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SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

The First Pilgrim Christmas - 1620

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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.

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EDITOR
ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR
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The Lesson of the Pilgrims

Three Hundred Years Ago they Planted the Seeds of Courage and Determination on this Continent

By T. V. MERLE

THREE nations are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the most stupendous example of courage and determination to win despite all odds, ever written on the pages of the world's history.

December 21 marks the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the bleak, barren coast of New England, and no more intrepid band of men and women ever lived. Seekers after religious liberty, this little group of seventy odd souls let no obstacle stand in their path, although they were faced with difficulties which at times seemed almost insurmountable.

Writing under religious persecution and intolerance in their own land, they moved to another and toiled night and day to keep body and soul together. Then realizing that their ideals and their birthrights were being absorbed by their close relationship with the friendly Hollanders, the determination to go to the new land of America dawned within their pious breasts. But a journey to America, at that time, was a task for none but the hardy. Ocean travel was not what it is to-day. The modern American would not trust himself on a ship of the *Mayflower* type, for even a short sail down a

(Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood)
This is a photograph of Plymouth Rock. The date of the historic landing is carved on its face. It reposes at Plymouth, Massachusetts, inside a high fence and is marked by a massive monument.

harbor, let alone face a three months' buffeting on the wintry waves of the Atlantic ocean.

YET the Pilgrims gave no thought to fear. The only thing that held them back was money. They had little or none. But still their ardor and their rigid will to better their condition, urged them on. When all other efforts were unavailing, they practically placed themselves in industrial slavery to earn the sum which was to take them to the promised land. That is to say, each one was individually pledged to give seven years of hard labor in the forests of America, in exchange for funds to finance their journey.

It was this little company of God-fearing, hard-working, brave men and women who formed the nucleus of a nation which now numbers some hundred and five million souls. They laid the foundation of the American Republic—or rather, stepped onto its cornerstone when they landed upon the famous Plymouth Rock.

Their achievement is now being celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, in America, in England and in Holland. Each era in the history of these Pilgrims' progress is being commemorated with sincere reverence, exactly three hundred years after its occurrence. And no loyal American can fail to find in the contemplation of the lives of the Pilgrims, a wholesome lesson. They proved that earnest seekers after self-betterment, and the establishment of right and justice, can win against all obstacles. Success crowned their efforts, not by chance, but because they strove with might and main, suffered untold agonies, deprived themselves of comforts—even of necessities—and worked without even thinking of defeat.

The little colony which had its beginning in the tiny cabin of the *Mayflower*, on November 11, 1620, provided for "a State without a king or a noble; a church without a bishop or a priest; a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were straightly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by everyone."

The anniversary celebrations began as early as last August, when the origin of the Pilgrim movement was celebrated in England; followed by meetings in Holland during the month of September, commemorating the sojourn of the Pilgrims among the friendly Dutch people. In September also, a second *Mayflower* set sail from Southampton following the course of the original vessel. Naturally, however, this vessel was

(Copyrighted by Brown Bros., N. Y.)

A trio of younger Pilgrims

(Copyrighted by Brown Bros., N. Y.)

Plymouth as it looked one year after the landing of the Pilgrims. The old fort is shown at the right

The town square of Plymouth to-day. The grave of Myles Standish, at Duxbury, is shown in the circle

dern in every detail, and carried a notable npany of eminent men and women.

Simultaneously, in the three countries directly erested, there are being held countless plays, geants, tableaux and other celebrations mark-, in various communities, the birth of those nciples which our ancestors have handed vn to us through representative government. Curiously, at the time of these celebrations, it s discovered quite by accident, that what n to be the timbers of the original *Mayflower*, still in existence in a quaint old barn in ckinghamshire, England. The discovery was de known to Americans by Hamilton Holt, a mber of the American Mayflower Council, o attended the Mayflower Tercentenary cele-tions in Holland. While the evidence that the l-preserved, sturdy wooden structure is built he actual *Mayflower* is purely circumstantial, earch is being made to attempt to definitely ve the fact, and all facts thus far unearthed n to substantiate the belief.

It was on December 21, 1620, that the *Mayflower* dropped anchor off Cape Cod, near the present site of Provincetown, Massachusetts. And picturesquely enough, that was America's first "wash day." The whole company took advantage of the occasion to cleanse their clothing, soiled from a long and tedious voyage of sixty-seven days out from the harbor of Plymouth, England.

BUT it was not until the day after Christmas that the little band stepped on the rugged Plymouth Rock and there decided to form a colony. Meantime they had been cruising along the forbidding coast, seeking for the entrance to "Hudson's River" which was their intended destination. Not finding it, however, and being threatened with destruction against the rocky shore, they put back and later began to rear a rude village at what was termed "The Plymouth Plantation."

Strangely enough, the average American has a

somewhat hazy idea that the Pilgrims and the Puritans were one and the same folk. The fact is, however, that the Pilgrims were *not* Puritans, and, in fact, differed with them on many essential points, although they did amalgamate some few years subsequently.

