

October, 1920

OCT

1920

The New

25 cents

SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine



1520



1920

Which Is the Real Pirate?



In one of these four men, perhaps, you will find a man whose position and income were much the same as yours

Four men whose incomes rose 300%

FOUR average young business men, typical of thousands of others who enrol in the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. What happens to the incomes and the business positions of such men when they add an all-round business training to their practical business experience?

The answer to that question need not be left to guess-work. The Institute has the record of the progress of these four men—and several hundred like them.

These are the facts

AN assistant cashier was earning \$3,000 a year at the time of his enrolment with the Institute; today he is Vice-President and his salary is \$7,200.

A purchasing agent was earning \$4,000; today he is General Manager, and his salary is \$12,000.

A Western Manager's income, when he enrolled was \$4,160 a year; and this year, as Sales Manager he will earn \$20,000.

A chief clerk was earning \$2,500 when he decided to shorten his road to success by the Institute's help; today he is a department head in an important bank, and his income is \$7,000.

The combined earning power of these men has increased more than 300%; and every one of them states that the Institute has been one of the most important, if not the most important factor, in his success.

Would you advise other ambitious men to enrol?

WE asked each one of them to answer that question in complete frankness.

"By all means," the Vice-President answered, "because the knowledge one obtains is practical and not theoretical. Especially does this apply to men who have not had long years of schooling in youth."

"Would advise to enrol at once," the General Manager answered. "It is a real help in understanding and solving everyday problems."

"Yes," said the Department Head, "because other things being equal, advancement depends upon a broad knowledge of business facts and a firm grasp of business principles."

"Yes," said the Sales Manager, "because I feel that the time I invested in the Course was the best investment I ever made."

Thousands of trained men are moving up

TO such men increased earning power comes as a matter of course; neither they nor the Institute think in terms of money. They think in terms of achievement; the money takes care of itself.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

The facts you want are all published in a book issued by the Institute entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." Fill in the coupon, mail it and your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" will come at once.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
888 Astor Place NEW YORK CITY

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name Print here

Business Address

Business Position



SAVE \$36

\$100 Oliver Now \$64

Nearly everything to-day costs more than before the war. Yet the Oliver actually costs less—\$36 LESS! The pre-war price was \$100. The price now is \$64. The saving of \$36 comes from the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. We adopted a more direct plan of distribution. And thus we are able to offer you so popular a typewriter as the Oliver at such a great and decided saving.

Pre-war price \$100
Now \$64



Oliver, the latest and best product of our factories. This we absolutely guarantee. The Oliver would still be priced at \$100 if we had to sell it by our former methods. The lower price comes from our new economical method of distribution. And you benefit by the saving.

DON'T SEND A PENNY

Try the Oliver free before you buy. Send no money. Make no deposit. Mail only the coupon to get the Oliver for free trial. Use the Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Put it to every test, to every comparison. Satisfy yourself that if any typewriter is worth \$100 it is this superb Oliver with all its modern improvements. If for any reason you decide that you don't want to keep the Oliver, just send it back at our expense (express collect). We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So you can't lose a cent on the free trial. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter regardless of the price and want to keep it, pay for it on easy monthly installments.

Only \$4 a month

We do not ask all cash. We do not ask a big cash payment at any time. We give you a year and a half to pay for the Oliver at the easy rate of only \$4 a month. And you have the use of the Oliver while paying for it! Don't think of renting or buying a second-hand machine when it is now so easy to own the superb Oliver.

Over 800,000 sold

Please do not get the idea that the Oliver we offer at \$64 is different in any way. It is a new Model Nine

Mail the coupon now

Remember you need not send any money with the coupon. Mail only the coupon to get an Oliver for five days free trial in your own home. If you need to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog. Check the coupon for free trial Oliver or the catalog just as you wish.

Canadian Price, \$82.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company

657 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
657 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$64 at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address.....

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

Occupation or Business.....

The New SUCCESS Marden's Magazine

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor

ROBERT MACKAY, Managing Editor

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume IV.

NEW YORK, October, 1920

Number 10

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Secrets of Selling that Make These Men \$10,000 a Year Star Salesmen

Some Amazing Stories of Quick Success

IT is hard to believe that a man who has been working for years in a routine job at small pay could almost over-night step into the \$10,000 a year class. Yet that is just what many men have done and are doing today. This such big success could come so quickly and so easily seems almost incredible. If I should tell you that one man who had been a fireman on a railroad stepped from his old job to one that paid him \$10,000 a year, you would be inclined to doubt the truth of my statement.

But I can show you the man's own story. And that is only one instance. I can show you many more. And perhaps the most surprising part of it all is that these men were just average men. They came from all walks of life, from all fields of work. They had previously been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands! Some of them had never earned more than \$60 a month—some of them had drudged for years at dull, uninteresting work without prospects of anything better in life. And then, in one quick jump, they found themselves earning more money than they had ever thought possible. Suddenly all their dreams of success, position, and financial independence came true.

The Secret of Their Success

These men decided to get into the great field of *Selling*—they learned about the wonderful opportunities in this fascinating profession—why salesmen are always in demand—why they receive so much more money than men in other fields of work. And they became Star Salesmen!

Probably if you had told any one of these men that it was possible for him to become a Star Salesman in his spare moments at home, without interfering with his work, he would have dismissed your statement as being absurd. For you must remember that most of these men had never had a day's experience in *Selling*—they had no special qualifications for Salesmanship—no thought of ever becoming Salesmen.

As a matter of fact, these men who are today reaping such handsome rewards as Star Salesmen, would probably be working still as clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, etc., if they had not learned about the National Salesmen's Training Association's system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service. This is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed just for the purpose of showing men how to become Star Salesmen and fitting them into positions as City and Traveling Salesmen.

Through its help hundreds of men have been able to realize their dreams of big opportunity, success, wealth and independence. Men without previous experience or special qualifications have learned the secrets of selling that make Star Salesmen—for Salesmen are not "born" but made, and any man can easily master the principles



Send Me Your Name

I have shown hundreds of men how to step from small-pay jobs into the big money class in one quick jump, \$10,000 a year—yes, and more—has come to men as a result of writing to me. Just let me send you the whole amazing proof—entirely free of cost or obligation—J. E. Greenslade, President, N. S. T. A.

of Salesmanship through the wonderful system of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Anyone who is inclined to doubt that this is so has only to read the stories of men who tell in their own words what the Association has done for them. Here are just a few examples:

J. P. Overstreet of Dallas, Texas, who was formerly on the Capitol Police Force of Washington, D. C., states: "My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356. The N. S. T. A. dug me out of the rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success."

C. W. Campbell, of Greensburg, Pa., writes: "My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562 and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month."

What These Men Have Done You Can Do

It will not cost you a penny to learn how you, too, can become a Star Salesman and take your place among the big money makers of business. Whatever your ambition may be—\$5,000, \$10,000 or more a year—find out about your great opportunity in the wonderful profession of Salesmanship. See how the N. S. T. A. can open to you the way to a big selling job, to prosperity and a life of fascinating work, travel, contact with influential men. Just mail the coupon or write, and you will receive, without cost or obligation, proof of what the remarkable system of the National Salesmen's Training Association and its FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE can do for you. In addition a great book on Salesmanship will be mailed to you without charge. You owe it to yourself to read of the quick and brilliant success that others have achieved and of the opportunities that await you in the field of Selling. Mail the coupon or write today.

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. 56-R

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association,

Dept. 56-R, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send me Free Proof that you can make me a Star Salesman and tell me how you will help me land a selling job. Also list showing lines of business with openings for Salesmen. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

A MILLION DOLLAR SECRET



The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road
to Prosperity and Supremacy

A Subtle Principle of Success

THIS SUBTLE PRINCIPLE in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances, or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration, and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize, or read, or learn, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books, or merchandise.

The subtle principal must not be confused with Metaphysics, Psychology, New Thought, Christian Science, arbitrary optimism, inspiration or faith.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

My True and Actual Experience

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep.

I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appeared worth doing from the outside. I could not do anything because of my weakness of mind and body. I felt that I was the worst of the world of success and I lived in failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I depended on drugs and doctors for relief as my father before me. I was a "failure" depending on luck for success. The result of my attitude on my part was greater weakness, failure, and misery as is always the case in similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed to me that I had reached a crisis in my realization of failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and out of spirit—out of this distress—arose a desperate reaction—"a final effort" and through this reaction, arose with the discovery of the laws and principles of success, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose with the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had been employing the principles of failure and inferiority, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame weakness through health, weakness through inferior evolution by superior evolution by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed in all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I had but one principle—failure, and therefore there was but one success, and I began to use this principle of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my health, my success, and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously, and successfully.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, so there is a principle of failure, ill health, and negativeness. If you use the principle

failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to Success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by:

Moses	Marshall Field	Mendelssohn
Caesar	Sarah Bernhardt	Beethoven
Napoleon	Galli-Curci	Verdi
Roosevelt	Nordica	Copernicus
Rockefeller	Melba	Confucius
Herbert Spencer	Cleopatra	Mohammed
Emerson	Alexander the	Cicero
Darwin	Great	Demosthenes
J. P. Morgan	Edison	Aristotle
Harriman	Newton	Plutarch
Woodrow Wilson	Wanamaker	Christopher
Charles Schwab	Phil Armour	Columbus
Lloyd-George	Andrew Carnegie	Vanderbilt
Clemenceau	Frick	Marcus Aurelius
Chas. E. Hughes	Elbert Hubbard	Pericles
Abraham Lincoln	Richard Mansfield	Lycurgus
George	Shakespeare	Benjamin
Washington	Richard Wagner	Franklin

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it. No one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

We Owe Each Other

Everyone realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping someone else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost everyone in discovering something of value, also wants his fellowman to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude, I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce everyone to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this Principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any obligation whatsoever. I urge everyone to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This Subtle Principle is so absolutely powerful and overwhelming in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this Principle in your hands, will work wonders for you—that I am willing to place this Subtle Principle of Success in your hands, at my expense without any obligation whatsoever, on your part. You will recognize the tremendous value of this Principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its basic reality and thus its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.

Thousands of individuals claim that the Subtle Principle of Success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it. You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for the Subtle Principle of Success—for disclosing this Principle—after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence for your success and supremacy.

I, myself, have derived such tremendous results—amazing results—from its power, that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address, without any obligation whatsoever—this Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep, yours to use for the attainment of your success, happiness and supremacy.

Remember, you are under no obligation whatsoever, to pay or to return anything to me. The Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. You would never forgive me, if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Write your address on the form below, or write me a postal or a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success without any obligation of any kind whatsoever, on your part, and you will receive by return mail, the Subtle Principle of Success—a Principle of supremacy—the key to your every success—the equal of which you have never seen.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

800 Berkeley Building, West 44th Street, New York City.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 800 Berkeley Building,
West 44th Street, New York City.

You may send me at your risk and expense, the Subtle Principle of Success.

I promise you and myself to help myself to the utmost through the Subtle Principle of Success.

I promise to accept the Subtle Principle of Success with an eager and open mind for my advantage.

I am above seventeen years of age and I am sincere and honest in my statements and promises.

It is understood that I am not obligated to return or to pay for the Subtle Principle of Success.

Name
(write plainly)

Address.....

City State

Note.—The above statement in NEW SUCCESS is absolutely guaranteed in every way to be as represented.



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Business Opportunities

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Here's your chance. No capital required. Learn Real Estate Brokerage thoroughly and quickly, by the study of our invaluable books, "How to Sell Real Estate"—\$3.00, and "How to Conduct Real Estate, Ins. and Gen. Brok. Bus."—\$1.50. Order now. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Free catalogues. Realty Book Co., Dept. 40, Cleveland, Ohio.

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SEND NOW for free booklet entitled: "How to Be Successful In The Real Estate Business." State present occupation. MacDonald Co-operative Realty Co., Dept. 25, San Diego, Cal.

START A VACUUM CARPET AND CLOTHES CLEANING business and earn \$3,000.00 to \$5,000.00 yearly. \$175.00 for machinery required. Write today. General Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co., Dept. 8, St. Louis.

BUILD UP a national paint trade, domestic and foreign, experience unnecessary. 4c stamps brings complete information. Steady sales all year around. Write Dept. H, Martinek Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

\$1500 \$5000 yearly. Study 30 minutes, practice 5 hours, and start a Tangle Studio under our supervision. Booklet free. "Tangley," 46 Main, Muscatine, Iowa.

Start a profitable business in your own locality without capital—we furnish everything. Many of our associates are earning substantial incomes—\$1,000 to \$3,000 a year—you can do as well and probably better. Securing subscriptions for the New Success and the Marden books requires little effort and pays big returns. Write for particulars explaining our big new business propositions—it will pay you. The Lowrey-Marden Corporation, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS AWAITS YOU AS EXCLUSIVE distributor of Vermol, a perfect disinfectant and germicide. For full particulars write Kerr Sales Company, 100 East Ross Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Salesmen Wanted

Get into the syndicate advertising game! Solicit our series of live rapid-fire-selling services. Our men average as high as two hundred fifty dollars weekly. No advertising experience necessary; we want "common sense" men of energy and personality. Write fully. New Process Electro Corp., Times Building, New York City.

SALESMEN—Become Independent—own your own business, experience unnecessary—selling our \$6,000 Accident, Death, \$30.00 Accident, \$25.00 Sick Weekly Benefits. \$10.00 yearly; half amounts \$5.50. Guaranteed steady income from renewals. \$250,000 deposited Insurance Department. Registration, Dept. N, Newark, N. J.

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 145-R, Chicago, Ill.

Ideal Sideline. Business men need it and gladly pay you \$1.00 after minute's demonstration. Your profit 74 cents. Carry day's supply in pocket. P. Home, 1957 Warren, Chicago.

A LARGER SALARY. YOU WANT MORE MONEY.

It's yours if you'll put in that extra hour or two each day—in recreation. Sure it's recreation to make pleasant five or ten-minute visits on a different line of merchants than the regular line you call on. You get a different viewpoint of business—you're in a different atmosphere. The handy pocket sample—the big commission getter makes your salary what you want it—no limit except the limit you set for yourself. One man's side line commissions this week, over \$400. Everything furnished free to work with—we even show you how to sell it, you learn that in 10 minutes. Write us—you'll at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not passed up a big spare time money-maker without investigation. C. E. Erickson Co., Inc., 659 Erickson Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

SALESMEN—Introduce attractive window advertising. Famous Underwood News Photographs. Every retail store wants this. Liberal commission. Weekly earnings \$50 to \$200. Elliott Service Co., 141 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York.

Books

100,000 Book Bargains—new and second-hand guaranteed good condition and returnable at 45% the cost of expensive new books and have Customers in all parts of the world. Sales: Advertising, Medicine, Technical, Electrical, History, Travel, Fiction, Law, Philosophy, Science, Mathematics, Psychology. Send 10c to Sweeney Pub. House, Successor to McClelland, Chicago, Ill.

Jewelry

Gold LaValliers, Pearl Bead Necklaces, Watches, Vanity Cases, Doring Boxes, Earrings (in Diamond) Ring. Price \$4.95 each. 3 days' inspection. Mars Jewelry Company, Chicago, Ill.

Printing

BETTER PRINTING FOR LESS Send for Free Sample and Standardized requirements. C. Fantus Co., Printers, Street, Chicago.

Educational

WANTED: MORE PUBLIC SPEAKERS—We supply you with expertly prepared lectures and help you start at a good salary. Supply, Ridgway, Pa.

Be a Winner, Gain Success and Power—personality sketch and studygram on Happiness, birthdate. Thomson-Heywood Co., D-37, Francisco.

I HAVE HAD TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE—successful success in the application of New Thought. I help you to demonstrate Happiness and Success. Alberta Highlands, Rock River, Wyoming.

This is your Golden Opportunity. Write Secret of Success, the Magic Key to Riches, Wilmer Shepherd Jr., 1904 North Mervine St.

Stamping Names

Make \$19 a hundred stamping names on time. Send 25c for sample with your name. Suckeytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

Help Wanted

Railway Mail Clerks. City Mail Carriers. Commence \$100 month. Men, free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Lancaster, N. Y.

Be an Expert Penman. Wonderful Device—corrects your writing in few days. Complete. C. J. Ozment, 42, St. Louis, Mo.

Dollars Saved. Used correspondence—gold; also rented to reliable parties. Write to (bought.) Lee Mountain, Dept. 22, Pingah.

You are without doubt just the person representative in your locality. Telling you about the New Success is an easy method of during your spare time. A post card address New Success, 1133 Broadway, New York, particulars by return mail.

Photo Developing

Mail us 20c with any size film for develop prints. Or send six negatives any size and send 40c for one 8x10 mounted enlargement service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 27 Va.

These Classified Advertisements Continued on Page 8

Education is the Salvation of the Nation

The Most Deadly Enemy of Anarchy and Bolshevism

The illiterate is an easy victim of revolutionary propaganda of all sorts. **Dr. John H. Finley**, State Commissioner of Education, has plans to reach, through the District, Village and City Superintendents of Schools, every one of the 381,039 illiterate adults in New York State in order that they may learn to read, write and speak English, and fit themselves to become good American citizens.

The World's Great Educator

NELSON'S

Perpetual Loose-Leaf ENCYCLOPÆDIA

& Research Bureau for Special Information

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, Editor in Chief

Nelson's Editorial Staff

The Editor-in-Chief is **John H. Finley, Ph. D., LL. D.**, Commissioner of Education and President of the University of the State of New York, assisted by over 1,200 of the greatest scholars, specialists, and writers in all parts of the world. Every member of this great Staff is a picked man. The source of NELSON'S information guarantees its dependability.

Nelson's is Always New

Every six months all subscribers to NELSON'S receive their renewal pages—250 pages or more—between 500 and 700 pages each year. These include over 2,000 changes, which we find it absolutely necessary to make, in order to keep NELSON'S perpetually accurate and up-to-date, in step with the new world.

THE WORLD'S GREAT AUTHORITY

Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopedia is an Authority in the Library of Congress, U. S. Depts. of State, Justice, War, Navy and Agriculture, U. S. War Ships, U. S. Army Posts, Circuit Courts of Appeals, Chief Signal Office, Commissioner of Patents, etc., etc. Statesmen, Diplomats, Scientists, Specialists, Librarians, Universities, Colleges, and Schools, when seeking the most accurate and latest information, depend upon Nelson's—THE WORLD'S GREATEST QUESTION ANSWERER.

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The Best Jokes

ELSIE, about to be married, decided, at the last moment, to test her sweetheart; so, going to her friend, Maude, the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, although she knew it was a great risk:

"I'll arrange for Fred to take you out tonight—a walk on the beach in the moonlight, supper and all that sort of thing—and I want you, in order to put his fidelity to the proof, to ask him for a kiss."

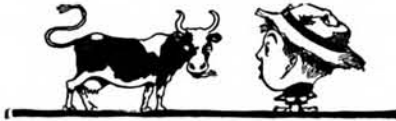
Maude laughed, blushed and assented. The plot was carried out. The next day Elsie visited her friend and said anxiously.

"Well, Maude, did you ask him?"

"No, Elsie, dear."

"No! Why not?"

"I didn't get a chance; he asked me first."



"It doesn't seem right!" said the man with worn-out shoes.

"What doesn't?"

"That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."

LAWYER—Don't you think twenty-five thousand in cash would be punishment enough for his breach of promise?

THE AGGRIEVED—No, indeed! I want him to marry me.—*Briscoe News.*

YOUNG AUTHOR—Do you think my play caught the audience?

MANAGER—It did this time; but I fear it will never do so again.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I SEE," remarked a gentleman as he paid a small newsboy for his paper, "that you are putting up a good many new buildings in your town."

"That is the only kind we put up here, sir," replied the little fellow, with a touch of civic pride.—*Judge.*

ONCE a very youthful chicken-fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this.

When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken-house he was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams and above it a card with this notice:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."—*The Truth Seeker.*

EMPLOYER (*To clerk*)—"If that bore Smithers, comes in, tell him I'm out—and don't be working or he'll know you're lying."

"**MONEY** doesn't bring happiness."

"No, but it will enable you to tell the waiter what you want and have him bring it."

A MAN was brought in court for the illicit distilling of whiskey.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua," replied the prisoner.

"Joshua?" repeated the judge. "Ah! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir, judge," was the answer. "I is the man who made the moon shine."

A SUBURBAN housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her new maid and the cook next door:

"How are you, Hilda?"

"I'm well," said Hilda. "I like my yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

"What's a hoosit, Hilda?" the puzzled cook exclaimed.

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say 'Hello,' and someone says, 'Hello,' and you say, 'Hoosit.'"

EXCITED VISITOR—"Can I see the Mayor, sir?"

ATTENDANT—"Not at present; he is at dinner."

EXCITED VISITOR—"But, sir, my errand is most important."

ATTENDANT—"I can't help it, sir; his honor is at steak."



MISTRESS (*To new maid*)—"I forgot to tell you, Mary, that we have breakfast at eight o'clock sharp."

MAID—"That's all right, mum, if I ain't down on time, don't wait for me."

BOBBY, aged seven, was making his first visit to the zoo. He looked around at the various animals, and coming to a cage marked "Female," he rushed up to his mother in great excitement.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I've always wanted to see a 'Female,' and here he is!"

MRS. CALLER—"I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?"

MRS. PROUD-MOTHER—"Oh, yes. Mary is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently improves."

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of the speaker—in the crowded corridor of the hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a bit more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests had given him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have

met but once, whose names I can tell instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it."

"But how about me?" "Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six. Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonygne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can tell the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing.

after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big search-light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess," or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multi-graph" Smith? Real name H. O. Smith, Division Manager of the Multi-graph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week.

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

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So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Independent Corporation, Dept. R-5810, 319 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

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New Soc. 10-20

ishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up, she's unanimous to everybody, and she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in, nom de plume, and you know that makes one feel so combustible!"

GOOD, absent-minded, old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning, Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a footnote intended to be private.

"The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten toward the right."

THE pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn.

"Yes, Your Honor," was the response; "I voted for you at the last election."



THE race for the last word was getting hot. Hubby and wife were running neck and neck.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"I did not!"

The pace was slowing.

"Well," asked hubby, "one of us two is a very capable liar. But there is one thing which prevents me saying which one."

"Modesty, I suppose," retorted the wifey.—*Hattiesburg American.*

"BETTER consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now."

WILLIE and Jack were two youngsters typically inclined.

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight it is."

"Naw, I'm not," protested Jack, "but my ma'll find out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

HOW are we to meet the high cost of "You don't have to meet it," answered an irritating person. "It overtakes you, *ington Star.*"



MESSENGER—"Who's the swell ye want to, Jimmie?"

NEWSBOY—"Aw! Him an' me's worked for years. He's editor o' one o' my papers *Between Us.*"

IN a small town, not long ago, after a children held a fair. The sum realized was sent to the pastor of the church. Their letter read:

"This \$30 was raised by a fair, and we are sending it to you. Please give it to the fire station."

P. S.—We hope the suffering is not all *Everybody's.*

WELL, doctor, do you think it is serious?"

"Oh, not at all. It is merely a boil on the back of your neck, but I would advise you to keep your eye on it."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

JUDGE," said the colored witness, "I don't see how you'd please make that lawyer stop bothering me."

"But he has a right to."

"Dat may be, Jedge, but I've got a rattin' haid, en ef he worry me much more, fust thing I know, I'll up and tell the trufe 'bout de matter."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

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JOHN FLETCHER

Eminent financier and banker of Chicago has been interviewed for THE NEW SUCCESS. Mr. Fletcher's broad American views on business conditions and money matters are not only valuable but are a source of inspiration to all young men starting in business as well as to men who have been in business for years.



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By George William Baker

It is an unusually exciting story about a young man who undertook to pay off a mortgage within a specific time, and whose effort resulted in his becoming a very clever amateur detective.

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The Magic Watchword of SUCCESS!

This Free Book points the way to methods used by successful men and women of all time—and now placed within YOUR reach!

EVERY MAN OR WOMAN, young or old, rich or poor, who wants a greater and truer success in life, will profit by reading this book. It deals with Personality—the magic watchword of success.

With personality, men and women born in direst poverty, with every obstacle to overcome, with no help from any one, have risen to success, to power, to prosperity, to fame, to fortune, to recognition as world figures.

Without personality, men and women born to luxury, with help from friends, with the finest education, have failed to grasp opportunities before them, fallen victims to circumstance, and ended as failures or the most mediocre of successes. We all know it is true,—but why?

Perhaps you have believed personality is a gift, a quality with which one is born into the world, and otherwise does not have. Perhaps you have searched long and earnestly for personality, believing it can be acquired.

You Can Win Personality

In either case, this book "Personality Supreme" has a message for you so big, so broad, so inspiring,—it will be as a breath of life to your very being. No matter who or where you are, what you are doing, have done, or want to do, this book brings you the glad news that *Personality can be consciously acquired and developed by any one.*

This book sheds the clear light of science on your problems. It strips Personality of its mystery, its vagueness. It shows you why the uneducated poor boy often wins the highest rewards of life, and why the college graduate may fail miserably to make any real mark.

It brings you the startling facts about a new type of education,—to develop personal power. It takes you to the very fountain-head of progress,—the scientific training of your hidden, unused, neglected powers.

Unlocks the Door to Your Hidden Powers

Successful men and women have always developed one or more of these qualities, consciously or unconsciously. It has remained for Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, internationally recognized as a psychologist, philosopher and lecturer, to place before you the principles and methods of "The Science of Personal Success" in such clear and simple language that any one able to read magazines and newspapers can grasp and apply them. You will find it the most fascinating thing that ever came into your life.



Dr. Krebs has devoted his lifetime to helping men and women to greater personal success. He has received the highest praise and endorsement for the wonderful work he is doing. John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, said: "The education of our salesforce in their work with him has been of great benefit to us all." (For 3 years he gave daily lectures to over 3,000 Wanamaker employees.)

The Commercial and Financial World, New York, said editorially:—"It is no more than the exact truth to say that Dr. Krebs is one of the great master minds of the age." Platt R. Lawton, Educational Director Dayton V. M. C. A. said: "The work Dr. Krebs is doing is surely worth while, and much needed, for no man can listen to his lecture without being a bigger and a better man. We want him here again." These are but samples of hundreds of enthusiastic endorsements.

A Vital Force In Your Life

The results of this training are immediate and lasting. You will grasp a broader vision of life,—feel within you a new surge of power. You will begin to develop and control the unused power of your being which will take you where you want to go,—make of your life what you want it to be.

If you have within you the desire to live a fuller and truer life, to make your days and weeks count as months and years in your march toward prosperity and happiness, to do where before you have dreamed, to succeed where before you have wished, send the coupon for "Personality Supreme." Do it today,—now! You will look back to it as one of the great moments of your life.

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Gentlemen: I am going to succeed. I want the help of the principles and methods set forth in your book "Personality Supreme." Please send it free of charge or obligation.

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As a Step on the SUCCESS Pathway—Send NOW for this Book

The M. S. C. Reports "Progress"

By M. P. WILKE, General Secretary

JUST about a year ago, the first announcement concerning the Marden Success Club was published in this magazine. Up to the present time, no attempt has been made to conduct an intensive membership campaign; circumstances have prevented us from doing much beyond inviting the readers of *THE NEW SUCCESS* to join it in preparation for its complete organization after a sufficient number of members had been enrolled. Despite this handicap, there are now nearly three hundred members of the Club located in every part of the country—all of them pledged to success through self-development and, every one, if I can judge by the enthusiastic letters received from so many of them, anxious to interest others in the teachings of Orison Swett Marden.

To give you some idea as to the feeling of those who belong to the M. S. C., extracts from a few of the letters received are here reprinted:

Charles R. Silver, Warm Springs, California, writes as follows:

I am mighty proud that I am a member of your Success Club. Let me thank you for the Club you have organized. I shall do everything in my power to make this Club a grand success in my community and everywhere I go; so successful, that it shall be remembered by the entire American people as the greatest organization that was ever devised to do service to those ambitious boys who desired to succeed in life. Gentlemen, my aim in life is to be the greatest American that I can possibly be. Since boyhood, I have been inspired by the lives of Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and other great Americans. I am always striving day after day, to improve myself, and to make my dreams come true. I think that I am coming nearer and nearer each day to the goal of my dreams, partly as the result of your great teachings.

Alfred F. Wanda, 202 Second National Bank Building, Ravenna, Ohio, writes:

What can I do to help secure others for membership either here or in Cleveland? Give me full information and blanks.

Stephen R. Wells, St. George, writes:

This winter, I will attend school in St. George City, and if it is your desire I will be glad to organize a club there.

William Snyder, Office Manager, P. F. Volland Co., 325 Fifth Avenue, New York City, writes as follows:

I am very anxious to take active part in the duties and activities of the Club and wish to take of the opportunity to meet some of the members who have already been organized, instead of waiting until you can organize a club in my locality.

M. W. Clair, Minister, 915 N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

Last month, I was elevated to the office of Minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Monrovia, Liberia. I am ambitious to do office with credit and distinction as a representative agent in doing untold good for a backward people. I desire to be a member of the Marden Success Club.

James Roberts, Anderson, Texas,

I will appreciate your advice on getting together members so a local club can be organized.

THE work of organizing has arrived at its second stage, and the local branches are being perfected for the future. They are being perfected for the future as rapidly as our local branches as rapidly as our local branches can undertake the work. On our part, preparation for this has been a long and arduous one with a myriad of details. On the part of the membership it merely involves the securing of a sufficient number of members of the M. S. C., can come together to secure a charter for their local club and then organize by adopting a constitution and elect officers to carry on the work.

There is a definite field and demand for the work in which the local branches are engaged and this work is certainly the most interesting and beneficial to every member. In order to set a good example to others scattered throughout the country

New York local will be organized at a dinner which will be held some time during the month of October. If possible, we shall have our founder, Dr. O. S. Marden with us, and, in addition, a number of inspiring speakers who are students of Dr. Marden and who will be able to carry his teachings to those present. This dinner will be a unique opportunity for meeting men and women who are pledged to success and who will naturally strive to help one another to attain it. At this dinner, plans for the local organization will be perfected and a report of the method of organization will be sent to each member of the M. S. C., so that they may act upon its suggestions in organizing a local branch in their own community.

The dinner will not be limited to those who are already members of the M. S. C. Every student or admirer of Dr. Marden's teachings is cordially invited to attend it, and, if request be made, the General Secretary will be glad to mail an announcement and date to anyone who desires to attend.

A YEAR ago, the M. S. C., was simply an idea without a single member. To-day it has nearly three hundred members with additional members being admitted daily. Within the coming year, I hope to report that we started the year without a single local branch and ended with at least three hundred organized branches.

If it is your purpose to forge ahead and to get every good thing possible out of life, the M. S. C., will help you.

It will help you—

To bring success out of failure.

To succeed in your chosen calling.

To make stepping-stones out of obstacles.

To get a better situation and more salary.

To be healthy, happy, optimistic, successful.

To know your weak points and to strengthen them.

To overcome shyness, timidity, vacillation, fear, lack of confidence and assurance.

To go into business for yourself, to push, build up, improve or enlarge your business.

To build up your character, reach your aim, double your income, establish your credit, make a name in the world, get an education, get an opening, increase your abilities, grasp opportunities.

The M. S. C., is a great power house of influence, which radiates inspiration and helpfulness reaching the farthest corners of the earth.

Thousands of people have been encouraged and helped on to greater effort and eventual success in schools, business, and profession by reading and practicing the principles it teaches.

To subject yourself to M. S. C., influences and associations may prove a turning-point in your life, because the M. S. C., shows men and women of all ages and in all walks of life how to measure up to the biggest opportunities that will confront them.

The purpose of the Marden Success Club is simply to help men and women everywhere to realize their highest possibilities; it is being organized to facilitate interchanging of successful experiences, building ideas, promoting physical and mental efficiency, establishing better, bigger, keener business vision, lightening the burden of those who are struggling upward to better things, and creating a more comprehensive fellowship among its members and their fellow men.

There are no limitations as to age or sex, or race, or creed in the Club membership. Men and women, young and old; all who are ambitious to improve themselves and to achieve the best in life, are welcome. If you can make the affirmative pledge, "I will succeed!" you can become a member of the Marden Success Club.

AN INVITATION

OUR organization is free from all the customary formalities; has no dues and puts its members under no obligations except the pledge made by each member to aim higher and to strive in every way for a successful life.

A cordial invitation is extended to every man and woman who desires to succeed to join the Marden Success Club and immediately begin the study of Dr. Marden's teachings. Full particulars may be obtained by writing the General Secretary, the Marden Success Club, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

I Am "The New Success"

I AM the inspirer of men, the encourager of the down-and-outs, those who think their lives are failures.

I am the friend of those who think they have botched their lives.

I impart new snap, vigor, and vim to men and women, making them feel like getting up and doing things.

I will keep you up to standard.

I will keep your ambition from sagging. I will prod you to do your best.

When you are downhearted, I encourage you; when you are blue, I assist you; when you are discouraged, I drive the gloom out of your life and give you courage again to go on.

When you have given up and think your life is a failure, I come to your rescue and show you there is still hope. I show you how you can make even the tag ends of your life a superb success.

When you are in trouble in your business or in your home, I come to your rescue and show you the way out.

I am THE NEW SUCCESS.

If you want to succeed in life, to make the most of yourself, of your health, of your business, of your home, your happiness, you cannot afford to be without me. It will only cost you 25 cents a month, less than one cent a day, and yet I can add immensely to your satisfaction, to your efficiency, to your success.

If you don't get me regularly, start the Success habit NOW. Place a standing order for me with your news-dealer or send in your subscription by mail.

Can we think our way through value problems—can we arrive at satisfactory wage scales, at reasonable rents, at equitable fares, at fair taxes, at proper prices? Who is to ascertain, to state, to certify the value facts so urgently needed? Is it difficult to answer—to forecast the future of the professional accountant, the business technician, the value analyst?

Pace Accountancy Graduates are everywhere solving value problems, are stating value conclusions, are certifying value facts. Look where you will, you find Pace-educated men and women building up successful careers as certified public accountants, cost analysts, auditors, tax specialists, secretaries, treasurers, controllers, and general corporation executives.

Daytime and evening courses in Accountancy and Business Administration are given the year round at Pace Institute, New York, Boston, and Washington—standardized, accredited, developmental courses which develop the power to think, the ability to act, the capacity to earn. Both day and evening classes are now being organized to meet the needs of forward-looking men and women who purpose to gain immediate headway toward positions of technical or executive responsibility.

\$7 MONTH'S TRIAL INSTRUCTION

Pace instruction in Accountancy is also available by Extension through the mails. Extension students are privileged to enroll for one month's trial instruction, with the charge for tuition and texts limited to \$7. There is no obligation whatsoever to continue the course. This liberal offer enables students to test to their own satisfaction Pace Institute's ability to teach them Accountancy by Extension through the mails. Pace Extension students study the same subjects as do Resident School students. They are taught and developed by Resident School Instructors. They have the privilege of transfer from Extension to Resident School instruction with credit for work done and tuition paid.

"MAKING READY"

Send for details of this \$7 trial offer, and also for a complimentary copy of "MAKING READY," a 32-page booklet which convincingly shows why Accountancy-educated men and women—value analysts—are insistently demanded by Modern Business.

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Send me, without obligation, details of your \$7 Trial Extension Offer and a copy of "Making Ready."

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Success 10-20

There is a Master Key

which can unlock the secret chambers of success; can throw wide the doors which seem to bar man from the treasure house of Nature, and bids those enter and partake who are wise enough to understand and broad enough to weigh the evidence; firm enough to follow their own judgment and strong enough to make the sacrifice exacted.

