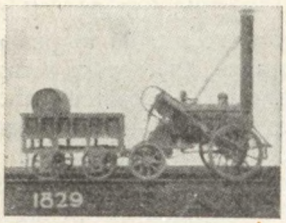
Street, and Victoria stations. Compare the South Station, in Boston, with any one of the above mentioned London stations, and the noise in the Boston station will, without doubt, be fifty times greater than in any one of the others; yet there are no more trains, per day, in and out of the Boston station than there are in and out of any of the London stations, with the possible exception of Victoria station.

Another of the annoying features incident to travel on American roads is the permission granted by railway corporations to cab drivers to stand in front of the stations and annoy people unnecessarily by soliciting business. Everyone who has traveled has repeatedly complained of this annoyance, but railway managers have never attempted to break it up. The English railway managers work upon the theory that passengers desiring cabs have sufficient intelligence to ask for them; hence, cabmen who annoy people in this manner are unknown in England. It is not improbable that American managers are unable to put a stop to this annoyance, the reason being that they have granted to cabmen and transfer companies the exclusive privilege of occupying space in front of stations.

Take as an illustration the condition of affairs at all of the stations in Chicago, where the Frank Parmelee Company is granted the exclusive privilege of conveying travelers from the various stations to hotels and residences and to other stations. The Parmelee Company is supposed to be associated with the railroads. The difference in charges by the Chicago concern and any transfer company in England is considerable. The Parmelee Company makes a charge of fifty cents for carrying one passenger, or one trunk, from a railway station within the business radius of the city. It is well to state, however, that one passenger and one trunk will be carried for this amount, but there are millions of cases where travelers



Electric Signal Cabin and Interior and Entrance to Station at Crewe, England
Where more trains arrive and depart in 24 hours than from any other station in the world.
Note also the steel chairs supporting the rails

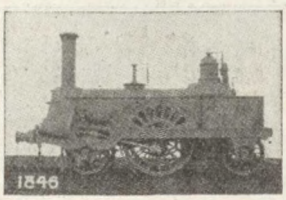


English Locomotive in 1829

do not have trunks, and yet the charge is the same. In England, particularly London, the passenger will be carried by the cab or 'bus for a much less charge for about the same distance. Where the charge is fifty cents in Chicago by 'bus it would be in London sixpence —twelve cents.

In 1835

The checking system in the United States is in many respects better for travelers than the system that prevails in England, yet, when one takes into consideration the prompt delivery of baggage in London, as compared with the delays that are so prevalent in the United States, probably the English custom is, after all, just as good. It is possible now in England to register baggage (the same as checking in this country) to any point in the United Kingdom. Some years ago all of the railroads in England adopted the system of "forwarding baggage in advance." The meaning of this is, that if you are going to travel tomorrow, send your baggage forward today. This insures delivery on the traveler's arrival. All of the railways in the United Kingdom will call at your residence for your baggage, take it to the railroad station, deliver it to residence or hotel at the city of its destination, for one shilling—twenty-five cents. As above stated, the charge for a single delivery in Chicago is fifty cents, and in New York within a certain radius—the same as is charged in England, which is twenty-five cents; Boston, fifty cents; Philadelphia, thirty-five cents; Washington, thirty-five cents; Baltimore, thirty-five cents; St. Louis, forty cents; San Francisco, seventy-five; and New Orleans, fifty cents. To forward a piece of baggage from a residence in Washington to a residence in what may be termed the hotel district in New York, the charge is one dollar. The charge for this identical service from any city to any city in England is twenty-five cents.



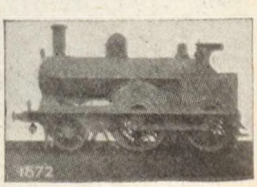
In 1846

It is a common complaint in the United States that local transfer companies are too slow in their delivery of baggage. A piece of baggage is ordinarily delivered from any of the railway stations in London within what may be termed the hotel or inner circle district in about thirty minutes. It is possible to do this in London, where the railway companies employ almost three wagons to where there is one used in the United States.

It must be admitted that the checking system in the United States is far in advance of the system prevailing in England, but the percentage of lost baggage is about the same as it is in this country. If a thief steals a piece of baggage from an English railway he is sure to be apprehended, and his punishment is seldom less than twenty years in the penitentiary; therefore there is no inducement to engage in this dishonest traffic. To all of the railway stations in England every cab company has free access, yet all of the railways have cab services of their own. In the United States only such cab and transfer companies as pay tribute to the railroads are given these privileges.

In 1862

American travelers in England are no doubt justified in their complaint against the prevailing English system of having to claim their baggage on arrival; but when it is claimed and immediately put on the cab it is then in the traveler's room at his residence or hotel as soon as he is himself, which, the Englishman claims, is quite preferable to

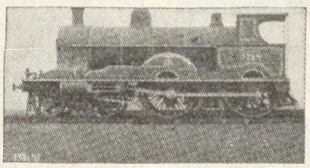


In 1872

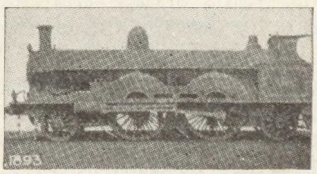
having it checked, followed by a late delivery.

The speed of railway trains in England, taking into consideration the number of trains, both local and through, for every 1,000 miles of road traveled, is faster than it is in America. There are many Americans identified with railways who are unwilling to admit as much. It is, nevertheless, the truth, and a comparison, made from American and English official railway guides, must serve as authority.

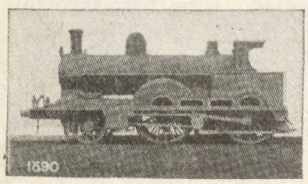
There are not many roads in England which do not have trains, and many of them, too, running at from seventy to nearly eighty miles per hour. The Midland road has a train running from London to Leicester, a distance of 100 miles, in 105 minutes. This train runs every day in the week, and it has a record of never having been late more than twice in twelve months. The English railway manager prides himself on the promptness of his trains. The Midland has many such trains as this, carrying from nine to fourteen cars—all of the cars being of the standard corridor car type, weighing about thirty-five tons each. The London & Northwestern has more than ten trains a day from London to Liverpool, a distance of 193½ miles, running in 210 minutes. Many of these trains run the entire distance without stopping, and it is seldom that they are as much as one minute late in six months. The Great Western has daily trains running from London to Plymouth, a distance of 220 miles, in 247 minutes. These trains run through without stopping.



In 1901

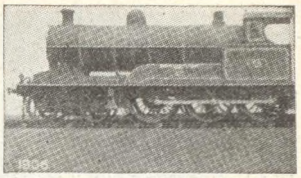


In 1893

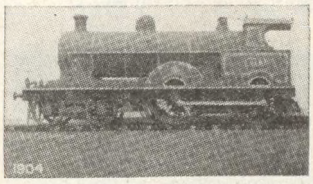


In 1890

Probably a fair comparison to make between the train running from London to Plymouth and a similar train in the United States is the Congressional Limited on the Pennsylvania Railway, running between New York and Washington. This train is ranked among the finest trains in America made up exclusively of Pullman parlor cars, for which there is an extra charge of $1.25. The distance from Washington to Jersey City is 227 miles, the time in transit between these two points, by this train, being four hours and fifty-five minutes, or 295 minutes. The Great Western train, it will be seen, is much the faster, but the American road will claim the difference because of stops at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, and Newark. Giving the American train five minutes at each stopping point would make a total of twenty-five minutes. There is seven miles difference in the distance between Washington and Jersey City, and London and Plymouth, the English train making 220 miles in 247 minutes, the American train running 227 miles in 270 minutes, supposing it to run without stops. The American train is usually equipped with from five to six Pullman parlor cars and a dining car, averaging in weight forty-five tons each, accommodating about thirty-six passengers each, making a total of about 225 passengers. There is no independent baggage car attached to this train, the baggage being carried in a small compartment set aside for that purpose in the smoking car. The English train is made up of from ten to twelve cars, including at least two baggage cars, two dining cars, and the remainder in standard corridor cars. The

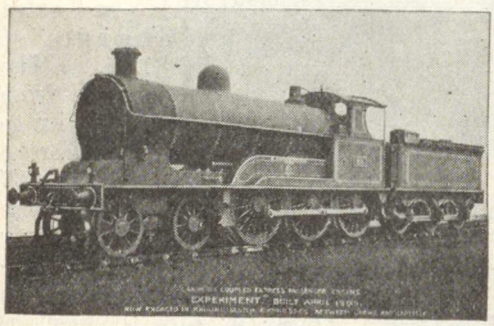


English Locomotive in 1906

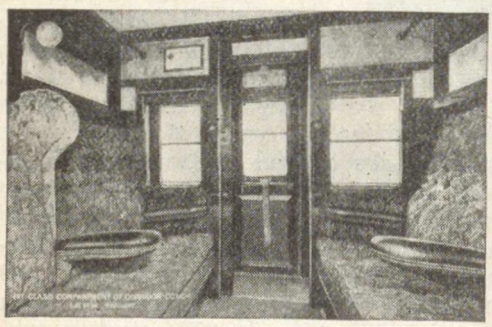


In 1904

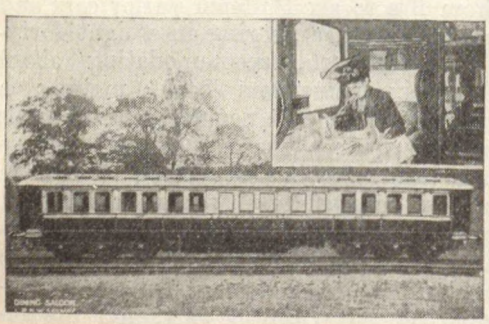
Picking Up Mail Bags at Full Speed



Six-coupled Express Passenger Engine, Built in 1905 for the L. & N. W. Railroad



First-class Compartment of Corridor Coach, L. & N. W. Railway



Dining Saloon of the L. & N. W.

weight of each of these cars is probably thirty-five tons. The English train will accommodate about 320 passengers.

The corridor car, now almost in general use in England on the through trains, has superseded the old-fashioned, short carriage. It has a corridor on the side, running the full length of the car, which averages from forty-five to sixty feet, with openings into each compartment. There are independent doors at either side of the car, which greatly facilitate the speed and convenience of passengers getting in and out, stepping from the compartment, on alighting, immediately to the platform in the station, and the same in taking passage, stepping from the platform into the compartment. The English people do not care for the American style of car, as they prefer the privacy accorded them in the compartments, with more healthful ventilation, and the railways do not wish to make a change, as the passengers can make their exit much quicker by the independent door system than where all have to pass through one door, as in the American car, and in the Pullman car but one door is used for exit. By this means the English railways are able to get their trains out of the stations much quicker than can be done in America. Three minutes is the average time devoted to an English train, at its destination, to discharging its passengers, baggage and mail, when the station master is ready to send the train forward on its journey or to the yards or the trainhouse, where the cars are housed and cleaned.

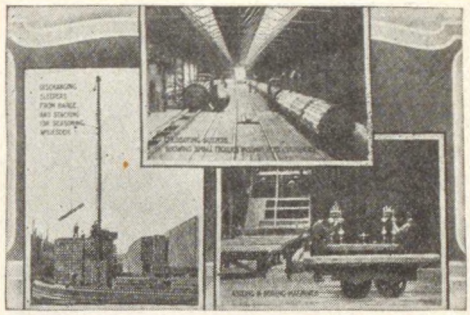
In the United States it generally requires from fifteen to twenty minutes to have a train ready to depart from the station for the yards. One reason for this may be that, where there is one person employed to handle baggage, mail and parcels in the American station, there are three in the English station.

The evolution of the English locomotive serves to illustrate the history of the railways of the world. The first locomotive in the world, built by George Stephenson, the "Rocket," is still in existence, occupying a place of honor in the South Kensington Museum, but a short distance from where the late Queen Victoria was born. This ancient piece of machinery is revered by Englishmen al-

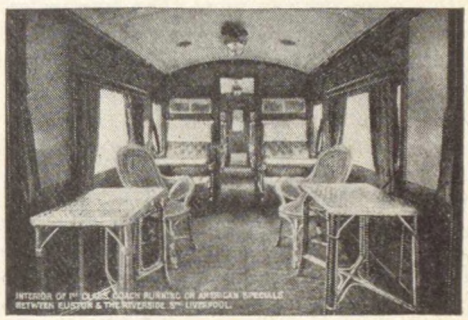
most, if not quite, as much as are the sacred remains of many of England's illustrious dead, occupying crypts in Westminster and St. Paul's.

England being a small country as compared with the United States, many Americans may not fully appreciate the magnitude of some of the English railway companies, and the amount of business they do annually. The London & Northwestern, for instance, has upward of two thousand, two hundred miles in its system. It has a consolidated stock of more than one hundred and fifteen million pounds, equaling five hundred and seventy-five million dollars. It employs a staff of officers and employees of almost ninety thousand men and women. It has never failed to pay an annual dividend. During a period of twelve months it carried over eighty million passengers, and more than fifty million pounds of freight, deriving a total revenue of about eighteen million pounds, or ninety million dollars. It has a sufficient number of cars to accommodate, every day in the week, more than two hundred thousand passengers. Over its Liverpool & Manchester line, a distance of about forty miles, there are run, every twenty-four hours, in either direction, almost three hundred passenger trains, and more than that many freight trains, making a total of more than six hundred trains. Of the passenger trains, about one hundred and twenty-five are express, some of them traveling at a rate of more than a mile a minute, running the forty miles in less than thirty-two minutes. On this branch of the system there are four tracks the entire distance, and in some places there are six. On more than one-half of the whole system the Northwestern is a four-track road.

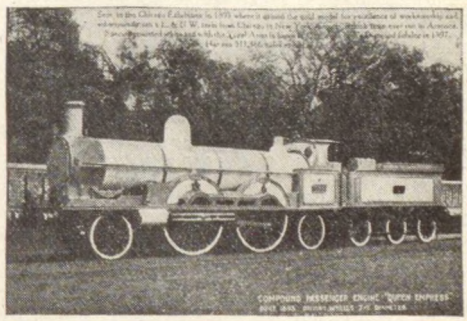
The approximate train mileage upon the entire system of the Northwestern during a single year, for passenger trains, was upward of thirty-one million miles, and for freight trains upward of twenty-nine million miles, making an approximate total of sixty million miles. This was exclusive of empty mileage, and of shunting, and, as a matter of fact, the total miles run by engines alone, during twelve months, amounted to more than sixty million. In other words, the engines



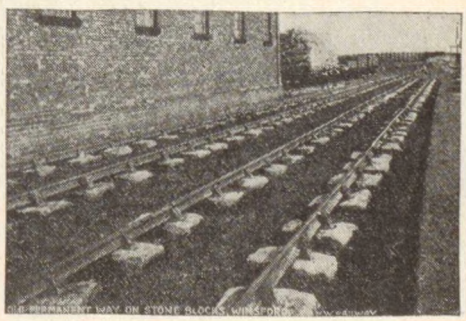
Methods of Creosoting and Seasoning Sleepers



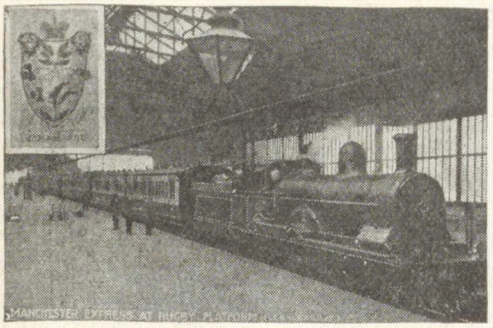
First-class Coach Running on American Specials Between Euston and the Riverside, South Liverpool



Compound Passenger Engine, "Queen Empress," Built in 1893



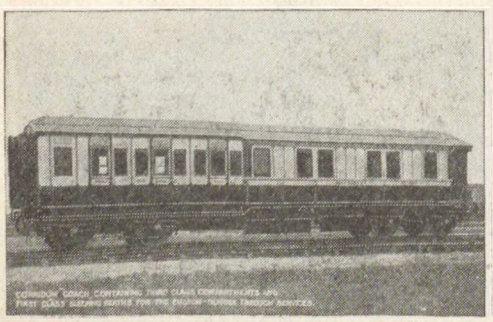
Stone Blocks in Use at Winsford, L. & N. W. Railway



Manchester Express at Rugby Platform

of this company ran more than two miles every second, or one hundred miles every minute, and in effect they put a girdle around the earth once in every three and one-half hours throughout the year; yet such is the perfection of mechanism attained by the English in constructing motive power that the engines were able to run a distance equal to twice around the world for every single case which occurred of a hot axle, the loss of a split pin, or in fact anything tending to throw the engine out of gear.

This is the result of superior workmanship employed in the construction of their engines. Nearly every road in England builds its own engines. The manner in which they are kept is marvelous. After an engine has run, say, from London to Liverpool, almost two hundred miles, it is seldom that even a grease spot is found upon it. They are all painted, some in striking colors, every road having its individual coloring, such as red, yellow, green and blue. The pride taken by an English engine driver in his engine is something akin to love, a prize being offered to the engineer who keeps his engine



Corridor Coach, Containing Third-class Compartments and First-class Sleeping Berths

the cleanest and in the best condition, the unnecessary use of oil and fuel counting against him when prizes are awarded.