A year previous to the establishment of the Plymouth Colony, Captain John Smith, of "Pocahontas" fame, had called together the first American legislative assembly at Jamestown, Virginia. To-day more than seventy American cities are celebrating these two events, under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service.

Romance entwines the memory of these vital anniversaries in American history. Until recently, little actual data as to the life and doings of the Pilgrims was available.

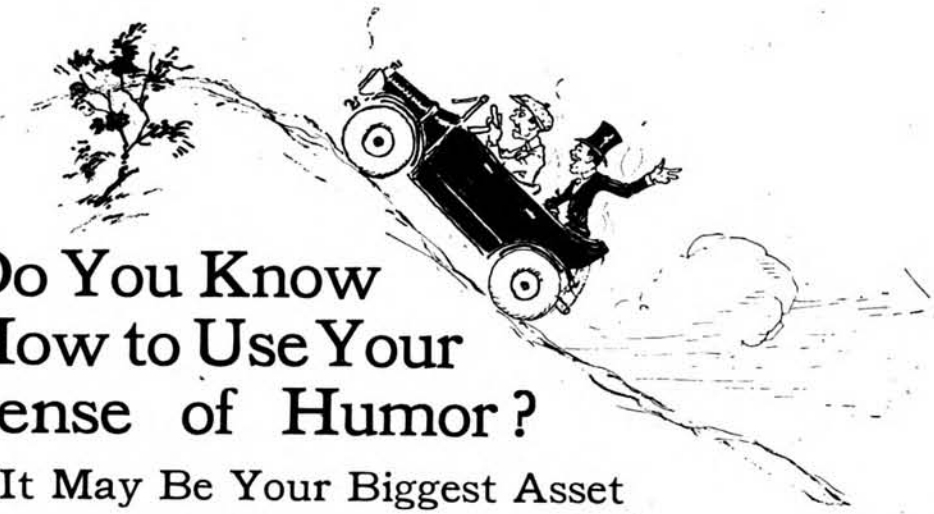
Longfellow, in his "Courtship of Myles Standish," imaginatively and charmingly pictured life in the early New England days, but authentic records since discovered, show that his characterization was faulty in several respects. The fair *Priscilla* who suggested that *John Alden* "speak for himself," was, strictly speaking, not one of the company or sect, but the daughter of a London merchant who was merely an adventurer on the voyage. Longfellow also erred in picturing the bridal journey of *John* and *Priscilla* on the back of a bull, as there were no cattle in the colony at the time of their marriage. *Alden*, too, was a stranger with the Pilgrims, having been a cooper who joined the ship at Southampton.

THE discovery of Governor Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantation," in 187?, shed a new light on affairs. The manuscript contains the shocking information that there were ne'er-do-wells, as well as honest, religious folks, in the band. There was even a scandal over the conduct of the treasurer who purchased supplies and declined to make an accounting—another over the embezzlement of one member who was summarily expelled from the colony.

The *Mayflower* colonists were Englishmen and women who came to America to enjoy *religious* freedom, while the later group of Puritans came here to enjoy *political* freedom as well. The Pilgrims evinced no disloyalty to the British Government, but the Puritans would have readily subscribed to the Declaration of Independence had it been presented to them the moment their feet

(*Continued on page* 111)

The landing of the Pilgrims, December 21, 1620. From an old painting



Do You Know How to Use Your Sense of Humor?

It May Be Your Biggest Asset

By THOMAS L. MASSON
Managing Editor of "Life."

HOW many people do you know who have a real sense of humor? "Scarcely anybody," you say, promptly. Are you sure have one yourself? Oh, yes, of course. wouldn't deny that. If any one should se you of not having a sense of humor, would laugh at him? No. You d be secretly sore. This ge might rankle in your mind ays. What is a sense of hu- anyway? Are you clear in mind about it?

ere is nothing that the aver- nan is more sensitive about this same sense of humor. be easy. You have it—only quite possible that you have learned how to use it. do you know that you n't been secretly and sub- iously afraid to use it? be, in a rash moment, you tried it on someone and the has been so disastrous that ed you. The practical joker t in good standing. If you the laugh on the other man, immediate result may be y effective; but you have an enemy. And we learn rd experience that we cannot to make too many super- enemies.

And yet, a sense of humor, if it is rightly applied, is one of the most powerful assets in the world. It not only keeps a man sweet and clean, but so far as one's opportunities are concerned, it acts on them like a magnifying glass—brings them out, makes them larger and clearer. It all depends on how you get it and how you use it.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, AND WHY HE WROTE IT

Thomas L. Masson

"TOM" MASSON is the managing editor of the humorous weekly, "Life." He is a producer of humor, a dealer in humor, and he knows the value of humor. He is the champion joke writer of the world—he turns out, frequently, as many as 250 jokes a week. He realizes, more than any other man in the world, perhaps, that humor is essential to the well-being of the individual—that it is a part of our life that is too easily overlooked—that it has been the means of saving many a situation that, otherwise, would have turned to a tragedy. Mr. Masson wrote this article because, being an expert in humor, he wants you to know how to use your sense of humor, if you have one; and he sent it to THE NEW SUCCESS because, he says, he regards this magazine as the best medium through which to place this subject before the people.—THE EDITORS.