Peace, Power and Plenty are the effect of certain definite causes. Cause and Effect are invariable in their operation. This stability is your opportunity. The same cause invariably produce the same result. A knowledge of Natural Law and its operation will enable any individual to determine his own fate, mould his own environment and be the arbiter of his own destiny.

This is, without doubt, the most important message ever given to humanity and its truth can be conclusively demonstrated in one way only, and that is by demonstration.

Thousands of individuals have demonstrated the operation of this law in their own experience. These demonstrations are what is called "Evidence."

In legal acceptation the word evidence includes all means by which any alleged matter of fact, the truth of which is submitted to investigation, is established.

I am in a position to give you evidence, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate.

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Charles F. Haanel, 202 Howard Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me evidence of the truth of the statements made in your advertisement without cost or obligation of any kind.

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Address.....

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



The Evidence Is

You Will Enjoy
You Will Welcome
You Will Profit

It will bring you all the best and most beautiful life because it is at the higher things.



This Advertisement

contains a message of such transcendental importance that no reader of the New Success, whether man, woman or child, should fail to answer it.

THE NEW SUCCESS

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1920

NO. 10

Escaping the Financial Pirates

*How to Avoid the Tempting
Dividends That Eat Up Your Savings*

By T. V. MERLE

THE financial pirate is abroad in the land again. And the time is ripe for him. Never before in the history of the country, have we made money so fast and easily as we have since the World War started, and, especially, since the signing of the armistice in November, 1918.

Men and women who never dreamed of having a fortune find themselves rich. The number of millionaires has been more than doubled. Salaries, in many cases, have jumped 200 per cent. The laborer is in possession of a wage that seemed but a dream ten short years ago.

It is but natural that—withstanding the high cost of living—many of us realize we are earning more money than we can spend. Many of us seem to realize that our chance to get rich quick has come. We can not see the safe investment, the stolid, solid savings bank with its 4 or 4½ per cent a year, the gilt-edge bonds that earn 6 to 8 per cent and are guaranteed as to interest and principle, the safe and sane dividends of marketable securities, or any

of the scores of other investments in which we can put our savings and sleep o' nights without worry.

No! The average investor of to-day wants his money to earn interest beyond all legitimate bounds. Such an investor is a victim of the lust of money. He simply sacrifices all his labor, what leisure he has earned, even his life, itself, in order to become financially independent. And there are plenty of pirates to assure him that he is a fool to turn his money over to any concern that is unable to pay more than it honestly and consistently can.

"Why," say these sharpers, "the idea is preposterous. Who gets the rest of the big income that your money earns? Why, Morgan and all those other rich guys. That's how they get rich. Now, you just put your cash in my endless-chain of quick-earning securities, and pull down at least fifty per cent a week."

"The best thing that you can do, Mr. Merle," one of the leading bankers in New York said to me when I told him I was

writing this article for THE NEW SUCCESS, is to drive home to its readers this fact:

"The man or woman who expects his money to earn twenty or fifty per cent will find that the investment will cost him one hundred per cent. Any human being who accepts such rates of interest on his money, regardless of its source—does not get it. He simply loses it all in the end."

Such a person is a victim of financial dementia—an old disease which breaks out just every so often under a new name. I can remember when it was called "money madness." Those who generally succumb to it, seek abnormal returns for their money. They are people who lack courage, intelligence, and patience—the three most important elements of those who built up lasting fortunes.

Would Double Money in 90 Days

WE have read a great deal during the past month about a financial "wizard" in Boston, Charles Ponzi, who started dealing in foreign securities and who promised a return of fifty per cent in forty-five days on all sums invested in his company. The scheme he originated would prosper if the supply of money in the world were not limited.

I am informed, on good authority, that from all parts of the country—at a rate never before recorded—have come schemes which promised the most fabulous returns—schemes so alluring in the prospectuses that even old people who have been satisfied with normal earnings all their lives, have been infected with the poison.

Ponzi's scheme was simple enough. It appealed to the ignorant, to those who had managed to save during the spell of inflated incomes, to the thousands of others who were suffering from financial dementia. He promised to make such people richer than any of his get-rich-quick predecessors. He even claimed to be able to double one's money in ninety days. You were to loan him your money in any sum from \$50 to \$50,000 and he would return it to you doubled in three months. Naturally, your friends would also want to feed the goose that could lay golden eggs with such rapidity. Mr. Ponzi, finally securing sufficient money to operate on a gigantic scale could hold out, as I have said, just so long as there was sufficient money in the world to permit him to hold out. But money is only a com-

modity. There is just so much of world and no more. And it is not turned out at a normal rate. It is a costly undertaking to produce gold, and miners have deserted the earth by the score. Only \$40,000,000 of gold will be mined this year, instead of the average yearly amount.

A Simple Operation

REDUCED to a nutshell Ponzi's method of making money for himself and his clients was as follows:

He invested in what are known as international reply coupons. For example, a six-cent coupon could be bought in New York for one cent of our money, and when brought here must sell for five cents. The Spanish government leaves a penny to the Spanish government for profit. The normal par value of the Austrian krone is twenty cents, but the market price in Vienna is seventy cents. Accordingly when Ponzi sent \$1,000 to Vienna he bought 10,000 draft for 140,000 kronen. These he turned into international reply coupons. At the normal rate of four for each krone, he was getting 560,000 coupons he exchanged in Switzerland for 140,000 Swiss francs with which he bought a draft on New York at the rate of 5½ francs for a dollar. This yielded him \$25,000 on an investment of \$1,000. He simply went into the market on a big scale, and claimed that he could do three and one-half million dollars a week.

Ponzi operated in Boston. He had no other security than his personal credit. Boston poured its savings into his hands. The dementia for investment in his scheme swept over him like a tidal wave. Half of the Boston police force to keep the crowds out of his offices. Men moved out of their homes, women pawned their life-time savings were drawn from the vaults. People of all classes crowded the Ponzi offices, the money-mad men and women, their eyes. You would have thought that the money of this horde of Ponzi was infected with disease-producing bacteria—so eager were the people to get their hands on it.

Every morning, Ponzi swept out of his limousine, at his office door, dressed in immaculate style, his cane over his shoulder, his fresh *boutonniere* never absent. The crowd always gave him a greeting, and he almost swept him off his feet.

(Continued on page 98)

GOVERNOR COX AND SENATOR HARDING

Give Exclusive Interviews to
THE NEW SUCCESS

*Democratic and Republican Nominees for President of the
United States Tell How They Rose from Obscurity
to Positions of Importance*

BOTH WERE POOR BOYS WITHOUT PROSPECTS

*Both Have Success Ideals which They Clearly Describe in
these Interviews, and which May Be of
Great Help to Others*

By ALBERT SYDNEY GREGG

JAMES MIDDLETON COX, Governor of Ohio, and Warren Gama-
liel Harding, United States Senator from the same State, the nominees
for President of the United States of the Democratic and Republican
parties, respectively, have given THE NEW SUCCESS special interviews
through one of its writers, Albert Sydney Gregg.

Neither of these interviews has any political significance. THE NEW
SUCCESS does not stand for any party. But an element of its editorial prov-
ince is to present to its readers the reasons why men and women gain
places of high success. Surely no two other men in the country have life-
stories that will be read more eagerly, or have developed success principles
that will be more far-reaching in their influence, than either Cox or Harding.
Both were poor boys. Both were born to poverty. Cox early developed
an interest in national affairs, and walked two miles a day for a newspaper.
Harding was once glad to groom horses until he found work in a printing
office. Both entered the same profession—journalism—and both strug-
gled through six long years of debt and hardship.

Having been nominated for the highest office in the gift of the American
people, their fellowmen and women—especially the young people of this
great country—are anxious to know just how and why they succeeded—

what, in their own words, is the best formula for success in life. Mr. Gregg has asked both candidates some very pointed questions, and their answers are not only equally to the point, but full of valuable philosophy—just the sort of philosophy that is needed to-day. THE NEW SUCCESS takes particular pride in presenting these interesting, informing, and valuable documents before its readers.—THE EDITORS.

How Harding Hung On in the Face of Uncertainty

The Creed of the Marion Star

By WARREN G. HARDING

REMEMBER there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent. Be fair. Be generous. Never be vindictive. Boost. Don't knock. There is good in everybody. Bring out the good. Never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting political gatherings, give the facts. Tell the story as it is; not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will handle it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent woman or child in telling of the misdeeds of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without asking. And, above all, be clean. Never let a dirty or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

AFTER Senator Warren G. Harding, Republican nominee for President, had given me an outline of his struggle to get a start in life—in the following interview which he granted exclusively to THE NEW SUCCESS—I asked him a number of questions tending to bring out the principles and methods by which he has won success.

"How do you explain what you have accomplished, as editor, publisher, and business man? Did you make a special study of salesmanship or business science, like many other successful men?"

"Oh, no," he responded good naturedly. "That is not the way it was done. I had a very simple rule of action. When I came to an obstacle, I concentrated all my powers upon that one thing until I found a way to handle it. In other words, I developed my own science by tackling difficulties as fast as they developed day by day. And there were plenty to keep me busy.

"Did you discover any short cuts—any secret of good luck which gave you an ad-

vantage, and which might be of help to young men of to-day?"

"There are no short cuts," Senator Harding replied, shaking his head slowly. "Hard work, intelligently applied, is the only good-luck short cut I have ever been able to find. I might say that success is won by three things: First, effort; second, more effort; third, still more effort. The moment a man settles it with himself that he is going to hang on until he wins, he has practically won already. There is little encouragement in this way of looking at things for shirkers and lazy people. If a man craves success he must literally live with his job. He must be willing to begin early and work late, when the occasion so requires. There is no royal road to the prizes of life. A grim, set, unwavering determination to master hard problems is the thing that enables men to climb. But this determination must be tempered with a sense of fair play. There come times when gains may be made by crushing o-

taking advantage of others, but success won in that way does not give real satisfaction. It is far better to be a good loser than to be unfair."

"What single quality would you emphasize as an essential in the make up of the young men of the present time? In other words, what single quality do you regard as indispensable?"

"Thoroughness. Of course, there are other qualities that must be included, but it is absolutely certain that a young man cannot get very far unless he is thorough. Really capable fellows often fail because they are not masters of anything. They get a smattering of a trade or a profession, lose job after job, and wonder why they fail. A man must know his trade, business, or profession from the bottom up in order to win. One who does not have such exact knowledge is at a great disadvantage in the face of modern competition, and is in constant danger of making a mistake that will lead to disaster."

"What do you regard as controlling incentives? What is it that will really make a man work?"

"Necessity and a desire for independence. In my own case, I had to make my own way; but, in addition, I wanted to be independent. I revolted at the idea of asking my father for money. A young man who is willing to live on money handed out to him by an indulgent father, mother, or other relative seldom amounts to anything. A good healthy ambition to be independent in every way is indispensable in a young man who would be successful."

The Creed of the *Star*

THEN the senator shot a question at me: "Have you seen our creed?"

"Your creed?" I exclaimed, thinking he had reference to religion or possibly politics.

"Yes, our newspaper creed. You can secure a copy at the Marion *Star* office."

Later I obtained an authentic copy of the senator's creed from the editor of the *Star*, who assured me that it was the "real article." It is a significant document because it was evolved by the senator in building up his newspaper organization. This creed consists of instructions given to reporters and editors when they begin work on the *Star*. I was assured by the editor that the *Star* had been "scooped"

several times, because the men would not violate the creed by which they were controlled. In view of the fact that this creed is a revelation of Senator Harding's views, it is given in full at the beginning of this article. It contains much that is applicable to other activities besides newspaper work.

Senator Harding is a product of his own business philosophy. He is a hard worker and he is thorough. While he is not ranked as a wealthy man, he has acquired a competence as editor and publisher and by judicious investments.

Mr. Harding has twice represented the thirteenth senatorial district in the Ohio legislature, served one term as lieutenant governor, and one term as United States senator from Ohio. As a speaker of distinction he has won favor at numerous conventions and public gatherings. Three times he has visited Europe to obtain first-hand information about political and economic problems, and on one occasion he went to Hawaii to learn all he could about the production and distribution of sugar. He has been successful in public life, but his real achievement, upon which all else rests, is the development of the Marion *Star* from a sickly "failure" into a profitable and influential evening daily.

A "Jack of all Trades" when a Boy

UP to the time he was nineteen, Senator Harding was a "jack of all trades." He had groomed horses, painted houses, farmed, set type, made brooms, driven a team on a railroad-construction job, taught school, reported on a newspaper, studied law, sold fire insurance, taken a turn as "hero" in an amateur theatrical company, and played a horn in a brass band. All of these activities, however, were incidental to getting an education, which he acquired in the common school and at college. He got his stride in his early twenties, and then went forward to permanent success.

Senator Harding was born on his grandfather's farm, near the village of Blooming Grove, Morrow county, Ohio, on November 2, 1865, so that his fifty-fifth birthday falls exactly on the date on which he expects to be elected president of the United States. He is the son of Dr. George T. Harding, then a village doctor, who is still in active practice in Marion at the age of seventy-six. "W. G.," as the senator is

widely known, was the oldest of eight children, some of whom have won distinction—one in medicine, one as an educator, and one as a missionary. His ancestry is a blending of Holland-Dutch and Scotch.

The country round about the home of grandfather Harding was woodland, and all were engaged in cutting away the timber, and transforming the primitive forest into cultivated farms. Warren took his turn with the rest. He cut down trees, chopped wood, split rails, hoed corn, and helped to plant, cultivate and reap crops that were raised between roots and stumps. At sixteen, he was a man both in stature and strength. None of the boys dared to bully him, and he would not permit the older ones to impose on the little fellows who were not able to take care of themselves.

While Warren was a youngster Dr. Harding had settled in Caledonia, a village near Marion, and there the coming senator attended school, and developed into a husky youth.

Inked the "Forms" by Hand

WHEN Warren was a boy of eleven, Dr. Harding encouraged a venturesome pilgrim to start a paper in Caledonia. It was called *The Argus*. Warren got a job inking the forms with a hand-roller, and setting type. Thus he got into the newspaper business. In that little country printing-office, Warren found a chum by the name of Jack Warwick, who was also learning to be a printer. These lads made a great team. One of their favorite amusements was to borrow Dr. Harding's horses, go out on the pike and run races—bareback.

Then the Hardings moved onto a farm near Caledonia. Warren was not a great success as a farmer. But he did the best he could and hoped for something better. His experience, however, gave him firsthand knowledge of the difficulties that the farmer must overcome, and has been useful in after life in dealing with farm questions. One of his pet humiliations during this period was to drive into Caledonia at intervals with a team consisting of a horse and mule. At length he made his escape and with the backing of his father he attended the Ohio Central College, at Iberia, from which he was graduated with honors.

While still living in Caledonia, Warren had joined the Caledonia Eolian Band. He played a B-flat cornet, and was a star performer. This organization, by the way, was named for Eolus, god of the winds, but that was nothing against it. Warren took his cornet with him to college and, later, to Marion. While he was playing in Marion, his band won a prize at a neighboring town, and Warren remained over to collect the prize money. The judges demanded that the band parade before them. As Warren was all that was left of the band, he paraded alone, playing a quickstep as he marched back and forth. He got the prize and carried it home in triumph.

At Iberia, Warren again came into contact with the newspaper business. The village did not have a paper, and *The Spectator* was started. It came out every two weeks. Warren worked on *The Spectator* in Iberia much as he had worked on *The Argus* in Caledonia. After he left college, he taught school.

How He Lost Selling Insurance

MEANWHILE Dr. Harding had moved to Marion, and after Warren was through teaching, he went home. Dr. Harding had decided that Warren should become a lawyer, and arranged for him to read law with a Marion attorney. Warren was in need of money. He did not want to ask his father; so, taking the advice of a friend, he tried selling fire insurance. In the rounds he placed a \$25,000 policy on a new hotel. His commission was \$100. It looked mighty big to him just then. Warren Harding was so obscure that the local board of underwriters did not know he was on earth, but after he had written the big policy on the hotel they "discovered" him. They discovered, also, that he had cut the rate a quarter of a cent. That was done through sheer ignorance, for Harding did not know exactly how much to charge. The result of the affair was that the young man lost both the policy and his commission because of his little mistake. Finally, with a better understanding, Warren Harding quit law and went into the insurance business, in which he worked for a year and a half.

Meanwhile, Dr. Harding had made a trade in which he had acquired an interest in the Marion *Star* for \$300. Ben

SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING

The Republican candidate for President of the United States says:

When I came to an obstacle, I concentrated all my powers upon that one thing until I found a way to handle it. I developed my own science by tackling difficulties as fast as they developed.

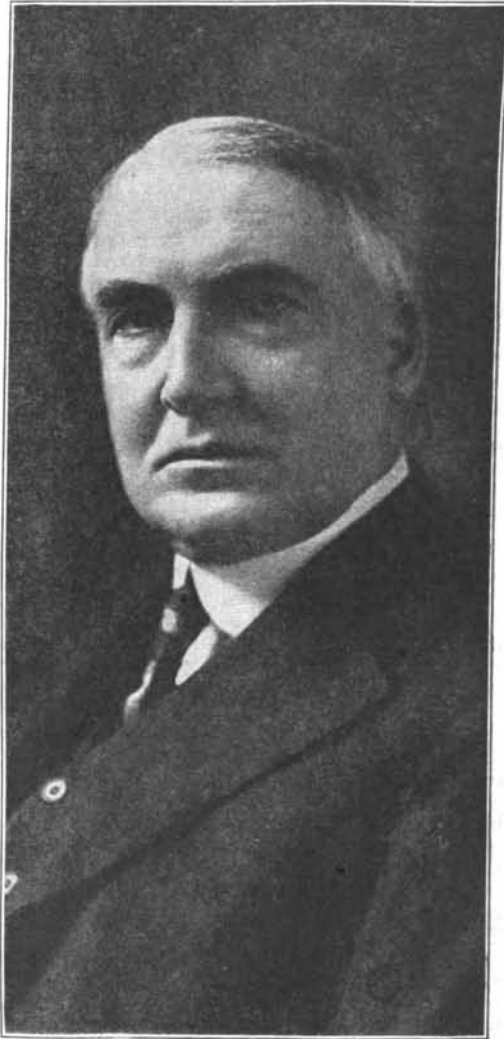
Photograph copyrighted by The Edmonston Studio, Washington, D. C.

Dempster, a woodchopper, was also a joint owner of the paper. Dr. Harding told Warren to take charge and see what he could do with the *Star*. The paper was a small affair, four columns to a sheet, and printed on a job press, one page at a time. About this time, 1884, the Republican convention met in Chicago. Warren wanted to go. He obtained a railroad pass, borrowed ten dollars, and set out for the convention city. But after he arrived he was no better off, for he could not get into the convention hall. He hung around until his money ran out, and then returned to Marion.

Dr. Harding lost his interest in the Marion *Star* through a snap judgment, and Warren was obliged to get another job. He found a place on *The Mirror*, where he set type three days a week, and gathered news the rest of the time. *The Mirror* was a Democratic paper, run by an editor of the old-time, rabid Democratic type. Harding was a Republican, and flaunted his politics everywhere he went by wearing a Blaine high hat. James G. Blaine was his candidate for the presidency, and he wanted everybody to know it. There were many complaints about Harding's political irregularity, for, in those days, Marion was a Democratic town. Grover Cleveland was elected. It was a time of Democratic jubilation, and a high occasion for "turning the rascals out" and "dividing the spoils."

Lost Job But Stuck to Hat

THEREUPON Warren Harding was marked for destruction. The campaign of 1884 was a bitter one. The Blaine supporters and the Cleveland supporters were open in declaring for their candidates. This expression of opinion was carried to



such an extreme that Blaine supporters,—in all walks of life, from millionaires to laborers—wore gray "stove-pipe" hats, and the Cleveland supporters wore brown hats of a similar shape. It was a remarkable but no less common sight to see one man going to his office and another carrying a hod, but each sternly wearing the hat that clearly indicated how he would cast his vote.

Calling him into his presence the editor

said: "Warren, there has been a lot of complaining about your Blaine hat, and I want to warn you that you must either quit wearing that hat or give up your job."

"All right," he replied. "If that is the way you feel about it—I'll give up the job." And out he walked.

But that was not the end of his humiliation. As cornetist in the band, he was compelled to take part in the Democratic jubilation. A Blaine Republican playing in a brass band at a Grover Cleveland celebration was certainly a curiosity in those days. After the ordeal of the evening was over, Harding met Jack Warwick and John Sickel in Meiley's restaurant where they ate oysters and discussed the future. They got to talking about the Marion *Star*, which was again "on the market." Finally Harding exclaimed:

"Jack, let's buy the *Star*, and have a paper of our own?"

"That's a good idea," replied Warwick, a little dubiously. "How much would we have to dig up?"

"We can get it for three hundred dollars down, if we'll assume a debt of nine hundred dollars."

"Why not let me in?" suggested Sickel.

A Fortune in Those Days

AFTER further parley it was decided to admit Sickel and make it a three-way deal. Sickel was an interesting fellow. He did not know anything about the printing business, but he had inherited \$1500—quite a fortune in those days. At length each partner put in one hundred dollars, making a pool of three hundred dollars, with which to make the "down payment." The young men decided to form a company, so that individuals could come and go without affecting the personality of the concern. Then Sickel loaned the company four hundred and fifty dollars for working capital. In taking over the paper, the new owners printed this slogan where everybody could read it:

"We have bought the STAR and we have come to stay."

Jack Warwick supervised the mechanical work, while all Harding had to do was to get the news, solicit advertising, get job work, manage the carriers, keep the books, assist now and then with the typesetting, help put the paper to press, and put in his

spare time developing good will. And yet some folks thought he had a "soft snap." Mr. Sickel did not last long. He loved the great outdoors, and after vainly trying to learn how to set type, he sold his interest to Dr. Harding and stepped out. Furthermore he was a hereditary Democrat, and did not feel at home running in double harness with a Blaine Republican. Next, Mr. Warwick became dissatisfied, and sold out to Dr. Harding.

He Had the Nerve to Keep on Going in Debt

THAT left the Hardings as sole owners of the *Star*, with Warren in active charge. He was twenty-three years old, very ambitious, willing to work, and confident that he could build up a paying newspaper property. And now comes the real story of his life: He worked night and day, and, for six years, steadily went behind. Finally he owed \$4,000, but he had greatly improved his plant, and had won the confidence of the community. Then the tide turned. To-day the Marion *Star* is a valuable newspaper property, and could not be bought at any price.

The big point is that Harding had the nerve to keep on going into debt. He hung on in the face of uncertainty, confident that if he could hold on long enough he would finally win. He practiced the most rigid self-denial. He mastered every branch of the business—financial, editorial, and mechanical. At any time during his long up-hill fight to get a start he would have been justified in quitting, but he was not that sort. He had set out with a grim determination to succeed and for him there was no turning back in the face of such a decision.

During his struggle he married Florence Kling, daughter of Amos Kling, banker and business man. Mrs. Harding has been a helpmate in every way. She is endowed with an unusual amount of common sense and business insight. One day the circulation manager quit, and Mrs. Harding at once took charge. After she became manager of the circulation, many new subscribers were added to the list. She did it by developing a first-class carrier system. Over twenty business men in Marion attribute their success to the training they received as carriers on the *Star* under Mrs. Harding. On another occasion, Mrs. Harding managed the

Star while her husband took a much-needed rest.

The Story of the Printer's Rule

AFTER Harding became active in public life, he incorporated his newspaper business and offered stock to his employees at par. He took their notes in payment. It is understood that the stock did not cost the men a cent, for the dividends took

care of the payments. Harding has so developed his newspaper organization that he does not have active charge of the paper now, although he is in direct touch, and takes a turn now and then, in order to give some of his head men a vacation.

During our talk, I recalled a story to the effect that Harding carries a printer's rule as a lucky piece. For the benefit of the

(Continued on page 113)

Cox Overcame Many Difficulties By His Will to Win

GOVERNOR James M. Cox, of Ohio, Democratic nominee for President of the United States, started as a poor boy, and, by his own effort, has become the owner of two profitable newspapers—the Dayton, Ohio, *News*, and the Springfield, Ohio, *News*. Those who assume to know, rate him as a millionaire. Furthermore, he has served two terms as congressman from Ohio, and three times he has been elected governor of that State.

In behalf of young men all over the country, who feel that they have no chance, I asked Governor Cox to tell me how he got his start; how he mastered his difficulties. We were sitting in his office in Dayton. His desk was piled with telegrams, papers, and letters crying for attention, but he paused long enough to tell me specially, for THE NEW SUCCESS, the inner secrets of his own success and, incidentally, the methods by which others may win.

"What do you regard as the one single thing essential to success?" I asked.

"Sustained effort," was the decisive reply.

"What about special talent," I queried.

"Some men are born with more brains than others, you know. Don't they have the advantage?"

"Yes and no," he responded. "Too much talent may be a real handicap."

"Why?"

"Because things will come too easy at first for such a man. He will get the idea that he can slip along without exertion because of his smartness, and fail to de-

velop himself. When a real test comes, he will not be prepared to meet it."

"Would you put the emphasis on hard work?"

"Every time."

"Suppose a man does not like his job—feels that he is a misfit or is not qualified. What would you advise him to do?"

"He must either learn to like his work or get into something that he does like. No man can really make progress without enthusiasm."

"Is enthusiasm for work inherent, or is it something that can be cultivated?"

"Enthusiasm results from doing something for which you feel that you are specially fitted, and which promises adequate returns for the efforts put forth. A man can enjoy a lot of hard work if he sees a big prize at the end of the trail. The gold seeker forgets all about toil and privation, because his imagination is fired by the hope of finding gold. Your work may be disagreeable and disheartening; but, maybe, it will help you to take a long look ahead. Let your fancy run a little and picture the results of what you are doing. It is very important to get into something that has a big future. Then your efforts become cumulative. Each succeeding year shows larger gains. There is always a dead lift in any undertaking for the first few years, but, after a while, you are conscious of momentum and substantial progress. But the moment you stop working, you begin to slip backward."

"How can a man learn to love work?"

"By kindling his enthusiasm in the way I have indicated, and by driving himself

to work until it becomes a habit. The reason that it is so hard for some business men to retire is that they have come to love the game for itself, rather than the gains."

"So you believe in a man driving himself?"

"Sure! Most people are naturally lazy, and have to handle themselves as you would an unruly horse. No man can hope for success until he has mastered the secret of doing disagreeable things. Your will is master of your personality. All you have to do is to use it. When you feel a little unruly that is the time to make yourself do things that you don't want to do. One of the advantages of doing chores on a farm is that the boy is drilled into performing disagreeable tasks that he cannot dodge without immediate discovery, such as feeding the stock or milking the cows. There are times when I want to put off writing an article or making a speech. I know it must be done. I drive myself, and, in a little while, my mind and imagination catch fire and I become lost in the enjoyment of the task. I believe that if a man will make a bargain with himself to work for fifteen minutes on something that he dislikes, his mind will awaken so he will actually love it, or he will make up his mind to see it through for the satisfaction that he will gain from the resulting sense of self-mastery."

"What would you say to the ordinary fellow who is plodding along barely making ends meet, and, perhaps, nursing a feeling that he has not had a square deal?"

"There are three things such a man should do. First, he should wake up his mind by general reading, and by learning all about the business or industry in which he is employed. Then he should throw himself into his work with all his mind, heart, and strength. He should also live within his means and save a little. By working this system he will either obtain a raise from his boss, or he will attract the attention of another employer who will offer him more money. But there is something else that may take place. If he reads the right kind of books he may arouse latent powers that will enable him to get into a business for himself and make a big success."

"Would you say there is little hope for a lazy man?"

"Absolutely none!" exclaimed the Governor emphatically. "There are two things

every man must fight, if he expects to win. First, he must fight the devil, and then let him resist the inherent tendency of most people to take the line of least resistance. The line of least resistance with many is one of frivolous pleasure seeking, or a slack way of doing work. No, I am not condemning the idea of having a good time; but don't let your good times get in the way of the main business of life. It takes a lot of will-power sometimes to resist an inclination to go to a dance or a show when you know you should work or study. If you have the right sort of enthusiasm and a set purpose, you will be able to disregard such allurements. But, after all, I can do little more than suggest. The world is so made that each person who really craves success must dig it out for himself."

Walked Two Miles to Secure a Newspaper

THE simple story of Cox's own achievements is a pertinent illustration of his philosophy. He was born on a farm near Jacksonburg, Ohio, March 31, 1870, the youngest of seven children. His boyhood was spent in grinding toil. He got up early and worked late. He knew no holidays. He attended the village school, but the opportunities there were very much restricted. As a boy, Jim Cox read the Cincinnati *Commercial* which came to his father daily. So eager was he to get it that he would walk two miles to the post office, when he was so tired that he could hardly drag one foot after another. Thus he obtained his first ideas of the great world beyond.

A restless driving spirit was stirred up in him that has gathered force with the passing of the years. It created a demand for a better education and larger opportunities. At ten years of age, he dared to dispute with the wise men who sat on dry-goods boxes at the village store and discussed national problems. He obtained his facts for such discussions from his beloved newspaper, and, frequently, he had more facts at his command than his opponents. He read all the books he could beg or borrow. There was no library in the school at Jacksonburg, and no funds available for that purpose. But the Jacksonburg school-teacher had an idea. He gave a dramatic performance of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and raised sufficient money

GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX

The Democratic candidate for President of the United States says:

"Your work may be disagreeable and disheartening; but, maybe, it will help you to take a long look ahead. Let your fancy run a little and picture the results of what you are doing. It is very important to get into something that has a big future."

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

to buy fifty books. Young Cox read them all and asked for more.

During this time, young Cox had made a little extra money as janitor of the school and as sexton of the village church. But that did not amount to much. The only escape from farm drudgery that he discovered was to become a storekeeper or a school-teacher. His brother-in-law, John Baker, was editor and owner of the *Middletown Signal*, and the boy got a job with him. Young Jimmy Cox set type, swept the office, ran errands, collected subscriptions, delivered papers, and attended school. Amanda Academy, in Middletown, has the honor of fitting him for the job of country school-teacher. Before he was seventeen years old, he took the examination and obtained a teacher's certificate.

His first position was as primary teacher in the school at Heno, Ohio. Next he taught a one-room school at Rockdale, after which he was put in charge of a "choice" school at Tytus. There he taught everything from the alphabet to algebra. All this time he kept up with his own studies and, also, taught a night school for negroes in Middletown. For over four years, he stuck to teaching. Realizing that there was not much of a future to his calling, he became, at twenty-one, a reporter on the *Middletown Signal*, which had started a daily edition.

How He Met His Big Opportunity

WHILE employed on the *Signal* his big opportunity came. A special train carrying employees of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, who had been on an excursion, was wrecked near Middletown. John Baker, besides



running the *Signal*, was local representative for the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. At the time of the accident he was sick, and he arranged for Cox to send in a report of the disaster. Cox took hold, got the facts together and soon had a report ready. After he had "filed" it with the telegraph company, he handed the operator a newspaper, and told him to start with the first column and to keep on sending until press

time. His purpose was to close the wire to other correspondents, and thus win a big "scoop" for his paper. He succeeded admirably. Shortly after, Cox was invited to Cincinnati and given a position on the *Enquirer*. He began as railroad reporter, and, later, hunted news in the business district. Then he took a turn editing local and telegraph copy. In telling of this experience Governor Cox remarked: "The drill I got in editing copy has been invaluable to me since. It gave me some idea of how to condense in writing and in speaking."

When Paul Sorg, of Middletown, was elected to Congress, in 1894, he wisely decided that he should employ a newspaper man as secretary, and picked Cox for the place. This selection was not hasty or accidental. Sorg was president of the Middletown school board when Cox taught the night school, and he knew the young man's struggles and qualifications. Thus, at twenty-four, James M. Cox went to Washington to look after the private affairs of a congressman. Sorg was a wealthy man of many interests, and Cox was entrusted with duties that gave him an invaluable insight into the management of business affairs. After Sorg returned from Washington he wanted Cox to become his financial man, but Cox declined. He was associated with Mr. Sorg for three years.

"The lure of the newspaper business was in my blood," said Cox, "and I decided to plunge in again as soon as I could find a suitable opening."

How Cox Was Rewarded for Loyalty

AT that time, the Dayton *News* was the least promising of the papers in that city, but it had one valuable asset, and that was the Associated Press franchise for the afternoon field. Cox made up his mind to buy the *News*. The price was \$20,000. Cox's total bank-roll was \$400. He put it up to Sorg to help him raise the money he required to swing the deal. Sorg insisted that stock in small amounts should be sold among Dayton people, but Cox did not favor that idea. However, he fell in with it temporarily. Sorg put up \$8,000, and \$6,000 was distributed among Dayton business men. In that way, the down payment of \$14,000 was made up. That left \$6,000 which the new owner had to "work out from under."

It took Cox five or six years to pay off his obligations.

"It seemed to me that I was making payments on my note three days a week all the time," remarked Governor Cox while telling me the story. "I have that old note yet, and shall keep it as a souvenir. The payments are all recorded on the back. One thing Sorg impressed on me was that I should never let a note come to maturity without planning to make a payment on it. And I have learned since that it was mighty good advice."

"I suppose you did the work of three men during that period," I remarked.

"It was more like the work of four men," he responded. "I used to edit local and telegraph copy in the forenoon, write editorials at night, and take care of business matters in the afternoons. Gradually, as the business increased, I delegated work to others."

"You certainly were lucky to have the help of a rich man like Mr. Sorg, when you wanted to buy the *News*," I commented.

"Lucky? Not a bit of it. We had known each other for years. I had served him faithfully, and, when the time came, he was ready to help me get a start. Let me say right here that *loyalty to the man who employs you, often brings a bigger reward than you may expect at the time*. If I had not been loyal and of service to Mr. Sorg, do you think he would have taken so much interest in what I wanted to do? It is a valuable business asset to be known by men of wealth and influence, and to have their confidence."

After the *News* was well under way Governor Cox quietly bought in all the stock, and, to-day, he is the sole owner of the property. Later he purchased the *Press-Republic* and the *Democrat* in Springfield, and merged them into the Springfield *News*.

Then His Enemies Tried to "Get Him"

TO use his own expression, James M. Cox was "full of fight, purpose, and vinegar" in those days. He was twenty-eight when he bought the Dayton *News*, and, for ten years thereafter, he kept things stirred up in Dayton with his newspaper attacks on politicians, recreant officials, and individuals of all sorts whom he considered "irregular." He lambasted right and left and laughed at libel suits. As high

as four suits for libel have been filed against him in one day.

Finally his enemies decided to "get him." They read the *News* with a magnifying glass in search of some utterance that would justify legal action. He had to be ready with bondsmen, for the libel law requires that a publisher shall put up a bond for twice the amount of the damages asked, under penalty of seizure of the plant by the sheriff. Once his paper was in great peril of being closed because he characterized a local judge as a "judicial pirate." Cox must have told the truth, for the case was dismissed.

A climax was reached in his clash with the Applegarth Syndicate, of Philadelphia. Cox boldly accused this organization of buying up banks in the Middle West and using the funds to promote questionable traction ventures. Cox was promptly sued for \$500,000. Under the law, he would be obliged to furnish a bond of \$1,000,000. His enemies figured that he could not possibly do it. But the fighting editor fooled them. The plant was closed for a few hours, but no time was lost. Cox sat in his den and wrote an article telling his side of the story, while an associate hustled around and got the bond signed. Then Cox issued an "extra" containing his version of the affair, and flung it in the face of his enemies. His bond for a million dollars had been signed by personal friends to meet the emergency, under a promise that he would release them just as soon as he could have the matter taken care of by a bonding company—and he kept his promise.