Reference has frequently been made to the London & Northwestern Railway because of the advanced position this system has taken among the leading roads of England. What is now a part of this system was the first railway in the world. By many it is considered the model railway of Europe. It claims the distinction of being the pioneer railway of the world in the manner of the adoption of original ideas, which have later been put in use by other systems. It was the first to originate a device whereby mail bags could be picked up by trains running at full speed. This invention was attached to mail cars on the London & Northwestern Railway in 1838. The railway postal service of England is considered the best in the world. This particular road had handled, in a period of some weeks, a daily average of seven hundred and forty bags of mail, which, in those days, was looked upon as very large, and it undoubtedly was, as the Grand Junction Railway was but little more than a hundred miles in length.

The American roads did not begin using the invention of picking up mail by the train at full speed until the latter seventies, about forty years after its adoption in England.

The London & Northwestern was likewise the initial railway to adopt the system of water troughs between the rails, so that locomotives could be supplied with water while trains were running on their schedule time. This device was successfully established in England in 1857. The Pennsylvania Railway was the first to install it in the United States, about nineteen years later.

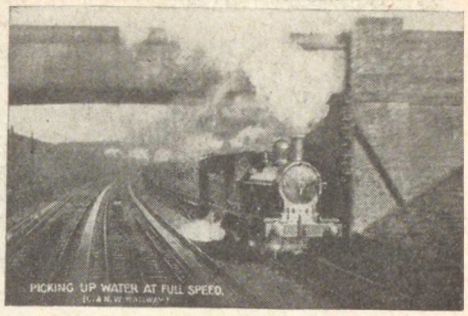
What is today the perfected block signal system was invented by an officer of the London & Northwestern road, and placed in use in 1852. It was naturally crude when first introduced, as compared with its present up-to-date usefulness. It was not established in the United States until about twenty years following, but in the meantime many improvements upon the original device had been made in England. The system of giving train

orders by telephone, as well as by telegraph, was adopted by the London & Northwestern about seventeen years ago. Some few roads in the United States commenced using the telephone for this purpose about five years ago.

There is no one-man power on an English railway. The sovereignty lies exclusively with the shareholders. The board of directors is the servant of the shareholders. The administration of every road in England is carried on by the chairman of the board of directors, two deputy chairmen, and a board of thirty directors, five of whom retire annually, but are eligible for re-election. The board of directors of an English railway is not made up of "figureheads" or "dummies." They are elected because of their fitness. The board of directors meets once every month, and not once a year, as is usually the custom by boards of directors of American railways. To give to the management of the property the best service possible, the members of the board are organized into a number of small committees, called "committees of the board," which also meet once a month, and deal with various branches of the business.

For instance, there is a "Special Committee," consisting of sixteen members, which holds its meetings intermediately between the meetings of the full board, and devotes itself to much the same class of business. On the London & Northwestern the "Finance Committee" consists of seven members, a "Permanent Way Committee" of ten members, a "Locomotive Committee" of ten members, a "Fares and Rates Committee" of eight members, a "Debts and Freight Claims Committee" of ten members, and a "Traffic Committee" composed of fifteen members. The titles of these committees sufficiently indicate their functions. All members of the general board are assigned to one or more committees, so that it would seem that every member of the board is always engaged in administering the affairs of the company.

This is quite different from the American system. In too many cases the board of directors of an American railway is dominated by the president, and in the management of a great number of roads

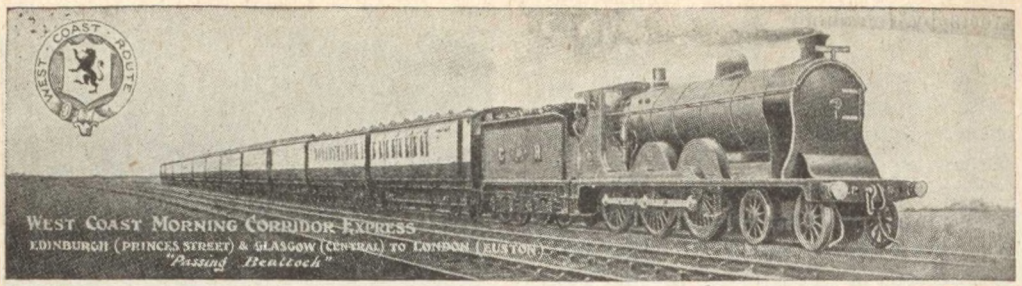


Picking Up Water at Full Speed

in this country the boards of directors seldom, if ever, meet, except immediately following the annual election of officers. Here, is where the presidents of some roads in the United States oftentimes assume the position of dictators, and regard the boards of directors as their servants, rather than their superiors. It is not unusual to hear the president of an American road say "My board," as the head of a household is given to say, "My man." The charge has been made, oftentimes, that many presidents of American railways spend too much of their time in Wall street, engaging in stock speculation in the hope of enriching themselves, instead of giving their personal attention to the affairs of the road, as is done by the chairman of the board of an English railway. In that country there are no railway presidents. The chairman of the board practically fills that office, and he never loses sight of the fact that he, with his fellow members of the board, is the servant of the shareholders, and that they are the masters.

The English shareholder is as hungry for dividends as is the investor on the western side of the Atlantic, but he is

Standard Sleeping and Smoking Saloon



West Coast Morning Corridor Express

more willing to have a better and safer service rendered, well knowing that bad management is an injury to property, therefore the vigil exercised by the board of directors makes it possible for the road to earn greater dividends, and, at the same time, to establish confidence with its patrons in the matter of safety to passengers, and the quick and prompt delivery of freight.

The general manager of an English railway earns his salary. He doesn't sit all day in his office in London, playing the autocrat and delegating to those under him the responsibility of management. If anything goes wrong, he is the official who must take the consequences with the board of directors. He must be in touch daily with every branch of the service. One day out of every week the head of every department of the London & Northwestern journeys to London for a conference with the general manager. This is called the "Officers' Conference." It is presided over by the general manager, and is attended by the chief officers at headquarters, and by all of the district officers throughout the system, both freight and passenger. Broadly speaking, all matters affecting the working of the line or the running of trains come into the purview of this conference. There are, in fact, two conferences every month, one being attended by the passenger representatives, and the other by the freight officials. The freight conference has to do with freight traffic only. In this way, the general manager is at all times thoroughly advised about everything connected with every department of the system. The minutes of both conferences, which are printed, for more convenient distribution to all concerned, are submitted for approval to the board of directors, and in this way they are kept informed of all that is being done in all of the departments. With the American roads it is seldom that any member of the board of directors knows anything that is being done on the line until he receives the president's annual report at the end of the fiscal year, and if he is a "good director," from the viewpoint of the president, he will not question a single statement set forth in the president's official account of his stewardship. The United States has produced some remarkable men, and among these are some illustrious presidents of railways, who have mastered the science of juggling with figures.

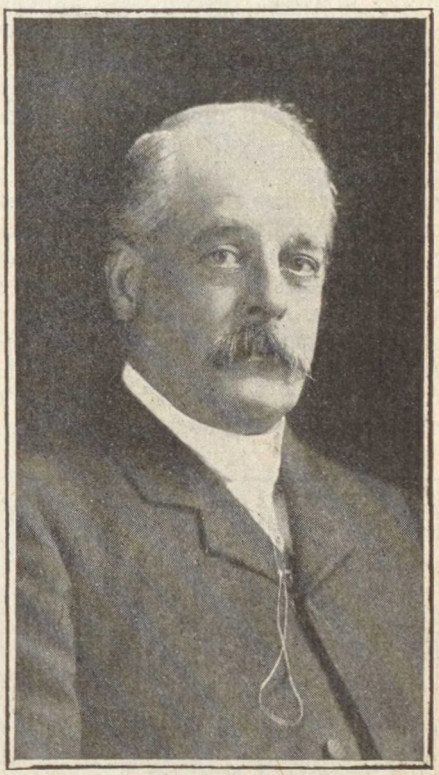
On the English roads many of the board of directors devote much of their time to the inspection of roadway, who are usually accompanied by the chief officers and district officers, going over each district, visiting all of the stations, inquiring into cases of alleged inadequate accommodation, or other matters calling for their attention. There are times when the chief officers make these inspections unaccompanied by any of the directors. Thus nothing is left to chance or to the possible carelessness of subordinates, but a jealous watchfulness is constantly exercised to insure that all necessary precautions are thoroughly and effectually observed. It is such careful management as this that makes it possible for England to make a record of having few accidents on its railways. Statistics show that there are twenty people injured on an American railway where there is one on an English road.

Sir Frederick Harrison, the general manager of the London & Northwestern, is considered, in England, as one of the master minds engaged in the management of railroad property. Sir Frederick is

probably sixty-two years of age. He comes to his office at Euston station every morning at nine o'clock, remaining until after four in the evening. He takes his midday meal at one of the small tables in one of the tea rooms in the station. He has never been seen in Throgmorton Street, which is the stock brokerage center of London. He attends strictly to his duty as general manager. He receives a salary of 7,000 pounds per annum, equaling $35,000. He has served an apprenticeship in every department of the system; therefore he is capable of being a general manager in fact, and not in name. Lord Stalbridge, chairman of the board of directors, has been filling this position for about fifteen years. Long before he was advanced to the chairmanship he was a member of the board, and has therefore spent more than half of his life (he is now sixty-seven years of age) in the administration of the affairs of the company. The one great cardinal principle in the management of this property is thoroughness. The time required in performing a certain necessity is seldom taken into consideration, nor is its cost. If a thing is to be done, it is to be well done, which means that it is cheaper in the end.

There are seldom, if any, changes in the executive staffs of any of the departments. Most of the men have grown up with the road and are given to understand that their positions are permanent so long as they are faithful to the trust imposed upon them. This applies as well to everyone in the service of the company. The custom, which has long prevailed in the United States, of taking the general manager of one road and placing him in charge of another, has been the direct means of wrecking some excellent railway property. If the true history of railways in the United States were written, several chapters of interesting reading could be devoted to this subject, which would reflect no credit upon several "groups of financiers," some of whom, in years gone by, were general managers who brought disaster to shareholders and turned the railway clock backward.

Some few years ago the London & Northwestern road inaugurated the custom of sending to the United States, every year, representatives from the various departments of the system, for the purpose of inspecting the American methods of railway construction and management—in fact, everything pertaining to railways in this country. More than a hundred of the Northwestern's brightest young men have come here. They have each written lengthy reports, giving the results of their observations and investigations. Strange as it may seem, with this great volume of information at hand, the management of the English road has not deemed it necessary to apply to its management any of the American methods. The system of constructing roadbeds in England, as compared with that in the United States, upon the basis of an outlay of capital, is certainly in favor of the English. The highest authority gives the cost of the construction and equipment of railways in the United States, per mile, as $50,000. The same authority says that the cost of construction and equipment, in Germany, is $120,000 per mile, and in France,

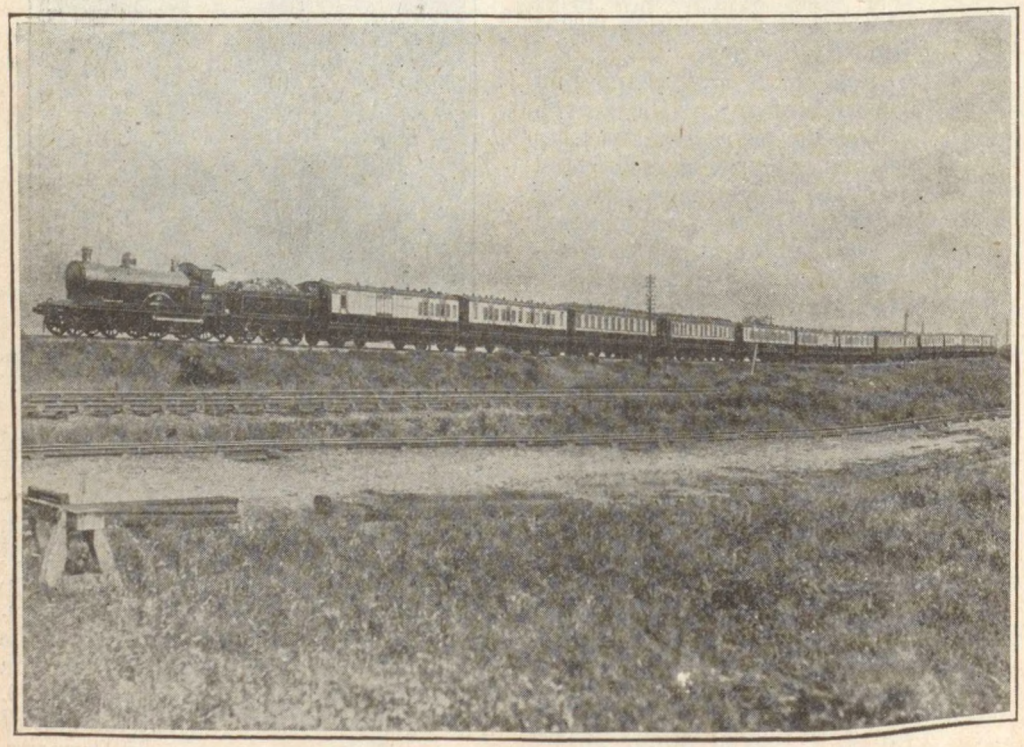


Sir Frederic Harrison
General manager of the London & Northwestern Railway. Photo copyright by Elliott & Fry, London.

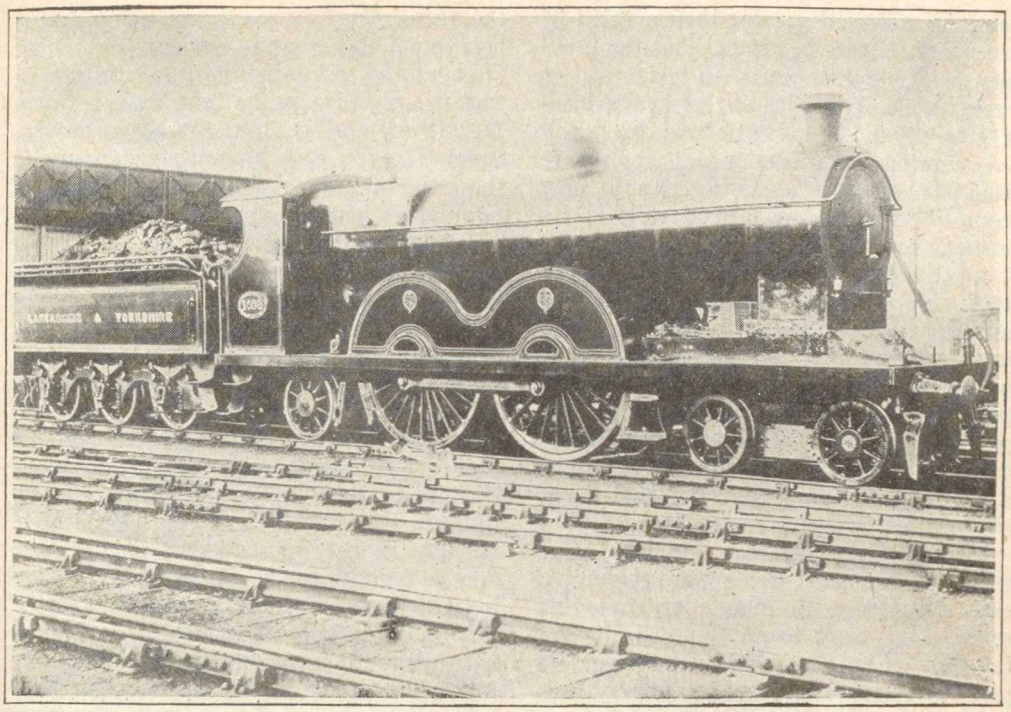
$130,000. Charles Hansel, in the North American Review for July, 1907, states that the average cost of construction and equipment of all the roads in England, Ireland and Scotland—the United Kingdom—is $270,000 per mile. This seems astounding, but it is nevertheless true. What seems more astonishing to American railway managers is that, notwithstanding this enormous expenditure for construction and equipment, nearly every railway in Great Britain pays annually, to its shareholders, a good dividend. It can be stated, however, that there is no "water" in the stock of an English railway. The real difference in cost is in the making of the roadbed. The only difference in the cost of rails, between the selling price in England and the selling price in the United States, lies in the free trade of England, as against protective tariff in the United States; yet, American rails are offered to English roads for about $8 per ton less than they are sold for at the mill door, where they are manufactured. English managers do not want American-made rails, because, as they claim, they break or split too easily.

The solidity of an English roadbed means the expenditure of a great deal of money. Such a thing as the spreading of rails, which is the cause of so many accidents in the United States, is almost unknown in England. There is a reason for this. As can be seen in the accompanying illustrations, the rails are braced on each side by heavy steel chairs, weighing forty-five pounds. These are securely fastened to the ties by two spikes and two screws, each about six inches in length. The spike is of one metal, the galvanized screw of another, so if one may break, because of climatic influences, or other causes, the other may remain secure, thereby lessening the possibility of accidents.

The use of steel chairs has never been adopted by American roads, because it is regarded as too expensive, yet the English roads would not do without them, for the reason that they minimize the danger of accidents, entailing damage suits without number. The rails on American roads



The Flying Dutchman
Running from London to Carlisle, 299 miles, without stopping



Typical Locomotive and Section of Track on Lancaster & Yorkshire Road in Northern England

are not so securely fastened to the ties. In this country, there are two spikes, one being driven on either side of the rail into the tie, the head fitting close to the feather edge of the rail, this forming the only security for the rail remaining in place.

On English roads there are driven, between the rail and the chair, wood keys, about three and one-half inches wide, six inches long, and two inches thick. These keys are essential, as they add flexibility to the rail, in conjunction with a stretch of felt under the chair. To lay the steel rail taut against the steel chair would cause the track to become so rigid that derailment could not be prevented. These keys are kept in place by trackmen with hammers, who patrol the road every few hours, driving to their proper places those which have become loosened by the oscillation of the trains.