An instance of the danger in its application is shown in the reply made by one of the officers of the Illinois Central Railroad to Abraham Lincoln when he was practicing law. He had won an important case for this railroad. He presented a bill for $2,000.

"Why," said the officer, "this is as much as a first-class lawyer would have charged."

"Lincoln," writes Miss Tarbell," withdrew the bill, left the office, and, at the first opportunity, submitted the matter to his friends. Five thousand dollars, they all agreed, was a moderate fee. Lincoln then sued the railroad for that amount and won his case."

In the fifth volume of the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," occurs a letter to Lady Bradford, of whom the foremost man of his time—seventy years old and prime minister—was violently enamored. Owing to his unconcealed ardor and Lady Bradford's divergent point of view, a slight estrangement had risen between them.

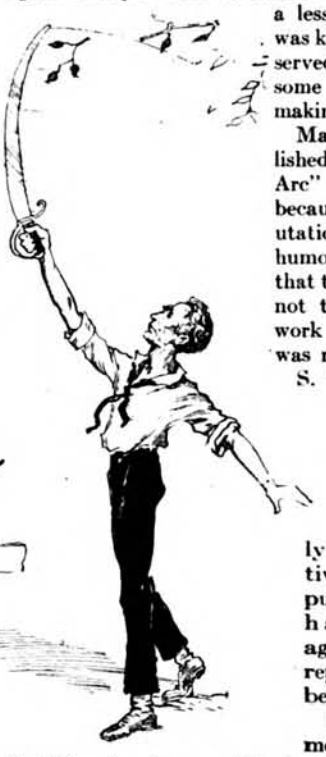
"Unfortunately for me," he goes on to say, "my imagination did not desert me with my youth. I have always felt this a great misfortune. It would have involved me in calamities, had not nature bestowed on me, and in large degree, another quality—the sense of the ridiculous. . . . And I certainly cannot resist the conviction that much of my conduct to you, during this year, has been absurd."

Lincoln's first and only duel was ended quickly without bloodshed

This is not, of course, to be taken as a confession, coming as it did from one of the most remarkable men of his age—if not of all ages—but, rather, as a naïve explanation.

As I have said, it is quite usual for most men to claim that they have a sense of the ridiculous—more commonly termed a sense of humor—and it is usual for them to believe this in all sincerity. But the rest of us are inclined to doubt it. We smile to ourselves urbanely, and say, "Poor fellow, he thinks he has it, but of course he hasn't; otherwise he would not take himself so seriously."

But the rest of us are wrong. Practically everybody has a sense of humor, however much this fact may be disputed. But if we exercised it right and left, where would we land? Both Benjamin Disraeli and Abraham Lincoln were exceptional men. They were so big in other respects that they could display a sense of humor without disaster. Lincoln read Artemus Ward to his cabinet at a critical moment in the world's history. If a smaller man had done this, he might not have survived it. Satire and invective are one thing. Humor is another. Lincoln's perspective was so large that he could afford to be reckless about his humor. Then again—except where he needed to bring home a lesson—his humor was kindly; it usually served to illustrate some point he was making.



Mark Twain published his "Joan of Arc" anonymously because, his chief reputation being as a humorist, he believed that the public would not take his serious work seriously. He was right.

S. S. Cox ("Sunset" Cox,) declared that his display of humorous proclivities undoubtedly hurt his legislative career. A public man always has to guard against getting a reputation for being a humorist.

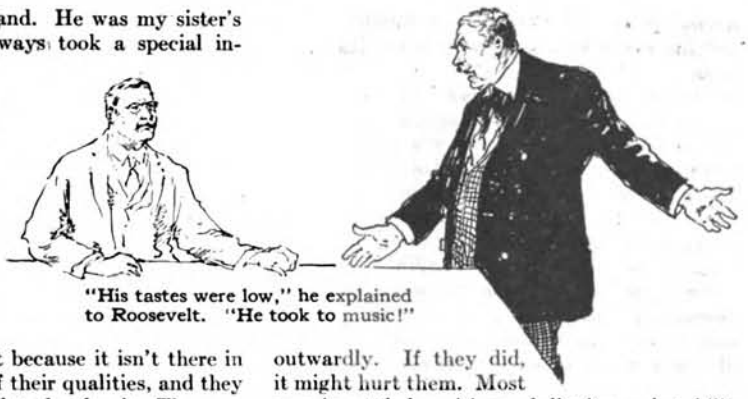
It has been said more than once that Theodore Roosevelt had no sense of humor. It has been said, however, only by a few critical people, to whom humor in any man would not be considered a damage—on the contrary. These people were wrong. Theodore Roosevelt did not have the same kind of a sense of humor that Lincoln had. It was not so unrestrained, so inevitable, as one might say. But, of course, he had it. It was an essential part of his large background. An evidence of his keen appreciation of humor is shown in his account of an interview he had with John L. Sullivan. Sullivan once visited him at the White House, to enlist his help about a certain nephew who hadn't turned out as Sullivan hoped.

