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THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON, Editor

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The cover design shows a combined thresher at wo-k in the vast wheat fields of Washington. The machine is drawn by 33 horses.

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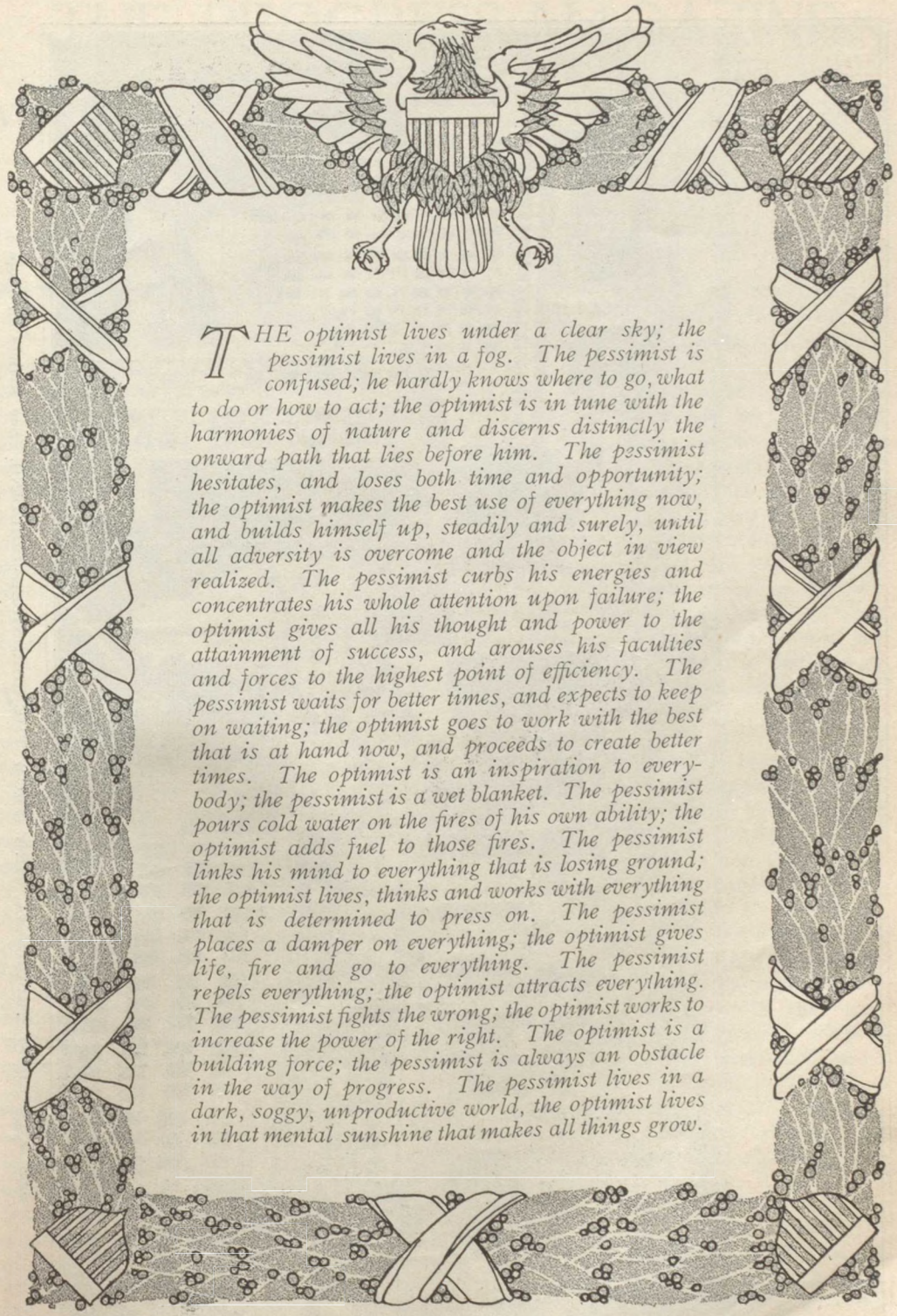

THE optimist lives under a clear sky; the pessimist lives in a fog. The pessimist is confused; he hardly knows where to go, what to do or how to act; the optimist is in tune with the harmonies of nature and discerns distinctly the onward path that lies before him. The pessimist hesitates, and loses both time and opportunity; the optimist makes the best use of everything now, and builds himself up, steadily and surely, until all adversity is overcome and the object in view realized. The pessimist curbs his energies and concentrates his whole attention upon failure; the optimist gives all his thought and power to the attainment of success, and arouses his faculties and forces to the highest point of efficiency. The pessimist waits for better times, and expects to keep on waiting; the optimist goes to work with the best that is at hand now, and proceeds to create better times. The optimist is an inspiration to everybody; the pessimist is a wet blanket. The pessimist pours cold water on the fires of his own ability; the optimist adds fuel to those fires. The pessimist links his mind to everything that is losing ground; the optimist lives, thinks and works with everything that is determined to press on. The pessimist places a damper on everything; the optimist gives life, fire and go to everything. The pessimist repels everything; the optimist attracts everything. The pessimist fights the wrong; the optimist works to increase the power of the right. The optimist is a building force; the pessimist is always an obstacle in the way of progress. The pessimist lives in a dark, soggy, unproductive world, the optimist lives in that mental sunshine that makes all things grow.

SAN FRANCISCO REBUILT—A VIEW FROM THE CHRONICLE BUILDING. See Article on Page 7.

THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

THE more you expect, the more you will get. This is invariably the rule. We should therefore expect everything; that is, everything that we know we can appreciate, appropriate and use. But we must be sufficiently strong not to become disappointed when only a fraction arrives. If we had expected nothing this fraction would have been much smaller, or it might have been next to nothing. Expect everything you want; continue to expect everything you want, regardless of how much or how little may come, and the amount that does come will increase decidedly every year.

WHEN things look dark, and when everything threatens to go against you, don't worry, don't feel anxious, don't permit yourself to think that you may go under. Be more determined than ever, have more faith in yourself than ever, be stronger and more positive than ever. At such times the negative attitude is fatal; it means failure; and to despair or give up under adversity is to give in to the negative attitude. But the positive attitude, if persistently continued under such circumstances, will invariably prevent failure. And you will not only come out victorious, but stronger in mind and character than you ever were before.

THE proper use of suggestion is a great art, and if practiced systematically as well as scientifically will produce most satisfying results. But this is not only true in the building of health, mind and character; it is true in a thousand worlds of thought and action, and among these we must not ignore the worlds of love and friendship. Many a woman tells her husband almost daily, "You don't love me as you used to; you know you don't; you love me less and less every year." Many a girl speaks to her sweetheart in a similar manner, thereby destroying the very thing she is so anxious to keep alive.

WHEN you tell your husband that he doesn't love you any more, or words to that effect, you start a current of thought in his mind that will tend to cool his affections. He may not wish to love you less; in fact, he may wish to love you more, but if you continue to tell him that he loves you less and less, you will continue to pour cold water on the fires of his affections. One of these days those fires will go out, or they may burn so low that he will actually begin to dislike you, even against his will, and without knowing the reason why.

MANY a girl has lost her sweetheart because she has suggested the decrease of affection whenever he was a trifle less ardent than usual. And many a young man has failed to win the "idol of his heart" for the same reason. When a person's feelings are going in the wrong direction, we should not call his attention to the fact; that will simply cause those feelings to go further in the wrong direction, and before we know it, they may pass out of existence altogether. What is going away should not be pushed away, but should be called back; that is, if it is something we wish to retain. And affections can be called back through the proper use of words, even when they are all but gone.

WHEN your husband seems to be indifferent to you, don't tell him so; be sweeter and more loving to him than ever before, and tell him, "You love me better than ever, don't you? Yes, I know you do, and the thought of it makes me *so* happy." You thus arouse his affections

and start currents of thought in his mind that will tend to increase the ardor and the power of his affections. You are calling back all the love he ever had, and you are steadily building up that love into something that is far stronger, far sweeter and far more tender than even the honeymoon's most blissful delights. Use suggestions freely for the building up of affection both in yourself and in your companion, whether you be the husband or the wife; but do not become a crank on the subject; do not overdo the matter; serve nothing unless it is well seasoned with common sense.

THAT the wrong use of suggestion is the direct or the indirect cause of a great deal of marital unhappiness is evident; and that a large number of lovers' quarrels, possibly most of them, came from the same source is also evident. When one of the two feels out of sort, the other usually makes the matter worse, either by finding fault or by saying something that intensifies the original trouble. When discord is brewing you can easily intensify that discord into a raging storm of hatred, ill-feeling and mental "ripriot" by the words you speak; but you also can, by changing your words a trifle, calm the threatening tempest and perpetuate the elements of happiness and peace, even before the storm has a chance to begin.

WHEN your companion is out of sort, either be quiet or say something that will call his attention to the brighter side of the circumstance. Be more loving, more tender and more sympathetic, and mean it. Be calm and bright yourself, and go about your work as if all was right. Choose your words wisely, and aim to suggest only that which is full of promise. The atmosphere will soon "warm up" but if it doesn't, just be patient; you can afford to wait awhile if necessary; the victory is for you. And as for you, never permit yourself to feel out of sort; if you are on the verge of feeling that way, begin at once to think and speak of those things that suggest sunshine, and the clouds will shortly pass away.

THROUGH the proper use of the law of suggestion in love making, most divorces could be prevented and unhappiness in married life could be made a matter of mere insignificance. Most divorces originate in petty ill-feelings; and these feelings are made to grow into raging storms of intolerable anguish simply by the way the husband and the wife speak to each other when one or both are not feeling as they should. All such feelings could be nipped in the bud every time by the gentle art of suggesting more love. Let both husband and wife impress upon their own minds the idea that they love each other better every day. Let the husband say to himself many times a day, "I love my wife better and better; she is certainly growing dearer and sweeter and more beautiful every day." Let the wife say to herself many times every day, "I love my husband more intensely every moment; he is ever becoming more and more to me, and he is ever growing into all that is noble and worthy and true." The result of such a practice anyone can figure out, and no effort whatever would be required.

THE use of the law of suggestion to the different phases of thought and action does not imply the continual repetition of certain set phrases; nor is the use of any form of suggestion a something that is distinct from the usual movements of everyday life. Every word we speak is a suggestion; and the same is true of every thought and every action. Everything we do, think or say tends to produce something else of a similar nature, either in our own minds or in the minds of those with whom we associate. The question is, what do we wish to produce or perpetuate. If we wish to intensify, reproduce and perpetuate the discords and the troubles we meet in life, we may do so by using expressions that suggest more discord and trouble. Or, if we wish to work away from the wrong into the greater and the better, we may do so by using expressions that suggest greater and better things. We move the way we think, act and speak; and to move upward and onward continually is the

ruling purpose of every mind that is thoroughly alive and wide-awake.

WHAT would happen if you should continue for a number of years to think of yourself continually as possessing exceptional worth? Would the qualities of your mind and character degenerate during that period, or would you steadily develop toward that superiority that you continued to claim as your own? We all know that the latter would be the very thing to happen. Habits of thought determine invariably whether we are to rise in the scale or drift back into inferiority. Continue to think and feel common and you will soon look common; your face will begin to show a lack of quality, and all your actions will show less and less dignity until your personal appearance, from whatever point of view, spells nothing but inferiority. On the other hand, continue to think and feel superior and you will soon "stand out" as a man of quality, power and worth. All your mental habits will tend toward greater quality; you will begin to desire superiority and worth with greater and greater power, and your entire attitude, mental and personal, will begin to reveal the noble, the lofty and the true.

THE man who thinks great thoughts and who lives in the constant recognition of the greater riches of feeling and life does not have a common appearance. His personality may not be attractive in form, but his expression is rich, every movement of his body reveals quality, and he is singled out everywhere as being a superior man. He is steadily growing into greater worth and greater power, not because he has inherited certain traits, but because he is forming superior mental habits. By trying to live in the attitude of worth he is calling into action the richest and best that is within him, and is therefore becoming richer and better in personality, mind and character. He is growing into superiority because he has taken superiority for his model, and is training the creative powers of thought to rebuild his entire nature more and more in the likeness of this model.

YOU must feel the way you wish to think. Mental habits are the results of those mental attitudes that we feel most deeply and most frequently. Therefore, if we wish to get the mind into the habit of building for quality and worth, we must constantly and deeply feel that we possess quality and worth. And we do possess these things. We do not have to imagine something that is not true. We all possess life. And what is more wonderful than life? What is superior to life? All that is remarkable, extraordinary and marvelous in life we all possess, because we all possess this same life—conscious, self-conscious, thinking life. Therefore, when a man begins to live in the attitude of worth, or the *feeling* of superiority, he is not assuming the role of superficial egotism; he is simply giving recognition to the greatest, the richest and the best that is within him. And for the first time in his life he is beginning to deal justly with himself.

WHY does everything seem to go wrong when you begin to take life into your own hands? It seems to do so at times, but the reason why is simple. When you break loose from the bondage of fate a few things will necessarily be upset for a time, and these "few things" may be so active in their confused state that they attract the whole of your attention. You see nothing else for a time and they seem to be "everything." But do not permit yourself to be deluded in that manner. Even though you have practically turned the old order of your life upside down, most things are with you, working with you in building the new world, the new destiny. Continue to work for the greater goal you have in view, no matter how the "few antagonistic things" may be acting; refuse to be influenced or disturbed by any adversity whatever; refuse to go back to the "leaf in the whirlwind" form of life; resolve to build your own life, your own world and your own future, no matter what may come or go; and be so determined to carry out your resolution that every atom in your being thrills with irresistible force. Those "few things" will soon quiet down, and will then be drawn into the mighty current of your own forceful determination.

IT is not necessary that anything should go wrong simply because we decide to leave that form of life that is controlled by circumstances, and decide to enter that mode of life that controls its circumstances. But a few things may be misdirected for a short time when we enter a system of living and thinking that is entirely new. Most of us have been leaves in the whirlwind since birth, and we have been influenced or controlled by almost every circumstance that was met. That we should be adepts in the mastery of our own fate the very moment we choose to step out of the old way of living is hardly possible; nevertheless, if we are positive and determined, and have unlimited faith in our power to do what we purpose to do, it will not be long before everything will be moving smoothly. The principal thing is *not* to give in to adversity. When you have resolved to press on toward greater and better things, stand by your resolve, unmoved, untouched and undisturbed, no matter what may happen. You will find a way out of every difficulty. Be true to the greater things you have in view and those greater things will be true to you. Reach up for the higher, and the higher will reach down for you; and when you two clasp hands, fate is conquered; the victory is won; you will be drawn to the lofty heights of your goal; and nothing can prevent you, not even the combined opposition of all the powers in the world.

WHEN life doesn't seem worth while, and when you feel that you would just as soon pass out of existence, remember, your nerves need toning up. That's about all. When your nervous system is in good condition and you are thoroughly full of vital energy, life will be a pleasure, everything will look rosy, and no circumstance, however adverse, will disturb you to any extent. You will not only want to live, and live a good long time, but you will want the opportunity to meet the most difficult things in life so that you can prove the worth and superiority of your own power.

TO keep the nervous system in a good, strong, wholesome condition, make it a practice to be absolutely quiet in mind and body for ten or fifteen minutes twice a day. Relax perfectly all through your system and just let yourself *go into* complete serenity and rest. Make no effort to be quiet; just *feel* quiet; and aim to be calm and still on the inside. Through this method nature will be given the opportunity to restore perfect poise and equilibrium among all the elements of your being, and every condition that might tend toward weakness, nervousness or disease will be nipped in the bud. When the system is perfectly at rest, physically and mentally, the recuperative power of nature is complete, and it is simply wonderful what nature can do under such circumstances.

DURING sleep the system should be at perfect rest, but as a rule it is not, because we go to sleep too often in a state of mental turmoil. Therefore, we wake up tired, and the nerves are just as much on edge in the morning as they were the night before. When we train ourselves to be perfectly still, however, we can place the entire system in complete serenity before we go to sleep, and sleep will be refreshing in the fullest sense of that term. And the value of this becomes evident when we learn that no person will ever have a nervous break-down who sleeps in perfect calmness and stillness every night.

WHEN nature is permitted to completely recuperate and calm the system during a brief period of stillness twice a day, the working capacity, both of mind and body, will be greatly increased. The average person employs only about one-half of his full capacity because so many of his energies are running helter-skelter, and are not in working condition. This simple method of being silent twice a day may, therefore, mean a fortune to men of ambition and enterprise, and it will mean better health and greater efficiency to everybody who applies it. If you take fairly good care of yourself, you will never get sick so long as your system is full of vital energy. It is when the system is run down that you catch cold, that you fail to digest your meals, and that the various organs of your body become diseased through inability to perform their functions. But if you

will only be quiet, physically and mentally, several times a day, nature will recuperate your system, and you will always have enough energy to work well, live well and enjoy every moment of existence.

IDEALS are indispensable. No person is actually living who is not steadily rising in the scale of life; and no person can rise who does not aim to reach something higher, some ideal upon which he has centered the full force of his ambition. It is only the rising life that is alive; all other life is dead, useless, an obstacle to human progress. If you are not moving forward you are in the way; remember that; but no person can move forward unless his aim in life is to reach some great and lofty ideal. And whoever does work, faithfully and ceaselessly, for some great ideal is constantly adding to the welfare and the hapipness of the world, no matter what his position or work may be. It is therefore simply understood why "Life's noblest purpose is the unswerving pursuit of the ideal."

THE more lofty your ideal the higher your aim. The higher your aim the more you attempt, and the more you attempt the more you accomplish. To aspire to the greater is to cause all the forces of body, mind and soul to work for the greater, and when *all* that is in man is working for the greater, greater and greater results must invariably follow. The man with no vision will drift with the stream. But the man who has the vision, and who has the faith and the determination to work for the ideal in that vision, will finally scale the heights. He may have failed yesterday; he may fail to-day; he may fail to-morrow; he may fail a thousand times; but he will finally win. Failure cannot continue very long after faith and determination have set their minds upon some great and lofty ideal. This is a law that works as unerringly as the rising of the sun; therefore, whosoever will may proceed to apply it, knowing that one of these days his dreams will come true.

No Self-Sacrifice Required

WHEN mind and body fail in their efforts to make personal existence worth while, the average person, especially if he has religious or mystical tendencies, is tempted to fall into a state of resignation, concluding that there is no satisfaction to be gained in the world of things. He will then accept the doctrine that the life of self-sacrifice and the inner world of contemplation alone hold the key to comfort, peace and happiness. But it is a fact deserving of most careful consideration that he does not resign himself to the "joys" of intangible things until he has failed to gain satisfaction from his contact with visible things; or, after he has so misused the good things of the material world, that he has become sick of it all. His conclusion, therefore, is not based upon normal living, but springs directly from personal failure or personal dissipation.

Men and women who are living normal lives, and who are gaining ground in all good things, both in the real and in the ideal, never come to the conclusion that peace and satisfaction can be gained only in a life of poverty, resignation and self-sacrifice, or sole dependence upon inner experience for happiness. Normal lives invariably gain good things from all sources; such lives live in the beauty of the soul as well as in the pleasures of the body and the richness of the mind. They find complete satisfaction in thus combining body, mind and soul, and therefore find it unnecessary to despise or ignore a part of creation in order to enjoy some of its other parts. They are balanced and are true to the whole of life.

When personal existence fails, we should not blame the world of things, and we should not conclude that all is vanity simply because it looks that way to us when-

ever we view the world through the glasses of abnormal living. All is vanity and nothingness only to those who have become sick of the world; and there are only two ways in which we can become utterly sick of the world; one is to fail in all things, the other is to misuse all things. The world of things is good in every sense of that term; and the same is true of personal existence. But it is our concern to so adapt personal existence to the world of things that everything is used as fully as possible and as well as possible. We shall then find the fullest measure of whatever a normal heart may desire.

Adopt Some Better Method

THE warfare against the "white plague" is being vigorously prosecuted almost everywhere. But is it necessary to present to the public all the sickening details connected with this matter in order to arouse enough sentiment to work effectually against that disease? You can hardly open a paper or a magazine these days without finding "white plague" and "tuberculosis" staring you in the face. Do the promoters of this crusade against consumption realize that unwholesome mental impressions can, and daily do, produce disease?

Those who are engaged in this crusade are engaged in a great, good cause, but they are carrying on their work in total ignorance of the law of suggestion; and any physician or public benefactor, or anyone else with intelligence, who ignores the law of suggestion in this age is an enemy to the welfare of the race. He cannot be ignorant of this law; any amount of instructive literature on the subject has been constantly placed before his attention for years; and he knows that suggestion is one of the most important factors in human life; therefore, if he ignores it, he deliberately places an evil upon his fellowman.

Every method that can be found for removing or preventing disease should be employed, and one of the first and foremost of these methods is to cultivate the practice of suggesting health. The habit of suggesting disease either through tongue or pen must be stopped before we can work effectually in the elimination of any ailment. And pulmonary ills are no exceptions to the rule. But so long as physicians, health departments, medical institutions and health crusaders in general continue to suggest disease to the public and arouse all sorts of public fear of "plagues," "microbes," "germs," etc., they will produce disease in many persons while trying to remove that same disease from others.

THE more deeply and the more sincerely you expect friendship, the more friendly you become; and the more friendly you become, the more friends you will receive.

EVERYTHING makes way for a man of strength, determination and power. But those qualities do not spring from a domineering or an antagonistic will. They are the natural expressions of that will that is as deep as life itself, as calm as the silence of the speechless within, and as determined as that power that knows neither limit nor end.

THE REBUILDING of SAN FRANCISCO

By JEWETT E. RICKER, Jr.

THERE is something inspiring in the rebuilding by man of that which nature has torn down. It is not that it shows a superior strength or a boast of greater power, but that it shows an undaunted courage in the face of overwhelming odds. It is evidence that man is ever optimistic with the brightness of the future, and, while willing to accept gracefully and humbly the inevitable, he is yet not willing to bow down and admit that all is lost. It shows a tireless energy and a capacity to forget to-day the disappointments and fatalities of the past.

In the last issue of THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE there appeared an article on Gary—the great new city at the foot of Lake Michigan. As an undertaking it ranks high among the industrial accomplishments of the day, and too much praise cannot be given the builders of this magic city. But in a broader sense the new San Francisco—risen Phœnix-like from its ashes—is the greater triumph of the two. In facts and figures it is much the bigger, but, these things aside, it still stands out as the greater work. There is nothing that takes pluck and courage to such an extent as to make new that which has been destroyed—to begin patiently all over again the work that had already taken years.

It takes labor and skill to create a city, but it takes labor and skill and indomitable courage to resurrect that which has once been built. Robert Bruce, the King of Scotland, acknowledged the soundness of the argument when he watched the tireless, patient spider build his web, and others as great and greater than he have acknowledged it since. And so—aside from the engineering greatness of the task—it is the spirit back of the labor that has made the new San Francisco possible that first commands attention. San Francisco in a way has been a child of adversity almost from its earliest day. Born of a gigantic struggle of man against conditions, it has symbolized throughout its history the power of man over the obstacles placed in his path. With the early history, the romance of San Francisco, we have but little concern here. The early struggles in the days of '49 are too well known and too well appreciated to need extended eulogy. And yet there was something in the spirit that transformed San Francisco in that dark hour from a poor Spanish village to a pulsing, energetic city that seems to have given it the power to meet once again the blow of fa-

tality. But of the two tests the one suffered three years ago was far the greater. The first San Francisco was the outgrowth of a series of circumstances born of necessity. But the present city is the outgrowth of unparalleled courage almost alone.

When on April 18 of 1906 there flashed around the world the news of the earthquake that first rocked the work of fifty years, and, later, when the tale of the disastrous fire that followed and completed the demolition of the city was known, there was much speculation as to the fate of San Francisco. There were those who believed that the city would never again be built, and even the most sanguine—east of the California metropolis—saw nothing but dark clouds over the city's future. But in the making of these prophecies the spirit of San Francisco was forgotten in the horror of the catastrophe itself. In San Francisco itself the destruction was more coolly received. With the city that had stood proudly forth as the great metropolis of the West lying smoking at their feet, the citizens of San Francisco lost little time in bewailing a loss that they realized was inevitable. Twenty-eight thousand, one hundred and eighty-eight buildings had been destroyed, it was true, with a property loss of $105,000,000, but even with this sickening fact known to them and fully realized, it was no time to lie down and quit. And so it was that almost before the last telegram announcing the last fire had been sent out, before the ashes had yet cooled, there were formed in San Francisco working committees for the building of a new city. And hardly had the cry for help gone up from the California shore than there followed it the louder cry for men and stone and steel, that a new city might be built. The old world looked on amazed, and even America gazed in astonishment.

The lesson of Chicago was not yet old, and yet, in a large way, it was a different lesson. When Chicago suffered her loss it was from fire alone, and the progression of building science held out hope that—a new city once built—it would not be easily suffered again. But with San Francisco it was different. Fire there had likewise played its part, but an earthquake had also figured greatly in the destruction—and earthquakes are still uncombatable things. And so the hope that was held out to Chicago was not presented to San Francisco. To the ordinary man the earthquake seemed almost a warning of fate—a threat that no city could long stand on San Francisco's site. But in the very face of the likelihood of a repetition, the citizens of San Francisco faltered not at all. There they had built their homes and there they intended to stay. The same spirit that had reared the first great city, they figured, was still within them, and so they determined to build again.

How well they have accomplished their task is shown in the city itself—as it stands to-day. But first let us take up briefly the marvelous history of the three years that have now passed since San Francisco the First was laid low.

In the months immediately following the conflagration the first question asked was, "Where will business go?" Temporary homes had been easily provided, but the facilities for the transaction of business were not so easily replaced. With the whole mercantile section houseless and homeless, the entire business district a wilderness of devastation, the first efforts of the merchants were devoted to getting into business in any kind of shelter. The first necessity was to place themselves in communication with the fraction of the city that was left, and so Fillmore Street and Van Ness Avenue—being the leading arteries between the two—naturally became the centers of the retail trade. A new business district sprang up in the Mission. A new wholesale district came into being along the railroad yards, the houses that handled goods coming by water making a fringe between the burnt district and the docks. But all these changes were of a temporary sort. The buildings were of flimsy, combustible material, little fitted for the permanent housing of extensive stocks. And so it was soon manifest that a change must come. Just how or where it was not then known. Speculation was rife at this period in the rebuilding as to whether or not Van Ness Avenue would assume in one bound the position of the leading business street of the city. There were many who said that it would, and property values increased accordingly. But the old adage that

"there is no sentiment in business" was soon disproved. It was a sense of loyalty to the stricken city that had kept many of the business houses in San Francisco at all, after their property had been swept away. A great majority could have bettered themselves had they gone elsewhere. But the thought of abandoning their city in its hour of trouble was furthest from their minds. They would rather struggle along—for a while—with their native city than seek better conditions in a more favored town. And so it was this very pluck and devotion that brought San Francisco so speedily to her former position.

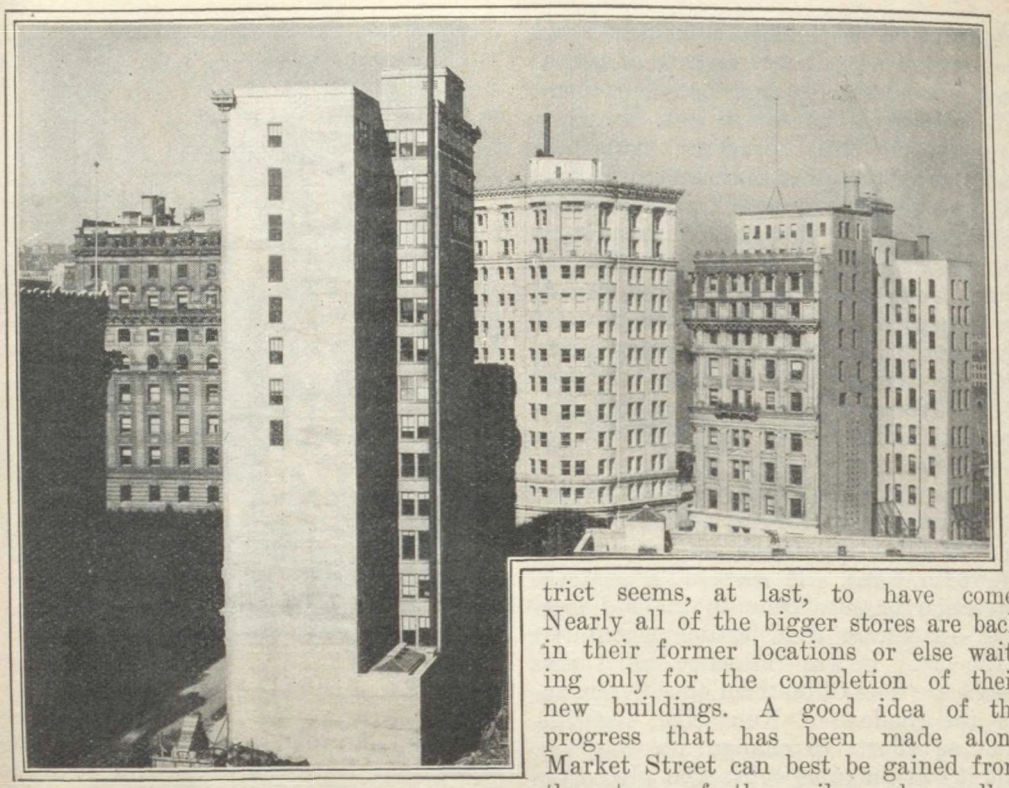
In like manner it was the same sense of sentiment and loyalty that took back to their old locations the majority of San Francisco firms. It seemed a common aspiration to get "back to the old location"—a phrase that became a familiar battle cry. It was the same spirit that placed the new Chinatown once again under the shadow of Nob Hill, notwithstanding efforts to change its location. And it was the same spirit that placed the old familiar signs in the old familiar spots. And yet business and sentiment are far apart!

When the heat from the burning ruins had died down sufficiently to make exploration possible it was a common remark that it would take "five years to clear away the debris alone." The wide landscape of broken bricks, twisted steel and ashes made optimism almost impossible even to the most sanguine. Outsiders went further, and placed the estimate at from ten to twenty years. The whole outlook seemed foreboding—almost impossible. But the greater the task appeared then, the greater has been the accomplishment. The debris, at least, has been cleared away. How much more has been done we shall later see.

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

POST STREET, FROM KEARNY.

The story of the rehabilitation of San Francisco itself is broadly known, but the actual work that has brought about the result and the efforts that have been put forth are but vaguely appreciated. Rebuilding is one thing; the re-establishment of a displaced trade is another. To build anew is a noteworthy task, but to resurrect anew a lost trade is a still greater one. For two years after the rebuilding began, the retail trade carefully shunned the old districts. The building operations, the brick dust, the soot and the lime made shopping "downtown" practically out of the question. The choicest wares might have been spread forth in the most tempting manner, but



NORTH FROM SECOND AND MISSION STS.

who would buy? The fairer half of humanity—the life of trade—surely would not, and so, for a time, the idea had to be abandoned.

It was quite natural—this fact considered—that office buildings should have been the first to be occupied. The movement of lawyers, doctors and other professional men gave the first impetus to the reoccupation of the old district. But even with this start, the downtown community was slow to regain its old appearance. One by one adventurous shopkeepers opened stores in the newly built structures, and as the building dust grew less and less objectionable and the din of hammers and riveting machines correspondingly subsided, they throve. And the fact that they did meet with success brought others to share it with them. And now, with Market Street complete with brand-new buildings for almost a mile of its course, and Kearney Street and Grant Avenue, Union Square and the streets that lead to it lined with handsome structures, the final step in the re-establishing of trade and the rebuilding of the old district seems, at last, to have come. Nearly all of the bigger stores are back in their former locations or else waiting only for the completion of their new buildings. A good idea of the progress that has been made along Market Street can best be gained from the story of the sailor who walked its length at the time of the fleet's visit, over a year ago. It seems—as San Franciscans tell the tale—that when the parade of sailors on that memorable occasion reached Fifth and Market streets on the return to the fleet, a sailor extricated himself from the ranks and hailed a citizen: "Say, captain," he asked appealingly, "can you tell me the way to where the fire was?" "You've been marching through it for the last two hours," was the answer, and it took considerable argument to convince the sailor boy that he had not been made the victim of a joke. And yet, summarized ably in the question and the answer, lies the story of the San Francisco of to-day.

All of the notable new buildings—as might be expected—are commercial in purpose, for with the Pacific lapping its wharves San Francisco has always and will ever be a city primarily of commerce. The wharves themselves did not burn. On the contrary, the life of San Francisco ebbed away from the waterfront only to come back in augmented form. Thirty-one wharves now furnish eight miles of berthing room for the greater commerce

of the new San Francisco. Commerce amounting to 7,000,000 tons is handled across these wharves in a year. Handling the plans for the waterfront improvements stands the Federated Harbor Improvements Association — an organization unique in America's commercial world. The plans of this association for the new city are remarkable in breadth and scope and include the building of a ten-mile stretch of waterfront improvements, at an expenditure of $25,000,000. The federal and state governments, the railroads and private interests are spending the money. And when completed it will be among the sights of America, if not of the world, and will place San Francisco in the foremost rank as a port of commerce. Next in importance—commercially—to the new wharves will be the terminal of the Southern Pacific Railroad—south of Hunter's Point Drydock—which will allow the Ogden and Shasta routes to bring passengers and freight directly into the heart of the metropolis. In the handling of freight this will be especially important, and will add greatly to the facility for the transaction of San Francisco's commerce.

In the rebuilding of San Francisco there is nothing more eloquent in its prophecy of future greatness than the large number of new hotels. There are now 150 hotels in the new city. They contain 17,500 suites and rooms. The St. Francis has 700 and will shortly add 300 more. The new Palace has 688; the new Fairmont 511. These 150 hotels can accommodate 35,000 guests, so that it will be some time, at least, before the visitor to San Francisco will find accommodations hard to secure. But there is a deeper, more significant meaning behind these figures. San Francisco is to-day able to properly house a great national convention, and yet this is the same city which three years ago slept homeless and roofless in the grass of the public parks!