English railways spend fabulous sums for ties, the timber for which is imported from Norway, and they are likewise apparently extravagant in the expenditure of money in preparing the ties for use. The latter, however, may be regarded as a matter of economy. Before a tie is placed under a rail on an English railway, it has first been treated to a bath in creosote oil. This is done by hydraulic pressure, and an average of three and one-half gallons of oil is forced into the pores of the wood of every tie. After the tie has been creosoted, it will weigh from one hundred and seventy-five pounds to two hundred pounds. Creosoted ties have been known to remain in a state of excellent preservation for more than twenty years. This period, however, is exceptional, the average life of a tie so treated, when climatic and soil conditions are favorable, being about fifteen years; the life of an uncreosoted tie is seldom more than five years. No road in the United States has, as yet, adopted the system of creosoting ties, while in England it is done by every road, and has been the custom for many years.

According to statistics, compiled in the United States, there were, during the winter of 1906 and 1907, two thousand, eight hundred and ninety-one broken rails in the State of New York alone. This surpasses the record of broken rails in Eng-

land for a period greater than a third of a century. It may be argued that the prevalence of broken rails in America is brought about by the use of heavy locomotives; yet, the locomotives of today are running upon heavier rails than were used ten years ago, and strange as it may seem, the number of broken rails is increasing every year. The average weight of an English locomotive — the modern up-to-date machine—is from one hundred and ten to one hundred and forty thousand tons; as heavy, if not heavier, than was in universal use in this country fifteen years ago, and still there are few broken rails in England, which would seem to disprove the position taken by American managers that the real cause is traceable to heavy motive power.

The English roads seem to have mastered the situation, as they are seldom, if ever, troubled with broken or spreading rails. It is next to an impossibility for the rails on an English road to get out of position, because they are so securely fastened to the ties. Some American managers claim that another reason for so many broken rails in the United States is because of the speed of trains. The Englishmen are inclined to smile at this statement, when they come back with the assurance that they have more than twenty fast trains for every thousand miles of road, to one in the United States. In this respect, the English classify their fast trains as those that are scheduled to run at a speed of fifty miles per hour, and upward, many of them running at a rate of a mile a minute, and some of them are speeded at the rate of eighty miles per hour. There are not many, however, which attain to this unusually fast running, but the average speed for all of the trains in England, for every thousand miles, is much in advance of that which prevails in the United States. There are not only many more high speed trains, per thousand miles, in England than in America, but there are a greater number of all kinds of trains, thus giving to all classes of passengers, both local and through, a much better and more convenient service. The New York, New Haven & Hartford road has a much less number of fast trains, between New York and Boston, than there are on either of the three English roads operating trains between London and Manchester, which is about the same distance, 240 miles. In fact where there is one fast train between New York and Boston, there are five between London and Manchester (many of the latter making no stops), the density of population between these points being approximately the same.

One thing which enters so strongly into the management of railways is the difference in the standard of intelligence between the railway employees in England and the same class in this country. There are few railway officials in England who are not college bred men, yet they are practical, and probably more so, because of their higher intelligence, than those in this country. Every official identified with the management of the London & Northwestern Railway, took service with the system in an humble capacity, first having gone through college, and naturally advancement came more rapidly. The splendid discipline on an English railway is greatly admired. The manner in which a well equipped English railway handles a great crowd of passengers without confusion, without delay, and with quiet and well conducted service, would be of great value to American managers, if they were to adopt similar methods.

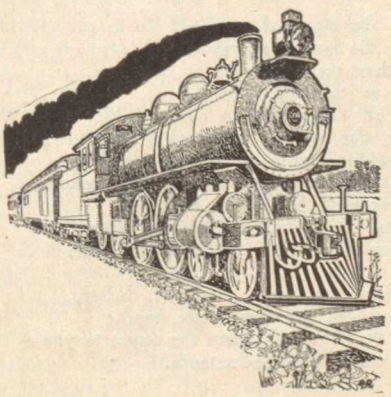
On the occasion of the King and Queen's garden party, given at Windsor Castle, twenty miles distant from London, nine thousand people were conveyed from Paddington Station, on the Great Western road, to Windsor, in forty-three minutes. This was done without hindrance to a single train, either departing or arriving, in the regular service. The service for those going to the garden party was, of course, rendered by special trains. It is well to bear in mind that all of the nine thousand persons passed through the station from the entrance doors to the train platform in less than fifty minutes. There were seven ticket offices for the sale of tickets, which caused some slight congestion, but the ticket sellers were so dextrous in handling the pasteboards, as well as the silver and gold coin, that it was almost imperceptible. There was a constant movement from the ticket windows to the train platform. Every train

departed on its published schedule time. The passengers were all received at one platform, with a train on either side. Within less than a minute and a half, after a train had departed, there was another backed in on the same track to take its place. There was not a delay of as much as one second, and as the last train moved out, every intending passenger had departed, which meant that there were no arrivals at the station after the advertised time of the last train, though a train had been provided for this use if necessary.

The nine thousand people were transported from Windsor back to London in forty-three minutes, with the same promptness, ease, and comfort to the travelers, that prevailed on departing from Paddington Station.

It is very common to hear some uninformed Americans speak in defense of the poor condition of American roadbeds, as well as management, to the effect that railways in England should naturally be in a higher state of perfection than they are in the United States, as the country is much older, and roads have been in existence a much longer time. For the benefit of this class, it is well to state that the first railway train in the world was placed in operation in England, on the Liverpool & Manchester road, now a part of the London & Northwestern system, September 16, 1830. The first road in the United States, built between Camden, N. J., and Amboy, in the same state, now a part of the Pennsylvania system, was opened in 1831.

Enterprising and active Americans are given to look upon the English as being slow, when compared by American standards. In some instances this may be true, but, when comparing the superior construction of railways in England, the high intelligence by which they are managed and operated, the care exercised in behalf of the traveling public, the safeguarding of human life, the convenience, the absence of noise, confusion and congestion about their stations, the swift and prompt movement of their trains, the courtesy and politeness of their employees, the freedom from accidents and smash-ups—it will be wisdom to concede to the English as occupying a position that Americans should be proud to attain.



THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS

By J. Appleton

SOMEWHERE she waits to make you win,
Your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you
The woman who understands.

As the tide went out she found him
Lashed to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
The wreck of his dreams in the air—
Found him, and loved him, and gathered
The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul that sought to win and be free—
The soul of which she was part;
And there in the dusk she cried to the man,
"Win your battle—you can—you can."

Helping and loving, and guiding—
Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding
Deep in her quiet breast—
This is the woman who kept him
True to his standards lost—
When tossed in the storm and stress and strife,
He thought himself through with the game of life
And ready to pay the cost—
Watching and guarding—whispering still,
"Win—you can—and I know you will."

This is the story of ages—
This is the woman's way—
Wiser than seers or sages,
Lifting us day by day—
Facing all things with a courage
Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's path wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers, or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him;
Guardian, comrade, and golden spur,
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
Your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—
The woman who understands.

THE CRUCIBLE OF MODERN THOUGHT

By THOMAS H. CUYLER

(FOURTH PAPER)

The Influence of Oriental Thought

THE student of the changing conceptions of modern Western thought is keenly aware of the remarkable influence being exerted by the centuries-old philosophies and metaphysics of India and other countries of the Orient. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that until about fifty or sixty years ago it was practically impossible to obtain an English translation of the leading Hindu philosophical works. And other countries were but little better off, as we may see when we consider that Schopenhauer, when he wished to study the *Upanishads,* was unable to find the principal books translated into English or German, and was compelled to gather up fragments translated in several languages, and then to have them retranslated into German. But the work of Max Muller and other Orientalists have now placed in our hands careful translations of the Sacred Books of the East, and the result is that the subtle essence of the Oriental thought has permeated every circle of philosophical, metaphysical and religious thought. The influence of the Theosophical Society has done much in the direction of familiarizing the Western world with certain of the Oriental ideas, and the World's Fair Parliament of Religions did much to call the attention of the West to the buried riches of the Eastern thought.

The student who begins the task of penetrating into the maze of Hindu thought is at once struck with the remarkable resemblance of the ideas enunciated thousands of years ago in India to the much later ideas of Ancient Greece, and the two thousand years still later conceptions of modern Western thinkers. There is an unbroken thread of thought running through them all, upon which the various philosophical and metaphysical systems have been strung like beads. Edward Carpenter has well said:

"We seem to be arriving at a time when, with the circling of our knowledge of the globe, a great synthesis of all human thought on the ancient and ever-engrossing problem of Creation is quite naturally and inevitably taking shape. The world-old wisdom of the Upanishads, with their profound and impregnable doctrine of the Universal Self, the teachings of Buddha or of Lao-Tze, the poetic insight of Plato, the inspired sayings of Jesus and Paul, the speculations of Plotinus, or of the Gnostics, and the wonderful contributions of later European thought, from the fourteenth century mystics down through Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Ferrier and others; all these, combining with the immense mass of material furnished by modern physical and biological science, and psychology, are preparing a great birth, as it were; and out of this meeting of elements is already arising a dim outline of a philosophy which must surely dominate human thought for a long period. A new philosophy we can hardly expect, or wish for; since indeed *the same germinal thoughts of the Vedic authors come all the way down history,* even to Schopenhauer and Whitman, inspiring

philosophy after philosophy and religion after religion."

The Head-Waters of Thought

Having its head-waters back in the early centuries of history, the Hindu philosophical thought has flown down through the ages, irrigating and nourishing many fertile fields of philosophy, metaphysics and religion. There is very little, if anything, in these fields of thought which may not be traced back to the Hindu influence. Max Muller and Paul Duessen have borne evidence that in the Vedas and the Upanishads may be found the seed-thoughts for every philosophical conception that the Western mind has ever evolved. As an authority has said: "Every possible form of human philosophical speculation, conception or theory has been advanced by some Hindu philosopher during the centuries. It would seem that the Hindu philosophical mind has acted as the finest sieve, through which strained the volume of human philosophical thought, every idea of importance being gathered and applied, by someone, at some time, in India."

Victor Cousins said: "When we read the poetical and philosophical monuments of the far East—above all those of India, which are beginning to spread in Europe, we discover there many a truth, and truths so profound, and which make such a contrast with the meanness of the results at which European genius has sometimes stopped, that we are constrained to bend the knee before the philosophy of the East, and to see in this cradle of the human race the native land of the highest philosophy. . . India contains the whole history of philosophy in a nutshell." Sir Monier Williams says: "Indeed, if I may be allowed the anachronism, the Hindus were Spinozites more than two thousand years before the existence of Spinoza; and Darwinians many centuries before Darwin; and Evolutionists many centuries before the doctrine of Evolution had been accepted by the scientists of our time, and before any word like 'Evolution' existed in any language of the world."

Prof. Hopkins says: "Plato was full of Sankhyan thought, worked out by him, but taken from Pythagoras. Before the sixth century, B. C., all the religio-philosophical ideas of Pythagoras were current in India. If there were but one or two of these cases, they might be set aside as accidental coincidences, but such coincidences are too numerous to be the result of chance." Davies says: "Kapila's system is the first formulated system of philosophy of which the world has a record. It is the earliest attempt on record to give an answer, from reason alone, to the mysterious questions which arise in every thoughtful mind about the origin of the world, the nature and relations of man and his future destiny. . . The human intellect has gone over the same ground that it occupied more than two thousand years ago." Hopkins says: "Both Thales and Parmenides were indeed anticipated by Hindu sages, and the Eleatic school seems but a reflection of the Upanishads." Schlegel says: "Even the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reason as it is set forth by the Greek philosophers, appears in comparison with the abundant light and vigor of Oriental idealism like a feeble Promethean spark in the full flood of heavenly glory of the noonday sun, faltering and feeble and ever ready to be extinguished."

Oriental Heterodoxy

The Orient—India in particular—is the home of the Idealistic Philosophy which is now exerting such an influence on Western thought. So closely identified with Idealism is the highest Hindu philosophy that to the average person *all* Hindu philosophy is identified with Idealism. But this is quite wrong. India, the home of Idealism, and whose thought has carried that doctrine to its last refinement of tenuity, is also the home of every other form of philosophical thought which has ever been evolved from the

mind of man. As far back as the time of Buddha, we find there had been in existence for many centuries various schools of philosophical thought far removed from Idealism, many of which have been revamped or rediscovered by modern Western thinkers. We find some of the oldest Buddhistic writings vigorously combating these heterodox schools and pointing to their errors. The following quotation from Dr. J. E. Carpenter will surprise many readers. He says:

"The eagerness with which the speculations concerning the 'self' were pursued may be inferred from the conspectus of sixty wrong views about it, according to the Buddha. . . On the other hand, there were teachers daring enough to deny the first principles on which the Brahmanical were all based, viz., *karma*. Such among the Buddha's contemporaries were the agnostic Sanjaya, who repudiated all knowledge of the subject; the materialist Ajita of the hairy garment, who allowed no other life, rejected the claim to knowledge by higher insight, and resolved man into the four elements—earth, water, fire, air—which dispersed at death; the indifferentist Purana Kassapa, who acknowledged no moral distinctions, and consequently no merit or reward; and the determinist Makkhali of the Cow-pen, who indeed recognized the *samsara* (the chain of rebirth and phenomenal existence), but admitted no voluntary action, and hence no *karma* (the fruit of action), each individual only working out the law of its nature which it could not modify or control, the sole cause of everything being found in *niyati*, destiny, impersonal necessity, or fate."

Hindu Materialism

In addition to the schools mentioned above, the Hindu school of Materialism, the Charvakas, or Lokayatikas, was founded about three thousand years ago, and has always had a following, although despised by the orthodox Hindus. The Charvakas not only held to the material nature of the universe and all things contained therein, but also held that the individual perished at the death of the body, there being no such thing as a soul. They held to the ideal: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." They denounced the priests as impostors, and all religions as fallacies designed to delude and rob the people, and reviled the Vedas, or Sacred Books, as drivel and falsehood cleverly formulated to delude and control the people. These doctrines will have a familiar sound to the Western reader of to-day—and yet they were current in India from five hundred to one thousand years before the Christian era, and have had followers ever since.

The Land of the Spiritual Paradox

In philosophy, and in religion, India has given birth to the highest possible and lowest possible conceptions. There have been no heights to which the Hindu mind has feared to climb, and there have been no depths into which it has not descended. The most refined ideals and the most gross conceptions have been entertained by the Hindus. The mental and spiritual soil which has given nourishment to the noblest philosophical plants and trees, from which have come the fairest flowers and the richest fruits, has also given life to the most noxious weeds and the most poisonous varieties of mental and spiritual fungi. In the garden of Oriental thought, one searching for the rarest and most beautiful flowers and richest fruit will find it—but he must beware of the mental toad-stools, spiritual deadly nightshade, and psychic loco-weed which beset the paths. In Hindu thought the extremes meet—it is the land of the spiritual paradox.

While it is true that the various orthodox Hindu schools of philosophical thought apparently differ materially from each other, it will be found that these differences are but upon points of interpretation and theories of the manner in which the One reality manifests as the Many of the phenomenal world. In other words the differences are regarding the

"how" of the manifestation, rather than the fundamental principles themselves. Under the various schools of the Hindu thought will be found a common fundamental principle of the One Life and One Self of the universe. All true Hindu thought believes that the ultimate Reality is One, and that the phenomenal universe is composed of manifold and varied manifestations, emanations, or reflections of that One. It is the same fundamental thought that caused the Grecian conception of the World-Spirit of which we spoke in our last month's paper. Whether this One be called The Absolute, Brahman, Krishna, or simply "That," by the various Hindu schools, it is always regarded as One.

The Hindu philosophy is essentially monistic. It holds that All is One, and One is All—that the One is all that is, ever has been, ever will be, or ever can be. Beyond the One there is held to be but Nothing—illusion, *maya,* "mortal mind." It is more than monistic—it is *ultra*-monistic.

Swami Vivekananda, the apostle of the Vedanta Philosophy of India, who visited this country several years ago, attracting marked attention from many of the best minds of our land, brings out this fundamental idea of the Hindu philosophy in the following extracts from his lectures. He said:

"Where is there any more misery for him who sees this Oneness in the universe, this Oneness of life, Oneness of everything?....This separation between man and man, man and woman, man and child, nation from nation, earth from moon, moon from sun, this separation between atom and atom is the cause really of all the misery, and the Vedanta says this separation does not exist, it is not real. It is merely apparent, on the surface. In the heart of things there is unity still. If you go inside you will find that unity between man and man, women and children, races and races, high and low, rich and poor, the gods and men; all are One, and animals, too, if you go deep enough, and he who has attained to that has no more delusion. Where is there any more delusion for him? What can delude him? He knows the reality of everything, the secret of everything. Where is there any more misery for him? What does he desire? He has traced the reality of everything unto the Lord, that center, that Unity of everything, and that is Eternal Bliss, Eternal Knowledge, Eternal Existence. Neither death nor disease nor sorrow nor discontent is there....In the Center, the reality, there is no one to be mourned for, no one to be sorry for. He has penetrated everything, the Pure One, the Formless, the Bodyless, the Stainless. He is the Knower, He is the great Poet, the Self-Existent. He who is giving to everyone what he deserves....When man has seen himself as One with the infinite Being of the universe, when all separateness has ceased, when all men, all women, all angels, all gods, all animals, all plants, the whole universe has been melted into that oneness, then all fear disappears. Whom to fear? Can I hurt myself? Can I kill myself? Can I injure myself? Do you fear yourself? Then will all sorrow disappear. What can cause me sorrow? I am the One Existence of the universe. Then all jealousies will disappear; of whom to be jealous? Of myself? Then all bad feelings disappear. Against whom shall I have this bad feeling? Against myself? There is none in the universe but me....kill out this differentiation, kill out this superstition that there are many. 'He who, in this world of many, sees that One; he who, in this mass of insentiency, sees that One Sentient Being; he who in this world of shadow catches that Reality, unto him belongs eternal peace, unto none else, unto none else.'"