"That boy," he explained to Mr. Roosevelt,

ıst cannot understand. He was my sister's rite son, and I always took a special in- t in him myself. l my best to bring up in the way he t to go. But there nothing to be done him. His tastes naturally low. He to music."

ıe real reason why w people develop lisplay their sense umor is not be- e it isn't there, but because it isn't there in ortion to the rest of their qualities, and they t they cannot afford to develop it. They are d of it. It's so powerful a thing that it goes ı their hands and causes trouble. They like to fool with it. It is a thing to be kept r lock and key, in a secret receptacle, like ance. I knew a hard-headed bank president once a year regularly "Little Women," and ıed and cried to him- ı his library over it. the news of this de- ful event in his life ıot chronicled on his bulletin-board.

ense of humor is not dangerous, but use- n itself, unless it is l with the man in the proportions. Es- ly is this true of with reputations for rity. By itself, it in- no sort of confidence. You are not likely ıst another man with your money, your or your thoughts if, on first meeting him, he s in your face or "wheezes" you. In most e it is largely a case of defensive suppression.



"His tastes were low," he explained to Roosevelt. "He took to music!"

outwardly. If they did, it might hurt them. Most men in settled positions of dignity and stability use it sparingly in public. That is one reason why a great man is not always understood and appreciated in his own home town. People see him with his mask off, laughing and joking and doing commonplace things in a human way. The career of many a young man has been set back or badly damaged because, at the outset, he did not know how to control his sense of humor. One of the greatest powers in the world, it must be handled correctly.

Remember the story of the Western cowboy, who had been delegated to break the news to the widow of a man they had just hanged for stealing a horse, only to discover afterwards that he was innocent? He called and said, "Ma'am, we strung up your husband by mistake, and he's dead. But you certainly have got the laugh on us."

Disraeli was an ardent wooer at seventy.

Where men are struggling for a living, they shut off any development of a sense of humor, important as it may be to the more cultivated, because they know intuitively that to be serious is to convey the idea of reliability. Occasionally some one among them has it spontaneously and irresistibly. He is tolerated by his fellows for his "good" qualities, that are sufficiently in evidence. They say of him, "He is a good work-

s my ex- ıce that s and gymen have a se of r better loped men in profes- But y are l not to y too of it

Such people only think they have a sense of humor

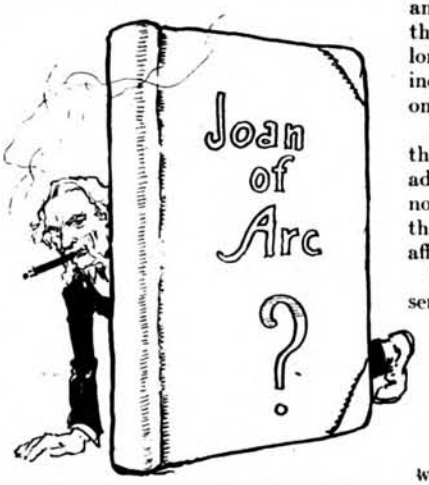
man, but queer." They do not quite understand him, although they may enjoy his company.

All this being admitted, why do I say that a sense of humor is such a big asset? Let us look at the matter for a moment in a large way. Lincoln Steffens, correspondent and keen observer of social and industrial conditions in many parts of the world, whose books, "The Shame of the Cities" and "The Struggle for Self-Government," are a part of our literary and social history, and who has frequently been called upon to act as peacemaker between capital and labor, once told me that if humor were applied to world conditions, war would stop.

What had happened? Were those whispered words freighted with deep meaning for the future of the human race?

"Apart from its tragedy," said Mr. Steffens, "war is ridiculous—so utterly nonsensical that if men, as a whole, could be made to see it in this light, they would be ashamed to indulge in it."

Most of us lose our perspective at critical moments. We take ourselves too seriously. If you doubt this, look back on some scene in your past that, at the moment, seemed utterly hopeless and tragic. Now that it is all over, and you can look at it calmly and impersonally, does it not strike you that your attitude was ridiculous? If your sense of humor could have come into play at this moment, the whole situation might have been relieved, and how much you might have been saved! This is what Disraeli meant when he wrote of himself. His love for Lady Bradford had made him take himself too seriously. But his sense of the ridiculous kept him from going too far.



Mark Twain wrote it anonymously because he didn't want people to laugh

Benjamin Franklin's sense of humor, which permeated his whole life, was mingled in right proportions to the rest of him and saved him from much that otherwise would have led him astray. It gave him the power of holding two opposite things in his mind at once—the power of contrast—which is always evidence of a developed sense of humor. Thus, before the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and its fate was suspended by a hair, he was able to write that while he did not agree with all of it, he would sign it because, taken as a whole, it was best.

The passions that sweep men off their feet temporarily, and lead to great tragedies, might easily be prevented if humor could be brought in to clear the air. Dueling, which was once so common, has gone out because the ridiculousness of it is so evident. Dueling is war on a small scale. Lincoln's example, in his famous duel with James Shields, had a large influence in making the duel ridiculous. Challenged by Shields, he insisted on having as weapons "broadswords of the largest size, precisely equal," and that between the principals there should be "a plank ten feet long and from nine to twelve inches broad, to be firmly fixed on edge."