But there is one fact that must be remembered and honored in the consideration of the new San Francisco. It is that the entire city, as it now stands and as it will eventually stand, has been rebuilt with but $5,000,000 of assistance from the outside. And it is a singularly fortunate fact for one reason at least, if for no other. Had the huge sums that have been expended in the construction of new buildings been free for speculation, the effect

MONADNOCK BUILDING AND PALACE HOTEL.

that might have resulted on San Francisco's real estate can well be imagined. Fat opportunities in real estate speculation were allowed to pass by that the skyscrapers might be built. This was due to the fact that after the fire the stability of the market was such that there were few people willing to sell, although buyers were plentiful at all times. The owners of land were willing to hold on and await developments; and the chance for speculation lay not so much in the fact that values went down, but that they have—since the fire—reached a value far in excess of their original appraisement. As evidence of the advance in prices, the case of the site of the old Lincoln School, on Fourth Street, off Market, may be mentioned. This property, after the fire, became too valuable for school purposes, but the school board was bound, by a clause, never to sell the ground. So the board offered to lease the property for thirty-five years, with the understanding that the lessee erect upon it a building to cost not less than $250,000, and which should revert to the city at the expiration of the lease. But real estate men failed to appreciate the city's proposition—they viewed it more in the light of a ridiculous jest. They were amazed, therefore, to discover a short while later that Ashby O. Stewart, a young bank clerk, had made a bid of $3,780 a month rental for the first five years and $7,245 a month for the remaining thirty years. The total of Stewart's bid exceeded that of the highest real estate man by $913,000. So young Stewart was awarded the lease. The first two months' rent consumed, however, his entire capital, and when he applied to the banks for aid they each and all turned him down with the courteous statement that he was crazy. But by methods little short of unique, young Stewart assured the matter of the rent and induced prospective tenants, by favoring them in their leases, to advance the capital for the building. After eight months' work, Stewart, who had started with a capital of $7,000, sold out his proposition at a modest profit of $150,000. And—stranger still—he sold to one of the bankers who, eight months before, had frankly told him he was daft. Since the earthquake and fire the sales of real estate in San Francisco have amounted in value to $93,762,977. During the same period mortgages were recorded against San Francisco real estate for a total of $115,247,196, and during the same time it is estimated that $67,250,000 in released mortgages was recorded, the larger part of the net money coming from San Francisco's banks and private individuals. As evidence of the fact that the resources of San Francisco have and must for some time be devoted to building, statistics show that during the same period in which the above-stated $93,762,977 was recorded in real estate sales, $142,243,645 has been expended in rebuilding on 20,477 permits, 28,000 buildings having been lost in the fire. The record of the three years since the fire for building operations shows a total of building contracts entered into of $129,312,405, as follows:

POWELL AND MARKET STREETS.

April, 1906, to April, 1907..	$ 47,532,415
April, 1907, to April, 1908..	43,355,487
April, 1908, to April, 1909..	38,424,503
Total	$129,312,405

The great fire that destroyed San Francisco, it must be remembered, took 28,000 buildings, and there have been issued since the fire 20,477 building permits, for a total of $132,250,330. As nearly all of

POWELL AND GEARY STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO.

the buildings erected in the new San Francisco have cost over ten per cent more than the original contract price, it is therefore estimated that the total building operations amount to not less than $142,400,136. And when it is remembered that out of this enormous sum nearly $132,000,000 was loaned by the city's own banks or raised in various ways by the city's citizens, it becomes at once apparent how solid and strong the position of San Francisco really is.

But in addition to these practically private expenditures the United States government and the municipality itself have each spent large amounts to the same general end. The United States government is now erecting a new custom house, at a cost of $1,203,319, while a contract for a postoffice, to cost $300,000, has also been let. In addition to these expenditures the national government has, as already stated, aided materially in the construction of the new wharves, while it will also soon erect on property it has recently bought for $375,000 a subtreasury building, the cost of which will be $500,000 more.

In the way of municipal expenditures San Francisco a short while ago issued bonds to the amount of $18,200,000, over fifty per cent of which have already been sold. The premium paid upon these bonds by eastern financiers has been another gratifying example of the solidity of San Francisco's position. With the money thus subscribed from the purchase of the municipal paper the work of repaving the streets, constructing the new sewers, building schoolhouses, and the new auxiliary water supply for fire protection has been going on and is even now well along toward completion. And so extensive and thorough will this work be that San Francisco will find itself a model city in so far as municipal properties are concerned. So extensive have been the efforts to make the new San Francisco a city of safety, and so well has the lesson of 1906 been applied, that it can almost be said, with positive assurance, that never again will San Francisco be visited by a disastrous

conflagration anywhere approaching in extent or result the fire of three years ago.

In the construction of nearly all of the new buildings the very latest devices known to prevent the spread of fire have been utilized—the use of wood and combustible materials having been reduced to a minimum. But not only has there been a restoration in fireproof construction, but a thorough system of fire fighting apparatus installed as well. As a result the fire-fighting water system of the present San Francisco is unsurpassed by any in the world. Proportionately to its size the new city has more steel-frame buildings than any city in the world, and with the new water system in operation —which will be within two years—there will be absolutely no danger of lack of water for fire fighting, no matter what the demand may be. The destruction of a large water main in 1906 taught San Francisco a lesson, for not only was the supply of water to the city stopped, but the several reservoirs on the hills were drained as well. Under the new conditions such a state of affairs will be out of the question. Nine separate and distinct means of fire fighting would have to be destroyed before the city would again be at the mercy of the flames.

It was in order to install a perfect auxiliary fire system that San Francisco has recently issued $5,200,000 in bonds, the money obtained from which will be used toward this end. The system, briefly explained, consists of 91½ miles of new mains, connecting all parts of the city with three large fresh-water reservoirs. To these mains is attached a salt-water auxiliary system, composed of two enormous pumping stations. In addition to these pumping plants two of the largest and most modern fire-boats ever built will be able to connect with the mains at any one of twelve piers running out into the bay. But as though this were not insurance enough, 100 cisterns, of 75,000 gallons capacity each, are being constructed in various parts of the city. The 91½ miles of new water mains are so planned that any one block or any number of blocks can be cut off from the rest of the system, thus making a complete paralysis of the system impossible. It is easy to see from the comprehensive plans against fire that San Francisco is not being built for the day only and that it is determined to do all that human ingenuity can devise to defeat from now on the convulsions of nature. How well she will succeed time alone can decide, but San Franciscans are not the kind to await any such decision.

With the practical side of the new San Francisco thus fairly well disposed of, the story is yet not complete without a chapter on the romantic side of the new city —the Chinatown, that, alone and unaided, has likewise risen from its ashes. San Francisco without its Chinatown would be a thing unheard of, so traditionally have the two been associated. For a time after the earthquake the citizens of San Francisco congratulated themselves that "Chinatown was gone." It seemed the one blessing in that mass of woe. So malodorous had the old Chinese quarter been that it had affected the value of property around its borders. It stood out as a pest in the heart of the city. It was for this reason that the proposal to prevent the return of the Chinese to their old community was at first so unanimously approved. But the Chinese—like the merchants—were saturated with sentiment and the plan at once gained their ill-will. Many of them had owned the land upon which their buildings had stood, and so they straightway appealed to their consul-general for protection. This official at once threatened to make the matter international, as being an invasion of treaty rights. Then, too, the Chinese had always paid excessive rent, and so in the cases where they had rented, their landlords were determined to have them back. But most effective of all in turning the tide in their favor was the keen rivalry that sprang up for the possession of San Francisco's Chinese colony. Los Angeles, with its 300,000, and Oakland, with its 200,000, each desired to add 'Frisco's 30,000 Chinese to their population. For a while Oakland did house them all, but Los Angeles was jealous and began bidding for them. San Francisco for a time looked on amused, but when she finally saw that the fight was in earnest she forthwith decided that she wanted them herself. Many of the Chinese owners had been heavily insured and were anxious to

build again. And so when San Francisco finally extended a welcome to them they were quick to flock back to their former nests. When it became apparent that the wealthier Chinese intended to construct an Oriental quarter of great architectural beauty the last opposition fled and the attitude of the Americans toward the Chinese became quite friendly. As yet but little progress has been made, although extensive plans have been prepared. A new theater, to cost $75,000, will be erected on the corner of Clay and Stockton streets, upon a site already prepared. And so the magnificent pageants of the Chinese theater will soon be open to the visitor again. The new Chinatown —as yet—contains no joss house, although a magnificent one—more beautiful than the temples of old—will ultimately be built. But the Chinaman, always practical, prefers to build his stores, his homes and his schools first. Religion can wait until a later day. But that the new Chinatown—like the new San Francisco —will be a city of greater beauty than the old is already assured. There will be no catacombs and insanitary structures in the new quarter of the San Francisco Oriental. On the contrary, every effort will be used to make the new community a district of almost immaculate cleanliness. The Chinese themselves are determined in this and will be encouraged and aided by the city in the fulfillment and realization of their desire. But as all else in San Francisco, the new Chinatown is, after all, but the embodiment of that spirit that fails to down.

A PEEP BACKWARDS.
San Francisco As It Looked Three Years Ago.

To the visitor the new city is more than an ordinarily impressive sight. It carries with it a certain feeling of human pride that extends and includes in its unselfish charity the whole world. And it leaves one with the phrase applied to Shakespeare on the lips: "His was not for an

age, but for all time." The very whiteness of the new stone, the height of the new buildings, the beauty of the streets and the exultant faces of the San Franciscans breathes optimism. The spirit is contagious—so true and genuine it is. And when, after carefully viewing the new city, the observer turns and looks out toward the Golden Gate and the magnificent harbor, the picture is complete. And it is then that the full force of the future greatness of San Francisco comes most forcibly to the mind. For it is then—with the great, thriving, pulsing new city behind and the surging, wonderful Pacific in front—that one realizes with stunning force that San Francisco—like New York—is a keeper of a world gate. It is then that there looms up to view that vast new trade of the Pacific Ocean—Asia, Australia, Alaska, Japan, Hawaii, the Philippines and the thousand undeveloped islands of that endless sea. And it is then also that one realizes best why San Francisco did not—could not—die.

Inspiration

BY RAYMOND FOREST FRITZ.

OH, how sweet it is to wander by the deep and voiceless stream,
Or beside the babbling brooklet, in the sun to lie and dream,
When the meadow lark is trilling, and the song thrush, on the wing,
Is pouring out its melodies that make the welkin ring;
When rippling flood and rustling leaf are tinged with dancing fire;
And every voice of nature bids the burdened soul aspire,
Till the weary weight of living, like the dewdrop, melts away,
And the soul, triumphant, rises from its narrow house of clay—
Rises into realms of ether where the music of the spheres
Rolls on in wondrous symphonies too sweet for carnal ears;
Links itself with those great forces, which were old before the sun
Blossomed from chaotic darkness, and, when Time its course has run,
Through the endless round of ages, their vitality shall keep,
While the reign of law with chaos alternates upon the deep—
When the spirit feels its kinship with the things that last for aye
And returns to grasp and overrule its instruments of clay—
Then, ah then, 'tis sweet to wander by the mighty voiceless stream,
Or beside the babbling brooklet in the sun to lie and dream.

YOU either move toward the ideal of the greater or the retrogressing life of the lesser. There is no pause in human existence; no neutral ground in the kingdoms of mind and soul. You are always moving, either toward the front or toward the rear. But if you wish to move forward, you must have ideals; and the most worthy ideals are always revealed through the vision of the soul. Therefore, whatever happens, follow the vision of the soul. It is the one path that leads to the heart's desire.

THE AWAKENING OF HENRY

By F. E. HAWSON.

HEARING the click of the front gate as her husband opened it, Mrs. Hollister folded the closely written sheets of manuscript upon which she had been working, placed them in a pigeonhole of her desk, which she closed and locked.

While doing this she had been listening to her husband's footsteps and noting their heaviness. Then he had been disappointed again; well, she must be the more cheerful, she thought. Going to the front door, she opened it just as his fingers touched the outside knob.

"Why, Henry, you are just in beautiful time to-night," she said, brightly. "Supper is ready and waiting."

"Is it, dear?" he responded without interest, as he stooped to kiss her upturned face. "I caught an early boat."

"You are cold," she cried, as his lips touched her cheek. "Come in to the fire."

He followed her into the warm, brightly lighted living room, where the table was laid for supper. The appointments were of the simplest, but the spotless linen and vase of flowers in the center added a touch of refinement.

As Mrs. Hollister stepped into the adjoining kitchen to bring in the food, her husband called to her.

"Mary, I didn't get it." There was a break in his voice.

She returned quickly and, moving to his side, laid her hand on his arm, noting with a pang that he seemed to have shrunk and aged since the morning, when he had gone so hopefully forth to seek a position.

"I know," she breathed, softly, and then, after a pause, in a still lower tone, as though fearing to wound, "Why?"

"The editor said my credentials and references were all right, I was doubtless competent, but he could not give me the position. And when I pressed him for the reason, he said—he said I was too old." All the heartbreak, all the hopeless misery of his mind were in the last two words and he dropped wearily into a low chair.

His wife seated herself beside him and silently stroked the thin gray hair on the bowed head.

"I was never of much account," he muttered with dreary hopelessness. "Just a literary hack, that's what I've been all my life; just a tool for the brains of others to use, with a trick of words, perhaps, but no originality, no initiative. How you managed, I don't know, for at my best I made but a scant living for you and the children. They had each one to go out to work early, and now they're all married and gone; I have only you to support, and I'm a worn-out tool, too old to do even that."

"You are not old," she softly said, continuing her soothing caresses of the bent head.

"Ah, that is like you, Mary; never a complaint, never a word of reproach; you were always too good for me. But, wife, was it ever so bad as this? How are we to live without money when they say I am too old to work?"

"We shall live better than ever."

"Nothing discourages you. When things are at their blackest, you always seem in touch with some boundless ocean of hope. Why is it, I won—"

He had looked up, but stopped midway in a word, struck speechless by the expression of his wife's face. With reverent finger he touched, wonderingly, the delicately tinted cheek and soft brown hair, and looked into the clear depths of her dark eyes. The obscuring mists of years fell from his inner sight, and suddenly he saw her as she was. It is ever our own we notice least.

"Tell me, Mary, why it is you are al-

ways happy, that you have kept your youth, while I have grown old, old. There is a beauty in your face to-night I do not recall seeing in it even when we were young together."

"You can be young even as you say I am," and the radiance of her face dazzled his asking eyes, for deep in her woman's soul a voice whispered that the silent prayers of years were to be answered to-night.

"How?"

"When I would have told you, you would not listen," she said.

"Is it *that?*" he asked.

"Yes."

Again he bent his head and all the past flooded his mind. He remembered how years ago his wife had spoken timidly to him of new ideas which had seemed to her so pregnant with truth and life. With a dull sense of pain he recalled how contemptuously he had laughed at her credulity, and bade her unburden her mind of such absurd trash. Again and again she had sought to interest him, to have him share her studies, always with the same result. Then she had spoken no more, and the books, at which he had refused even to glance, were quietly put away, while she, as he now realized for the first time, had grown yearly sweeter, younger, more cheerful and restful. The change had been so gradual, and he so full of himself, he had not noticed until to-night, when his eyes were opened. Insistently it came back to him also that of later years the magazines and newspapers had published fragments, hints and suggestions of the truths his Mary had thought, lived and wrought into vivid flesh and blood. But still he had rejected them. To him it had seemed that the world was going mad.

While these thoughts were passing through his objective mind, deeper yet he sensed a conflict. Though he knew it not, it was the awakened soul breaking bonds, struggling for expression, for recognition. This strife was agonizing, yet fraught with hope.

His external senses were sharpened also. The odor of stale tobacco, which hung about his garments, jarred him like a discord in music, and he arose and went to the window, opening it wide. From the pocket of his coat he took an old pipe and flung it out, to crash in pieces on the cement of the walk. He stood long at the open window, breathing deeply of the pure night air.

Calm, serene and confident, Mary Hollister sat motionless. Her soul's deepest desire was about to be fulfilled, and, knowing the power of silence, she was content to wait in utter stillness.

Presently her husband closed the window, and, coming back, seated himself on a footstool beside her and rested his head against her knee. She slipped her hand into his, and for a space no words were spoken between them. When he broke the silence his voice was so changed she hardly knew it.

"Mary, tell me; I will listen now," he said.

The tears welled into her eyes and for a moment her heart was too full for words, while in her rejoicing soul sang the words of the Master, "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." Henry was about to enter that kingdom in which she had dwelt so long alone, and it was a joy past utterance.

"I haven't hurt you, Mary?" he asked, noting her tears.

"No, dear; it is because I am so happy, so very happy. Oh, Henry, if you could know how I have prayed for this!"

"Forgive me, Mary; I was blind. Now I begin dimly to see; but tell me."

"The seeming miracle is wrought by the power of thought. Thoughts must be chosen with the utmost care. The beginning of living the new life is somewhat like the building of an airship. The purpose is the same—to ascend, to rise, and we cannot do this until we have dropped from consciousness all dead bulk, such as heavy thoughts and beliefs in sickness, failure, old age, incompetence, disabilities and limitations of all kinds. Do this now, Henry; turn from your old nightmares and face the light of truth."

He made a motion as though casting away a burden, and eagerly waited for her next words.

"Now you are free and untrammeled, ready to ascend," she said, smiling. "Deep within you, my husband, and in each one of us, is the real ego which contains the

germs of all greatness. Our aim should be to develop and bring into outward expression our dormant possibilities. Self-knowledge, self-mastery, self-development are the keys which open the door to genius of all kinds."

"Do you mean that I, at my age, could become great?" The thought electrified him.

"I do. Your deepest desires can be fulfilled, the highest pinnacle of success is none too high for you to scale. Form an ideal of what you wish to be, and proceed to realize that ideal. First, you must know that you can, and this knowledge will come with the stirring of your sleeping powers. Then let go at once and forever the thought that you are old. The real self is without age. Time is not, for there is only the eternal now. And your personality, this body which you have mistakenly regarded as yourself," touching his shoulder, "there is not one atom of it more than a few months old."

"Then why has it the appearance of age?"

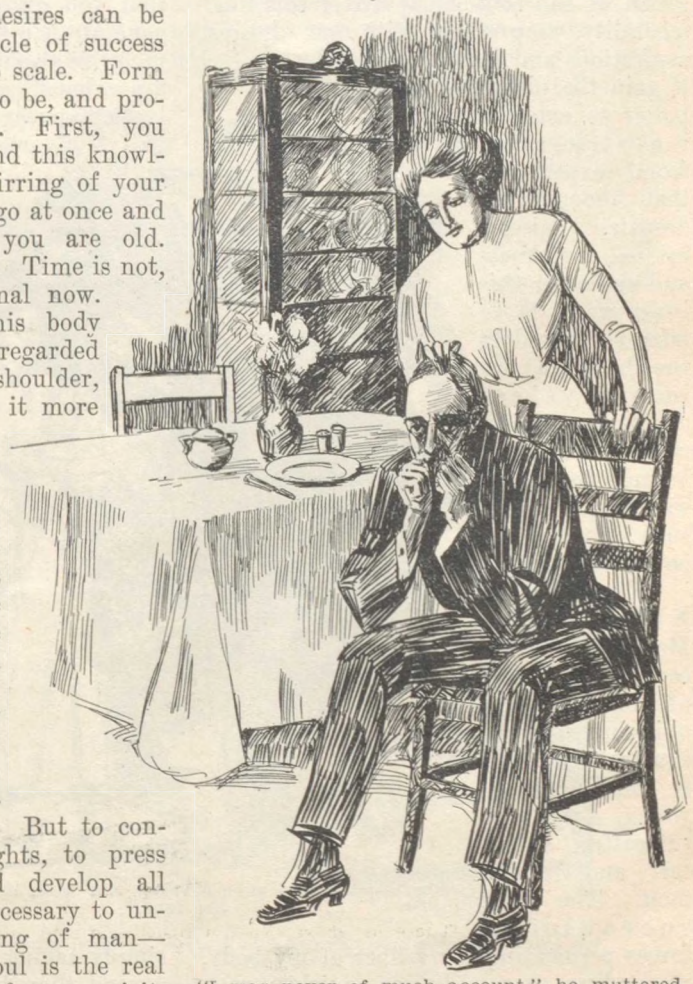
"It is your thoughts and beliefs which have crystallized your body into that form. By vital thought we create and rebuild, negative thought causes stagnation and disintegration."

"I will change my thoughts!"

"And in changing them you will change the expression—your personality. But to control and direct your thoughts, to press onward and upward, and develop all your latent talents, it is necessary to understand the threefold being of man—soul—mind—body. The soul is the real you, the I am, composed of pure spirit, created in the image of the Supreme—diseaseless, deathless, stainless. The mind is the instrument of the soul, the body the instrument of the mind. The mind of man is dual, consisting of two parts which are yet one—conscious and subconscious. The conscious mind acts and expresses, the subconscious supplies the mental material for action and expression."

"Subconscious mind? I hardly know what you mean by subconscious mind."

"The subconscious mind is a finer mentality that permeates every fiber of the entire personality, and it is in touch with a limitless sea of energy, is indeed in that sea, and having the whole universe to draw upon, its power is without bounds, and this wondrous power is ours to draw upon, to use when and how we will. All life and vitality in the personality comes



"I was never of much account," he muttered, with dreary hopelessness.

from this inner mental world, which is inexhaustible because in direct contact with the universal life."

For a while they sat silent, Henry bending his head as though lost in thought. Presently he looked up, a deeper expression in his eyes.

"Mary, there have been times—just a few times in my life—when I was lifted up, when nothing seemed impossible.

Your words have brought back that feeling."

"On the occasions you mention you were in touch with the subconscious. You are now. You feel the wings of your soul. In moments of deep, pure feeling, when desire is fervent and soulful, we enter the subconscious whether we know it or not. But there are methods by which we can consciously direct this finer mentality, impress it with our desires, aspirations and ideals, and from it gain the plans and necessary power to externalize them. It is also true, as you have learned from experience, that thoughts of despair, misery, failure, sickness and age enter this inner world to be later registered in the body in adverse physical conditions. But who, having learned the better way, would permit such destroyers to enter the mind?"

"Who, indeed? Now tell me. Mary; have I caught the spirit of your uplifting philosophy? I will illustrate. I deeply desire to be young, vigorous, successful, a better and nobler man. The finer subconscious forces permeating every fiber of my body, responding to my desires, quicken each cell with young life and power, and in visible life I manifest health, youth, success, noble character."

"There never was such a rose," she said, lifting it to her face.

"You have caught my meaning exactly."

"How glorious!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "And it is true, for *you* have done this thing."

"It is indeed glorious! When we first become cognizant of our unlimited powers, we naturally feel excited and enthusiastic, but that feeling soon gives place to the deep peace and sacred calmness of the certain knowledge that we can become the creators of our own fate."

"I am sure that is the truth, for with your words comes over me that perfect peace which only absolute faith and confidence gives. Everything is possible!"

"Ah, Henry, how rejoiced I am to see that you grasp the principles of the regenerate life so readily. There is much more to learn, the founts of knowledge are exhaustless. The higher we rise, the higher appear the heights above us. We will study and ascend together, and together apply and use in our objective lives each new truth as we grasp it. We will make our lives full, complete and most beautiful. Thus shall we aid the world. Already many have come to learn my secret, and to them it has been my privilege to point out the upward path."

"As you have to me. Mary, I am eager to be up and doing, to transpose thought into action. What shall be the first step? Our money is gone." There was no anxiety in his voice; he was simply asking the advice of one more advanced than he.

"I must make confession, Henry," she said, smiling serenely into his questioning eyes. "You remember—perhaps you do not—the stories I used to tell our children when they were small, and which so delighted them. All those busy years I had not time to put my tales on paper. But when our children left us, and I was much alone, I wrote the stories, coloring and impregnating them with the truths which have meant new life to me. I find

a market for them wherever children's stories are printed. And the field is widening, other literary work is offered me. So we have an income, Henry, and one which will soon be larger."

"And you did not tell me."

"Henry, can you not guess why?"

"You thought it would hurt me to know that you had succeeded where I had failed."

She nodded her head; then said quickly:

"You did not really fail, for what is called failure is often the stepping-stone to success if we will make it so. I do not think the newspaper work was really yours. You commenced it in boyhood, and was forced by our circumstances and responsibilities to continue it. At last you dropped into a groove and feared to try anything else. If I had not that abiding faith in the ultimate coming of good from every experience, how it would have grieved me to see you go, as you have latterly, from one San Francisco newspaper office to another."

"Yes, like a beggar, and suffering the humiliation of having some stray, unimportant piece of writing flung to me by a pitying editor, just as I throw a bone to a starving dog. It seems a dream that ever I did such things."

"That is because the real *you* is now at the helm. Let us forget the past. From to-night our new life begins."

"What shall *I* do?" he asked.

She laid her hand gently on his. "Is there nothing you have wished to do, Henry?"

"Yes, Mary." Even to her it was difficult to speak of the desire which, utterly hopeless of fulfillment, he had crushed down and hidden so long.

"Can you not tell me?" she whispered. "Are you not sure of my sympathy?"

He pressed her hand, and when at last he spoke his voice was husky and the words came haltingly.

"I have been happiest when working among the flowers and plants in our tiny garden here in Alameda. You know how things thrive under my care and how I love them."

"Indeed I do. Every person that passes stops to admire our beautiful flowers."

"It seemed useless to speak of it the way things were with us, but I have often wished I could have made scientific gardening my life work."

"You shall."

"Your words and voice seem charged with power and vital force; they inspire me with hope and ambition. When you opened

"Some inspiring letters of appreciation from readers of my last book."

new worlds to me to-night, the old dream came insistently back. To study plant life, blossoms and fruitage, and produce new varieties—how full of interest such work would be! There is room in the field; the one great man who has blazoned the way would be the first to welcome others. The work is creative, and to me would be all-absorbing and entrancing—the actualization of an ideal."

"It shall be your work. I have a plan

which just fits in with your desires. Madeleine, our youngest, writes me that there is a little ranch vacant near her husband's place in the Salinas Valley. The rent is low. We will rent the ranch and go there to live. I will write and you shall make reality of your beautiful dream."

II.

Some years later, Mary Hollister and her daughter, Madeleine, turning from the high road into a white gate, drove through beautiful grounds, pulling up before the steps of a charming cottage. A handsome, vigorous man came forward to greet them, his whole air bespeaking health and happiness.

"Well, girls," he said, laughingly, "it becomes more and more a problem which is the mother and which the daughter. Maddie couldn't get any prettier if she tried, but Mary—why, she seems lovelier every time I look at her."

"It's the eyes of love!" his daughter laughed back. "Clifford pays me the same compliments, and we women never weary of such praise when it is sincere, and it puts us on our mettle to continue to deserve it. But you are right about Mary; I'll have to quit calling here Mamma, because everyone says she is too young to be my mother. But it is not only that Mother is young; it is her expression, like a radiance from within outward, which gives her that glowing look we all admire. You need not talk, either, Mr. Father; you ought to be ashamed of growing so good-looking."

"Well, I'm not a bit ashamed. But enough of your fooling, Maddie. Jerry will attend to the horse. Come and see something prettier than either of you."

"Your new roses! Have the buds opened?" they exclaimed, as they followed him into the rose garden and paused before a bush on which were several buds and one unfolding rose.

The opening rose Henry Hollister plucked and handed to his daughter.

"'La Madeleine!'" he said. "It is only right you should have the first bloom."

The girl held the flower in her hand, gazing at the waxen petals of a delicate translucent pink, deepening toward the scented heart, which emitted an exquisite fragrance.

"There never was such a rose," she said, lifting it to her face. "Ah, Father, if only I could become as lovely, fragrant and sweet as this, my nameflower."

"You are, daughter," and he looked with tender pride on this rare blossom of womanhood that owed her physical manifestation to him.

"Deep within me, yes, Father; outwardly, not quite yet, but I shall be. Now let us see Mamma's rose—the one she would not permit you to name for her, but whose name, nevertheless, expresses her just the same, for truly she has brought light into our lives—the light of truth."

They moved on, stopping before a rose which shone like a queen among its sisters. There were more blooms on it than upon La Madeleine, and most of them were open. The roses were of richest gold, the curved petals luminous, so that they actually glowed and appeared to radiate light. The air around was filled with their pure, delicate, yet penetrating fragrance. To the vivid imaginations of the three it seemed that in this radiant creation of the plant kingdom Henry had typified the light which had transformed their lives, and for a space, held by uplifting thought, they stood speechless. Henry was the first to break the pregnant silence.

"'La Luminosa,'" he said, softly; "Mary is right; no other name would quite convey to us the truth of which this blossom is but a faint expression."

"No other name," breathed Mary, more softly still.

"I must bring Clifford to see it," said Madeleine, as they turned away. "I will go home now; he will be watching for me, and I am eager to show him *my* rose. Another time, Father, you will let me see the progress your fruit and vegetable productions are making. And I want soon to take a trip to the mountain ranch, where, in a sunny, sheltered nook, you have made your orchid garden and where you have acclimated the tree cabbage of Brazil; the one you sent us was the most delicious vegetable I ever ate."

"Yes, daughter; I have many things both there and here I would like to show you. Take a day off, both you and Clif-

ford," said Henry, as he helped her into the buggy.

"We certainly will," she replied, as she turned the horse into the drive. Then checking the animal, she looked back. "Oh, Father, I didn't tell you that Mrs. Holford came to borrow books from me yesterday. She told me frankly that once she and her husband had thought we were surely crazy, but seeing how happy and healthy we invariably were, they had come to the conclusion that we were on the right track. She is the last of our neighbors to awake, and we haven't said a word to influence them."

"No; living is the most effective preaching."

"Yes; living up to the highest you know never antagonizes anyone, either."

Waving a last good-by, she drove on. When their daughter had passed out of sight, Mary turned to her husband.

"I did not give you your mail, Henry," she said.

"You also had news from the outside world?" he asked, as he took the bundle of letters and papers she handed him.

"Yes; a postal from our sailor boy, saying he will be home in a few days, bringing plants and seeds for you. Some inspiring letters of appreciation from readers of my last book, and a communication from the publisher saying the book is having a large sale. He encloses, too, a larger check than I had expected."

"That is grand news, but not better than you deserve. Your book is splendid." Then, glancing over the letters he had opened while she was speaking, and laying several aside: "Those are orders for plants and seeds. This is a request from Morton's Magazine for a descriptive article, illustrated, on my new roses. That is easily supplied, and I'll get Maddie to take photographs of the flowers—she's an artist at the work. But listen to this, Mary; this is the best of all," looking up from another letter. "You remember my telling you that the last time I was in San Francisco I met Walter Duncan, the editor who turned me down for being too old. He did not recognize me, of course, and I had to give him proof that I was the Henry Hollister he used to know. He was amazed at the transformation in me, and more amazed, I think, when I thanked him for his brutal frankness the day which proved to be the turning point of my life. He now writes for an article telling how the metamorphosis was accomplished. He will pay me my own price and give me unlimited space. Ah, what an opportunity! I can write upon such a theme as one inspired! The old training is not lost. Fitting words to clothe my thoughts throng into my mind! Oh, to think of the noble fellows, crushed down as I was, who will be given new hope, encouraged, uplifted and aroused by what I shall tell them!" His deep eyes kindled and his face was transfigured by the passion of love for suffering humanity.

Mary's eyes embraced him with tender love and sympathy.

"What we suffered was not in vain," she said. "Having ascended from the depths into the light, we can now understandingly reach down and lift up those who blindly stumble in darkness."

"THE TRAIL THAT IS ALWAYS NEW"

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

THE Law of Change is one of the fundamental, basic and primary laws of the universe. And it is the one law which all philosophic thought has recognized from the beginning. All thinkers, in all ages and in all times, have postulated its existence as self-evident. The ancient Hindu thinkers—the philosophers of the ancient civilizations of Persia, Egypt, Chaldea and Greece—stated it as a principle of the universal activities which needed but to be mentioned to be recognized as truth. It underlies the philosophical teachings of Gautama—it forms the basis of the early Greek philosophies. And it is a basic proposition in the most advanced philosophical and scientific teaching of our latter-day Western world.

The Law of Change may be expressed in a few words, as follows: *In the universe everything is in a state of constant change; no form, shape, combination, or condition persists; everything is moving, shifting, changing. This has always been, is now, and ever shall be—so long as the universe is.*

Gautama has said: "Nothing is constant, except Change." Heraclitus said: "The universe is in a state of flux; ever flowing, ever changing. Just as we may never see the same river twice, even though but a moment separate the two glimpses, so no two moments behold the same universe." Heraclitus was so impressed with the universality of Change that he asserted as the first principle of his philosophy the axiom: "Nothing *is*—everything is *becoming*." Clodd, the English scientific writer, brings the testimony down to date, when he says: "Nothing escapes the Law of Change. The shrewd speculations of Heraclitus, the Ionian, who lived 2,500 years ago, that everything is in a state of flux, and, therefore, that the universe is always 'becoming,' have added confirmation in every discovery of modern physics."

Huxley, the great English scientist, says: "The more we learn of the nature of things, the more evident is it that what we call rest is only unperceived activity; that seeming peace is silent but strenuous battle. In every part, at every moment, the state of the cosmos is the expression of a transitory adjustment of contending forces; a scene of strife in which all of the combatants fall in turn. What is true of each part is true of the whole. Natural knowledge tends more and more to the conclusion that 'all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth' are transitory forms or parcels of cosmic substances wending along the road of evolution, from nebulous potentiality, through endless growth of sun and planet and satellite; through all varieties of matter; through infinite diversities of life and thought; possibly through modes of being of which we have neither a conception nor are competent to form any, back to the indefinable latency from which they arose. *Thus the most obvious attribute of the cosmos is its impermanence.*"

Another writer has said: "No thing ever *is* as it was last night, or last instant. Not a blade of grass, not a leaf, a tree, or a square inch surface of the earth, not the chair you are sitting on. All who are not blind can observe that *change is the world's order,* and that nothing in the universe is constant but change itself, which is perpetual." The most solid and apparently permanent material object is undergoing atomic, molecular and structural changes every moment. While you are gazing at it, it has materially changed. And this change, minute as it may appear by comparison, is but a point in the grand chain of change whereby the material was gradually built up, and whereby it must eventually be torn down. Every-

thing is being built up, or being torn down. There is no state of absolute rest or changelessness in all the universe. Everything is in motion—nothing is still.

The instant a thing is produced that same instant does it begin to manifest change. A little change here and a little change there will in time completely alter the structure, form and character of anything. Everything, from the sun to the atom, is akin to the familiar old jackknife of the boy. The old jackknife had new blades in the place of the old ones; a new back in place of the old, broken one; new sides replacing the old, worn-out ones, and new springs in place of the original ones—*and yet he claimed it was the same old jackknife.* We think that our bodies are permanent, and yet no one of us has a single particle of his bodily material that was there a few years ago. We think of our "self" as the same, and yet our characters have undergone countless changes during the years. We look at an old photograph, and say, "Did I ever look like *that?*" We consider our past actions, and say: "Did I ever act *that* way?" The same old jackknife; the same old body; the same old self—and yet each is entirely new. Every morning you rise—the same old person—and yet different in some way, physically and mentally, from the person who went to bed the night before. We are always the same Ego—but *plus* something that we have acquired and *minus* something that we have discarded. The Law of Change manifests in each of us as it does in the ocean, the mountain, the clouds, the atom, the universe.