We find in the above expression of Hindu Monism the keynote that is predominant in the modern Western philosophical, metaphysical and theological thought. All that modern Western Monistic Idealism is asserting so strongly has been asserted, centuries before, and even more strongly, by the Hindu sages. Compare the above utterances of the world-old truths of the Vedanta, as voiced by Vivekananda, with the latter-day utterances. In the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, on the page preceding the table of contents, we find several quotations, one of which is as follows:

"I, I, I, I, itself, I,
The inside and outside, the what and the why,
The when and the where, the low and the high,
All I, I, I, I, itself, I."

In the same book we find the following given as "The Scientific Statement of Being":

"There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All in all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness; hence man is spiritual and not material."

Emerson says of the "Over-Soul":

"Truth, goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All....God is, and all things are but shadows of him....The True doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all His parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universal contrives to throw itself into every point."

Do not these ideas breathe the very spirit of the inner Hindu thought?

The Higher Pantheism

This idea of the Immanent God, or the

Higher Pantheism, is permeating the thought of to-day, as we have shown in our first paper of the series. In that paper we quoted the following from the articles of Harold Bolce, in the Cosmopolitan magazine:

"Not only in religious rhetoric, but in reality, the school men say, is man the avatar of God ....They say that....this is not an atheistic banishment of God and his holy angels, but is, on the contrary, the enthronement of a new Jehovah —a God that has become conscious and potent in the human mind."

Among some of the "New Thought" cults we hear of teachers boldly asserting and teaching their pupils to assert, that:

"I am God! There is None other than God! Therefore, as I AM, I must be God! Otherwise, I *am not* at all."

One of the widely printed bits of "advanced thought" verse is the following, which brings out very plainly the essence of the Higher Pantheism in modern thought:

"Thou great, eternal infinite, the great unbounded Whole,
Thy body is the universe—thy spirit is the soul.
If thou dost fill immensity; if thou art all in all;
If thou wert here before I was, I am not here at all.
How could I live outside of thee? Dost thou fill earth and air?
There surely is no place for me, outside of everywhere.
If thou art God, and thou dost fill immensity of space,
Then I am God, think as you will, or else I have no place.
And if I have no place at all, or if I am not here,
'Banished' I surely cannot be, for then I'd be somewhere.
Then I must be a part of God, no matter if I'm small;
And if I'm not a part of him, there's no such God at all."

Is not the spirit of the Hindu thought manifested throughout this Western expression? Prof. William James says: "We may fairly suppose that the authority which absolute monism undoubtedly possesses, and probably always will possess over some persons, draws its strength far less from the intellectual than from mystical grounds. To interpret absolute monism worthily, be a mystic. . . Observe how radical the theory of the monism here is. Separation is not simply overcome by the One, it is denied to exist. There is no many. We are not parts of the One; it has no parts, and since in a sense we undeniably *are*, it must be that each of us *is* the One, indivisibly and totally. *An Absolute One, and I that One,* surely we have here a religion which, emotionally considered, has a high pragmatic value; it imparts a perfect sumptuosity of security."

"The Dream of Brahm"

Next to the idea of ultra-Monism which is the essence of the Hindu philosophical and religious thought, we find the conception of Idealism playing a prominent part. By "Idealism" we mean the philosophical conception that denies the existence of the phenomenal world apart from the universal mind. Idealism denies the existence of material objects, holding that their appearances are merely *ideas* of the mind. In the Vedanta, the highest phase of Hindu philosophical thought, the teaching is that the Absolute, Brahman, or the Divine Mind, is "an absolutely homogeneous, pure intelligence or thought, eternal, infinite, indivisible." This being the case, it becomes necessary for the Vedantin to account for "the appearance of the phenomenal world, with its succession of change, and its plurality of souls." But the Vedantin does not shrink from the responsibility, but faces it boldly. He accounts for the world of phenomena upon the theory of *maya* (illusion) arising from *avidya* (ignorance). But this ignorance and illusion is held to be universal, and not confined to individuals. The individual is bound by it until the scales fall from his eyes, and he sees the Truth of the Oneness. An ancient Vedanta teacher, living many centuries ago, said: "The entire complex of phenomenal existence is considered as true so long as the Brahman and the Self has not arisen, just as the phantoms of a dream are considered to be dreams until the sleeper wakes." Thus the existence of the phenomenal world, while apparently real, is but the fiction of an illusory dream. It seemingly exists, while the state of ignorance persists, for, as Tennyson says: "Dreams are true, *while they last.*"

Max Muller has said: "Vedanta holds a most unique position among the philos-

ophies of the world. After lifting the Self or the true nature of the Ego, Vedanta unites it with the essence of Divinity, which is absolutely pure, perfect, immortal, unchangeable, and one. No philosopher, not even Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, or Schopenhauer has reached that height of philosophical thought. . . None of our philosophers, not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms of lightnings. Stone follows upon stone, in regular succession after once the first step has been made, after once it has been seen that in the beginning there can have been but One, as there will be but One in the end, whether we call it Atman or Brahman." Arising from this extreme theory of Idealism, we may see the various modern doctrines of Idealism, from Berkeley to the modern schools of "New Thought." The basic principle is that "All is Mind," and that all the phenomenal universe must exist as ideas, dreams, or pictures in that Mind.

A Mind-Created Universe

Edward Carpenter says: "We see that there is in man a creative thought-source continually in operation, which is shaping and giving form not only to his body, but largely to the world in which he lives. In fact, the houses, the gardens, the streets among which we live, the clothes we wear, the books we read, have been produced from this source. And there is not one of these things—the building in which we are at this moment, the conveyance in which we may ride home—*which has not in its first birth* been a mere phantom thought in some man's mind, and owes its existence to that fact. Some of us who live in the midst of what we call civilization simply live embedded among the thoughts of other people. We see, hear, and touch those thoughts, and they are, for us, the World. But no sooner do we arrive at this point, and see the position clearly, than another question inevitably rises upon us. If, namely, this world of civilized life, with its great buildings and bridges and wonderful works of art, is the embodiment and materialization of the *thoughts of Man,* how about that other world of the mountains and the trees and the mighty ocean and the sunset sky—the world of Nature—is that also the embodiment and materialization of *the thoughts of other beings, or of one other Being?* And when we touch these things are we also coming into touch with the thoughts of these beings?" Is this not the note of the Vedanta?

Christian Science vs. Vedanta

The position of Christian Science Idealism is that the Divine Mind images and idealizes *only the things and qualities which, like itself, are pure and perfect;* and that therefore all that is not pure and perfect cannot be the idea of the Divine Mind, but must, on the contrary, be the product of "mortal mind" and, therefore, must be unreal, untrue, illusion, error, lies. This position is also taken by many of the independent metaphysical cults of the day, who have come under the influence of the Christian Science teachings, and who have "appropriated" some of its fundamental ideas. But differ as may the modern schools, their fundamental premise is that "All is Mind," and when they so assert they place themselves in the direct line of inheritance with the teachings of the Vedanta and the still older schools of Hindu thought from which the Vedanta itself sprang. Idealistic Monism is older than recorded Hindu history, and undoubtedly had its origin among the earliest races on earth, the names and histories of which have passed from human memory. These "newest" thoughts of the so-called "New Thought" of the day are in reality *the very oldest thoughts of the race.* Verily, "there is nothing new under the sun."

So far as we have proceeded in this article, we have limited our consideration of the Hindu thought, which is influencing that of the modern Western world, to that particular phase which is generally known as Brahmanism—the orthodox Hindu religio-philosophy. The term "Brahman-

ism," however, is not favored by the Hindus themselves, the term *"Sanatana,"* or "the Eternal System," being the term favored by them. Under the general system of the *Sanatana* are found the countless sects and schools of India, notwithstanding their various points of doctrinal or theoretical difference, the only requisite being that all shall agree upon the fundamental principle of the Infinite and Eternal Reality underlying all forms, and of which all else is either an appearance, emanation or manifestation. Outside of the Sanatana, however, the Buddhists are compelled to dwell, as they are held to deny the fundamental principles so dear to the orthodox Hindu thought. The Buddhists are regarded as "outsiders" and heretics. In fact, while India gave birth to Gautama Buddha and Buddhism, the latter school of philosophy and religion has practically disappeared from India proper, and is now represented there only by a few Northern tribes. In Burmah, Ceylon, Napal, however, as in Thibet, China, Japan, etc., the followers of Buddha number some 300,000,000 souls.

The Influence of Buddhism

But, although it has changed its dwelling place, Buddhism has left its influence upon Hindu thought, and its power is now manifesting itself in influencing the modern thought of the Western world. This has come about from various causes, chief among which is probably the influence of and general interest in modern Theosophy, the school established by Madame Blavatsky. To this influence must be added the popularity of the semi-Buddhistic conceptions of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, in their idea of the World-Will, and the general leaning toward some of the original Buddhistic philosophical teachings on the part of certain modern scientists. Buddha's teaching that the Ultimate Reality was to be found only in a conception of a Universal Law, rather than in a Being or definite Principle, bears a striking analogy to the ideas of the Greek philosopher Heraclitus, and to the fundamental ideas of our modern philosopher, Herbert Spencer. Buddha's idea of the "Creative Will" which is ever striving to manifest itself in ever-changing phenomenal shape, form and variety, finds many modern followers in the philosophical school of "Voluntarism," the fundamental tenet of which is that "the ultimate nature of reality is to be conceived as some form of Will," a view specially favored by Schopenhauer and his followers.

The influence of Buddhism on modern Western thought is exerted through two channels, apparently unconnected, but still originally emerging from the same common source. Along one of these channels flows the stream of the Buddhistic doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma; along the other flows the stream of the doctrine of the power of Thought and Will. The first channel and its stream reaches the Western world through the fields claimed by Theosophy; the second wends its way through the somewhat diversified fields of the "New Thought" movement.

While the doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma is firmly held by the orthodox Hindu schools of thought, it is nevertheless true that it finds its greatest growth and richest flowering in the Buddhistic garden. The Buddhists have reduced the doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma to a science, and the ordinary Hindu presentation seems tame and subdued by comparison. The conceptions entertained by Theosophy, so far as this particular doctrine is concerned, were obtained directly from Buddhist sources. Madame Blavatsky's writings on Reincarnation and Karma bear the impress of Buddhism, and still more plainly does the mark show on Mr. Sinnett's statement of the doctrine in his "Esoteric Buddhism"; while Col. Olcott, one of the founders of the Theosophical Society, lived and died an ardent Buddhist. Theosophy itself, while it has outgrown some of the limitations of Buddhism and has moved into the general field of Hindu thought, must acknowledge its indebtedness to Buddhism for its (Theosophy's) cardinal doctrines

of Reincarnation and Karma. And the general interest in these subjects manifested of late years in Western thought may be readily traced to the school of Gautama, the Buddha.

Reincarnation, as every reader probably knows, is the doctrine of repeated rebirth in the physical body—the soul being held to have risen by degrees from the lowest animal forms, thence incarnating in a succession of human bodies, during many lives and personalities, from whence it shall eventually move forward to higher forms of life, until finally it shall enter into the blissful state of Nirvana, Bliss and Freedom from Rebirth. The term "Nirvana" is distinctly Buddhistic, the Hindu equivalent being "Moksha," meaning Liberation, Emancipation, Divine Absorption, etc. Karma is the doctrine accompanying that of Reincarnation, and the term means "The Law of Spiritual Cause and Effect," the workings of which determine the successive incarnations of the individual soul. Each act is held to generate Karma, or the "seed of future action" which will sprout, grow, blossom and bear fruit in future lives. Karma is akin to Fate, but a fate arising from one's own actions, thoughts and deeds, rather than imposed by Providence.

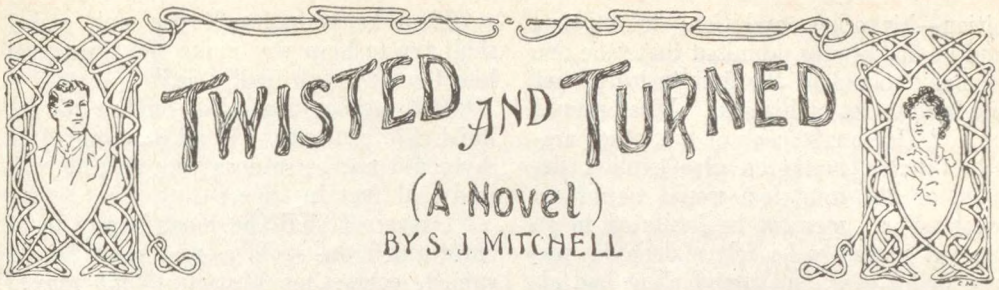
It is interesting to notice how the idea of Reincarnation and Karma has grown in the minds of Western people during the past two decades. Originally repugnant to the Western mind, it has nevertheless managed to work its way to an acceptance on the part of many people who are searching for the *new* in philosophy and religion. It is now quite common to hear people discussing the probability of their having lived before the present life, and accounting for many of the happenings, joyful or sorrowful, of the present life, upon the basis of Karma.

The other channel of Buddhistic thought, through which is flowing a stream which is irrigating the Western lands, is that which is bringing about the remarkable interest in Thought-Force, Will-Power, etc., now noticeable on all sides. While the orthodox Hindu schools recognize the power of Thought and Will, they are too much taken up with the dreamy, transcendental, metaphysical speculations to bestow more than a passing notice to the subject. Not so with the Buddhist! The Buddhist priesthood, in Thibet, Ceylon, and in Japan, particularly, have devoted much time and study to the subject of the Thought and Will. They have evolved a distinctively Buddhistic psychology, of which the general Western world knows little. Chief among their beliefs is that Thought and Will are *dynamic forces,* capable of being employed for good or evil, and which are operative over a distance. The phenomena of hypnotism, telepathy, mental control, mental influence, mental fascination, etc., are quite familiar to the Buddhists, and are taught in their inner schools. The Will is held to be the governing power, to which all else is subordinate.

Western Imitations

The Western teachers of these subjects are, for the most part, mere babes in knowledge regarding these things, as compared with many old Buddhist monks and recluses. The greatly discussed subject of Mental Influence of which we hear so much in "New Thought" and other circles, under various names and forms, is an old—a very old—story to these old Buddhists. In fact, the hints on the subject which have aroused such intense interest in the Western world have come in a direct line of travel from Buddhist sources, as all know who are familiar with these sources. The *newest* of this phase of New Thought and "Psychic Research" is the *oldest* of the twenty-five centuries old Buddhistic philosophy. The Oriental, however, who has mastered the psychological principles involved, usually turns the same to self-development —while the Western dilettante occulist usually endeavors to use it to influence others or to manifest "phenomena" for the mystification of his friends.

Next Month—"The Influence of the Later Philosophers," Showing How Ancient Thought Flowed Into the Crucible of Modern Thought.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Melville Reardon, a young man with extraordinary ambitions, yet a complete failure, wonders why he cannot realize those ambitions. He feels that the mysterious cause of his desire for greater things should also give him the power to gain those things. He goes in search of the solution, and resolves never to give up until he has found it. Through his employer, Richard Spaulding, Reardon meets Alexander Whiting, a prosperous business man who has won success through persistent desire. He calls on a business matter and happens to mention the cause of his success. This arouses Reardon's curiosity and it is arranged that he is to call at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whiting, where he is to meet Cyril Janos, a man said to possess the information Reardon wishes to secure. This arouses Mr. Spaulding's curiosity and he makes Reardon promise to tell him all about it the following morning. Mr. Reardon finds Mr. and Mrs. Whiting to be friends after his own heart and finds the wisdom of Cyril Janos to be the solution of his problem. Before he leaves Mrs. Whiting invites him to call the following Wednesday evening to meet two of her special friends and partake in a timely discussion. On the street car, on his way home, Mr. Reardon meets Mrs. Arnold, who invites him to call the following Friday evening to meet a young woman. He accepts the invitation against his will, and wonders, as he reaches his own home, why he wants to meet this young woman, as he strangely feels that he should have refused. He resolves to keep his appointment, however. The following morning Mr. Spaulding questions Reardon closely about Mr. Whiting. Mr. Reardon, through an exceptional experience on the way to his work an hour before, is enabled to give the desired information. Later in the day Mr. Whiting is requested to come to Spaulding's office and explain his rise from an insignificant position to his present important position. Mr. Whiting complies, and at the close of the interview Mr. Spaulding offers him a position with a salary nearly four times as large as his present one, which is accepted. At the Wednesday evening gathering a number of important problems are discussed from the standpoint of one who has conquered. Mr. Warren, a young, pessimistic philosopher, and a complete failure, is compelled, by the soundness of Mrs. Whiting's ideas, to completely renounce his own. And as the new light comes into his mind he discovers how he can promote human welfare on a very large scale. Miss Kirkwood, a young women who deserves the best in life, but secures practically nothing, is told the reason why; she is also told how she may win the best man in the world. She resolves to try and promises to give the secret to every girl in the world. On the following Friday evening Mr. Reardon meets Miss Cameron, and under the peculiar influences of Mrs. Arnold, the two young people fall in love. On his return home that evening he strangely meets Lillian Strong, a young woman worth two millions, and deeply interested in young men with extraordinary ambitions. She invites Mr. Reardon to her palatial home on the coming Sunday. The following morning it is discovered that Richard Spaulding has failed completely in business, and, heartbroken, he goes home to tell his daughter, Adeline. Instead of being crushed by the news, Adeline proves to be a spiritual giant, and she tells her father how he can regain everything. Mr. Spaulding is astonished by her philosophy, but is finally convinced that her way is the way out. This changes his whole life, and for the first time he enjoys real happiness. With the closing of Mr. Spaulding's business Reardon is without a position and again at sea, but through his acquaintance with Miss Strong he finds a way to realize all his ambitions. He hesitates however, to accept this new plan. For some weeks he lives on the verge of gloom, but a special invitation from Mrs. Whiting makes the sun shine again. This invitation brings together the "select" and Cyril Janos answers a number of momentous questions. One of the select is Miss Kirkwood, who, some weeks later, meets "the best man" through the magic of a certain smile. In the meantime Reardon tries to win Miss Cameron, but as she is not "the woman" his plans are upset as usual. Confused again, he does some deep thinking and discovers the cause of his mistakes. Acting upon his discovery he has a strange experience and thereby meets a great financier who promises to make Reardon's ambition come true.