A spectator who was present at this famous duel—which was adjusted without bloodshed owing no doubt to the humorous twist that Lincoln had given to the affair—wrote:

"His face was grave and serious. 'I never knew him to go so long before without making a joke. But presently, he reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along the edge of the weapon with his thumb, as a barber feels of the edge of his razor, raised himself to his full height, stretched out his long arms and clipped off a twig from above his head with the sword. There wasn't another man of us who could have reached anywhere near that twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with cavalry sabers, with Shields,

could walk under his arm, came pretty near
ing me howl with laughter."

would easily be possible for me to cite
erous examples taken from history and the
ate lives of illustrious men, to show not only
wonderful and direct but the cumulative
er of a sense of humor when brought to bear
ne right time. But I must pass on to its
tical application to our own lives, as we live
day by day, merely expressing the hope
as individuals come to understand and
ze this power, it may, in the course of time,
d to whole races who, with a national con-
sness alive to the absurdity of their actions,
pause on the threshold of one more world
dy. I cannot refrain, however, from telling
nore story which gives a humorous side light
e Peace Conference at Paris. The man who
the story—which I
every reason to be-
essentially accurate—
present at one of the
critical meetings of
onference, when all of
delegates were wrought
the highest pitch and
atmosphere was sur-
ged with the most
n intensity. This
sat quite near Lloyd
ge, and was able to
ear what he said—or,
r, whispered.
delegate from one of
Latin countries was
ing, and he had been
g for a long time.
in the audience were listening as best
could, at the same time keeping their eyes
eat Britain's prime minister, whose slightest
re was immediately noted. Suddenly and
quietly he rose and tiptoed to a nearby
ate, leaning over and whispering something
ow tone. The delegate smiled feebly and
his head. The prime minister then—still
quietly—tiptoed to the Japanese delegate
vidently repeated himself. That gentleman
ed slightly and shook his head. Thereupon,
George tiptoed out of the room. There
sudden wave of suppressed excitement.
had happened? Were those whispered
freighted with deep meaning for the
of the human race? Every delegate
ed as he looked significantly at his neigh-
And this is what Lloyd George had said:
at fellow bores me stiff. Come out and
a cigar."

see, then, that to every critical and often

A hard-headed bank president who read "Little Women" every year

highly tragic scene there are always two sides. There is the immediate, concentrated-intensity side, and there is what may be termed the chronological side—that is, the side which, over a period of months or years, makes the situation in itself only a slight incident in a series of events, often to be laughed at for its very absurdity, and always to be relegated to its proper niche in the great march of time.

A large proportion of our divorces might easily be prevented if humor were used as a sanitary measure. Women are apt to be more intense than men. They express themselves with greater freedom and often say things on the spur of the moment that they do not really mean. In these moments, they may, indeed, be reaching out for some gesture of affection. And when husbands, because of a lack of humor, allow themselves to be drawn into the same mood instead of passing over the occasion lightly, then tragedy, is likely to result. Women are entitled to their moods, and, at any rate, to treat them too seriously and logically is only to increase the tension. Where a situation in so many cases is artificial, it can easily be neutralized by a little touch of humor. We can afford to be over-serious only about little things: as a rule, big things can be much better handled by treating them as incidental.

What then, is a right sense of humor, how can it be rightly developed, used in its corrective perspective and directed into a channel of individual power to our own personal advantage?

Suppose you are starting out on a career as a salesman. You know, of course, the value of a story, told at the right moment and in the right way. Its practical power as an introduction to "business" needs no explanation. Furthermore, its value often holds good applied to any ordinary relationship, even when you are not trying to sell anything. But my point lies much deeper than this, for the mere story teller often defeats his own purpose. I have a friend who always has a story up his sleeve, who has the habit, so to speak, and who breaks in on me at my busiest moment with these stories—which are uniformly good—but I have come to regard him as a pest. Every time I see him approaching, I feel like ringing for the fire department.

(*Continued on page* 114)

TO THE UNRECOGNIZED

By Frederick Truesdell

IF songs you write, and do not please the singer;
If love you give, and win naught but disdain;
If some one woman rend the flowers you bring her—
'Tis but your common heritage of pain.

IF what you feel be shared not by your neighbor;
If trust you place be wantonly abused;
If Recognition laugh at all your labor—
'Tis but the trial to which you must grow used.

IF you can draw a veil of kindly humor
About each stab, and teach your wounds to smile;
If you can learn that fame is but a rumor,
That effort is the only thing worth while,

YOU then fulfill the purpose of your being
That is not song nor love nor joy nor fame.
Success, my brother, lies beyond man's seeing;
The truest heroes do not need acclaim.