But, now, what is the lesson to be gained from this consideration of the universal Law of Change? That depends on one's temperament, habit of thought, and general mental training. The pessimist uses the Law of Change to emphasize his doleful wail regarding the impermanence of things. He moans: "Everything changes and passes away—what's the use of anything?" But the optimist looks at the other side of the shield. He says: "Of course everything changes—why shouldn't it? Who would want a life or a universe which had grown stale and stagnant. The Law of Change is the only thing that makes life worth living. Without it there would be no variety, no improvement, no advance, no activity—everything would be like a stagnant pool or rusted engine. To me Change means Life! Hurrah for the Law of Change!" And, friends, I must confess that the optimist's side of the shield looks good to me. At the risk of shocking some of my conservative friends, I must say that the past has very little attraction for me. I believe that the man, nation or thing that faces backward has begun to petrify and stagnate. I believe that real life consists in ever looking forward—living in the Now with one's face turned ever toward the future.

Some weeks ago I had a very interesting conversation with that most Western of Orientals, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Ambassador to the United States. This Ambassador, as you know, takes a lively interest in everything *new*—he wants to know the latest news of the latest things. He keeps not only abreast of the times, but also a little ahead of the crowd. He has acquired an international reputation for asking questions—by his clever system of cross-examination he manages to extract every possible item of information from those with whom he converses—he squeezes them dry as he would a sponge. But he has also another faculty—the faculty of getting his visitor started in the direction of telling all he knows. He used *that* faculty on me. With a few leading questions, he got me going, and before I got through he had squeezed me dry. After I got through, and while bidding him farewell, I suggested that I had not been aware of the exercise of his reputed faculty of asking questions. Said I: "Your Excellency did not ask me as many questions as I had expected." The Ambassador gazed blandly at me with his inscrutable eyes, and then calmly but quizzically said: "You did not give me the chance." It took me about an hour to fully appreciate that rejoinder. We have much to learn from China as represented by such masters as Wu Ting Fang.

But to get back to my story, the Ambassador asked me what I thought was the secret of Keeping Young though Old. I answered: "By looking forward instead of backward; by living in the present, with an eye on the future, instead of liv-

ing in the past; by thinking, acting and doing *young* things, instead of the things of old age—in short, by *keeping one's attention and interest in the Now,* instead of in the Has-Been!" His Excellency nodded, and said, thoughtfully, "Perhaps that is it!" He wasn't giving information—he was getting it. But, bless your heart, he knew it all the time, but was too polite to say so. He lives in the Now, and his mind is as active as that of the youngest member of his suite, with the added experience of years concerning men and things. The next day I picked up the morning paper, and saw that the dignified Wu Ting Fang had visited one of Chicago's amusement parks and had ridden in every one of the "loop-the-loops," "bump-the-bumps," scenic railways, topsy-turvys, and the rest of the thrillers—much to the horror of his suite, which had not learned the Secret of Youth. A hundred men in China with the spirit of Wu Ting Fang—and in ten years Japan would be in the kindergarten class, and the Western world would be sending its youth to China to take post-graduate courses. Wu Ting Fang *knows all we know, with the ancient wisdom of China added thereto.* In the current idiom of the day, "We've got nothing on him."

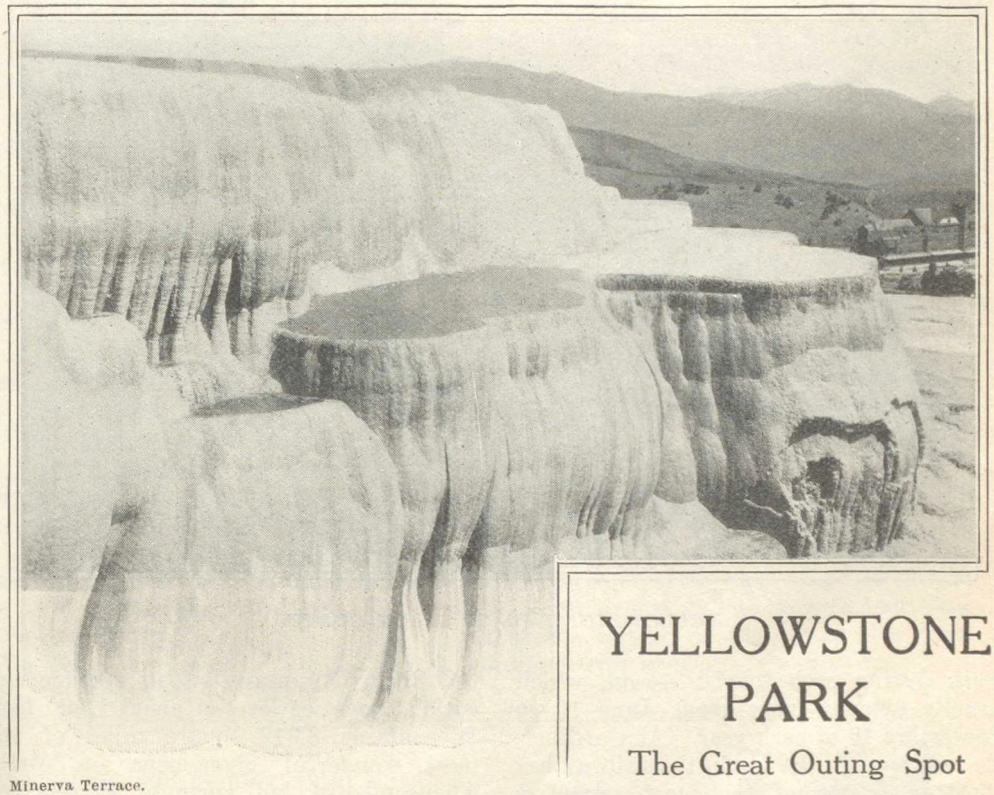
Why cannot we take the lesson from Nature's own book, and fall in with the operations of this universal Law of Change? Why do we persist in looking to the past—past events, past people, past scenes, past customs? Why do we hate to "let go" of the vanishing things, and shrink from the new combinations? Stagnation, old age and death lie in that direction. As a lady recently wrote me: "Why in the name of Reason—when the World Plan is Ceaseless Change—do we cling with such a death-grip to receding things, vanishing youth, friends, hopes, shattered idols (ideals)? Why do we not rejoice to move forward with the advancing purpose, even to the brink?" I add a hearty "Amen! Sister!" to that thought.

This idea of living in the Now is not a new discovery—you have heard it often—but it is ever new and fresh to those who have realized its meaning and content. Living in the Now with the face toward the future, and one's back toward the past—that is the Secret of Life! That is "the greatest joy of all joys—the joy of going on!" That is the Keynote of Progress! Let the old things go—there are plenty more just as good. Let the Past slip behind you—there is the Now—and there will be the Future! It will always be "I Am, Here, Now" with you, ever and ever, whenever you may say it—wherever you may be. You can never escape the Here and the Now—never, never, never. Then why not fall in with Nature's own great universal Law of Change? Why not welcome each day as a new day, fresh from the mint of the universe—full of new things, new action, new scenes. Why not bid each day adieu when you retire for the night, saying: "Farewell, old day; you have served well your purpose—go your way in peace, leaving me to enter into the Life of the countless days to follow, in each of which I will Live and move and have my being." In this spirit murmur the good old lines of Holmes:

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

I trust that you will pardon me for once more quoting those (to me) inspiring lines of Kipling, which, to my mind, represent most fully the spirit of the welcoming and entering into the Life which accepts, rejoices at, and *lives out* the universal Law of Change—the Life in the Now:

"Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, your own trail, the *out* trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new."



Minerva Terrace.

YELLOWSTONE PARK

The Great Outing Spot

By BERT CRAWFORD.

"WHENEVER I get a vacation I don't go traveling abroad to see any old cathedrals or ruins, but instead I go to the west, and get out among the mountains, the hills, valleys and trees, and live where man was made to live. I have just had a delightful visit of eight days in the Yellowstone Park, and one thing that strikes me most forcibly is the immense number of people, living in this country, right near this famous park, who have traveled abroad, 'seeing the sights,' and who still have not embraced the opportunity of seeing the most wonderful and interesting spot in their own country." Thus spoke one who appreciated what our own country has to show.

President Roosevelt emphasized this point when he said: "At present it is rather singular that a greater number of people come from Europe than from our own eastern states to visit Yellowstone National Park. Yellowstone Park is something absolutely unique in this world, as far as I know. Nowhere else in any civilized country is there to be found such a veritable wonderland, made accessible to all visitors. Not only the scenery of the wilderness, but the wild creatures of the Park are scrupulously preserved, the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show astounding tameness."

The wonders of the Park were known, more or less vaguely, well on to a hundred years ago, but it is only within twenty-five years that travelers and tourists could really visit the Park without more or less inconvenience. In 1883 the Northern Pacific railway completed a branch line from its main line at Livingston, Mont., to the northern boundary of the Park, and since then Pullman sleeping cars run to the official entrance of the

YELLOWSTONE PARK STAGE COACH.

Park during each tourist season, which usually extends from about June 10 to September 15 of each year. At Gardiner, the entrance to the Park, the railway has constructed one of the most attractive and unique log stations in the country.

Within a stone's throw of the beautiful Northern Pacific station stands the massive, official lava arch marking the boundary of, and entrance to, the great National Park, the corner-stone of which was laid by President Roosevelt. Its cost was $10,000.

The Park is entirely under government control. No railways, electric lines, nor automobiles are permitted within the Park and the usual tourist route aggregates 143 miles of delightful stage-coach travel.

Specially designed Concord stage-coaches transport tourists, daily during the season, over the splendid government roads, making this the ideal coaching trip of the country. Between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs, the capital of the Park, six-horse coaches are used; beyond the latter point four-horse coaches. These coaches are entirely modernized, solidly constructed, thoroughly comfortable and easy riding.

The Park is set down in the heart of the Rocky Mountains at an average elevation above sea level of about 7,500 feet. It contains 3,312 square miles of the most wonderful phenomena on earth Thousands of hot springs; geysers, or fountains of hot water in number a hundred or more; odoriferous and steaming mud pools; a natural glass cliff; sulphur mountains; and innumerable mountain streams tumbling over rocky ledges in graceful cascades or mighty waterfalls; heavy black forests; a natural rock bridge; wonderful nature-built and painted terraces; the most spectacularly painted and sculptured canyon in the world; large and beautiful lakes, some of them lying a mile and a half above seal level; caldrons of clay of finest texture and delicately tinted, are some of the things to be seen in Yellowstone Park.

It is also a government trout preserve and the one place where travelers can see bison, elk, deer, antelope, bears, both black and grizzly, and mountain sheep, free and untrammeled in their native wilds.

The herd of bison, or buffaloes, is a very interesting sight, and the number is gradually increasing yearly by natural means. The bison are now kept on a

natural, wild pasture on Lamar river in the northeastern part of the Park, reached by a good road from Mammoth Hot Springs.

The sheep usually retire in summer to the remoter hills and valleys. The antelope may be seen on the alfalfa pasture just within the entrance arch at Gardiner, and a beautiful picture they make.

In the late fall and during the winter and spring the deer, sheep, elk, and antelopes may be seen contentedly grazing on the hills and in the valleys around Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs. Those who care particularly to see these animals in large numbers in their native state can be comfortably accommodated at the Cottage hotel at the Springs for some weeks after the regular Park hotels close and in the spring before the Park season opens in June. Means of conveyance between Gardiner and the Springs can be had at Gardiner.

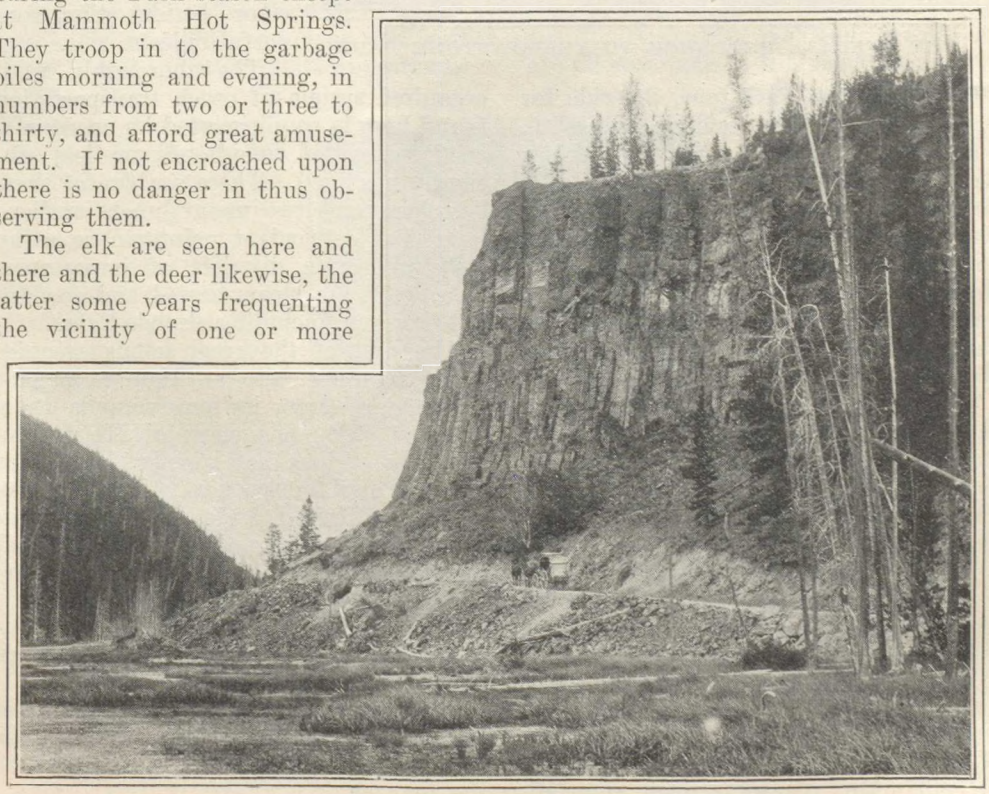
The bears are seen at all the hotels during the Park season except at Mammoth Hot Springs. They troop in to the garbage piles morning and evening, in numbers from two or three to thirty, and afford great amusement. If not encroached upon there is no danger in thus observing them.

The elk are seen here and there and the deer likewise, the latter some years frequenting the vicinity of one or more of the hotels. The former are usually somewhat remote from the hotels, but a large band of them can be reached on horseback in Hayden Valley, from the Colonial or Canyon hotels.

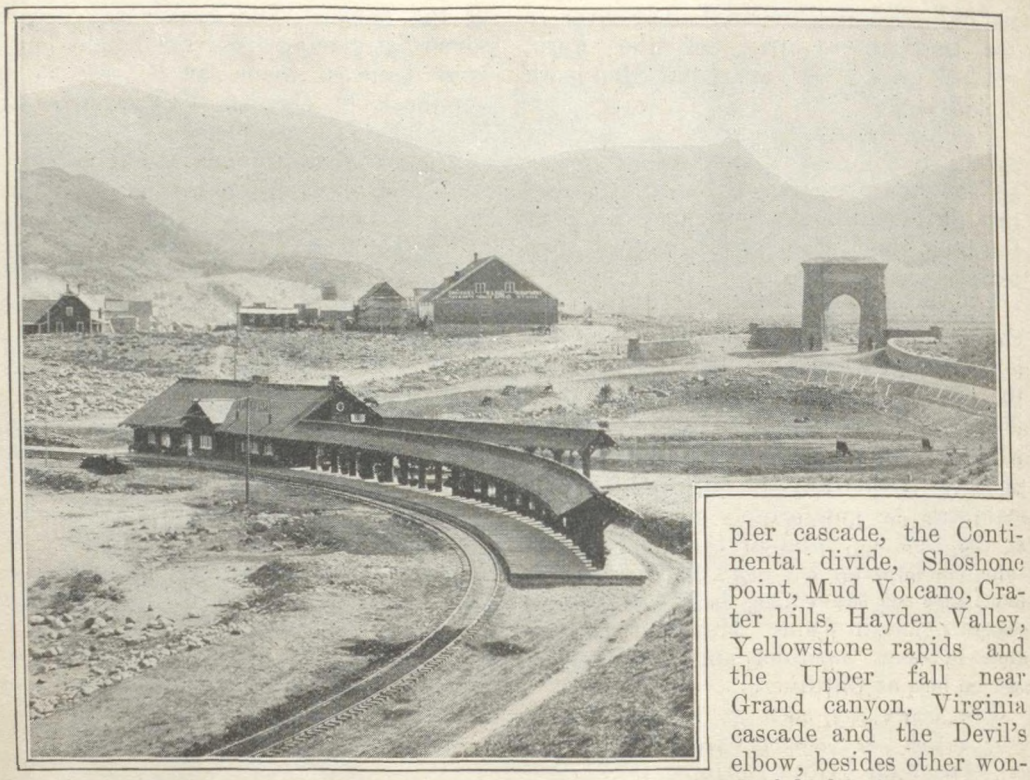
These various animals, in their natural state and unafraid, add a most interesting and contrasting element to the sights of the Park and are greatly enjoyed by the tourists.

Nearly all of the streams of the Park have trout in them—Rocky Mountain, Rainbow, Eastern Brook, Von Behr, Loch Leven—and lake trout are found at various points convenient to the different hotels, and Yellowstone lake is full of salmon trout.

These waters are free to all anglers under a few wise, simple restrictions enforced by the Superintendent of the Park. The choice spots for trouting may be learned readily each year from the hotel managers. The government sees that the waters of the Park are kept stocked with trout.



THE OBSIDIAN CLIFF—YELLOWSTONE PARK.



THE OFFICIAL ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK.

In making the Park tour, the ride for fifty-four miles after leaving Livingston, is amidst the finest of mountain scenery, the trains passing through the Gate of the Mountains, Paradise Valley, Yankee Jim's Canyon, Emigrant Peak, Cinnabar mountain and the Devil's Slide are seen, and from Gardiner, where the coaches of the Transportation Company are taken, Mammoth Hot Springs is reached in time for luncheon.

The regular tour of the Park, which may be extended as one desires without additional charge for transportation, includes six days south of Livingston, the tourist being in the Park itself five and one-half days.

The six principal points visited by tourists are Mammoth Hot Springs, only five miles from Gardiner, Norris, Lower, and Upper geyser basins, Yellowstone lake, and the Grand canyon and Lower fall. Other points passed en route are Silver and Golden Gates, Bunsen peak, Apollinaris Spring, Obsidian cliff, Roaring mountain, Gibbon canyon and fall, Midway geyser basin, Biscuit basin, Kepler cascade, the Continental divide, Shoshone point, Mud Volcano, Crater hills, Hayden Valley, Yellowstone rapids and the Upper fall near Grand canyon, Virginia cascade and the Devil's elbow, besides other wonderful objects.

The thoroughly well-organized system of coach transportation found here is supplemented by an equally good system of fine hotels no less efficiently managed. There are five of these hostelries and two noon lunch stations located at convenient points in as many different scenic districts of importance. The hotels are steam-heated and modern in every way, including electric lights.

The first of the great hotels occupies a commanding site at Mammoth Hot Springs and from its long veranda visitors may enjoy fine views of Mount Everts, the curious hot springs formations near by, and Bunsen peak. Fort Yellowstone, the United States Army post, lies across the quadrangle formed by the parade ground. The post is the headquarters of the Superintendent of the Park.

A full half-day is allowed in the regular tour for viewing the beautiful terraces and their hot pools, at this point.

The coaches start from here for the tour of the Park, and return to Mammoth Hot Springs hotel on the completion of the journey.

Fountain hotel is reached in time for

dinner on the second day of the regular tour. It stands at the edge of Lower geyser basin, adjacent to the Mammoth Paint Pots, Clepsydra and Fountain geysers, and not far from Firehole lake, the Great Fountain geyser, White Dome geyser, and curious Surprise pool, which bubbles and boils with surprising energy the moment its clear waters are disturbed.

Nine miles distant from Fountain hotel, occupying a commanding site on high ground at the southern edge of the Upper geyser basin, stands Old Faithful Inn, probably the most unique of the resort hostelries of the world. It stands but a short distance from Old Faithful geyser, from which it takes its name, and near by are the Bee Hive, Castle, Giant, Grand, Riverside, Artimesia, Giantess, and other geysers, and the Punch Bowl, Black Sand Spring, Morning Glory spring, Sunset lake, and Emerald pool, famous for their beauty.

Old Faithful Inn is a log structure entirely, and is probably the largest building of its kind in the world. It is a massive piece of architecture, most ingeniously wrought from logs and withal artistic and majestic in its appearance.

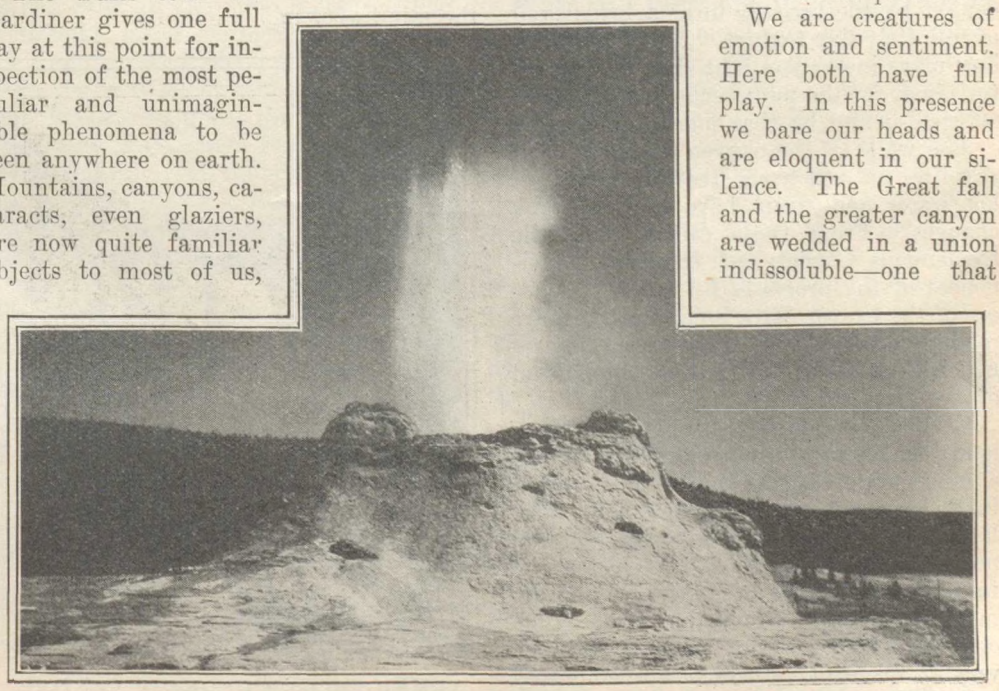
The Park tour via Gardiner gives one full day at this point for inspection of the most peculiar and unimaginable phenomena to be seen anywhere on earth. Mountains, canyons, cataracts, even glaziers, are now quite familiar objects to most of us, but hot water fountains, for such the geysers really are, are a species of Nature's handiwork seen by and known to but few, and the impressions formed by them are lasting ones. Among the geysers Old Faithful, Giant, Riverside, and Castle are great favorites and they are curiously unlike each other.

The Lake Colonial hotel stands on the bank of Yellowstone lake and commands a view of the entire twenty miles of water and the mountains surrounding it. It is a charming location and a most beautiful spot where tired humanity may stop for a week or a month and rest among the mountains.

The Grand Canyon hotel occupies a commanding position near the Grand canyon and the two magnificent falls of the Yellowstone.

The region centering about the Grand canyon is the climax of earthly grandeur. Words and phrases are utterly inadequate to extol its glories. Orators stand dumb here in the presence of Nature's immensities and painters lay aside the brush, content to look forth on the wonderful pageant. Sculpture, painting, architecture are all seen here in this marvelous canyon and seen in perfection.

We are creatures of emotion and sentiment. Here both have full play. In this presence we bare our heads and are eloquent in our silence. The Great fall and the greater canyon are wedded in a union indissoluble—one that



CASTLE GEYSER IN ACTION—YELLOWSTONE PARK.

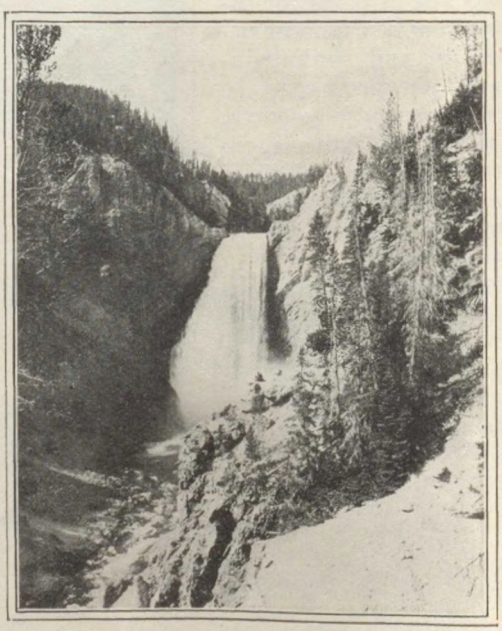
OLD FAITHFUL INN—YELLOWSTONE PARK.

is for eternity. Together they form a marvelous scenic poem. In itself, the Great fall is notable for its remarkable grandeur. The enormous volume of water, caught between scarped walls of lava, tumbles sheer 310 feet over the sharp-cut brink, and as the green mass divides under the resisting force of the air and the underlying rocks, the water particles take on all the varying shades from the original green to milky whiteness. The spray and spume, caught by the breezes, form a bridal veil of infinitely fine texture. A delicate rainbow plays in the sunlight, and the spectator must, for the pure beauty of the scene, sit spell-bound by that marvel of nature.

The walls of the canyon are formed of rhyolite, on which the thermal action of hot water and steam have worked many changes. From those causes come the tremendous variety of coloring. Evidences of the processes by which the colors of the canyon have been burned in are readily detected in the steam fissures which exist along the river at the bottom of the deep gorge.

Each day's journey through Wonderland unfolds new enjoyments. One finds a cumulative charm and impressiveness in the experience of each new day. The landscape changes with amazing suddenness. Each wonder-spot, when passed, is found to be but the prelude to something more inspiring. From the coaches one observes with increasing surprise Nature's varying pageant in which are embraced mountains, canyons, geysers, tumbling streams, hot springs and caldrons, paint pots, weird and impressive landscapes, and all that is picturesque, odd, inviting and agreeable in this new world out-of-doors.

Long afterward, when far remote from its strange phenomena, memory recalls the delights and experiences of the too fleeting hours passed in its thrall, and the call of the wilderness, the desire to revisit those scenes, becomes too strong, with many a one, to be resisted. Many of the scenes might be made in line and perspective, but even if the inspired human mind could fully grasp the wonders of that picture from Nature, no human hand could ever reproduce what the Almighty has written there. Thus it is that many go again and yet again to this wonderful land where the underworld has broken through the crust of our planet to the great instruction and edification, aye, and amusement, too, of the mind of man.



LOWER FALLS AND GRAND CANYON—YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

Chief Factor in Gaining and Retaining Health

By CHRISTIAN D. LARSON.

TO give the subconscious mind definite and systematic training along the lines of health-building is one of the first essentials in the attainment of permanent conditions of health throughout the human system. As the subconscious mind is, so are the conditions of the body. What is active in the subconscious is active in the body; but no condition can exist in the body that does not exist in the subconscious. The subconscious mind permeates and fills every atom in the physical body, every fiber in the nervous system and every cell in the brain. In fact, the subconscious mind is the real power that is back of every force and every element in the personal being of man. Therefore, every change and improvement that is desired for mind or body must begin in the subconscious.

So long as every action in the subconscious mind is positive, harmonious, wholesome and health-producing, there will be perfect health in the body; and as the subconscious is more and more thoroughly trained in such actions, physical vigor, physical vitality and physical endurance will increase in proportion. By giving a few moments every day to the training of the subconscious in health-building, the body will finally become so brimful of vigorous health that it will become practically immune from every ailment that was ever known.

To proceed, employ only such mental actions as tend to impress health upon every thought, feeling and desire. Every mental action that conveys the idea of health, the desire for health and the feeling of health will impress health-producing power upon the subconscious. In other words, when the idea of health is impressed upon the subconscious, that impression will place in action forces that are health-producing.

When you habitually think health into the subconscious mind you give the subconscious a system of training in health producing; and accordingly, the subconscious will produce better and better health as it is more perfectly trained. When you habitually talk health to the subconscious mind you are causing all the forces and elements of the subconscious to focus their actions upon the idea of health. Health becomes the model for all the creative forces of your system, and therefore these forces will create wholesome conditions in whatever part of the system they may act.

The principle is to literally fill the subconscious with health—ideas of health, desires for health, suggestions of health, mental actions of health, thoughts of health and impressions of health. Cram the subconscious full of every manner of health, and the subconscious will cram the body full of every manner of health. From every mental action that is turned into the subconscious, there will be a reaction that will be felt in every part of

the human system. And as the action is, so will also be the reaction. When every mental action that goes into the subconscious is an action of health, the reaction will contain the power of health; and as it comes forth from the subconscious into the body it will produce health.

To turn mental actions of health into the subconscious it is not sufficient, however, to simply desire health, or to suggest to ourselves that we have health. There are many mental actions, both good and otherwise, that produce no impression upon the subconscious, and, therefore, a good many who continually employ health-producing suggestions fail to get well. If you can only impress health upon the subconscious, you may know that the subconscious will express health through every part of your body in return. But the problem is to get your health-producing suggestions *into* the subconscious. To solve this problem you must learn to distinguish those mental actions that do enter the subconscious from those that do not.

The difference between those mental actions that readily and naturally impress the subconscious and those that do not is well illustrated by the statement of a would-be psychotherapist, "I am suggesting to myself all the time that I won't have the hay fever this summer, but then I know that I will."

Here we have two actions of mind; the one that "knows" will impress the subconscious; the other will not. When you *know* that you are going to get well, or that you will stay well, you impress health upon the subconscious, and the subconscious will respond by producing health in every fiber of your being.

You may continually suggest to yourself that you are getting better and stronger and more vigorous, but if you doubt, deep down in your heart, whether your good suggestions will produce results or not, those suggestions will not reach the subconscious; and, accordingly, there will be no results. This feeling of doubt, however, can be gradually removed by repeating your good suggestions as often as possible, and by trying to give as much deep feeling to those suggestions as possible. In other words, let your good suggestions "sink in."

What you feel "deep down in your heart" will invariably impress the subconscious; and here we have the simplest and most direct route to the vastness of this inner mental world. Whatever you feel "deep down in your heart" will develop and grow, because every feeling of this nature plants its seed in the subconscious; and every seed that is planted in the subconscious will, without fail, bring forth after its kind.

To apply this principle thoroughly and systematically, make it a practice to impress health upon the subconscious for a few moments several times every day. Think health into the subconscious, and try to feel "deep down in your heart" that you are steadily growing in health. Talk health to the subconscious, and try to feel "deep down in your heart" that every word you speak contains the power of health. Fill your subconscious mind with good, strong, positive, health-producing suggestions and try to feel "deep down in your heart" the health-producing power of those suggestions. That power is there. Every health-producing suggestion contains health-producing power; and that power will impress itself upon your subconscious mind if you will let yourself feel it "deep down in your heart."

If there is some ailment in your system, suggest to yourself that you are going to get well, and *know* that you will. Tell your subconscious mind that you are getting well; that you are getting stronger and more vigorous every minute. Use any number of such suggestions and let them all *sink in*. Think health and talk health to yourself constantly, and try to feel "deep down in your heart" that you are steadily growing in the life and the power of health.

But if you are already reasonably well, do not become indifferent as to how you impress the subconscious; continue to impress health and strength upon your subconscious mind every day, no matter how well and strong you may be. Make it a point to train the subconscious to become more and more proficient in the building of health, and increase continually the health-producing power of all the forces in your system.

Do not permit the garden of the mind to become overgrown with weeds; in fact,

do not permit a single plant to grow in that garden unless it is from the best and the strongest seed that you can secure. Do not permit a day to pass without reseeding this garden with the best seeds of every description that you can possibly find. In other words, cram your subconscious every day with the best, the strongest and the richest thoughts that you can create. Talk health, talk harmony, talk power, talk success, talk happiness to your subconscious mind continually, and let all of this talk *sink in.*

When you talk to the subconscious, feel "deep down in your heart" what you say; thus every word will enter the subconscious, and the subconscious will proceed to do what every word may desire or direct. Sometimes the results are instantaneous, while at other times frequent repetitions are required; but the subconscious is so constituted that it will reproduce every impression it receives, and express in the physical personality what it has reproduced. When you fail to get results, you may know that you have not succeeded in getting the impression into the subconscious; but you finally will succeed in doing this if you continue to repeat again and again the suggestion that conveys the condition that you want.

The subconscious mind has the power to give your body perfect health, and in a short time, even though you be literally full of ailments. And in training the subconscious to do this, you would not be calling upon its power to do something new. It is the subconscious mind that controls all the functions of the body, and all the involuntary actions of mind or body when we are asleep and when we are awake. The power of the subconscious mind in you and the powers of "nature" in you are one and the same thing. Therefore, when you are dealing with the subconscious you are not dealing with something out of the ordinary. You are simply dealing with the deeper and greater powers of nature in yourself.

These powers, however, can be trained more thoroughly and more extensively than we ever dreamed; and the process of training is so simple that anyone can apply it whether he has any scientific knowledge or not. In fact, everyone is training these powers constantly, though not always in a manner that is conducive to health and happiness. Whenever you have formed a habit you have trained the subconscious powers to do something they did not do before. When you break that habit, you turn those same powers in a different direction. When you cultivate likes or dislikes of various kinds, you train the subconscious along those different lines. You do the same whenever you form tendencies or desires along any line whatever.

The subconscious mind responds readily to your suggestions, desires or repeated actions. When you do a certain thing a number of times, you can do that particular thing henceforth without thinking about it; you do it automatically; it acts of itself. The reason is you have trained the subconscious mind to do it for you. When you desire a certain thing over and over a number of times, that desire will soon come of itself; and it may become so strong that you can hardly control it. You have trained the subconscious mind to continue to keep that desire alive; and, accordingly, that desire will live and grow regardless of the fact that you may frequently try to suppress it or destroy it entirely.