XV

THERE was nothing on the door but simply "Hadley & Co." That was all; but those few words spoke volumes to Melville Reardon.

What would he learn when he went inside? What would the great financier say after hearing his story? What proposition would that man make? Would he offer anything, or would he simply look upon it all as a beautiful dream? These were the uppermost questions in Mr. Reardon's mind, and they did not move slowly nor leisurely among the clamoring elements of his other thoughts. What would the answer be? Had the turning of the tide come at last? Soon he would know. It was one o'clock, and it was now his privilege to walk in. But as he extended his hand to turn the knob in the door, another question arose in his mind.

He had never before told his secret am-

bition—his other ambition—to anyone; and he had always promised that "the one woman" should be the first to learn that life-long secret of his soul. What should he do? He must speak of this other ambition today, and even give explicit details, or the interview would be of no avail. For a moment he hesitated to go in; but presently he felt a deep joyousness in his soul, and that feeling had always indicated that everything was all right. It was a sign that had never failed him in the past; and as there was no reason why it should fail him now, he decided to obey. He would walk in without delay, and if he was called upon to fully explain his other ambition he would do so.

Opening the door he found himself in a most luxurious waiting-room, and face to face with a woman. As he entered she arose, and the eyes of the two met—and exchanged that beautiful but mysterious something that has always been too eloquent for speech.

For several minutes those two pairs of eyes looked into the depths of two souls—and knew. No words were spoken, and all surroundings, for the time being, seemed void of existence.

The first thought that arose in Mr. Reardon's mind was "the one woman." It was she. He did not question; he did not wonder; he *knew*. And the realization of this brought him back to the consciousness of where he was. This made words necessary, but his usual timidity coupled with the strange embarrassment of the situation were not conducive to the immediate flow of ready speech; and it was with great effort, much hesitation—and many blushes—that he finally succeeded in saying anything.

"I was to come here at one," he began.

"Yes, I know," she replied before he could finish his remark. "You have an engagement with my uncle."

"Yes," he said; "though I did not know that he was your uncle," he added, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, he is, but he won't be able to see you for an hour. Can you wait?"

"I can wait any length of time. In fact, I cannot possibly leave until I see him."

"Then be seated, will you not, and I shall try to help you make the time seem less than what it really is."

"Nothing could give"— but he did not finish his sentence. What he wanted to say could not be said as yet; and he realized that fact in time.

"I mean I shall be most happy to be entertained in such a manner," he resumed, correcting himself; "but may I first have the pleasure to know to whom I am speaking? My name is Melville Reardon."

"And my name is Marguerite Romaine," she replied, extending her hand.

He took her hand in his, and again their eyes met in that same mysterious manner. For many minutes they stood as if entranced, their souls too full of the greatest joy in the world to think of else but that one joy.

"My uncle told me that you were the most ambitious man in the world," she began, after what seemed to be an eternity of bliss had completed its circle.

"That is what my friends tell me; and I can hardly understand how anyone could possibly be more ambitious."

"And did you know that that was the reason why you were invited to come here today?"

"No, I did not. I knew that that fact gave occasion to the invitation, but I did not know that it was the only reason."

"That, however, is the truth, Mr. Reardon."

"And will you kindly explain?"

"Yes, but let us be seated first. I will explain, providing you will tell me what you are so ambitious to gain or become."

"Yes, that I will do gladly," he replied, knowing that now, for the first time in his life, he could speak freely. He was speaking to *her,* and he could tell everything.

"I have two leading ambitions," he continued; "and these have been with me almost as long as I can remember. They are so tremendously strong that they seem to dominate my very life; and everything that I ever attempted to do that was contrary to their supreme desires has been spoiled in the doing. Whenever I have begun to act contrary to these ambitions, something has always come in the way."

"And what were they, please?" she

asked, her whole life on tiptoe with expectation.

"Early in life I saw, with my mind's eye, the picture of a woman that I knew at the time to be 'the woman;' and one of my ambitions has been to meet that woman—and win her love."

"And have you met her?" she asked, as every atom in her being trembled with her intense desire for the answer.

But he did not reply at once. Instead, he unconsciously turned towards her, moved by some power he could not control—possibly the same power that had made his ambitions so persistent and so strong.

Again their eyes met. Again they were speechless. Again they were entranced in the ecstasy of bliss. And she knew the answer.

"Yes, I have met her," he continued; "the great day is here. I have met her—now."

For a time they were both silent. She, with drooping eyes, in deep thought; and he, with eyes filled with the soul of adoration, worshiping as he alone can worship who knows he has found his own.

"And what was your other ambition?" she asked presently, but with a desire that seemed less intense, as her greatest desire had been realized.

"I have promised myself from the beginning," he replied quietly and seriously, "that I should first tell *her*."

"Then, can you tell me?" she exclaimed, her soul aflame once more, yearning to be assured again that she was "the one woman."

"Yes, I can, and to know that I can gives me more joy than a million heavens could possibly contain. But I must begin at once so that I can fulfill my promise to myself—to tell *her* first."

She listened intently as he explained everything, as he outlined in detail the many intricate principles and ideas of his wonderful plan; and as he finished his fascinating story—more than fascinating to her—she sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Your friends say that you are the most ambitious man in the world, but they have not spoken a millionth part of the truth. You are the greatest man in the world. Only the greatest man could conceive of such an idea, perfect such a plan, nourish such an ambition. Yes," she repeated, her face beaming with a loveliness that no man had ever looked upon before, "you are the greatest man in the world, and I am—she."

"Come," she continued; "listen. Now I will tell you why you were invited here today. I have also had an ambition—not two, but one. It has always been my ambition to meet the most ambitious man in the world. And my promise has been to myself never to look into the eyes of any other man. Some years ago I told this secret to my uncle, and ever since he has been looking for the most ambitious man. But he never found him until yesterday, and that is why you were invited here today. And now that we understand each other, we will go into the other room so you may tell my uncle of your wonderful plan."

"Now tell me what you want to do, Mr. Reardon," the great financier began, as the three had been seated about a small round table. "I am looking for something extraordinary," he added; "so naturally I am all attention."

Having received such unbounded appreciation for his plans from Marguerite, Mr. Reardon had gained more confidence in his ambition than he ever had before—and that confidence was practically limitless—therefore he felt ready to proceed without hesitation, regardless of the fact that every idea presented would be scrutinized most closely by a man who could detect flaws with almost unerring precision.

He stated his case clearly and thoroughly, giving his reasons for everything, and explaining in detail how he expected his plan to work out in practical action. When he was through, there was nothing more to ask, and every doubt that might have arisen in the beginning as to the feasibility of his plan was dispelled completely.

"That is my ambition," he said as he had told his story for the second time that afternoon; "that is what I wish to do; that is what I must do; that is what I will do, and nothing in the world can stand in my way."

"Nothing will want to stand in your

way," Mr. Hadley exclaimed, and the power of his enthusiasm was so strong that everything in the room seemed to tremble from the force of his voice.

"Mr. Reardon," he continued, "do you know what the world will say when they hear of this plan? I will tell you. Be prepared for it, and remember what I say. You will be looked upon as the greatest man in the world. You will be honored as none are honored today. You will be received everywhere in preference to the greatest kings and the most powerful monarchs. You will stand away above them all, but you will stand precisely where you deserve to stand."

For a moment they were all silent, and then Mr. Reardon remembered what Mrs. Whiting had said about "monarchs" when he met her the first time. And he silently whispered to himself: "How interesting it will be to understand the mystery of it all."

"Nothing but a wonderful mind, an extraordinary mind, a truly great mind," continued Mr. Hadley, "could possibly conceive of such an idea or work out such a plan."

"Thank you, Mr. Hadley; thank you a million times for your kind appreciation," Mr. Reardon replied, almost choking with emotion; "but do you know," he added with animation, "that when you are intensely ambitious to do a certain thing, the force of that ambition will build up your mind more and more until you become great enough to do it?"

"No, that is a new thought to me. But it looks sound."

"It is sound, Mr. Hadley. And if you will investigate you will find the evidence in its favor to be overwhelming."

"Yes, that looks all right. And if it is true, it is one of the greatest discoveries that was ever made. But tell me, Mr. Reardon, did you perfect your plan in the beginning, or did you perfect it gradually?"

"At first I had only some vague ideas, with no definite plan as to their application; but I became ambitious to perfect those ideas and apply them. Then I found that the more ambitious I became, the stronger became the force of my ambition; and as my ambition grew my ideas became clearer. Then my mind reached a point where it gained the power to conceive a plan for the application of these ideas; and from that time on, I knew definitely what I wanted to do. But the next step was to find a way to get my plan and my work before the world. I tried several years to find that way. The reason I failed was because the force of my ambition had not developed all the essentials to real success. Now, however, I am convinced that this has been done, and there is no reason for further delay."

"I see very clearly, Mr. Reardon, that you are an excellent example of what you have said concerning the force of ambition, and its power to make a man great enough to realize his ambition, and as I think of it, I can think of almost any number of similar examples. Though the reason, I suppose, that you have developed such a marvelous mind is because the force of your ambition was stronger than that of the others. You have been more ambitious than the rest."

"But any man can be more ambitious that I am."

"Possibly so. That is a matter, however, that each man is at liberty to prove. We need not discuss it further just now. The next move for us is to get your plan before the world. And do you know, Mr. Reardon, that there are millions in it?"

"I always knew there was. Though the fact that it will add so richly to the welfare and the happiness of the world is of more importance to me."

"You could not think otherwise, my boy. It is in you to feel that way. And that is the principal reason why the world will love you so well. Those who do great things for gain will soon be forgotten, but those who do great things because they have human good at heart can never be forgotten so long as there is a single soul alive. But coming down to the practical side of the matter, any capitalist would give you several million dollars for a part interest in your plan. I will give you five million for a half interest and close the transaction today. Though if you wish to wait for a larger offer, do so. You are almost certain to get it."

"No, Mr. Hadley, I want you to be with me in this great work. There are

many reasons; and one if them is"—but he said no more. His eyes were upon his beautiful Marguerite, and the great financier understood.

"What is the first thing you want to do?" Mr. Hadley inquired, as they were all preparing to go home.

"It will be necessary," Mr. Reardon replied, "for me to visit several of the largest cities of this country. This tour will require three or four months. When I return, I will have everything we need, and the work can begin."

"Do you intend to go alone?" Mr. Hadley inquired with a tone of suspicion in his voice.

"I would rather not," said Mr. Reardon as he turned again to Marguerite. And as he beheld those deep, brown eyes, so full of tenderness and soul, he knew he would not go alone.

XVI

"Tell me all you know, Mrs. Whiting. What has happened since I've been gone?"

"Almost everything that you can think of, Mr. Reardon."

"And where is Cyril Janos?"

"Nobody knows. He has gone into seclusion in some Western city for the purpose of conducting several thousand psychological experiments. He made a remarkable discovery in chemistry about six months ago, and he recently sold it for a half a million dollars. With that money he is going to devote three or four years to experiments. His object is to demonstrate exactly the effect of every thought and emotion upon the human body. When he is through he says he will be able to tell precisely what thoughts to think to stay well, what thoughts to think to stay young and what thoughts to think to produce any desired condition in the body."

"Wonderful!"

"Oh, but I am interested in that," declared Marguerite.

"Yes," said Mr. Whiting, "we are all interested—intensely so, and when Cyril Janos comes back he will bring what he promised."

"Indeed, he will," exclaimed Mrs. Whiting. "He was here the evening before he went away, and he told us a great deal about the different experiments he intends to conduct. But it was a feast to listen to him. I have never heard anything so fascinating in my life."

"I wish I could have been present," said Mr. Reardon thoughtfully. "We shall never forget Cyril Janos. No, not in millions of years. What he has done for us can never be told."

"True," replied Mr. Whiting, "but wait till he returns. He is going to give the results of his experiments—everything—to the daily press. Then we shall all know what the power of mind over body really means."

"It will mean a new age, will it not?" said Marguerite, her soulful eyes giving expression to a thousand times more than her tongue could tell.

"And that reminds me of the greatest book of the year," resumed Mrs. Whiting, "or more truthfully, the greatest book of modern times, 'The Vision of the Soul.' Of course everybody has read it."

"Yes, Marguerite and I have not only read the book," exclaimed Mr. Reardon, with his usual enthusiasm, "but we have met the author."

"Oh, have you, indeed? Tell me about him, and I will tell you something—something that will be real news—the very best of news."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whiting, I certainly shall, if you mean to reciprocate so generously. But he is a splendid man; a wonderful man. I would call him perfect in body, mind and soul. Handsome and brilliant. And much more. He has found those finer things in life that we have talked about so many times; and he shows it in his personality, in his conduct, in every movement he makes, in everything he says or does."

"I am so glad," exclaimed Mrs. Whiting, every atom in her being alive with attention.

"There is only one fault that his friends find with him," said Marguerite.

"And what is that, please?"

"They say he lives too much in the clouds. They say, for that reason, he will never do things."

"And they call that a fault. They are

not friends. They are simply acquaintances. But how old is he?"

"Twenty-four."

"Only twenty-four, and has already written that remarkable book—a book that is selling so fast that his publishers are months behind in their orders. And he will never do things. He has done more already than all of those acquaintances put together."

"You are right, Mrs. Whiting—Melville tells me you always are—those are my views in the matter exactly. But people as a rule don't think that anyone can make money who lives in the clouds."

"I know they do, but I would rather live in the clouds on ten dollars a week than be a mere animal man at a million a year."

"Splendidly stated, Mrs. Whiting, splendidly stated," exclaimed Marguerite. "Oh, but I am going to love you," she added as she sprang to Mrs. Whiting's side and embraced her vigorously.

"I agree," began Mr. Whiting in his calm but powerful tone. "But there is another side to the question. There are some people living in the clouds who never do things and who never gain things. Not all, however, are in that position. People who live in the clouds usually secure the best that there is upon earth, and especially when they keep close watch on everything taking place upon earth."

"That solves the matter," declared Mr. Reardon. "Have your home in the clouds, but have your workshop a little farther down."

"And now may we have that extra good news?" asked Marguerite.

"You may. Adeline is engaged. Her own has come. And who do you think he is? The very man we have been talking about. The man who wrote 'The Vision of the Soul.' Their wedding day is near at hand."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Reardon. "Oh, but I should like to shout for joy. Splendid news, Mrs. Whiting. Splendid news. What an ideal couple. They are exactly made for each other. And that they should meet. Wonderful! Wonderful! That's the name for it."

"Yes, I wrote to Adeline yesterday that Mr. Whiting and myself would have the rare pleasure to entertain a bride and groom tonight—Mr. Reardon and his adorable Marguerite. And now I must write her again and tell her what you have said. Oh, but it will make her happy."

"And she deserves all the happiness that comes to her," Mr. Reardon mused thoughtfully. "Though she will want for nothing in that respect. But then that is true of us all. Some great changes have taken place, have they not, Mr. Whiting, since first we met?"

"Yes, I frequently think of it, but I seldom say much about it, for words are wholly inadequate. All I can say is, we have found the way, and it works."

"True," said Mrs. Whiting quietly, "it has worked wonderfully in our circle of friends. Not one exception to the rule. They have all realized much, and they are all on the way to realize more."

"Tell us about Mildred," exclaimed Mr. Reardon. "Did she find the best man in the world?"

"She did. She is now Mrs. Chesterton, and you could not possibly find a happier woman."

"But it was wonderful how she changed after she became your friend, Mrs. Whiting. She looked like a wilted flower at first; and then within a few months she looked like a highly-bred rose in full bloom."

"Yes, it was wonderful; though any girl who would be just as apt a pupil as Mildred could do the same."

"I believe that, Mrs. Whiting, if you were the teacher."

"Thank you, Mr. Reardon. But anyone can teach as well as I do if their desire to live what they know is just as strong as their desire to impart what they know."

"How beautiful and how true," declared Marguerite. "But tell us more about Mildred."

"I will do better than that. I will have you meet her very soon. Then after you have met her I will ask her to show you one of her last year's pictures. You could never believe it was the same girl."

"And what was it principally that produced the transformation?"