Second Installment of the New Serial of Achievement, Adventure and Detective Skill

How Jim Downes Paid Up

By GEORGE WILLIAM BAKER

Illustrated by Charles F. Jaeger

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

MRS. ETHAN DOWNES who has spent the years of her long married life on her New England farm where her two children, Jim and Mary, now grown, were born, and where her husband died two years before, is told by Miles Humphreys that he holds a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on the old homestead. He agrees to give her eighteen months in which to meet it. Realizing the impossibility of securing such an amount from the farm itself, Jim Downes decides to accept an offer from his friend, Ronald MacGregor, a corporal in the Northwest Mounted Police, to join him in Canada and journey to the new gold country north of the Fraser River district. Jim leaves his sister, Mary, to care for their mother, and departs on his quest, intending to mine sufficient gold to satisfy Humphrey's demands. Meanwhile, Humphreys, who is unscrupulous, secures the assistance of Caleb Waters to gain the affection of Mary Downes and to persuade her to sell the farm.

CHAPTER X

BUT Sally Trueman *did* find something to gossip about during the next few days. Before the week was ended, all of West Rockville knew that Caleb Waters was a pretty constant visitor at the Downes farmhouse. At first, Mary Downes had received Caleb coldly, but a "knave is not without certain charm," and he knew very well how to fascinate a wholesome girl like Mary. As the pretext for his first call, he had said that he wished to inquire about Jimmy, and because of his arrangement with Humphreys and his contemplated trip to the Northwest, that was precisely what he did wish to do.

Yet, as he and the pretty girl sat together on the veranda, Caleb Waters began to feel a trifle ashamed of himself, and at the same time, very much drawn toward Jimmy's sister. Hardly realizing that he was exerting himself to put his best foot forward, Caleb soon adopted the rôle of suitor, which part he had told Humphreys he preferred to discard for that of a detective.

So it ended by his asking Mary if he might not drop in that evening, and as the weather was growing cold, the two sat in the tiny parlor after old Mrs. Downes had been safely tucked away for the night. Mary had never disliked Caleb, and, in fact, she had retained rather pleasant memories of their school days, when she and Caleb and Jimmy had been careless, carefree companions in every sort of childish sport. Now, lonely and anxious in Jim's absence, she welcomed the renewal of their friendship, and when Caleb asked if he might come again the following evening, Mary readily consented and felt just a pang of regret when Caleb strangely left quite early.

But as Waters walked down the moonlit road in the crisp evening air, he smiled cynically in spite of the picture of Mary which still remained in his mind. "Caleb Waters, you're an idiot!" he tried to tell himself. "If she knew what you've agreed to do for Humphreys—to go up north and spy against her brother—she'd turn you out of the house. The Downes are poor as church mice and you haven't a cent. If you stick to Humphreys and play his little game, you'll feather your own nest. And," he added, with an effort at self-conviction, "there are as many fish in the sea as ever were caught to date."

However, Caleb was not quite satisfied with his attempt at justification of his impending task and as he prepared for bed, he had a decidedly unpleasant feeling which established the fact that he still possessed a conscience.

Naturally, Mary was unaware of Caleb's unrest, of the thing he had planned to do, so her own awakening, the next morning, was one of happiness. When breakfast was over, and her mother was comfortably seated in the living room, Mary busied herself in the kitchen, singing while she polished the pots and pans with youthful vigor. She was counting the days until a letter might arrive from Jimmy, telling them more than the meager news they had received of his arrival at Alberta.