When Cox became a congressman for the first time, in 1908, he eased off a bit. Although keen as ever in getting the news, he seems to have put a permanent stopper in his vitriol bottle, and no longer goes out of his way to stir up trouble. Perhaps he thinks that being governor and a nominee for the Presidency is trouble enough for one time.

A curious question flashed into my mind as we talked.

"You were sued for libel quite often," I began. "Did any of the suits ever stick so that you actually had to pay damages?"

"No, not as a result of court action, but I compromised in one instance. A man who thought he had a grievance sued me for twenty thousand dollars, and, while the case was pending, I told my lawyer to tell the complainant's lawyer that I would

pay just one cent, as I thought, maybe, he had been damaged to that extent. They took me up, and I paid the cent plus a share of the costs."

Encourages His Men to Break Their Records

THE conversation shifted around to methods of managing a business and the handling of employees.

"What is your policy about promotions?" was my next query. "Do you advance from within or do you import?"

"From within," he replied quickly. "Many of the men now holding important positions in my newspaper organizations were clerks, printers, carriers, or newsboys when I bought the plant. As they have revealed their qualifications they have been gradually advanced. My plan is to place a man in a position, and then leave the details to him. That is the only way his capabilities can be brought out. Of course, they know I am looking on and watching the performance. We have a system of comparisons showing the business done on the corresponding day and week last year, and I encourage each man to break his own record as often as possible."

Governor Cox has developed a system of bonuses based on length of service and the earnings of his papers. Bonus checks are handed out on the day before Christmas. They range up as high as \$1,200. Each employee gets two weeks vacation annually with pay.

Much of what Governor Cox has done can be attributed to his mother, whose grave he visited just after he received word of his nomination. She was a woman of strong character, energetic and determined. It is said of her that she was not afraid to drive any horse in her county. Once she stopped a runaway team at the risk of her life. She stepped in front of the running horses, grabbed their bridles, and brought them to a stop after they had crashed through a fence. She was still living when her son was inaugurated governor for the first time. She stood by his side when he laid his hand on the family Bible and took the oath of office.

Although Governor Cox is in his fifty-first year, he looks much younger. He is in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual strength, and still drives ahead in his

(Continued on page 114)

Lizards and Larks

By Edmund Vance Cooke

A REPTILE of repulsive form
Sprawled in the sun to keep him warm,
Naked, inert, and seeming bound
To grovel ever on the ground.
Who could have deemed its half-filmed eye
Looked upward to achieve the sky?
Who would conceive this mire-made thing
Would one day learn to soar and sing?

YET, as the ages roll along,
The creature's hiss becomes a song.
It puts on plumage of the tints
The prism tells, the opal hints,
Orange and crimson, green and blue
And every shade of every hue.
To fill the ear, to thrill the eye,
The reptile darts across the sky.

AND we? Do we at times grow tired
Of hopes deferred and faiths desired?
Do we express our dismal doubt
We may not work our problem out?
O, we of little faith! we ask
A sign to spur us to our task.
So be it, then! Whose courage fails,
When serpents turn to nightingales?

The editors of THE NEW SUCCESS offer \$100 for the best completion of this story

The Great Decision

By DE WITT HOWARD CLINTON

Author, "The Wisdom of Buckley Brice," "What a Fool Did," "The Man of Millions," and other stories

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE LAZEAR WILBUR

FEW men have been placed in so tragic a position as Samuel D. Coulton, the hero of this story. The author, Mr. Clinton, could not end the story to his satisfaction; but we purchased his manuscript as far as he has written it, believing that among our readers is one who can start in where Mr. Clinton has left off and, in fiction form, furnish the second part that will complete the story perfectly. The same characters that Mr. Clinton has introduced may be used, and any new characters that seem necessary may be admitted.

Tell your story in 4000 words or less. That manuscript which, in the opinion of Mr. Clinton and the editors, is judged the best completion of this story will be purchased by THE NEW SUCCESS for \$100, and will be published in the January, 1921, issue.

All manuscripts must be in this office not later than November 3, 1920.

Address: Managing editor, "The New Success," 1133 Broadway, New York.

PART I

MEADVILLE was proud of Samuel D. Coulton and pointed to him, with sincere admiration, as one of its leading citizens. His business success, his ideal home life, and his winning personality were all held up as examples for the youth of the community to emulate.

Coulton's associates affectionately nicknamed him "Old Integrity." Frank Lapham, of the Meadville National Bank, used to say, "I'd rather have Sam Coulton's word than another man's bond. Bonds sometimes go bad and the bottom falls out of the market; but when you have Sam Coulton's word, you have something that's worth more than gold!"

Strict as was Coulton's code of honor, and close as was his attention to every task he undertook, he was intensely human in his nature and unusually considerate. His employees worshipped him, and worked for him as they would not have labored for any other human being. To secure a place in Coulton's employ, was regarded as a prize indeed; for no employer ever treated those under him with greater kindness and unvarying fairness.

Sam Coulton's private office was open to every one in the great enterprises he directed. No complaint was too trivial to demand his careful hearing and attention, and he made it his business to become familiar with the personal affairs and welfare of every employee from the bottom to the top rung of the ladder he had set up.

His outstanding personality seemed to galvanize every one around him into greater action. Added effort followed in the wake of his smile, and a host of new ideas were born of his casual suggestions. He was a born leader and a living inspiration.

It seemed that everything Coulton touched would turn to gold—as if the man possessed the legendary touch of King Midas. Yet Coulton's touch did not rob a successful enterprise of its human interest, and wealth itself did not appeal to him. His list of charities would have rivaled those of the country's foremost philanthropists, had any one but Coulton himself known of them.

"There isn't any secret about getting rich," Coulton said to young Bill Delaney, his shop foreman, one morning. "All a man has to do is go out and get as much money as he wants. It's there—and if he only wants it badly enough and works hard enough for it, he'll get it in due time. And there aren't any satisfactory short cuts to riches either," he went on with a twinkle in his keen eyes. "Mushroom millionaires usually die young, and others find their way into permanent quarters at the expense of the State."

BILL Delaney went smiling to his task, Coulton turned in his office chair and looked pensively out of the window into the factory yard. It was a busy scene—a monument to Coulton's own years of unceasing endeavor and fair dealing.

But now, as he viewed the fruits of his labor, Coulton thought back to the dull, gray morning when he had arrived, penniless and hungry, in the little town of Meadville.

It was difficult to realize that this once ragged youth of twenty was, to-day, after thirty-five long years, president of the Coulton Manufacturing Company, a director of the local bank, active head of the Coulton Stone Quarries, a member of the governing board of half a dozen large enterprises which contributed to the wealth and welfare of the community.



He smiled as he remembered the chill of that early morning air on the day he had stepped from the axle-truck of a western freight. His choice of Meadville as a stopping place was purely accidental. His selection of the little town was largely prompted by the fact that he was cold and hungry. And he had remained there because Meadville was far enough from the place from which he hailed to

make it unlikely that he would encounter any one who knew him. That was the secret in Coulton's life!

That there had been some great sorrow in his early life was known to his charming wife, but, respecting her husband's silence, she had never questioned him nor was she in the least curious. She worshipped her husband. His son and daughter were proud of him. It was inspiring to have so wonderful a man at the head of a family.

On the morning of his arrival in Meadville, his



Just then his son entered laughing. "Well, when do we start for Washington, dad?" he asked playfully. "I say, 'Let's go!'" Nannette came running in, too, her bright eyes blazing with excitement. "Oh, isn't it glorious!" she cried.

first act was to visit a pump in the freight yards. Having removed—as best he could—the stains of travel, and the signs of the ride he had stolen on a side-door Pullman, he became keenly aware that the breakfast hour was at hand.

Begging was a trick he had not learned. There wasn't so much as one cent in his pockets. So he started to look for work. In an hour he was cleaning up a lunchroom frequented by the yard hands, and, as a result of his first labor, he received a meal. Later in the day, he got the job permanently. It appealed to him—not from a financial standpoint, but because it assured him three more or less square

meals a day and a place to sleep at night.

BUT ambition was burning in the blood of Coulton and, in the next few years, Meadville had begun to pick up an acquaintance with its newest and most interesting citizen. It was not long before he had his own lunchroom, which gradually developed into a sort of general store where the trainmen could purchase most everything they needed from overalls to doughnuts. To-day, Sam Coulton owns a string of such stores throughout the West, along the lines of the principal railroads.

Then his inventive genius devised an improved brake for freight cars. Now, the Coulton plant, at Meadville, turns out thousands of them annually. Thus the start of his great fortune was accomplished, and because he sold good food and good merchandise, and because he made good brakes, the demand increased and the output and volume of sales grew steadily, year by year.

Gradually Tommy Coulton grew from a ruddy-cheeked, tow-haired boy into a tall, athletic youth, and Nanette Coulton developed into one of the local beauties of Meadville. Then the World War came. Tommy, fresh from college, hastened to Fort Niagara and there won his silver bars as a Lieutenant of Artillery. With Tommy gone to France, Nannette donned a Y. M. C. A. uniform and Mrs. Coulton took charge of the Red Cross activities at Meadville. The great Coulton plant stopped making brakes and turned to activities that would tend to more speedily win the war. Coulton himself, at the invitation of the

President, went to Washington and supplemented his income by the receipt of a dollar a year from the United States Treasury.

In the months that young Tommy was accumulating medals and machine-gun bullets in France, his father was acquiring a new fame in the highest councils of the nation. His name filled columns in the newspapers. The boy who had ridden into Meadville on a freight car became a national figure.

Then, when it was all over, Coulton went back to Meadville, and after Tommy had returned with his honorable discharge, Coulton sought about for some suitable business for his son.

HE was sitting on the veranda of the country club, one evening, talking with Frank Lapham. "I don't know just what to do for the boy," Coulton said. "I don't want to take him in business with me, as his inclinations do not follow any of

the lines in which I am engaged. Not that it would make much difference in his future, but I believe in a man being happy in his work and having a fondness for it other than the money it brings him.

"Tommy's gone daffy over aviation, and I believe it is a field with big possibilities; but values have decreased so, and I've so much capital tied up in various ways, that I haven't the necessary funds to start him just now—and to my mind this is the psychological time to do it."

Lapham stared at Coulton in amazement. "Is that all that's worrying you—money?" he asked with a smile. "If it is, your endorsement of Tom's paper is all that is necessary and the resources of the Meadville National Bank are behind you to the limit!"

"That's mighty considerate of you, Lapham," Coulton said, genuinely moved.

"Considerate nothing," said Lapham. "Naturally I'm glad to be able to make the offer, but it's only good business to do it. You and Tommy will make a success of anything you attempt, and your endorsement on a note is good with me for any amount you want at any time."

So it was that young Tommy started out to conquer the air from a commercial standpoint and Coulton turned his attention to his other enterprises, meanwhile keeping a shrewd weather eye upon the progress of his son.

Spring came and the country began to seethe with the talk of coming conventions and Presidential possibilities. Reporters called at Coulton's office and asked his views on the subject. "My boys," Coulton said to them kindly, "I spent many months in Washington and during that time learned that I don't know anything about politics—and what little I did learn convinced me that I'd be a helpless babe in such a circle. I don't know who's going to be President, or who should be. When they trot out the candidates, I'll size them up and vote for the man I consider best fitted to hold down the job."

"But don't you believe the President should be a business man, Mr. Coulton?" a reporter broke in.

"Perhaps," Coulton said, nodding his head thoughtfully, "but there are business men and business men."

THE newspaper printed what Coulton had said and it was flashed by wire from coast to coast. It was not that Coulton had made any extremely important observation on the subject—but was prompted by the fact that the nation had grown to know and like Coulton, and his statements were always read with interest. Personally, Coulton was inclined to shun publicity. He had several times refused civic positions in Meadville, and when the nomination for governor had once been offered him, he had laughingly put aside the suggestion with the statement that he wasn't rich enough to be an honest governor and he didn't care to be any other sort of a one.

Because of his sterling character, the remark caused much amusement, but Coulton had shown conclusively that he had no aspirations for the office and it was duly tendered to a more receptive man.

Now, however, the time had come when the candidates for the nation's highest office had been chosen, and the local statesmen were endeavoring to strengthen the National ticket everywhere by

the selection of worthy men to run for the lesser offices at the coming election.

In a room in the Hotel Algonquin in the State capital twenty miles from Meadville, the men who ruled the political destinies of the State were assembled in conference.

"It's a case of Diogenes this time," remarked the Honorable Josiah Hillary, shrewdly. "We've got to get out the little old lantern and look for an honest man. There's going to be a big contest for senator from this State, and no mediocre man will do. I want a man the people will accept without reserve—one who was born and reared for the job."

"There's no use gunning around then," remarked Judge Morrison. "There's only one man in the whole State that measures up to that standard. That's Samuel P. Coulton."

The immediate response of the committee unanimously proved the judge's statement to be correct.

"So be it then," said Hillary. "Let's sound him out. You know he refused to run for governor once."

Judge Morrison nodded. "But that was years ago. To-day, Coulton is a millionaire. He's getting to an age where he isn't as much interested, actively in his affairs as he used to be. Besides he's been in Washington and has had a taste of national prominence. I believe he'll like the idea."

"All right," announced Hillary. "You're nominated and elected to feel him on the idea and get his consent. Then we'll see that he's nominated."

The party broke up and Judge Morrison took the train for Meadville, not overly sanguine of the success of his delicate mission. The judge could not conceive of any man refusing, and he sighed as he realized that his own record would prevent his ever attaining any other title than the one he now bore.

It was early afternoon when he arrived at Coulton's office. "Well, judge," said Coulton in greeting. "Have I been sued for a million or does the campaign fund need half that amount?" There was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Neither," answered Judge Morrison. "I'm here to offer you the senatorship from this State on a silver platter."

"United States Senator?" asked Coulton in some surprise, and Morrison felt that his task was half accomplished at least.

MORRISON nodded. "United States Senator," he repeated. "You'll win in a walk. There isn't a man in the State who would take seriously the idea of running against you. In fact our dear old opposing party will be sore as wet hens that they didn't think of selecting you."

"It would be a great honor—and a genuine pleasure—to so serve my State," Coulton said very slowly and thoughtfully, as he gazed out the window with a faraway look in his eyes. "A very great honor, indeed." Then he swung around and faced the judge squarely—his mind made up and his expression tense. "I am sorry, but I cannot accept your offer."

Judge Morrison stared at him in open-eyed amazement. "Cannot accept?" he demanded. "What do you mean? Your business will run itself and, even if it didn't, you're independently wealthy, Coulton."

"It isn't that," Coulton answered.

"Then what on earth is there standing in your

(Continued on page 117)

What Does Failure Mean to You?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IT has been said of Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, that he would never have been elected had he not been one of the most persistent men under failure. When he made his début at the bar, he broke down completely. Although deeply mortified, he did not give up, as many would have done, but said he would try the experiment nine hundred and ninety-nine times; then, if he failed, he would repeat it for the thousandth time.

When things go wrong with you, when you lose out in what you undertake, what is your attitude? Do you give up or push on more determined than ever to win?

I do not care so much about what a young man does when everything goes his way, when life is smooth; but I want to know what he does next after he has a serious setback in his career.

Defeat and failure mean very little to a resolute soul. You cannot conquer him, you may knock him down, but he will rebound like a rubber ball; the greater the fall the higher will be the rebound.

"Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail," we are told. It is not the fall, but the failure to get up that is defeat.

"To come up again and wrest triumph from defeat." That is the secret of the success of every brave and noble soul that ever lived.

MARK TWAIN said he could resist anything else but

temptation. Many business men can stand almost anything but reverses, obstacles, difficulties. They get along splendidly in good times, when money is easy, trade brisk; but when business reverses have to be met, they are completely upset. They do not know how to meet the emergencies of business or the great crisis of life, and they become discouraged and quit.

I have been in the track of a terrible tornado the day after it had swept on its path of destruction. It had uprooted everything that was weak, twisted off every tree that was rotten at heart or that was not firm of fiber. Only the trees that were stalwart and true, those that were sound to the core, withstood the awful test. All the buildings in the village through which I passed, except the strongest, with foundations that were deep and firm, had gone down before the tornado's terrible force.

In a similar way, when great historic panics have swept over this country, the weak business houses with small capital,

or headed by men without resources of experience and character have gone down by thousands. Only the sound and vigorous, with great reserves of power and capital have withstood the ordeal. Little, weak, backboneless, nerveless men everywhere are the first to fall when an emergency comes and hard times and panics frighten capital.

EVERYWHERE we see people doing very common and very

DON'T think you are a failure because you are not doing big things in a great city; because your name is not in the great newspapers; because you are not piling up wealth. If you are doing your level best where you are; if you are honest, industrious, square; if you are making each day an advance upon the previous one; if you are cheerful under difficulties, helpful and inspiring to everybody about you; if you are taking every opportunity to improve yourself, to make yourself a larger and a nobler man, you are infinitely more successful than a greedy, hard, selfish millionaire.

ordinary things because they lost heart under failure and resigned themselves to conditions they might have overcome. I have seen a man with the brains of a Webster for years doing the work of an ordinary cleaner in a garage, because in early life he met with failure in his business and had not the strength of character to start again. He broke under the storm while his less-gifted business rival, under similar circumstances, but with the strength of the courage and confidence that were his, was able to meet and overcome the most disheartening conditions. In a short time this man was back at his desk and at the head of a prosperous business. The roots of his character were so firmly embedded in the qualities that build manhood and success that he could withstand any storm that he encountered.

REAL winners in life never show the white feather. They are like the drummer boy in our Civil War, who, when his regiment was being mowed down, still kept pushing ahead, beating an advance. When ordered to beat a retreat, the boy replied that he had never learned how—he had only been taught to beat an advance.

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed no matter what comes. If a man of this kind loses property, if his ambition is thwarted and his plans demolished, his spirit remains undaunted, his courage, his resistance and his self-confidence are undiminished, and he can start again. Many a man has been made by his failures, because he used them as stepping-stones for his advance.

Failure is the final test of persistence and an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it.

Obstacles nerve and strengthen the strong, but paralyze the weak. Just as some of the savage races believe that the strength, the prowess in every enemy they overcome, goes into themselves and helps



The tornado uproots or twists off every tree but it has no effect on those that are stable. A man has a similar quality.

them to win future battles, so the man who is made of winning material knows that every honest, earnest endeavor, whether it wins out directly or not, is a mental and moral muscle developer, a power builder, a force producer which will help him to win in later struggles. Some of the greatest living men have built their reputations of overcoming defeats which have followed them all their lives. These defeats would have been fatal to men made of less sturdy stuff, but the strong man turns everything into victory. If we are made of winning material, all our defeats must ultimately work to our good—if not directly, then indirectly. The persistent effort to win strengthens the entire character.



that is rotten at heart or has weak roots, wart and strong. The tornado of failure effect on men.

THE particular things which we do, the particular efforts we make, often seem to fail; but it is the perpetual struggle, the everlasting trying, the constant pushing, that count, and that develop men and women of unconquerable spirit.

"If we did not have to struggle we would be weaklings. This is the only means of reaching true success," says John D. Rockefeller. "I consider struggling a blessing. All true success is won by struggling, but everything comes to the man who struggles. If we struggle manfully and push on, everything will work out right and we will be successful."

"What is defeat?" says Wendell Phillips, the eminent divine. "Nothing but

the first steps to something higher."

Personal power is the goal of every worthy ambition and whether we happen to triumph in any particular effort or not does not matter half so much as that we make our failure a power developer for future efforts.

HONORE DE BALZAC, whose name stands supreme in the literature of France, and of whose "Human Comedy" it has been said: "Not in all the literature of the world, through all the ages, can it be duplicated," proved a dismal failure as a printer, bookseller, and type founder. After many years of unsuccessful struggling in law and business, Balzac took to his pen, in his garret, in a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes and pay his debts.

"It seemed like he was fighting the desperate, hopeless battle in which the odds were all against him," the

Reverend Thomas B. Gregory tells us. "This toil, poverty, misery, lasted for ten years—and then the mighty man, like the prodigal in the New Testament, 'came to himself,' discerned his true destiny, and fairly set his face toward the sunrise."

Men who rise to unusual things in this world are bigger than the things which hold ordinary mortals down or keep them back.

It is pitiable to see among the world's failures so many men and women of superior qualities struggling along in inferior, cheap positions, because they have not the education or training necessary for filling higher places. It is tragic when we remember that the remedy lies in their own hands; and that they go on making havoc of their lives when a little effort on their part might work a revolution in their careers.

No man is beaten until he releases his grip on his life aim. No man is beaten so long as he faces and works toward his goal, no matter whether he reaches it or not.

What Makes the Going Hard

By Katharine Haviland Taylor

IT is not the stones which fill the way
That make the going stiff.
It is not the work of every day,
It is one small word, "If!"
. . . . Heard it, have you? Ever cry,
"I'd do it if I could?"
Then wonder why the world goes by;
Why you aren't making good?

IT is not the slant of the rising road,
Nor the constant plug uphill;
It is not the weight of your own load—
Not those, old Failure's pill—
He thrives on *you*, the weaker *you*,
Who fails, lies down to sigh
Before you have tried your task to do,
Who feebly, foolishly cry—
The chant of the failure, "I would *if*—"
Or, "Afraid to tackle it!"
No work too hard, no job too stiff
To try it for a bit!

NO, it's not the stones which fill the way,
It's the doubts which foolish you
Pick up as you shrink from life each day,—
And doubts grow doubts—it's true!
Not the uphill way, the rocks on it
From which soul and life are marred;
It's the lack of pluck and the lack of grit
That makes *ALL GOING HARD!*

"This is the first interview I have ever given," said Arthur Brisbane when Miss Patterson finished talking with him.

ARTHUR BRISBANE,

**THE \$200,000-A-YEAR EDITOR, GIVES
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW TO
THE NEW SUCCESS**

By ADA PATTERSON

ARTHUR BRISBANE, who by newspaper writing and newspaper editing, earns more than the President of the United States and all his cabinet officers, is a North Wind man. No lilac-freighted zephyr from the South is he. Agreeing with Tom Watson, of Georgia, in his estimate of a writer on his staff he said: "She is a very intelligent young woman."

More than that, she is a most charming lady," returned Tom Watson. At which Arthur Brisbane's features relaxed into what serves him for an ordinary-occasion smile. But again he referred to her as a "woman" and the Georgian changed the subject.

Nor is he an Across-the-Atlantic east wind. Nor a veritable west wind. He is like the air that, sweeping across the vast spaces of the North gathers force on the immeasurable plains and blows everything before it. Heaven help the obstacles it encounters! "B-r-r! Whif! Whew!" They meet and the obstacle is gone.

I came near to learning this in a fatal way the first time I met him. When the aged and enfeebled *Tribune* had taken as a tenant in its squarely built red-brick building on Park Row, William Randolph Hearst and the newspaper that was to become the strongest link in his chain of

newspapers, the New York *Evening Journal*, the lower floors which they inhabited, had narrow halls of tenement width and darkness. Turning the corner of one of these into the next, I was all but hurled from my feet by a flying body that was hurtling from the other hall. I reeled, steadied myself by pressing my hand against the wall, and looked after the flying body. It flung open one of the double doors into the "city" room and vanished. A blurred sense of a sound like "G-r-r-h!" remained.

Instinctively I backed against the wall, for the object might catapult forth again and my second encounter be sadder than the first. Came rushing by another hurrying human. "What's the matter?" asked "Deacon" Terry, the reporter who "covered" the courts.

"Who was that crazy man that nearly knocked me down?" I asked.

"Sh' don't let anybody hear you say that," he counseled, "That is the great Arthur Brisbane!"

"Who's Arthur Brisbane?" I demanded, still struggling to recover my lost breath.

"You'll find out soon enough," he laughed.

I did.

"Mr. Brisbane wants to borrow your services for the afternoon," said Mr.

Morrill Goddard, variously known as the father of "yellow" journalism and the father of the present-day Sunday newspaper. I went to a small, square, almost bare room commanding a view of City Hall Park—and the statue of Horace Greeley. A man sat at a flat-top desk—a man with a large, blonde-thatched head, floorlike on top where phrenologists look for the bump of reverence; a man with well-cut features, eyes blue and brilliant as ice in noon sunlight, and a skin of womanlike fairness. He handed me a small clipping and said:

"This woman killed herself because she was tired of living. She was tired of getting up at a certain time, getting the children off to school, getting the meals, and going to bed. Her husband never took her to any place for amusement. Go up there, please, and get the full story. We will illustrate it by a clock showing what she did every hour."

I snapped my handbag, placed the clipping in my purse and started to the door. "Wait!" He looked at and through the stranger to whom he was entrusting a "story." "There is no fiction in the world that is as interesting as the truth. Don't embroider."

This and other instructions I have heard him deliver to others, disposes of any doubt as to his intent of accuracy. The North Wind is as direct as forceful. Mr. Brisbane says what he thinks—never in a mincing manner.

"The man who runs against another says, 'I beg your pardon,' and goes on, has done enough. If he dances about and waits for the other man to pass, he is a fool and a time waster," is the text of one of his editorials. Which recalls his swiftly spoken, "Sorry," when the North Wind nearly blew me over.

"What is the truth about this matter?" he asked an editor who was making a lengthy explanation of something. "I would take my oath—" began the editor. The North Wind blew knifelike. "Never mind that. I want the truth."

"A man with a fat face is stupid" he wrote at the head of one of his editorials, and reproduced above it a photograph of one of the leading American illustrators. It nearly splintered a contract which the illustrator had made that day to draw exclusively for the Hearst organization.

"The brown-eyed person has less brain-power than the light-eyed one. The world is ruled by light-eyed persons," he averred in another editorial, and stuck to it.

The Idea is First ; the Person, Second

THE *idea* is supreme with Arthur Brisbane. The *person* is secondary. *Consequences* are negligible. He wrote and talked for woman suffrage when it was a most unpopular theme. He appeared at a dinner given for and by motion-picture makers and told them he "didn't like the movies," which moved Lauretta Taylor, the actress, to say at a dinner given by the Twilight Club to E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, and at which Mr. Brisbane was a speaker, "I am glad Mr. and Mrs. Sothern found out first that Mr. Brisbane liked them."

High and strongly and dangerously the North Wind blows when the work he has ordered is not up to his standard. *It rates no man by past performances.* He believes that the last piece of work should be a man's best.

But times there are when the North Wind dies down to exceeding gentleness.

As when a woman who had been private secretary for one of W. R. Hearst's executives before she married, came back widowed after three months of marriage. She asked for her old position, but was told that it was filled. Mr. Brisbane sent for her and gave her a place in his office. Later, he employed in the same office herself and her second husband.

As that day when a certain employee who had forged the name of "Arthur Brisbane" to a check was sent for and made his way through the crowded city room to the room of judgment. Work was suspended. Faces paled. Moments passed.

"At least he is giving him a chance to say something in his defense," whispered a sob sister. Five minutes—ten—fifteen. The door of the editor's office opened. The culprit came forth. He was pale. His eyes that had been hard when he went into the room, were moist. He walked out through the aisle between the desks. He smiled feebly at a friend or two. "It's all right. He said it's all right."

The next day the offender was back at work. He never divulged what he and the North Wind said to each other in the room of judgment. But he remained on the paper until his death. There were no



ARTHUR BRISBANE
Photograph by Moffett

more irregularities or obliquities. He died a free man, instead of in the cell to which many employers would have consigned him.

The North Wind dies down to a surpassing gentleness whenever he alludes to his father. Albert Brisbane was a gentle old scholar and friend of humanity. A low-voiced, silver-haired man, he was, whom some of the idlers on Park Row remember, as paying interested visits to newspaper offices. The elder Brisbane was a disciple of Fourier, the French socialist. He was interested with New England philosophers in the Brook Farm colony. He wrote editorials on humanitarianism for the *Tribune* and paid advertising rates for the space they filled. It is significant that when, in response to many requests by readers, some of the famous editorials were collected in a volume the flyleaf stated that they were published by the Albertson (Albert's Son) Company.

Interviewing the North Wind

I AM tempted to tell you, in support of my North Wind theory, of the hurdles I took to secure an interview with the highest-paid newspaper man in the United States. But I resist the temptation because of one of Mr. Brisbane's newspaper maxims: "Don't take half the story to tell how you got in or how you were kicked out." Sufficient that Mr. Brisbane doesn't like being interviewed. Particularly does he dislike being interviewed about himself. His conviction of the infinitesimalness of atomic man in the schemes of many worlds, that pervades his editorials, applies to his view of himself and his work. Consider then the eager publisher of interviews reluctantly facing the ordeal he imposes daily upon others. The small, square, bare room overlooking City Hall Park, has been vacated. A smaller one, crowded now with furniture, books, pictures, a phonograph, is his chief workshop. He sits before the phonograph and waits for what he wishes were not.

"There is much interest in the reason why you, a rich young man, chose one of the most laborious of the professions."

"I wasn't a rich young man, thank the Lord. If I had been I should have been a loafer like other rich young men. Millions of men succeed in spite of poverty, but few succeed in spite of wealth. The idea that I

was rich may have been started by the fact that I managed to drive a taxi team in London. I did it on seventy dollars a week."

The words fell with bulletlike quickness and directness. The Brisbane speech was explosive. He thinks with lightning quickness. His words follow closely on the heels of his thoughts.

"Suppose that we settle the question where you were born and when?"

"Buffalo, N. Y., December 12, 1856."

"And educated?"

"At Jackson school, Fanwood, New Jersey. It was a small school house that came across the picture the other day—the public schools in New York City, Brooklyn, and Washington, D. C. I studied four years in France and one in Germany."

"Were you graduated from any school?"

"None."

"What do you consider the element in your education which has been most valuable in newspaper work?"

"Development of Broca's convoluted to an abnormal extent is the quality that has enabled me to earn a living. Paul Broca's convolution of the brain, you know, is that in which speech resides."

"What honors did you win at school?"

"I have won no honors at any time, anything unless you consider it an honor to make the biggest salary that any newspaper man makes. I don't."

"What do you consider the personal quality or set of qualities that best equips you for newspaper work?"

"If I have been of any use to any extent in my work, it has been because I have remembered the conversation, ideas and teachings of my father, Albert Brisbane."

"No Story Bigger than the Birth of Triplets"

THERE were interruptions. A grown-up office boy who forgot to take off his hat, which his employer never forgets to thrust his head in to repeat a telephone message. A dark-haired young woman, antithesis in bearing, came in with such like quietness to place a sheaf of letters on a desk for his signature. Then the chiding continued:

"What was your first big story?"

"The first thing I ever reported was the birth of triplets in Brooklyn, near



Copyrighted. International Film Service.

Mr. Brisbane works at a small desk set in one corner of a crowded room.

Navy Yard, on the 12th of December. My own birthday, I was nineteen years old. The triplets wore red, blue, and white ribbons. No story could be bigger than the birth of triplets, I should think. Of the stories that would ordinarily be called big, the first few were the Hell Gate explosion; the arrival of Matsada Sora-kichi, the Japanese wrestler; John L. Sullivan's fight in Madison Square Garden; the elopement of Victoria Morosini, the banker's daughter with her father's coachman. I was a good reporter because John

Bogart, the city editor who employed me on the New York *Sun*, under Charles A. Dana, taught me to be a good reporter. And because Clark, the night editor of the *Sun*, read my copy, threw most of it in the waste-basket, and during the first three months, rewrote the rest. Without these men I should have been discharged and should have given up newspaper work. I owe my success, such as it is, to their patience."

"Why did you choose newspaper work?"

"My father wrote editorials for the

Tribune that he paid to have printed. I had a cousin who was doing newspaper work. He talked to me about it, and I tried it."

"What do you consider your six greatest, most outstanding feats in journalism?"

"I don't know of six—or one—that could be called great or outstanding. I have, I hope, helped to stop the brutal sport of pigeon shooting in the United States. And I interfered with the 'sport of kings,' which consists in allowing rich young men for their amusement to make thieves of poor men through race-track gambling."

"What is your chief journalistic principle?"

"I have never formulated any. A nice platitude would be 'Tell all the truth.' The best motto for all who try to teach, or report facts, was supplied by Dante seven hundred years ago: 'Give light and people will find their own road.'"

Human Beings Serious Only an Hour a Week

THE be-capped office boy again thrust himself in at the door with a telephone message. The shadowy dark-haired young woman brought in more letters. The Hercules of journalism glanced at them and back at me. He settled to his present task. It was finishing the interview.

"What do you consider a great newspaper?"

"A newspaper that raises the pay of its workers and, by its influence, compels other employers to do the same. A newspaper that has a fearless owner who has the courage to represent the mass of human beings that alone make newspapers successful."

"How can circulation be built?"

"By interesting the people. There is no other way. You may work for them, sweat for them, toil for them, fight for them, die for them; but you won't get a great circulation unless you interest them, amuse them. Human beings are serious one hour a week, and frivolous or asleep the other hundred and sixty-seven hours."

"How do you discover special talent in members of your staff? And how do you develop it?"

"To discover means to uncover. A man himself does that. Keep your eyes open, watch your people, and they will discover their values. I discovered 'Tad' in a small California evening paper, one day, and brought him on to the *Evening*

Journal—thanks to the *Evening* which printed one of his cartoons.

"I discovered Jessie Wood. I brought her to write dramatic criticism. I said, showing me a lot of extreme little pictures, 'I can't do criticism. This is how they all do it.' I printed the pictures, just as I drew them, and a thousand more. Frohman said, 'She is the best woman in the country, but for God don't let her make a picture of me. I never did. They are both dead.'"

"Do you consider newspaper work a good career for a man or woman?"

"Yes, a good career. For a man, it is a good career. For a woman, it is a bad career. In this day, where statesmanship, if it exists, does not show itself, newspaper work is the greatest opportunity for usefulness."

"But it is dangerous work, for the longer you work at it the longer you live. The surgeon is a better bet. After long years he is able to do his golf game, as without an abdominal cavity. The newshunter who looks upon injustice, cruelty, and crime calmly because of long experience has lost his value. The average man goes from one to a thousand strokes a day. Then it takes no more, the newspaper field it is done. When a man ceases to feel, he loses the power to do anything for others feel."

"As a money-making proposition, newspaper work ranks about last. It must be considered. A man must be considered. A man must be called great newspaper man and must lack the capacity for continuing work. For such a man newspaper work may be the only safe refuge."

The Ideal Newspaper Is Thirty Years Away

MORE interruptions from the telephone. But the man bent still to his task. The faster he must be finished. The faster the speed answers the sooner it will be done.

"What are the indispensable conditions for successful newspaper work?"

"Any one of an hundred will do. The greatest quality, and the rarest, is to see a thing clearly and describe it."

"How have you carried such a large amount of work without any significant breakdown?"

(Continued on page 10)

The Spirit of Rebound

How Mrs. Natalie Schenck Laimbeer Met and Conquered Necessity

By ADA PATTERSON

MRS. LAIMBEER, with her husband, William Laimbeer, Mr. and Mrs. S. Osgood Pell and William K. Vanderbilt, were motoring from Long Beach to New York City, seven years ago. They were run down by a Long Island train. Mr. Pell and Mr. Laimbeer were killed and Mrs. Laimbeer was crippled for life. At that time, she was considered one of the most beautiful women in New York society and lived the butterfly life of idleness. Yet, when she left the hospital and learned that her husband's death had left her penniless and she had to face the struggle for existence, she did so without fear. Despite the terrible handicap caused by her injuries, she went to work to support herself and her three children. Today she is one of the most successful women holding an executive position.—THE EDITORS.