"It was the new philosophy of life in general, and the sweetly expressive smile in particular. Mildred is always singing in her soul, 'How soon a smile of God can change the world;' and she has entered so beautifully into that smile that she actually looks like that smile. All her friends call her the smile of God, and that is exactly what she is."

"Then she must have more friends than she can number."

"That is literally the truth. And what is so beautiful, all her friends are fast becoming as sweet as she. They are becoming so imbued with the sunshine of her soul that they actually reflect the same wonderful smile. You will love her, Marguerite. Oh, but she is a jewel."

"Excuse me for changing the subject," interrupted Mr. Reardon, "but do you know what Mr. Warren has accomplished?"

"To begin with, he married Lillian Strong, which was a small feat by no means. Lillian would not have an ordinary man. She wanted someone who could make history, and she realized her wish. Mr. Warren has already inaugurated his great movement, and as he is fully competent to carry it through, his work will soon be felt in nearly every home in the civilized world."

"I am convinced," Mr. Whiting added, "that he will accomplish more in ten years than all reform movements and all philanthropic endeavors combined could accomplish in five centuries. And my reason for such a far-reaching statement is that Mr. Warren will aim to remove the cause of social ills. His movement will not waste centuries of time and barrels of gold trying to appease the effects while the causes still remain. And I also wish to say that his method for removing the cause of human ills is effective. It has been tried and it works."

"There is no doubt about that," replied Mr. Reardon. "And Mr. Warren can praise the day he had his first and only argument with Mrs. Whiting. Do you realize, Mrs. Whiting, what you are doing upon this planet? Have you ever tried to measure with your mind the amount of happiness you have already created? The thought of it must make you weep for joy every day of your life."

"No, I never think of it. If you would do the greatest good and have the greatest joy, do what you can at all times and in all places. Then forget what you have done by giving your whole attention to the doing of something still better."

"Oh, but your sentiments are so beautiful, Mrs. Whiting, and your thoughts so lofty and strong. How I wish that I could think those same wonderful thoughts."

"But you can, Marguerite; and the very fact that you desire such thoughts proves that you have a mind that is ready to give them expression."

"I am so glad to hear you say that. To think great thoughts and beautiful thoughts has been one of my most cherished desires ever since I was a little girl."

"Then you will realize your desire. You know you are yet a very young girl. You are just beginning real life."

"Yes, I am only twenty, but I feel as if I have lived many times as long as that."

"That proves that you are a great soul, Marguerite. All great souls live many years in one."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whiting, I want to be true to my dreams. That is the only way, is it not?"

"Yes, it is. Be true to the dream, and the dream will come true."

"Beautiful, again. Wonderful!"

"And I am thinking this very minute of a man," said Mr. Whiting, "who would agree most decidedly with that splendid statement."

"You are thinking of Mr. Spaulding, are you not?" inquired Reardon.

"I am. His is another name that will go down in history. He had a dream, or what some would call an idea that was too intangible to be practicable. But he was true to that dream, and the dream came true."

"Have you any idea, Mr. Whiting, what his invention is worth?"

"No, I have not. He has been offered fabulous sums for the patent, but he will not dispose of it. He wishes to retain control of its manufacture and sale so

that the consumer may be benefited to the fullest extent. You know his invention will reduce the price of light, heat and power to one-tenth of what it is now, and Mr. Spaulding wants the price to be brought down to that one-tenth instead of to simply one-half, as might be the case if others gained control of his patent."

"Has he organized his company?"

"Yes, and the plant will be in operation within a few months."

"You may possibly be asked to assume management of the concern, Mr. Whiting."

"I have been asked, and I have accepted."

"With a decided increase in salary, of course."

"Two and a half times as much as I am receiving now."

"You deserve it, Mr. Whiting. And I am glad, far more than I can ever say. Yours was the first hand to lead me out of darkness, failure and despair. You pointed to me the way—the way that has made you what you are, the way that has made us all what we are, the way that can make every man what he wishes to be. And knowing this, there con be no end to my appreciation and my gratitude. But I will not try to express my feelings in words. I will act, I will do, I will be. I will make of myself what you told me in the beginning was possible with all men. I will be true to the dream and all of that dream will come true. Much of it has already come true, and I know that the rest will also come true. I have realized my two ambitions. You told me that I would. You told me that all men could do the same. And you spoke the truth. In the beginning I believed. Now I know.

ACHIEVEMENT

What if his toil, perchance, brings slight success,
And his the path where dread and danger lurk:
He finds the secret of life's happiness
Hid in the comfort of each new day's work.

—*Charlotte Becker*

INSPIRING STORIES OF GREAT MEN

By EVERETT ELMORE

IT is not only in the world of business that we find our self-made men. For, when we get below the veneer of "genius" that the world delights in placing on the literary personage, we find more often than not the same hard fight and the same rough stuff that characterizes our commercial heroes. Genius is merely the word by which these harder traits are—in such cases—described.

And so, in casting about among the lives of our great leaders of literature and art, of the present and the past, we are necessarily surprised to discover that few of them were in truth born great. And we are still more surprised to discover that their ultimate triumphs were the result of opportunities they embraced, much as the common horde. And yet the lives of many of them—studied at close range—proves this assertion to be true.

HALL CAINE

Probably the life story of no literary personage tells more forcefully the real story of the first efforts than does that of the English writer, Hall Caine. For, although we may not agree as to the real merit of Mr. Caine's works, we must all admit that he is, nevertheless, one of the really successful authors of the day.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, a good many years ago, that Mr. Caine's first important literary attempt was given to the public. It came in the form of a story called "The Shadow of a Crime" and made its first appearance in the Liverpool Weekly Mirror. And people who bought this paper were quick to wonder at it—for, appearing, as it did, in a magazine of no real literary pretensions, it stood out among its neighbors as a jewel at night. Then, too, the name of the writer—Hall Caine—was so unknown as to add a peculiar, fascinating air of mystery to the famous yarn. And people began at once to surmise just who Caine might, in reality, be. And they began also to buy with weekly regularity the Liverpool Mirror, that the story might not be lost. And so Caine and the current publications of England became fast friends. His success was quickly assured.

And yet in the telling of this queer circumstance that placed Hall Caine so quickly before the reading public it must not be imagined that a stroke of genius or a happy turn of luck was the only cause. For—quite on the contrary—it was but the realization of conscientious labor and determined ambition. Possibly this fact can most entertainingly be told by Mr. Caine's own account of how his first novel came to be written. After rejecting some of the plots he had already prepared, or leaving them on one side for future use, he finally fixed upon a legend of the Lake Country, telling of the time of the Plague.

"In these days a widow with two sons lived in one of the darkest of the Cumberland valleys; the youngest son died, and his body had to be carried over the mountains to be buried. Its course lay across Sty Head Pass, a bleak and 'brant' space, where the winds are often high. The elder son, a strong-hearted lad, undertook the duty. He strapped the coffin on the back of a young horse, and the funeral party started away. The day was wild, and on the top of the pass, where the path dips into Wastdale, between the breast of Great Gable and the heights of Scawfell, the wind rose to a gale. The horse

was terrified. It broke away, and galloped over the fells, carrying its burden with it. The lad followed and searched for it, but in vain, and he had to go home unsatisfied.

"This was in the spring, and nearly all the summer through the surviving son of the widow was out on the mountain trying to recover the runaway horse. Only once did he catch sight of it, though sometimes as he turned homeward at night, he thought he heard in the gathering darkness, above the sough of the wind, the horse's neigh. Then winter came, and the mother died. Once more the dead body was to be carried over the fells for burial, and once again the coffin was strapped on the back of a horse. It was an old mare that was chosen this time, the mother of the young one that had been lost.

"The snow lay deep on the pass, and from the cliffs of the Scawfell pikes it hung in a great toppling mass. All went well with the little funeral party until they came to the top of the pass, and, though the day was calm, the son held the rein with a hand that was like a vise. But just as the mare reached the spot where the wind had frightened the young horse there was a terrible noise; an immense body of snow had parted at that moment from the beetling heights overhead, and rushed down into the valley with the movement as of a mighty earthquake and the deafening noise as of a peal of thunder. The dale echoed and re-echoed from side to side and from height to height. The old mare was affrighted. She leapt, reared, flung her master away, and galloped off. When the funeral party had recovered from their consternation they gave chase, and at length, down in the hollow place, they saw what they were in search of. It was a horse with something strapped to its back; but when they came up with it, they found it was the young horse with the coffin of the younger son. They led it away and buried the body it had carried for so long. But the old mare they never recovered and the body of the mother never found sepulchre."

This was the legend, weird enough and quaint; an enticing nucleus for a slipshod writer to weave words around at the rate of a thousand an hour. But this was not the way Hall Caine set to work. Before this he had earned a living, or contributed towards it, by reviewing other people's books, and had already set up a standard below which he could never allow himself to fall.

"Shall I ever," he says, "forget the agony of the first efforts? There was the ground to clear with necessary explanations. This I did in the way of Scott, in a long prefatory chapter. Having written the chapter, I read it aloud, and found it unutterably slow and dead. Twenty pages were gone, and the interest was not touched. Throwing the chapter aside, I began with an alehouse scene, intending to work back to a history of the piece in retrospective writing. The alehouse was better, but to try its quality I read it aloud, after the 'Rainbow' scene in 'Silas Marner,' and then cast it aside in despair. A third time I began, and when the alehouse looked tolerable, the retrospective chapter that followed it seemed flat and poor. How to begin by gripping the interest, how to tell all, and yet never stop the action—these were agonizing difficulties.

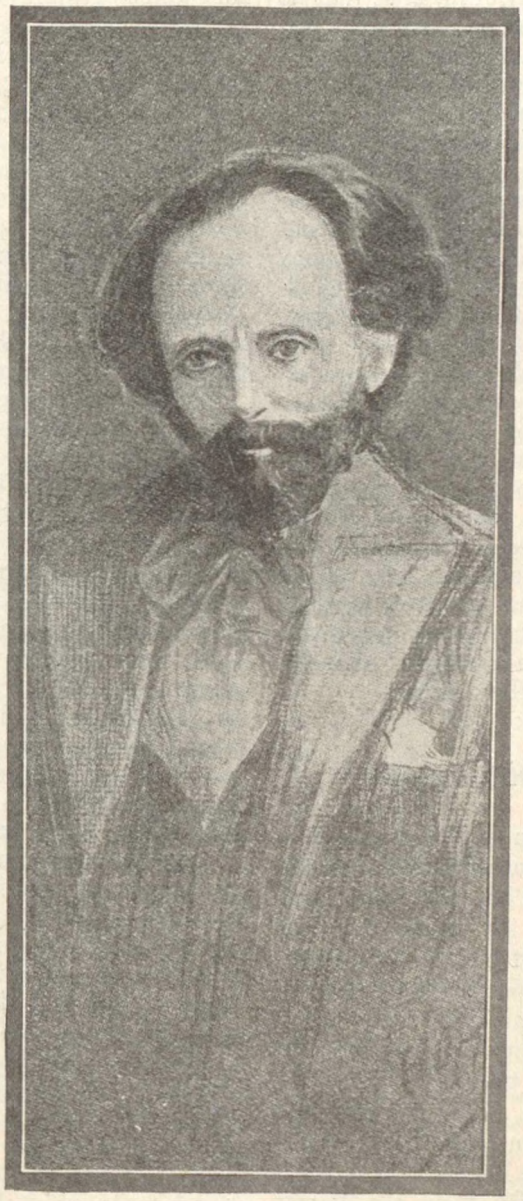
"It took me nearly a fortnight to start that novel, sweating drops of blood at every fresh attempt. I must have written the first half volume four times, at least. After that I saw the way clearer, and got on faster. At the end of three months I had written nearly two volumes, and then, in good spirits, I went up to London.

"My first visit was to J. C. Cotton, a close friend (at that time editor of the 'Academy'), and to him I detailed the lines of my story. His rapid mind saw a new opportunity. 'You want *peine forte et dure*,' he said. 'What's that?' I asked. 'An old punishment—a beautiful thing,' he answered. 'Where's my dear old Blackstone?'—and the punishment for standing mute was read to me. It was just the thing I wanted for my hero, and I was in rapture, but I was also in despair. To work this fresh interest into my theme, half of what I had written would need to be destroyed!"

For a long while Caine battled with this question: Should his months of work be ruthlessly cast aside in the promise of a

better start? Then, the decision was quickly made.

The whole two volumes, with never a question of regret, made fuel for the fire—and the new start was made. Mr. Caine buys coal and wood for his grate now, and yet he still maintains that many a chapter and many an introductory preface has met this same fate. For Caine believes, above all else, that the writer himself, if normal, is his own best judge.



Hall Caine

And it is this thoroughness in his work and the resultant interest he imparts to his characters that gives to Caine his peculiar grasp on the reading public. His books are of the kind that entice on to a second reading and sometimes a third and a fourth—so genuine, in delineation and character, they are.

That Mr. Caine was—in the popular sense—born a writer there can be no doubt. The son of a poor Manxman settled in Liverpool, destiny seems to have fixed his lines far away from the paths of literature. Outside his own efforts he had no chance of education beyond such as was to be obtained in the public schools, and it was more by good luck than anything else that he managed to get apprenticed to an architect. That he had a talent for drawing, however, is shown by the consideration with which he was treated by his employer, who allowed him, even asked him, to return after he had been away a year. The interval was spent as a teacher in the Isle of Man, the office carrying with it such subsidiary duties as brought him into contact with the old and middle-aged as well as with the young. He drew up their wills for the elders, and wrote their love letters for such of the youths and maidens—and there were many—as could not handle the pen themselves. In this way he got to know a large number of people, and his Manx blood gave him the insight to know them thoroughly. Without such intimacy Pete and his confreres could never have lived for us as they have and still live. After the architect's office he went to went to work for a builder, but there, as all along, his ambition was to become a writer. He made learned contributions to the Carpenter and Builder, and so impressed the editor that he was invited to call upon him in London, with a view to taking up a position on his staff. He went up in fear and trembling, but when the editor saw his mustache had not begun to grow the negotiations came to an end. He became imbued, like so many

others, with Ruskin's ideas, both as regards to architecture and social questions, and, of course, felt called upon to back up his master, who was so far deceived by the apparent maturity of his style that he wrote to him as if he were a man. And whilst still with the builder he had further gratification when he met Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who finally took him to live with him at his house in Chelsea. After Rossetti's death he became a kind of independent London correspondent for the Liverpool Mercury, writing principally about people and plays, and got to know many of the prominent men of the day, including the late Wilson Barrett, who was associated with his first success as a playwright. His journalistic work, however, he only looked upon as a training for the more serious work of novel writing, and when he had saved as much as would enable him to try the experiment without starving he retired, and started in the manner we have seen. Since then his career and his many successes have become public property. But few men, perhaps, have furnished in the literary pursuits a better example of the triumph of a humble beginning than has Hall Caine.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

It has often been said that all truly great newspaper men have been born and not made. And it has also been freely stated that it takes the wealth of a bona fide gold mine to establish a daily paper. True as these statements may ordinarily be, the life and accomplishments of James Gordon Bennett seem the exception that may, at least, prove the rule.

Born at New Mill, Keith, in Banffshire, on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, about the year 1800, Bennett was soon the recipient of attention from the Roman Catholics of the place—his parents being of that faith. And in his fourteenth year, after having passed through the primary schools of his native place, he entered the Roman Catholic Seminary at Aberdeen, for the purpose of studying for the priesthood of that church. For three years he was a student at this school and acquired during the time the basis of an excellent education.

But in 1817 young Bennett came into possession of a copy of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography and—strangely enough—the perusal of this book changed the course of his whole life. It induced him to abandon all thoughts of the priesthood, and to try his fortune in the New World, in which the great philosopher had succeeded so well before him.

A little more than a year later he left Glasgow, and in May, 1819, being then about twenty years old, landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He had less than twenty-five dollars in his purse, knew no vocation except that of bookkeeper, and had no friends on this side of the ocean.

At Halifax Bennett secured a few pupils and gave lessons in bookkeeping, but his profits were so small that he determined to reach the United States as soon as possible. Accordingly, he made his way along the coast to Portland, Maine, where he took passage for Boston in a small schooner. Here he found great difficulty in procuring employment, for Boston, then—as now—offered few inducements to newcomers. He parted with his last penny, and was reduced to the most pressing want. For two whole days he went without food, and a third day would doubtless have been added to his fast had he not been fortunate enough to find a shilling on the Common, with which he procured the means of relieving his hunger. The next day—cheered by his luck—he continued his search for work and finally secured a position as salesman in the book-store of Messrs. Wells & Lilley, who, upon discovering his fitness for the work, transferred him to their printing office as proofreader. While he held this position Bennett, still with the image of Franklin before him, delved into all of the mysteries of the printing trade and by thorough investigation into its several branches became fitted to hold almost any position in the shop. Over and over again in his mind he mapped out for himself his future career so that when—two years later—the firm failed Bennett was not without resources. Cash now—as before—he was in dire need of, but he had an ambition and a definite plan laid out, so his determination

was quickly made. Going immediately to New York, Bennett at once sought work in a newspaper office, determined in his mind to follow the career of the man he had so long admired.

In less than two days Bennett secured employment in a newspaper office and at once made a favorable impression through his quickness of perception and his general knowledge. Soon after he was offered, by Mr. Wellington, the proprietor of the "Charleston (S. C.) Courier," the position of translator from the Spanish, and general assistant. This offer the young man at once accepted and repaired, a few days later, to the southern city. He remained there only a few months, however, as he still felt his future lay in New York —to which city he returned.