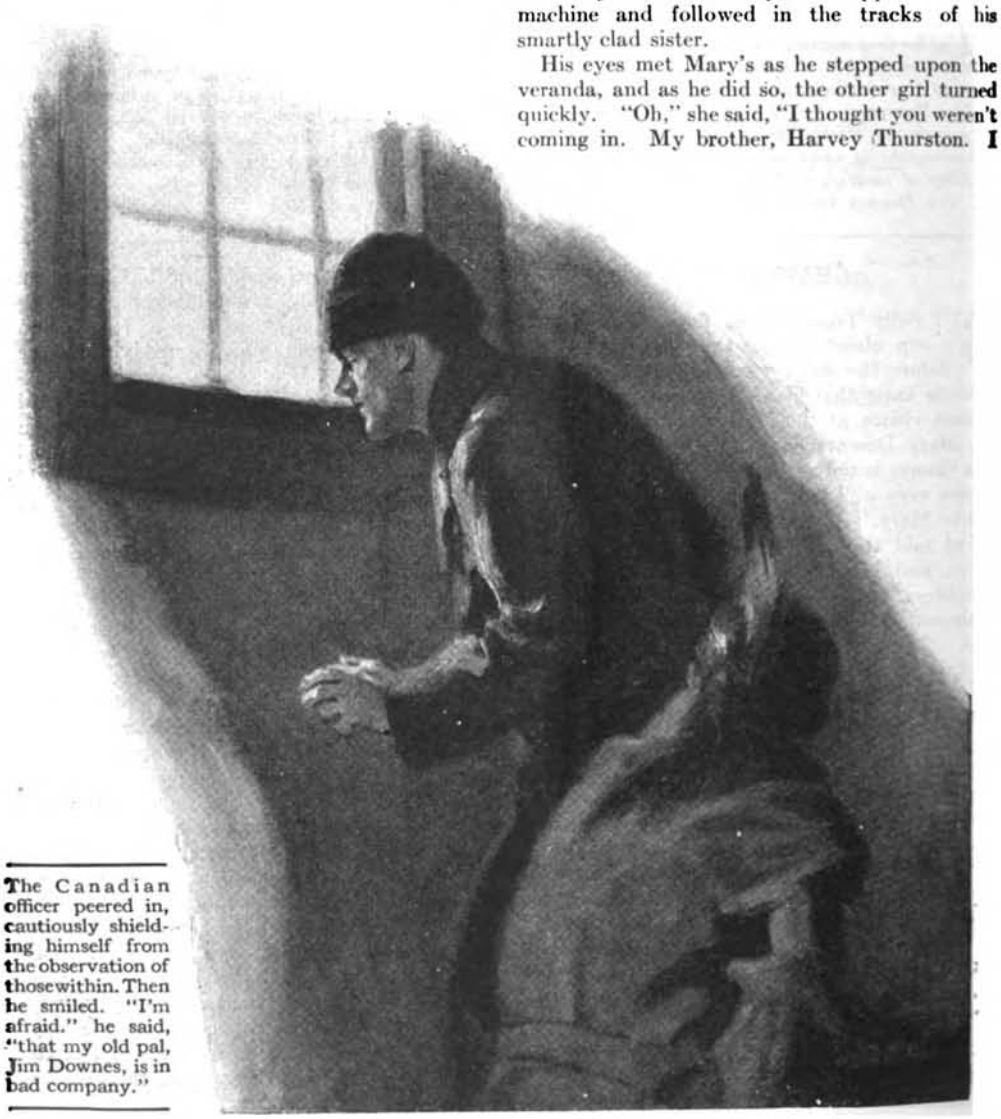
And as she sang and worked, she was drawn suddenly to the window by the sound of a big touring-car stopping before the gate. Curiously, she watched a chauffeur step from the box and open the door of the machine. Then a tall slender girl, beautifully dressed, stepped out and passed into the little garden. Mary hurried to the mirror, and hastily rearranged her hair. Then she slipped off her apron and went quickly to the front door in response to the summons of the old-fashioned knocker.

The visitor smiled pleasantly at Mary, and her expression plainly showed that she was keenly aware of the unadorned beauty of the maid of the farmhouse. "I don't suppose you will remember me," she said to Mary, "but about a month ago our car broke down near here and you invited me into the house for a rest and a cup of tea."

CHAPTER XI

MARY smiled with pleasure as she recalled the incident; and with the flash of her even white teeth the other occupant of the car at the gate gave a low exclamation of surprise. Instantly a well-dressed youth stepped from the machine and followed in the tracks of his smartly clad sister.

His eyes met Mary's as he stepped upon the veranda, and as he did so, the other girl turned quickly. "Oh," she said, "I thought you weren't coming in. My brother, Harvey Thurston. I



The Canadian officer peered in, cautiously shielding himself from the observation of those within. Then he smiled. "I'm afraid," he said, "that my old pal, Jim Downes, is in bad company."

don't think I know your name," she added apologetically.

"Mary Downes," was the answer. "Won't you come inside?"

"Indeed I will—if you'll let me," said Miss Thurston. "But, perhaps, you won't welcome me when you know my errand. Frankly, I liked your wonderful little house so well, that I asked my real estate agent if he couldn't persuade you to sell it. It seems that he has communicated with some local agent, and I learned only yesterday that——"

"It isn't for sale!" interrupted Mary with flashing eyes, turning toward the open door, fearful that her mother would hear the conversation and become upset by it.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Thurston. "I'd be willing to give you a very good price for it."

Mary shook her head determinedly.

"You wouldn't even be willing to let me buy some of those rare old pieces of furniture?" Miss Thurston went on, half pleadingly.

"Not a stick of it!" Mary said with decision, conscious as she spoke, that Harvey Thurston was gazing at her with frank admiration; and conscious, too, that he was an extremely well-set-up, attractive youth. She gazed over his shoulder, avoiding his ardent gaze, and noticed the luxurious car which awaited them.

Mary sighed. How wonderful it must be to have money as these two evidently had. How insignificant their own trouble would be if it were not for the ten thousand dollars which had banished Jimmy from home for no one knew how long—to go through hardships of which Mary did not dream.

"Then I won't intrude any longer," Miss Thurston said, to the evident disappointment of her brother, who apparently would have liked to remain as long as courtesy permitted. However, as his sister turned away, he flashed a pleasant smile in Mary's direction and expressed the hope that he would see her again some day. Mary, secretly echoing that hope, bowed politely, and, blushing very prettily, stepped back into the house.