ON the mezzanine floor of a skyscraper on Cedar Street, New York, I found a fine example of the superb quality of rebound. It is a great attribute to be like a rubber ball. To rise after being struck down is to be sturdy and stable and buoyant. Fine human qualities are sturdiness, stability, and buoyancy—and by no means the least of these is buoyancy.

The human rubber ball in this instance sat before a big, flat-top desk. She bent her head above a list of figures. She added the figures. She subtracted some of them from some of the others. She performed a few feats in percentage. She seemed a handsome woman in early middle-life, a trifle weary, perhaps, near the end of a busy day; a woman over whose face had fallen the veil of seriousness. There was time to note that her head, large and finely shaped, was covered thickly with masses of auburn hair; that she wore a plain smock of lustreless black cut low about her throat.

Then she looked up and I saw a very different woman. A woman with a live, sparkling face over whose strong features animation played as sparks of electricity over a surface of fine metal. Her eyes, large and dark, glowed with the fires of an active intellect. She smiled and there was sunshine in the world about her. It

was a swift, flashing, come-let-us-be-friends smile. Before she had spoken it was easy to understand why in the little world called New York society, "everybody likes Natalie Laimbeer."

Presently I was to learn why everybody associated with her in the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, in that far downtown New York business world, which she has entered, likes her.

WHILE the Spanish War was making of fair Cuba a battle ground, a girl who lived at Babylon, Long Island, started an endless chain to supply ice for the soldiers in camp. "Send a dime and ask some one else to send a dime and to ask some one else," she wrote to a friend. The idea that emerged from the auburn head took the form of a \$35,000 fund. The endless chain drew its length through many months after the brief war ended.

"What shall be done with all this money?" exclaimed those whose duty it was to count, and to account for, the ten cent pieces that arrived by every letter, in every mail, as the year, 1898, was closing.

"Give it to the Red Cross," said the girl who started the chain. And the girl donned a new pink frock and went to a ball of the Meadowbrook Country Club set and danced till dawn.

She whose grandmother was a gracious woman of Virginia and whose grandfather was a Morgan of New Orleans, one of the great banking firm, went forward to meet life with a confident smile. She was friendly to life and expected it would be friendly to her. But the element of the unexpected entered. The smartest set in America, the millionaire Meadowbrook Club set, predicted that Natalie Schenck, with her beauty and her wit and her fine friendliness with life, would "marry well."

Yet her heart, with girlish unexpectedness and generosity, went to an unprincipled adventurer from across the seas. The marriage ended quickly and the adventurer sailed back to his soldier-of-fortune business.

Came news of his marriage. William Laimbeer, a young business man of her own circle, won her. With the resiliency of her nature she "made friends" with life and again turned a confident face upon it. The marriage was happy. This time, life would have been kind—but for an automobile trip to Long Beach and a collision with a Long Island train.

BLACK-ROBED Mrs. Laimbeer limped into court and, on the witness stand, told her story. "When we had finished supper at the hotel, we started home. Mr. S. Osgood Pell was driving. Mrs. Pell was driving in the car that followed with Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. My husband and I sat in the seat behind Mr. Pell, in the first car. I saw the train coming and knew it was too late to do anything to save us. I threw my arms about my husband—and we waited."

Her simple recital of the accident in which S. Osgood Pell and William Laimbeer were killed and in which Natalie Schenck Laimbeer was crippled for life, was quietly made. Yet persons in the Mineola court room wept while they listened.

The Long Island Railroad made some slight financial restitution to the widows for the loss of their husbands. A quiet settlement was made out of court. Mr. Laimbeer died on the verge of making a fortune. But he had not made it.

THE young widow, lame for life, sat, Cornelialike, among her finest jewels. They were her three children, a boy and

two girls. She considered the future faced it with fine courage.

The earnings of the sum for which she settled with the Long Island Railroad would not suffice for the support of herself and her children. Particularly it fail to cover the expense of the education of those children. She must do something to increase the family income. What should it be? With wisdom she turned to what was nearest at hand. Mrs. Jacob Riis, she looked on the crop of their Long Island home as it an asset. She preserved it all of it all. Even as Mrs. Riis, she found business of preserving and selling good one so far as it went, but it did not go far. It placed an inconsiderable to the family credit in the bank.

She must do something else. Something for which she was well equipped. She could keep house as her southern grandmother had seen. Why not place her knowledge of the keeping art at the disposal of those who needed it? She talked to an executive of the New York Edison Company. He made her manager of the company's Bureau of Home Economics. It was the duty to demonstrate to the public the use of electrical devices in the house. She entered into the work with fine enthusiasm which she showed. She started the endless chain that led from the United States campaign to the Red Cross treasury. She found at the women who came to her for help and made them her friends.

She showed them how to minimize their expenses of vitality while getting the maximum results in housekeeping. She told them how a woman may do a great deal of work and yet look neat and smart.

"Those dear women who heard me, I was eloquent." She laughed. Her expressive face looked as if a tear had been passed behind it. "It was I was in earnest. Earnestness and eloquence are one. When I had finished my formal lecture, which wasn't so very long, I assure you, I asked them to ask questions and I would try to answer them. The questions were practical. Our list of questions that followed were practical. We talked about how to cook and iron without hurting our finger nails; how we should take care of the hands after washing; how to sweep and dust without



(Photograph by Charlotte Fairfield, N. Y.)

MRS. NATALIE SCHENCK LAIMBEER

A noted New York society beauty, the victim of a motor-car accident in which she lost her husband and was crippled for life, but who resolutely went to work to support herself and her three children

our hair and how to work over a cook-stove without burning our complexions. It was very interesting."

As everything is to Natalie Schenck Laimbeer. It is a gift to find interest in everything, to translate commonplaces into enthusiasms. It is a long stride on the road to success.

CAME opportunity knocking at the door and offering another means of being useful and earning a livelihood. Women were successfully invading the field of finance. Downtown there was a finance women's club. Eight pioneers started it, and it has grown. Banks were quietly seeking "the right woman" to attend to the business of women clients. Women are less shy about talking of their small investments to another woman. They know that if they display ignorance about how to keep a check book and how to reckon interest on bonds, another woman won't smile or look bored. They know that at some time this woman had known as little as they did about such matters. Understanding begets sympathy; and sympathy, confidence.

One of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company sought a woman to take charge of its uptown branch. He appointed Mrs. Laimbeer. She began as manager of the office at Madison Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street. When three months had passed she was promoted to the position of assistant secretary, with supervision of all the branch offices.

Natalie Laimbeer had demonstrated her usefulness in business, demonstrated it as completely as she had lectured to patrons how one may keep house and keep neat.

"I like being a banker," she told me with her flashing smile. "I am terribly ambitious. I want to see the United States Mortgage and Trust Company go away up there." She pointed a long, impulsive finger to some indeterminate point beyond the inlaid dome of the old building. "Banking is an excellent business for women. It is the *liaison* between the home and business. A knowledge of business is good for the home and a knowledge of the home is good for business. I try to make a woman's management of her business easy. Sometimes she wants advice even in the matter of her charities, how best to divide and follow them. We are glad to tell her.

"I like banking so well that even I am in the subway and on my way to work a quarter of eight. I start early to get out of the crowd. I am pleasantly tired but always eager for the next day to come and to meet the next day's work."

This from a belle of New York, a society woman who used to dance until midnight and sleep until afternoon.

FROM the great room below, a loud persistent hum as of a beehive. The sound of voices rose and fell, the click of typewriters. It was a business babel, increased tenfold.

"Does the noise disturb you?"

She smiled her cloud-dispelling smile. "I do not hear it," she said.

"Do you think, as some people say, that all girls should have experience in business?"

"I think they should have to know business so that if anything happens they will not be helpless."

"Do you mean that they should have actual experience in business life?"

"In my opinion the training is enough. I expect that my girls, the young men who can take care of themselves, shall train them to be capable in a year and a half with the Edson system. I discovered a School for Home Management. It is a splendid institution. It teaches a girl all branches of home management but it trains her in keeping a household. That is very important. The management of the home may depend on banking. Every girl should be taught to attend to banking business. It is better that she know this. It makes a better companion for her husband. He knows the fundamentals of the business to which he gives most of his day."

"Any other principles of business?"

"Bring the home spirit into business. Yes, I mean it. Tact, kindness, to help your associates, are valuable in business."

She hurried away, as usual with a limp. Because she does ignore the world and fall into her habit of ignoring it. She hurried to the office of a vice-president of a company. Her long fingers held a small sheaf of memoranda.

I was heartened. I had had a glimpse of a brave, radiant soul. I had seen the spirit of rebound.

The New Education

How it Turns Drudgery into Delight

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN his book, "Equality," published some twenty-five years ago, Edward Bellamy introduces a group of boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen years of age, whose educational attainments equal, in some respects surpass, those of the ambitious college graduate of to-day.

Bellamy was ridiculed as a "dreamer" and his "dream" boys and girls as impossible prodigies of his imagination. Yet the new methods of educating children that are being tried in some private and public schools, and by many intelligent, progressive parents in their homes, are producing, in many instances, results similar to those represented by Bellamy's "impossible prodigies."

The remarkable thing about it is that those products of the new kind of education are not "prodigies" or precocious monstrosities at all, but perfectly normal, healthy, fun-loving boys and girls of from twelve to fourteen. They have not been forced in their studies or deprived of the freedom and joys of childhood. On the contrary, new freedom, new joys have been added to their lives.

What is the secret of this wonderful accomplishment?

It is very simple. The new education begins with the dawning of the child's intelligence and presents knowledge in such an attractive way that it is actually fun for the child to learn. What used to be hard work—dull, almost unintelligible drudgery—has been turned into play, a delightful sort of game. In this way children acquire easily and natu-

rally, in the first few years of life, knowledge of many subjects, which, later on, in the old way, would have to be mastered laboriously in the form of set "tasks."

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of the results obtained through the new way of educating is furnished by Winifred Stoner, whose story appeared in an early number of *THE NEW SUCCESS*. Answering a question as to when her education began, she said: "I cannot remember any beginning, for it seems to me now I must always have been learning something. When I was only three years old, I used to get up in summer at four o'clock in the morning when father rose, and we would go round the garden together and out into the fields. He would tell me stories about the sun, and about the flowers and plants and the animals we saw. I had been taught to put everything I learned in that way into jingles and that made it easy to remember it all."

Needless to say there were no "lessons" or set "tasks" for this happy child. All was play, a game of some kind, or marvelous stories from history, geography, the Bible, nature, mythology, etc. The result was that at twelve she could speak eight or nine languages, and was so advanced in all the branches included in a classical education that a university professor said of her, "She is, probably, as far along in her educational development as many a college graduate, and she knows and can do some things that would be impossible for most persons who have just

CONFIDENCE
is the very
basis of all achievement. There is a
tremendous power
in the conviction
that we can do a
thing.

received their degree of Bachelor of Arts."

SOME time ago, Sigmund Spaeth, a magazine writer, said: "The majority of Americans are tragic examples of arrested development." And in proof of this startling but true statement, he quoted the "pathetic confession of an American whose son knew the alphabet at the age of two and was 'phenomenally advanced' a year later."

"I stopped my boy's education," said the father, because I did not want to deprive him of the sweetest pleasures and memories of childhood. He very soon forgot the knowledge of letters, figures, and spelling, and when he began to attend school all this had to be learned over again, visibly with more difficulty than in his babyhood. He is now in his eighteenth year, and last June graduated from the high school, where, although he had a good record, he showed no exceptional talent."

Millions of children are being held back by parents as this boy was, under the impression that it is "not natural" for them to learn anything useful until they have reached the age of four or five, or even seven. There is no doubt that the intellectual development of the race has for centuries been retarded by this foolish and utterly false idea. We have surrounded the thought of education, as we have that of work, with the suggestion of painful effort, the idea that it is something difficult that must be done, but that there can be no joy or pleasure in the doing. And we made the process of education as painful, as laborious, as dreary and difficult as it was possible to make it.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, president-emeritus of Harvard, says that the aim of modern education is "joy and gladness in achievement." And slowly, very slowly, we are beginning to see that the process of



Children are so carried away with the Gair that boys who are shut out from the over pupils will actually climb over the walls desperate effort to get into school.

education which doesn't bring to the child, which he cannot with an enthusiasm similar to he manifests in play, is not true. We are beginning to see that wrong track, and that the methodally pursued, especially in our schools, must be changed if we the best possible results.

Mrs. Marietta Johnson who her life to the propagation of method in teaching children not sanely and bravely look children in the face and throw the traditions of the elders an unrighteous requirements and religiously meet his requirem



The unhappy victims of the "unrighteous requirements" of the old style of education go to school as unwillingly as the boys who enjoy the advantages of the new style leave school

go home unwillingly—one and all.

The Gary schools, which are among the foremost of the James schools, have made a great breach in our old hide-bound public-school system. With its splendid method of developing the child easily and naturally along the lines indicated by nature herself, the Gary system is bound in time to be adopted by the public schools of the country generally. And the number of private schools which are teaching by the Montessori method, the Natural Education method, and other variations of the nature method, all of which make a joy of what in the old system is drudgery and often torture, are constantly increasing.

The Gary school-children are so interested in their work that during recesses and going to and from school they seldom talk about anything else.

To prove how true this is, Mr. Wirt, author of the Gary system, asked a friend of mine who was visiting one of the schools to stand in a hall, through which the pupils would pass in going out, and listen to their conversation.

My friend found it was as Mr. Wirt had told him. The girls did not talk about their

clothes or about going to parties or dances, but about what they were doing in school. Nor did the boys talk of anything else outside of the school work. In fact, Mr. Wirt says that the children are so carried away with the Gary schools that boys who are shut out from the overcrowd of pupils will climb over the walls in their effort to get into school.

The children of the future will read with amazement that in the days of their fathers and grandfathers many children had to be forced to go to school, and that "truant officers" had to be appointed to compel those who ran away to return to the hated routine, which was so irksome alike to body and mind.

shall we know them? By the symptoms of his response or reaction. The test of a school is the condition of the child—bodily, mentally, spiritually."

"The traditions of the elders, and our unrighteous requirements," have perpetuated the Johns type of school—the school which so many children regard as a sort of prison. They go to it unwillingly, with fear in their hearts, and escape from it with joy.

Happily there is a widespread revolt against the Johns schools and a growing demand from educators and progressive parents and thinkers for the new kind of school—the James school, to which the children go with joy and from which they

I Am — ?

THAT which all the world is seeking.

The hope of winning me is the mainspring of all great achievement.

I am the prize for which men in every age have done the "impossible."

I am that for which the Creator sent every human being into the world.

I am within the reach of all men without regard to race, or creed, or birth.

I am the lure which is continually drawing civilization upward.

There are many counterfeits of me, but they deceive no one.

I take many forms and lead people by diverse paths, but always to the same goal.

I am not found in money, in fame, in high position, or in the applause of the multitudes.

I am the foe of meanness, dishonesty, treachery, selfishness, avarice, greed—every low desire and passion.

The desire of me nerves men against hardships, obstacles, defeat, opposition, calumny, envy, malice—all handicaps and discouragements.

I have no favorites; the poor and the humbly born have as good a chance of winning me as the rich and mighty.

I am the reward of a firm will, a strong purpose, courage, persistence, integrity, and energy rightly directed.

I urge men to unfold their talents, to turn to the great within of themselves for strength to "carry on" to victory.

I am the vision that spurs men to dare death itself—to cheerfully give up their lives for me.

I am the lodestar of the discoverer, the inventor, the artist, the poet, the soldier, the statesman, the writer—of all men.

I AM TRUE SUCCESS.

—O. S. M.

"Baseball, the Nation's Tonic"

So Says John Arnold Heydler, President of the National League, in an Interview for The New Success

By FRED G. LIEB

Baseball reporter, "The Telegram" New York City

JOHNS ARNOLD HEYDLER, President of the National League, baseball's oldest organization, won his way to his present high position in America's national sport through hard, conscientious work, painstaking effort and faith in baseball as a tonic for the people. Mr. Heydler became a big figure in the baseball world because he deliberately selected baseball as his life's work. He believes firmly in the utility of baseball as a stabilizer, calls it the most democratic of sports and says that, next to our public-school system, it spreads the true doctrine of Americanism.

"In many of our industrial districts, native-born children speak the tongue of their foreign ancestors until they are brought together on the back-lot 'diamond' and are obliged to converse in the language of two-baggers and stolen bases," said Mr. Heydler, when I interviewed him for THE NEW SUCCESS. "The introduction of such stars as Coveleskie, Konetchy, Lajoie, Wagner, and Bodie—all of foreign descent—into the major leagues, served a splendid purpose in the cause of Americanization. Baseball makes better Americans. Once you get a man interested in a red-hot league race or in the home-run exploits of a star player, he does not spend his spare time plotting to upset the government."



JOHN A. HEYDLER

The former government printer and linotype operator, who was called from the bleachers, twenty-five years ago to umpire a game, and is now the head of the oldest professional league

(Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

Though John Heydler is a baseball man from choice, his introduction to the league over which he now presides was more unique than that of any man who ever attained eminence in the council halls of America's greatest sport. The game summoned him out of the bleachers.

Called from the Bleachers

VISUALIZE the baseball park in Washington, D. C., on a sultry day in May, twenty-five years ago. The park is packed with the usual Washington crowd, including officers of the Army and Navy, men from the Halls of Congress, government printers, office seekers, and just plain everyday "fans." Baseball spirit is running high as the Washington "Senators" and the Pittsburg "Pirates," the latter club led by the illustrious Connie Mack, are ready to take the field in the last game of an exciting series for the leadership of the National League. Two torrid games on Decoration Day, the day previous, had only intensified interest in the series.

The teams are ready to play—but an unfortunate predicament arises. There is no umpire! Timothy Keefe, who had been umpiring the series, on the holiday, could not be present because of a sudden sickness.

But the game must be played. But where to find an umpire? Finally, Gus Schmeltz, the Washington manager, walked to the bleachers, and yelled: "Hey, Johnny Heydler, come down a minute."

Young Heydler, at that time, was a government printer, who did a bit of amateur umpiring during his spare moments. He sauntered down to the bleacher rail.

"Keefe hasn't shown up. How'd you like to umpire for us, to-day, Johnny? There'll be a bit of change in it for you," said Schmeltz.

"Fine—if it won't interfere with my amateur standing!" replied Heydler.

Heydler jumped over the bleacher rail and followed Schmeltz to the plate.

"But can this young chap umpire?" Connie Mack, manager of the Pittsburg team, asked Nick Young, then president of the National League and a resident of Washington.

"I don't know much about his umpiring," replied Young. "But from what I have heard of him, I will promise that he will give your team a square deal."

"That's all I ask for," said Mack. "I am satisfied."

"Play ball!" called the young printer, and the game started. He had no difficulty in making decisions on the big-league batsmen. All the newspapers, next morning, agreed that John Heydler's umpiring was one of the features of the game, which was won by the home team, 10 to 5.

Thrill of that Game Never Left Him

JOHN HEYDLER received a check for \$12 for umpiring that contest, but he experienced considerable doubt as to the advisability of cashing it. He was president of the Washington Light Infantry Athletic Association, and would have turned back the money had it interfered with his standing as an amateur. However, he received a ruling from the head of the Atlantic Division of the American Athletic Union that he might keep the money.

Can you imagine what would happen if John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, paid an umpire from the center-field bleachers of the New York Polo Grounds and escorted him to the plate? But baseball has made vast strides in twenty-five years.

That day, John Heydler felt the thrill of the big-league game in his blood, and it

never left him. Baseball always has been a part of him; he has played it, umpired it, written it, rooted for it from the bleachers, set it up in type, and kept his averages for his recreation until he reached the top position in baseball's oldest league.

Conducting the affairs of a major league is a big man's job. It is the president's supreme control of the activities of two hundred ball players, eight diamonds which make up the league. Not only is he an executive, but a judge, well. When any disturbance occurs, the president makes a thorough investigation and then metes out punishment to those who deserve it.

Heydler always laughs when he thinks of the thrill he felt when he saw his first National League game from the window of the Government Printing-Office in Washington.

"My first acquaintance with the National League still amuses me," he says. "I had learned the printing trade in Rochester, New York, and, in 1889, I went to Washington to work in the Government Printing-Office. Our window overlooked the old Capital ball game, used, at that time, by the Washington National League team.

"Coming from a city where there was only a minor league team, it gave me a wonderful thrill to watch the National League diamond heroes in action. I never did much printing for Uncle Sam while the games were on. It was during the big moments of my life when the New York Giants, then champions of the league, first came to Washington. Coming from New York State, I felt it was a team, and from the printing-shop window I picked out the famous players.

"Henry O'Day, one of my National League umpires to-day, was a pitcher for that Washington club of 1889, and Connie Mack, who managed the Pittsburg team, was his catcher."

"How did you finally take up professional umpiring?" I asked Mr. Heydler.

"I guess I tumbled right into it. That can be taken literally. I never gave any thought to umpiring until a gymnastic accident prevented me from playing ball for a season. I was attempting a double flip off a springboard in the Washington Light Infantry Armory; but it

of landing with my feet on the mattress, I landed with my head on the floor. For a while it looked like the end of John Heydler, but I got over it. However, it left my back weakened and the doctors prohibited me from playing ball the following summer.

"So I just naturally had to find something to do around a ball field. That is how I took up umpiring. I might say, however, that the accident did not end my career as a player. If anything, I played better ball after that year's rest than at any other time. One day, I would pitch for a team in the Government League; the next day, I would play right field for the Washington Light Infantry team; the day after that, I would be at third base for the Washington Y. M. C. A.; on Saturdays, I played with one of the strongest semi-professional teams in the District of Columbia. The Government Printing-Shop closed in the early afternoon; and, as we always played a lot of twilight ball in Washington, baseball did not interfere with business."

**"As a Nation We
Work Hard, and
Play Hard"**

THOUGH he is president of a professional baseball league, John Heydler is not a one-sport man. He loves all sports and has played most of them. In his younger days, he played baseball, basketball, and indoor polo. He was a good track man and a clever gymnast. To-day, he keeps in condition through regular visits to the Garden City golf links.

"I am a firm believer in sports of all kinds," said Mr. Heydler, "not so much because I am president of a baseball league

but because I think sports serve a wonderful purpose in America. It is our love of sport that has made Americans such a wonderful race. We work hard; but we relax on our ball fields, golf links, and tennis courts. As a nation, we work hard and play hard; but the drive of our play typifies the American spirit."

John Heydler did so well in his first game as a major-league umpire that he was appointed a substitute umpire on

the National League staff. He also umpired numerous college games in the District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina. In 1896, he was regularly assigned to umpire the games played by the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. The National League adopted the double-umpire system in 1898, and Nick Young appointed Heydler one of his regular umpires.

"I accepted largely because the job gave me a chance to travel and see the country," said Mr. Heydler. "The National League then was made up of twelve clubs, and in my first visits to such cities as Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, I would spend my mornings looking up their points of inter-

est and in their libraries."

But they were rough days on the big league diamond. John Heydler is a man of keen sensibilities, and some of the rough tactics which prevailed in professional baseball, a generation back, were most distasteful to this clean-cut, athletic young printer from Washington. Umpire bating was in its heyday, and discipline was poorly enforced. After several unpleasant experiences, Heydler resigned as a National League umpire, and

The Giant

By CHARLES MACKAY

(Charles Mackay (1814-1889) was a famous Scottish poet and journalist. He was New York correspondent of the London Times during the Civil War. He was the author of a number of poems that will have an eternal place in English literature.)

THERE came a Giant to my door—
A Giant, fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook
the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 'twere
smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as
skies;
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such Giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's
eyes
And fly the true of heart.

returned to Washington as a linotype operator.

His Hobby Helped Him to Succeed

IN 1901, Heydler served as sporting editor of the *Washington Post*, but did not like the long hours, and returned to the composing room of the *Washington Star*.

"It is amusing how things in this world turn out," he remarked to me. "I used to keep a full set of National League batting averages just for my own amusement. I liked to dabble in figures, and to see what the various players were hitting. I suppose a lot of people thought I was foolish, yet my hobby led the way to my life work and my present position."

"When Harry Pulliam was elected president of the National League, in 1903, he was anxious to get hold of the 1902 batting averages. It was during the unsettled period in baseball, following the American League war, and as the result of Mr. Young's illness, the statistics of the league had not been compiled. The official scores sent in from the preceding season had piled up without being tabulated."

"It will take you several months to wade through those official scores, Nick," Young told Pulliam. "There's a young

chap in town who gets up our scores as a hobby. And he is so careful with them that a regularly engaged statistician couldn't do any more with them."

"Pulliam took Nick Young's place, and my averages were made the figures of the league."

The next day Pulliam was having dinner with an old crony, a Washington writer. "George, I've got a meal on my hands," said Pulliam.

"There are two young fellows back in Philadelphia whom I should like to take to New York with me as secretary. Both are good fellows and dear friends, but I can't point one without hurting the other."

"Don't hurt either," advised the Washingtonian. "Compromise, and make Heydler your secretary."

"By George, that's a splendid suggestion," replied Pulliam. "Heydler is the man I want; he knows baseball from A to Z."

Before Pulliam left Washington, he engaged Heydler, the linotype operator, as his private secretary. Several years later the National League elected him secretary and, in 1918, when they wanted a man to succeed John K. Tener, former governor of Pennsylvania, as league presidency, its unanimous choice was John Arnold Heydler.

THE habit of hurrying, so common in our work-a-day life; the feeling most of us have that we cannot take time to cultivate the beautiful things of life, is responsible for an amazing amount of callousness in the finer perceptions and valuations. In our haste to board a street car or make a train we so often ignore the amenities of life,—slight the finer relations, slur the deeper meanings,—that eventually we lose sight of them altogether, and boarding a car looms bigger on our daily horizon than greeting a brother, or cheering a friend.

How I Became the First Stenographer of the Standard Oil Company

By GEORGE D. ROGERS

Formerly Financial Secretary to John D. Rockefeller

AS a young man, it was my good fortune to spend several days at the Centennial Exposition, in 1876—eleven years after the close of the Civil War. With its wonderful exhibits, this exposition marked the turning point in inventive and industrial development. At that time, I talked into an instrument at one end of a big building and heard the voice of another man answering me from the other end—the crude beginning of the telephone, which was perfected two years later. I put my fingers on the keyboard of a cumbersome machine that printed letters and numbers—far different from the typewriter of today.

It seems difficult to realize that most of the things which are almost second nature to us, today, have all come within the last forty-four years. The telephone, typewriter, electric lights, trolley cars, automobiles, moving pictures, and hundreds of other things, are inventions of this period. Even business methods show an equal development during this time. Consider shorthand as it was forty-four years ago. There were shorthand reporters in Congress who took down the speeches, and a few men who were reporters in the courts; but, as a commercial proposition, it was comparatively unknown in this country. There were two or three schools for teaching shorthand in New York City, and but a mere handful of students in each.



GEORGE D. ROGERS

Drawn from a photograph.

But shorthand attracted my attention and I became a student, going in for court reporting. The speed required for this work was a sustained average of one hundred and fifty words a minute.

Standard Oil Officer Wanted to Learn

WELL do I remember the long dreary sessions, day after day, making signs carefully and painstakingly, over and over again, to attain the correct lengths, half lengths, and double lengths, and

to make absolutely perfect light and dark strokes. However, the time finally arrived when my notes were like a steel-plate engraving, and I was declared ready to practice for speed.

Impatient at the slow progress I was making in the school—at so much a lesson—I devoted two hours every evening at home to taking down Channing's sermons at dictation, with the result that, in six months, I could write perfectly 18,000 words in two hours, and was ready for the court-reporter's test.

Strange to say, I have never taken one word of testimony in court in my whole life. However, nothing that we have fully and completely mastered is ever lost, and shorthand has always been a part of me, as easy and familiar as A, B, C. To this day, I make continual use of it, writing agreements, letters and articles on trains, ferryboats, or wherever I may be, to be dictated later to a stenographer.

About the time that I was ready to make application for a court position, Mr. J. Frank Freeman, then the treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, called at the school and inquired how long it would take him to learn shorthand. The teacher answered, "About two years," but intimated that he had some students already proficient, and, at his suggestion, I went to the offices of the Standard Oil Company to prove what I could do:

My Salary Was \$1,000 a Year

THE Standard Oil Company then had its offices on Pearl Street, near Wall Street. It was one of the old-fashioned suites of offices of fifty years ago, and the room into which I was ushered had a mantel. Henry M. Flagler, who was one of the officers, and Mr. Freeman awaited me. John D. Rockefeller was standing in front of the mantel.

Opening the interview, Mr. Rockefeller said, "We have seen Colonel Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Commodore Vanderbilt, of the New York Central, and Mr. Devereaux, of the Lake Shore, dictating their letters and telegrams to young men, and it has occurred to us that it might save us a good deal of time and effort to have some one to write for us."

After questions and explanations as to the practicability of this new method of writing business correspondence, Mr. Rockefeller closed the interview by saying, "If you were in a position we would not think of taking you out of it; but, since you are in school, if you care to come for a month on trial you may do so, and we will see how it works out."

This hesitant manner of accepting shorthand for commercial usage illustrates how little was thought of the system for practical use.

So far as I know, I was the first stenographer employed by the Standard Oil Company, beginning at one thousand dollars a year, which, forty-four years ago, was "going some" for a young man of twenty-one.

How They Operated Before I Came

UP to this time, business correspondence was laboriously written in longhand, each man penning his own letters. When Mr. Flagler wanted to send Mr. Rockefeller a letter, he had to take his pen in hand and write out every word from

"Dear Mr. Rockefeller" to "Yours truly, Henry."

When the shorthand came into letters were dictated, and then the shorthand writer wrote them out in longhand. You must realize that, at that time, there were no practical typewriting machines.

The letters were written in copy on each sheet being put between datums and duplicated in a press, thus making a tissue-copy impression which was a letter book. If an extra copy was required, the letter had to be written again in longhand. Mimeograph machines and carbon papers had not yet been put in an appearance. Tabular statements, superintendents' reports had to be ruled, the figures and names written with a special kind of red, green, or blue ink, and then carefully pressed, fastened on a prepared gelatine pad. This was done by making an impression, and when white sheets were wanted, one by one, were carefully pressed on this, a copy was obtained, so that not over distinct, frequently sticking the gum with which the gelatine was fastened, and altogether quite untidy.

The Beginning of the Cipher

TO my knowledge, the modern shorthand cipher code was not in use, and was not generally used, or I would have about it. The numerous and long telegrams that went back and forth, from the oil regions, Cleveland, Olean, Philadelphia, and between the various office agents, indicated the great need for something of that sort. So, one day, when I had been with the Standard Oil Company about three months, I took the matter up with Mr. Flagler, calling his attention to the fact. I suggested that if there were men who were continually receiving and sending long, confidential messages, would they not let me and let me also receive their messages, I would make a list of the expressions used most frequently and put them under headings such as "Times," "Persons," "Places," "Matters," "Numerals," etc., putting the names against them. One word could be made to express a whole sentence, and the nature of the business from the parties interested, and save expense.

The result was a cipher code which, when printed, ran into about thirty-three by five inches. A copy of it was given to a few of the company

associates and trusted men. This was the beginning of their present comprehensive code.

It seems almost incredible that the present index-card systems used so generally in all lines of business was a thing unknown forty-four years ago. Bound index-books were made to serve the purpose. It can readily be guessed how inadequate such a system—or, rather, lack of system—became. When Mr. Rockefeller's charities took on a wider scope, the need of an alphabetical system, which would index itself, became imperative. So many questions about donations came up that it was necessary to devise some way to promptly answer them. For instance, a letter would come somewhat as follows:

May 15th.

DEAR MR. ROCKEFELLER:

May we depend upon a renewal of your generous contribution of last year?

(Signed) MRS. NETTIE JONES.

Who was Nettie Jones? What was her address? What amount had been given? For what object? Nothing in her letter held a clue. It was necessary to go back through "Donation Account" on the ledger of a year back, look over every item for May and June; then look up old-fashioned correspondence letter-files and copying-books, to find that Mrs. Nettie Jones, of this year, was a Miss Henrietta Smith of the year before, and that the amount was \$100, given to a Ladies' Aid Society in Pennsylvania.

We finally had printed some cards, on which we were able to keep Mr. Rockefeller's donations in an orderly manner.

A young lady in the office—who, by the way, was the first telegraph operator employed by the Standard Oil Company at their works in Cleveland, and in

whom Mr. Rockefeller had great confidence—was selected to keep this record. Real work it proved to be. Starting with the little "Ledger A," a small, paper pass-book worth, perhaps, two cents, but which you could not buy from Mr. Rockefeller, to-day, for thousands of dollars, she entered the first five cents given to the Mite Society in the Erie Street Baptist Church, Cleveland, when he was little more than a boy. Thus she continued, month after month, coming down through the years, balancing the cards with the ledgers at the end of each month.

As the years went by, the number of cards and the boxes holding them grew apace, but they alphabetically indexed themselves and were capable of subdivision and reclassification, and answered every question asked.

If you think the modern methods in your office are a bit of a nuisance, how would you like to be obliged to send an office boy every time you wanted a clerk, an associate, or a report? What could you do without the messenger-boy service of to-day? Would you enjoy working in the office with a gas burner instead of an electric light? Could you depend on telegrams and mail for your daily or hourly reports which are now handled by telephone? Would you like to go back to the old cardboard files in which to keep your letters? Could you get along now without your fountain pen?

The methods of forty-four years ago seem crude as you read about them; and yet, they were adequate for the business of that period, as our methods are adequate for our business life of to-day. What strides will be made in the next forty-four years in big business and in the methods for handling it?

"FATE itself has to concede a great many things to the cheerful man."

The man who persistently faces the sun so that all shadows fall behind him, the man who keeps his machinery well lubricated with love and good cheer, can withstand the hard jolts and dissappointments of life infinitely better than the man who always looks at the dark side. A man who loves shadow, who dwells forever in the gloom.—a pessimistic man,—has very little power in the world as compared with a bright, sunny soul.



"Am I My Dumb Brother's Keeper?"—

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WILLIAM COWPER, the poet, said he would not enter on his list of friends the man "Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Elbert Hubbard, the practical business man and dreamer, was still more stern in his denunciation of cruelty to animals. "When a man forgets his dumb brothers, and is dead to their fears, sufferings, and agonies, he has lost his own soul," he said.



It is not fun for the poor kitten

"Am I my dumb brother's keeper? Certainly, yes; and thou shalt give an account of thy stewardship!"

If this is true, what a fearful account some of us will have to render of our treatment of our dumb brothers!

What defense will those men offer who, in the sacred name of science, have inhumanly and unnecessarily tortured their dumb brothers?

A writer on the horrors of vivisection says, "There can be no two sides to our view of the nature or conduct of a man who throws one hundred and twenty-five dogs twenty-five feet out of a window to see how many of their bones will break, and then lets them linger in the agonies of hell to see how long they will live; nor of a man

who will freeze or boil a dog to see what its temperature may be; nor of a man who will vivisection the quivering nerves out of a sentient and unanesthetized cat to exhibit before his class the skill of his pitiless hand; nor of a man who will starve guinea pigs or roast rabbits to death to prove—God knows what!—unless that they will die."

MULTITUDES of young medical students are trained to believe in the great value of vivisection as a means of ameliorating human ills; and are cautioned against being influenced by the ignorance and misrepresentations of the mere laity in regard to the subject. In the physiological laboratories of our medical schools and colleges, poor dumb animals, which have just as much right to life and liberty as we have, are inhumanly tortured, sometimes for days and weeks at a stretch, in the name of science. And for what? Merely to emphasize and to impress more vividly upon the mind of the student anatomical or physiological facts!