Then Bennett, in common phraseology, "got busy." For, while in the south, he had conceived certain ideas which he was anxious to put into execution. Immediately he advertised the opening of a "Permanent Commercial School," at 148 Fulton Street, in which he promised to teach the usual branches of study by "the inductive method." To this end he advertised a large number of tempting subjects, but the plan failed to materialize, for—much to the disappointment of young Bennett—there were not a sufficient number of applications to warrant the opening of the school. He next attempted a course of lectures on political economy at the old Dutch Church in Ann Street, but this enterprise was also a pecuniary failure. Still he worked on and, by hard saving, had earned enough by 1825 to purchase the "New York Courier," a Sunday paper. But once again Bennett lost and, the paper being a failure, he finally gave it up. Not discouraged, he continued to write articles for the press—selling his material where he could, and, in 1826, forming a regular connection with the "National Advocate," a Democratic journal. To his duties in this position he applied himself with an energy and industry never surpassed, and rarely equaled, in his profession.

And, being of an aggressive turn of mind, he quickly participated in politics and earned fame through his articles on the tariff and banking. This success, he said afterwards, proved the inspiration of his early life, for he learned then that his views were approved. But, in order to win success, he knew that he must first master himself. So he set down some rules which he followed with strict obedience. He decided then and there not to smoke, drink or gamble. He indulged in no species of dissipation, but was temperate and prudent in all things. A few years later he said of himself:

"I eat and drink to live, not live to eat and drink. Social glasses of wine are my aversion; public dinners are my abomination; all species of gormandizing my utter scorn and contempt. When I am hungry, I eat; when thirsty, drink. Wine or viands taken for society, or to stimulate conversation, tend only to dissipation, indolence, poverty, contempt, and death."

In 1827 the "National Advocate" changed hands, and, under its new proprietors, supported John Quincy Adams for President. Mr. Bennett, being a supporter of Martin Van Buren, then a United States senator, resigned his position on the paper, and soon after, in connection with M. M. Noah, established the "Enquirer," which warmly espoused the cause of Andrew Jackson in the presidential campaign of 1828. About this time, also, he became a recognized member of the Tammany Society.

In the spring of the following year he went to Washington, where he resided for some time as correspondent of "The Enquirer." In looking through the Congressional Library one day he found an edition of Horace Walpole's letters, which he read with a keen relish. These suggested the idea of a series of similar letters to his own paper, and he at once put his plan into execution. His letters were written and published. They were "spicy," pleasant in style, full of gossip about the distinguished personages who thronged the capital every winter and, withal, free from any offensive personality. They were read with eagerness and widely copied by the press throughout the country. Yet he was poorly paid for them, and, notwithstanding the real "hit" they made, was forced to labor hard. To this end he did all sorts of literary work. He wrote editorials, sketches, letters, poetry, stories, police re-

ports and, in short, everything that a newspaper had use for. And yet his earnings were but enough to afford him ordinary support.

But the name Bennett and the man Bennett was being recognized, nevertheless. The result was that, when the "Courier" and "Enquirer" were united, the following year, Mr. Bennett was made assistant editor, with James Watson Webb as his chief. In the same autumn he became associate editor.

In this capacity the work of Bennett attracted wide attention, and even those who differed from his politics were forced to recognize the wonderful ability he possessed. He alone knew the rudiments of his trade and he alone had the physical stamina, the indefatigable industry, the sleepless vigilance, the dexterity, the tact, and the audacity needful for keeping up the paper in the face of the keen competition it was forced to meet.

But Bennett was, above all, honest to his convictions. And so when, in 1832, the paper abandoned the cause of General Jackson Bennett resigned also. He at once started a cheap partisan paper called the "Globe," which was devoted to the interests of Jackson and Van Buren. But it failed to receive the looked-for support of the Democratic party and went down after a precarious existence of thirty days.

Many might have deserted their political belief with a show of nonsupport such as this. But Bennett was too honest and fearless to do so. Undismayed by his failure, he removed to Philadelphia and invested the remainder of his depleted capital in a daily Democratic journal, called "The Pennsylvanian." On this paper he was again principal editor and labored hard to win for it the support of the party. But, notwithstanding the acknowledged service he had rendered to Democracy's cause, he was once again doomed to failure. He applied to Martin Van Buren and others for a loan of twenty-five hundred dollars for two years, which sum would have enabled him to put his paper on a paying basis. But the politicians turned deaf ears to his appeals, and his paper failed after a brief and desperate struggle.

He then went back to New York (1835) a little dismayed by his battle with fate—it is true—but still full of "fight." His failures to establish a party organ, however, had in reality served him a good favor. For Bennett discovered, through these tests, that success in journalism was not dependent upon political faith or subsidy.

This fact settled in his own mind, he determined to start an independent sheet. But money again stood in his way. Still Bennett was persevering and decided at last to seek out Horace Greeley. To Greeley he went and, exhibiting a fifty-dollar bill, together with a few other notes of small denomination, as his cash capital, he asked Greeley to join with him in setting up a new daily paper to be known as "The New York Herald." This Greeley declined to do, but he directed Bennett to another printer whom he thought would be glad to accept the offer. And the other printer did.

The parties to whom Mr. Greeley referred Mr. Bennett were two young printers, whom he persuaded, after much painstaking, to print his paper and share with him its success or failure. He had about enough cash in hand to sustain the paper for ten days, after which—he figured—it must make its own way.

To boom at once its circulation, Bennett resolved to put into execution his "pet" and long-cherished plan, and he therefore offered it for sale at a penny each. He also determined to make it meet the current wants of the day. The "Sun," a penny paper, was already in existence and doing well; a fact that encouraged Bennett.

He rented a cellar in Wall Street, in which he established his office, and on the 6th of May, 1835, the first copy of "The Morning Herald" was issued. His cellar was bare and poverty-stricken in appearance. It contained nothing but a desk made of boards laid upon flour barrels. On one end of this desk lay a pile of "Heralds"—ready for purchasers—and on the other sat James Gordon Bennett, writing his articles and managing his business. And, it must be confessed, the latter occupation consumed but little time.

The prospect was anything but cheerful to contemplate, but Mr. Bennett

struck at his ends with hammerlike blows He knew that it was in him to succeed, and he meant to do it, no matter through what trials or vicissitudes his path to fortune lay. Those who heard his expressions of confidence shook their heads sagely, and said the young man's air castles would soon fade away before the blighting breath of experience. Indeed, it did seem a hopeless struggle, the effort of this one poor man to raise his little penny sheet from its cellar to the position of "a power in the land." The old newspaper system with its clogs and dead weights was still in force and the race of newsboys was, as yet, unknown. He was his own clerk, reporter, editor and newsboy. He wrote all of the articles and a great majority of the advertisements. And yet the "Herald"—a small sheet of four pages with four columns each—invariably had the latest news. But, more important still, it was original. And—small as it was—the Bennett paper was attractive. The story that its first numbers were scurrilous and indecent is not true, as a reference to the files of the journal will show.

The first numbers were full of nonsense and gossip about New York and her citizens—to which his lack of facilities confined him. But soon, notwithstanding he had no means of procuring outside news, the "Herald" became a live paper. Bennett was everywhere. Whenever a crowd assembled or a disaster occurred it seemed the safest sort of bet that Bennett would soon be there. So live, indeed, was the man that the whole city marveled at him.

Then he adopted a new tack. A close student of human nature, he determined to satirize, in harmless fun, the people he met. He laughed at everything and everybody—not excepting himself and his squint eye—and, though his jokes were not always good, they were generally good enough. People soon began to laugh with him and were willing to purchase a paper the next day to see what new folly the man would relate.

Then New York began to realize what a truly wonderful character the man, Bennett, was. Men in cellars usually growl, they began to say, but here, in Bennett, is a man who in the face of adversity and poverty has the courage—the impertinence—to laugh. And the more they thought about the oddity of it, the more they liked Bennett and the "Herald."

Then, too, there was a sort of deep-rooted common sense behind his utterances that attracted attention. As, for instance, when he squelched the "hard money" cry which had been carrying elections, in two terse lines:

"If a man gets the wearable or the eatable he wants, what cares he if he has gold or paper money?"

These simple lines of solid logic, together with his inexhaustible fund of good humor, soon brought the "Herald" conspicuously before the public. But meanwhile Bennett was planning for bigger things. Working sixteen and seventeen hours each day, he was laying the foundation for the *great* newspaper he was sure would result. And yet all this while he was losing money. Gradually he established a fair credit, but the venture seemed doomed to failure, notwithstanding. At this juncture he resolved to make the financial news of the day a special feature in the "Herald." The monetary affairs of the country were in great confusion—a confusion which was the prelude of the great crash of 1837; and Wall Street was the vortex of the financial whirlpool whose eddies were troubling the whole land. Everybody was anxious to get the first news from the street, and to get it as full and reliable as possible. At this time, too, our relations with France were exceedingly critical—a circumstance which tended to increase the trouble in financial matters. Appreciating the anxiety that was felt on this subject, Mr. Bennett resolved to create a demand for the "Herald" among the business men of the country. Therefore, on the 13th of June, 1835, just five weeks after the establishment of the paper, he printed his first money article—the first that ever appeared in an American newspaper.

It caught the public fancy at once and was a huge success. It created a demand for the paper among the business men of the city and brought the circulation to a high, comparative figure. The result was that on its third month the receipts, for the first time, balanced the expenditures of the paper. Mr. Bennett now ventured

to engage a cheap reporter, which gave him more time for his other duties. Then, at the point of success, there came another setback. The printing establishment burned down and the men who had printed the "Herald" refused to renew their arrangements. But even with this staggering blow Mr. Bennett only strove the harder and, after the most indomitable exertions, managed to secure the means of going on with it.

A few months later the "great fire" swept over New York and laid nearly the whole business section of the city in ashes. This proved Mr. Bennett's opportunity. The other papers were printing ponderous accounts about the fire, but Mr. Bennett went among the ruins, notebook in hand, and gathered the most minute details. He spent one-half of each day in this way, and the other half in writing up his reports. These he published in the "Herold." These were free, off-hand reports and were so graphic and complete as to leave nothing to be desired. But Bennett went farther in his daring. He had prepared, at a heavy expense, a picture of the burning Merchants' Exchange, as well as a map of the burned district. The result proved the sagacity of his move, for the "Herald" reports of the fire created a heavy demand for the paper, and its circulation increased rapidly. Yet its success was not assured. When his first year closed Mr. Bennett found his paper still struggling for existence, but with a fair prospect of success, if it could follow up the "hit" it had made with the fire. About this time he received an offer from Dr. Benjamin Brandeth to advertise his pills in the "Herald" and a contract was at once concluded between them. The money thus paid to the paper proved of the greatest assistance to it and enabled Mr. Bennett to make many improvements in it. Every cent he paid toward the securing of news and his competitors were "scooped" —through his foresight—time and again. So rapidly did the circulation increase that, at the end of fifteen months, Mr. Bennett increased the size of the "Herald" and raised its price to two cents a copy. His success from this point on was unvarying and increased with magnetic speed. But it is also too well known to need of further eulogy or description.

Mr. Bennett, however, continued actively with the paper almost up to the time of his death, although his connection with it in his closing years was confined largely to executive work and a direction of its affairs, with which he was acquainted in minutest detail. And it is a fact of renown that one of the greatest enterprises of his career was launched and engineered by him but a year before his death. This was when Mr. Bennett conceived and set under way the famous expedition into Central Africa, under the charge of Henry M. Stanley, then a valued member of the "Herald" staff. The twofold object of this expedition was to discover the whereabouts of Livingston, the great explorer, who had long been lost to the world in the African jungles, and to make explorations in the heart of the unknown country. The expedition was eminently successful in both its objects.

Mr. Bennett died on June 1, 1872, at the age of seventy-seven years, but not until after he had lived to see the "Herald" building completed and had practically passed over the management of the paper to his son, who now controls the business entirely.

His work, however, seemed well done, and it is doubtful if few names in American history have sent down to posterity a more convincing story of honest achievement.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE STAGE

By GRENVILLE SHEPPARD

THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW

THERE is something in the air. Some people call it new thought and then apologize for using that term by adding that it is as old as the hills. Others call it the optimistic philosophy, though the average person would possibly prefer to speak of it as a happy blending of sunshine and good sense.

However, it is in the air. At the present time it actually permeates the air we breathe, gets as fully into the system as the air we breathe, and best of all, is as wholesome as the purest air we breathe. We meet it everywhere and we find it in everything. We find it in sermons, in lectures, in newspapers, in editorials, in advertisements, in magazine articles, in books, in letters between friends, in every manner of counsel and advice, on motto cards, on postal cards, yes, and on the stage, and even in our laundry packages. Up-to-date laundries these days never fail to put a printed card in each package containing some optimistic poem or some axioms that breathe life, strength and wholesomeness. It helps to keep the mind clear while the body is wearing the clothes that have been laundered so well. Truly, it is in the air, and we are all happier and better for it.

But there is one peculiarity about it. When we first hear of it, it sounds foolish. It seems to be utterly absurd and a direct contradiction of everything we have previously believed to be true. We even go as far as to say that people who believe such things must be "a little off"; and in a sense we are right without knowing why. These people are a little off—off from the old humdrum, helter-skelter, commonplace mode of living. They have gotten off from the road that leads to trouble, sickness, unhappiness and want; they have gotten onto the road that leads to peace, good luck and good cheer. After a while, even the most outspoken scoffers discover this. Then they begin to apply it by the wholesale in their own lives, though of course under some other name.

This something—call it what we may—has during recent years found its way to the stage, though, in most instances, in homeopathic doses. Several plays have appeared within the last three or four years that have leaned decidedly towards new thought; and they have, in nearly every instance, been the most successful of the season. But in none of these was the matter presented so clearly, so fully, and so forcibly as in that most delightful of plays, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

Not that this play is a learned and abstruse metaphysical sermon. No, indeed; far from it; and yet it is more helpful and more inspiring than almost any sermon to which we could listen. It is called a play of cheerfulness, and it is well named. No matter how deep you may be in the "dumps" you will get out if you see this play. It builds you right up from weakness to strength; and as you leave the theater you leave with more faith than you ever had before in that Something that has the power to do anything we may wish or desire.

The first scene of the first act takes place in the library of Sir Oliver Holt's house in London. This man is on the verge of physical and mental breakdown, and several learned physicians are present

"Glad." Appealing to Heaven, Cries, "You! Give Him a Chance"

in consultation. They decide that there is no hope, as physicians usually decide when their own particular system has come to the end of its string. But they decide that he must not know. He overhears part of their conversation, however, and forms a decision of his own.

During the consultation, one of the physicians gives expression to some strange ideas, and the others are naturally shocked. He feels inclined to think, though he confesses he doesn't know anything, that right thinking and right living might prove efficient in such a case, or in any case. And as he leaves he presents Sir Oliver with a small Bible, intimating that the desired remedy might be found therein. This disgusts the patient and he resolves to carry out his own plan at once.

In the second scene of the first act we are introduced to Apple Blossom Court in the East End of London, and the life of the "submerged tenth." Sir Oliver soon appears, dressed as a tramp, intending to take his own life in the back room of some rickety lodging house. He left word at his luxurious home on the other side of the city that he was going to Paris; and therefore he imagines that when his lifeless body is found in the slums the next morning no one will discover his identity. He will be one of the many that take their lives in that section only to be put away and forgotten. So he thinks; and he prefers such an end to a slow death in some asylum. But his plans are completely upset.

As he is about to slink away and carry out his cowardly mission, a red-headed girl springs up behind the steps at the entrance of the building. She was waiting there for a friend who has gotten in trouble, and noting the actions of the stranger suspects his purpose. Then she begins her preaching; not too much, but enough to produce the desired result. She tells this man in her street language that things are never as bad as we think they are; and then adds that the way out is to think of something else. The way she presents these bits of her philosophy is not only amusing but conducive to intense interest in the audience. And as

for Sir Oliver, he finds so many other things to attract his attention in that strange locality that he soon forgets what he came there to do.

Things begin to happen in Apple Blossom Court. Some are fighting, some are trying to steal, and all are hungry. A "cawfee-stand on wheels" soon appears and Glad, the red-headed girl, "feeds the multitude" with a piece of money that Sir Oliver has given her for the interest she has shown in his welfare. Later, he is invited to take part in this philanthropy, and this leads us to the second act, where we are permitted to view the "luxuries" of Glad's garret.

In her conversation with Sir Oliver she explains to him something that a woman in the hospital told her a short time ago. The idea was to ask for what you want and you will get it. She says she does not understand what it all means, though she is trying it hard. She wants to see if it works. And she has the opportunity to give it the severest possible test. A friend, Dandy, has been accused of murder, and the police are after him. He tells Glad that he never did it; that he went to do it but was made to desert his companions for some reason. Then Glad tells him that she was arstin' and arstin' that he wouldn't do it all the time he was on his way. And she concludes that it works. But Dandy's companions accuse him of committing the deed. What shall he do? He hides under the roof of Glad's garret, while she continues to pray that he will have a chance. He was born of pickpockets, trained for that profession, and never had a chance. But he was bright; there is much good in him, and Glad declares as she lifts her eyes to heaven, "You! give him a chance."

Some exciting scenes follow, all of which have to be seen to be appreciated. Then Glad, learning that Dandy was seen in another part of the city, by a man she knows, at the exact hour the murder was committed, she flees at once through the midnight fog to see this man. He is none else but the nephew of Sir Oliver, but he is a worthless young man, and has tried repeatedly to secure Glad as his mistress. But she refuses to live such a life, as it isn't worth the biggest price that might be paid for it. This young man, however, believes that Dandy, who is in love with Glad, is the only obstacle to his nefarious scheme. He, therefore, as Glad knows, will refuse to save the life of that unfortunate boy.