But the only way that you can remove that desire is to begin to desire something of an entirely opposite nature, and continue to repeat that desire until you have trained the subconscious to give its life and power to the new desire instead of the other one. In the same manner all kinds of habits can be readily and easily removed.

When you continue to suggest certain things to your subconscious mind, and repeat those suggestions over and over a number of times, the subconscious will soon take them up and act upon your suggestions. And the time required will depend upon how easily you let each suggestion *sink in.* Suggestions that are made mechanically, or in a half indifferent manner, will not reach the subconscious, no matter how many times they may be repeated; but any thought or desire that you feel "deep down in your heart" will impress itself upon the subconscious at once.

The fact that we can train the subconscious to produce and perpetuate any de-

sire whatever in the human system should prove that it could also be trained to produce and perpetuate any condition whatever. An active desire is a condition the same as conditions of life, strength, vigor or virility. We conclude, therefore, that the subconscious mind can be trained to produce all those things; and what is more, this idea has been proven any number of times. You can train the subconscious mind to keep your system in perfect health under all sorts of circumstances; and all that is necessary is to keep your thought of health and your desire for health deeply alive in your subconscious mind constantly.

Train your subconscious mind to think only of health and strength; never of disease and weakness; and what the subconscious mind thinks of constantly it will produce constantly. Remember, whatever the subconscious mind thinks about it will produce. This is a psychological law that is demonstrated every minute in the life of every person; and it is a law which, when applied intelligently, will enable a person to change and improve his nature and his physical conditions almost as he may choose.

The subconscious powers are producing powers; they invariably produce and express in the physical personality whatever is constantly brought before their attention; therefore, nothing but that which we actually want should ever be impressed upon the subconscious. You do not want weakness, discord, sickness, failure, unhappiness. But if you think of those things and let your thoughts *sink in,* you will impress those things upon the subconscious; you will sow weeds in your mental garden, and you will reap accordingly.

Any thought, however, is liable to *sink in;* therefore, think only of the good things that you wish to see grow in your nature, your body, your mind and your character; and let all of those thoughts *sink in.* You want the subconscious to be deeply impressed by all those good things, to constantly think of them, and constantly produce them.

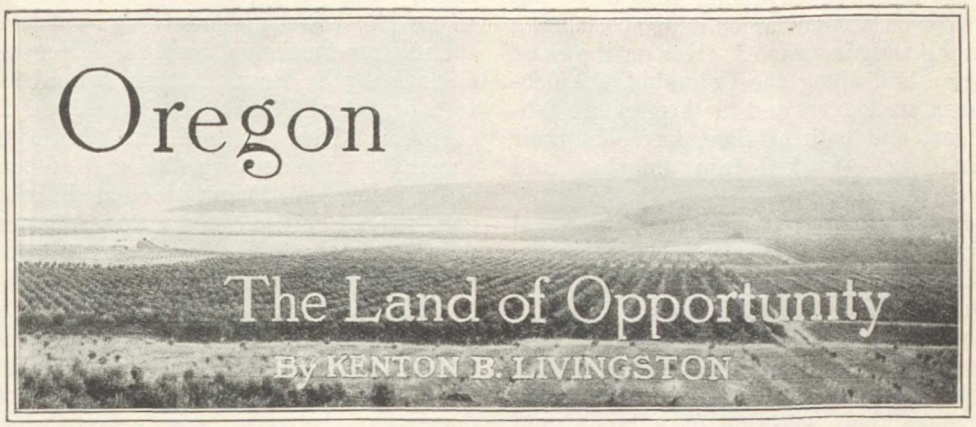
In the beginning, however, there are a number of ideas, desires and suggestions of an undesirable nature that will find their way into the subconscious unawares; and to counteract these, as well as to train the subconscious more thoroughly in producing health, strength, harmony and happiness in greater measure, it is necessary to make it a practice to give the subconscious mind definite training every day. Give your subconscious mind a full supply of good, strong, health-producing thoughts and suggestions just as regularly as you give your body a full supply of wholesome food. And look upon the one as being just as necessary to your personal welfare as the other. You will soon gain perfect health, and as long as you live you will continue to retain perfect health.

NEXT MONTH.—*"The Happiness Cure." Something very new; something very interesting; and something that will prove invaluable to every lover of good-health.*

TO constantly live in that attitude where you positively expect better and better health, is to train all the elements of your system to produce better health. And, in addition, this attitude is conducive to normal and wholesome conditions, both in mind and body.

WHEN you expect success, turn all the power of your mind and thought into that work through which you expect to secure success. And turn the accumulated power of expectation into that personal action that you know can produce what you expect. This is scientific work, and such work always produces the results desired.

Oregon



The Land of Opportunity

By KENTON B. LIVINGSTON

Rogue River Valley, Near Medford, Showing Some 1,500 Acres of Apple and Pear Trees.

EVERY now and then there comes from some state the far-away cry that here, at last, is the promised land. California sent out its call back in the forties, and Washington, Alaska, Nevada, Montana and Utah have each in some period of its history been brought to the pilgrim's attention. The Klondike discoveries took thousands, at one time, to Alaska, while more recently Goldfield and Tonopah have offered the most fertile field to the seeker of adventure and fortune. Oregon, too, through the Portland Exposition and the wonderful rise of that western metropolis itself, has been brought prominently before the nation. But it has not been until recently that the real wealth, the natural beauty and the opportunity in the field of agriculture, together with the natural resources of the state, have been fully recognized.

Oregon, firstly, is a state of magnificent distances, with natural resources on the same wonderful scale of magnificence. The state, with its area of more than 94,000 miles, sweeps back from its 275-mile shore line of the Pacific for a distance of more than 400 miles, forming an empire of such magnitude that within its confines there is developing a greater variety of industries than can be found in almost any other state of the Union. Along the coast and on the lower Columbia River, the fishing industry has added millions in wealth to the state, and the fame of Columbia River salmon has spread throughout the world. Surrounding these waters from which the fishermen take their annual toll of millions, are vast forests of the finest timber in the world, the immensity of this timber wealth being such that with only a bare beginning made in manufacturing, the lumber cut in 1908 was more than 2,000,000,000 feet, and during the preceding year the city of Portland cut more lumber than any other city in the world.

As a dairy country the entire coast region is unsurpassed. The Willamette Valley, lying between the Coast range and the Cascade mountains, while originally devoted almost exclusively to grain growing, now gives Oregon the distinction of being the greatest hop-producing state in the Union, and at that hops are only a small portion of the output of this rich valley. Stock raising, dairying, fruit growing and other branches of diversified farming are all yielding liberal returns on the investment of labor and capital. In Southern Oregon fruit growing has proved wonderfully successful, and the mines add millions annually to the purchasing power of the people. In Eastern Oregon is the domain of the bonanza wheat farmers, and in the higher altitudes, along the eastern boundary of the state, the mining stamps are pounding out wealth just as they are in Southern Oregon. In the far southeast and central parts of the state the railroad has not yet penetrated, and it is here that the typical cowboy of the West has made his last stand.

With such rich and varied resources, it

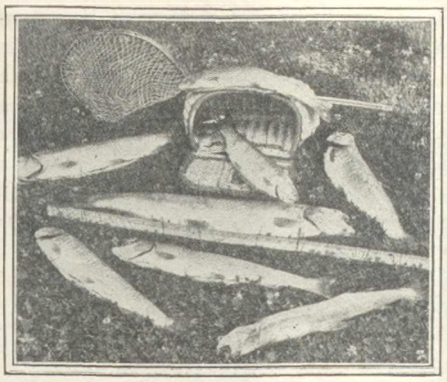
is perhaps not surprising that there has been such a small amount of specializing among Oregon people. Over on the coast region and along the Columbia, the fishermen are loggers and the loggers are fishermen, and both of them have—in their small way—worked into dairying and small farming.

In Southern Oregon the successful miner has not infrequently become the successful fruit grower and in the Willamette Valley the grain grower of thirty years ago is the orchardist and dairyman of to-day. To the early settlers of the state, with such a rich empire from which to make their selection of a home, and with only the faintest conception of what the future held in store for them, the advantages of making a specialty of any particular branch of the agricultural or horticultural industries never appealed. Their failure to center their efforts on any particular branch of work specially adapted to the locality was, of course, excusable, when it is remembered that the market for Oregon products had not yet arrived when the people of the Willamette Valley and the Coast regions were beginning to make themselves self-supporting. The people raised grain, grasses, fruits and vegetables on the same patch of land, and "system" in planting, cultivating, harvesting and marketing had yet to be introduced.

This left an opening for many localities for the cultivation of "special" products. One of the first of these was Hood River, which found that the natural advantages of its soil and other conditions made possible the specialization in fruit, especially of apples and strawberries. And to such an extent has the plan of devoting attention to these two fruits gone and so successful has it been that the Hood River apple and the Hood River strawberry have a reputation wherever fruit is sold.

Hood River's wonderful orchards are located in what is known as Hood River valley, through which the river, from which it derives its name, plunges on its way to the greater Columbia. Its general appearance is that of a high table land, which sweeps back from the Columbia River with a steadily rising altitude, until it gradually merges into old Mount Hood itself. The valley, of course, terminates where Hood River is lost in the waters of the mighty Columbia, but it is influenced climatically by Mount Adams, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet just across the Columbia River. With Mount Adams just across the river and practically at one end of the valley, and Mount Hood at the other end, the air is cooled by night and tempered through the day to just the proper degree for the production of perfect fruit, a perfection that is impossible where the combination of sunshiny days and cool nights fail to exist. The winters in the Hood River valley are mild, due to the presence of the warm Japan current which sweeps north through the Pacific during the winter months. The wonderful perfection of such a climate makes conditions for fruit raising ideal, for the danger from frost is practically unknown in the Hood River section.

The adaptability of Oregon as a producer of fruit was early seen, but it remained for an expert—Nathaniel Coe, a postoffice inspector—to recognize the peculiar qualities of Hood River. Mr. Coe was sent to the locality in the early fifties and, taking up a homestead claim that had been abandoned, soon decided to settle permanently in the new country and soon proceeded to raise apples which became famous for their flavor and keeping qualities. At about the same time that Mr. Coe set out his orchard on Hood River there was a rival one started across the river near White Salmon, but the Indians drove out the settlers and destroyed the orchard, and when it was again planted, it was with trees from the Coe orchards at Hood River. At this early day, however, the lack of transportation facilities rendered the commercial value of the fruit almost prohibitive, the only facility for shipping being a river craft propelled by sail and oar. For a time this fact made necessary the planting of the orchards that followed along the line of the river, but the advanced transportation facilities have now made Hood River desirable in every portion. It was near the site of the Coe orchard that Mr. E. L. Smith planted the first of the wonderful orchards that have since spread the fame of Hood River throughout the world. His and the orig-

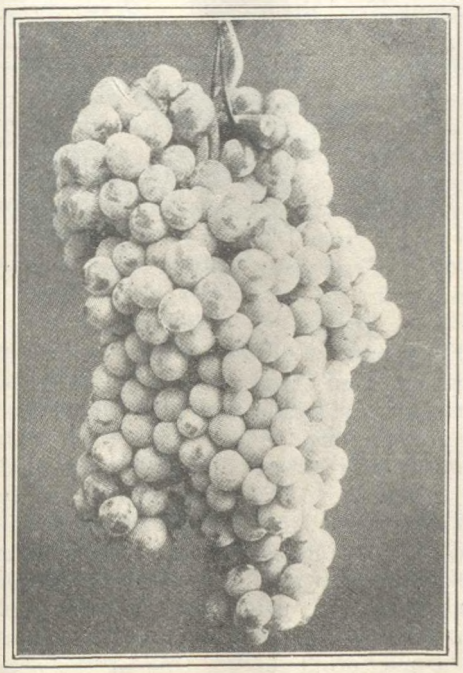


TROUT AND SALMON ABOUND.

SALMON CANNERY, WALDPORT.

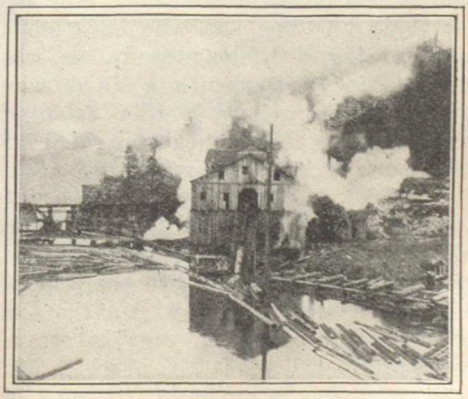
inal Coe orchard were quickly joined by others and, as a result at the present day, the orchards now reach back in almost an unbroken line from the Columbia River for a distance of ten miles, and the output has increased until last season more than 250,000 boxes of strictly first-class apples were shipped out of Hood River.

The Hood River strawberry has, in a somewhat more circumscribed field, become fully as famous as the Hood River apple and has secured its reputation through the same favorable climatic conditions that brought to perfection the Hood River apple. The Hood River specialty in the case of the strawberry is the Clarke Seedling, a variety of unusual size. As yet the demands of the American markets take up about all of the available supply of the Hood River berries, but they are not unknown in London, while they have been shipped in considerable quantities to Alaska and to Vladivostok, small consignments having even reached Hong-



GRAPES FROM NEAR MEDFORD.

LOGGING IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR MEDFORD.



A LUMBER MILL ON HOOD RIVER.

kong and Yokohama in good shape—a remarkable record for a fruit that is supposed to be eaten within forty-eight hours of the time it is picked. The particular advantage, however, of the Hood River berry lies in the fact of its rapidity in bearing. The apple grower must wait at least five years before he can expect any income of consequence from his orchard, but if he plants strawberries between the trees he is assured of an almost immediate income, with net profit running from $150 to $250 per acre, while yields of as high as $350 per acre are not uncommon. It is owing to these facts that strawberries have taken second place among Hood River farm products.

That the skeptical reader may judge for himself of the opportunity that awaits the fruit grower in Hood River a few figures taken at random from the books of the Hood River Apple Growers' Union and Davidson Fruit Company are interesting. These show that E. H. Shepard from 160 trees on 1 3-5 acres in 1907, received gross returns of $2,042.35, which left him—expenses, etc., deducted—net profits of $1,400, or more than $900 per acre. Ludwig Struck, on a fraction less than three acres, produced 1,929 boxes of first grade and 400 boxes of second grade apples, receiving a total of $4,258 from his less than three acres. A. I. Mason in 1907 marketed 1,141 boxes of Newtowns from 209 young trees planted on 3 1-3 acres, receiving for them $2,502.08 gross, which reduced and figured out showed a net profit of $9.50 for each tree. From 15 acres F. Eggert made a net profit of $8,500, while instances of similar nature could be continued indefinitely. Nor are they limited to the men who have made fruit growing a lifelong study, as was evidenced in 1907 when a postman who had planted an orchard in 1898 balanced up his accounts and found that in his nine years' experience he had made a net profit of $18,000.

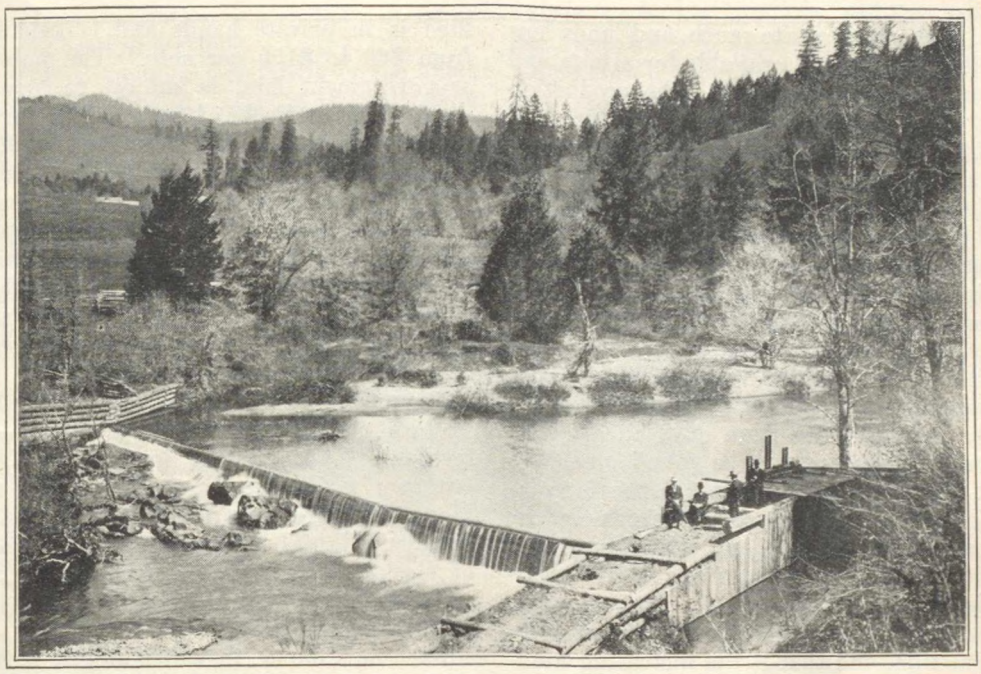
Statistically the number of apple trees from 1 to 25 years in Hood River last year was 349,435, eighty-two per cent of which have been set out within the last six years. The total acreage in strawberries at Hood River is 756, of which 532 acres are grown in orchards. It must be remembered, too, that in the large markets of the world the Hood River apple sells at a much higher price than the California or Florida orange!

But while fruit growing is the great and overshadowing specialty of the Hood River valley and the apple takes precedence over all, it must not be supposed that the rich volcanic ash that forms the soil is not equally well adapted to the growing of other products. As a matter of fact, there is nothing known to the vegetable kingdom, outside of the tropics, that will not thrive in this valley, and great vegetable gardens are fast being laid out, with correspondingly high profits.

As further evidence, however, of the versatility of Hood River from an agricultural and producing standpoint, it may be stated that, strangely enough, the forest wealth of the valley has proved so attractive to capital that the mills in the vicinity of Hood River last year cut more than 60,000,000 feet of lumber, valued approximately at $1,000,000, the logging camps and mills giving employment to 1,000 men.

Conservative estimates on the amount of merchantable lumber in Wasco County in 1906 placed the amount in round numbers at 6,000,000,000 feet, and the entire Hood River is flanked by vast areas of the best quality of this timber, with many hundreds of millions of feet still in the valley proper. There is an endless variety of woods to be found in these great forests, but here, as elsewhere in Oregon, the Douglas fir leads all others in quantity.

One of the chief advantages of Hood River is the wonderful possibilities of the river as a means for the generating of horse-power. There are single miles on its journey down from the mountain in which the fall is so pronounced that it can easily develop 10,000 horse-power, and the main river from source to mouth can, with all its branches, generate about 100,000 horse-power; an amount sufficient to light and heat the entire valley and supply a vast amount, besides, for manufacturing purposes. With an average drop of about sixty feet per mile for the entire distance, it is easy to understand the possibilities for development in the way of power. And these facts will surely go far to clinch



A TYPE OF DAM AND IRRIGATION CANAL IN USE IN OREGON.

the argument that here, at least, nature has done her very best and has left open to man a land of remarkable opportunity.

It must not be understood, however, from the description of Hood River that Oregon is lacking elsewhere in its natural advantages.

Almost due east of the Hood River Valley and bounded on the south and east by the Blue Mountains lies another section of unusual wealth and natural advantages. This is Umatilla County, a part of the great plain of the Columbia and volcanic in origin. This plain was formed by successive blankets of lava, aggregating from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in thickness and then covered by immense outpourings of volcanic ashes. The whole great basin afterward became an inland sea and when the tideless waters were drained off there was left behind one of the most fertile wheatlands on the Continent. Fully one per cent of the wheat crop of the United States and thirty-three per cent of the output of the great state of Oregon, comes from this lava-bottomed county of Umatilla. Yet the area cultivated is but a fraction of the tillable land of the county. Out of the 1,050,000 acres of deeded land, only 358,000 acres are cultivated to wheat, yet in round numbers the output in 1907 was 6,000,000 bushels and the value about $4,320,000. The yield per acre thus averages nearly thirty-four bushels, though the land has been steadily cropped for nearly forty years. Under summer fallowing, there is reason to believe that these crops will equal the volcanic lands of Sicily, which have been yielding good crops for two thousand years. Under good culture these rolling lands of Oregon produce as well as they did at first. The per capita wealth of the county is well upward of $2,000, so that the prosperity of this county is easily told. This wealth is distributed among various industries. The amount of live stock sold last year aggregated $1,400,000; the wool crop reached $563,000; fruit production is here in its infancy, but totaled, even that fact considered, $311,000—a figure which will multiply in a few years by five or six.

The stock ranges in Umatilla are fully occupied, but the dairy is undeveloped, and, like the fruit industry, is destined to grow to large proportions. A great area is about ready for irrigation, and the small farm will soon figure in the lists

with the great white ranch, and lands now idle will be made available for alfalfa and for diversified farming. The production of hay will become a marked feature and stock will be fattened from off the range, and by farmers who will choose to turn their surplus hay and other products of the farm into good beef and mutton. Butter and cheese will show increased production and the hog will come to the alfalfa pasture and to the skim milk of the dairy by a kind of natural gravitation. In Umatilla County to-day there are found the largest farms, the largest herds of stock, the greatest proportion of wealthy farmers and stockmen to be found anywhere in Oregon, so that here are the foundations of social and commercial progress, while many of the opportunities of the pioneer remain, without any of his privations.

There is one noticeable feature found in Umatilla, and that is the increasing number of small farms. The Small Holdings Act of England which, since it became operative, has enabled the small holder to make good handsomely, together with the similar lesson being taught us by the Paris market gardeners, has sent many a man out or back to the farm. There is also an increasing sentiment on the part of urbanites—farmers of Umatilla will tell you—to get back to the soil, and the extraordinary opportunities for diversified farming in Umatilla have thus sent out its personal call to thousands, with the happy result that hundreds are arriving every month to take advantage of the chance to obtain "Three Acres and Liberty" in Umatilla.

But the most promising feature of Umatilla and the thing that will make most for its success is the Umatilla Irrigation project now under construction. When completed it will embrace twenty thousand acres of land in the northwest portion of the county. It lies between the Umatilla River on the west and the Columbia River on the north, with the lines of the O. R. & N.—a part of the Harriman system—skirting each stream. By means of this system water is carried to the highest point of each forty-acre subdivision, where it is turned over to the irrigator. Most of the land to be benefited is in private hands and is held at from $60 to $150 per acre. The public or government land is subject to homestead entry in tracts of from ten to forty acres. The cost of water is fixed at $60 an acre, payable in ten years, or at the rate of $6 per acre annually. When completed these lands will have a water supply positively and forever assured, and will be among the most prolific and valuable in the state. And they will likewise assure Umatilla of a high standing among the agricultural counties of the Union.

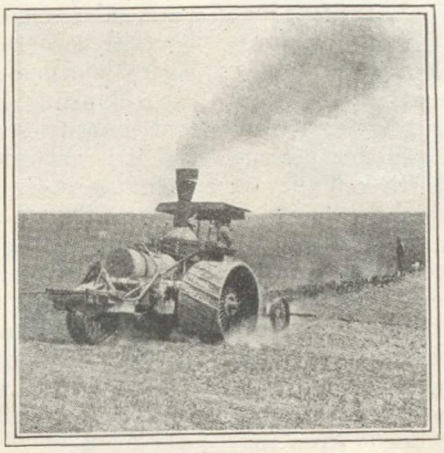
Diagonally across Oregon, in the southwestern part, there is another unusually fertile field—the famous Rogue River Valley, over which the snow-capped peak of Mount McLoughlin presides with majestic dignity, while all about are row after row of sleek-limbed, healthy apple and pear trees that have sent their fruit to all the markets of the world.

Jackson County, in which Rogue River Valley is located, has an area of 3,000 square miles, an area as large as Rhode Island or Delaware and one-half as large as Massachusetts or Connecticut. The southern boundary of the county is the California line, along the summit of the Siskiyous. The border lines on the west and north are low-lying ranges, the highest "hogbacks" of which are about 4,500 feet elevation. The eastern boundary, with its length of ninety miles, follows the backbone of the great Cascade Range and is lifted to a height of over 9,000 feet at points where Mount McLoughlin, Union Peak and Cowhorn lift their peaks of everlasting white. Across the northern end of the valley flows Rogue River, a wild, turbulent stream fed by the Cascades' melting snows, carrying water enough to irrigate an empire and power enough to light and heat the whole of Oregon. The valley, in its entirety, presents a stretch of the finest country ever seen. Its soil is rich, deep and alluvial, much of it being a black vegetable mould, fat and productive.

Joaquin Miller has aptly called Rogue River Valley the "Italy of America," and there is far more in this than poetry and sentiment, the records of the United States weather bureau showing an average mean temperature for the past eigh-

teen years of 52 degrees. The average yearly precipitation is less than in many of the eastern sections.

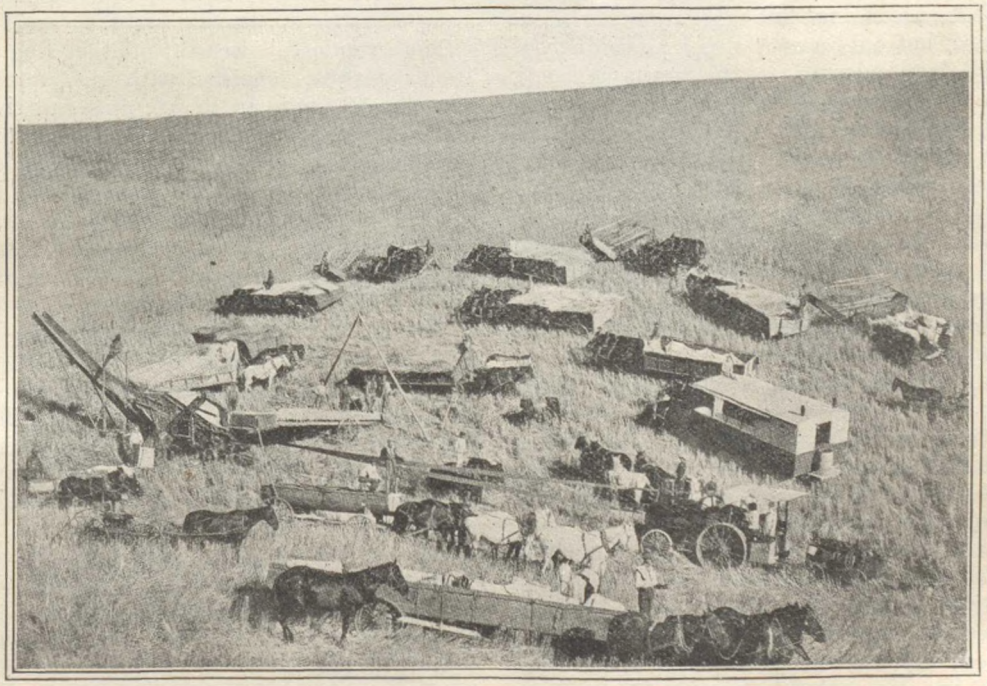
The commercial possibility of the apple under the modern methods of cultivation and shipment brought Rogue River at once to the attention of the world, and it is for this reason that the growth of the valley has been so phenomenal. Twenty thousand acres of new orchards have been planted in Rogue River Valley in the past two years alone—the chief and favorite varieties being the Aesopus Spitzenburg and the Yellow Newton Pippin. Owing to the prices realized for fruits, the landowners of Oregon are at last beginning to realize what a bonanza there is in the orchards, but as yet they do not—in Rogue River Valley, at least—care to put any price upon their holdings. What valuation can be put on an orchard that pans out from $500 to $2,250 an acre from a single crop of fruit? Figure it out yourself. Ten acres of the right varieties of apple or pear trees in this valley will, when in full bearing, produce an average of $3,000 to $6,000 net income per annum, and instances are actually occurring every year where these figures are exceeded.



PLOWING BY MACHINERY.
A Scene in the Vast Wheat Fields of Umatilla County.

Available pear land is as plentiful in Rogue River as apple land. The hill slopes bordering the valley are being utilized for this purpose. Thousands of acres of such land await the orchardist, and offer unlimited opportunity to the small investor who will back his modest means with common sense and energy.

Rogue River Valley makes the same



A COMPLETE THRESHING OUTFIT AT WAITSBURG, ORE.

claim for superiority in the matter of the peach as it does for the apple and the pear and apparently backs its claim with convincing facts. The hill slopes form ideal peach lands, as the success of the orchards east and north of Medford has amply proved. In size, flavor and general excellence the Rogue River peach ranks with the best and the market is unlimited. Growers are regularly netting from $100 to $500 an acre. The available acreage of peach land in Rogue River Valley is very large, and here again the energetic man with a little money has a chance for absolute independence and a life of plenty. The apricot, like its sisterly fruits, is fast becoming a recognized product of the Rogue River Valley, while the growing of berries is likewise enlarging into a vast business. Plums, prunes and cherries all thrive abundantly in the Rogue River district, the trees being especially prolific and the fruit high grade. Rogue River cherries are widely shipped, the marketing of them being especially favorable in that they come in just after the California crop and before the Willamette Valley crop.

The vineyardist is also finding a lucrative field on the Rogue River hill slopes. There are several fine vineyards near Medford, but only a very small percentage of the land adapted to the grape is being used. Grapes of all varieties grow in Rogue River Valley—the fruit being unsurpassed in quality and color. Experts have indeed pronounced the Tokay brand—grown on the Rogue River hill districts—the finest in the world. The condition of the soil, the altitude and the climate are almost identical with that of the famous wine-producing districts of France and Italy and the most delicate European varieties are now being cultivated. English and French walnuts, it has been found, will also do exceptionally well if cultured in the hill districts, and a splendid opportunity is offered to all who will engage in this business.

At the present time there are 2,500,000 young apple and pear trees in Rogue River Valley. Some of these are just in bearing, more than 8,000 acres having been set out this past year. If all were in one big orchard they would cover an area of 50,000 acres. And this is increasing at the rate of from 8,000 to 10,000 acres annually, an increase due to the flattering success of those who "have arrived" in the business. There is absolutely no question but that in time—a few years at the most—all Rogue River Valley will be one vast orchard, one of the biggest and most productive anywhere.

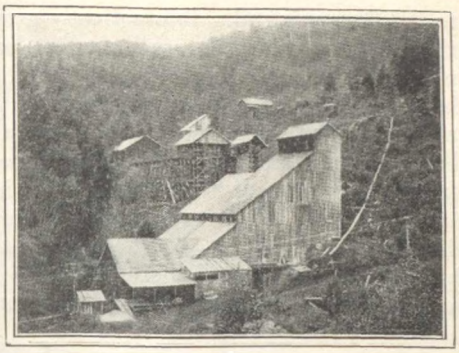
Stockraising is another of the important industries of Rogue River Valley, and it is not confined to cattle alone, but including horses, mules, hogs, sheep and goats. The absence of snow, the mild climate, making the winter feeding season very short, and the excellent range through a large portion of the year, and the abundance of water, makes this section a most favorable one for the cattleman. There is a lively market for horses and mules—draft horses being frequently sold for $300 to $600 a span.

In the Medford district there is also a wide field for the marketing of lumber, the forests of Rogue River Valley being among the finest in Oregon. The fir, or "Douglass Spruce," is the most widely distributed tree in the Rogue region and often grows to immense size; trees seven to nine feet trunk diameter and 300 feet high being no uncommon sight.

The wonderful wealth of the Rogue Valley forests, together with the water-power to be found in the streams and rivers tributary to Medford, all go far toward proving that the region is yet in its infancy in so far as the pursuit of the lumber business and its allied industries are concerned. As an example of the water-power to be found in the Rogue River Valley a recent report shows that a few good sites for power plants, if properly worked, would develop a horse-power of 428,110—ample for the whole of southern Oregon. So much for the possibilities of development of the Rogue River Valley. There are many other pursuits yet undeveloped, but lack of space prohibits a narration of them all.

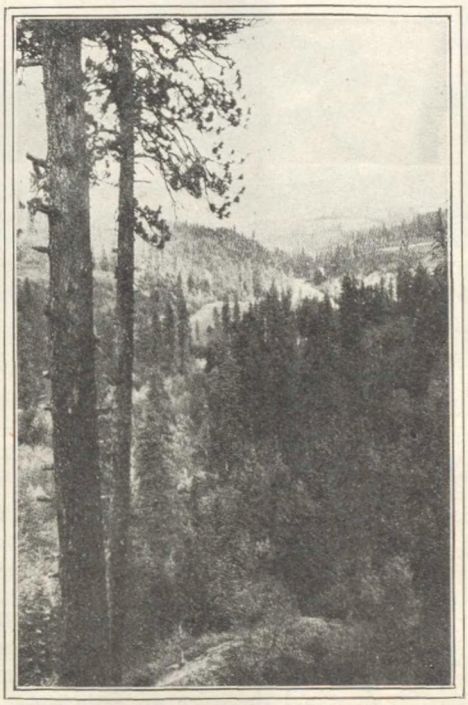
Almost directly above the Rogue River Valley region is Sutherlin Valley, which lies in Douglas County. Here again is a kingdom of opportunity, for Douglas County is one of the most fertile regions in the world. Its altitude is practically the same as Hood River, being between

five and six hundred feet above sea-level, so that it is Hood River with which the Sutherlin Valley mainly competes. It is located between two climatic divides, the Calapooia on the north and the Umpqua on the south, so that it enjoys a modified climate as between northern Oregon and California; it is neither too hot and dry nor too wet and foggy. Here again we find a specialization in Spitzenburg apples, for which New York, during the holidays, pays as high as $4 and $5 per box.



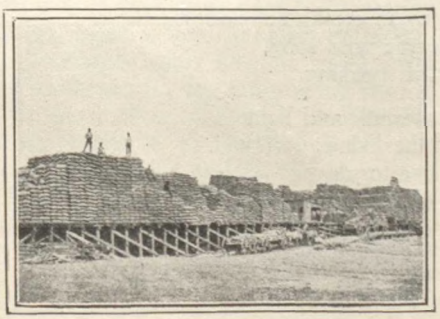
OPP QUARTZ MINE NEAR MEDFORD.

But it is the wonderful system of irrigation employed in the Sutherlin Valley that has brought Douglas County to the attention of the world. The whole locality is a network of irrigating canals and both sub-irrigation and surface-irrigation are used, it being claimed that the quality of the apple thus nourished is far superior to the tree that is not so fed.



HOOD RIVER GORGE, SHOWING THE RIVER IN THE DISTANCE.