After the helpless victim of vivisection has been operated on before a class, it is often put aside half dead, from one day to another, to enable other students to witness the action of the vital organs. Perhaps to see how high the poor tortured heart



It injures a dog to hold him like this.

would send the blood into a glass tube; or to watch the exposed heart beat with the variations of the pulse under certain conditions, possibly of anguish or fear; perhaps to see the inflation of the poor animal's lungs, or the action of the kidneys under certain experiments, such as the administering of some drug; or to study the effect of sudden shock on any or all of these different organs.

NOTHING can excuse or palliate such monstrous inhumanity as this. As Cardinal Manning said: "Nothing can justify,—no claim of science, no conjectural result, no hope for discovery,—such horrors as these. . . . Whereas these torments, refused and indescribable, are certain, everything about the result is uncertain but the certain infraction of the first laws of mercy and humanity."

While it is true that not all vivisectionists are inhuman or unnecessarily cruel, in the economy of God there is surely some other means by which surgery and medical science can be advanced than by the torture of poor dumb animals who can neither give nor withhold their consent to their immolation.

We shall sometime realize that the practice of vivisection is contrary to Divine law. The Creator never put man in a position where he would be obliged to torture any living creature for the good of any other of His creatures. This whole idea of butchering living animals and keeping them alive to suffer agony for days and weeks is all wrong in principle. Vivisectionists assume that there is no other way of getting at facts which are necessary for the advancement of medical science, but there can be no doubt that patient study and research will find a better way. But, however this may be, though the Creator gave man dominion over all other animals, He never gave him leave to torture them.

NEITHER did He ordain that man should make "sport" for himself by hunting

them to death; killing them for the mere love of killing for its own sake.

Whatever excuse the vivisectionist may offer for his inhumanity, the sportsman has none at all to offer. There can be no



We shall sometime realize that the practice of vivisection is contrary to Divine law

plea of necessity or of a high aim in his case. He simply makes a holiday of going out to kill for sport even the most helpless and inoffensive of God's beautiful furred and feathered creatures. In the hunting season, which is the prescribed time for the "slaughter of the innocents," supposedly cultured gentlemen, in the most highly civilized countries in the world, shoulder their guns and go out day after day to shoot and maim and kill defenseless birds and wild animals of every kind.

The fate of those which are killed outright and "bagged" by the sportsman is a merciful one compared with those that are maimed and wounded and left to die a lingering death in the woods and fields.

I have often seen in the woods of Maine and New Hampshire foxes, deer, and squirrels with one or both eyes put out, with broken legs or fearful wounds of some kind, shot by men or boys who were having "a good time," satisfying their savage impulse to slaughter. I have seen thrushes, blackbirds, robins, partridges and all kinds of birds blinded with gunshot, or with broken wings or broken legs, trying to drag themselves around until death relieved their misery. Think of many of these helpless creatures starving to death



Some children delight in hanging cats from windows, like this.

because they are wounded so badly that they are unable to procure food, while the man or boy who maimed them goes home rejoicing in the "good time" he had!

And think of the "royal sport" of fox-hunting, where parties of men and women mounted on

horseback, with a pack of trained blood-hounds to assist them, unearth and hunt down to death one unfortunate terrified fox! Think of highbred, delicately nurtured women taking part in this grotesquely savage "sport," and competing for the "honor" of being in first at the death, so they may carry off as a trophy of their fine sporting quality the "brush," or tail, of the wretched victim!

WHAT an example for Christian men and women—followers of One of whom it was said, "A bruised reed shall he not break,"—to put before the young! How can crime and misery and cruelty be banished from the earth while men and women make sport of such savage practices?

Americans who have attended the great national sport in Mexico, the bull fight, tell of seeing little children beautifully dressed, who evidently belonged to the wealthier and more cultured families, applaud tremendously when the bull thrust his horns their entire length into a horse and the blood was spurting on the ground!

I have seen American parents who would be shocked at the mere suggestion of taking their children to see a bull fight, calmly look on without a remonstrance while they maltreated little kittens, choking them until their tongues stuck out and they were nearly dead. And I have heard a nursemaid encourage her little charge to trample on caterpillars that had fallen from the trees and were crawling on the ground.

Thousands of American boys use live frogs as fishing bait, hooked to the line in such a manner as to keep them kicking and wriggling as long as possible in order to attract the fish. And, of course, live worms are constantly used as bait by devotees of fishing who in other respects are very humane, lovable men.

**"SO many gods, so many
creeds,
So many ways that
wind and wind,
When all the old, sad
world needs
Is just the art of being
kind."**

KINDNESS, especially to the weak and defenseless, is the very foundation of character; and when we set our children an example of cruelty and allow them to stone and trap and shoot birds, squirrels, and other helpless creatures, just for sport, we

little realize what we are doing in the way of hardening and brutalizing their impressionable natures.

Cruelty and a brutal indifference to the life and rights of others is developed in many a child by the example of his own father. This is especially true of men who kill dumb animals for "sport." There are many people in our jails, to-day, who would not be there but for the encouragement given them in their youth to kill birds and animals just for fun. They thought there was no harm in it, that it was all right because their fathers and other men high up in the world's most honored positions did these things.

Happily, in many directions, there are signs of a revolt against the barbarity of killing as a pastime. And the time will come when men in high positions who are looked up to by thousands of our youths as examples of manliness, will be ashamed to see chronicled in the papers the details of their ghastly hunts, their heartless slaughter of the innocents. The time will come when it will be considered cowardly and base for a great strong man to kill defenseless little birds or any living creature for sport.

The time will come when the man who shoots or traps or maims or kills God's creatures with no excuse except that of having a "good time," will be ostracized from society, will be regarded as an enemy not only of our little dumb brothers and sisters but of human beings. He will be looked upon as a moral outcast, little better than a murderer.

If we would reach the highest plane of development, the realization of our oneness with the Creator of the universe, we must realize our oneness with His creation; we must, in thought and word and act, regard all dumb creatures as St. Francis did—as our little brothers and sisters.

Suppose a well-dressed business man came up to you on the street, and handed you an envelope containing \$10,000 in one-thousand-dollar bills? What would you do with the money?

The Ten Pay-Envelopes

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

*Author of "The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher,"
and other stories*

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

RICHARD PENBROOKE, a millionaire, adverse to promoting organized charities, decides to try an experiment in human nature. In each of ten small pay-envelopes he seals ten one-thousand-dollar bills. In company with two old and intimate friends, Judge Travers, a distinguished jurist, and Dr. Taulane, rector of a fashionable church, he starts on his adventure—to walk through the streets of New York and hand the ten envelopes to different people at definite intervals. Each envelope also contains a letter explaining that the contents belong to the recipient, to dispose of as he sees fit. Penbrooke's only request is that, at the end of one year, each recipient, will meet him at a certain place and tell just what he did with the money.

PART II.

FOR several minutes, Kenyon Brice stood at the wharf's edge, the breeze from the Hudson River cooling his perplexed brow. Once more his eyes gazed into the swiftly running, silent, darkened waters, illumined here and there by the reflection of the lights from the giant apartment houses at his back and the multi-colored mirroring of the brilliance of passing pleasure craft.

The beauty of the scene held no delight for Kenyon Brice. He was only thinking of the envelope which had been handed him by the three mysterious men who had accosted him on the plaza of Grant's Tomb, and was wondering why it continued to excite his interest after he had carelessly, even disgustedly, thrown it into a rubbish can.

Yet the strange instinctive idea that it contained something important, continued to haunt him. "It can't be possible," he repeated to himself over and over again. "It's foolish to imagine such a thing," he reproved himself. Yet that envelope had a strangely familiar feeling. Like money—crisp, new currency—a feel that is familiar to everyone and which impresses itself almost subconsciously on the human mind.

Then Kenyon Brice uttered a low, mirthless laugh. "I suppose I'm wasting time to go back and see what is really in that little envelope. Better take the plunge and end it all now before the watchman discovers me on the wharf and orders me away.

Still," he added with a shrug, "there's no great hurry, and you've no other place to go—nothing else to do."

Eagerly, and yet with an effort at restraining his impatience to solve the mystery, he made his way back to the green-painted refuse can on the plaza before the massive mausoleum of General Grant. He hastened his footsteps as a sudden fear seized him. Suppose his suspicions were right—suppose the envelope did contain money! Suppose someone had seen him throw it away and had already fished it out of the receptacle!

With a little cry he rushed to the refuse can and hastily ran his hands through the accumulation of newspapers and discarded pasteboard boxes and fruit skins with which it was filled to overflowing. Finally a little exclamation of relief heralded the success of his search. Again his nerves thrilled and his brain whirled.

Eagerly he clasped the little envelope in his palm and nervously ripped it open. He noticed a dark shadow lurking nearby. With a feeling of fright, he hastily concealed the envelope and made for the welcome light of a parkway lamp.

Making sure he was unobserved, he examined the contents of the envelope and his face was a puzzle. "Am I dreaming?" he asked himself, as he extracted and counted over and over again ten one-thousand-dollar bills!

"It must be a joke," he muttered to himself. "They cannot be real! But how cruel it would be if someone is making sport with me! Ten thousand dollars!" he repeated as he sank on a bench under a tree. "Ten thousand dollars! What a difference it will make in my life! It will make all the difference between life and death!"

THE whole thing seemed incredible. Brice could not convince himself that he actually held in his hands what would make it unnecessary for him to seek the final embrace of the Hudson's waters. He struck a match and held it behind one of the bills. Yes—the banknotes had the familiar

feel and they were streaked with the tiny silken threads which denote the government's legal tender. There seemed no question of its being genuine—and, he reasoned, even if it were counterfeit, why should the trio he had met give him the bills—unless the whole affair proved to be a practical joke.

"I can't believe," Brice said aloud, "that fate could be so cruel as to jest with me in this way and at such a time."

An instant later he sprang to his feet with a start and hastily slipped the envelope and its contents into his pocket. Directly behind him stood a man, plainly dressed in black. It was the voice of this stranger that had awakened Brice from his speculations, and he faced the stranger with blanched cheeks.



But the stranger only smiled. "Do not be afraid," said the man. "I do not wish to take your envelope from you."

Brice stared at him in amazement. What uncanny knowledge did this middle-aged man possess?

"The money is real," the stranger said. "You evidently have not read the letter that accompanies the money. Take them home and put the money away after you have read the message. Make such use of the currency as you see fit, and ask no questions."

Brice looked at him speechless. Then, panic-stricken, he hurried away into the night, leaving the smiling stranger standing with an amused expression beneath the parkway light.

As the man watched the retreating figure of Brice, he sat down calmly on the park bench, a strange light in his eyes. It was Thomas, Penbrooke's former butler, who had himself taken the original ten envelopes and their collective hundred thousand dollars, when Penbrooke had left them exposed on his library table earlier in the evening.

A policeman sauntered by, but somehow Thomas felt no fear of him. Perhaps it was because he was an ex-convict and hardened to crime and conscience. Or, perhaps, it was for another reason—and the amused light in his steel-gray eyes would seem to suggest the latter. However, the policeman passed on without giving Thomas a second glance, and

Thomas continued to sit there, smoking and pursuing his reverie.

MONTHS passed and Richard Penbrooke grew more and more eager to learn the result of his strange experiment. Naturally, not knowing the name of one of his beneficiaries, he had no means of learning what they had done with their money. Whether his gifts had wrought good or evil, he was unaware; and now he began to wonder if he ever would know the result of his plan. If those who received the ten envelopes accepted his invitation to the dinner a year after the making of the gifts, then the story would be unfolded. But he found himself wondering whether they would show up, and his friend, Judge Travers, continued to gravely assure him that the recipients would never be heard from.

"If I know human nature they are bound to suspect some trick. You remember the man who threw the envelope into the rubbish can before Grant's Tomb? He interested me more than all, and his action was precisely what mine would have been if you had accosted me as a total stranger and had handed me what might have proved to be a handbill or a sample of tooth paste."

AND, once again, the Reverend Taulane voiced his old-time fear. "It worries me to think that you have done this thing, Richard," he said. "As I told you, it is like flying in the face of Providence. Unearned money has never benefited anyone—frequently it proves a terrible temptation. I hope for the sake of your peace of mind as well as the peace of my own conscience, your so-called beneficiaries do give you an account of their stewardship. Otherwise, I shall always feel that we may have done great harm to someone."

Fanny Bryce began to cry in earnest. "I haven't dared to mention a word of my plight to any one," she said; "but I wonder if you wouldn't be good enough to advise me."

"Nonsense!" Penbrooke snapped impatiently. "Both of you have urged me for years to contribute to your pet charities. I have had an aversion to doing so. I do not believe that the average charity accomplishes what it is intended to accomplish. Charity tends to make people dependent—to destroy ambition and initiative—"

"You are wrong there," the minister said. "That is, provided charity is nobly and ably administered—"

"Yet Penbrooke is right in that individual initiative should be stimulated," Judge Travers broke in.

"Just my contention," Penbrooke agreed. "You recall the reason for my deciding to do this thing which you both opposed so intensely. It was the chance remark of a man who did not recognize me—my fellow passenger in the subway—who said he wished I would let him have a slice of my money—that I would never miss it and that it would mean everything to him. That started me thinking. I wanted to learn by practical experiment whether the longing for money is justified and whether the possession of money—coming like a windfall—will really work good or evil."

"And the very possibility of its working evil is my objection to the idea," Dr. Taulane interrupted again.

"Then you have even less faith in human nature than I have," Penbrooke told him. "I don't think money will make a man live right or live wrong. It may help him in his natural bent; but I believe that a rich—or a moderately well-to-do—man may be as honest and upright as a poor man. In other words, I trust that it may not prove easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for me to enter heaven."

"You are scoffing!" Dr. Taulane accused reprovingly.

"I am doing no such thing," Penbrooke asserted stoutly. "In any event, the die is cast and all we can do is to await its outcome. I must confess that I am growing impatient to learn what has happened. Personally, I believe that we will. Perhaps not from all the recipients, but from a majority of them, despite the pessimistic view of life taken by our good friend, the judge."

As he finished speaking, Perkins, his new butler, entered and stood respectfully waiting for his employer to address him. "Yes?" Penbrooke questioned absently, looking up at the man. A moment later he was electrified by the butler's words: "Sir, there is a man asking for you. He says his name is Thomas, and that he was formerly in your employ—"

"Thomas!" exclaimed Penbrooke in amazement, while Dr. Taulane sprang to his feet and the calm jurist raised his eyebrows speculatively.

"I would not have presumed to disturb you, sir," the butler went on, "but the man says his business is very urgent and that you will understand its nature."

"He has come to make restitution!" Dr. Taulane said with righteous gladness.

"More likely to blackmail our friend Penbrooke," surmised the judge. But Penbrooke only smiled.

"At least it will be interesting to hear what he has to say," he commented. "Tell him to come in here, Perkins."

THE three sat in silence as Thomas was ushered in. He looked prosperous. His appearance had not changed, and he seemed perfectly at ease

as he entered and, without waiting for an invitation, took a chair.

"Will you tell me, Thomas," Penbrooke began, "how you presume to walk abroad after having robbed me of one hundred thousand dollars—and, further, how you dare come here and face me?"

"Of course you are positive that Thomas did take the money?" Judge Travers interrupted, twinkle in his eyes, his judicial caution instantly alert least Penbrooke play into Thomas's hands by making an accusation he might not be able to prove notwithstanding the seemingly clear evidence against the butler.

"No need for caution, sir," Thomas broke in hastily. "I took the money, all right. I admit it—plead guilty, your honor."

"Will you tell me why you did it?" Dr. Taulane asked him quickly.

"I will not!" the man snapped with an air of finality.

"Because you were an ex-convict and theft is a second nature to you," Penbrooke speculated coldly.

"I wouldn't say that if I were you, Mr. Penbrooke," Thomas said. "I had my own reasons. I will reveal them—if I choose—on the night when the folks who got your ten envelopes report to you—if they ever do."

"Then you think they will?" Judge Travers said. "Most of them," Thomas said. "If they don't, I can tell you what they did with the money."

THE three men stared at him in amazement. "How do you know?" gasped Penbrooke.

"Because I have made it my business to know," came the slow, calm answer.

Judge Travers looked at him sternly. "Do you realize that Mr. Penbrooke is in a position to have you placed under arrest for grand larceny?" he thrust at the man.

"Well," said Thomas, "he is—and he isn't. And I'm quite certain he won't do anything of the sort."

"Just why this supreme confidence in his generosity?" questioned Travers.

"Because he doesn't dare expose me," Thomas said. "If he exposes me I'll expose him, and thus upset his plan. The newspapers would welcome what I could tell them. They'd fill columns with it. The secret would be out and the whole effect of Mr. Penbrooke's idea would be lost. Moreover, I know him well enough to realize that such publicity would be most distasteful to him. He wouldn't be willing to let the loss of a hundred thousand dollars prevent the success of his experiment."

There was silence in the room for a moment, then Penbrooke spoke. "You're a keen one," he said.

"But you can't let this man get away with that!" Judge Travers protested. "He is a thief and, as such, is an enemy of society. The law demands that he shall be punished and made an example of even if you don't!"

"Yet charity in its truest sense—" began Dr. Taulane.

"Charity, fiddlesticks!" snapped the jurist. "shall 'phone for the police!"

Thomas merely shrugged his shoulders, but Penbrooke stayed Travers with a gesture.

"Thomas," he said, "I am not letting you threaten me. It is not because you might expose my plan that I am not going to have you arrested. My

idea lies deeper than that. Your action is deeply interesting to me. I wish to ascertain the psychology behind it. You have a purpose in what you are doing, just as you have a purpose in coming to me now. You did not come out of sheer bravado, confident that I could not afford to expose you. Just why did you come here?"

"I knew you would understand," Thomas said slowly. "Have you seen the evening papers?"

Penbrooke nodded negatively.

"Be good enough to look at this," Thomas said and handed a late afternoon edition to his former employer.

Penbrooke read what was handed to him. Then, without comment he passed the newspaper to Judge Travers who glanced at the headlines and, turning to Thomas, demanded, "Well, what *are* you driving at?" although he had already surmised the truth.

But it was Dr. Taulane who read the newspaper account aloud and who instantly caught the connection:

POLICE OFFICER ARRESTED. CHARGED WITH BIG GRAFT

Officer O'Hara Banks \$10,000 in Eighth National. Inquiry Ordered.

"You mean," Dr. Taulane shot at Thomas, "that this is the man we encountered on the street corner, during our foolish walk—that this honest policeman has been accused of theft, or worse, because of the gift of our friend Penbrooke?"

"You see the newspaper account, sir," Thomas answered. "It may or may not be true; but I will take my oath before any court that the policeman so charged

is as innocent of graft as are you, sir, and that he is the very man who has accepted Mr. Penbrooke's ten thousand dollars."

THE clergyman turned his head toward Penbrooke. "Did I not say—"

"Taulane!" snapped Penbrooke, "I don't care what you've said. If I have been the result of getting this man into trouble, I will be the instrument of getting him out of it. Or at least, Judge Travers will be—at my expense."

"At the expense of my reputation, my dear Penbrooke," the jurist said. "It seems to me that any man charged with the thing this policeman is accused of, is bound to be discredited from the start. Even my humble talent wouldn't prove the case in his favor—unless you confess the whole scheme you had in mind and thus clear him."

"But he is not guilty!" the minister exclaimed. "At least, he is not if this man is telling us the truth and Officer O'Hara is the man to whom our friend Penbrooke gave the money. An innocent man must not go to judgment without defense."

"Right, sir!" announced Thomas, the self-confessed thief. "O'Hara must be defended and he must be defended ably. Judge Travers can do it—

and can clear him. He is the only lawyer I can think of who can clear him. Unless he consents to do so, and get O'Hara out of it with a clean slate, I will tell how O'Hara obtained the money, and I will expose Mr. Penbrooke's whole plan!"

"Suppose—in countering—I tell of your theft of the hundred thousand dollars!" said Judge Travers.

"But you won't!" Thomas shot at him. "You know you must make good on this job—if you never made good before."

"So be it, Thomas," the judge said. "I will go with you right now to the place where this policeman is stationed. The accusation is absurd—yet it will take all the ingenuity I possess to free him without telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"And that, sir, is probably the reason why many a man is sent to jail or to disgrace. Because he—or someone else who is involved—refuses to tell either the plain truth or the whole truth."

CASH PRIZES

for the Best Solution of
Richard Penbrooke's
unique problem presented
in this remarkable serial,
"The Ten Pay-Envelopes."

We will ask our readers to
solve this problem, after
the publication of the last
installment, next month.
Cash prizes will be offered
for the best solutions.

DR. TAULANE stood up, a look of pain upon his religious countenance. "Do you quite mean what you say?" he demanded, dumfounded. "Is it possible that my good friends—"

"Taulane, please do not needlessly excite yourself!" Judge Travers begged, with kindly attitude. "I think Thomas and I will discuss this privately—and to better advantage."

"You'll clear that cop or there won't be any discussion!" Thomas snapped back at the judge, without the slightest fear or favor of his position or standing, without any appearance of a tremor

at his own position after having owned up to his own culpability.

"Are you trying to threaten me—or my friend?" Judge Travers almost exploded.

"I am not trying to threaten anyone," Thomas answered. "I am demanding a justice."

"And you'll get it!" snapped Judge Travers.

"Hold on a moment!" Dr. Taulane interposed. "After all," announced Penbrooke, "this is largely my affair. Thomas declares he has stolen my money. You will admit that it *was* my money. He has threatened to thwart my plans and you will admit that they *were* my plans. Suppose you let me handle the matter as I see fit."

The minister and the judge looked at each other helplessly. Thomas smiled upon the group amiably.

"Now, Mr. Penbrooke," he said, "will you engage Judge Travers to defend O'Hara or—"

"If the judge will consent, he is engaged no matter at what cost," Penbrooke said.

"No!" said the judge.

The clergyman raised his hands in protest. Penbrooke smiled and Thomas smiled frankly back at him. Then Judge Travers looked squarely at Thomas.

(Continued on page 123)

A Man Is Poor Though He Have Millions—

- If he is without friends.
- If he has lost his honor.
- If he has low-flying ideals.
- If he has a guilty conscience.
- If he has lost his self-respect.
- If his morals are questionable.
- If he has lost his grip upon himself.
- If he lacks education and refinement.
- If he is selfish, uncharitable, or cruel.
- If he has forfeited his health for wealth.
- If his mind and soul have been neglected.
- If he has traded away his character for his money.
- If his wife and family do not love and respect him.
- If he has a disagreeable disposition that makes enemies or repels people.
- If making money has crowded out the cultivation of his aesthetic faculties.

Are You One of the 20,000,000 Women Who Vote for the First Time This Year? If So, You Will Find it Easier to Understand Politics by Reading

Short Cuts for Women Voters

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Young Woman Citizen," "Outland," "26 Jayne St.," etc.

Third Article: New Departures in Politics

MARY AUSTIN is one of the leaders among thinking women. She is a novelist of rare attainments—the "first among women fictionists" according to many keen critics. Sir William Archer, the British reviewer, says of her, "She writes better English than the English." This is the concluding article in her series—lessons in politics for women voters. The first two articles appeared in THE NEW SUCCESS for August and September. Back numbers containing these articles may be secured at this office by remitting 25 cents for each copy wanted.—THE EDITORS.

THIS is a period of new departures in politics. The people are being asked to decide on issues that are new to them in the sense that they are untried in our experience. But there are very few things that have never been tried anywhere, so that we always have a certain amount of other people's experience to judge by. If we have to guess—and a great deal of what passes for political wisdom is merely successful guessing—we must try to keep our guessing well within commonsensible lines.

The first requisite for doing this is to avoid having word-fright. This is a curious affliction of the human mind, in which we seem to be so hypnotized by certain words that the mere mention of them turns the mind rigid. Some people are affected that way by the word "Socialism," others fall into a kind of blind rage over the mere whisper of "Soviet," and, in many, the mind stops working the moment you say "Non-Partisan League" or "Public Ownership." This tendency to word-

fright is so well understood by the propagandists that they make use of it to manage the public the way some nurses manage children by shouting, "Boogerman!"

The World Wants Something New

BUT all these words are simply names for the way people live together politically, and they all have something to recommend them to some people. The point about them all is that they are new ways, and just at present the world is feeling a desperate need for something new. What then do these words mean, that we should be so much interested in them?

The one most prominently before us is Public Ownership. It comes before us in connection with the railroads; but when we look at what is going on in Europe we can not escape the conclusion that Public Ownership of public utilities will be an increasingly important political issue for some years. Let us see how the four parties most in the public eye dispose of it: The Socialists are for it; indeed, the gist

of the Socialist theory is public ownership of everything the public uses.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties are for private ownership of the railroads. This means that after being in the hands of the government for the period of the war, the roads are returned to the original stockholders. But it does not mean that the public will not still have a great deal to do with regulating them, that it may not have to step in from time to time and settle difficulties as it did in the case of the strike of the four great railroad unions. It also means that we have had to present the railroads with a handsome subsidy out of the public purse, in addition to paying higher rates for everything. It is this situation which makes many people favor one of two plans for public ownership.

The first of these is to have the roads owned by the government and run the same way the postal service is run, by government employees.

The other is known as the Plum Plan. This plan is to have the government own the roads, and then lease them to a corporation made up of all the people who work the roads. They would be managed by a board of fifteen: five appointed by the government, five elected by railroad workers, and five by railroad managers. The profits up to five per cent are to be divided between the government and the leasing corporation, and over five per cent devoted to reducing the rates of travel and freight so that we should all share in the profit.

The Plum Plan has been adopted by the new Farmer-Labor party. It seems to many people to merit a trial. But there is one point in connection with both the Plum Plan and the postal plan that must not be overlooked: their effect on the men employed.

It Reverts to "Men in Groups"

IT is natural for men to like to exercise managerial powers. It is a question if we could get the right sort of men into railroad work if it were regulated as the postal service is. On the other hand, if the railroad men had absolute power over the roads, as in the Plum Plan, they would become a stubborn political factor. Then if the plan were extended to include other industries, say coal mining, there would be inevitable clashes and combinations

between the operating groups, in which the public would suffer.

This brings us back to what I said in the first paper in this series, that a knowledge of men in groups is more important for political decisions than any amount of book knowledge.

Once Europe had an experience of men in groups according to trades, known as the Guild system, and though it seemed to work very well for a time, it was finally broken up by the violent quarrels of the groups among themselves. When we look around Europe, we find that public utilities are always managed best in the smallest countries, which seems to indicate that people live together more comfortably in moderate-sized groups with the good of the whole as the objective, rather than with contending group-interests. There are many people who think that the only successful way to settle public utility is to divide the country into provinces which shall be determined by general living-conditions of climate and crops and geography.

We have already done this in regard to banking, by making twelve general banking districts. And though this method of settling our industrial and transportation difficulties has not taken the form of a party issue, it will occur, sooner or later, to many people who find no way out of our difficulty without a complete change of system. For it will be noted that the revolutionary changes that are taking place all over the world are in the large countries, Russia and China and India. It is only in the small countries where the whole can come under the eye of the average citizen, that the kind of difficulties we are having in the United States get settled easily.

It can easily be seen that most of the other new departures in politics have to do with struggles between special groups

What Labor Is Seeking

ALL the questions of labor can be reduced, at present, to one: the demand of labor for a voice in the control of industrial conditions. Heretofore, the laborers have demanded only better special conditions; now they are asking for measures which will give them a chance to exercise that love of managing which is natural to humans and grows on them as they grow more intelligent.

The Socialist Party meets this question by planning to make every citizen a laborer and give every one an equal voice in the management. And the greatest difficulty the Socialist theory has to contend with, is that all men are not equally interested. It is the people who are actively interested in doing things, the people who love managing that, in the end, manage society. All that the Socialists can do will be to arrange society so that their kind of people will be able to do the managing.

Both the Republican and Democratic parties have overlooked the real meaning of the labor demand and expressed themselves only on special issues, such as collective bargaining and strikes. The Labor men themselves have said that the Democratic platform comes nearer than the Republican in giving them what they want.

This makes it easy for one who believes in the increased control of labor over the conditions of labor, to choose between the two old parties. But there is now a new party in the field which calls itself the Farmer-Labor Party, and goes much further in the same direction. This new party not only believes in the Plum Plan, giving the railroad workers a voice in the management of the roads, but it gives the factory workers a voice in the management of the factory. In short the Farmer-Labor Party uncovers the core of all these new departures and shows that they are all based on the idea of Class Control.

Now, it is the American idea that all the people should have a voice in all the activities of the government; that factory workers should have a voice in the farms, the farmers in the factory, and both farms and factory in the banks and other financial institutions. They will tell you, the Farmer-Labor people, that this theory has failed because what we have now is class control over the whole State, and that it is only the capitalist class that controls. To a great extent this is true. But it has become true largely because there are millions of laborers who, in the past, have never taken any interest in managing industry, or have been unwilling to put themselves to the pains of learning how to manage it well. There are also millions of farmers who have been in the same position, and they have only waked up to an interest in managing when they see

how very uncomfortable they have become when they leave the management of society to others.

There is an organization of farmers in the Northwestern States called the Non-Partisan Political League which represents the movement of the farmers toward taking an active part in State management. It has corrected a great many abuses that farmers suffered under, just as the Labor organizations have corrected a great many abuses of labor. And all these organizations of class interest have shown that every class has some good contribution to make to sane and comfortable society. Nobody can deny that it is an excellent thing for everybody to take an interest in everybody else and to express that interest politically.

The Struggle for Goods is the Cause of Politics

SINCE this is so, the new woman voter asks herself why there should be so much difficulty about the waking up of the farmers and wage workers to political interests. The difficulty is that each class, and now the combined classes, undertakes to manage for the whole. Each believes that it is honestly interested in the whole and capable of managing for the whole, and they base their claim to a greater share of importance on a recent theory of the way society is constituted, called the Economic Basis.

This is a theory of society which makes the struggle for goods the great first cause of every sort of political order. Trade, industry, finance, all lumped under the head of Economics gives form and direction to society. This is true in the sense that it is what is going on at present. If you examine all the other clauses of the Farmer-Labor Party, and of any other party which may be formed this year—for it is quite possible at this writing that another party may rise in a middle ground between the two old and the one new parties—you will find that all their planks have to do with goods, with the question of who gets what. If you do not find so much of this in the old platforms, it is because the Democrats and Republicans are fairly well satisfied with the way goods are produced and distributed at present.

The new parties in the United States, and the new parties in Russia and Germany and everywhere that new parties

are being formed, want a new handling of the world's goods. There is no doubt that in many cases there will be radical changes. And all these changes will be based on the economic theory that production and distribution of goods is the most important item of politics.

It is Necessary for Women to Think

SO far in these articles, I have tried to give you only the situation as it is, merely suggesting the best points at which women can lay hold of the situation.

Now I will have to give you some conclusions of my own, against which, it is only fair to warn you, most of the political writers are opposed. You are to remember, however, that politics has always been a man's world, and that most of the thinking that is done in it is done by men. But if women are to justify their entrance into politics, it must be with the idea that woman thinking is equally important. And I have not been able to agree with the economic-basis theory. At least I think economics has been given undue importance in shaping society, and I think that is what is the matter with society to-day.

If economics—that is, food, clothing and housing—were the great shaping force, society would have been shaped long ago. Among the bees and the ants, food and shelter are the important items. These problems were settled very early in bee and ant society—settled so perfectly that nobody can think of a way to improve them—so many thousand years ago that nobody but the scientists can so much as guess how long ago it was. Now, if economics were all men had to think of, they would have settled it perfectly also. As a matter of fact, there have been many economic adjustments of society which have answered perfectly for a time. Among the Pueblo Indians, for example, the distribution of land and goods, work and

leisure, has remained unchanged for, perhaps, a thousand years. But neither have the Indians changed, and without change there is no improvement.

It is the changing, enlarging spirit of man that gives its shape to society. It is this spirit which differentiates us from the ant and the bee, and makes it impossible to have a society in which economics is the important, the controlling consideration. Instead of all this quarreling about economics, we ought to keep our attention centered on the spirit of man, and watch our economics just enough to keep them in a secondary place, accommodating them to the changes of the spirit. There is no real virtue in government ownership or in capitalism, except as they serve the spirit of man. At one time, one of these things may serve it best; and at another time some other arrangement which may not have been thought of yet.

Don't Take the Politics of To-day too Seriously

IT is because I have come to this conclusion about politics, that its sole purpose is to serve the spirit of man, that I am advising women not to take the politics of to-day too seriously. Here and there you may see that a proposed political arrangement may give the spirit more scope. That is the point at which to apply yourself with confidence. For the rest, you will have to take it as part of your education, learning to know men in their political aspects as well as you know them in their personal relations.

If it should turn out to be the function of women in politics to pull men back from too much quarreling about goods, and to point out that the use of economics is to enlarge the spirit, we would still have to know the best way to go about it. The effect women will finally have on politics will be in proportion to their intelligent interest in it.

A helpful, cheerful spirit and an optimistic view of things—which may be acquired—will, in a short time, change your entire attitude toward the world, your whole outlook. By changing your moral glasses from blue or black to pure white crystal you will key your life up to the health tone, brighten the shadows and heighten the high-lights.



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When You Must Increase Your Production

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of the Harrington Industrial Corporation, Gets a Wire from his Branch Manager, Phil Simpson, to Make the Wheels Go Faster.

By FRANK WINSLOW

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second article in the Jeremiah Harrington series. The first appeared in THE NEW SUCCESS for August. It was entitled "How I 'Cash In' on My Employees." If you want a copy of the August number containing this article, you can secure it by remitting 25 cents to this office. It is well to keep in touch with the entire series, for old Jeremiah Harrington is one of those plain, blunt, philosophical American businessmen, with a very keen sense of humor, who won his way to the top by his own efforts. He knows how to say pertinent things in terse, right-to-the-point sentences. He is a business philosopher and analyst—and if your business is in need of tuning up, don't miss these articles. The third will appear in an early number.

OLD Jeremiah Harrington sat in his private office, gazing across the freight yards of the Harrington Industrial Corporation's Factory No. 1.

He was indulging in his daily "thinking siesta." Every day, after luncheon, for thirty minutes, he spent the time in thought. And, he claimed, those thirty minutes meant real money to him. They paid, physically, mentally, and financially.

His secretary, Mildred Carey, a soft-stepping, capable-looking girl, entered noiselessly and placed a yellow envelope on the glass-topped mahogany desk of the "Big Chief." He looked at the envelope curiously. During the thinking period, Harrington refused all visitors. The telephone was silent, no one but the silent-moving Miss Carey had the "open sesame" to his sanctum.

Ordinarily the telegram would have waited until the office clock marked two-thirty. But intuition bade Miss Carey to bring it to the chief.

Harrington opened the wire. It was from Phil Simpson, as he had expected. It was about time, in the philosophy of Harrington, that he should get a call for help from Phil Simpson. The young

manager of the Hartford plant had won his way to the heart of the Big Chief through hard work and exceptional ability. But, lately, Simpson had shown signs of becoming a clinging vine rather than a human dynamo, and Harrington believed in using the pruning-knife on clinging vines.

As Harrington read the message, his eyebrows narrowed. Then, as he glanced at it again, all the smiling power in his kindly, humorous, yet sharp-as-a-steel-trap nature, burst forth—and he grinned broadly. This is what he read: "Workmen restless. How would you suggest increasing production?"

"So that's Simpson's trouble," Harrington muttered as he pressed the button for his secretary. She appeared as if by magic, notebook in hand. Harrington looked straight into her bright, intelligent eyes and challenged her with the problem that was flitting through his keen mind. "Simpson says his men are restless," Harrington said to the girl. "How would you suggest that he increase production at the Hartford plant?"