In the third act we find young Mr.

Miss Eleanor Robson,
Who plays "Glad" in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow"

Holt's apartments, and the gay life—a life that he, himself, is disgusted with. And tired of his "friends" he sends them away, but the monotony is soon broken by the entrance of Glad. She tries to persuade him to tell the truth about Dandy, while he tries to persuade her to remain with him and comply with his wishes. But she calls upon higher power, and through a series of events that seem to happen of themselves, gets an answer to her prayer. Through what seems to be

The Meeting in "Glad's" Garret, Where Confidences Are Exchanged
In order, from the reader's left to right, the characters are: "Glad," Miss Robson; "Sir Oliver," Fuller Mellish; "The Thief," Roy Fairchild, and "Polly," Angela Ogden

a coincidence the telephone rings, and through strategy she succeeds in calling the police. Later Sir Oliver comes, followed by the police; and the young man, without being persuaded in the least, informs the officer that Dandy did not commit the crime. Glad then promises to take care of Dandy so he will never do wrong any more; and she feels that she can because "it works." She has saved Sir Oliver from self-destruction; she has saved Dandy from the gallows, and she has accomplished a number of other things—all of them under circumstances that would cause even the strongest to lose heart. She has accomplished all these things by arstin' and believin' and in the meantime by using her hands and feet and tongue as fully and as wisely as she knew how. Her plan was to combine faith with works, and to follow up her prayer by hustling for that which she prayed for. And she found that it worked.

Miss Eleanor Robson plays Glad, and she does it admirably. The other members of the company are also to be highly commended for their work. They present a play that everybody should see, and they preach a sermon, the helpful effect of which will last for many and many a day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Conducted By UNCLE BOOKER

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS: It is hardly time to receive many letters, as you are scattered over the entire United States; but there is no doubt that every girl and boy will, sooner or later, send a communication of some kind. No doubt many are preparing stories or verses or descriptions, which take time to finish in the proper way, and before the expiration of four or five weeks the mailman will bring stacks of envelopes to this department. And I hope that each envelope will be filled with things that children alone know how to write. You are, of course, getting ready for the greatest holiday of the year, and I have no doubt that you are planning to do a great deal to make this Christmas one of the most joyous that you have ever seen. This is the time when we all forget self in our efforts to make others happy; and, in doing so, we are made still happier and more contented. The reason for this is that, as we lose sight of self, we bring ourselves into direct harmony with the highest attributes with which God hath endowed us, and we unconsciously realize the power of love, upon which rests all happiness. That there is true joy in giving, no one will deny, for everyone who has tried it will testify that it is so. It seems that when Christmas comes around everybody tries to outdo everybody else in gift-making and deeds of kindness. That proves that at heart everyone is trying to reach his highest nature. Would it not be glorious if we could have the spirit of Christmas with us all through the year?

Uncle Booker.

Cuddle Up and Cuddle Down

Andrew and Charley are twin baby boys—
Mother's fond darlings and father's own pets.
No one complains of their clatter and noise.
Gone is the goblin that worries and frets,
Changed to a fairy that strengthens and cheers.
These little babies have taught us to smile,
Even in trouble, and banish old fears;
And now we are joyful and glad all the while.

Andrew, he cuddles upon papa's lap,
Laughing and cooing in greatest of glee;
Down cuddles Charley, as if for a nap,
Then softly he whispers: "P'ease tell to me
And Andwew dat 'towy 'bout sojer boy."
But soon their eyes close, and each little face
Is covered with smiles of innocent joy;
And each holds the other in fondest embrace.

The Value of Work

WORK is noble, and it is just as necessary for the progress of man as food and clothing. Wherever we look we can see the result of work of some kind; and Nature, the greatest of all teachers, is constantly reminding us that if we want to be happy, useful and strong, we must do something for ourselves and for others. If God did not intend that we should work, He would not have given us so many faculties. The workers of the world are the doers, and it is a blessed privilege to be able to prove that we are not in the idle class. Did you ever think, girls and boys, that if we all stopped work there would be nothing in the world to interest us? It is a strange but true fact that, if we do not use our faculties and muscles, we will soon lose them. Your

brain is made to think with, and if you fail to use it properly you will not only weaken your memory, but you will destroy your power for clear thinking. It is the same with your muscles. If you neglect to give them exercise, they will become flabby, soft and useless, and you cannot raise a light weight without feeling tired. To be well-balanced, one should use both his brain and his muscles carefully. This does not mean that boys should try to become extraordinary athletes, or that they should strive to perform some wonderful feat that unduly taxes their mental faculties. Simply work moderately with both brain and muscle, but do not allow them to lie dormant. When a child is playing, he is working; when a man or woman works, he or she is playing.

Health Rules—An Acrostic

Hopeful words send forth, and you will comfort find.
Earnest work pursue; 'twill give you peace of mind.
Active strive to be, you'll then have strength each day.
Loving thoughts express, and joy will come to stay.
Thoughtful acts perform, and you'll turn wrong to right.
Helpful hands stretch out; they make life's burdens light.

ORIGINAL PUZZLES

1. Beheadings

Behead to cut and get a kind of step.
Behead part of a fireplace and get something to stand on.
Behead once more and get to accomplish.
Behead part of a roof and get to follow.
Behead highest and get a bargain.
Behead to instruct and get every.
Behead a household article and get a direction.
The first letters of these beheaded words spell a beautiful virtue.

2. Charade

My first is something that's allowed
In every city far and wide.
Ofttimes 'tis filled with such a crowd
That some upon it dare not ride.
My second inspires tenderness.
Sometimes it is a dog or cat,
Or child or horse. Now can you guess
My whole? It is a cover that
Is found in almost every place
Where taste and art are always seen,
And oft it occupies a space
On cabin floors however mean.

3. Arithmetical Puzzle

On his return from market a farmer said to his son: "After selling a wagon load of vegetables, I bought a plow for one-third of my money. Then I purchased groceries for one-sixth of what I had left. One-fourth of the remainder I paid to have the harness repaired. Then I told the blacksmith to shoe two of the horses, for which he charged me just one-half of the sum I paid for the harness. I then spent $1 for drugs and 75 cents for sundries. When I counted up what I had left I found $10.75 in my pocketbook. How much did I get for my wagon load of vegetables?"

4. Transpositions

Transpositions are simply the changing about of letters in one word to form another, as post, tops, pots. Transpose a word of four letters showing a musical term and get: (1) something small; (2) a part. Transpose a word of four letters, meaning a challenge, and get: (1) precious; (2) to peruse.

The girl or boy of sixteen or under who sends the best answers to the above four puzzles will receive a cash prize of one dollar. All answers must be received not later than December 31. The name of the winner will be printed in the February number of The Progress Magazine. Write legibly on one side of the paper and give name, age and address.

Answers to Puzzles in November Number.

1. Charade.—Railroad.
2. Numerical Enigma.—Dare to do right.
3. Endless Chain.—Meal—alto—tone—near—arch—chop—opus—used—Edna—name.
4. Hidden Trees.—Ash, pear, peach, larch, elm—Apple.

Controlling One's Temper

It is about time that people understood the difference between losing one's temper and controlling the passions that lead to an exhibition of undue excitement. Often and often has this sentence been uttered to children when they have become wrought up to the highest tension: "Don't lose your temper." It is not losing one's temper at all when he allows his anger or rage to get the better of him. On the contrary, he permits it to gain and keep the mastery when he manifests any quality that is not in keeping with his higher nature. The girl or boy who can keep calm and unruffled under trying circumstances is sure to come out the victor. Controlling the temper consists simply in guiding the thoughts into the right channel, not allowing them for one instant to get the better of one's judgment and reason, and it can be acquired by young and old without much difficulty.

Announcements

The name of the winner of the prize offered for the best answers to the puzzles in the November number will be given in January, and the name of the girl or boy who sends in the best answers to the puzzles above will be printed in the

February number. It is necessary to allow two months to elapse before announcing the lucky winners in order that no mistakes will occur.

An account of the outing to the Palisades, on November 20, mention of which was made last month, will be given in the January number.

Remember that you will have until December 31 in which to send in the essay on "True Progress."

Don't forget to save the coupon printed in the advertising section. It will be good for any story party or outing given by Uncle Booker.

Uncle Booker's itinerary cannot be given until next month.

HARRY WOODSON'S TEMPTATION

A Story for Christmas In Two Parts—Part I

"PA, may I have a dollar?" asked Harry Woodson one morning.

"For what purpose?" inquired Mr. Woodson.

"To spend. I haven't a cent left of what you gave me last week."

"How's that?" asked his father, raising his eyebrows and looking at Harry steadily. "Did I not tell you that you mustn't ask for any more till Saturday?"

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, somewhat abashed, "but I spent it before I thought. May I have twenty-five cents?"

"Not today, my son. Between now and Saturday I want you to make a note of what you spent last week. If your report is not satisfactory, I will be compelled to cut down your allowance one-third."

"But, papa," said Harry in an aggrieved tone, "how am I ever going to get along till Saturday? This is only Wednesday, you know."

"I'll leave that for you to decide, my boy. Now, good-bye. I must go to the office. See what a good account you can give of yourself."

Harry watched his father until he had turned the corner, and then he muttered:

"I wonder what pa meant. Going to cut me down one-third. Gee! I guess I'll strike like the men I read about in the papers. But that wouldn't help me a bit, for I'm not working. Well, I'm up against hard luck. Hello! Here comes Tim Beardsley. I say, Tim; come here."

"What do you want?" asked Tim.

"Got a quarter to loan me?"

"No. I'm clean busted."

"So am I," said Harry.

"How did it happen?" asked Tim.

"Just spent all I had. You see, I don't get but three dollars a week."

"What do you do for it?"

"Why—why," stammered Harry, "I—I don't have to do anything, you know."

"Then you ought not get even a penny," said Tim emphatically. "I work every day after school and on Saturdays, and I get only two dollars a week. And I don't spend it for myself, either. I give it all to my mother, and she let's me have twenty-five cents of it. You ought to get a move on you, if you want more money. Seems to me you've got a dead easy time."

"But I go to school," said Harry.

"So do I," answered Tim. "But I don't waste my time after lessons. What do you spend money for, anyway? Don't you get all the things you want? If my dad was as rich as yours, I'd be happy."

During the day it was with great difficulty that Harry kept his mind on his studies, for his father's words seemed so strange; and Tim's advice made a peculiar impression on him. When he returned home at four o'clock he was in a very unhappy mood, and he made up his mind he would change things.

"Pa's getting stingy; that's all there is to it," he said to himself. "I ought to get a dollar a day, for I need it. Give him an account! As if I could remember what I spent the money for. There's only one thing I can do. I must go away, for papa's tired of me. Let me see. What will I need? Only stockings and handkerchiefs, I guess. And—oh, yes—I must have some sandwiches, for I'll get hungry."

As the weather was somewhat stormy the next day, Harry concluded that he would not start on his journey until Friday. He did not have the remotest idea as to his destination, but concluded that he would walk to some place far out where the people did not know him. It would not do at all to take a train, for the

detectives would be on his trail at once; besides, he had no money with which to purchase tickets. All day he thought of his coming trip, and he paid no heed to his books. His teacher asked him what was troubling him, for she saw that something was the matter. Never before had he made so poor a showing in his recitations, and she warned him that if he did not do better he would surely be turned back a class when examination came.

What did he care for examinations or

Harry Sat Alone Under a Tree, Eating His Lunch

books or anything connected with the school, which was a poky old place anyway, and not at all fit for an American boy who was ambitious to do something? All that was necessary was to know how to read and write. What was the good of his staying in a room that was distasteful to him, when he might be out in the woods or on some western prairie having fun with lassos and cattle? Yes. That's what he would do. He would go West and get acquainted with real people and real animals. People in the East were like the animals in the zoological garden, and they did not know how to do anything but talk and make a lot of fuss over nothing. He was so sick over books and desks and blackboards that he wished he could never see them again; and he was completely tired of city life. All the noise he wanted was to hear the report of a gun and the crackling of a fire in the woods. Well, he would make a big bonfire when he got out where there were plenty of trees, and he would not be compelled to look every now and then to see whether a policeman were in sight.

What a relief it would be to get to a place where there were no policemen and trolley cars and crowded streets. Why did he not think before of going away? Well, he had come to his senses at last, and all because his father refused to give him the money that he really ought to have. If he was killed by Indians or eaten by grizzly bears, while out in the forests, it would not be his fault, for his father was driving him to desperation. He did not care at all what became of him. After all, perhaps things would all come out right. He would take sufficient food to last a couple of days, after which he would do odd jobs to earn some money. Probably he could get along very nicely until he reached the West; then he would have no trouble. As to his being able to ride a horse, he had no fear, for whenever he rode the donkeys out in the park he never fell off. And he felt quite positive that he would not be afraid of the cattle, for a boy told him that if he kept his eye right on the eyes of any animal there would be no danger at all. He would, therefore, keep looking at anything he saw. Why, he might be able to overcome monster rattlesnakes and wolves in this way. It was certainly lucky that he remembered what the boy had said. His memory was always good; that was one of his strong points. And just think what a blessing he would be to the cowboys, all of whom, no doubt, would be glad to have him with them, for he would be able to tell them many, many things.

To be sure, if he went away now, he would not have the pleasure of spending Christmas with his father and mother and sister. But what of that? He could eat wild turkey out on the plains, which

would be far better than sitting down to a dinner in a house where there was so much fussing.

It was in the latter part of October now, and he would have plenty of time to travel away out West before Christmas time. And just think of it. He would have real prairie chicken to eat, and he could hunt for bears and wild hogs. He made up his mind that when he had gotten established—say, in six or seven years—he would invite his family to make him a visit. And he would have a big room in his ranch especially for his mother, for she was the best one in the house, and always treated him pretty good. Of course it would be hard to leave her, and he would miss her very much, but he could not afford to waste sentiment. It would not do to even say good-bye to her, for she might prevent his going away. He would steal out silently early Friday morning and walk immediately to a small town where no one would suspect he had gone, and then he would make his way to the glorious West.

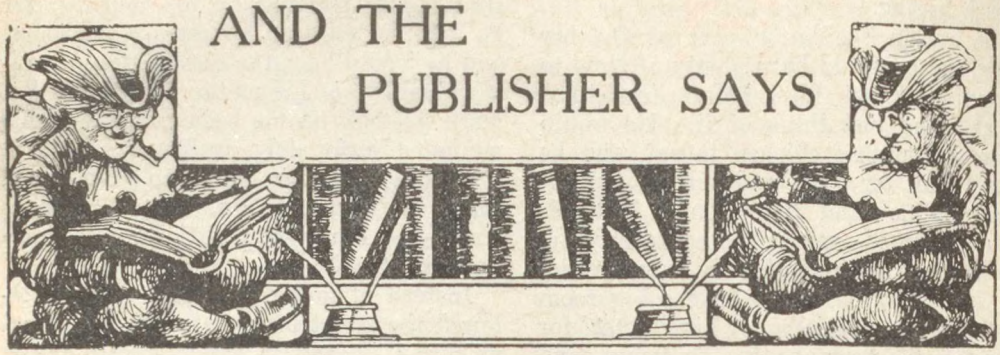
When Friday morning came, Harry concluded that he would wait till school time before starting on his journey, for he did not want to arouse any curiosity, and he would have the satisfaction of saying good-bye to his mother, after all. So, when he took up his books, he kissed his mother affectionately, saying:

"I told the girl to do me up a big lunch, for I don't want to come home at noon. And—and I may be a little late this afternoon. Good-bye."

Instead of going to school, Harry followed the street leading to the park, and at eleven o'clock he was on the driveway that wound around the city to the north. An hour later found him sitting alone under a tree eating his lunch, and at one o'clock he began his long walk to the country.

"Well," he said to himself, "I guess I am safe. No one would ever think of looking for me here. Hello! Who is that coming toward me? Why, he looks like an old man that I once saw in the mountains!"

(*To be concluded next month*)



A KINDNESS REQUESTED

Will you write to the editor of THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE today and tell him what you should like to see in this magazine during 1910? Just send a postal card, and kindly do so at your earliest convenience. We shall consider it a great favor. During the last few months we have received a number of suggestions as to what THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE should be and do, but the regular readers of the magazine are the first ones to be considered. Therefore, we want to hear from you—from all of you—on this matter today. And when you write, kindly mention what you liked the best in the magazine during 1909. Then express yourself fully as to what kind of material you should like to see in the pages of The Progress during 1910. Do not hesitate to speak right out, and tell us exactly what you prefer. Your suggestions will not only be considered, but will be carried out as fully as it lies within the publisher's power to do so. Kindly write this postal card today.

THE JANUARY PROGRESS

Judging from the material already at hand, and much more in preparation, the next issue of THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE will be exceptionally strong. A special feature will be an illustrated article on "What New York Is Doing Today;" in brief, the newest, the biggest and most important things that are being developed, along all lines, in that great city at the present time. A profusely illustrated article on the beauties and recent development of Florida will be read with charmed interest; and those who are working for a better street-car service in the big cities will be glad to learn of the best street-car system in the world, and how it is conducted.

A "Progress" Window of a Wide-awake Newsdealer

A number of other illustrated articles on themes that are of vital importance to the progress of the world will be added.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

What are we going to do with the old-fashioned religious revival? A number of leading psychologists at the present time de-

(*Continued on second page following*)