Irrigation in apple culture has been a subject of comparatively recent development and perfection, but it is fast proving a success and has already lived down most of the prejudices that were first raised against it. And so with its ample and fast growing system of irrigation the Sutherlin Valley seems on a fair way to a high place among the apple-growing communities of the United States. Probably the most famous of the products of Douglas County, however, is the Roseburg variety of rose, which has become famous throughout the United States and has always occupied a prominent place at the Rose Fiestas of Portland. And the growing and culturing of this flower offers a new and extensive field to the seeker of opportunity and profitable occupation.



100,000 SACKS OF WHEAT.

With all these facts laid down, the story of that wonderful land which Oregon—the state—embraces, is yet but half told. The beauty of the country, the very grandeur of its scenery, the thrift of its cities, the wealth of its farmers and the spirit of happiness and energy that is back of it all, makes Oregon the dream state of the Optimist. It is a wonderful land of opportunity, where an equal chance of prosperity is open to all. It needs no scientific, learned agriculturist

to till Oregon's soil. It practically grows things wild—so fertile are its valleys and plateaus. It has often been said that this land or that was "God's country," by which it has been meant that—in the land thus referred to—all things of man and nature were at their best. This has also been said of Oregon, and—without disparagement to its neighbors, in the brotherhood of states—there seems to be a vast element of truth behind the compliment, as applied to Oregon. And yet the romance and the beauty of the state set completely aside, Oregon still—in cold facts and truthful figures—is one of the great agricultural states of America. In agriculture, in the production of lumber, in mining, in stockraising and lastly in its wonderful fisheries, it ranks high. Some day—prophets say—it will head the list, and it is quite possible that they may be right.

MOUNT HOOD FROM LOST LAKE.
From the Famous Copyrighted Photo by Benjamin A. Gifford.

Expression

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

JUST as the skylark merrily sings
While swift its way 'tis winging;
So I do voice my little song,
Just for the joy of singing.

Just as the trees, bent low in gale,
Tell their wild joy in creaking;
So I do tell my heart's wild song,
Just for the joy of speaking.

Just as the sun in warmth and light
Gives life to all the living;
So I do give my love to all,
Just for the joy of giving.

Just as the flower unfolds itself,
To all, of its perfume giving;
So I unfold and give and love,
Just for the joy of living!

TWISTED AND TURNED*

(A Novel)

By S. J. MITCHELL.

THERE are moments when everything seems mysterious; when the mind seems lost in some strange, bewildered region, and when every effort to clear the atmosphere of thought but increases the darkness and confusion. Even the simplest things of life at such times seem to hide themselves behind some impenetrable veil, and refuse absolutely to reveal their actions to our strained and yearning vision. And it was in the deep darkness of such a moment that Melville Reardon found himself as he was trying once again to solve that problem in his life that had confronted his tireless ambition so intently and so long.

"But there must be an answer somewhere," he thought to himself, "and I must find it without delay. To continue longer in this condition of confused uncertainty is beyond human endurance; at any rate, it is beyond the endurance of such a nature as mine; and I here and now resolve to have this mystery cleared up, even though every atom in my being should perish in the attempt."

"My mind is made up," he continued; "for a life that is so situated that it cannot satisfy a single desire has no reason to persist for another moment."

"No, I will take that back," he calmly concluded, after a few moments of reflection; "nothing can live in vain, even though existence for the time being should be little more than a barren waste. To think otherwise is to contradict all the facts in nature and violate the very first principle of reason. But why do I desire so intensely those things, and those things only, that I cannot find, that I cannot reach, that I possibly cannot realize? Why have I been given the power to dream of the rare, the rich, the beautiful, the sublime, but have not been given the power to make my dreams come true?"

This was his problem, briefly stated, and to him it was a great problem, indeed. If he had been an ordinary man, with no ability and no ambition, his condition and circumstances could not have aroused comment. But he was not; all who knew him admitted that he was a most remarkable man; in fact, to meet him but for a few moments was sufficient to come to this conclusion. And all wondered why he was a failure.

To begin with, he was single, which to him was a calamity; and though he had made scores of attempts to find someone who would receive the limitless wealth of his affections, still something always came in the way. He had always looked upon marriage as the very climax of transcendental bliss, and yet he had been mysteriously prevented from entering into that pleasure sublime. What was the reason? As he looked back upon his varied experiences in this connection, the mystery of it all grew deeper and darker, until he was almost forced to believe that there was some power outside of himself that was mercilessly ruling his destiny.

He was well educated; his education was practical, and he was the very embodiment of ability, talent, character and admirable qualities; and yet he had accomplished nothing. But what was the reason? Again and again he would call for the reason, though without receiving the slightest hint as to some satisfactory reply.

"To make me hungry," he continued, "and give me no means wherewith to satisfy that hunger is cruelty. And yet something is doing this very thing to me

I am on fire with ambition, but every effort I make to realize even a mere atom of that ambition results in nothing but failure. I am hungering and thirsting for the great, the superior, the lofty, the ideal, and am starving every day upon the husks of inferiority and nothingness. I am constantly longing for that which I can neither gain nor realize, and those very things that I desire so intensely continue, in some mysterious manner, to dwell within the range of my vision, but outside the range of my reach. If I cannot get them, why am I permitted to see them, to ceaselessly long for them, to be wholly disappointed with anything else?"

To find answers to these questions had been his constant effort for years; he had placed the problem before the best minds that he could find, but he was as much in the dark as ever. Again he pondered to himself, "If I have not the power to realize my ideals, why has my vision been opened to those ideals? Who has taken the pains to open my eyes to that which is not for me to possess? Who has taken the trouble to so confuse the elements of my being that I can desire only that which I possibly cannot reach, no matter how hard I try, or whatever means I employ? Why do I aspire to those supreme heights that superhuman nature alone has the power to reach? Why do I love only that mysterious someone that I never was able to find in tangible form? What is the answer? Who is responsible?"

Could the Supreme be responsible for his strange condition? No, that was unthinkable, for infinite love could find no pleasure in placing an impassable gulf between a desire and the object of that desire. Infinite love would never create a desire in the human heart without also creating the means through which that desire could be fulfilled. Infinite love would never reveal an ideal that could not be made real, nor cause the soul of man to long for that which sometime, somewhere, would not be made true.

Or was nature responsible? But, if so, why did she create the demand and not the supply? As Melville Reardon approached this phase of the subject, he was forced to conclude, "If nature has caused me to long and yearn for that which must forever remain beyond me; if nature has caused me to desire that which I can never secure, and aspire to that which I shall never reach, then what is nature but a most colossal deceiver? Why does she take me again and again to the very heights of all that is marvelous and sublime and hold out to me the promised splendors of a matchless destiny still in store, and then open my eyes to the stern reality of grinding mediocrity, and tell me that the beautiful vision was nothing but a dream?"

"No, nature cannot be responsible," he presently thought to himself. "She has wrought too wonderfully and beautifully to possess a single element of deception. She makes every conceivable effort to equalize demand and supply in all her manifold domains; and if she was responsible for my demand she would certainly see that the required supply was forthcoming. The cause must be elsewhere."

"Possibly," he thought, with aroused attention, "it lies in myself. Possibly these unsatisfied desires and uncontrollable ambitions are simply the creations of my own mind. But, if so, there is a contradiction somewhere. If I have the power to remove the veil of life's unbounded splendor and behold the riches and glory of ambition's lofty dream, why have I not the power to realize that dream? By what strange and inexplicable law in nature can I create such intense and overwhelming desires for something that does not belong in my world and never will? If the nature of my being permits me to desire only that which I can never secure, and aspire only to that which I can never reach, the architectural principle of my mental structure must be utterly false. But how can that mind be falsely constructed that has the power to mount upon the very wings of truth and ascend to the shining splendor of empyrean heights? How can that principle of thought be false and deceptive that gives me the power to think thoughts that are so lofty, so high, so beautiful and so gorgeously sublime that a million tongues would be required to give expression to their wondrous power and glory?"

"But what can the answer be?" The more he thought of it the more difficult and complex the problem seemed to become. The more he tried to penetrate

the mental darkness that was before him the heavier and more dense became the darkness that met his straining vision. What should he do? He must do something. He could no longer bear to see so much ability, so much ambition and so much energy as he possessed go to waste. True, he could make a living; but anyone in health could do that. To accomplish something of great and extraordinary worth was another matter; and he knew that he had the necessary power to do this. That power had been going wrong, but why? That power must be turned into its proper channel, but how? With a desire more deep and more intense than he had ever felt before, every atom in his being was aroused to the very highest pitch of determined resolve, and he vowed then and there that he would find the answer. Through the great intensity of this action of his thought he was suddenly awakened from his reverie, and found himself face to face with his employer.

"Dreaming again, Mr. Reardon?"

"Yes, Mr. Spaulding, dreaming again; though not so much dreaming as pondering over the mystery of it all."

"Mystery of what?"

"Why that something that gave us the power to dream did not give us the power to make our dreams come true."

"Oh, there's no mystery about that at all, Mr. Reardon. Quit dreaming so much and yearning so much, and get down to harder work. That's all that's necessary. You will soon get what you want."

"You are a successful man, Mr. Spaulding, and I a complete failure; nevertheless, I cannot agree with you."

"Then how do you account for my success and the success of all men that have used the same method?"

"And will you kindly tell me what your method consists of? Also, how it is learned and applied?"

"Yes, it is work; just work; and then more work. There is only one way to succeed, and that way is work."

"But is there no place for ability or genius in your system? Are those to be considered nonessentials?"

"No, not at all, for genius is simply extraordinary capacity for work. Ability, talent and genius in all their forms are simply varying degrees of working capacity. The term 'work' covers it all, and the greatest workers accomplish the most invariably."

"You have lived longer than I, Mr. Spaulding, and you have accomplished much. You are, or, rather, seem to be, a living example of the doctrine you preach; but I cannot agree with you. Your doctrine does not fit my case; nor does it fit the case of thousands like myself. No one has worked harder or more faithfully than I; but, as you know, I have nothing. I have accomplished nothing; and, in the eyes of successful men, I am nothing."

"You have been here with me only a few weeks, and that you have great capacity for work is evident to me; but if you have worked just as faithfully all your life as you have during the time spent here, I cannot understand why you should not be a great success to-day."

"That is precisely the very thing that I am unable to understand. I have stated my case to the most brilliant and the most successful men that I could possibly find, but they all failed to understand, just as you do, why I am a failure. I admit that work, and much work, is necessary; and there is nothing that I love better than work; but there must be something else back of a successful career besides work. If work was the only essential, I would be a millionaire to-day."

"You may be impatient, Mr. Reardon. You know you are only thirty, and there are many of our most successful men to-day that had accomplished nothing at your age. In fact, some of them were complete failures until forty, and even later. This proves that there is plenty of hope for everybody who wants to push to the front. They will all finally reach their goal. And so will you. Just keep at it. One of these days things will take a turn."

"It is very good of you, Mr. Spaulding, to speak to me like that. But the fact is I have been keeping at it for nine years, and you see the results. I have made a resolution to-day, however, that I feel, somehow, will clear the mystery. I am going to find out where my ambitions and desires originate. There must be someone in this world who knows. When I

discover the power that is back of my ambition, I may also discover that power that can make my ambitions come true. It seems to me that the two powers must come from the same source. At any rate, I am going to search the world over until I find someone who can tell me what I wish to know in this important matter."

"You are going into the mystery of things rather deeply, are you not, Mr. Reardon? According to my view, success lies in the other direction. In a way I admire you for wanting to get down to rock bottom, but be careful that you do not become a mystical philosopher instead of a man of practical achievement. Personally, I think very little of the man who simply speculates about things. My ideal man is the man who does things."

"There we agree perfectly, Mr. Spaulding. I want to do things. That is the reason why I wish to understand that power that can carry my ambition through. But we have talked enough for the present; the afternoon is slipping away, and I have nearly a day's work that ought to be finished before I go home. You know, it was always my privilege to have to do the work of several men. Every position I ever held confronted me with that circumstance; but I never received more than the pay of half a man. And therein lies another mystery. I am resolved, however, to find someone who can help me clear it all up, and I was never more determined in my life. In fact, for the first time in my life my determination seems inspired with a power that will not give in."

II.

The two men parted, without saying anything further, and resumed their respective duties. Richard Spaulding went to his private office and Melville Reardon to what he considered the drudgery of a minor clerk. But during the hours that followed he worked in a different mood than he had ever known before. He seemed to be two personalities; the one proceeding mechanically with the details of the task before him, the other pondering, as if in another world, wondering what the outcome of his new resolution would be. His mind was made up, however; he was determined to see his purpose through, come whatever may; and the thought of it all gave him an interest in the coming days that was rapidly becoming extreme fascination.

Thus he continued until nearly the close of the afternoon, when his attention was aroused by the beginning of an event that was to change his entire future. Little did he dream, as he was pondering over his problem a few hours before, that that day would witness the creation of a great desire and the fulfillment of that same desire, all within the space of nine short hours. But things were moving rapidly in his life that day, and he did not realize that his new and determined resolution was the cause. Though it was to be a new experience to him, a new and great day in his budding career. How often had he shed bitter tears over the grim fact that his cherished desires were never fulfilled, his ambitions never realized, his dreams never made true; but a new day had dawned; things had begun to take a turn far sooner than expected, and a great change was coming over the spirit of his yearning soul.

"May I see Mr. Spaulding?" inquired a large, smooth-faced gentleman, with strong features, noble bearing and a kindly expression, that was quietly approaching Melville Reardon's desk.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "Kindly give me your name, and I will have Mr. Spaulding see you at once."

"My name is Alexander Whiting," he replied, and there was a calmness and a gentle strength in his tone that caused everybody within hearing distance to pause and wonder who this could be; he seemed so different.

In a moment Mr. Spaulding appeared, and the splendid gentleman before them began to announce his errand.

"I met a friend on the street a few minutes ago," he continued, after a few preliminary remarks, "and he told me that you wanted to sell your house, Mr. Spaulding. Accordingly I lost no time in coming to learn if it were true, because Mrs. Whiting and myself have for some time desired to live in that particular section of the city. But our only hope was in finding someone who wanted to

sell his residence, as there are no more vacant lots there to be secured."

"That is the truth, Mr. Whiting. My house is for sale; but how your friend came to know it is a mystery to me. I never mentioned it to a single soul until to-day. I told a distant relative while he was at lunch with me; but he left immediately for the train, and I saw him off. He could not have told anyone in this city. Someone must have overheard our conversation. However, I am very glad that you found it out so soon, Mr. Whiting, and you may state your own time to come and examine the property."

"Thank you, Mr. Spaulding, I will speak with Mrs. Whiting to-night concerning the best time. She will be most happy to learn of this opportunity, and she will say, as usual, 'Another case of persistent desire.' You know we have almost unlimited faith in persistent desire, and I feel it a privilege to speak a good word for the power of persistent desire whenever the occasion presents itself."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Whiting, for listening to private conversation," interrupted Melville Reardon, his face flushed with eager expectation, "but will you kindly tell me what you mean by the power of persistent desire? That expression seems to have a fascination for me, and I feel that I simply must find out what it means."

"That makes me happy, indeed," Mr. Whiting replied, his face beaming with a smile that had more sunshine in it than any other smile Melville Reardon had ever seen. "If you are fascinated by that expression," he continued, "you will soon understand it. And it is my conviction that when you do understand it you will have the power to build your own future as you like."

In a moment the mind of Melville Reardon was trembling with uncontrollable eagerness as his thoughts were wildly flying hither and thither in a strange sea of unutterable emotion; his face was a study in crimson, then white, then crimson again, and his tongue refused to obey. This was certainly too much. A few hours ago he had made a resolution, and had inspired that resolution with intense desire and determination; and now, even before the day was done, a stranger had mysteriously come into his presence to tell him the very thing he wanted to know. What was the meaning of it all? Was this another case of persistent desire? But how could it work so soon? Was it because, for the first time in his life, he had given the whole of his life to the spirit of his desire? If so, the secret for which he had longed and yearned and prayed these many years was being revealed at last. And what would the future be? Would he realize the one ruling ambition of his life, and would he find *her?* A million thoughts were crowding in upon his mind, and he seemed to live a thousand years with every breath. But he was only passing through a storm of mental perturbation; he was not taking advantage of Mr. Whiting's presence to get at the vital facts. Soon he realized this, and made a supreme effort to gain sufficient self-control to speak. Presently he continued: "Mr. Whiting, I have hundreds of questions to ask. I must have this subject cleared up at once. Can you tell me how, where and when it might be done?"

"I certainly can," Mr. Whiting replied, with a smile that contained even more sunshine than the one before. "Mrs. Whiting and myself shall be most happy indeed to have you call to-night. We can tell you a great deal about how we passed from poverty, sickness and trouble to health, happiness and plenty. And I shall try to have Cyril Janos, the man who first gave us the secret, come also. He can answer all your questions, and tell you exactly how to proceed from where you are now."

"Oh, Mr. Whiting, if I had a million hearts, I could thank you a million times with every one of them. Surely my gratitude is unbounded, and my joy supreme. What a wonderful afternoon this has been. It has changed everything; it has turned all my views upside down, and I seem to see the entire cosmos through some newly acquired vision. But the change is wonderful; it will take months, I am sure, before I can become accustomed to the beauty and the glory of it all. But tell me, who is Cyril Janos? If he knows these great secrets he must be most extraordinary; and if so, why have I not heard of him before? I hope he is not

a man of mystery, for I have had too much of the mysterious already."

"No, indeed, there is nothing mysterious about Cyril Janos; he is one of the few who has practically eliminated mystery from his life. But he is not working for the public as yet, and he blows no trumpet, because he is otherwise engaged. He is too busy getting down to the rock bottom of human life, human thought, human power and human possibility. He is what may be termed a master mind in the new school of psychology, though his field of study embraces everything that is contained in the human domain. Or, you may call him a scientist of the new type, as he differs from earlier scientists in this respect, that he wastes no time on the weighing and comparing of effects regardless of cause. He is devoting his life to the study of causes, or rather the undercurrents and origins of thought, action, feeling, desire, will, ambition and the hundreds of factors and forces that arise in the vastness of the mental domain."

"At last!" shouted Melville Reardon, as he threw his arms in the air, and actually danced with the frenzy of uncontrollable glee. "Now," he continued, "I shall learn where my ambitions originate, and where those powers may be found that can push my ambitions through. Yes, at last my day has come; the turning point in my life is at hand, and with all the power of my soul I declare it, that my future shall be as brilliant as the noonday sun."

The brilliancy of his future was yet to be revealed, but his face certainly did shine as he made this great and inspiring declaration. A new light had come into his life, and it was so strong that it glorified his countenance with the radiant sunshine of his beautiful, illumined soul. To Mr. Whiting, the transformation that was taking place in the soul of that brilliant young man, was a sight that he would have lived a lifetime to see; and he would have gone to any part of the world just to behold such a sight once more.

"One more question, Mr. Whiting, please, before you go," he continued, as he momentarily came down from the lofty pinnacle of his famous declaration. "You have conquered adversity; you are building your own future as you choose, and you understand some of the greatest truths in the universe; how, then, can you be so calm and self-possessed about it all? It seems to me that you ought to be on fire with enthusiasm."

"The fact that I am not on fire with enthusiasm is one of my secrets, Mr. Reardon. If you would conquer adversity you must first conquer, or rather control, yourself; and one of the chief essentials in this direction is to be calm and self-possessed."

With this happy thought Mr. Whiting left the office, leaving Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Reardon viewing each other's mingled expressions in a manner that pen could not possibly describe. Strange things had happened that afternoon, and coming developments seemed to indicate that still stranger things would happen in the near future. That the two men hardly knew what to say to each other at the close of such a day, and upon the departure of such a visitor, was not a matter, therefore, of surprise. Finally, Mr. Spaulding broke the silence as he ventured: "I am certainly curious to know what Cyril Janos is going to tell you to-night, and I shall consider it a great favor if you will say something to me about it in the morning."

"Most assuredly, I will tell you everything that is not strictly private, and I do not presume that any of his remarks will be of that nature; at any rate, not this time. But, Mr. Spaulding, will you do me a favor in return?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, Mr. Reardon."

"It is not at all polite for me to ask, and I shall not feel offended in the least if you refuse to answer my question; but it does seem so strange to me that you intend to dispose of that beautiful home."

"Yes, it will seem strange to all my friends and acquaintances; but I am doing it for the sake of my daughter. You know Adeline is a very peculiar girl. She always did live in a different world from the rest of us, but since her mother passed away three years ago she has been more transcendental than ever before. And the strangest part of it is that that mental attitude seems to fit her so perfectly. She is actually growing more beautiful and more fascinating every year. To the young

men who know her she is absolutely irresistible; she is constantly having offers of marriage, and the most splendid offers; but she rejects them all. She says she will not marry until she meets the 'idol of her dreams,' or what she sometimes calls 'a certain kind of a man.' What she means by that I don't know; but I do know that she will never find that 'certain kind.' Such men do not exist, and I am going to take her all over the world so she may lose her illusion and learn to love some kind of a man that does exist. I want her to marry, and if she will simply come down to earth a little and be sensible on matters of human nature, she can marry, and marry very well, any day she may choose. But what is the matter, Mr. Reardon? Why, you are blushing like a girl."

"I would like to tell you, Mr. Spaulding; in fact, I must tell somebody soon; but not now. My system is keyed up too high from what I have passed through to-day, and if I should mention this other matter, there might be a reaction, and then a break-down."

"Another mystery, is it? But you are certainly filled and surrounded with mysteries; and all of them seem to be overhung with dark and threatening clouds. Tell me, Mr. Reardon, you are not in love, are you?"

"I am, and I am not."

"Ah, you love someone whom you are not permitted to love."

"No, not that. You can never guess, Mr. Spaulding, and yet you know all about it."

"Well, if you are not the strangest young man I ever saw. The moment I think I understand you perfectly, you do something or say something that leaves me more in the dark than ever before. You must have had some great love affair in the past that turned out sadly. Am I right?"

"No, you are not. I never had a real love affair in my life."

"What, a handsome, brilliant young man of thirty, literally boiling over with emotion and affection, and never had a love affair? No, that is too much to believe."

"Nevertheless, that is the truth. Though I admit it is the truth from a certain point of view only, and not the truth from all points of view."

"Say nothing more, Mr. Reardon. The more you talk about yourself the more convinced I become that there is something in your nature that needs to be disentangled. You seem to have the power to be everything, and yet, as you say, you are nothing. What is the answer? You need a physician of some kind, and very much. And I shall certainly be glad if that is what you will find to-night."

"That is the truth, Mr. Spaulding. Again I agree with you perfectly. But if I should tell you everything that I have passed through during the last nine years, you would positively become speechless with astonishment and surprise. They say that truth is stranger than fiction; but my experience is even stranger than truth. If you wish, I will tell you all about it in the near future. And to-morrow I will tell you about my experience to-night. You may then conclude that you will also want to know something about 'origins' and 'undercurrents' in the human mind."

"I don't doubt it in the least, Mr. Reardon. I admit that I have an intense desire to go with you; but I am not invited."

"In that case I will intercede for you, and do my very best to get you an invitation for next time. But I must go home and get ready for this disentanglement in my life. I don't claim to be prophetic, but I feel it coming, and I somehow seem to *know* that all my griefs, my sorrows, my disappointments and my failures are at an end. Something seems to be singing in my soul; it seems to be an endless joy-song, for all I can hear is, 'Joy cometh in the morning.' Good-night, Mr. Spaulding, and remember me kindly to Adeline."

III.

When Richard Spaulding came home that night he bore an expression that was new to Adeline. He seemed to be half-sad, something she had never noticed before, and she silently wondered what was on his mind. But she had little opportunity to wonder very long about that

phase of his expression, because she could see something else in his face; and that something else aroused both curiosity and joy in her keenly observing mind. Her father seemed to be a different man that night. Though he had always seemed to her a remarkable man, so much of a man that his nature, during his best moments, seemed almost identical with the "idol of her dreams;" but on that night he seemed to be more of a man than he had ever been before. She could distinctly discern that something new, something greater, something more noble had been awakened in his soul, and she was so delighted that it was only with great difficulty that she controlled her desire to ask how it all happened.

Nothing was said, however, about the change that she observed so distinctly. She did not inquire, and he did not venture to explain. He knew he felt differently, and for the first time in his life he thought he could understand the real nature of his charming daughter. "She is more than clay," he mused to himself; and that is why everybody loves her, nay more, worships her. But why should we not all be more than clay? Are we afraid of that something in human nature that cannot be seen, or weighed or measured? We seem to be, for most of us fail to give a single thought to the recognition and making evident of that something. And yet it is this immaterial something that makes woman beautiful and man great."

Thus he mused and thought and pondered, alternating with frequent prayers of silent gratitude. What a privilege he enjoyed in being at home with beautiful Adeline. How lovely it was to be in her presence, the reigning goddess of his heart. And yet he had said that very day that he wanted to take her around the world in order that he might give her away to some one who possibly would never understand her nature or appreciate her superior worth. Why had he told his relative that he wanted to sell his house? He had never thought of doing so until that very hour they were at lunch. And why did somebody overhear it? Why should that somebody accidentally meet Mr. Whiting the very next hour? Why did it all happen, anyway? How wonderfully strange it all seemed. But he was certainly grateful that it all did happen. He had met Mr. Whiting, which he considered a great privilege. He knew it would mean the turning of the tide for Melville Reardon, and that brilliant young man certainly deserved the very best that this world can give. Besides, he, himself, the rich and successful Richard Spaulding, was mysteriously drawn to those ideas that were to be discussed at the home of the Whitings that night. Why did he want to know anything about those matters? He had accomplished so much. What more did he want? He repeated again and again, "What more did he want?" Yes, there was something more. He had accumulated things; he was surrounded with luxuries; he was living in an elegant mansion; no, he was not living; there was the aching void. He wanted to live; that was the something more that was wanted. On that night he seemed to be on the verge of real life, and the foretaste was creating an intense desire for more. He knew Mr. Whiting was living, not simply existing. He knew that Mr. Whiting had something, whatever it was, that seemed more fascinating than all the wealth in the world. But Mr. Whiting also had wealth, ability, health, a strong, vigorous personality and any amount of common sense. That something was an addition and not a subtraction. Why should not everybody want it? "Yes," he said, almost aloud, "everybody would want it if they knew what it was."

There was but little conversation between Adeline and her father that night. She saw that he was thinking of something very important and she would not interrupt. She had the happy faculty of adapting herself perfectly to anyone's condition or frame of mind, and whatever the occasion might demand, she always looked upon it all as a privilege. She was a real girl, indeed; charming in person, lovely in mind and beautiful in soul. And how supremely happy she was ever and ever looking for *him;* always waiting for the "idol of her dreams." When would he come? She didn't know. Where would she meet him? She didn't know. How would she find him, or he find her? She didn't know. But somehow she felt that something would soon happen to bring her into the presence of her own. And

the thought of that sublime event made her nature so sweet, so pure and so divinely beautiful, that to meet her, though only for a moment, was to worship her memory always.

Since the passing of her mother, Adeline had been the ruling spirit of that beautiful home, and most charmingly did she exercise her queenly function. She ruled as if she were absolute monarch, without making any effort whatever to do so. To simply be in her presence was to be willing, nay more, anxious, to do whatever she might wish to have done. She seemed to carry about her an atmosphere that gave peace and comfort to everybody; and though only twenty-two, she could enter understandingly into a sympathetic attitude with every imaginable trouble in the world; and she could also find the happy word or deed that meant sunshine to all who might come her way. To be with Adeline, just for a few moments; that was enough; and all was well again. But she was not a soul apart from this world. She was thoroughly human in every sense of that term, but the human elements in her nature were so wonderfully blended, that wherever she might be, she was invariably singled out as the one human rose in bloom. And it was such a woman Mr. Spaulding had the privilege to meet every evening as he came home. How could he ever think of giving her away to a mere man? But it was her happiness he had in mind, and he wanted to arrange for her a splendid match. To Adeline, however, a splendid match did not necessarily mean marriage with a rich man's son. It might be that, but it must also be more; and the time was drawing near when her father would discover that priceless treasure that was hidden within the more.

How different was everything in what Melville Reardon called his home. Just a small room on the third floor of a building that had known better days. Nothing much there to invite, to cheer, to inspire. True, he had reasonable human comfort, but he was not living and working simply for ordinary comfort. He wanted to accomplish something. He knew he had the ability. He knew he had the power. That was the reason it was so hard to admit that he had failed. Had it been possible to silence his ambitions, he might have been able to reconcile himself to the mere earning of a living; and he had frequently tried to persuade himself that his ambitions were abnormal, mere tempters that could not be destroyed too soon. But such efforts were in vain. His ambitions and his desires for the great and the extraordinary had been growing stronger every day until they had become almost unendurable. It was therefore not a matter of choice but a matter of absolute necessity that he had resolved, with such tremendous determination, to clear up the mystery of it all upon that eventful afternoon.

He realized this as he was coming home to get ready for a still more eventful night, and asked himself again and again what the reason might be. Why had he not taken steps to solve the mystery of his life before? Why had he waited until he could endure the wild clamorings of his ambitions no more? He had not taken this step himself. He had been forced to do it by the internal warfare of his own desires. But how had he produced those desires? Why had those desires become stronger and stronger until he could not resist them any longer?

He would willingly have destroyed his ambitions at any time for the sake of peace; but he could not; and now they had forced him to do something definite in order that their purpose might be fulfilled. How strange it all seemed, and how interesting it would be to know where those ambitions originated, where they received their power, and how they could become so strong as to dominate the entire life of the man in whose mind they lived and grew. But he would secure the facts in this great matter to-night; and as he thought of the coming privilege his joy was without bounds. He actually counted the seconds until it was time to go, and he found it practically impossible to apply his first lesson—to be calm and self-possessed.

The time to go, however, finally arrived, and in twenty minutes he had reached his destination. As he entered the fashionable Ravona and walked to the second floor to the Whiting apartment, there was a feeling of awe and half dread coming over him, but as the door was opened and

he was introduced to the queenly Mrs. Whiting, all unnatural thoughts and emotions disappeared. He felt at once that he was among friends, and it was the first time he had ever felt that way in his life.

In the past he could never quite believe that his friends were truly his friends. Though he loved them and sought every opportunity possible to be with them, still there seemed to be a gulf between their worlds and his world. They either seemed to be incapable of fully appreciating him, or he seemed incapable of perfectly harmonizing with them. But he had not been in the presence of Mr. Whiting and his wonderful wife for five seconds before he felt that he was now among his own. And how deliciously sweet was the experience. How it rested his soul, and how his thought seemed to blend with the gentle music of the harmonies that played about him everywhere. It was delightful and beautiful indeed. Yes, it was good to be there. He could almost feel the harmony with his fingers and see the nymphs of gladness dance before his very eyes.

The moment he was presented to Mrs. Whiting he felt that he was wanted; not simply welcome, but wanted; and how his soul thrilled with joy as he realized the difference between the two modes of reception. He saw at once that he was in the presence of two superior souls, and he also recognized the fact that their superiority was of higher and finer quality than that which is usually described by such a term. And a hasty glance revealed the fact that everything pertaining to the home itself was in perfect keeping with the quality of that soul that reigned therein. Nothing was extremely expensive nor ostentatiously extravagant; but everything was placed in such a manner that the very climax of exquisite taste was everywhere in evidence.

Mrs. Whiting was one of those women that may be described as "divinely fashioned." She was neither too large nor too small. She was nearly perfect in figure, beautiful in every sense of that term, possessing a remarkable degree of living soul, and having strength, kindness and tenderness most wonderfully blended, both in her nature and in her expression. She was in truth one of the "queens of this earth." She had polish and refinement, intellect and feeling, and was perfectly at home both in the kitchen and in the drawing room. But she did not consider the latter superior to the former, nor vice versa. She could royally entertain the simple-minded as well as the most cultured, for she reached all the octaves on the keyboard of human nature. She could prepare the most tempting dishes that palate had ever known, and render musical selections fit for the gods. But she had a hobby. She had an extraordinary admiration for people that seemed to possess "the promise of something better." When she met people who she thought had something in them, she would single them out, whether they had ever accomplished anything or not, and invite them to her home at every opportunity. It was, therefore, with the keenest of pleasure that she received Melville Reardon into the genial and soothing atmosphere of the Whiting home that night.

"Do you know," she said to Melville Reardon, as she invited him to the most comfortable chair in the room, "that I feel more honored in having you here to-night than the entire retinue of some reigning emperor?"

"Please, Mrs. Whiting," Melville Reardon replied, with cheeks on fire, "do not compliment my presence in such strong terms as that. I shall be utterly at a loss to know what to say in appreciation of such extraordinary kindness. Besides, I am wholly unimportant. I have accomplished nothing."

"Therein you are mistaken, Mr. Reardon. You have already accomplished much. In fact, there are less than ten living men in the world to-day that have accomplished more. Remember, that which is not seen comes first. That which is seen comes later. You will soon know what I mean, and the time is near at hand when you will prove that I am right."

"You may be right, Mrs. Whiting. In fact, I do not doubt in the least that you know exactly whereof you speak. But I must confess, that to me, you are speaking as if in an unknown tongue."

"Very well, we shall not discuss that matter any further just now. We have something slightly different that will require our attention this evening. Nevertheless, Mr. Reardon, I wish to repeat that

I feel more honored to have you here than any monarch you could possibly mention. And you will add greatly to my happiness if you will candidly believe that I mean what I say."

Melville Reardon made an effort to reply to what to him was the most extravagant statement he had ever heard, but before he had the opportunity to do so, there was a peculiar ring at the bell; and Mrs. Whiting arose, her countenance beaming as she stated, in almost a whisper, "Cyril Janos is coming."

IV.

When Melville Reardon came to meet Cyril Janos he expected to see a remarkable man, and he was not disappointed. In fact, he was more than pleased, both with the general appearance and the general demeanor of this exceptional personage who was to lead him out of the desert of failure and despair into the pastures green of cherished ambitions made true. And it was not many minutes after the arrival of this remarkable man before the perplexing problems of Melville Reardon's mysterious life were placed under the light of psychological investigation.

"Will you kindly tell me, Mr. Reardon, if you have any definite ambitions in life?" Cyril Janos began.

"Yes," replied Melville, his whole being on fire with intensity as those ambitions were beginning to renew their wild clamorings within him, "I have two."

"When did those ambitions begin?"

"At about the age of five or six, I think; though one of them began to take shape earlier than that."

"Did you think a great deal of those ambitions at that time?"

"I thought of them almost constantly until I was twenty. I am thirty now."

"Were you very desirous to realize those ambitions, or did your thoughts concerning them take only the form of fancy?"

"My desires to realize those ambitions were intense almost constantly, and at times so deep and so strong that I really did not know what to do with myself."

"But why did you begin to think less of those ambitions after your twentieth year?"