Miss Carey seemed confused. For a moment she stood there staring silently at



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Name _____ Address _____

her employer. Then she said quietly, "I'd follow your methods, Mr. Harrington."

"What are my methods?" he inquired—curiously.

"By doing it!" snapped the girl, with quick decision.

"Rather a quick-fire sort of instruction—but not bad, at that," Harrington agreed. "Wire him your suggestion."

Miss Carey stood rigidly, staring at her chief in amazement. "You mean that I am to wire Mr. Simpson—"

"Exactly three words," instructed Harrington. "*By doing it.*—Add an exclamation point and sign it with my initials. The only way anyone ever does anything worth while is by *doing it*. A lot of people *half* accomplish a lot of things by *half* doing them. If Phil Simpson can't work out his own problems up there at the Hartford plant, and apply his own formula to his own success and that of the business I've turned over to him, he isn't the man I think he is."

IT was one of those rare moments which Miss Carey relished—a moment when Old Jeremiah Harrington chose to grow confidential with her and drop certain crumbs from the table of rich business policy.

"I won't lift my little finger to help Simpson," Harrington went on. "I sized him up—weighed him thoroughly, and found very little wanting. Give a good man a good job and let him handle it in his own way. My methods work when I am back of them, but Phil Simpson can't increase production, or even add to his own salary, in *my* way, any more than I could do either one of those things in *his* way. I don't even know whether production ought to be increased at the Hartford plant. That's for him to decide. Increased production might lessen quality and it might tend to add a burden to the workers which would destroy individual ability and efficiency. If he can't figure it out in his own way—all by himself—the chances are it ought not to be done. I don't know or care any more about it than I know or care whether they have geraniums on the moon. The plant pays a profit, and I won't fire him if it pays more. At the same time, many a man has wrecked a good-going business by trying to apply lemon-squeezer tactics to its operation."

Miss Carey departed and dispatched the telegram.

An hour later, it reached the desk of young Phil Simpson up at Hartford. He opened it eagerly and read: "*By doing it, J. H.*"

"Just like the Big Chief," he commented. "But he isn't going to put me off like that! A talk with him is the greatest little efficiency tonic ever invented. He could make a skilled mechanic out of a brass monkey and a star salesman out of a cigar store Indian." Simpson silently regarded the reply to his telegram for a moment, then called his stenographer. "Send a wire to the chief," he directed. The stenographer had her notebook and pencil instantly ready. All of Simpson's employees had their tools ready when he needed them. Simpson thought a second, and then dictated: "*Am doing it. Come up and see how.*"

THAT telegram was placed on Harrington's desk later in the afternoon. His face grew scarlet, he was about to swear; but he burst out laughing. No other employee of the Harrington Industrial Corporation would have dared to send that communication to the Big Chief, but the fact remained that Harrington liked Simpson the better for so addressing him.

"That youngster has a colossal nerve," Harrington muttered aloud. "The idea of his summoning *me* to come to *him*." He pounded his fist on the desk violently, and touched the call-bell for Miss Carey. As she stepped through the office door, she heard him say, "Confound his impudence—I'm going up there!"

The Big Chief dictated another telegram to Simpson. It ran: "*I'll be there ten-thirty to-morrow. But won't help you one iota. If you can't make good alone, and if you haven't mastered art of making bricks without straw, this company doesn't need you.—J. H.*"

Some branch managers would have been sadly frightened at such a wire from Harrington, but it filled Phil Simpson with delight. He began to bustle about his office with unusual activity—or, rather greater activity than usual—and before the works were closed that night there was this neatly lettered sign on the bulletin board which every employee would see when punching the time-clock.

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ATTENTION! INSPECTION'S COMING!

I have induced President Harrington to come here at 10:30 tomorrow (Thursday) morning to examine our methods and records and get ideas which may be worthy of adoption in other of the company's plants.

Let's all be proud of ourselves!

Philip Simpson.

"It worked," said Simpson to himself gleefully, the next morning. "I've followed the well-known adage of exciting rivalry. Competition isn't only the life of trade, it's the life of the thing that makes the wheels go round. They think out there that J. H. is coming up to see how good they are, and they're going to provide him with an eyeful!"

HARDLY had Simpson finished chattering to himself than the door opened and Old Jeremiah Harrington entered.

"Hello, Simpson!" he said as he extended his powerful hand. "Thought I'd run up in my car this morning and get a little fresh air in my lungs, instead of the smoke and cinders of the train that would have landed me here at half-past ten. Since seeing your sign on the bulletin board outside, I'm mighty glad I did."

"I don't get you," Simpson answered, perplexed.

"That so?" Harrington retorted. "Well, as a man who has been an officer overseas, you ought to get me. You know very well that Jack Pershing never made an inspection at the hour folks expected him. He usually got around beforehand or a little later—after the preparedness for visitors had worn off, or else failed to reach its full height. In that way he saw the situation in its true light."

"So you caught me red handed, did you? Did you catch the men napping?" asked Simpson.

"No," said Harrington. "I've made a hasty round of the plant and they're all on their toes, but I honestly don't think one of them recognized me. Your idea is

bully. If you'd been with me in my tour they'd have had stage fright and would either have worked too fast or without intelligence. As it is, I don't see how you expect to get any more production out of this plant."

"I don't," Simpson explained. "I only want to keep up the spirit of production I've managed to evolve here, to continue the sort of loyalty that is mine in every department. The idea that the example and suggestions of the men might be accepted by you for installation in other factories, has done just what I hoped it would do: stimulated them to do their best—to forget they are working for a daily wage and to remember they are working solely for the Hartford Branch of the Harrington Industrial Corporation."

"Good!" snapped Jeremiah Harrington. "A little praise and judicious flattery, now and then, never hurts any workman. It would not do any harm if you offered cash prizes for suggestions which I may adopt for other plants. I'll adopt them right enough if they are good, and the company treasury will gladly pay out the money. I'll say that to the men when I talk to them, at noontime, out in the shipping yard. You'll talk just ahead of me and say that I am tickled to death at what I've seen; also, that I have a few suggestions for them to follow. Always keep that up your sleeve, son. Make 'em know that you are the brains behind the works, and, to back it up, be sure that you have some workable suggestions for them to follow."

"I thought you had promised not to help me one iota!" said Simpson.

HARRINGTON came back at him. "A man who is a true executive can't help giving some suggestions to a successful subordinate."

"That's like you," Simpson continued. "I have tried to instill into the men a sense of loyalty to the concern as well as to themselves. I have given them little sketches of the firm's history and the accomplishments of its officials—a clear idea of the story of your own success. The result is that they've been glad they were with such an organization and are anxious to uphold its traditions."

"Good work!" exclaimed Harrington. "Just remember that no man is ever i



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spired by a recitation, or the observation of the doings of his equals. *It is the success of his superiors that attracts him.* He naturally envies the man who is on the next higher rung of the ladder; and when he knows that man was once on his own level, he is all the more interested in climbing to the higher rung.

"There's another side to it. Impress your personality on your men but don't let your personality take on too much of your own importance. Remember that men are not machines. Give a man to understand that he is a machine, and he'll soon develop into one. Give him latitude and encourage him to use his brains and the first thing you know he'll invent a new machine to do twice the work of the one he is operating."

"There is one thing I have tried to do in working with the men," Simpson went on, "and that's a leaf I took from the Army text books. On hikes, halts are given at stated intervals and the men are required to rest and every effort is made to divert them. Then, when the march is on again, and the going is hot and tedious, and even drinking water is prohibited, because it would do the marchers harm, the officers spread this little idea to keep men on their toes. They tell the soldiers to fix their eyes on some distant object, such as a far-away church steeple, and resolve to go on, bearing their packs and their fatigue until that point is reached."

THERE'S a great deal in that army-book idea," Harrington said. "The whole thing is the stimulation of personal pride. No man wants to break down while others are working. He doesn't care a rap about any material reward, but he does care a whole lot about putting over his task like a man."

"That's my theory exactly," Simpson said with a smile. "I know that you can't drive men to their tasks—any more than you can lead a horse to water and make it drink. But if you do lead Mr. Horse to water, and keep him standing there looking at the cool, fresh stream long enough, he'll get mighty thirsty. Then he'll drink of his own accord and you'll have to lead him away for fear he'll get too much. It's a good deal the same in getting a man to drink work. Once he get's thirsty for it, there's no holding him back."

"True enough," Harrington answered. "Citations of merit get a manufacturer as much as they do a general, but don't forget, after all, that we are all working primarily for a wage. It isn't what you pay a man that counts; it's what you get out of him. Don't be niggardly, and don't be foolish and pay him so much that he thinks he has a soft snap. Give him sufficient, so that he feels he couldn't get as much in another place for doing the same amount of work, and he'll begin to do more work for you so that he'll get a raise."

"I know that, chief," said Simpson, "and that's one of the reasons I dared to ask you to come up here to-day and look me over and give me your advice. I once worked for a man who kept scolding me and raising a fuss, every few days. 'Simpson,' he would say, 'what I want is a little more concentration, a little more initiative!' But if I dared to write a letter that he hadn't seen, he would raise more fuss. I got sore and, finally, quit. Now, you take a different tack and put the whole thing up to me—even to the point made in your telegram, of refusing to help me one iota. I like that sort of thing; but I want you to look over my concentration and initiative, and I want your suggestions as well as your O. K., on what I'm doing."

"You're entitled to it!" snapped Harrington. "But remember that there isn't any short cut to instilling loyalty and industry into employees. It takes time and study, and every man has to work it out according to his own lights. Standardized formulas of selling are well enough, but each salesman must translate them into his own words in order to put them over successfully. Likewise, every man has to influence his employees in his own way. They'll ape him to a certain extent in everything he says and does. Therefore it's up to him to see that only his best side is put before those who work under him. It's all very well for a boss to talk about Opportunity knocking at the factory door. If the workman is busy, his machine deadens the rapping of Mr. Opportunity; if he isn't busy, he's probably too darned lazy to listen for the knock. The boss's job is to open the door and introduce Workman to Opportunity. The chances are they'll go out to luncheon together; and when they come back, Workman will have an idea which will fatten his pay envelope."

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"No Vacancies—But Always Room for a Good Man"

Colonel Henry Watterson Tells How He Secured His First Newspaper Position

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON once had a lecture on "Money and Morals" which reminds one of the fact that, although the great editor always had morals, he did not always have money. He himself has told it thus:—

"I arrived in Cincinnati one blustering winter night, a ragged, hungry stranger, just out of the Confederate Army. I had just enough money to pay for a night's lodging. How well I remember wandering about the streets of the great city wondering what the next day would bring me. I believed that I had ability as a journalist, and was satisfied that I could prove it, if I could get an opportunity. Several times I was in the act of entering the different morning newspaper offices and applying for work, but I was so downhearted that I did not have the courage to do so. I took a good sleep that night, and did not get up till late the next day.

"My case was a desperate one, and I knew that I must secure employment. I never was more determined in my life, before nor since. I felt as if I could face the sternest editor in the land without a quiver. In this frame of mind I started out to make a tour of the various offices. At the first the editor told me, in a brutally blunt way, that his staff was crowded, and then he resumed work. I visited all of the newspaper offices with the same result, except the 'Times' office. That paper had a large job printing office attached to it, which did a great deal of theatrical printing. I also noticed that the paper had a miserably written dramatic column. I called on Colonel Starbuck, the editor and proprietor, and asked if there were any vacancies on his staff.

"There are never any vacancies on a good paper, but there's always room for a good man," replied the colonel.

"I SHALL never forget that answer, and it is one that I have always made to applicants for positions. I succeeded in impressing him with my belief that I could improve his dramatic column, and proposed to write it for nothing, if he would give me twenty-five per cent. commission on the printing and advertising which I might secure. He declined my proposition, and, as I was turning away in despair, he said that he would give me twelve dollars per week to perform that service.

"What a change came over me! I immediately felt myself suddenly enriched. He then told me that I was engaged only for a week, and that, if I didn't suit, I would be discharged at the end of the week. I told him that I knew a permanent job when I saw it, that this job would be permanent, and that, if he did not find me competent, I would consider it an offense if he did not remove me.

"It was the first day of the week, and I started out at once. I never undertook a task with more

enthusiasm. I attended the theaters every night. Before the end of the week, Colonel Starbuck expressed his approval. On Saturday afternoon I went to the theaters to collect the money due the 'Times' for advertising and printing. At the National Theater, after collecting the money, I was handed an envelope addressed to me. Supposing that it contained an item of news or a ticket, I put it into my pocket unopened. At Pike's another envelope bearing my name was presented me, and the same thing occurred at Wood's Theater.

"WHEN I returned to the 'Times' office, I opened the envelopes and found that the ones presented to me at the National and Pike's each contained ten dollars, and the one handed me at Wood's contained five dollars. I told Colonel Starbuck the circumstances, and tendered him the money. He said that it did not belong to him and he would not accept it. I said that it certainly did not belong to me, and that I would not accept it, so I returned the donations to the theatrical managers. They said that the money had been given me in consideration of the favorable notices which had been given to their performances.

"A short time afterwards, Colonel Starbuck made me managing editor."

Don't Make Excuses

THE good skipper knows that it is not the gale but the set of the sail that decides his course and progress. He knows that he can sail against the stiffest breeze if he sets his sail right. He knows that he can make a servant of the very wind which appears to be the greatest enemy of his progress, and force his vessel to go where he wants it to go. It is a question of manipulating the sails.

The man who is made of winning stuff gets help from the very obstacles which overwhelm the weak. He knows how to overcome, to turn them to his own account. He uses obstacles and difficulties as the athlete uses the implements in the gymnasium, merely to build up strength, to develop that elasticity of muscle that will make him a winner in the coming contest.

Don't lose time making unworthy excuses, complaining that luck is against you. Get to work and make luck your servant.

What a Little Mouse Did

JAMES ALLEN, an author, tells the following story about a prisoner:

"I have recently heard a true story of a Dartmoor convict whose term of incarceration in various convict stations extended to over forty years. As

a criminal he was considered one of the most callous and hopelessly abandoned, and the warders found him almost intractable. But one day he caught a mouse—a weak, terrified, hunted thing like himself—and its helpless frailty, and the similarity of its condition with his own, appealed to him, and started into flame the divine spark of sympathy which smoldered in his crime-hardened heart, and which no human touch had ever wakened into life.

"He kept the mouse in an old boot in his cell, fed, tended and loved it, and in his love for the weak and helpless he forgot and lost his hatred for the strong. His heart and his hand were no longer against his fellows. He became tractable and obedient to the uttermost. The warders could not understand his change; it seemed to them little short of miraculous that this most hardened of all criminals should suddenly become transformed into the likeness of a gentle, obedient child. Even the expression of his features altered remarkably: a pleasing smile began to play around the mouth which had formerly been moved to nothing better than a cruel grin, and the implacable hardness of his eyes disappeared and gave place to a soft, deep mellow light.

"The criminal was a criminal no longer; he was saved, converted, clothed, and in his right mind; restored to humaneness and to humanity, and set firmly on the pathway to divinity by pitying and caring for a defenseless creature. All this was made known to the warders shortly afterwards, when, on his discharge, he took the mouse away with him."

To Live!

TO see the beautiful world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be,—

This is not life!
There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath,
There is a finer sound,
And a diviner touch,
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory in the Infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I Am,—
This is to live.—*Selected.*

Foes of Beauty

IF I were asked what was the greatest foe to beauty in both man and woman, I would say, not errors in diet, not lack of exercise, not overwork, not corsets, not any one of these, but *bad mental habits*. If we observe closely the faces of the people we meet at random on the street, at the theater, or in the great shops, we will observe that nearly all of them are characterized by the lined mouth, the drawn brows and other facial disfigurements which accompany bad mental states.

What do I mean by bad mental states? I mean anger, fear, worry, anxiety, irritability, regret, envy, jealousy, lack of trust in one's self and in the Great Good—all these are bad mental states, and all these destroy beauty, not by interfering with the action of the vital organs, but by directly disfiguring the expression of the face.—*Dr. W. R. C. Latson.*



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.....Electrical Engineer.	\$4,000 to \$10,000High School Graduate.	In two years.
.....General Education.	In one year.Fire Insurance Expert.	\$3,000 to \$10,000

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

Eliminating Crime by Surgery

Why Clinics Should Be Established for the Proper Treatment of Criminals

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

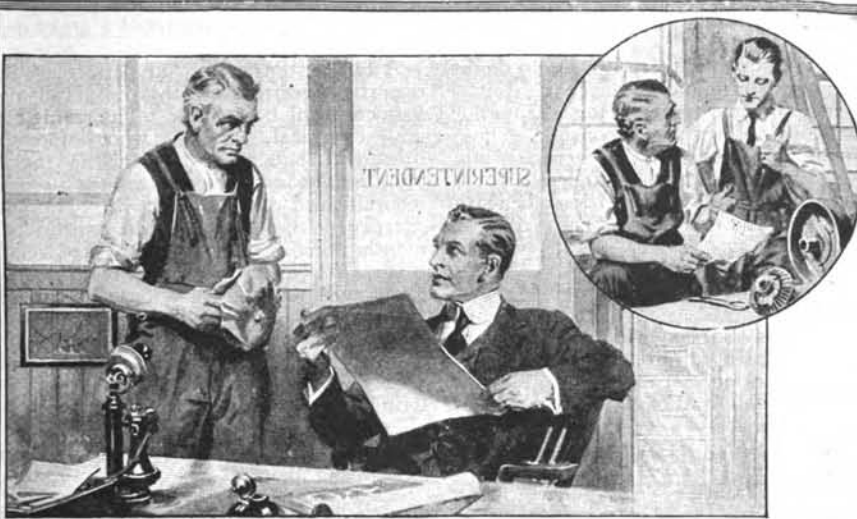
IN an address before the Medical Association of Greater New York, Dr. E. W. Lee, said, "Crime is a mental disease due to some physical injury," and added that a large proportion of criminals could be cured of their criminal tendencies by medical or surgical treatment. Injuries to the brain, hardening of the arteries, internal ear diseases, meningitis and all diseases or ailments which interfere with the cell action are in his opinion common causes of crime. He said he knew of at least fifty crimes that could be traced to the very degenerative physical and moral effects of malaria, and that such diseases are the primary cause of a great number of crimes.

Not long ago, a mother, driven to despair over the radical change in the character of her son, appealed to a physician to examine the young man, who was then nearing the end of a second term in prison. The physician did so and found his teeth in a perfectly wretched condition. They were not only badly decayed but the X-ray showed chronic abscesses at the roots of many of them. The young criminal, who was supposed to be morally depraved, also suffered greatly from adenoids and defective sight. After his physical ills had been remedied, so far as possible, his disposition changed completely and he is now a normal and industrious young man of good character.

ANOTHER instance of this sort was that of a youth whose mother said that all at once from being a good boy he

had developed into a perfect fiend. When he became a criminal, she absolutely refused to have anything more to do with him, even when ordered to do so by the judge before whom the boy had been brought. He was then taken to a hospital for examination and it was found that he had adenoids, serious nasal obstructions, and some foreign growth on his brain. When these were removed, the boy's nature changed back to normal and all criminal tendencies disappeared.

There have been many instances during the past few years, even more remarkable than those cited, of the complete elimination of criminal or vicious tendencies by surgical operations. We are beginning to realize that decayed teeth, adenoids or foreign growth of any kind, the thickening of the skull, or anything that causes abnormal pressure on any part of the brain may make a fiend out of a saint. We often see naturally kind, amiable boys and girls suddenly change and become brutal, coarse, and even criminal in their acts and tendencies. But instead of seeking the cause of the unnatural change in their disposition, we abuse or punish them for what it is not in their power to control. I have known of boys being brutally treated by parents and teachers for acts for which they were not responsible. They were driven to them by the action of some physical defect somewhere in the body operating on the brain. It may be the result of depression of the skull causing brain pressure, or of some injury received in childhood, and not corrected, which



"You've Gone Way Past Me, Jim"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibilities. They put me on the payroll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking my advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim—and you deserve to.' Heads win—every time!"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to win promotion, to earn more money, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

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You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

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7-22-18

caused trouble as the boy or girl grew larger.

Worse than this, there can be no doubt that many a criminal in our penitentiaries is serving a long sentence for a crime for which he is not morally responsible. Those unfortunates have been disgraced and ruined by a society too careless, or too heartless and indifferent to look beneath the surface and find the real cause of their crimes.

A STUDENT of the psychology of crime says: "As intelligence has advanced so civilization has advanced, and laws have been formulated for the protection of society. I believe that every individual who breaks these laws is deficient in intellectual control and that the loss of this control is due in part to some physical defect."

If more attention were given to the child in the early stages of its development; if all that surgery and medical science could do for the removal of physical defects, especially those that impair mentality, were to be done, we would have gone a long step in the direction of eliminating crime and failure from the world.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, for many years physical director of the New York public schools, says that a great army of boys and girls drop out of school every year because of failure to pass their examinations, and that their failure in many instances is due to bad teeth, impaired eyesight, defective hearing, adenoids, lack of proper nourishment, and other preventable causes. The children do not appreciate these things, and often do not know why they are so dull and inefficient. Humiliated by their failure, they leave school discouraged and disheartened, and are likely to become moral and mental delinquents.

Who can estimate how many thousands are driven to crime because of their failure in school! Who can tell how many life tragedies begin with disappointment in school over failure to pass examinations, failure often due to some physical defect that skilful surgery might have remedied!

ONLY a short time ago the remarkable cure by a surgical operation of a boy whose physical and intellectual development had apparently entirely stopped at the age of eight, and who, at fourteen, was

almost an imbecile, attracted a great deal of attention.

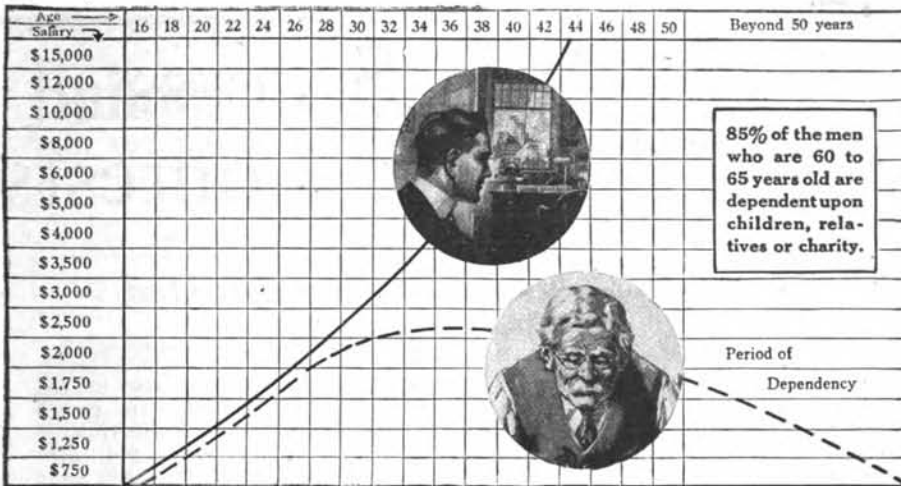
A famous Paris surgeon performed the operation, grafting the thyroid gland of a baboon in the boy's neck. The result was almost magical. The boy who, before the operation, had been dull and apathetic, with no life or energy, at once became mentally and physically active. His wits sharpened wonderfully, and within six months a marked development had taken place both in his mind and body. So great was the improvement that the nineteen physicians who had been present were amazed, and expressed the opinion that many half-witted persons may by this new surgical treatment be completely transformed.

As a matter of fact, a New York child who was born an idiot was operated upon a little while ago and has already shown a decided mental improvement. The surgeon operating stated that the cause of the child's idiocy was the size of its skull, which was much too small to give room for brain expansion with the growth of the body.

WE are just beginning to realize that a very slight thing apparently—a defective thyroid gland, or trifling malformation somewhere—may arrest the development of the child and make him an idiot or a criminal. Modern surgery is certainly enlarging our vision and our charity. It is making us feel humiliated and remorseful for our cold, uncharitable treatment of those unfortunate human beings whose nature has been cruelly twisted because of some little defect.

In view of these things every right thinking person must agree with H. Addington Bruce in his article on "Clinics for Criminals," in which he says, "The modern conception of crime as a symptom of disease has been so convincingly verified by scientific research that there ought to be established in every city in the United States clinics for the observation and treatment of offenders against society."

Not only should we have clinics for the treatment of criminals, but the lessons surgery has taught us in regard to the connection between crime and physical defect should make us very careful about passing judgment upon people who do vicious things. They may be unfortunate rather than criminal, and just as innocent of any deliberate wrongdoing as we ourselves.



Which is Your Curve?

The broken curve represents the progress of a man who quits school early in life, takes the first job offered, and makes no effort to improve his education and training along special lines. Youth and physical energy bring fair progress until he is 25 or 26 years of age—then he hits an almost straight line that shows no increase in salary for 15 or 20 years. At 40 or 42 he starts to go down—finally he slides off into the area of dependency.

Now—contrast the record of the broken curve man with that of the heavy curve man—who has realized the value of education and training. At 30 the heavy curve man has reached a salary of \$3,000 a year. By the time he is 38, he has climbed up into the \$5,000 a year class—and is still going up. Note how rapidly the distance increases between the two men after they are 30. The distance doubles, triples, and still increases until, at 40, the broken curve man has many salary squares to climb. He has been hopelessly outdistanced by the heavy curve man.

Take the chart above—go back to the time when you quit school and took your first job—trace in your line on the chart up to the present time. Are you a broken curve man or a heavy curve man? Have you been in a rut or has your advancement been gradual and steady? Be honest with yourself! Are you

headed upward toward the executive class—or—are you headed downward on the broken curve toward dependency?

You can be a heavy curve man if you will but take advantage of specialized training such as you can now obtain without interference with your present position. LaSalle Extension University offers you a choice of thirteen courses of home study in specialized business subjects. If you want to increase your salary by making your services of greater value—you can do so by spending your evenings in training at home.

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More than 225,000 ambitious men have already been helped to promotion, increased salaries and business success by LaSalle training. More than 50,000 men are now being trained annually by LaSalle.

Check in the coupon the course which especially appeals to you and get full information—also our helpful book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have gained in one year promotion which men without this training have not realized in ten. Make your start today. Send the coupon now!

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Name..... Present Position.....

Address.....



THE NEW SUCCESS Monthly Prize Contests

October Contest: "How I Started My Library"

TO stimulate interest not only in books and reading but also in the formation of home libraries, THE NEW SUCCESS offers the prizes published below for the three best articles on making a collection of books both entertaining and instructive. Tell what books you first selected and why; how you have added to them; what you lay aside from your income for the upkeep of your library, and its value to you.

For the three best articles of not more than 700 words each, we offer the following prizes: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10.

This competition closes October 18, 1920. The winning articles will appear in the December number. Contributions to these prize contests will not be returned unless postage is enclosed with the manuscripts.

Address: Prize Contest Editor, THE NEW SUCCESS, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

Winners of the August Contest: "How I Saved My First Thousand Dollars"

FIRST PRIZE, \$25. HARRIS J. BOORAS, MASSACHUSETTS.

SECOND PRIZE, \$15. H. D. BRAMMER, ILLINOIS.

THIRD PRIZE, \$10. MRS. EDITH B. SPEERS, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

How I Saved My First Thousand Dollars

(First-Prize Article)

BY HARRIS J. BOORAS

MY great desire to save one thousand dollars was realized only a few weeks ago. Indeed, it is a cause for much joy. After five long years of hard work, I accomplished this task! I consider myself fortunate for I have succeeded in securing something that will help me in educating myself.

It is not quite seven years ago, that I was fortunate enough to depart from the land of my birth and come to this hospitable earthly paradise. I was a boy of eleven and emigrated with my mother and two sisters, to join my father who had arrived in America several years before.

The first object that met our sight as we were entering the port of New York, was that magnificent Statue of Liberty. We were filled with rap-

Builder of Successful Men

The World's Greatest Characters Were Moulded by the World's Greatest Book!

The same source of inspiration and guidance has been common to the truly great men of history whether they were leaders, thinkers, conquerors or rulers! Their lives were shaped by the World's Greatest Book, the one book which points the way to lasting success and eternal life. And for every living person today the Bible is a guide book to the highest usefulness, happiness and contentment! It is also an education in history and correct English and an unparalleled revelation in biography, poetry and oratory.

No matter what your occupations, you can study the Bible through the

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Don't allow anything to cheat you out of your wonderful privilege of systematically studying the one Book which outweighs in value all other books in all the world. Dig in it as for gold and you will secure treasure of value and extent beyond any calculation.

You will find that as you proceed with your studies your life will be wondrously enriched and blessed; your latent intellectual powers will develop and expand; your stores of knowledge and wisdom increase; your vision and understanding gloriously broaden.

More than 6,000 persons of some 40 occupations and nearly all ages and nationalities are now studying one or more of the Institute's Correspondence Courses.

Letters of warmest appreciation are constantly received from students.

"I have gained more real knowledge of the Bible and God in studying the one book (Genesis) as your course directs than I ever before gained from the whole Bible."

"Money could not buy what I have gotten out of this course already. And to think that I have taken only the first section."

Bible trained workers are in great demand for Christian service at home and abroad. Whether in the home, church, school or business world, this training is of inestimable value.



Abraham Lincoln
"The Bible is the best book that God has given to man."



D. L. Moody
"The Bible is the only news-book in the world. The newspaper tells us what has taken place; this Book tells us what will take place."



Theodore Roosevelt
"I appeal for a study of the Bible."



J. Pierpont Morgan
Who testified in his will to the atonement of Jesus Christ as man's only way to salvation.

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ture and it seemed to increase in our hearts the spirit of freedom and of the free action for the improvement of our fortune in this boundless land of Columbus.

FOR the first few years, I went to a special school to learn the English language. When I reached the age of fourteen, many of my friends persuaded me to leave school and go to work, but I had already made up my mind to work my way through school, by all means.

My first position was in a grocery store, after school. In the morning, I sold newspapers. During the school vacation, I secured a job in the mill where I worked until the schools opened.

Next, I accepted work in a cheap restaurant as a dishwasher. Although the boss was very cruel, he soon promoted me to the position of waiter with a salary of \$7 a week and my board. My hours seemed very long and hard, for I worked two hours every noon and from after school, in the afternoon, until ten o'clock every night, making eight hours daily besides my school time.

My parents always tried to stop me from overworking; but I never complained for I had my mind fixed to a definite purpose.

Because of the World War, there was an increase in wages and many pupils were constantly leaving school to work in the mill for high pay. My friends always laughed at me for my foolish idea of going to school while I could earn easy money.

MANY a time, I was tempted—seeing my school-mates receiving such high pay—to give up going to school and go to work with them. But, all this time, I was encouraged by my parents who told me that the high wages would sometime fade away and all my friends would have nothing left but a very small pay, while I would have an education to match their savings.

So, in four years, I completed my grammar-

school course. During this time I had worked in several different positions and had saved \$390. But when I entered high school, I discovered that I had to labor still harder, for I had to give at least four or five hours to my school home-work. Nevertheless, I overcame all that only through my will-power, for I earned good pay besides my education.

During my first year in high school, I would rise early in the morning, and do my home-work up to 11 o'clock. Then, I would go and wait on people, in the restaurant until 1:30 P. M. From there I went to school until 5 o'clock, and from school, back to work until 11 o'clock at night. Saturdays and Sundays, I worked from 1 P. M., to midnight. My wages were \$12 a week with my board.

THE next year, I went to school in the morning, so I secured a new position in a tea-and-butter store where I am working to-day. This is the best position I have had, and I am well satisfied with my pay envelope.

So the sum of one thousand dollars I have been striving to save for a good many years, is now complete. It was saved not to stay in the bank, but to be used for my future education.

I am now seventeen years old, and entering the third year in high school.

I hope that I shall have a good chance to work my way through college. However, I can not omit saying that all I have learned and saved up to this day, I owe to our great country—America.

I believe, just as so many other immigrants do, that I shall never be able to repay America for its great hospitality and aid to me. I am proud that I am now living under that golden, sacred, symbol of Liberty, The Star-Spangled Banner.

My power is not sufficient to express what I feel for this earthly paradise. Only my soul can weave the adamant crown of my obligation and place it on the sacred head of America, without speech or rhetorical expression!

THE NEW SUCCESS Short-Story Prize Contest

Announcement of the Winners

The editors of THE NEW SUCCESS announce the following winners of the short-story prize contest which closed June 1:

FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00—

"Endres Comes Back," by David R. Piper, La Grange, Missouri.

SECOND PRIZE, \$75.00—

"A Christmas Story," by Edna Valentine Trapnell, New York City.

THIRD PRIZE, \$50.00—

"A Corner in Cars," by David Oliver, Bayonne, New Jersey.

FOURTH PRIZE, \$25.00—

"Grandma Goes to College," by Dorothy Goodfellow, Ross, California.

So many manuscripts were received for this contest that it was impossible to read them, and judge the winning ones, with the necessary care, and make an announcement previous to this issue. The editors wish to sincerely thank all who entered the contest, and they deeply appreciate the patience that was so thoroughly in evidence while the many stories were being read.

THE WINNING STORIES WILL APPEAR IN EARLY ISSUES OF "THE NEW SUCCESS."

Do you want more money and SUCCESS

Then start on the right
path of
KNOW HOW

Mere bluff and luck may land fair jobs, but,—they won't hold them. Big business men today want associates who **know why** a thing should be done and **how** to do it. It's the trained man—the knowing man who climbs way up on the ladder of Success and stays there. You want to succeed—you want the bigger income which success brings. You can have it.

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Give a few moments of your time each day to useful reading. Study any one of the several libraries which we present for your guidance. Learn in a few short months what it has taken other men, successful men, years to learn. Do it in your spare time, the time you waste now.

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Every one of them is written in plain, easy-to-master English. Technical terms, where used, are explained and simplified. Thousands of charts, diagrams and illustrations make the facts as plain as day. 50 cents a week will make any one of these libraries yours, and bear in mind—

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Telephony and Telegraphy, 4 vols., 1775 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now \$19.50

Sanitation, Heating and Ventilation, 4 vols., 1454 pages, 1400 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now \$19.50

Accountancy and Business Management, 7 vols., 5700 pages, 800 pictures. Was \$52.50. Now \$29.50

Drawing, 4 vols., 1678 pages, 1900 pictures, blueprints, etc. Was \$30.00. Now \$19.50

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The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS, Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

How a Homely Girl May Triumph

A LETTER from a young stenographer states that she is so homely she fairly dreads to look in a mirror, and whenever she catches a glimpse of her face it causes her to shudder. She is miserable because of her ugliness and tries not to see her reflection if she can possibly avoid it.

The girl has often contemplated suicide, and declares there is nothing in the world for her to live for. She says she is shunned everywhere, in fact, is very unpopular, and that even her employer avoids her. She believes this is all because of her appearance, and is so conscious of her unattractiveness that she never wants to go anywhere with her friends and tries to keep out of sight of everybody. She even dreads to go to work, for the other girls in her office are attractive and she believes they all pity her.

Now, first of all, I want to tell my young friend that much of her suffering—in fact, the greater part of it—comes from her exaggeration of her plainness. She very much magnifies the influence that her uncomely appearance has upon other people. It is very easy for suspiciousness and over-sensitiveness to delude one in regard to these things, very easy to imagine that other people are talking about you, even laughing at you, or that they are avoiding you at public places and intentionally forcing you to be a wall-flower, when such is far from the case.

If you would only realize the fact, Miss Stenographer, it is possible for you to bring out of yourself a very much more attractive substitute for a beautiful face, to develop a charm of character which will give you place and consideration in any society. But you cannot do this while you dwell on your ugliness. You must forget self.