"To answer that question I must tell you what my ambitions were. My first ambition was to wed a woman of a certain type. I used to call her 'the one woman of my dreams,' and she has continued to be true to that name. She is the only woman I ever dreamed about, and she still lives in my dreams. I have never found her. I fell in love with a real girl when I was twenty, and for the time being forgot the queen of my cherished career. Something came in the way, however, and I was prevented, in a very strange manner, from engaging myself to that 'first girl.' I have met a score of girls since whom I thought I could love, but every time something unexpected has happened to spoil it all. It has often seemed to me that a power outside myself has stepped in and stirred up something to prevent me from getting married; though I admit that my soul danced for joy every time one of those love affairs fizzled out into nothing."

"Your experience is most interesting," interrupted Cyril Janos, "and sometime soon I should be pleased to have you relate to me the details in each case. It would give me abundant material for my research. The fact that you were strangely prevented from marrying any woman who was not the exact counterpart of your 'one only woman' is easily explained, however. But what was your second ambition?"

"My second ambition," continued Reardon, "was to be highly successful in a certain special accomplishment. But I prefer not to say what it is. If I realize this ambition you will all know its nature; and if I do not, I should prefer to bury it in my own forgetfulness. It is something, however, that has never been accomplished before, but I know it is possible; and if it were accomplished it would go down in history as one of the greatest achievements of this age."

"But why did you begin to think less of this ambition after your twentieth year?"

"Because I had to begin at that time to earn my own living; and I could find no opportunity to do so along the line of my special ambition. I, therefore, had to take up other work."

"Did you feel congenial in that other work?"

"No, I did not. After I had occupied a position for a few weeks or a few months, I was driven out of it by an uncontrollable desire to do this other thing. I simply could find no peace in any line of work, nor stay long enough with any firm to secure promotion. I had to begin at the bottom wherever I went, but before I was sufficiently familiar with my work to be advanced I had to leave. My ruling ambition would become so strong that life was simply intolerable if I even thought of anything else. Then I would try to do something to carry out this ambition, but before I could accomplish anything, my pockets were empty, and I was driven back to some other work, to begin at the bottom once more."

"The situation is perfectly clear to me, Mr. Reardon. I can tell you exactly what is wrong, why things have happened to you as they have, and how you may proceed to solve your problem. Your two ambitions can be realized; kindly remember that. But when I say so I do not speak in the language of a prophet. There are thousands who have had experiences similar to your own, only your case is what may be called a 'marked case' on account of the largeness and the depth of your mind. We shall explain that later. The cause in each case, however, is the same; and the remedy is the same. This remedy has been applied a number of times and it never fails; in fact, it is one of those things that cannot fail any more than dry wood can fail to burn when placed in the fire. Therefore, when I say that you can realize both of your ambitions, I am not theorizing; I am simply stating an exact scientific principle. You will accomplish that wonderful something you have in mind, Mr. Reardon, and you will find *her*. That is the truth. Then let your soul sing with unbounded rejoicing. You have certainly good reason to be happy, even to dance with unspeakable ecstasy. You have a wonderful future before you; you have the two essentials to such a future; those two essentials cannot fail to produce such a future when they once come together; and when the two exist in the same mind, as they do in your case, they finally will come together."

For a few moments everybody in the room was silent. It was one of those moments when silence alone has the eloquence to describe what is felt in the soul. And Melville Reardon, more than the rest, felt that he had entered a silence as deep as the fathomless sea. Was it true after all that everything he had dreamed about was to be realized? Yes, he believed it was. Cyril Janos spoke as one having authority; besides, he was beginning to feel something within him that seemed greater and more powerful than all the failures he could possibly imagine. True, he had felt that same something many times before; but it seemed different now. At other times it had only come in the form of temporary spurts, but now it seemed to take the form of a calm, determined attitude, fully prepared for tangible action. What did Mrs. Whiting mean when she said, "You have already accomplished much?" Did she mean what he was now beginning to think she meant? Somehow, the mystery of it all was beginning to clear, and he was ready to turn his attention to the scientific analysis of the "cause" and the "remedy."

"Will you now tell me, Cyril Janos," he finally resumed, "where my ambitions originated, where they gained their power and why they have become so immensely strong?"

"That is very simple. In the first place, your mind is exceptionally large and deep. What I mean is that so much of your subconscious is alive. Therefore, any desire or ambition that you might establish in your mind, would naturally gain a great deal of volume and power. In the second place, you gave your two leading ambitions almost constant thought for fifteen years or more. You continued to build up those two ambitions in your subconscious mind until they jointly became almost absolute monarchs in your entire mental domain."

"That is as clear as crystal," interrupted Melville Reardon. "And how simple. I am beginning to see it all now. But excuse my interruption. Please continue," he added, his face literally beaming with eagerness and joy.

"By the time you were twenty," Cyril Janos resumed, "these two ambitions had gathered so much mental momentum that

no circumstance or condition that you might encounter in your life could possibly prevent them from finally having their way. Though they have been partially pacified a number of times during the last ten years, they have come forth again each time stronger than ever. And the fact that they will not be 'downed' is proven by your presence here to-night."

"Oh, but this is interesting," declared Reardon, almost rising from his chair with eager expectation and excited attention. "But tell me before you go further, can the force of a man's ambitions be made so strong as to overcome any adversity that might come in and try to prevent those ambitions from being realized?"

"That is exactly what I mean," Cyril Janos continued. "Fully establish your ambitions in your mind, and continue to build up the subconscious power of those ambitions. In the course of time the force that is back of those ambitions will become so strong that everything must move before it. No circumstance, no obstacle, no adversity can stay its onward march toward the goal it has in view."

"Talk about good news," Melville exclaimed. "That is a thousand times better than anything I ever heard. I am almost ready to shout; but—I forgot—I must be calm and self-possessed."

"And now I am going to tell you, Mr. Reardon, how this law has operated in your own life; why things have happened as they have during the last ten years."

"Yes, thank you a million times, Cyril Janos. That is exactly what I want to know. But I think I can almost guess what you are going to say."

"Your desire to wed 'a certain type of woman' is so strong in your subconscious mind that whenever you fall in love with another type you soon become wholly confused in your feelings on account of the undercurrent of your 'ideal' love trying to draw your affections in another direction. Accordingly, your love making will not ring true; the girl will soon discover this; she will begin to doubt, either in word or in action, and before you know it, you two are having differences, disagreements and possibly quarrels. Or, this deeper desire for the 'one woman of your dreams' may so upset your mind at times that you will say something or do something that will arouse opposition either by the girl or by her relatives. You may say or do these things unintentionally, but the 'break' is made. You lose your suit and deplore the cruelty of fate. Tell me candidly, Mr. Reardon, when you have declared to those other girls, 'I love you,' have you not felt something within yourself speak up and say, 'No, it isn't so?'"

"Yes, Cyril Janos, every time. And, try as I might, that inner feeling would persist. Sometimes it would almost be silent, or be so weak that it was scarcely noticeable, while at other times it was so strong that when the girl before me asked if I loved her, it was with the greatest of effort that I was able to say that I did."

"You now see clearly, Mr. Reardon, do you not, why you have been prevented from marrying some other girl?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"You were not prevented by Providence, or the cruelty of fate or some force outside yourself. It was your own subconscious love for 'your queen' that was so tremendously strong that it would not permit you to go very far in making love to anyone else."

"I understand it all perfectly now. And how wonderful it all is. Yes, and I now appreciate the wisdom of that man who said, 'never pray for what you really do not want, because you may have to take it.' And I am also beginning to understand why we always get what we desire if we desire hard enough and long enough."

"You are getting down to rock bottom, Mr. Reardon, and though these great laws of the human mind work with equal precision in all individuals, it is the man whose mind is fully awake who must exercise the greatest wisdom in their daily application. A man with a deep, strong, wide-awake mind must invariably follow his deepest desires and his leading ambitions. He must work entirely for his ideals. He must accept nothing less, neither in life nor in love. If he does, he will have trouble in great measure."

"But my other ambition?" inquired Melville. "Is all my experience connected with that explained in the same way?"

"Practically so. When you found it necessary to do something else to earn your living, you were trying to draw the

faculties of your mind into new channels; but the force of your leading ambition had such a firm grip upon all your faculties that it was only for brief periods that you could enlist them in other work. When nearly all the power of your mind is moving in a certain direction, and the force of that power is immense, it is not an easy matter to turn even a small part of that power in some other direction. If you try to do so for any length of time, you will create so much antagonism among your own mental forces that life will become a misery. You will have no peace whatever, and all your joy will be turned into depression and gloom."

"That looks all very simple to me; possibly because I have gone through it all. But does this same thing take place in every mind?"

"No, not in every mind, but it does in most minds to some degree. The small mind that has no definite ambitions can turn its attention to almost any occupation with perfect ease; and the same is true of large minds that have no particular aim in life. But any mind, be it large or small, that has a definite aim in life, should begin to work at once for that aim. Otherwise there will be trouble, unhappiness and failure. And permit me to say, Mr. Reardon, that if this principle was universally understood and applied, ninety-nine per cent of the failures in the world would cease to be."

"You are making a strong statement, Cyril Janos; though I confess I am compelled to agree with you. There is a problem, however, in this connection that would have to be solved before most of us could carry out your principle. Suppose a man can find no opportunity to earn his living in the field of his leading aim, what is he going to do?"

"The solution is simple. Let him accept the first and the best opportunity he can find to earn his living, and while thus engaged, continue to prepare the way for his leading aim. The force of your leading ambition will not interfere, subconsciously, with any temporary occupation, if it is thoroughly understood that that temporary occupation is to be simply one of the means through which the leading ambition is to be realized."

"I understand what you mean, and I shall proceed to apply that idea in my own 'temporary occupation;' but if I should not succeed as well as I might wish, may I ask you to explain this matter further some time in the near future?"

"You certainly may; though I wish to speak to you further on this subject anyway at the earliest possible opportunity. To know how to effectually combine temporary necessity with permanent ambition, is one of the great stumbling blocks in human life. It is there that the majority fail. But any person can so adapt himself to a temporary occupation and temporary conditions, as to further directly the real purpose he has in view. And if he will continue, in the meantime, to build up the subconscious power of his leading ambition, the force of that ambition will soon be strong enough to clear the way for its own realization. If a man has a desire to fill a large position, he will not have to remain in a small position very long, providing his ambition to enter the larger position is made deeper and stronger every day."

"Yes, I see it all now, Cyril Janos, and to say that my gratitude to you is without limit, without bounds and without end, is to state it mildly indeed. And I know that I shall have the privilege to come and consult you whenever I may deem it necessary."

"Do not ask me for that privilege, Mr. Reardon. Let me rather ask to have the pleasure to meet you whenever convenient. And do not thank me for clearing up a few mysteries for you to-night. You, yourself, are the cause of your being here at this time; and permit me to state that my meeting with you, and the assurance of your friendship, will mean more to me in the near future than anything else that could have happened. I could tell you this very minute what I refer to, and prove to you here and now that my statement is not extravagant. But there are times when actions speak more eloquently, more forcibly, and more comprehensively than words. And in this case we shall let the action speak. Wait for it. The time is not far away."

V.

The personal interview between what Mrs. Whiting called "the two most remarkable men she had ever known" was brought to a close. Mr. and Mrs. Whiting had continued in silent admiration, but were now invited to take part in the general conversation that followed. This privilege, and Mrs. Whiting called it a privilege, was acknowledged by her in the highest terms of pleasure. She loved to talk, far more so, it was said, than any other woman that anybody had ever met. But she had never been known to talk without saying something.

At the close, however, of this exceptional interview, an interview that was to mark the beginning of some of the greatest achievements recorded in history, the opportunities for Mrs. Whiting's brilliant conversational talents were not as numerous as might have been desired. To comply with his regular habits, Cyril Janos soon found it necessary to take his departure; and after an affectionate "Good-night" to his two most devoted friends and his remarkable new-found friend, he departed for his own home.

"What do you think of Cyril Janos?" asked Mrs. Whiting, in a gentle, expectant tone, as she turned smilingly to Melville Reardon.

"To tell you what I think," he immediately replied, "would require more time than we could spare to-night. There is too much in him to be described in a few minutes; besides, I would rather see him a second time before I give my opinion."

"Very well, Mr. Reardon, but let me give you fair warning. After you have seen him a second time you will think twice as much of him, and it will take twice as long to tell me about it. You see very little of Cyril Janos the first time you meet him. The second time you see far more. In fact, every time you meet him he seems to be twice as large in mind and soul, twice as great and twice as wonderful as he was the time before."

"That seems strange, indeed. And how interesting it would be if all our friends were that way. But to divert to a slight degree, do you not think, Mrs. Whiting, that the marital ills of to-day would readily disappear if such a remedy could be applied?"

"I certainly do," she said, smiling sweetly. "And what is more," she continued, "real wedded bliss becomes possible only when the mind of the man grows greater every day and the soul of the woman more beautiful."

"You have uttered one of the greatest truths of the ages, my dear," Mr. Whiting replied as he came over and kissed her affectionately. "And I know one woman," he added, "that has made that truth a part of herself. If you wish to see her, I shall bring a mirror at once."

"No, thank you; not just now. I would rather talk to Mr. Reardon than look at my own face."

"Why, Mrs. Whiting," Melville Reardon exclaimed, "that is the finest compliment that has ever been paid to me."

"It certainly has a rich and extravagant appearance," said Mr. Whiting, "but if you knew how well Mrs. Whiting loves to talk, the value of that compliment would depreciate quite a little."

"However that may be," replied Mr. Reardon, "I shall accept it at its full face value. And I should be most happy to prolong my visit in order to listen to Mrs. Whiting, but I must say good-night."

"You remember what I said, Mr. Reardon, when you first came here to-night," Mrs. Whiting began, as the full glory of her soul seemed to reveal itself through her tender and brilliant countenance.

"Yes, I remember, Mrs. Whiting, and I shall never forget it, even though there be no end to my conscious existence."

"Well, I wish to repeat it," she continued, "and with added emphasis. And before you leave, may I ask you to be with us next Wednesday evening? I want you to meet two exceptional people with whom I have recently become acquainted; a young man and a young woman; they don't know each other, but they will after Wednesday evening. But that will not be all that they will know after that evening. I mean to tell them something that they never heard of before."

"That would be a foregone conclusion, Mrs. Whiting, no matter whom you might invite. And I shall accept your invitation for that evening with far more pleasure than I can possibly say. But, may I ask

why those new-found friends are exceptional?"

"That is a matter that cannot be explained. You will know when you see them. Miss Mildred Kirkwood, the young woman, is one of those rare souls that have all the admirable qualities that you can think of except one—the power to get what is due her. She is simply giving her life away to everybody with whom she associates, be it in the business world, among her friends, or at home."

"And she gets nine dollars a week for the privilege," interrupted Mr. Whiting.

"She could marry the best man in the world," Mrs. Whiting continued; "and the best man in the world would be in the greatest of luck to get her."

"Then why doesn't she find him and marry him?" asked Mr. Reardon, trying to suppress a smile.

"She doesn't want to. That's the reason."

"She doesn't want to? In that case I can readily understand why you call her exceptional."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Reardon. She would like to, but she doesn't want to."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Whiting? You are becoming mysterious."

"Not at all. I said she would like to, but she doesn't want to. You know there is a difference. I am going to tell her the difference next Wednesday evening. Then she will want to. And she will not want to very long without getting a husband that is fully worthy of such a superior girl."

"I shall be deeply interested to know the difference," replied Melville Reardon, as he quietly thought to himself that he might at the same time learn how to find *her*.

"And Emory Warren, the young man," continued Mrs. Whiting, "is one of those modern philosophers who knows perfectly how to change the present order of human conditions, but does not know how to change his own conditions. I am going to tell him something. He is not satisfied with things as they are; nor do I think I should be if I had to wear the same suit five seasons; though I should blame myself first, and the present social order later on, if necessary. He claims to be able to say exactly where all present systems are wrong, and I admit his arguments are unanswerable as far as he goes. You heard me say 'as far as he goes,' did you not, Mr. Reardon?"

"I did, Mrs. Whiting, and I think I understand what you mean."

"But when he begins to talk to me, he will have to go farther. That will change his mind. You always have to change your mind when you go farther. And when he changes his mind, or, rather, gets a new mind, he will soon have a new suit of clothes. Then things as they are will look better. But he is certainly a remarkable young man. His only fault seems to be that he is always wanting to give medicine to others, the human race at large, but doesn't seem to realize that he needs some of it himself."

"You have planned a most interesting evening for next week, Mrs. Whiting, and I want to thank you again and again for the privilege to come. And now 'good-night.' Mr. Whiting, 'good-night,' your coming to see Mr. Spaulding to-day is to me nothing less than a miracle."

The great day, the greatest day, by a thousand times, that Mr. Reardon had ever seen was almost done, though not quite. One more event, an event that would mean far more than he could possibly have dreamed that night, was yet to transpire before he might refresh his mind in sleep.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Reardon. This is a pleasure indeed."

"Good evening, Mrs. Arnold," he replied, rather coldly, as a strong-minded widow of sixty summers entered the car and came directly to seat herself beside him.

"You are looking better to-night than usual," she continued. "Most of the time you look sad and tired, and, in fact, almost as if you were sick. To tell you the truth, Mr. Reardon, I don't think you are well. You either work too hard, or something. But you almost look happy to-night; though I dare say you don't look that way very often."

"No, not very often, Mrs. Arnold. And if you knew something about my life you would not be surprised at my usual seriousness, or what many call half-sadness.

There are times, however, when I am very happy. Yes, there are times when my joy goes far beyond anything that the average man or woman ever dreamed of. You know, Mrs. Arnold, that I have not been satisfied; you know that I am lonely; you know I have not accomplished what I have yearned for so intensely and so long; you know that for certain reasons every day has been a disappointment and my whole life a failure. You know these things; you do not know the reason why, but you know that I have had nothing in the visible world to give me happiness. But, regardless of these facts, I have moments when my soul ascends to spheres of joy, so gorgeously sublime that a million heavens combined as one would seem insignificant in comparison. And for those moments I would not take all the wealth and all the fame in the world."

"That must be very beautiful, Mr. Reardon."

"Yes, it is beautiful," he replied, thinking to himself how little she understood what he was trying to convey, and wondering why he so frequently told this woman so many things that he previously did not intend to mention.

"But tell me," Mrs. Arnold resumed, "how do you account for these experiences?"

"I did not know until to-night. That and a score of other mysteries have been solved for me to-night. Everything is changed now; and that is why I look so different."

"And what has happened, Mr. Reardon? You will tell me all about it, will you not? There are so few people in the car that no one will hear it if you consider the matter purely personal."

"No, Mrs. Arnold, not to-night. I would not have sufficient time. In a few minutes you will reach your destination."

"That's true. Thank you for reminding me, for I have something unusually important to say to you. I was going to send you a note, but now I can present my message in person. You know I have been thinking a great deal about you recently, and have taken such a deep interest in your welfare. Yes, I have been interested in you ever since I first met you at that dinner a month ago. And when you told me last week about your being so lonely I made up my mind that I would have you meet some nice girl as soon as possible. And the very first girl I thought of was Miss Elviria Cameron. She goes to our church and she is so sweet. Just the kind of a girl you would like; young and pretty; splendid company, full of life, and she has golden hair."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Reardon?" she continued, with a meaning expression in her eye, "deep blue eyes and golden hair."

"Yes, I hear everything you say, Mrs. Arnold," he replied, in a voice that expressed anything but interest.

"I saw Miss Cameron to-day," she resumed, "and I asked her to come to my house Friday night of next week. She will come in the afternoon before it gets dark. You come later. And just think of it, Mr. Reardon, you will have the opportunity to take her home. Now remember the date. I have it all arranged for you. And I know you will promise to come without fail."

Something within him seemed to say, "Don't go," and he had a strong desire to refuse; nevertheless he told Mrs. Arnold he would come, and thanked her most politely for her great kindness.

But as he retired that night he could not help asking himself repeatedly why he had promised Mrs. Arnold against his will. And he could not feel satisfied in the least with what he had done. After such a wonderful day, and far more wonderful night, why should this cloud come over his life when everything had been cleared so perfectly? What did it mean? And what would be the result of his meeting this fair maiden with the golden hair? As he thought of her for a moment, a strange feeling came over him. Yes, he did want to see her, and he was so grateful for the invitation. Then, after a pause, something within him began to revolt; for some strange reason he felt that he must not go to meet that girl. Yes, he should have refused. But it was not too late. This was only Thursday night, and the invitation was for Friday night of next week. He could easily find an excuse and send word immediately in the morning. "No," he finally declared, almost aloud, "I will stand by my promise, come whatever may. I am ready to meet anything now and will positively not

hedge at a single circumstance that may come my way."

With this declaration, the cloud seemed to pass, and his mind again was rejoicing over everything that had happened that day. What a future was before him. And how supremely interesting it would be to watch the development of everything in his life as that future unfolded in its richness and glory. The thought of it all was sweet indeed. Yes, now he could rest peacefully. But here was nature's opportunity. He was thinking of peace and rest. The door to the beautiful land of dreams was quietly opening before him; and as he entered, nature smiled sweetly. Well might she smile and turn her eyes to the heavens with gratitude and joy, for on that night she had produced another man.

(*To be continued next month.*)

Do Unto

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS.

IF there's something good you know
Of another, friend or foe,
Something meriting your praise,
Though it be in little ways,
Something kindly, tender, true,
That will hope and faith renew,
And lead others like to do,
Always tell it!

If there's something ill you know
Of another, friend or foe,
Some mistake that he has made,
And the penalty has paid,
Something better out of sight,
That to drag into the light
Would not aid the cause of Right,
Never tell it!

Whatsoever you may know
Of another, friend or foe,
If the telling of it would
Not result in any good,
Know on you there is no call
To let censure on him fall,
Speak you well or not at all
Of another!

THE MAKING OF A BANK PRESIDENT

How Forty American Bank Presidents, Starting Humbly, Won in the Battle of Success

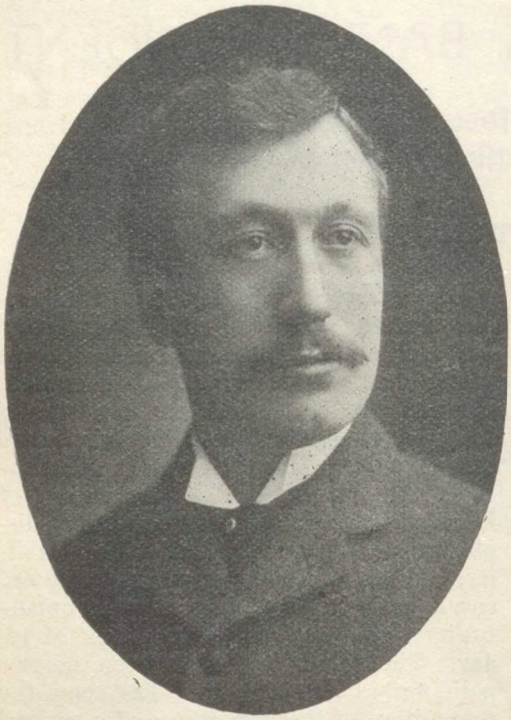
By EVERETT ELMORE.

THE leisurely banking business is sometimes not so leisurely after all. There has long been a popular idea that to become a leader in the banking profession it was but necessary to boast a blue-blooded genealogy and dress well. It has been thought that energy and hard work were things quite apart and out of sympathy with a banking career, and that progress in the profession of money handling was more or less dependent on fate and the strength of the influence that might be brought to bear. But, however true this may be in bank lore, the cold, hard facts tell a very different tale. With hardly one exception, nearly all of the presidents of the nation's large financial institutions began their careers humbly and worked hard and conscientiously before the final triumph came. Some, it is true, have inherited enough influence and power to place them on the top rung almost at once, but the great majority have fought hard for all that they have gained. Their success has almost invariably been achieved only after actual ability has been shown, and as a result in America to-day the presidents of the great banks represent all that is best in American citizenship. But the chief and most damaging supposition to the bank of to-day is the generally accepted idea that the banking profession offers small chance of success and achievement to the young man. It has been commonly and frequently asserted that the banking business offers small opportunity to the young man, and it has also been regarded as an absolute necessity for any young man entering the profession to have first had the benefit of a college education. The story of the beginnings of forty or more of the bank presidents of to-day disproves this belief. It proves also that the bank is, quite contrary to the popular belief, a fertile field for the young man who is seeking his life work. The old days of the routine work and its accompanying laborious daily grind have almost past, and in its stead there has come the demand for a versatility of knowledge. Common sense is fast displacing book knowledge and clerical ability, and as a result the young man of energy and initiative has a golden opportunity ahead of him in the bank of to-day. There is no longer a beaten, narrow path, for in its stead there has come the recognition of the importance of a general knowledge and common sense. And it is this change that has brought the banking business prominently to the front as an opportunity for the business initiate. And it is also why we see in many of the presidents' offices men who have risen rapidly by sheer force alone, an unusual talent for bookkeeping no longer being essential to banking success.

At the present time two men of remarkable youth and boundless ability have attracted attention in the banking world by the rapidity of their strides. One is the youngest bank president in America, and it is believed that he is also the most youthful man who has ever held so exalted a position. The other is but slightly older and even more prominent in the banking world. Both are men who have won by force of merit all that they have achieved.

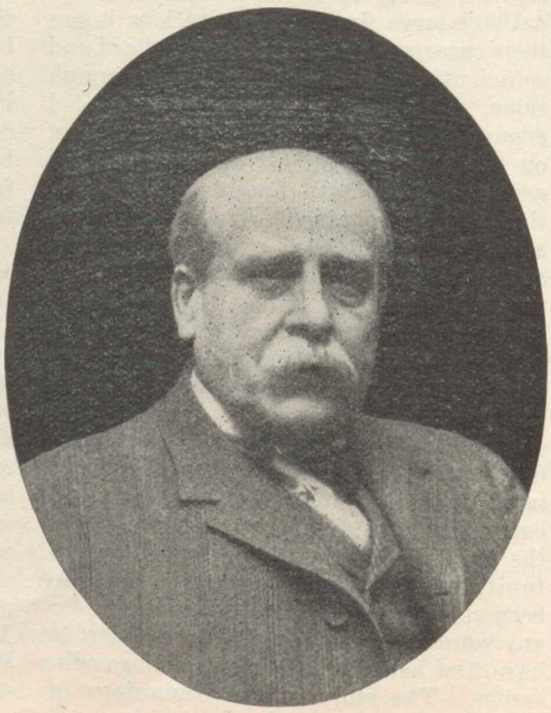
The first of these men is Edward Earl, president of the Nassau Bank of New York. The career of Mr. Earl has been almost meteoric and yet he has advanced step by step. He has passed through nearly all of the departments of the bank

over which he now presides, and there are few phases of which he is not master. Side by side with Mr. Earl in the Nassau



DAVID R. FORGAN.

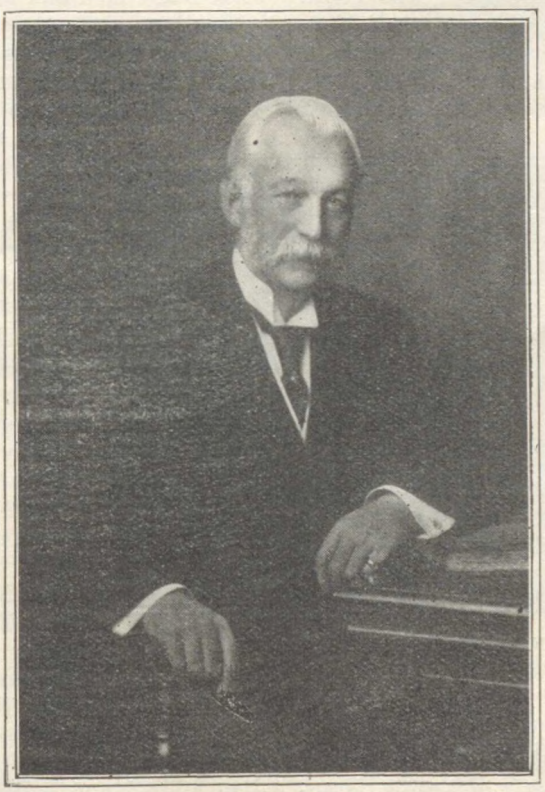
Bank is the oldest living clerk in America—surely a singular coincidence. The oldest clerk is William Wray, and he was an old and honored employe of the New York institution long before Mr. Earl, its president, was born. The comparison between the two men is at once of striking interest. Mr. Wray probably knows more about banks and banking than does Mr. Earl. But there has been lacking in him—according to his own belief—that dominant force that is so much a part of his youthful superior. "How long has Wray been with the bank?" one day asked a director of Mr. Earl. "Two hundred years," promptly replied the head of the bank, who, with his readiness of figures, had risen to be the youngest bank president in the land. And yet there was something strikingly characteristic about this answer, summing up as it did the career of one of the oldest and most honored men in the New York banks. It showed the difference between the old school and the new. Mr. Earl's career has been typical of the new era in the banking business. Born in Elizabeth, N. J., thirty-nine years ago, Mr. Earl entered the Nassau Bank in 1887 as assistant bookkeeper. It was while holding that position that he attracted the attention of Francis M. Harris, president of the bank, and from that time his advancement has been rapid. He occupied with great ability every position in which he was placed and soon became recognized as a man of remarkable initiative. There is hardly a step that he has not taken, but his stops were of short duration. Mr. Earl succeeded to his present position last November. During the long illness of the former president, William H. Rogers, Mr. Earl—while holding the position of cashier—was virtual president of the bank, and carried it through that trying period which will ever be known as the panic of 1907 so successfully that the institution had no occasion to borrow a dollar, but, on the contrary, loaned over a million and a half dollars to less fortunate banks. It was not surprising, therefore—with such a record behind him—



JOHN J. MITCHELL.

that Mr. Earl should have been elevated to the presidency soon after.

Standing alongside Mr. Earl in the limelight of the banking world is another New York financier whose rise has been almost as phenomenal. The man is Frank Arthur Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank. Mr. Vanderlip is a native of Illinois, having been born in Aurora November 17, 1864. He was educated in the public schools, but later took a course in and graduated from the University of Chicago. Having completed his education, Mr. Vanderlip determined to enlist in the newspaper business and became a reporter on the Chicago Tribune. But while Mr. Vanderlip made a success of reportorial work, his natural inclination favored a financial career, and the Tribune, realizing his unusual faculty in this direction, soon made him financial editor. It was this change that started Mr. Vanderlip on his upward march. As financial editor Mr. Vanderlip became an authority on financial matters and was also placed in intimate touch with the needs of the banking world. As a result, together with other men, he conceived the idea of starting a financial paper of recognized worth. The Economist was the result. Upon this paper Mr. Vanderlip was associate editor until 1897, when Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage sent for him and made him his private secretary. Three months sufficed to prove to Mr. Gage the accuracy of his estimate of Mr. Vanderlip's ability and at the end of this time he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury. In this office Mr. Vanderlip became known throughout the United States as an authority in financial matters and many offers were extended to him. It was not until February 26, 1901, however, that Mr. Vanderlip elected to leave the federal service. But a flattering offer—at this time—from the National City Bank of New York finally determined Mr. Vanderlip to resign and he was at once elected vice-president of the great New York bank, which position he has held ever since. Mr. Vanderlip since this time has served as delegate to the International Conference of Commerce and Industry at Ostend, Belgium, and has held numerous positions of public trust. He is a director in a score of banks and corporations and the author of many books, all of which are regarded as authoritative treatises. Combining as he does the versatility of the modern financier with the more conservative methods of the old, Mr. Vanderlip stands out as an inspiring example to the young man of to-day.



JAMES BERWICK FORGAN.

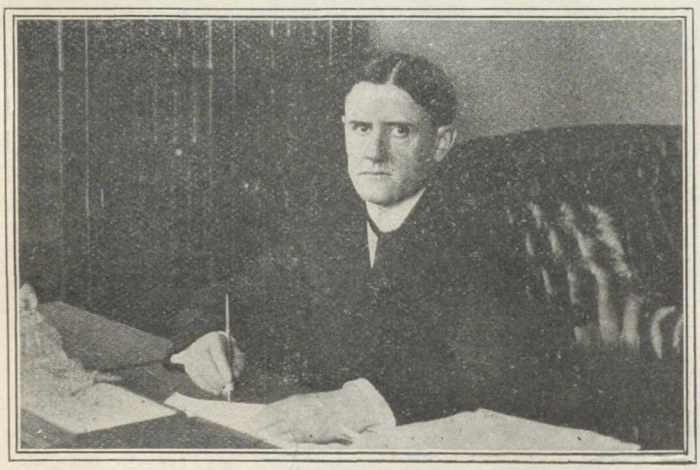
But while Mr. Earl and Mr. Vanderlip have each risen from humble beginnings to positions of high esteem, they are not alone in the banking world as examples of the possibilities for advancement that it offers, proof of which is found in the study of the careers of the great bank presidents of to-day.

Mr. Alonzo Barton Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank of New York and former bank examiner and comptroller of the currency, who to-day is re-

garded as one of America's leading bankers, began his career as a lawyer in a country town, then served a term in the New York legislature, after which he entered his life work as superintendent of the banking department of New York.

William Alexander Nash, president of the Corn Exchange Bank of New York, began his career at the bottom of the ladder, as did George Fisher Baker, now president of the First National Bank of the same city.

Another New York banker who began in a humble position is Valentine P. Snyder, president of the National Bank of Commerce, while James T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National Bank, likewise has passed through all of the stages of bank life.



JOHN WALTER RIDGELY.

Samuel Nelson Aldrich, president of the State National Bank of Boston, is another of the many bankers who began his career as a lawyer, while Stephen Moody Crosby, president of the Massachusetts Trust Company, entered the banking business through the medium of a political career.

Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., president of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston, has the honor of having founded the bank of which he has so long been the head, while Franklin Haven, president of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston, and also of the Clearing House of the hub, is another of the many financiers who began his climb through the practice of law.

The career of Henry Lee Higginson, head of Lee, Higginson & Co., the Boston bankers, is remarkable in many ways. Mr. Higginson first entered the banking business as an employe in the counting house of S. & E. Austin of Boston, after which he went to Vienna and studied music. An honorable service in the Civil War then followed, after which Mr. Higginson reentered the banking business in a humble capacity.

James Berwick Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, was born in Scotland and entered the banking business as an employe in the Royal Bank of Scotland, where he remained for three years. His next step saw him connected with the Bank of British North America, of which he was later paying-teller. Then, a few years later, Mr. Forgan became cashier and manager of the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, where he remained until he assumed the vice-presidency of the First National of Chicago in 1892. Mr. Forgan's brother—David R. Forgan, now president of the National City Bank of Chicago—began his career in Scotland at the age of 15, as messenger in the Clydesdale Bank, after which, like his brother, he rose rapidly through various positions in the Canadian and Minneapolis banks until he assumed the presidency of the Union National Bank of Chicago.

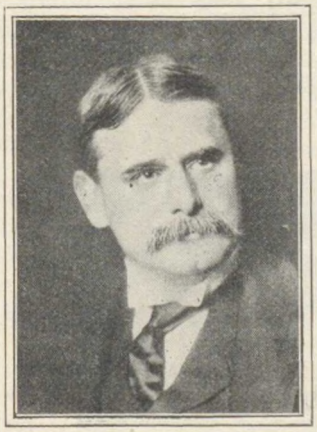
The career of Charles Gates Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, has been especially brilliant. Mr. Dawes worked his way through and is a graduate of the Cincinnati Law School, after which he became civil engineer of an Ohio railroad. Then followed the practice of law at Lincoln, Neb., after which Mr. Dawes became interested in the gas business at Evanston, Ill. In 1896 Mr. Dawes was responsible for the McKinley instructions at the Springfield (Ill.) convention, and was

later made a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican party. Mr. Dawes was Comptroller of the Currency, 1897-1902, since which time he has been president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago.

George Evan Roberts, president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago and former Director of the United States Mint, was educated in the common schools of Iowa and began his business life as a printer on the Fort Dodge Messenger, while Ernest A. Hamill, president of the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago, was likewise educated in the common schools (of Chicago, however) and began at the foot of the banking ladder.

John Vaughan Clarke, president of the Hibernian Banking Association of Chicago, was educated in the public schools and at St. Ignatius and Barnes colleges, after which he entered the banking business in an inferior position in the bank of which his father was president.

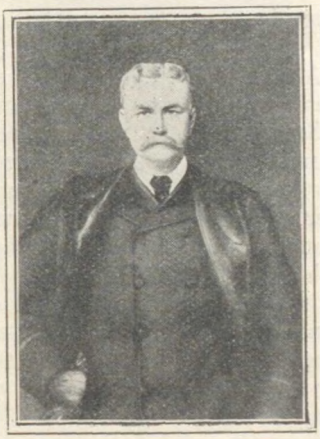
John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, has been connected with the bank since its organization, beginning as messenger boy and rising in seven years to its presidency, which he has held ever since. B. M. Chattell, the cashier of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, has also had a noteworthy career, having risen from an obscure position in the bank.



VALENTINE P. SNYDER.

Few men could have started life earlier or more humbly than did Orson Smith, president of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company of Chicago. Mr. Smith, after a public school education in Chicago, began his business life at 13 as "bundle boy" in the dry goods store of Potter Palmer, after which he became a clerk in the banking house of F. Granger Adams, which later became the Traders' National Bank.

ORSON SMITH.



JAMES T. WOODWARD.

Thomas Randolph, president of the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank of St. Louis, began his banking life as a messenger in the bank of which he is now the head, while his fellow-townsman, Charles H. Huttig, president of the Third National Bank of St. Louis, began his financial career as a clerk in a bank at Muscatine, Iowa.

Alexander Brown, head of the banking house of Alexander Brown & Sons of Baltimore, was a famous athlete while at Princeton and claims that much of his success is due to his early attention to outdoor life. Douglas H. Thomas, president of the Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore, entered the banking business in a humble capacity in the Marine Bank of that city, while James Albert Gary, former Postmaster-General of the United States and now president of the Citizens' National Bank of Baltimore, also made good while young, in an inferior position.

But odder than most has been the career of George Armstrong Garretson, president of the Bank of Commerce National Association of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Garretson has had the distinction of serving in two wars, as well as being

the president and director in a score of great industrial concerns. In the Civil War Mr. Garretson was lieutenant of volunteers (4th artillery) and in the Spanish War saw active service once again as a brigadier-general in the volunteer service.

Charles Carroll Glover, president of the Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C., began life as a clerk in a book store, which position he held for three years prior to entering, as clerk, the banking firm of which he is now the head.

William Hood Dunwoody, president of the Northwestern Bank of Minneapolis, began his business life in a humble position in Philadelphia, after which he moved to Minneapolis, where he entered the milling business.

John Edward Chilberg, president of the Miners' and Merchants' Bank of Alaska and likewise of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, began his phenomenal career as a clerk in Seattle and later engaged in operating a mail route between Juneau and Dutch Harbor.

John Walter Blake, organizer and vice-president of the Texas National Bank, first gained his start through political offices in Limestone County of that state.

William Barrett Ridgely, now president of a Kansas City bank and former Comptroller of the Currency, began his career modestly in the mining business in Springfield, Ill. William Stone Woods, Mr. Ridgely's townsman at Kansas City and now president of the National Bank of Commerce, began his professional life as a physician and later was a wholesale grocer, while Edward F. Swinney, president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, was initiated into the banking business in a country bank at Fayette, Mo.

Richard Holt Rushton, president of the Fourth Street National Bank of Philadelphia, began his financial career as a clerk in the Commercial National of that city.

Francis Brewster Reeves, president of the Philadelphia Clearing House and vice-president of the Bourse, entered the banking business as a clerk and later engaged in the wholesale grocery business. George H. Earle, Jr., now president of the Finance Company of Philadelphia, the Market Street National Bank, and the Tradesman's National Bank, earned his first dollar as a private tutor and later embarked in the practice of law.

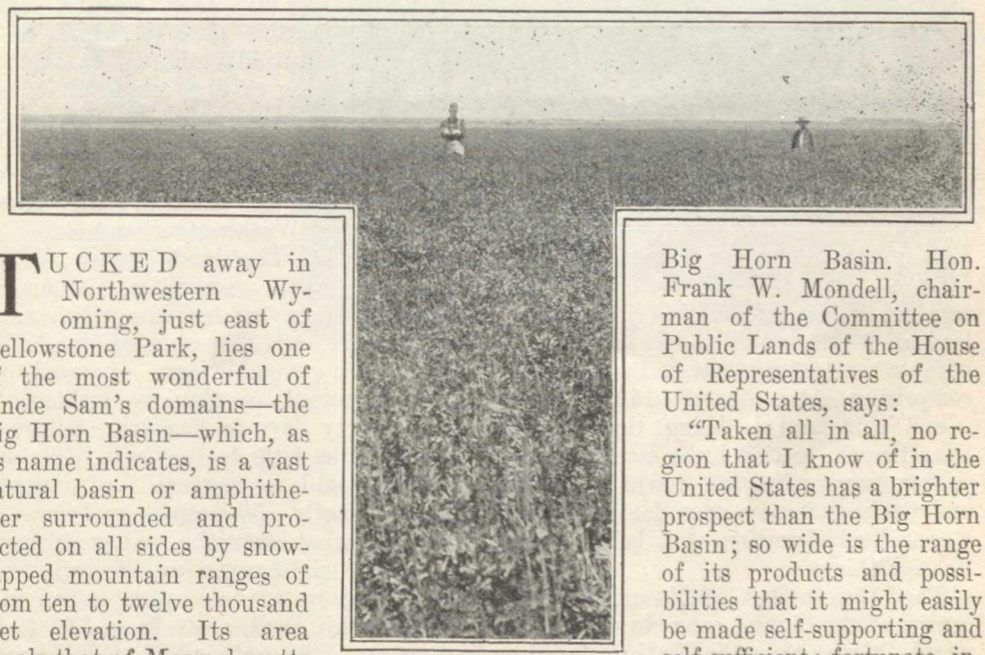
Richard Yates Cook, president of the Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Philadelphia—like his townsman G. H. Earle, Jr.—began his business life as a private tutor, after which he became an importer of fancy goods. Still another Philadelphia bank president—Edward T. Stotesbury, of Drexel & Co.—began earning his livelihood as a tutor to wealthy students, embarking in the banking business when seventeen.

James F. Sullivan of the Market National Bank of Philadelphia, is a native of Ireland and began his business career in the wholesale dry goods business.

The list, of course, is not complete, nor could it be, but a study of the lives of these men shows well the fallacy of many public beliefs concerning the requirements for success in the banking world. And it shows also that while influence and family may enter largely into the making of a bank president, it is not essential. Many—most, in fact—have risen without it.

BIG HORN BASIN OF WYOMING

By FRANK T. MACKENSIE.



IRRIGATED LAND.
A Field of Alfalfa, Near Cody, Wyo.

TUCKED away in Northwestern Wyoming, just east of Yellowstone Park, lies one of the most wonderful of Uncle Sam's domains—the Big Horn Basin—which, as its name indicates, is a vast natural basin or amphitheater surrounded and protected on all sides by snow-capped mountain ranges of from ten to twelve thousand feet elevation. Its area equals that of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined, yet it is all embraced in one county of the state.

The surface of the Basin has an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet and consists of an alluvial soil, very deep and marvelously rich, but until recently entirely useless for agricultural purposes because of the very meager rainfall. Millions of dollars are now being spent to provide artificially the water necessary for the growing of crops. Nature seems to have designed the Big Horn Basin for a great irrigation plant—through its center from south to north flows the Big Horn River, full channeled the year round, which with its east and west tributaries might well be considered the main canal and its principal branches.

Perhaps in no other one section is there so much land susceptible of irrigation and such an abundant water supply combined with perfect climatic conditions and inspiring physical surroundings as in the Big Horn Basin. Hon. Frank W. Mondell, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives of the United States, says:

"Taken all in all, no region that I know of in the United States has a brighter prospect than the Big Horn Basin; so wide is the range of its products and possibilities that it might easily be made self-supporting and self-sufficient; fortunate, indeed, are the people who have cast their lot with that region and who continue to pin their faith to its assured future."

The climate, which to the minds of those unfamiliar with it should be a most inhospitable one, is a revelation. The winters are pleasant, milder than in the eastern states of the same latitude, and are usually open, with only a slight snowfall. The temperature seldom falls below zero and then only for a short time. There are no cyclones, blizzards or severe storms. In the summer time it is never sultry, and the temperature varies according to the altitude; 90 degrees being the average maximum. The lightness of the air, due to the altitude, its dryness modifying the extremes of heat and cold, and the almost continuous sunshine, result in a climate that is invigorating and healthful and enjoyable at all seasons.

The United States Government is spending $7,000,000 in building great

IRRIGATED POTATO FIELD—BIG HORN BASIN.

concrete dams and ditches in order to lead an inexhaustible supply of water to irrigate some of the best of these lands—comprising approximately 150,000 acres—and this land is being thrown open to settlement section by section; the first section surrounding the towns of Powell and Garland is now open for settlement, a considerable portion of it being in cultivation this year.

The Government engineering works consist of the highest concrete dam in the world—higher than the Flatiron building in New York—a tunnel 17,000 feet long driven largely through solid rock, and the necessary canals and laterals through which the water is distributed over the land.

Nearby is located an equally large private irrigation project—that of the Big Horn Basin Development Company—a large portion of the irrigation works of which are already complete and a considerable area of the irrigated land already under settlement.

Near the town of Basin are several other private projects of from 30,000 to 70,000 acres each, a considerable part of which is admirably adapted to the raising of high-grade fruit, especially apples, and by many it is believed that the quality of the fruit raised here will equal that of the famous "Washington" apples.

The lands under the private irrigation canals, as well as those under the Government canals, are all Government lands and the varying conditions of settlement require actual continuous residence of from thirty days to five years before the settler gains title to the land. The land itself is sold to settlers for a nominal price—usually 50 cents an acre—the water is what costs the money; a perpetual water right entitling the owner to a supply of water each year, sufficient to irrigate this land, costs from $30 to $50 an acre. The only additional charge is the settlers' pro rata cost of the maintenance of the canals, from 40 cents to $1 per acre annually.

The Government and the private irrigation companies, all make the payments easy; usually a small amount down and the balance in ten annual installments. Owing to the unusual productiveness of the soil, the excellent quality of the crops, and the high prices obtained for them, the settler is usually able to have his entire indebtedness paid by the second or third year. For the same reasons the farms are much smaller than in the humid regions—a 40 to 80 acre farm being as productive and furnishing as much net revenue as the average 160-acre farm by the old farming methods in use elsewhere.

Alfalfa, that great forage crop of the west, small grains, sugar beets, potatoes, all the fruits which grow in the temperate zone, and garden truck, comprise the principal agricultural products. A crop of alfalfa is harvested from two to four

PRIZE GRAIN AT BASIN, WYO.

times each season and yields an average total of about seven tons to the acre and netting from $15 to $25 per acre; sugar beets will net from $30 to $50 per acre after paying all expenses, while potatoes, unsurpassed in size and quality, grow 300 to 500 bushels to the acre, and bring from 45 to 75 cents per bushel.

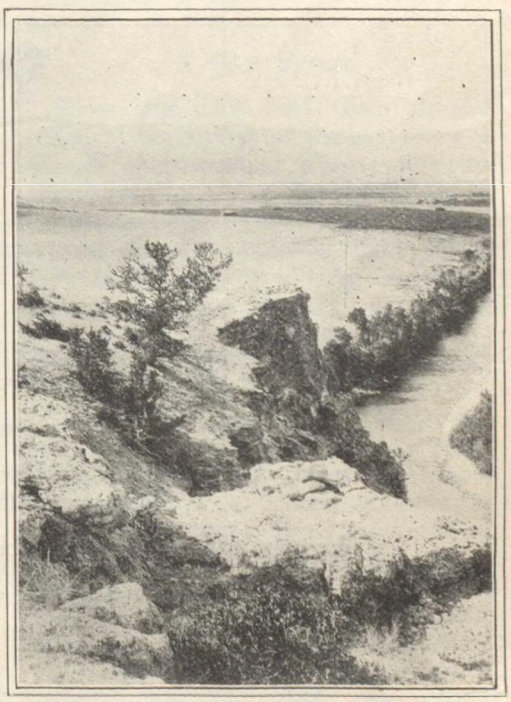
SHOSHONE IRRIGATION PROJECT,
Showing the Dam Site at the End of the Canyon.

One of the great advantages of irrigation in this region is the assured water supply; all the streams rise in Government forest reserves; thus the water sources are protected and the necessary supply assured for all time to come. Another desirable feature is the fact that under the laws of Wyoming water rights will not be granted for a larger area of land than there is sufficient water to irrigate. In other words, there is an absence of lawsuits over the water supply, so frequent in other states not having these beneficial laws.

With its great open ranges on the surrounding uplands, covered with highly nutritive native grasses, upon which cattle and sheep may feed almost the year around, and with the abundant forage crops which are produced in the valleys by irrigation, the Basin will always be one of the leading stock-raising districts of the country.

This wonderful country is developing rapidly. Churches and schools abound. The population is intelligent, God-fearing and law-abiding, and any man out there who is half a man has the opportunity to quickly make himself independent.

Transportation facilities are excellent, one railroad having branch lines running through the heart of the principal irrigated districts. There are good towns, the county seat being the city of Basin, and other important towns being Cody, Worland, Garland, Powell and Thermopolis, at the latter being situated the famous Thermopolis Hot Springs, as notable for their curative properties as the Hot Springs, Arkansas, or the hot springs at Carlsbad, Germany.



THE SHOSHONE RESERVOIR.
After the Completion of the Dam, Lands Here Will Be Submerged 200 Feet.

SOME WYOMING STOCK.

The greatest need of the Big Horn Basin, in common with other parts of the west, is settlers to take advantage of the wonderful opportunities which it has to offer.

Nowhere will the farmer, the home-maker, the tradesman and the small business man find more or better opportunities for acquiring independence, and for establishing new homes under the most favorable conditions in a new and rapidly developing country.

The wonder is that the settlers do not come in greater numbers, for it will be but a comparatively short time, now, before the lands of the entire public domain which are susceptible of cultivation will have been settled upon; and then those who might have taken advantage of those opportunities will find that it is too late.

Expect success and you cause your faculties to work more successfully. Expect the best and you work yourself up to the best.

There are some people that get old trying so hard to stay young.

Go to sleep with a smile on your face. It will beautify the countenance and sweeten the disposition.

We grow into the likeness of that which we think of the most.

Those who are tired of life have not as yet begun to live.

A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT

For the Elimination of Adverse Suggestion from the Public Press, Public Amusements, and from Every Other Factor that Affects, Directly or Indirectly, the Public Mind

Conducted for THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE by the Leading Authorities in the New Psychology

OUR first article of this series, appearing in the June number of this magazine, has attracted considerable attention. Judging from the flood of letters that are reaching us touching upon the subject, we have succeeded in awakening the public mind to a realization of its duties in this very grave matter. In addition, we notice that a number of newspapers have taken notice of what we have said, some of them agreeing with us in the main, while others try to dodge the main issue and take the position that the public's demand for "news" is paramount to the mental and moral welfare of the people who are affected by the adverse suggestions arising from the sensational presentation of certain features of the every-day life of the country at large, and particularly the life of the large cities.

What we have said is but a faint hint of what is to follow. We have merely scratched the surface of the subject. When the public mind has awakened fully to a realization of the potent and awful influence of this flood of adverse suggestion which is pouring forth from a thousand sources, then shall we point out certain particular offenders in this respect. There is no use in approaching this subject in a half-hearted manner. It requires courage and a firm hand. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. The heroic treatment is indicated in the case before us—and we shall apply the same. This Adverse Suggestion is like a malignant growth on the body of the nation, and we shall not hesitate to use the knife upon it.

Before continuing our story, let us take up the matter of the excuse of some of the newspapers that it is impossible to avoid these Adverse Suggestions excepting by actually "suppressing the news, and keeping the public in ignorance." This excuse is a poor excuse, as we shall see.

A Poor Excuse.

Some who have had their attention called to the matter of the suggestive influence of newspaper reports of crimes and criminals, have objected that it would be wrong to debar the papers from the publishing of accounts of these happenings in the life of a large city simply because some people might be adversely affected by them. They say that to do so would be to pursue a policy of hiding one's head in the sand—to refuse to see life as it is. But this objection lacks validity and truth. It may be a part of the duty of the daily press to record the happenings of the police stations and criminal courts—we shall not argue that question, but will admit it for the purpose of showing the real remedy. But the bare record of the police station or criminal courts, such as are printed in a few lines in the case of *uninteresting* and commonplace crimes, have little or no suggestive effect. The only suggestion in such cases is that criminals are pun-

ished, and that crime meets its just deserts.

How Crime Is Made "Interesting."

This is a very different thing from the exploitation of sensational crimes and criminals, such as we mention in these articles. No one knows this better than the newspaper reporter. He knows that the bare recital of the happening of a crime, in cut-and-dried style possesses no *interest* to people looking for sensational things—it is as dry as reading the formal records of the criminal court. The reporter knows that in order to gain and hold the public interest and attention to crimes and criminals, it is necessary to "ginger up" the account, bringing out the sensational details and imparting an atmosphere of gruesomeness and horror. In short, in order for the account to be interesting and exciting, it must be *made dramatic.*

Dramatizing the News.

That is the whole story—the event is *dramatized* in print, and it catches the attention and excites the interest in the same way that the melodrama interests, thrills and excites. And the more that such an account attracts and holds the attention, the greater is its suggestive effect. Every newspaper reporter—every editor—knows the difference between a bare, cold recital of facts, and the sensational, dramatic recital. And the reporter for the journal which caters to the sensational tastes of its readers, strives ever to avoid the "bare, dry statement," and endeavors to bring out the dramatic features of the event, even if he has to draw upon his own imagination to supply these fancy touches. Let the public taste demand that crimes shall be reported in their cold, brutal reality, devoid of the dramatic touches and sensational trimmings, and every reporter would strive to meet the new requirements—and he would succeed well, too, for he knows exactly where the line is to be drawn—he knows this because now he is instructed to get on the sensational side of the line.

Criminals Not Heroes.

There is nothing heroic about the criminal. Those whose business or profession causes them to come in contact with this seamy side of human life know very well how low, repulsive and uninteresting is the personality of the average criminal—how brutal is every crime when seen from the right perspective. Only in novels, plays and sensational newspaper accounts are these people and things endowed with interest and dramatic value. The reporter following his instructions, expressed or implied, endeavors to cast a glamour around the person or thing in question, and his work is as much a work of fiction as is that of the novelist or dramatist. He emphasizes the striking and dramatic features, making them stand out in bold relief, and places the uninteresting and sordid motive and details in the dark background. The sensational criminal—made sensational by means of the newspaper reports—stands out full in the limelight, and, yielding to the vanity always found in criminals, he assumes a pose intended for the public eye.

Morbid Sentiment.

We have known of cases in which sentimental women have idealized the most brutal criminals, sending them flowers and visiting them in their cells, indulging their emotional natures by the exercise of this false sentimentality, and apparently enjoying their share in the glow of the limelight beating upon the criminal. The police understand this matter, and have nothing but scorn for these sentimental, hysterical, emotional creatures. The newspaper men joke among themselves regarding the character of the criminal, and in their hearts detest the whole business—but their news instinct urges them on to spice up each day's account, so that it may cause a fresh thrill of sensational interest to pass down the spinal column of their readers. And it is just this *false* presentation of the facts that gives to these things their harmful suggestive effect. If some writer were able to picture crime and criminals *as they are,* devoid of dramatic emphasis and sensational trimming, they would fail to exert the evil suggestive effect complained of. It is not the *"things as they are"* that have the great suggestive value—

it is the things as they are painted by the artistic brush of the trained word-painter that attract and hold the attention.

The Case of the "Boy Bandits."

A few years ago the reading public of one of our great cities was shocked by the published accounts of the exploits of a gang of youthful highwaymen, or "hold-up men," who committed their crimes in a particularly reckless and heartless style. Not only did the reckless methods employed hold the public attention, but the style of weapons used—the "automatic" revolver, then comparatively new—were described in full by many of the papers, accompanied with illustrations of the manner of using them, etc., thus drawing the attention of people to the peculiar adaptability of the new weapons for the commission of crimes of that particular nature. Some of the papers printed drawings, or photographs, of the scenes of the crimes, the artists employing young men to pose as the criminals and their victims, and thus literally reproducing the actual crime. These illustrations were accompanied by thrilling descriptions of the occurrence, the dramatic element being brought out strongly.

To read one of these accounts was akin to witnessing a thrilling melodrama written around the crime. The result of this sensational exploitation of the crimes was that a number of other "gangs" of young men were organized, who strove to emulate the deeds of the original criminals; and not only in that particular city, but in other cities and towns throughout the country there was a carnival of crimes of a similar character perpetrated by gangs of young men, some of them being mere boys. Many of these imitative criminals were arrested in various places, and their confessions showed that the published accounts of the original crime, and the description of the new "automatic" weapon, had fired their imagination and had inspired them with an ambition to enact similar scenes of crime.

Newspaper Hero-Making.

In the case mentioned the suggestive influence was not confined to that arising from the vivid recital and detailed description of the crime itself, but was extended to the influence connected with the placing of the young criminals on a pedestal of criminal fame—the creation of criminal heroes. These young men were described as the "Boy Bandits," and the accounts of their doings, their life-history, their personal appearance, their "gameness," etc., read like the pages of the most sensational and thrilling dime novel or "penny shocker." Young boys were heard on all sides discussing the matter, and it was easy to see how the minds of a certain class of youths were filled with the idea that these "bandits" were dramatic figures on the stage of life, and in the same class as Captain Kidd, Jack Shepard, Dick Turpin, the James Boys, and similar criminal idols of the youthful mind. Even the capture of the "bandits" served to add fuel to the suggestive fire.

The papers contained long accounts of the behavior and demeanor of the young criminals. Long interviews with them were printed under the names of well-known reporters, and the matter was "featured" in every conceivable way. In the eyes of many people, these young criminals actually took on the character of unfortunate heroes, although their crimes were of the most brutal, cold-blooded nature—the cowardly shooting down of unfortunate citizens without giving them the slightest chance at self-defense. The "bandits" were simply brutal, cowardly, degenerate young thugs, with scarcely a redeeming feature, for the most part. At least one of them, however, was of good family and had been led into the acts by the influence of bad company.

The Seed and the Crop.

At the trial of the young men, the papers again broke loose in an exploitation of their personalities. Their "nerve" was commented on, and the accounts of the trial were followed breathlessly by thousands of youthful readers. Even during the trial the public attention was called to the fact that similar crimes were being committed by youthful gangs. And not until the final act of the drama—the execution of the criminals—was the public attention allowed to wander from the horrible example and suggestive influence of the original act. Even the accounts of

the execution were written along the familiar lines—the young criminals were glorified and heroized as daring, reckless dramatic bandits. It would be entirely safe to say that in that particular city alone there were a thousand young men whose minds were so fired by the suggestive influence of this one series of crimes, and this one set of criminals, to the extent that they were led into the first steps of a criminal career. We do not mean that a thousand young men committed crimes immediately following the occurrence, but we do mean to say that at least that number had implanted in their minds the *ideal* of the "bandit" career, which afterward bore fruit and manifested into action. Inquiry to-day among the police officials of that particular city will reveal the fact that there has grown up a class of young criminals, of greater or lesser degree, whose career was determined largely by the particular case quoted.

Firing the Train.

It must not be said that all of these young men, so influenced, were entirely free from criminal tendencies up to the time they read these accounts. On the contrary, many of them had tendencies in that direction, arising from numerous causes. The dramatic recital of the crime in question on the part of the newspapers, however, certainly served to fire the train of criminal tendencies in many cases. In others it was the extra weight which brought down in the wrong direction the balance of the mind. Many others, especially young men of imaginative minds and adventurous spirits, were filled with the idea that in the career of these young "bandits" there was to be found the element of daring, boldness, adventure and excitement—the lowness and brutality of the crimes being lost sight of because of the glamour surrounding the accounts, and which was placed there by the word-pictures, and illustrations accompanying the same, of the daily press.

The Harvest.

Since writing the above words, our attention has been called to the daily paper of this particular day, in the same city in which the original crimes were committed. This paper contains an account of two young "bandits" (the term being used once more), of 19 and 22 years of age, respectively, who were arrested after having committed a series of "daring hold-ups" (on defenseless and unarmed men, women and children), and after having seriously wounded a couple of policemen in attempting to make their escape. These young men, from the accounts, were not professional criminals, but were young men of bad habits who had "broken loose." Their methods, and the weapons used, bear an almost absolute identity to the original "bandit" crimes above mentioned, and it is very safe to say that they had read and been influenced by the original offense committed several years before. This is not saying too much when it is remembered that the original criminals and the crimes have become traditions among a certain class of boys and youths, who regard the criminals and the crimes as classic examples. So true is this that there was once an attempt to produce a dramatized form of the crime on the boards of the cheap theater, just as the James Boys' career was so pictured. This case is but one of a great number familiar to newspaper men and the police department. We quote it because it is a typical case.

An Odoriferous Case.

No one can overestimate the evil effects, influence and suggestive harm arising from the long, detailed, disgusting newspaper reports of the celebrated Thaw case. Instead of proving a warning and a terrible example to the young mind, it was exploited sensationally and had its effect in instilling vicious ideals and ideas into the minds of many young men and women, boys and girls of the nation, who pored gloatingly over the revolting details as published by many of the newspapers of the time. The "Tenderloin atmosphere" which pervaded the case spread itself like a murky cloud over the entire land, reaching even to the smallest villages and country homes, there to poison and pollute the minds of impressionable young people. One has but to remember the disgusting exploitation of the case and the circumstances leading up to it. One's memory will recall the numerous

photographs of the victim and the murderer, and still more those of the young woman, the wife of the young millionaire, who was the indirect cause of the crime. The young woman's picture, in numerous poses, formed an important feature of the papers of the day, for several months. Every day or so a new one appeared. Her style of dressing was copied by many young women, and her general "make-up" or personal appearance was used as a model by many others.

We mention these latter facts merely as showing how the attention of the young people was caught by the case—what an impression was made on so many minds. There was even a play produced depicting the events which led to the crime, and the crime itself. Can anyone doubt but that this gloating attention bestowed upon the principals and those around them in this case wrought harm in the minds of many young people? Not the least harm was the familiar and ribald allusion to many of the events of the case heard in public and read in the public prints. "Brain Storms," "Exaggerated Ego," etc., became catch words. Filth was displayed and exhibited under the bright limelight of public attention. Dirty Tenderloin linen was washed in the public view. The filth of the sewer was held aloft as an object of public interest and attention. Just as the foul sewer-gas poisons those who live in its atmosphere, so did the mental sewer-gas of this case work its evil effect upon the minds of those brought under its influence. And the latter was even worse than the former, for it is comparatively easy for one to move away from material sewer-gas, but from the mental sewer-gas, disseminated from thousands of daily newspapers, it was almost impossible to escape, unless one refused to read the daily papers at all. Even the best of the papers contained far too much of this filth in the case stated—and as for the less respectable ones, one was inspired to hold his nose when they were within smelling distance.

Suggestive Stage Presentations.

What we have said of the newspaper accounts of crimes, scandals, and similar events is equally true of the stage presentation of these subjects. Now, do not misunderstand us, we are not making a plea for "the elevation of the stage," nor do we hold that for a play to be good it must teach some great moral truth. Speaking for ourselves, we feel that it is not the province of the stage to preach or teach—we think that its proper field is to entertain and amuse. But, equally, do we insist that the entertainment and amusement should be along *normal, healthy lines.* The evil suggestive effect of stage representations arises from the fact that so many of them deal with the abnormal and morbid side of human life, which side is unduly emphasized, dressed up, and presented in an attractive manner by the magic art of the playwright and manager. Things which, if seen in their naked, bare reality in actual life, would excite only disgust and nausea, will, when properly (or improperly) touched up by the skillful brush of the dramatic artist, seem attractive, or at least interesting. And it is from these false pictures that the evil suggestions flow. The public would hoot from the stage certain plays if "things as they are" were pictured in their natural colors and shadings. But, dressed up and touched up artistically, the same plays become the rage and talk of the town.

False Views of Life.

Life as presented on the stage is not life "as it is" at all. People do not act, move and talk in actual life as their supposed prototypes do on the stage. And certainly things do not "work out" in real life as they do on the stage. We see refined, cultured and respectable people in the audience pouring out sympathy upon characters in the play who would be shunned in real life. False standards of morality and life are accepted unconsciously, because glossed over and touched with the clever brush of the dramatist. And thus in a subtle manner the subconscious mentality of the public is impressed by false ideas and ideals which gradually affect their thoughts and actions. New mental paths are traveled in following the action of some of these plays, and when the occasion offers, the effect of these subconscious mental habits becomes apparent. It is always easy to do a thing which we have first performed in the imagination—

all psychologists will testify to the truth of this statement. And these mental paths are actually produced by the repeated witnessing of, and entering into the spirit of, some of these latter-day plays.

Suggested Habits.

A married woman who would shrink at the flattery and advances of a man other than her husband may become accustomed to the idea, unconsciously, by seeing similar things enacted before her frequently in plays. If the time comes when she is approached in a similar manner her instinctive resistance has become weakened by her repeated traveling over the mental path in following the course of plays, or the action of novels, and the thing has lost half of its horror for her. It is not necessary for a person to repeatedly perform certain actions in order that they may become "habitual"—the imagination will perform much of this work for us if given the opportunity. The man who becomes mentally familiar with the idea of speculating with his employer's funds establishes a new standard of "least resistance" when the opportunity presents itself. All of this is especially true when the idea and action happen to be rendered attractive and dramatic, as in many novels and plays.

A Typical Case.

There was a sad case reported in the journals of a large city during the present year. Two boys, in their teens, were placed on trial for the murder of their father. It appears that the father came home drunk and began to swear at and threaten the mother. The boys were perfectly justified in restraining him, and had they called in the police they would have been within the limits of right action, for the man had placed himself outside of the ordinary domestic relations by his actions, although it does not appear that the mother was in any actual danger of physical violence. But the boys were not content with acting as indicated. Instead, they threw the old man down, and while one held him the other killed him with a hatchet. When they came to trial, they seemed to lack any perception of the seriousness of their offense. They seemed surprised that the judge, lawyers and jury did not regard them as heroes, and they evidently had expected a triumphant acquittal and a reception from the public. Instead of this they were found guilty of murder. They seemed perfectly dazed at the result, and it appeared to them that everything was topsy-turvy.

An investigation of the case by someone who was attracted by the strange actions of the boys brought to light a startling state of affairs. From conversations with them, inspired by confidence, it appeared that the boys had several weeks before *attended a play in which a drunken father was killed by his sons in a defense of their mother's life.* In the play the boys were held to be justified and were made heroes. The boys said that after seeing the play they had agreed among themselves that "the next time father comes home full and pitches into mother, we will *get him*"—and they acted upon this preconceived plan inspired by the glamour of the cheap melodrama they had just witnessed. The report added that an effort, likely to be successful, was being made to have the sentence adjusted so that the boys would be placed in a reformatory instead of the penitentiary.

Adverse Suggestion in Plays.

The presentation of plays like "Jesse James, the Outlaw," "Jack Shepard, the King of the Thieves," "Dick Turpin, the Knight of the Road," and others of the kind are sources of the worst possible kind of adverse suggestions calculated to affect the mind of impressionable boys of an adventurous type. The police of the large cities will tell you that many of the youthful offenders have undoubtedly been started on their course by the suggestions contained in plays of this kind, and cheap, trashy, "blood-and-thunder" novels. Of course, the police do not use the word "suggestion"—they are no psychologists—but they leave no doubt in the mind of the person who interviews them on the subject. We may present the views of some leading police authorities on this subject in a later article of this series. It would make interesting reading, although not calculated to please those who wish to take only a rosy view of the world.

Suggestive Glamour.

We remember a few months ago two boys were arrested, charged with throwing cobblestones at a policeman. They were small boys, so small that their heads did not reach to the level of the police magistrate's desk. They admitted their offense, and said that they had thought it would be "great fun to do up a policeman," *they having witnessed a similar scene in a moving picture show.* The policeman assaulted, seeing the nature of the offense and the causes inspiring it, pleaded for mercy for the lads, and they escaped on a suspended sentence, accompanied by a sound lecture addressed to their parents. Many a poor working-girl has taken the first steps to her ruin by reason of the sentimental interest aroused by witnessing some trashy play in which a poor working-girl wins a richly dressed admirer, who turns out to be a son of a millionaire. The result of the police investigations into the "White Slave Traffic" shows that there are hundreds of these "richly dressed" pseudo-millionaire's sons who make a business of arousing the sentimental interest of young girls in the country, and in the poorer districts, and leading them to elopements to the large cities, where they are sold to the keepers of infamous resorts. These girls, as a rule, are not vicious or immoral—they are simply emotional, sentimental and impressionable, with minds filled with rubbish about Prince Charming in the shape of a "richly dressed" and smooth-tongued stranger, which is acquired from the novels they read or the plays they have witnessed.