Scores of girls who have been terribly handicapped in their physical appearance have made themselves so charming in their personalities, developed such beautiful, sweet qualities that they have become immensely popular—very much more so, in fact, than girls with doll faces could ever be.

Everybody knows that character traits are permanent, while a pretty face is not likely to last.

To develop a beautiful character is not difficult. Hold a high ideal and live up to it. Try to do what is honest and honorable. Hold charitable, friendly thoughts towards others and take an unselfish interest in them; be optimistic and cheerful, and soon your eyes will shine with a light that will glorify the homeliest countenance and make the most distorted features seem beautiful.

Something Will Come Up

MILLIONS of young people are waiting right now, and older ones too, for something to turn up which will better their condition in life.

They have an idea that, somehow, something will occur to change things to their advantage, if they have patience and wait long enough, even if they do not make a supreme effort.

Now, my friend, there is nothing that will turn up unless somebody turns it up. The farmer might as well say, looking out over his field, and without making any attempt to plow, or cultivate, or plant, or sow, "I believe that this soil will give me something this fall; I can depend upon some kind of a harvest." We know that the soil will give the farmer nothing unless he gives it something first.

If you are deluding yourself with the belief that, somehow something will turn up to improve your condition without any effort on your part, you are making a great mistake, and losing precious time. No harvest will come to you except that which comes from your own sowing, and it will depend upon the seed you use and how you cultivate the soil. The better seed you plant, the better you cultivate the soil, the better harvest you will reap.

The Smile Route

A TOP-NOTCH salesman says that his success was won by taking the smile route; he smiled his way to success. He thinks that the power of the smile is not half appreciated, or realized. It makes friends, it radiates sunshine; all doors open to the man who smiles.

"Smile" is the motto of Murray Gullons, a heroic Brooklyn, New York, shut-in, who on his recent thirty-third birthday received five hundred letters that will help him to pass many painful hours.

No matter where you are going or how you get your living, always take the smile route; it will land you in happy places, it will make friends, it will lead you to success.

As a Man Believeth

IF you believe that Friday is an unlucky day to begin things, if you believe that Friday the 13th, is still worse; if you believe it portends ill to see the new moon over your left shoulder, or for thirteen to sit at table; if you dread to occupy a room on the thirteenth floor of an hotel; if you are convinced that all these things have an ominous influence and that in defying them you are going to bring about dire results, such will probably be the case.

The sailor's superstitions regarding a hoodoo ship are real to him because he *thinks* they are, and consequently he does not take the same precautions for safety and protection which he would but for his belief that some danger will come to the ship

which nothing could ward off. This is the way our superstitions affect us.

The fatalist does not make the same effort to do what he attempts as others. He thinks that everything is foreordained, prearranged, and that nothing he could do would change the results; that if he is going to be killed in battle he will be, or if he is going to be killed in a railroad wreck he will be, that nothing he can do will change the event.

It is our belief in the evil inherent in certain things that tends to bring the evil to us, not the things themselves. You know perfectly well that certain markings arranged in the shape of the figure 13 have no power over anybody; it is only in our imagination that they are ominous. The power of evil is in our belief in it.

The Man Who Can "Go It Alone"

THE man who can grit his teeth and "go it alone" whether others cheer or jeer, and who, whether others approve or disapprove, can push ahead or turn back, is the man the world is after. It is the man with courage and determination who wins the world's prizes.

Excellence Need Fear No Rival

MULTITUDES of employees constantly live in terror of someone who, they fear, is after their place. They are suspicious of office politics, suspicious that somebody working close behind them is trying to crowd them out. What is the result? This fear and suspicion interferes with their advancement to the place above them. Instead of looking back and thinking of the men after their place they should, instead, look ahead, to the man above them, and be prepared for an advance when there is a vacancy. Perfect yourself in your line of work and you need never have any fear of others' rivalry. There is always room at the top for the man or woman who has stamped the trade-mark of individuality, superiority, and distinctiveness upon his or her work. Such a one need have no fear of the usurpation of his rights by others. His position is assured.

Inspected Before Rejected

MY friend, you who complain bitterly of the world's unkind treatment of you, at the way fate has tossed you about from pillar to post, who say you have lost every good position you ever had, have you ever stopped to think that the blame may lie with you? If you had rendered the kind of service you are capable of rendering, if you had made yourself invaluable to your employer, do you think your employer would have parted with you if he could possibly have helped it?

He inspected you before he rejected you, be sure of that. You were on trial. You had a chance to put in your evidence in your suit, but it didn't convince the jury. You were convicted on your own testimony, that is, by the sort of service you rendered.

You think the world is against you, but that is not true. It is not *you* at all, it is the result of your

efforts that queers you. You have not been making good; that is the truth of it. If you were making good nothing would queer you, nothing could hold you back.

The world helps people along in the direction in which they are tending. When a man begins to go downhill everybody is ready to give him a kick; but when a man is pushing his way up everybody is ready to give him a boost. Everything depends upon one's self, but, oh, how long it takes some people to learn this lesson!

It Pays to Dress Well

A GOOD appearance is capital, and our clothes are an important part of it. It pays to dress well, to wear attractive, well-fitting clothing of good material. To buy cheap material of any kind is a poor sort of economy. It gives you poor service and it doesn't look well. It will not do you credit, and is not a good advertisement of yourself and what you are trying to do.

First impressions are immensely valuable. If your dress and bearing are good, this fact will make people think well of you, respect you. It will give the impression that you can finance yourself; that you are doing well, and this adds to others' confidence in your business ability.

Not only wear as good clothing as you can afford, but see that it is well kept, and well carried. Hold up your head, throw your shoulders back, look the world in the face; go about among your fellows as a winner. Show that you have the courage of your convictions, that you have confidence and assurance. This will invite prosperity and success.

Changing Your Clothing Changes Your Mental Attitude

MAKE it a habit to dress for dinner, Mr. Business Man. It really pays to change your clothing when you reach home tired and jaded from your day's work. No matter if it is a real effort, do this and you will find that you will feel much better for it. The cares and anxieties, the annoyances and vexations of the day somehow cling to one's business clothes, and, if you change them for others, you will find that you will feel like a different man. Besides the benefit to yourself it is a good example to your children. Your wife also will be pleased, and it is an incentive to her to appear at her best. All this will have a good effect on your home life.

The Sunny Soul

I KNOW of no other one quality that will add quite so much to the effectiveness of one's life and ability as a cheerful, happy disposition. This always makes a good impression on others, wins friends, and opens doors which are closed to the too serious, the sad, the morose, the unsocial.

We are attracted by the sunny soul with the cheerful face. All doors fly open to him everywhere, while the sour, forbidding face, repels us, and its owner finds himself unwelcome wherever he may go.

Escaping the Financial Pirates

(Continued from page 22)

"I help others to get rich," was his assertion.

"Take my money! Take my money!" yelled the crowd.

I HAVE mentioned the Ponzi bubble at length because it is the latest, and one of the most far-reaching ever recorded. It recalls the Mississippi bubble which, it is claimed, brought ruin to half the people of France; the South Sea bubble which cost the British people over \$300,000,000, the Franklin Syndicate of Brooklyn, whose organizer started to pay 520 per cent a year on every dollar invested with him; the famous cases of Cassie Chadwick, in Ohio, and Madame Humbert, in Paris, who borrowed fabulous sums on absolutely worthless securities.

I mention the Ponzi bubble because it is still fresh in the minds of the people. And I want to follow it up with some words of advice and some pertinent facts that every man and woman in this country, who has money saved up, should never forget—even if he or she is obliged to keep this copy of *THE NEW SUCCESS* where it can be taken up and this article read once every month, if necessary.

WALL STREET is necessary to the country. It is the great marketplace where securities and commodities may be exchanged—the broadest market the race of man has ever seen. Here you may sell a thousand miles of railway as easily as a farmer sells a load of potatoes at a country store. That in this broad market has also grown up the biggest gambling game ever known is true. You can no more stop men from speculating on the ebb and flow of prosperity than you can stop them building a house to-day to live in to-morrow. Wall Street performs a still greater function in our economic life. The very foundation of the complex structure of credit, it is the omnipotent agent directing the utilization of the free capital of millions of individuals in the commercial upbuilding of the nation. When funds and credit are needed in a great enterprise—whether it be the building of a railway from the Mississippi to the coast, the moving of a wheat crop from farm to market,

or the transformation of a waste place into an industrial community—it is Wall Street that supplies the sinews.

Wall Street is the greatest credit market in America. It rates *character*, as well as profits, assets, earning power, and other material things. How Wall Street, or the stock market, rates the value of any particular security and the general list of securities is, therefore, not without significance.

The prudent business man always keeps his eye on the trend of stocks and bonds in Wall Street, because thousands of the best minds in this country and throughout the world there reflect, by their buying or selling of securities, their judgment as to what is likely to happen in the business world months later.

But where there is one honest man in finance there are ten knaves. The golden stream pouring into Wall Street attracts to it a horde of financial parasites who seek to become rich by preying on the credulity of others. Masquerading as bankers and promoters, they rob the public yearly out of millions upon millions of dollars.

THE gospel of these parasites, who build air castles for their victims and real castles for themselves, is terse:

I. "A fool is born every minute."

II. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Posing as bankers and brokers, the financial parasites scour the country for the fools and then exercise their nimble wits in devising schemes to accomplish the partition. How many millions of dollars are parted from the fools every year may be conjectured from the millions of dollars spent by the pseudo-financiers in fake advertising. Another index of the richness of the harvest of parting money from the fools is the occasional exposure of some particularly glaring and bungled imposture, when the calculable "swag" runs into the hundreds of thousands, if not into the millions. But these frauds are seldom exposed, for the victims are usually as anxious as the victimizers to escape the limelight of publicity. Most men prefer to lose their money rather than hear the

(Continued on page 101)

Why 60,000 Firms Force Me to Say This To You —

An Important Message From the Vice-President of The American Commerce Association. He tells why the Needs of 60,000 Concerns Have Forced Him to Appeal for Men Willing to Become Traffic Managers at \$3,000 to \$5,000 and More a Year.

By E. J. MARTIN, Vice-Pres., American Commerce Association

AS a last resort, I am writing this message in a final effort to acquaint you with the splendid opportunities open in traffic management and to tell you how through a special Association organized for this purpose you can quickly obtain an excellent traffic position and a salary of from \$3,000 to \$ 9,000 or more a year.

The issuance of this message has practically been forced upon me by the tremendous needs of more than 60,000 firms requiring trained traffic men. Although there was a big need for traffic managers before and during the war, yet it is nothing compared to today's great need for trained traffic men as a result of the tremendous business expansion. In this message I want to tell you what a traffic manager is, why he is so vitally needed and how you can get your share of the splendid opportunities offered you by this high-paying profession.

Transportation, the Second Largest Business in America, Needs Your Services

TRAFFIC Management is just in its infancy. It was created less than ten years ago when the Government passed an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Law making the Railroad Tariff and Freight Rate Laws of the country. This made it necessary for about 1,000 railroads, 60,000 large business concerns, nearly 4 0,000 smaller shippers, thousands of Chambers of Commerce and Commercial Clubs, State Railway Commissions, and the Interstate Commerce Commission to employ men with a thorough knowledge of Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management.

Thus was created a need for trained traffic men that has never since been satisfied. There is a "crying need" for 100,000 trained traffic men this very day. It was for this purpose that a few years ago the American Commerce Association was organized. Since its organization many thousands of men have been put into high-salaried traffic positions and today we are trying to supply the needs of more than 600,000 other firms.

Traffic Men Earn Big Money Because They Save Their Firms Big Money

IT is easy to understand why traffic men are in such need and why they receive such big salaries. A traffic man recently saved his concern \$24,000 on shipments to their new plant in Chattanooga. Another saved \$9,711 in shipping carloads in two weeks. Another saved his firm \$36,000 by applying a differential rate on 1,500 cars from Pittsburgh to Canada.

How important is the trained traffic man's work can be seen by these few cases out of thousands which occur every day.

Traffic Experts saved an automobile concern \$640,000 in ten months. A traffic expert discovered that freight rates paid by the Meeker Coal Company were legal, but exorbitant. A ruling secured from the Interstate Commission resulted in a refund of \$122,000. An oil shipper in Kansas was losing over \$30 every day—\$700 monthly—because he did not know of certain tariff regulations entitling him to lower rates.

Is it any wonder that the traffic experts who can save their employers hundreds and thousands of dollars in freight charges are highly paid? Such knowledge can almost dictate its own salary.

New Way Puts You Quickly in Big Traffic Position

HERETOFORE there has been no simple way to master Traffic Management. Realizing the need for trained traffic experts and seeking relief, the American Commerce Association—a national organization OF traffic men, FOR traffic men, BY traffic men—offers men the training required to make them competent to handle the problems of most economical distribution. The training is given by mail and can be studied in spare time, at home. Though most complete and thorough, the training is remarkably easy to master, and through the Association costs a trifling sum.

What this training will do for you is indicated by the letters of others. P. A. Bateman, of the Maryland Casualty Co., of Baltimore, writes, "I have had three advances in salary—\$600 in all—since starting with your Association." Emil Klemm, a former shipping clerk, writes from Chicago, "Just received my appointment as Traffic Manager with my concern and realize it is all due to my study with the Association." "Was a rate clerk, now Assistant Traffic Manager," writes A. Eichmeir of Chicago. And these are only a few of the thousands of other similar letters which pack our files.

Every member of the American Commerce Association receives through its Advisory Traffic Council the help of Practical Traffic Men of national reputation.

Mail Coupon for Free Book Giving Full Information

IT is impossible to go into details in this message, but the Association has published a remarkable book for free distribution which explains everything in detail and tells how anyone can quickly learn the new profession of Traffic Management. The possibilities in this field today—great as they are—are nothing compared to what they will be in a year from now. If you are at all interested in getting into this highly profitable field be fair to yourself and write for the remarkable book now offered free by the Association.

It tells in detail the wonderful work of the Association and how anyone may easily and quickly qualify for a good position in this profession of great futures. \$3,000 to \$5,000 are just the ordinary salaries paid to traffic men. Mail coupon at once for this interesting book.

AMERICAN COMMERCE ASSOCIATION

Dept. 710, 4043 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN COMMERCE ASSOCIATION

Dept. 710, 4043 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free book on Traffic Management. Also tell me how I can qualify for a big traffic job.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Do You Know--?

Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

*You Can Learn the Secret of Making Money and Apply It to Your
Affairs so as to Escape Poverty and Attract Affluence*

FOR there is a law of life that controls your financial affairs, just as surely, just as positively, as the law of Gravitation holds the world steadfast in its course through the heavens.

Grasp the secret of this law and apply it intelligently to a definite plan of action and all good things of life are opened to you. It is no longer necessary for you to put up with poverty and uncongenial surroundings, when by the application of this law you can enjoy abundance, plenty, affluence.

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

Few successful men, few men who have attained position and wealth and power, are conscious of the workings of this law, although their actions are in complete harmony with it. This explains the cause of sudden failure. Not knowing the real reasons for previous success, many a man by some action out of harmony with the Law of Financial Independence has experienced a speedy downfall, sudden ruin and disgrace. Others stumble upon good fortune unconsciously by following a line of action in complete harmony with this law of life, although they do not know definitely the reason for their success.

No Chance—No Luck

But, when you know the basic principles of this law, when you understand exactly how to place yourself in complete harmony with it, there will be no longer any luck, chance or circumstance about your undertakings. You will be able to plan your

actions intelligently so that you may reach a definite goal—a goal that may be as modest or as pretentious as your own desires and wishes. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about placing yourself in complete harmony with the Law of Financial Independence. All you need is a firm resolve to follow a definite line of action that will cost you no self-denial, no unpleasantness, no inconvenience.

The way has been made easy for you as Dr. Orison Sweet Marden has written a booklet called "THE LAW OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE," in which he tells how you may apply to your daily life the basic principles of financial success so as to realize an abundance of all good things. Thousands of men and women all over the world have been assisted in their struggles against adversity, have been helped to realize prosperity, by following his teachings.

Mail Coupon To-day

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet, "The Law of Financial Independence" free of cost by subscribing to the NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of \$2.50 (Foreign price \$3.50). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending \$5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending \$7.50 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon below before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.

THE NEW SUCCESS
1562 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for which enter my name for years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Please send me also copies of Dr. Marden's booklet, "THE LAW OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE."

This is a ☐ New ☐ Renewal subscription.

Name.....

Address.....

N. S.—10-20.

neighbors quote from the parasites' gospel, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

You who read this article say to yourself: "I won't be a fool!" Say it, and mean it, and stick to it; and, don't, for God's sake permit any prospectus, or advertisement, or oily tongued pirate lure one copper cent out of you! You will regret it if you do. The country is full of safe investments. The honest men and institutions of Wall Street, and of similar financial centers throughout the country, will offer you hundreds of legitimate investments in which your money will be safe and will earn just what it is entitled to earn.

MONEY, safely invested, is the most faithful thing in the world. And every sensible person, to-day, should have some money invested. Money on deposit in a savings bank is invested just as much as money paid for a first-class security.

To be "broke" is a crime—nothing more. Crimes may be pardoned and sins forgiven; but the person who is absolutely "broke" is a fool—and for the fool there is little hope. I do not include the man who may be down and out because of accident. Such a condition may come to any of us; but he, or she, who by prudence and a very small quota of foresight might have sown a few dollars in the field of honest investment, and failed to do so, is not to be pitied.

The foundation of self-esteem is the successful conduct of your affairs. Be your own best friend. And remember, that it is a legal as well as a psychological impossibility for money to earn more than a normal rate of interest.

TO-DAY, there are more than 20,000,000 bank depositors in the United States—nearly one bank account for each five persons. This indicates that we are a saving, a prosperous nation. The pirates know this. Some of them know as much about genuine finance as the best financiers in the country. That is why they make dupes of so many honest people.

Don't be a dupe!

Don't listen to the financial pirate!

Don't become a victim of financial dementia!

Don't believe that your money can earn more than a certain amount!

Don't invest in anything that is not sold by a responsible firm.



High School Course in Two Years!

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion. Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School of Correspondence

Dept. H-766 Chicago, U. S. A.

American School of Correspondence,

Dept. H-766 Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for positions checked.

.....Architect.	\$5,000 to \$15,000Lawyer.	\$5,000 to \$15,000
.....Building Contractor.	\$5,000 to \$10,000Mechanical Engineer.	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Automobile Engineer.	\$4,000 to \$10,000Shop Superintendent.	\$3,000 to \$7,000
.....Automobile Repairman.	\$2,500 to \$4,000Employment Manager.	\$4,000 to \$10,000
.....Civil Engineer.	\$5,000 to \$15,000Steam Engineer.	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Structural Engineer.	\$5,000 to \$15,000Foreman's Course.	\$2,000 to \$4,000
.....Business Manager.	\$5,000 to \$15,000Photoplay Writer.	\$2,000 to \$10,000
.....Certified Public Accountant.	\$7,000 to \$15,000Sanitary Engineer.	\$2,000 to \$5,000
.....Accountant and Auditor.	\$2,500 to \$7,000Telephone Engineer.	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Draftsman and Designer.	\$2,500 to \$4,000Telegraph Engineer.	\$2,500 to \$5,000
.....Electrical Engineer.	\$4,000 to \$10,000High School Graduate.	In two years.
.....General Education.	In one year.Fire Insurance Expert.	\$3,000 to \$10,000

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

The Youngest Woman Lawyer Pleading Before the Supreme Court of the United States

By H. O. BISHOP

"THE idea of becoming a lawyer first entered my head when I was about eighteen years of age—the tadpole period when one is neither a child nor grown up," was the response from Miss Dora Palkin, in answer to my query concerning her career as a lawyer. Miss Palkin resides in Washington, D. C., and has the unique honor of being the youngest woman lawyer to be admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

"I studied just as hard as I knew how," she continued, "fully determined to 'get there,' without any unnecessary delay. At twenty-one, I was duly admitted to the bar. On my twenty-fourth birthday, I was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court. Those were the two happiest days of my life!"

MISS PALKIN is an interesting example of what women are doing in the legal profession today. Continuing our interview for THE NEW SUCCESS, she said:

"When I was told that no woman lawyer had ever practiced before the criminal courts of the District of Columbia, I forthwith decided it was exactly the right time to smash that particular precedent. My first criminal client was my own age—twenty-one. Would you believe it, that little youngster looked me squarely in the eye and solemnly said it was his first offense—and I believed

him. I prepared the most touching plea in his behalf. Imagine my consternation when I got into court and discovered that he was an old offender, having been arrested twenty-seven times. Of course, I was considerably nonplussed; but I put up the best fight possible, and got him off with only ten months.

"Since that time, everything has been rosy and most encouraging. While my income, as yet, does not quite equal that of Attorney-General Palmer, nevertheless, I have bought a nice little home, have some liberty bonds tucked away, and a fairly tidy sum on deposit in the bank. I have fully satisfied also my generous longings in the matter of clothes, by getting the prettiest assortment of gorgeous things ever owned by any one who wasn't a bride."

Miss Palkin is a feminist who is thoroughly feminine. She is slight of figure, attractive, and knows how to dress well.

"What would happen to your law practice, Miss Palkin," I asked, "in case you should fall desperately in love?"

This question brought a smile. "I've never been in love thus far in my life," she replied. "However, I have never believed that a woman should be wedded to her profession. And I'm free to confess that if the right Mister Right should come a-knocking at my office door, I'd give him a joyous and hearty welcome and, if it seemed best, I'd bid



© Harris & Ewing

DORA PALKIN, ATTORNEY

"I never permit pleasure or anything else to prevent me from going anywhere to assist some man or woman who may be in trouble—and dead broke."

Swear Off Tobacco

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



adieu to my desk and law books and, ever after, do my level best to make a happy home for that right man."

"What do you do when you are through work in the afternoon?" was the next query.

"Well, I don't care about society or women's clubs. That sort of thing bores me dreadfully—there's nothing, absolutely nothing to it. I especially hate the 'picketing' type of female.

"When I go home, I put on my frilliest things, play the piano for an hour, and, the

rest of the evening, read some good book; I am fond of reading—never tiring of it. The theater is my pet hobby, and I make it a point to see every worth-while attraction that comes to Washington.

"But I never permit pleasure or anything else to prevent me from immediately going to the police court or anywhere else to assist some man or woman who may be in trouble—and dead broke. I've never turned down a case because the client had empty pockets."

Fighting On

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"FOR fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

Infalible

THE man who never makes mistakes
And never guesses wrong,
Who never any chances takes,
Works cautiously along,
May never lose a single bone,
A dollar have to pay—
Because he'll never likely own
A dollar anyway.

The man who was never known to err
Will hold his job for years;
He need not start, he need not stir,
Discharge he never fears.
He sticks to old accustomed paths
As he has always done;
He'll never lose the job he has,
Nor get a better one.

—Exchange.

Those Who Dare Not Smile

THE ludicrous has its place in the universe: it is not a human invention, but one of the divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half of their faculties, and then call Blessed! There are

not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenance. I meet one such in the streets not infrequently, a person of intelligence and education but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition—something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it.—Holmes.

When the Larder Looked Lean

A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress on his flock the necessity of contributing liberally to the church. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he made an impressive pause and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid th' church, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quater falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nicker will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow matels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now po'ceed, whil' I takes off ma hat an' gibbs out a hymn."

Expected a Lecture

MARK TWAIN at a public dinner once said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'An entertainment here tonight to help a stranger who's away the evening? The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs day.'"



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Wouldn't you love to get out of the ruts, make a fresh start, develop a new consciousness, release your latent and dormant forces, and set them to work earning dividends for you?

Wouldn't you love to realize your heart's desires, to get what belongs to you, to make the dreams of years come true, and go singing the song of abundance through life?

Now is the time, and here is the place, to begin. Many more will be starting this month. Come—be one of them.

THE LIFE WAY is a fascinating and delightful little book, which explains how you may have this "Secret of the Ages" for your very own, and know the joys of the dawning of a new, better day.

So, no matter what your problems may be, or what methods you have tried, this is your opportunity. Enclose 10c. coin or stamps (for wrapping and mailing), and write at once for your copy of THE LIFE WAY.

Prof. EARL WARD PEARCE, The Life Way Institute and Studio
Dept. 56 1247 W. 36th Place Los Angeles, Cal.



High Blood Pressure —Hardened Arteries —How to Remedy

An Educational Lecture

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

(Specialist in Health Conservation)



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.
Founder and Director
THE ALSAKER WAY

Dear Doctor Alsaker:

Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition; another one dropped dead. Both of them are a little past fifty, and both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious because I too am past fifty, and my blood pressure runs from 190 to over 200. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head.

A third friend tells me that he followed your directions and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure cannot be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. **I want to linger here a while longer.**

F. R. M.

The condition mentioned in this letter is very common among men past the age of forty-five. This is a case of hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) with high blood pressure. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, and this is generally caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

The pain in the region of the heart is due to the over-worked condition of the heart, which is often aggravated by gas in the stomach and the bowels. The pain in the head is caused partly by the excessive pressure of the blood, and partly by accumulations of waste in the body.

Many physicians give nitro-glycerine to lower the excessive blood pressure, but this is useless, for though the pressure is temporarily reduced, it returns again.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of nature, at least four out of five will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they can't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these

means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

There are exceptions who can not recover. This is because they have abused themselves so long that either the kidneys have failed beyond recovery; or the heart valves or heart walls have been too much injured; or the walls of the arteries themselves have become brittle as chalk in spots. But the vast majority—at least four out of five on the average—can get into such good condition that they can truly say that they are enjoying good health.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy; who had surging of the blood to the head; who had daily headaches; who had oppression in the region of the heart (precordial pain); who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health, after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

R. L. Alsaker, M. D., is a new type of physician. He specializes in health and teaches those who come to him for advice, how to live so that disease disappears. He has written a course of instruction that explains the cause of disease and shows the afflicted how to recover. This course of instructions on the correct home treatment of Heart Disease, Hardened Arteries, High Blood Pressure and Apoplexy gives specific advice to effect a cure. All forms of heart disease are discussed and a correct treatment prescribed. Send \$1.00 to the Lowrey-Marden Corporation, Dept. 115, 1113 Broadway, N. Y., Publishers of The Alsaker Way, for "Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries." Follow the doctor's advice for 30 days. If you are fully satisfied with the good results obtained keep the book; otherwise return it and we will refund your money. G. G. Porter, a prominent business man of Syracuse, N. Y., writes, "Measured by the usual fees of physicians for a single prescription or consultation, Dr. Alsaker's health-building hand-books are worth \$50 to \$100 each." Mr. Porter has purchased and given away to sick people more than 200 copies of The Alsaker Health-building Hand-books.

An Interview with Arthur Brisbane

(Continued from page 48)

"I have had signs of nervous breakdown. At any rate, dozens of newspaper workers have done more work than I have ever done."

And there is proof of his having dictated 8500 words a day; not one, but many days! But I did not argue. North Winds are in haste and impatient of argument.

"What is your vision of the future American newspaper?"

"The newspaper is a mirror of the times, reflecting, more or less accurately, the people that live around it. The newspaper with a big circulation reflects a big crowd. The newspaper with a small circulation reflects a small crowd. The American newspaper of the future, I hope, will reflect a crowd in which emulation will have replaced competition. That newspaper won't appear for some thousand years yet."

"Thank you," from me.

A hasty rise from the chair of torment by the genius of Park Row. A grip of a hand of might, a grip that recalled all the stories ever told of his being an athlete.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long. But I have never done this before. Please take that into consideration."

Again I said, "Thank you," with a deeper emphasis. As I left the small outer office with "Private. No Admittance" placarded over it, I heard the call, "Miss Kraus," and saw the young woman of shadowlike quiet hasten to the inner room, writing-pad in hand. The North Wind was stirring.

Remain facts and fancies of which he did not tell me then, but which are Park Row traditions.

He Is Willing to Change His Mind

ARTHUR BRISBANE, the blonde, ebullient, boy from the *Sun* was a good mixer. His intelligent interest in the art of self-defense and the pungent paragraphs he wrote captivated the onetime pugilistic champion, John L. Sullivan. The fighter was bidden to give an exhibition of his skill before King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. The English prince commanded that the press be ex-

cluded. Reports of his presence at the ringside were distasteful to him. John L. Sullivan agreed that the men of the British press be made conspicuous by their absence.

"But my American friend, Brisbane, has got to be here, or there won't be no fight," was his ultimatum to the prince who conceded the acute point. Thus the Brisbane stripling beat the world on John L. Sullivan's fight before royalty.

Like all great spirits, Arthur Brisbane obeys the law of progress. His ideas are not fixed. He is willing to change them as he advances. Once, for example, he believed that if a man wished to give to the world a child of commanding brain, he should wait until he was fifty to wed, and bestow this mental gift to posterity he should marry a woman of forty. Mr. Brisbane lingered in prolonged bachelorhood until he was forty-seven. He married Miss Phoebe Cary, the beautiful daughter of a distant cousin, who was twenty-two. There are two children: a boy and a girl. He has developed the tremendous power of concentration, a prodigious power of work, yet, withal, a memory that includes trivialities, if remembering to take home Mrs. Brisbane's new golf sticks and to carry a box of toys to the children may be regarded as trivialities. After a day of gigantic political struggle, he has gone uptown to buy a toy locomotive for his youngest. And he does not disdain to carry the manilla-wrapped parcel—a true commuter's bundle—under his arm.

He dictates his editorials to the phonograph. One is installed in his office. Another shares his automobile. He talks into the vehicular phonograph while driving to any of his four homes; to the New Jersey Coast where he owns the village of Allaire; to a house in the Fifties, near Central Park; to his onetime bachelor home on Long Island, where he has for a neighbor, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont; to an up-State refuge from the cares that cark.

In that former bachelor home, he had an able and elderly cook. He told a week-end guest that he wrote his editorials with one eye on his cook. If he wrote something

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"'Maintaining Health' is the best book on health that has ever been published, and I have studied all the leading works."—M. A. G., Portland, Ore.

"I can conscientiously say that 'Maintaining Health' is one of the best health books I have read—and I have about 250 in my library."—H. E. B., San Jose, Cal.

"Measured by the fees charged by the average physician for a single prescription, Dr. Alsaker's educational health books are worth from fifty to one hundred dollars each."—Geo. G. P., Syracuse, N. Y.

"I am well pleased with The Alsaker Way, and it was a surprise to me how quickly I noticed improvement in my general health after following some of the instructions. Send me another copy of 'Maintaining Health.'"—A. R., St. Louis, Mo.

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The one thing that we do not prize until we have lost it—

The one thing upon which life depends—

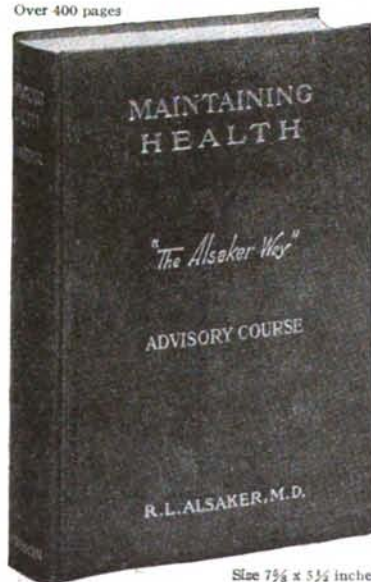
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that Mary could not understand he tore it up and rewrote it so she could.

Brisbane is the man who revolutionized the editorial. He made the editorial page into popular reading. Short sentences, simple words—the power of a Browning gun behind the words and sentences, have done it.

He is not and never has been a static force. "I would have been dead or a gray, nearly lifeless reporter like some I see, but for a stand I took in London," he has said. "I was twenty-two. The *Sun* wanted me to come back from London. I wired I would if I could be the managing editor. I came back."

Followed the managing editorship of the *World*. Then enlisting under W. R. Hearst's banner, Mr. Brisbane now directs the New York *Evening Journal*, the *Washington Times*, the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, and the *Wisconsin*. Besides writing the New York *Evening Journal* editorials, a page of counsel in the Hearst Sunday newspapers, and a daily column, "To-day," for the New York *American*.

He stepped on an ascending elevator in the ancient building overlooking the East River docks and Brooklyn Bridge. His worn bag betokened much travel.

"Back from Milwaukee," he said. "I like that work best, because it is the kind that most interests me."

"And that?" I asked.

He made answer in three words. They go far toward summarizing man and work. "The working people," he said.

Your Town

BY HELEN PERKINS

REAL towns are not made by men afraid
Lest someone else gets ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor makes one, too,
Your town will be what you want it to be—
It isn't your town, it's you!

If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You will only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town
It isn't your town, it's you!

—The Sun and New York Herald.

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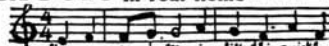
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Ten Commandments of Selling

By JOHN H. PATTERSON
President, National Cash Register Company

1. The nerves from the eyes to the brain are many times larger than those from the ears to the brain. Therefore, when possible to use a picture instead of words, use one and make the words mere connectives for the picture.
2. Confine the attention to the exact subject by drawing outlines and putting in the divisions; then we make certain that we are all talking about the same thing.
3. Aim for dramatic effects either in speaking or writing—study them out beforehand. This holds the attention.
4. Red is the best color to attract and hold attention, therefore use plenty of it.
5. Few words—short sentences—small words—big ideas.
6. Tell why as well as how.
7. Do not be afraid of big type and do not put too much on a page.
8. Do not crowd ideas in speaking or writing. No advertisement is big enough for two ideas.
9. Before you try to convince anyone else, make sure that you are convinced, and if you cannot convince yourself, drop the subject. Do not try to "put over" anything.
10. Tell the truth.—*Advertising and Selling.*

Be the Best of Whatever You Are

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the hill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway to happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

"We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew.
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;
If you can't be the sun, be a star.
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are."—*Selected.*

No man ever got nervous prostration pushing his business; you get it only when the business pushes you.

The fellow who watches the clock during the day time, usually pays no attention to it at night.

Your own will come to you, if you hold the thought firmly and—hustle.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—*Disraeli.*

Live one day at a time, and be kind.

Spread The Contagion

CHARLES LAMB said, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans any minute." Addison said, "Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health. Repinings and murmurings of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibers of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body."

Sterne says: "I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, he adds something to his fragment of life."

Haliburton says: "Cheerfulness is health; melancholy is disease."

Many persons are ushered into this life tinged with an inherited melancholy strain. It is difficult for such persons to overcome their innate tendency to gloom and the blues; but when it is understood that all such emotions are directly traceable to a feebly acting liver, that a gradual transformation can be effected by strengthening this organ, the bile-tinged melancholic and disgruntled or silent souls will really develop hope.

In physiognomy, hope is the outward and visible sign of the liver. Laughter produces mechanical massage of this organ and promotes its activity. The late William James suggested, "The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct does not make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So, to feel brave, we must act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear."

Wayne Whipple, in his life of Abraham Lincoln wrote, "This saving sense of humor was like daily dew to the drooping spirits of the careworn President, and its sustaining freshness must have had an inestimable influence in the final preservation of the union."

Fun, mirth, laughter and good cheer are potent miracle workers—they cost nothing but the will to cultivate them.

To the Loser

By C. F. LESTER

NEVER mind the losing,—
Think of how you ran;
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—
Take it like a man!
Not the winning counts, lad,
But the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad,
But the weak despair;
So, when failure stuns you,
Don't forget your plan,—
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—
Take it like a man.—*Selected.*

What is a gentleman? I will tell you, a gentleman is one who keeps his promises made to those who cannot enforce them.—*Hubbard.*

Someone has defined happiness as "the constant pursuit of an agreeable object with a sense of continual progress."