The Cheap Picture Shows.

In Chicago and other large cities of the country the police have been compelled to interfere with the cheaper moving picture shows, ordinances having been passed to prohibit the picturing of scenes and actions of crime and general immorality. This not because the police are overparticular about such representation, but because the police courts were filling up with youthful criminals whose actions had been inspired by scenes of successful burglaries or "hold-ups" in which the perpetrators had been heroized. In some of these scenes every detail of the crime was shown, and, as one police official has said: "They give a five-cent course of practical instruction in crime." It must be added, however, that the better class of the managers of these shows have realized the public condemnation of such things, and that the entire moving picture business would be injured if the evil continued unchecked. Accordingly, they have organized a censorship among themselves, which taboos and restricts pictures of this class. Without understanding the psychology of the thing, many persons have brought a pressure to bear on the various city governments with a view of curing, at least in part, the evil suggestive influence of the cheap shows.

The "Reason."

An understanding of the psychology of suggestion would throw much light on many of the things we have mentioned, and it seems a pity that those in charge of the public welfare cannot be taught the "reason" of these effects, which are so apparent to them. An understanding of the real cause would help to prevent the evil effects. In this case, as in many others, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The Comic Supplement.

We had intended devoting considerable space in this article to the subject of the "Comic Supplement" of the Sunday newspapers, but since we wrote the previous article of this series we notice that there is now under way a movement among the leading newspapers to do away with the objectionable features of these supplements. The *Chicago Tribune* has eliminated from its Sunday supplements the cartoons representing the practical jokes, horse-play and "bad children" activities to which so many thoughtful people have objected. We notice that quite a number of other leading papers are preparing to follow the example set them by the journal named.

There was nothing essentially vicious in the complained of pictures, but they undoubtedly acted in the direction of establishing ideals in the childish mind which were far from desirable. The pictures which made heroes and heroines of

children who played "rough house" and who perpetrated cruel and brutal practical jokes on other children, and upon their elders, certainly gave suggestions of a regrettable nature. To those who may feel like smiling pityingly upon a mention of this subject, or who may feel that any objection of this kind could emanate only in the minds of some hypercritical visionaries or sentimentalists, we would say that the records of some of the city hospitals will show cases of serious injuries which have been caused to children and adults by children imitating the pranks which were held up to their view in the comic supplements of the Sunday papers. Pulling the chair from under people; tripping people up by means of ropes stretched across paths; dropping flower-pots from flat windows upon the heads of passersby on the pavements below; setting off cannon crackers under chairs, and similar practical jokes, may seem slight offenses to these people, but when one remembers the cases of injured spines, broken limbs and cracked skulls of record in the hospitals, one may take a different view of the matter.

Sane and Insane Fun.

Healthy animal spirits are not bad for children—no sane person would wish to raise a generation of little prigs, hypocrites or "high-brows," in place of the normal, healthy, active youngsters that we know so well—but this does not follow from an attempt to withdraw from the child's attention and interest *heroized* youthful practical jokers of the "Katzenjammer" type. We read in a paper recently of a young hopeful who, inspired by the "funnies" in the Sunday paper, placed in the kitchen stove an old bomb-shell (a relic of the late Spanish War) for the purpose of "having some fun with the cook." The cook was saved, fortunately, but the range was destroyed, the kitchen walls blown out, and much good furniture destroyed by fire. The child was reported as merely a mischievous youngster of seven, lacking an adequate perception of the consequences of its act. He had seen some roguish imps "blowing up things" in the Sunday papers, and he tried to emulate the feats of the pictured heroes.

We remember seeing some boys trying to cut a piece of fire-hose in use at a big fire, merely "to have some fun out of the firemen." The previous Sunday a similar scene was pictured in a comic supplement. It is not necessary to make mollycoddles of children in order to have them manifest at least a degree of sanity in their pranks. And anyone who understands anything about the psychology of this childish mind needs no proof of the possible and probable effect of some of the "funnies" in the Sunday supplement. As we have said, however, the newspapers themselves are now working to remedy the fault complained of—because of the pressure brought to bear upon them by parents who have seen a thing or two of the tendency of "ideals to become real"—of "thought taking form in action." To make "fun" out of the pain and misfortunes of others is a sign of a low order of humor—surely there are better subjects for the "funnies" than such things.

THE way to achievement does not originate in any one particular power or attitude or mode of action. It is the fullest and best use of everything that counts for the most in the long run. The man who declares, "this one thing is the secret," does not know whereof he speaks; and if you will investigate, you will find that he has not, as yet, reduced his "one only secret" to practice.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE MAKING GOOD

Little Sketches of Big Personalities

William Woodville Rockhill

IT is sometimes difficult to figure how the work of one man can be crowded into the pages of a single lifetime, and Mr. William Woodville Rockhill—the new ambassador to Russia—is just such a man. It is difficult to know just where to begin in the narration of the life of this man. His activities have been so many and so diversified and his successes so great that it is with difficulty that the casual observer can fully grasp the full meaning of them all. Primarily he is a man of boundless, inexhaustible energy. But he is also a man of hard-headed, old-fashioned business ability. Then, too, he is a statesman of worldwide fame, while —towering, possibly, above these—he is yet a scholar.

William Woodville Rockhill was born in Charles Street, Baltimore, Md., in 1854, and removed very early to France, where his education was received. In France he studied thoroughly the Sanskrit, Chinese and Thibetan languages, and comparative philology—first in the Lycee Bonaparte in Paris and later in the College of France. In 1871 he was enrolled as a student at the Ecole Militaire of St. Cyr. When he was graduated in 1873 he was given a commission as lieutenant in the French army in Algeria, and served in that country until 1876, when he resigned and returned to America. After a short stay in America, however, Mr. Rockhill returned to France to resume his oriental studies. In 1884 he was well prepared for the diplomatic post of second secretary of the American legation at Peking, to which he was appointed by President Arthur. A year later President Cleveland advanced him to the post of secretary of legation, in which capacity he served until 1888. It was in the last-named year that Mr. Rockhill began the work that was to make him famous. Resigning his diplomatic post, he started on a journey through mysterious Thibet and Mongolia, for which he had prepared himself by a thorough study of the spoken languages of China and Thibet. He reached the eastern region of the latter country and surveyed more than 1,700 miles of these unknown lands. On his return he published the results of his investigations under the title of "The Land of the Llamas," which book is an authority in its line. But Mr. Rockhill was too restless and too ambitious to remain long idle, and so—while this volume was yet on the press—he set out on a second journey through the same lands. He was gone one year, traveled over 30,000 miles, and upon returning published his observations in a volume entitled "Diary of a Journey in Mongolia and Thibet." For his research work Mr. Rockhill was at once re-

warded with the Victoria Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society and was elected an honorary member of several learned institutions and societies in Europe and America. In 1893 Mr. Rockhill was appointed head clerk of the Department of State, in 1894 third assistant secretary of state, and in 1896 assistant secretary of state. Following conspicuous service in these capacities Mr. Rockhill was assigned to the position of director of

WILLIAM WOODVILLE ROCKHILL.

the Bureau of American Republics—a position that he held continuously until 1900 and intermittently since. In July of 1900, at the time of the Boxer troubles in China, Mr. Rockhill was sent by President McKinley as a special commissioner to effect the conclusion of a treaty with China, which was made necessary by the complications that followed the uprising in the great eastern empire. Soon after this Mr. Rockhill succeeded Mr. Conger as minister of the United States to China. Previous to the work already outlined, Mr. Rockhill had been charge d'affaires in Korea (1886), and minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia in 1897. For the last three years Mr. Rockhill has been ambassador of the United States to China, and it is only the importance of having a man thoroughly familiar with the eastern situation at the St. Petersburg post that has persuaded President Taft to transfer the famous American diplomat and scholar from Peking to Russia. It is also said on high authority that President Taft, in sending Mr. Rockhill to Russia, is merely preparing him for a cabinet position, and it is freely prophesied in Washington that the secretaryship of state will some day be within his grasp. Surely a career such as his has been is deserving of a place high in the service of the nation. For Mr. Rockhill—wherever he is placed and however high he may get—will make good.

Mme. Lillian Nordica

WHEN the King of England reserves an entire section at the opera house that he may listen to the voice of an American prima donna it is considered proof that the singer so honored ranks among the great artists of the world. This is not because King Edward, himself, is a valuable critic, but because his official dignity makes it incumbent upon him to honor only the best. And so his action in having reserved an entire section that he might applaud Mme. Lillian Nordica is but another evidence of the greatness of the American operatic star.

But while the musical world shared with Mme. Nordica last month in the appreciation of the honor thus tendered her, there was yet another—and more important—reason why the American prima donna became one of the most talked about women of the month. The second reason was found in the fact that Mme. Nordica announced with much conviction her sympathy and allegiance to the suffragist cause and went upon the lecture platform that her views might the better be expressed. Her candid avowal was but typical of the character of the American woman who has become one of the most

beloved women on the operatic stage. Mme. Nordica has always had the courage to fight for her convictions, and so—in her new allegiance—the suffragist ranks feel that they have gained a valuable ally.

Mme. Nordica is an American by birth. Her maiden name was Lillian Norton, and she was born in Farmington, Me., of the good old New England stock. But the family, when Lillian was quite young, removed to Boston, and it was there that the singer was reared. Her parents were not musically gifted, and Mme. Nordica herself, in describing their opposition to her musical career, said: "My parents' opinion of music was that it was airy, inviting art of the devil, used to tempt men's feet from the solemn path of right." Thus discouraged in infancy from the cultivation of her voice, which was early proved of unusual qualities, many girls would have become discouraged, but not so Mme. Nordica. Instead she argued long and patiently with her parents, and finally won them over to her cause. The result was that Lillian was allowed to become a member of a church choir in Boston, where her yet unmatured voice was at once recognized for its possibilities. But even with this start Mme. Nordica found herself greatly handicapped. She was too poor to rent a piano and so contented herself—in her practice work—with a pitch pipe, which had been presented to her by a friend. But it soon became necessary for Mme. Nordica to do something toward the family support, and so, with the fortitude that has characterized her life, she became a shopgirl in Boston's army of women workers. It was while standing in a store in Boston that the tide in her life came. She had been in the habit of singing softly to herself of an evening, after the store had been emptied of customers, and she was employed in arranging her "stock" for the night. It was on one such occasion as this that a late purchaser, who happened to be an apostle of voice culture, heard her singing, and, realizing that she had a future before her, offered to give her lessons for nothing. She accepted the offer and studied under him for two years, practicing with her pitch pipe during meal hours. At the end of this time she was able to appear at a concert and earned enough money to rent a piano. After three years more of hard study, in which she was aided by her family and friends, Mme. Nordica sailed for Europe—studied there for two years—and then, returning, made her first public appearance in Boston.

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.

But, possibly because she lacked the stamp of foreign approval, she narrowly escaped being hissed off the stage. But in the face of this discouragement she went to New York, where she was more warmly received. Still dissatisfied with herself, Mme. Nordica went back to Europe, where she studied the leading soprano roles in the standard operas, and, taking a new name, soon began to make a reputation for herself.

Her success at Bayreuth put the finishing touch upon her reputation as a singer of unusual talents. She was the first American prima donna to appear in these celebrated performances and she was the first singer of any nationality to elicit in that usually conservative place a public demonstration of enthusiasm. On the occasion when Mme. Nordica appeared as Elsa in "Lohengrin" a number of persons in the audience were so impressed by the superb manner in which she led the immense chorus and orchestra through the grand finale of the last act that a score or more of them rose to their feet and cries of "Bravo!" were heard from many quarters of the hall. When Mme. Nordica returned to America to sing with the Metropolitan Opera Company she was rapturously received both in New York

and Boston, and, with her generous impulse, she quickly forgave the latter city the snub it had previously given her.

The success of Mme. Nordica since that day is too well known to bear of repetition. To-day she earns a yearly income exceeding $100,000. Such is the story of the Massachusetts girl who has risen in but a few years from a shop girl in Boston to one of the great vocal artists of the world. It is not surprising, therefore, that King Edward should reserve a section in order to hear her sing, and neither is it remarkable that a woman of such indomitable pluck should be welcomed as a leader in the suffrage cause.

Twentieth-Century Portia of France

FOR the first time in the history of French law, a woman stood alone among the red-robed judges of the Paris Law Courts a few days ago pleading in her own right, as legal counsel, the cause of another woman who was being tried. The young woman was Mlle. Helene Miropolsky, a talented young lady-barrister who had just previously been granted the right to practice in the French courts. It was no wonder, then, that the Palais de Justice in which her first appearance was made was crowded on this day with an eager public and that all the other counsel—young and old alike—who were not engaged in other cases that day, thronged to witness the ordeal of their young lady colleague.

Mlle. Miropolsky was clad in the sober black gown and white bib of counsel, but without the medieval bob-wig so common in most European courts. She appeared neither overawed nor outwardly nervous, and yet she must have encountered strange feelings as she stood before the most exalted body of France—the first of her sex in continental history. Mlle. Miropolsky on the day of her first appearance in the Palais de Justice had just celebrated her twenty-first birthday. And yet there was something so strong and appealing in her personality that the whole courtroom was moved by the advent of a new element in its midst. Even the Public Prosecutor, her adversary, unbent from his stern mission as the avenger of justice and made a graceful little speech in which he eulogized the courage of the girl-lawyer and welcomed, happily, his learned friend at the outset of her legal career.

He dwelt at some length on the fact that Mlle. Miropolsky was the first woman who had ever had the fortitude to embrace the practice of law in France, and he extended to her in the heartiest style the best wishes of the state in her chosen work. In response Mlle. Miropolsky said little. It would have been unlike her if she had not. For years she had studied quietly and earnestly in the law and only a chosen few had known of her ambition. And so quite consistently she felt no need of speech-making on this day—the crowning one of her life. She was rather content to save her energies for the legal fight she knew lay before her and pin all her hopes for success directly upon its outcome.

The case that Mlle. Miropolsky was called upon to defend was a peculiarly trying one and many a lawyer would have viewed it as impossible. But Mlle. Miropolsky was there not for defeat, but for victory, and so the courage that had already won for her so much held her in good stead. Her eloquence rose to great heights at times and when she concluded and a favorable decision was announced it was not surprising, perhaps, that the greatest lawyers of France crowded around to offer their congratulations. It was the triumphant debut of the first woman lawyer of France; the realization of a hope and ambition that was fulfilled. But Mlle. Miropolsky was not yet through. The very next day she won even a more notable case and again the plaudits of all France were given her.

From these two initial cases Mlle. Miropolsky's fame spread rapidly and she has already reached a degree of celebrity that many eminent barristers have never attained. She is determined at present to devote all of her energies and time to her own sex, but whether or not this will be possible is a question that time alone can decide. Already her services are in constant demand and many men as well as women have pleaded with her to take

up their cause. Mlle. Miropolsky is handsome aside from being intellectual—being a brunette with fine dark eyes. She is possessed of a wealth of black hair which protrudes strikingly from beneath her toque—making her a woman pleasant to look upon quite aside from her legal talent.

She is a young woman who has taken every advantage of a most remarkable opportunity. Practicing in Paris today there are but twelve hundred lawyers, fully half of whom never don the robe. Mlle. Moropolsky was one of the first to realize the possibilities to be gained from a knowledge of this fact. As a girl she attended the sessions in the Palais de Justice and became remarkably impressed with the opportunity for a woman lawyer in Paris. She heard there day after day the pleadings of men in behalf of her sisters and she realized that a woman could accomplish more in such cases than a man. So she set to work. Her parents were not wealthy and her means for procuring an education were for this reason limited. But Mlle. Miropolsky was not to be discouraged in this way. As a girl she made the most of her time. She did "odd" jobs for people, saving all the time, that she might acquire the education she needed. Finally, by the closest economy and the greatest energy, she had amassed enough to allow her the purchase of a few books. These she devoured thoroughly almost memorizing a large portion of them. Then she worked more and bought more books. Having gained by study and application all she could from these, she entered college and matriculated into the regular law class. People scoffed and laughed at her. But Mlle. Miropolsky kept right on. Last year she passed with high honors the bar examination and was admitted to the practice of law. To-day—at the age of twenty-one—she stands out conspicuously as a leading lawyer of France and the only woman lawyer in the history of southern Europe. Her success seems fairly well assured and the very men who scoffed at her five years ago are encouraging her now in her battle for legal honors. And, incidentally, they are advising many of their young women friends to follow her example. Already she is known in the court circles of France as the "Twentieth Century Portia," and her title seems none too large for her to fill. And Mlle. Miropolsky is as yet but twenty-one! Here is inspiration, indeed, for our young women.

MLLE. HELENE MIROPOLSKY.

Hon. Oscar S. Strauss

THE recent appointment of Mr. Oscar S. Straus of New York as ambassador to Turkey has once more brought prominently before the nation a man whose life has been especially replete with energy and advancement. It is a sign of actual and striking ability when a man — naturally retiring — is forced out of his retirement in order to accept a responsible public trust, and yet such is the position of Mr. Straus. The insurrection in Turkey and its accompanying complications made it necessary that the best man in America be found to represent this nation in the trouble-racked city of Constantinople. American prestige was seriously threatened unless the right man for the place could be sent to the Turkish capital. Fully appreciative of this fact, President Taft last month set to work to find the proper man. A glance at those available soon convinced him that there was one man who stood out, head and shoulders, above the rest

The man was Oscar S. Straus. At first Mr. Straus was reticent to accept, but the importance of the work soon touched his patriotic side, and so—as he had so often done before—Mr. Straus once again forsook his private interests that he might answer his country's call. And so—as a result—the interests of America in Turkey will be looked after, once more, with a watchful eye.

Mr. Straus comes of a distinguished family. His brother, Isidor Straus, was a former representative in Congress, while another brother, Nathan Straus, has been a leading figure in the municipal affairs of New York City. The early life of Mr. Straus was spent in Georgia, his family moving when he was quite young to Talbotten, in that state, where he remained until his thirteenth year, when the family removed to Columbus, Ga., remaining there until the close of the Civil War. It was then that the other move was made, the one that took the Straus family to New York. Here, after a fight against the hardships of life, Lazarus Straus ultimately founded the importing house of L. Straus & Sons. It was about this time that Oscar S. Straus matriculated into Columbia University, from which he graduated among the first honor men. After graduation he attended the Columbia Law School, from which he received a diploma in 1873. So well had Mr. Straus done in his law course that he was at once recognized as a lawyer of extraordinary ability, and he at once began the practice of law in the firm of Hudson & Straus. But this firm was soon succeeded by Stern, Straus & Thompson, his partners being Simon Stern, the distinguished authority on international law, and David G. Thompson, well known as the author of many works on metaphysics. But Mr. Straus worked so hard during the next few years that his health became impaired and as a result he retired in 1881 to become a partner in his father's firm, of L. Straus & Sons. In this business he again made good and became as prominent in the business and commercial life of America as he had previously been in the legal world. In 1884 Mr. Straus entered politics for the first time, having determined in his own mind that the election of Grover Cleveland was necessary to the welfare of the country. To further this end he organized the great merchant's movement in New York, and became at once a prominent figure in eastern politics. The election of Mr. Cleveland followed, and there are still many who claim that it was largely a direct result of Mr. Straus' work. However that may have been, Mr. Straus himself was content with the achievement of his object and retired at once to his favorite literary pursuits. But Mr. Cleveland was determined that Mr. Straus should not go unrewarded, and as a result appointed him minister to Turkey in 1887. Upon becoming minister Mr. Straus' first action was in behalf of the American schools and missions, many of which had been closed, but through his influence they were all soon reopened. When Mr. Harrison's administration came into power, Mr. Straus resigned.

But he was too good a man long to remain out of public service, and so when President McKinley was casting about for an ambassador to Turkey he was quick to choose Mr. Straus as the most eligible man in sight, and sent him back to Constantinople. This action at the time was considered an unparalleled tribute to Mr. Straus' actual merit—it having been one of the few times when a Democrat had been so highly honored by a Republican president. The *London Times,* in commenting upon Mr. Straus' reappointment, had this tribute to pay him at the time: "Mr. Straus has probably the most extensive knowledge of all American ambassadors abroad." Mr. Straus served in Turkey from 1898 to 1901, when he retired from the position in order that he might succeed ex-President Harrison as a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague. Here again Mr. Straus served with great brilliancy, drawing upon himself the favorable comment of all of Europe. But even this position was considered too insignificant for a man of such singular talent, and so when President Roosevelt was looking about for a secretary of commerce and labor he decided upon Mr. Straus as the man best fitted for the task. And his choice was highly commended and later acknowledged as of un-

usual soundness by those intimately in touch with the work of Mr. Straus while head of this department. Mr. Straus, thus thrice honored by as many different administrations, has now been honored by a fourth, when—as ambassador to Turkey—President Taft returns Mr. Straus for the third time to the post at Constantinople, one of the most important stations in the diplomatic service and one doubly important at the present time. It might almost be supposed that so active a life would have kept the energies of Mr. Straus well in check, but such has not been the case, for aside from his public positions Mr. Straus has been connected with many of the large financial and commercial interests of the country, and has as well written many books.

His "Origin of the Republican Form of Government of the United States" has come to be regarded as the authority upon this much discussed subject.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay

THAT wealth and work are things apart—old and true as the logic may be—is not borne out in the life of Mrs. Clarence Mackay. Neither is the idea that social prominence and sober thought are not fit companions. Few women have probably been more active than has Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the president of the Postal Telegraph Company and a dozen other great corporations.

At the present moment Mrs. Mackay has been brought prominently before the public by her advocacy of the woman's suffrage cause—a cause in which she has become interested heart and soul. It is not Mrs. Mackay's nature to take up anything without intending first to make good, and so when—a short time ago—she announced herself an avowed suffragette there was no one so bold as to say that Mrs. Mackay would not do a great deal for the cause. But there were few, at that, who realized just how important her work would become. It was not long, however, before Mrs. Mackay had created a country-wide impression by the energy with which she set to work. As a direct result there was formed last November in the drawing room of her magnificent Long Island home a new suffragist society of world-wide importance. The name of the new organization is the Equal Franchise Society, and it numbers among its directors and members many of the most prominent men and women in the United States to-day. The election of Mrs. Mackay to the presidency was a matter quickly decided upon as a partial honorary reward for the efforts she had put forth. And under Mrs. Mackay's guidance the society has already become a recognized force in the suffragist cause. On the question of woman's suffrage Mrs. Mackay holds decided views. Her ideas, as they were recently expressed, are, in fact, well worthy of consideration. In discussing the question of suffrage Mrs. Mackay has had this to say: "Every man and every woman who has studied the practical results for the welfare of women and children achieved in those of the states which have it is a suffragist; every man and woman who has read what Abraham Lincoln and John Stuart Mills and George William Curtis have written on the ethical and actual reasons for equal franchise must develop into a suffragist, and, finally, every New York woman who appreciates how earnestly the great majority of self-supporting women of that

state are striving for equal franchise should become a suffragist, from a sense of loyalty to her sex, if for no other reason."

The last portion of this extract is the interesting feature, summing up as it does the character of Mrs. Mackay. It is a rare thing, the world will have to admit, for a woman whose social prominence and worldly wealth is as great as that of Mrs. Mackay's to think so signally of the less fortunate classes. And yet Mrs. Mackay has always had the interests of the self-supporting women closely at heart. She has worked hard and industriously to better the conditions surrounding their lives and she has aided greatly financially to bring this about. But it is the more practical aid that Mrs. Mackay has given for which she must be most highly honored, she having made a thorough personal study of the needs of the working woman. In Roslyn, L. I., where her $5,000,000 home stands, Mrs. Mackay is known as one of the most democratic of women, and she has often foregone the pleasures of New York's society in order that she might give aid where it seemed that her services could be of some use. With this idea paramount in her mind Mrs. Mackay soon discovered that she could be of best service if elected to the village school board, and so she ran for office—getting out herself and working hard for votes. She was elected by a large majority and then there followed more evidences of her public-spirited inclinations. She felt that an enlargement was needed on the school and that other improvements were necessary, and so Mrs. Mackay got out and appealed to the mothers to aid her in the cause. Again she won, and the schoolhouse was built. Personally she has given enormous sums to the cause of education, has built several hospitals and has worked hard for the betterment of the conditions in the New York jail. Probably few women in the United States know more of the life of "the other half" than does Mrs. Mackay, and surely few have helped it more. Her mind is almost constantly busied with the study of sociological conditions, and she has lectured much on the subject.

The home of Mrs. Mackay's—one of the finest in America—is a rendezvous for literary people, and Mrs. Mackay herself is a famed author, having written "Gabrielle," a prose drama, which appeared in the *North American Review,* and "The Stone of Destiny," a remarkable book, noted for its depth of thought, which was published by Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Mackay, before her marriage in 1898, was Miss Katherine Duer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Duer, and a granddaughter of William Travers, the famous lawyer and wit.

Mrs. Mackay, aside from her literary ability, her suffragist views, her sociological studies and her leadership of New York society, is a distinctive home woman, being almost constantly surrounded by her children—in whom she takes the keenest pride. By her neighbors she is considered an ideal mother. But, after all, she is noted farthest for her humanity—a humanity that includes equally all mankind.

And this from a woman who is but 31 and who has long been one of the acknowledged leaders of the eastern aristocracy!

THE SCHOOL OF GENIUS

Conducted by CHRISTIAN D. LARSON

Brain Building in the Development of Memory and Originality

Essentials to a Good Memory

THE attainment of a good memory requires, first, a well-developed group of brain cells in the central region of the forehead (See Fig. V); second, an impressible mind; third, subjective concentration; and, fourth, natural subconsciousness.

The first step is to build the brain in the region of memory by concentrating subjectively upon this region for a few minutes several times every day. The art of brain building through subjective concentration has been fully outlined in previous issues of this magazine (March, '09; April, '09; May, '09, and June, '09), to which the reader is referred for detailed information on this subject. We shall add here, however, that concentration upon the region of memory should always be accompanied by a definite effort to recall every detail of some special event that was recently passed through. After some practice with recent events, take more remote events, aiming to trace back every action to its orginal cause, while holding attention in the most alive attitude possible upon that part of the brain through which memory functions.

We can remember only those things that are well impressed upon the mind; therefore the mind should be very impressible, or should be what may be termed a living sensitive plate. The impressible mind is neither dull, sluggish, stupid nor indifferent, but is highly active without being strenuous, and is full of life and energy without being abnormally emotional or enthusiastic. The impressible mind is a fine mind, having most delicate structure and most elevated states of actions.

To develop impressibility, all indifference, sluggishness and grossness must be eliminated from life, thought and action, and every movement of the human system should tend toward fineness. High mental activity should be sought, but all such action should continue in perfect poise. All discord and depression must be avoided and the most perfect states of harmony realized.

When developing a higher degree of impressibility and susceptibility, however, the attitude of positiveness must be established more and more firmly in every faculty of the mind so that undesirable impressions may be readily excluded. You are in a positive state when you fill your own mind with your own determined thought; and if this fullness of your own thought is highly active in the most refined state that you can possibly create, true impressibility will develop.

The development of impressibility may be further promoted by training the mental tendencies along the lines of fineness and activity. Every tendency or feeling,

in mind or body, that seems to move toward dullness, grossness or indifference should be redirected and caused to move toward deep interest, exceptional fineness and high activity. To turn a tendency, simply direct attention, with deep feeling, upon the opposite state; and do so especially when you can feel the action of the tendency you wish to turn.

When you feel your mind tending toward grossness, concentrate your attention positively and subjectively upon the

FIG. V.
Where to Concentrate in the Cultivation of Memory.

finest, the loftiest and the purest elements in life that you can think of. Become wholly absorbed in those things that pertain to the upper story of consciousness. When this is done the mind is elevated from ordinary states of ability and action into states that border on the superior; and the mind as a whole becomes finer, stronger, more active and more impressible.

Every tendency in the mind that seems to move toward the lower, the common, or the ordinary should be turned in the same way and caused to move toward the heights of ability, talent and genius. Thus the entire mental life will gradually change and improve and you will not only have a better memory, but all your faculties will steadily grow in capacity, quality, power and worth.

Subjective concentration, the third essential to a good memory, occupies a very important position in this connection, and the reason why is simply stated. We can remember only what has been impressed upon the mind; we can impress upon the mind only that in which we are deeply interested; we can take an interest only in that upon which we can readily concentrate; and concentration is not concentration unless it is subjective. For full instruction in "The Art of Concentration" see the March, '09, issue of this magazine.

Natural subconsciousness is necessary to a good memory because it is the subconscious mind that is the real storehouse of memory. We remember with the subconscious mind, and whenever we wish to recall a fact we must go to the subconscious mind to get it. Everything that we have passed through is recorded in the subconscious mind; and there are times (notably when on the verge of drowning) that this entire subconscious record is passed, with lightning rapidity, before the mental eye. Everything, therefore, can be remembered; but the problem is to bring the subconscious record or impression before the mental eye whenever we may so desire.

The solution of this problem is found in the development of natural subconsciousness; that is, the power to place the actions of the conscious mind in close contact with the subconscious. It is the conscious mind, the wide-awake mind, that produces the impression; the subconscious mind receives the impression; and it is the conscious mind that recalls, or remembers, or "brings back to mind" that impression whenever there is a desire to do so. It is therefore necessary that the conscious and the subconscious states of mind should be in close contact; and when this close contact is well established we have what may be termed natural subconsciousness; that is, it is natural and easy for us to be conscious of the subconscious.

We remember most easily those things that were impressed upon our minds when

we were deeply interested; and the reason is that deep interest always takes the conscious mind into the subconscious, and whatever we see or hear or think about at the time is deeply impressed upon the subconscious. When we wish to recall or remember those things, we can readily do so because the deepest and most pronounced impressions are formed with the greatest ease and in the least time. For this reason we should always place ourselves in close contact with the subconscious when there is anything that we wish to memorize.

To develop natural subconsciousness there are several simple methods that may be employed with the best of results. To proceed, train yourself to think of the subconscious side of things as well as the objective. The average person thinks only of the objective or outer side of things; but the surface is not all. There is something beneath the surface everywhere. Turn your attention at frequent intervals to this "something beneath the surface;" think about it; try to understand it; and consider its nature from every imaginable point of view. You thus deepen your mind; your interest in the *real essence* of things becomes keener, and your thought will begin to act upon other forces and elements in your being besides those that are formed in the surface. That is, your mind will live in closer contact with the subconscious, and the fourth essential to a good memory will steadily develop.

Do not give more attention to the subjective, however, than you do to the objective. The small, superficial mind lives only in the objective; the impractical dreamer lives only in the subjective; the large, balanced mind lives in both, and is training the two to work together in greater harmony and for greater efficiency. Such a mind has natural subconsciousness, whether he calls it by that name or not. All great minds have these essentials to ability, talent and genius, but it is only in recent times that these essentials have been given scientific names.

To submit everything to the subconscious that you wish to remember is another most excellent practice. Simply state in your own mind that you will place the idea under consideration in the subconscious, and that you will recall it immediately the very moment you may want it. This practice will not only develop natural subconsciousness by causing the conscious and the subconscious to work more and more together, but it will also cause the idea you wish to remember to be so distinctly impressed that you can recall it with perfect ease.

In the development of memory, the four essentials to a good memory should be applied simultaneously as far as possible. When you impress upon the subconscious an idea that you wish to remember, turn your attention upon that part of the brain through which memory functions, and concentrate subjectively upon the subconscious life that permeates that group of cells. And at the same time hold your mind in the finest state and the most highly active state possible, so that impressibility may also develop.

Originality, the Secret of Greatness

THE power to create original thought, or to be original, or to be your own individual self, and all that there is in yourself, is the secret of greatness. The first essential to greatness is to be different from the rest; and that requires originality; the second essential is to *stand out* as an individual among the rest; and that also requires originality; and the third essential is to use the powers of your individuality in a manner that is both new and of distinct value to the world; and that, above all, requires originality.

The power of originality may be steadily increased through the continuous development of three special faculties. These are, insight, imagination and construction, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, respectively, in Fig. VI. The faculty of insight gives the mind that finer perception that invariably *looks through* whatever we may have under consideration. And this is absolutely necessary to originality because the power to create original thought depends directly upon the discernment of that which is beyond, beneath or above what is already known.

The faculty of imagination follows that

of insight into the new fields, and forms new impressions and new ideas concerning everything that pertains to those fields. The faculty of construction takes those new ideas and combines them in a way that an original creation, capable of practical use, is the result.

The original thinker, when properly developed, always produces what can be

FIG. VI.
Faculties That Produce Originality.
(1) Insight. (2) Imagination.
(3) Construction.

practically employed. But when the new combinations are not practical, the faculty of construction needs development. There are a number of minds that have fine insight with splendid imagination, and that are constantly receiving most valuable ideas; but they lack in the power of construction, and therefore cannot combine their ideas for practical use. If all of those minds would develop construction, they would soon become original thinkers, and would, in a short time, begin to make their mark in the world.

Minds that are visionary have usually two-thirds of the powers necessary to originality, and the one-third that is lacking is the power of construction. By developing the power of construction, these minds would cease to be impractical dreamers; they would instead become truly great, and do things that are thoroughly worth while. What they need is brain development in the region of construction.

When the power of construction is well developed our insight cannot go into the unknown too far, and we cannot imagine too much, because every new idea formed will be given its proper place in practical life. The use of the faculties of insight and imagination, however, should always be constructive; that is, we should always search for ideas, plans and methods that are superior in building power to anything that we have possessed before. Whenever you use your insight or your imagination, desire improvement and greater worth, and your use of those faculties will naturally become constructive.

When new ideas come into the mind, those ideas should be combined in as many ways as we can possibly think of. This exercise is not only most interesting, but it will aid remarkably in the development of originality. When your mind becomes a vast storehouse of new combinations, you will become different in character, mentality and individuality; you will, accordingly, stand out as a distinct individual; you will be original, and you will have the power to do what has not been done before.

To train the mind to look at all things from all points of view is very important in the development of originality, as this will take us out of the ordinary, stereotyped way of looking at things, and give us a new viewpoint, an original viewpoint, a viewpoint distinctly our own. This will make us different in our mental structure, and the more we differ from the ordinary in mental structure, the more closely we approach originality and real greatness.

With the majority, however, the first and most important essential is to build the brain in the regions of insight, imagination and construction. Concentrate subjectively upon those regions several times every day, and deeply desire the growth of those faculties, not only during concentration, but continually if possible. That is, aim to make this desire a part of your life and a living power in your every thought and action.