When you see red blood escaping you know that your vitality is escaping with it, and you promptly stop the flow.

Millions of people live on, indifferent to the loss of vital power even more serious than the loss of blood—the loss of **NERVE FORCE!**

If you are tired, depressed, nervous, irritable, sensitive, cannot sleep or digest your food, it means that your nerve force is depleted through overwork and nervous strain.

Stop the leak at once and build up your nerve force, for your health, brain power, strength and endurance directly depend thereon.

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Paul von Boeckmann, the nerve specialist, has written a remarkable book which teaches you how to save your nerve force and care for your nervous system. It explains how to soothe, nourish and calm the nerves.

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"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves."

"Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming the nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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FEAR

To the average person FEAR means merely timidity. But FEAR has many other forms—Anger, Worry, Hatred, Jealousy, Fretfulness, Melancholy, Lack of Self-Confidence, General Nervousness (existing where there is no GOOD physical reason), etc.

All forms of FEAR cause a chemical action to take place in the body which creates a very real and deadly poison. This statement is backed up by our Government Research Dept. at Washington. FEAR is, in fact, like a hideous octopus with long arms eager to encircle and strangle.

Your entire trouble may be caused by SOME FORM OF FEAR. Let me diagnose your case. I shall be pleased to go over it in detail, from both a mental and physical standpoint, if you will show enough interest to purchase my booklet, LEAVITT-SCIENCE. I have treated thousands of cases in the last 24 years. For the first 10 years of my practise my work was entirely along physical lines. But for the last 14 I have combined physical and MENTAL measures. I am frank to say that I consider myself perhaps better qualified to diagnose your case than anyone with whom you could communicate. Long years of preparatory study here and abroad have given me a foundation possessed by few. THERE IS A WAY OUT, IN YOUR CASE. The reason you have not gotten well is because the TRUE CAUSE of your trouble has not as yet been determined. There is a CAUSE for every ailment. This can be found and REMOVED. GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE.

On receipt of TWENTY-FOUR cents in stamps or coins I will mail you my book, LEAVITT-SCIENCE, along with a complete case-sheet for you to fill out. After carefully going over this case-sheet, I will write you in detail JUST what I find, WITHOUT CHARGE. Do you not feel that this is a REAL OPPORTUNITY?

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How Harding Hung on in the Face of Uncertainty

(Continued from page 29)

uninitiated I will explain that a printer's rule is a strip of steel used in setting type by hand, also in making-up, or arranging type in columns to form a page. Thus there are two kinds of rules—a "composing rule," and a "make-up rule." I decided to verify the story.

"Is it true, Senator, that you carry a printer's rule in your pocket?" I asked.

"Yes, there it is," he replied with a quick smile, as he pulled a make-up rule out of his pocket and handed it over for inspection. It was the real thing, bright and shop worn—just such a rule as may be found in any composing room in America. When the linotype machine was first introduced, Harding learned to operate it. He is a practical pressman, job printer, and make-up man, and is, thereby, well qualified to make a living.

Harding as Pressman and Printer

A PERSONAL friend called at the *Star* office one New Year's Day when the senator was home from Washington, and found him busy making up a form. He was really having a good time, for he loves to "juggle with type."

"You are a great senator," exclaimed the caller, looking him over, "to be working at that kind of a job."

"I'd be a great senator," was the quick retort, "if I didn't know anything else. You see," he added by way of explanation, "this is a holiday, and we want to get to press as early as possible and let the boys out to enjoy themselves, so I am just lending a hand."

Later they went into the editorial rooms for a little chat. As they went on talking, they heard the press rumbling in the basement. Suddenly the rumbling stopped. The inevitable had happened. The press had broken down during a rush hour.

"Excuse me a moment," exclaimed the senator. "Something has happened. I must investigate."

They hurried down to the pressroom. The senator ran his eye over the machine, asked a few questions, and soon put his finger on the trouble, which was quickly adjusted.

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Cox Overcame Many Difficulties By His Will to Win

(Continued from page 33)

work just as he has done for the last thirty years. Perhaps this bounding energy is due to his early work on the farm, his love of the great outdoors, to horseback riding, and to his outings in the north woods of Michigan.

Governor Cox was married—for the second time—to Miss Margaretta Blair, of Chicago, in September, 1917. If he is elected President, Mrs. Cox will be the youngest "first lady of the land." She is not quite thirty. Their baby daughter, Anne, a year old, is the center of their home life at "Trailsend," their attractive home south of Dayton.

Among the achievements of Cox as governor three things stand out prominently: The workmen's compensation law providing for accident insurance for men and women employed in factories; prison reforms by which prisoners are utilized in raising their own food; and the centralized school system, which provides for large community schools where children on the farms are given the educational advantages that may be found in the towns and cities. Pupils living at a distance are carried back and forth in automobiles.

The development of Governor Cox from a poor boy on a farm to the chief executive of a great state and a successful business man, is typically American. Both men irrespective of party, prove once more that America is truly a land of opportunity for those who are willing to work and wait, and work while they are waiting for success to crown their efforts.

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If you will only give me the opportunity to "jar you loose"—to induce you to lift up your head—to make your eyes sparkle with a new confidence in yourself—and to cause you to rise up and go after the bigger things of life which you long to possess—in short, if you will let the "Puckett Method" point you to real, substantial, financial success, I know you will rejoice to the end of your days that you chanced to see this page.

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Stop wasting money on pills, powders and potions, for they have no power to cure. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is followed right in your own home without the expenditure of a single penny, for you have no drugs, serums, apparatus or anything else to buy. It is so simple to understand and so easy and pleasant to follow that every sufferer can reap the full benefit of it.—"I was a helpless cripple from rheumatism, but I continued to follow your advice, and am now walking very well. Swellings of the joints have disappeared. No rheumatic twinges for months. Ankles, knees, fingers and wrists are flexible and easy at all times. Am well,

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and intend to remain so. I still call you my doctor, even though we have not met." Mr. H. C. F.—"The Alsaker Way is a success so far in my treatment. It is a wonderful way." Mrs. J. P.—"I can hardly realize I am the same person in just a little over a month. It is almost like resurrection." Mrs. M. S.—"We have in our files many other testimonials of a similar nature from satisfied patrons. Satisfactory results are guaranteed to every one who follows the plain directions, and the total expense involved is the small sum of \$3.00 for Dr. Alsaker's "Getting Rid of Rheumatism." Follow the instructions for 30 days—then if you are not satisfied with results, simply remail the book and we will promptly refund your money. You take no risk whatever. Send \$3.00 now for your copy, follow its clear, simple treatment, and Get Well and Stay Well. The Lowrey-Marden Corp. (Publishers The Alsaker Way), Dept. 125, 1133 Broadway, New York.

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Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had been cared for their eyes intimately.



NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

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health." Mr. St. C. H., Charlott, N. C., says: "Grateful results in last ten days. Now feel sure will permanently rid myself of catarrh." These are only a few of many wonderful testimonials of similar character. *The Alsaker* treatment, without drugs or medicines of any kind produces successful results immediately. Best of all there is no big fee to pay, for Dr. Alsaker has placed his knowledge at your disposal in the form of a convenient instruction course, bound in book form, the price of which is only \$3.00—less than a specialist would charge for a single call. You assume absolutely no risk when you send to the publishers for it as you may follow instructions for 30 days and then if you decide that you have not been benefited you may return the book and your money will be refunded at once without question. Therefore send \$1 today for this course, "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds" to The Lowrey Marden Corporation (Publishers, *The Alsaker Way*), Dept. 110, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will never regret it.

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(Master of Psychology)

The Great Decision

(Continued from page 38)

way. Success at the polls is a foregone conclusion. You've always yelled about rotten politics. Here's your chance to wipe the slate and give the State an honest, able representation at Washington. A term or two as Senator, and the Presidency itself is within your grasp. Great Scott, Coulton! Any other man would jump at the chance."

"Well, jump for yourself, Judge," Coulton parried. "I'm sorry, but there's no use discussing it. My mind is made up and I will not change it."

Morrison departed in dismay. He wondered if the opposing party had already approached Coulton and, having accepted their offer, Coulton was not yet ready to announce the fact. The possibility horrified him and he hastened back to the State capital to confer with his associates.

Hillary swore in his disgust and announced that Coulton would be forced to take it. "We could elect him on any ticket, and you know as well as I do that we can't elect any other man in the State on our ticket this year. Confound his pigheadedness! What on earth ails him anyhow?"

"You don't suppose there's a skeleton in his closet, do you?" came the query.

"Skeleton in Samuel Coulton's closet!" exclaimed Judge Morrison. "You must be insane to dream of such a thing. It's just because there isn't any old rattlesnakes anywhere about him that we want and must have him as our candidate."

"There's just one thing to do," announced Hillary. "If we can't persuade him we'll have to make the people do it for us. We'll announce Morrison's visit to Coulton in to-morrow morning's *Star*. I know it isn't quite ethical and that it will show our hand and our weakness to our opponents; but we must have Coulton and that's the only way we can make him change his mind."

"There isn't a substantial citizen in the country won't say he's the ideal candidate, and, before a week passes, we'll be having Coulton clubs springing up like mushrooms. He won't be able to withstand the clamor, and he'll have to accept whether he wants to or not."

"Has it occurred to you that possibly that is just what Coulton wants?" it was suggested. "Some men like to 'feel the call of the people,' and never want an office until it is 'thrust upon them.'"

"Not Coulton," said Hillary. "He doesn't work that way. When he wants a thing he goes out after it and brings back the bacon. I can't make him out, but you can bet your bottom dollar that he meant what he said and he won't change his mind until the people of this State rise up and make him do it. Now, Jason, you go over to the *Star* office and see that a front-page story is prepared for to-morrow's paper. Tell Gleason I want an editorial that will make the public sit up and sing, and I want it wired all over the country and reprinted everywhere. That'll set the fire works sputtering!"

JUDGE MORRISON sighed. "Imagine all this fuss to make a man take a nomination for senator. It's so ridiculous it seems absurd."

Hillary laughed. "Well, Coulton'll find I can be as stubborn as he can be. When I want a thing I want it and I usually get it, too!"

The next morning, the bombshell burst and the effect was precisely what the shrewd Hillary, with



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Your reward for discovering the Man-You-Can-Be is whatever you choose to make it—wealth, influence, honor, position, fame, health, friendship—the best things that the world offers. His inheritance is your inheritance,—the rightful inheritance of every intelligent man and woman.

But the Man-You-Can-Be must be awakened, discovered! Don't say he isn't there. He is there,—and here at your fingers' ends is the way to arouse him and send him into action in place of your Old-Self.

To help you get what you want—to help you find the Man-You-Can-Be a remarkable system has been evolved.

It is the work of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the editor of this magazine, who is himself a true success, and has the endorsement of scores of successful men in the English speaking world. Dr. Marden has probably inspired the success of more famous men than any other writer and educator. Men like Charles M. Schwab, John Wanamaker, Theodore Roosevelt, and Lord Northcliffe thank him for the help his works have been to them. Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Gladstone, Elbert Hubbard, Hudson Maxim, Wm. J. Bryan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Chauncey Depew, Andrew Carnegie, John Burroughs—these are only a few of the celebrities who have written, thanking Dr. Marden.

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Dr. Marden's teachings are not for failures—although many a failure has become a brilliant success through the application of them. They are

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his long years of political experience, had predicted. The name of Coulton was on the lips of every one, and, as had been anticipated, the enthusiasm over the idea spread like wildfire, gaining in momentum with every corner conversation on the subject.

Coulton saw the newspaper at the breakfast table and his face clouded. He had not dreamed that his interview with Morrison would be made public, and it caused a great feeling of resentment within his fine nature. What was more—it hurt!

His wife, smiling across the table at him, said, "Congratulations, Sam, I'm so glad. It will be wonderful, and it's a fitting tribute to the splendid work you did during the war."

"But, my dear," Coulton said, after a moment, "if you've read the article, you will observe that I have declined."

"Of course I read that," she said, "but I supposed that that was only a matter of politics. I know very little of such things."

"And I less," said Coulton. "When I declined Judge Morrison's proposition I meant precisely what I said—and I still mean it. There was no politics about it, and if that is the way politics is played, that's another reason why I don't care to be mixed up in it."

"But, Sam," his wife persisted, "it would be quite wonderful—and someday—"

She paused, a vision of the White House in her mind's eye.

But Coulton only shook his head and silently went on reading the newspaper account.

Just then his son entered laughing. "Well, when do we start for Washington, dad?" he asked playfully. "I say, 'Let's go!'"

Nannette came running in, too, her bright eyes blazing with excitement. "Oh, isn't it glorious!" she cried. "Think of living in Washington and attending all the diplomatic balls and meeting all sorts of prominent people. And," she added, throwing her pretty arms about her father's neck, "and think of having a daddy more famous than them all."

Tommy was laughing too. "I want to go on record now as being the original Coulton man—founder of the boom for Samuel Coulton, for President in 1924!"

THERE were traces of tears in Coulton's fine eyes as he listened to them and looked into their eager, smiling faces. Then he spoke very slowly, weighing every word carefully.

"I am sorry if my decision not to accept is a disappointment—a blow to you all. But I cannot reverse my position. If it were possible to do so, I would do it for your sakes, if for nothing else. I would welcome the office myself; but I have sound reasons for feeling that it would be unwise for me to mix in politics, and I might as well tell you now—my decision is final. I shall give an interview to that effect to the papers at once."

There was a hush in the room. The three who loved him best were astonished by his attitude and his words, but none of the three ventured to question him or to comment further on what he had said. They proceeded silently with the morning meal, and Coulton, who ate very little, began reading the *Star's* editorial.

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DESK 1

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of it rang true. It congratulated the party which had selected the man, and the State that would be privileged to have him represent it. It stated further that no other living man could be so certain of a tremendous plurality.

In closing, the *Star* said: "With characteristic modesty and self-effacement, Coulton has seen fit to decline the offer. That he has done so redounds to his credit. He is not an office seeker. He does not long for reward. Honors come to such a man unsought. The honor, however, can never be Coulton's so much as it is the honor of his State to have him so serve the commonwealth. But Mr. Coulton's declination cannot be allowed to stand. His candidacy is logical at a time when the State needs a true man of ability and sterling character. Coulton's party has selected such a man. The *Star* calls on all citizens to acclaim him and to demand, in the service of the nation, the acceptance of Samuel P. Coulton.

He put aside the paper with a sigh. Rising from the table he walked slowly to his study, head bowed and hands folded behind him. If the blow had not been so cruel, it would have amused him, for Coulton had a keen sense of humor. He knew he was an ideal candidate; and, modest though he was, he knew that he richly deserved the praise that was being heaped upon him. But that praise was to Coulton as coals of fire—fire that burned and seared his very soul.

The reason no one but Coulton knew—yet he dared not declare it!

Now he mused on his time-honored qualifications. He had been a poor struggling boy, fighting for his education and his future. He had succeeded—and

each step in the last thirty-five years had proved another logical reason for his election.

"The last thirty-five years," he mused. "God! If the others had only been like that!"

A servant announced that a group of newspaper reporters had arrived and Coulton steeled himself for the interview. He knew he must weigh his words carefully—that they would be re-echoed in every corner of the State if not throughout the country. And he determined to burst his boom once and for all before it had a chance to gain greater headway.

COULTON received the members of the press courteously, but raised his hand in protest when they showed a disposition to congratulate him. "Gentlemen," he began, "I appreciate your coming to me; but, I am sorry. My original decision not to run has not been changed—and is final. I appreciate, more deeply than I can express, the compliment that has been paid me. Frankly, I wish that my personal affairs would permit of my giving another answer. But it is impossible."

"May we ask your reason for refusing, Mr. Coulton?" an Associated Press correspondent inquired.

"I wish I could answer that question, too," Coulton said, with a trace of sadness in his voice. "But, unfortunately the reason is of a private nature, and I would prefer that you do not refer to my reply to your query."

Marveling at the man and keenly disappointed at his refusal to talk further the newspapermen retired. Coulton dreaded the ordeal of the day and

of succeeding days to come, for he knew he would be importuned on every side, and he knew, too, that his answer must remain the same for all time.

His intuition was correct. The newspapers would not drop him. He was endorsed by one committee after another. The Better Citizenship League sent its officers to him and the suffrage organizations begged him to accept. His personal friends were also importuning. Lapham came over from the bank to try to argue with him. But, through it all, Coulton retained his dignified, somewhat sorrowful silence. His decision was unalterable, he announced, and refused to explain his attitude.

The political leaders were at their wits' end. The thing had gone so far that they felt they could not back down, and that, in some way, Coulton must be persuaded to accept. "Why, hang it," Judge Morrison said, "the man must be crazy. Notwithstanding what you fellows said about his having no skeleton to fear, I had him looked up by the best detectives I could find, and they've discovered nothing that would not redound to the credit of a clergyman or a Sunday-school superintendent. They don't know much about his boyhood; but his life here in Meadville, from the day he started sweeping floors, is a clean and open book."

The situation was getting on Coulton's nerves. He resented the publicity which placed him so clearly in the limelight. He became pale and nervous, and his wife began to fear for his health. Coulton began to fear for his own sanity; but he confided in no one and refused to see any but personal friends.

Worried over his friend's condition even more than he was puzzled at his attitude, Lapham called at the Coulton home the following evening. The two men retired to Coulton's study and Lapham put the question squarely up to Coulton.

"What's the trouble, Sam?" he asked in a sympathetic tone. "There is something that you've not been willing to confide, and I don't know whether you'll care to tell me now. Do as you like; but, sometimes, it helps to tell a great trouble to some one who can understand and sympathize."

Coulton sat silent for a long while, then he arose and began to pace the room. As he walked he talked to Lapham in a quiet, even tone, which was brimming over with suppressed emotion.

"Lapham," he said, "I wouldn't tell this to any other living soul. Even my wife doesn't know it; but I'm glad you've come, for I feel that I must tell some one and have some one whose opinion I value confirm my own in this stand I've taken."

LAPHAM nodded and sat waiting for Coulton to continue.

"I was born in New York," Coulton said. "My parents died when I was a child, and I grew up in a rather haphazard way. I secured a job with an importing house; but times grew bad, and I was fired. I couldn't get other work and soon I was reduced to sleeping on a park bench and eating whenever I could beg a few coins. I know it sounds like a melodrama, but I finally raided a fruit stand and was caught red-handed. I refused to give my true name, because I was ashamed. I guess I acted like a born criminal. Anyhow, I made such a sorry appearance that the judge sent me to jail for two years."

"You—in jail?" Lapham burst out in horror. "Why, Sam, it is incredible."



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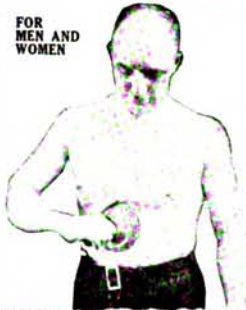
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"It's true," said Coulton simply.

"But you say you did not give your own name—did any one in the prison know it?"

"No, but I know it," Coulton answered. "Coulton is not the name to which I was born. But when a man runs for office, every sort of scandal is unearthed about him and all sorts of mud is slung—"

"Not in your case," Lapham said. "Your denial would end the matter and all of us will vouch for you—"

"No," said Coulton. "I've often thought of meeting some one who was there with me. I know I've changed a lot in thirty-five years; but I'm still the same man, and some one—somehow—might find out. It is not only my own disgrace that worries me; but the disgrace it would bring upon the State and the office. My conscience wouldn't let me serve."

"But you've really done nothing wrong. The story might even—"

Coulton shook his head. "Please don't try to persuade me. I'd give anything to take the nomination and to hold the position; but I'm of too sensitive a nature. Even if nobody ever knew but myself and you—I couldn't bear it."

Lapham was silent for a moment. Then he arose and extended his hand. "I'm not sure that I agree that you're right, Sam," he said, "but I understand your feeling and I know that I admire you for it. Good night, old man."

But the greatest ordeal for Coulton was still to come. The local convention nominated him against his wishes and late one afternoon a stream of delegates with waving banners and a brass band marched through the streets of Meadville to notify the candidate of their choice of his selection.

"I simply can't see them," Coulton told his wife. "I won't explain and I can't accept."

"I wish I could help you, Sam," Mrs. Coulton said, "but you really must talk to them. You cannot afford to do otherwise. It is your duty—no matter what you may tell them—to acknowledge the popular clamor that has been aroused in your behalf."

"I suppose you are right," he answered slowly, "but it is the greatest ordeal of my life."

The band was crashing loudly and the shouts of the men and women on the lawn were dinning in his ears. To many a man it would have been the sweetest of intoxicating music. It would have fired their ambitions. But it only broke Coulton's heart.

The time was at hand. He must step out on the front porch of his house and show himself.

He did so and a tremendous shout went up. "Three cheers for Senator Coulton!" some enthusiast proposed and they came with ringing vigor.

Trembling in every muscle, yet outwardly seemingly calm, Coulton raised his hand for silence. His heart was pounding wildly, his brain in a whirl.

What should he say to them? What *could* he say?

The concluding part of this story will appear in The New Success for January, 1921, in accordance with the editors' note at the beginning, page 35, asking our readers to compete in writing Part 11.

The Ten Pay-Envelopes

(Continued from page 71)

"The policeman hasn't a chance in the world to get himself free unless we can substantiate his story," the jurist said. "What excuse could he offer. He seems guilty on the face of it, and many a man has been convicted on circumstantial evidence."

"A thing I have never believed in!" Dr. Taulane broke in piously.

"Nor I!" said Thomas with a conviction that rang true.

"But it must be done, Travers," said Penbrooke seriously. "I cannot afford to let this man suffer—and I cannot afford to reveal my plan. I do not think that you, Thomas, will force me to do so, will you?" he asked, facing the butler.

"Not if Judge Travers will promise to defend O'Hara—nor unless he fails to secure his acquittal," Thomas answered.

Judge Travers stared at the pattern of the carpet as if trying to read a solution to the case in the design.

AFTER a moment of silence, he slowly looked up. "I will undertake the case on the terms that Policeman O'Hara must be liberated; that Thomas, here, will keep his mouth shut; and that all of us keep our mouths shut concerning the activities of Mr. Penbrooke in distributing this money. If I succeed, I shall have proved a theory of mine. I shall also prove that I am a pretty good lawyer, and I shall prove to the satisfaction of all of us that Penbrooke's experiment has not been quite so foolish and ill-advised as we have imagined."

"That satisfies me," Thomas said; and, picking up his hat, he left the room.

The millionaire, the clergyman, and the judge looked from one to the other. Perplexity, skepticism, optimism—these were the three expressions upon their respective faces.

"Everyone has his day in court," Travers repeated. "The three of us—as well as Officer O'Hara—are about to have our day in court. The answer may be a good thing for everyone concerned."

"You will see this unfortunate policeman?" the minister asked the judge. "We cannot let him be accused of a crime he didn't commit."

"No," said Travers dryly. "But while Penbrooke could only be considered an accessory before the fact, how do we yet know the policeman has not committed a crime?"

"That is for you to find out—and prove!" Penbrooke said with sudden firmness.

"Very well," Judge Travers announced. "I'll undertake the task. I'll either prove one of several things: that I am a good lawyer, that your experiment is right or wrong, that honesty and law have no common basis for arbitration."

"I don't seem to understand you," Dr. Taulane said with a puzzled look upon his kindly face.

"That's a habit people have where lawyers are concerned," Judge Travers laughed. "Suppose we wait and see what the outcome will be."

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gold mesh-bag studded with jewels. She lifted from the various boxes a flood of lacy, filmy, silken things.

Her eyes sparkled as she appraised them; but as she heard a key in the lock, she hastily began to replace the finery in the boxes. But before her task was completed, a young man stepped into the room. He looked at her strangely and, noting her purchases, frowned.

"Fanny," he said reprovingly, "have you been charging more things? You know we can't afford it."

"No," she said, flushing deeply, "I didn't charge them. I paid for them."

"You paid for them?" Fred Bryce asked his young wife, in astonishment. "Where did you get the money?"

"It's mine," she said impatiently. "I did not know that you had any money when we were married."

"I didn't," she admitted hanging her head, but somehow she could not bring herself to tell him of the stranger who had handed her ten thousand dollars some weeks before. She could hardly believe it herself.

But as her husband stepped close to her side, holding out his arms appealingly, she knew the secret must come out. "Fanny," he said, "what are you trying to hide from me? You know I have only a modest salary and it is all I can do to maintain this little home and buy the things we really need. I'd like you to have pretty things, of course, but I want to know where you get the money that is represented by the extravagant purchases you have here, and those you've bought recently. Why that bag alone must be worth—"

"It's worth two thousand dollars," she told him defiantly. "The other things I've bought amount to almost ten thousand dollars!"

Her husband grew pale and stared at her, speechless in his amazement. "Ten thousand dollars! he finally managed to murmur in a dazed fashion.

She nodded and opening her purse took out the letter which had been in Penbrooke's envelope. He unfolded and read it slowly. Then he looked at her with a strange light in his eyes. "Well?" he asked.

SLOWLY and calmly Mrs. Bryce told her husband the whole story, just as it had occurred. He listened without comment. But when she had finished, he shook his head slowly. "Do you expect me to believe that?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"It's the truth, Fred!" she exclaimed indignantly. "The truth!" he burst out. "It's the silliest nonsense I ever heard. Did you ever hear of anyone wandering about the streets making presents of ten thousand dollars? That's much too thin. Unless you can and will tell me where you got all this money, you and I must part."

"Fred!" she moaned in dismay.

"I mean it!" he assured her.

"But, Fred, I can't tell you anything else—because what I have told you is true—every word of it!"

"It hurts, Fanny, to have to tell you this; but I don't believe a word of what you're saying. I'm going to live at the Fraternity Club. If you can prove what you say, or if you will give me a logical explanation of these things, I'll be glad to have it. Until then I don't care to see you again."

WHEN she ceased her hysterics he had gone. Drying her eyes and trembling with excitement, she took up the ill-fated letter and read it over again. "Oh, why didn't I tell him the night I got it?" she bemoaned. "Even then I suppose he would have doubted me; but, at least, he could have told me what to do with the money? Now, he's left me, and my happiness has gone with him. And," she added, as she looked at the finery on which she had squandered Penbrooke's gift, "I can never, never wear a stitch of these things!"

For a long time she sat on the edge of the bed, wondering if her husband would really perform his threat to remain away from her until she could prove the truth of her story. Knowing him, she believed he would, and she berated herself for her own folly in not making a clean breast of it all from the start. But the secret pleasure of purchasing luxuries he had never been able to give her, had proved too great a temptation. As she looked at Penbrooke's letter, the date he had set for his dinner burned itself into her memory. Then, and not till then, could she substantiate her statements—if the man really meant what he said and if the mysterious Peter Brown really appeared at the Hotel Margrave at the appointed time.

That evening's paper contained the sensational story of the suicide of Wallace Tremaine, a young man about town, who had suddenly come into possession of \$10,000 a few weeks previously.

"Tremaine had been in impoverished circumstances for some time," the account read, "owing to having dissipated a large fortune left him by an uncle some years ago. Until the past few weeks he had been endeavoring to borrow money from various acquaintances and is known to have pawned many expensive possessions. However, on the night of June 3rd last he appeared in Hector's Restaurant and announced that a Peter Brown, said to live at the Hotel Margrave had made him a present of \$10,000. Subsequent investigation at the hotel proved that the management do not know any such person."

THIS news was eagerly welcome to Mrs. Fred Bryce. She cut the article from the newspaper, sealed it in an envelope, and addressed it to her husband at the Fraternity Club.

"Now he must believe me!" she exclaimed joyously as she hurried out to mail the letter at the corner post-box. "It proves my case. Fred can't doubt me any more."

Her first hope had been that her husband would see the clippings without her bringing them to his attention, but when several days had passed and no word came from him, she swallowed her injured pride, and, forced by her love and loneliness, mailed the letter.

Then she hastened home and counted the hours until it would be possible for her to have a reply. The reply did not come. It did not come—after an eager waiting for the mails and a frantic listening for the telephone to ring.

Then Fanny Bryce telephoned the Fraternity Club. Mr. Bryce had not been there for several weeks, nor did they know his forwarding address.

The time came when she was without funds. It was the end of October and growing cold. She left her apartment and dragged her steps toward a lake in Central Park. The breeze was blowing sharply and she felt it keenly as it chilled her through.

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An interview with
The Great God, Superstition
in **THE NEW SUCCESS**
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If you are superstitious, be sure to read it.

Fanny Bryce was desperate. Her husband, whom she loved deeply, had declined to believe her—although she told the truth. She knew, too, that the world would not believe her. Her story seemed too shallow.

"Truth, truth!" she murmured to herself. "Is there no way of proving you?"

And the serpent whispered in her ear, "Don't tell it!"

"That's my failing!" Fanny Bryce said, as she wandered, shivering, through the park. "If I'd told him the whole truth at the start there would have been no trouble!"

At the moment there was one thing uppermost in her mind. She gazed out at the waters of the lake, looking upon them as a refuge from her troubles. A cold plunge into the cold waters would drown all of her troubles.

She wandered close down a tree-shaded path and gazed into the dark waters where swan boats floated by day and happy children and idle grown-ups passed idle hours. But Fanny Bryce was bent on killing something God had given her—her very life—since she felt that her soul was dead.

She sat upon a bench and gazed at the lake. She tried to make up her mind to leap into that dark pool and shivered—not only at the thought of the plunge, but at the thought of her plight. It was horrible to rob destiny and God of the thing that had been given to her just because of a foolish fancy, just because a man had quite naturally doubted her statement regarding the source of the money which had led her fancy to run riot.

She seemed to imagine her swan song being sung from the forbidding and chilling waters of the lake. She looked about and saw the bright lights of several great hotels which front the Park and she remembered the days when her husband and herself had spent many happy hours in those palaces.

But while she hesitated, another young woman with a pretty face, clad in the warmest of garments, wandered through the winding path and sat down as Fanny's side.

She slipped an expensive handbag down on the bench, and, with a smile that was friendly, turned to the perplexed Fanny. "Do you mind if I share your seat?" she asked, and Fanny shook her head sadly. She tried to be courteous, but who can be thoughtful and considerate at the very moment when one has seriously considered doing the most foolish thing in life!

Fanny Bryce suddenly burst into tears. The stranger was quick to notice them. She slipped nearer to Fanny.

"You're in trouble," she said very softly.

FANNY BRYCE looked up to the girl, shivered again in her thin clothes, and began to cry in earnest. "I haven't dared to mention a word of my plight to any one," she said; "but I wonder if you wouldn't be good enough to advise me. I think from the lines of your face, that you have suffered, too, and that you will understand."

Then Fanny Bryce confided to the richly dressed stranger all that had befallen her. "I loved the idea of pretty things," she confessed with emotion. "But who could blame him for doubting me? I suppose it was my own fault!"

The stranger stared at Fanny in astonishment. "Are you, too, a victim of the gifts of the mysterious Peter Brown?"

Fanny looked at the girl, amazement in her eyes. "Do you mean," But Mrs. Bryce's voice broke, and the girl beside her took her hand.

"I think you're about my age," she said, "and I'm sure that you're in the plight that I was the night I met Peter Brown, in Times Square. I was undecided, then, just what to do. I came here from the Middle West and failed horribly in my ambitions to go on the stage. Everything went against me, nobody would employ me, and I was too proud to go home. I met Peter Brown, during the moments when I was just down to my last cent—and the ten thousand dollars he handed me has made all the difference in my life!" "The money saved you?" Fanny asked.

"It saved more than me," her companion answered. "My name is Naomi Falk. As I told you, I came to New York to make my fortune on the stage. I soon learned that I could not do it, but I could not go home. My father is dead and there was nothing for mother unless I could make good. I couldn't go back to mother empty handed."

"Then you found the ten thousand!" Fanny Bryce exclaimed.

NAOMI FALK nodded. "I took no further chances. I went to the Pennsylvania Station—boarded a train—and because I could not get a sleeper, rode in a day coach. Mother is happy, today, with half of the money I took from that envelope. I am back here and earning my living with my voice.

She paused, and the girl at her side, whose hand she now held, stared into her eyes. "So something good came out of Peter Brown's experiment," Fanny Bryce told her.

"Something good did, my dear," Naomi answered after a pause. "I think a great deal will. I have no prophecies to make and naturally, no blame to cast. But I shall be happy to remain in New York—contented in my work—and wait until I can meet Peter Brown face to face. I am happier still that I have met you, since you were about to do something foolish."

Naomi Falk looked at Fanny for a moment. Then she slipped her arm about Fanny comfortingly and protectingly. "I can sense your feelings," Naomi said. "You are suspicious of every stranger and everything, like every other girl of your type. Come home with me, and have a good dinner—and we'll talk about your case until we reach a solution."

(To be continued in November)

If you have done something that is good, forget it—and do something better!—*Lavater*.

The man in love with himself seldom has a rival.

It is not enough to hold the key to the situation. You must be able to turn it to open the door.

You can generally spot a liar by the vociferousness with which he proclaims his honesty.

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Again He Fights Life's Naked Crimson Shame

The Bullet that Stopped Brann, the Iconoclast Couldn't Still his Voice. His Words Again Echo Around the World

By Sidney Herz

WITH the fury of an avenging angel, Brann, the Iconoclast, hurled himself upon every fake and fraud in Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty; he laid bare the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful. Wherever he discovered sham or hypocrisy, corruption or oppression, there he unloosed the thunder-bolts of his fury. And because no power on earth was strong enough to stem the outpourings of his flaming spirit, his enemies, maddened by his merciless exposures, silenced him at last with an assassin's bullet. But the truth he wrote in letters of flame is immortal and cannot die. And now, in twelve handsome volumes, the fiery genius of Brann the Iconoclast lives again. Never before have his complete writings been published—never before has the opportunity been offered to know the full compass of his amazing wizardry of words—to feel the spell of his irresistible power of language. But first—

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"The woman who inveigles some poor old fool into calling her his tootsie-wootsie over his own signature, then brings suit for breach of promise—or the seventh commandment; who exhibits her broken heart to the judge and jury and demands that it be patched up with Uncle Sam's illuminated anguish plasters—sends a good reputation to join a bad character in hope of monetary reward—well, she, too, may be legally honest, but no woman worth powder to blow her to perdition ever did or ever will carry such a case into court. When a woman's heart is really hurting her money is not going to help it; when she's truly sorry for her sin she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policemen and reporters."

"Even our religion is oftentimes a Humbug, else why is it that the good Christian woman—who says her prayer as regularly as she looks under the bed for burglars—says to the caller whom she cordially de-

tests: 'I am delighted to see you' when she's wondering why the meddlesome old gadabout don't stay at home when she's not wanted elsewhere? Why is it that when a good brother puts a five dollar bill in the contribution box he flashes it up so all may see the figures, but when he drops a nickel in the slot to get a little grace, he lets not his right hand know what his left hand doeth? Oh, people are becoming such incorrigible liars. They presume that they are full of the grace of God when they're only bilious."



BRANN, The Iconoclast

"The place to take the true measure of a man is not the market-place or the amen-corner. But at his own fireside. If his babes dread his home-coming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face, and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and love's own sunshine illumines the face of his wife when she hears his footfall, you may take it for granted that he's true gold, for his home's a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great white Throne of God."

"I do not expect to see religion without cant, wealth without want, and virtue without vice; but I do hope to see the human race devote itself to grander aims than following the fashion and camping on the trail of cartwheel dollars. I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer dudes. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queen of their homes than the favorites of fash-

ionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole he-world—women who do not know too much at 15 and too little at 50."

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