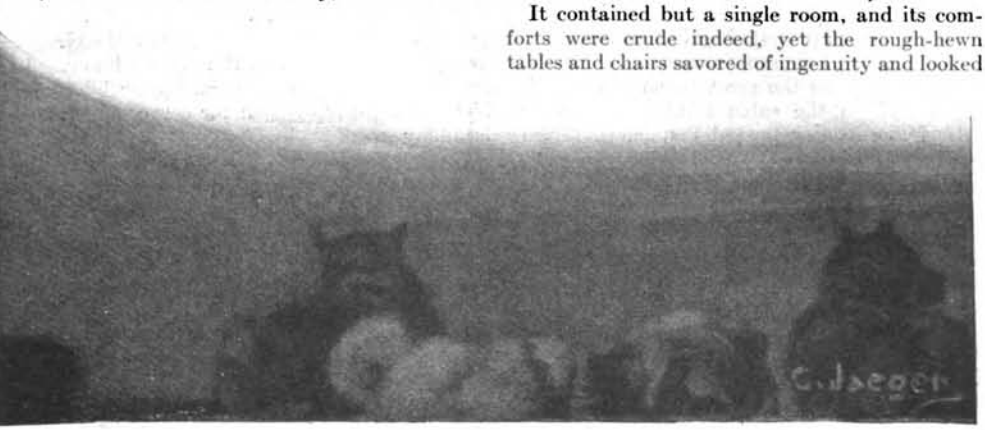
As the car disappeared, she gazed after it out of the kitchen window, her heart filled with wonder and the dawn of an emotion at which cynics scoff but which lovers know to be fact. Forgotten was Caleb Waters, and she found herself wondering whether or not she would ever see Harvey Thurston again. Something told her she would. It must have been a woman's intuition, for at that very moment, young Thurston, seated beside his sister, was casting about for a plausible reason for motoring by the Downes farm the following day.

CHAPTER XII

A MONTH elapsed, and the village of Paquinaus was at the height of its winter gaiety, shut off from the world to the south and east, encircled with a ring of ice and snow, and swept by the frigid winds that howled down from the polar regions. In the rude stores and dance halls, men and women gathered close to the stoves, seeking to pass away the weary, blizzardy days as best they might. The lumberjacks gambled their season's pay and squabbled among themselves. Prospectors smoked and danced and sang, restive under the enforced delay in their pursuit of wealth from the ground.

But while Tonetah and Jim Downes made occasional trips to the village, Jim had steadfastly declined to move into Paquinaus for the winter. Some twelve miles from the settlement, he had staked out his claim, with the aid of the Indian guide. And there, too, with Tonetah's help, he had erected a cabin of logs and stones, where he and the Indian made headquarters.

It contained but a single room, and its comforts were crude indeed, yet the rough-hewn tables and chairs savored of ingenuity and looked



genuinely comfortable. On one side of the room was Jim's bunk—on the other, that of Tonetah—and no housewife could have kept blankets more tidily folded than did the Indian guide. The chinks of the logs were stuffed with clay, dug from the river bed. In a bin, in one corner, were the mining tools. Two rifles rested against the wall, and beside them stood two pairs of snow-shoes and two orderly looking packs.

Tonetah had built a fireplace at the far end of the oblong cabin, and there was also a stove to add to the battle against Jack Frost.

Just now, Tonetah was dozing in the corner by the fire, while Jim was seated at the center table, thoughtfully writing a letter to his sister. He paused and gazed into the flames of the blazing logs. He could not—*must* not write what he had in mind. Discouragement and despair had taken possession of Jim Downes in this outpost of civilization. After weeks of heroic labor and untold physical exhaustion, he had been hopelessly unsuccessful.

Yet he had refused to give up the search for the precious vein they sought, until winter had rudely interrupted him with stern command. Then, when work in the open was no longer possible, he retired to the tiny cabin to be patient until spring. A thousand times he had told himself that he could not—would not fail—that fate could not be so cruelly unjust as to have sent him after a will-o'-the-wisp. But in the solitude of the cabin, snowbound, and rocking now and then, under the terrific icy blasts from the North, he found it hard to bolster up his courage and keep faith with himself.

The loneliness of it all wore on him, too; for Tonetah was as silent as a totem pole, unless Jimmy addressed him directly. Then he would reply in amazingly few words, and doze off again in his favorite seat by the fireplace. Yet Jim had no cause to complain of the guide. In fact, he marveled at the man's devotion. It had been Tonetah who had protested against their remaining there through the snow season.

Day by day, as the great storm progressed, they saw from the cabin window, sled after sled, making its way toward Paquinaus. Even the dogs seemed eager to reach this haven of cold-weather safety. Tonetah had assumed, as a matter of course, that his winter hibernation would be his chosen corner of Tony Lajoie's saloon. But after the first night's view of the place, and a few necessary subsequent visits Jim Downes felt he would go mad if he spent the winter months amid such surroundings.

In his keen disappointment, he preferred to remain in the solitary little mountain hut, and he resolved to do so even if he remained there alone. But Tonetah concealed whatever disappointment he may have felt, and remained without comment or protest. Occasionally he would hitch up the three dogs which Jim had acquired, and toboggan into the village, returning with needed supplies, and a few which Jimmy decided were totally unnecessary; but the Indian was always peaceful and soon slept off the results of his libations.

Now, in phrasing his letter to Mary, Jim was attempting the most difficult of all tasks—the writing of cheery words to a loved one, when disappointment and sorrow make the writer's heart heavy. But he was doing it, despite the pangs it cost him.

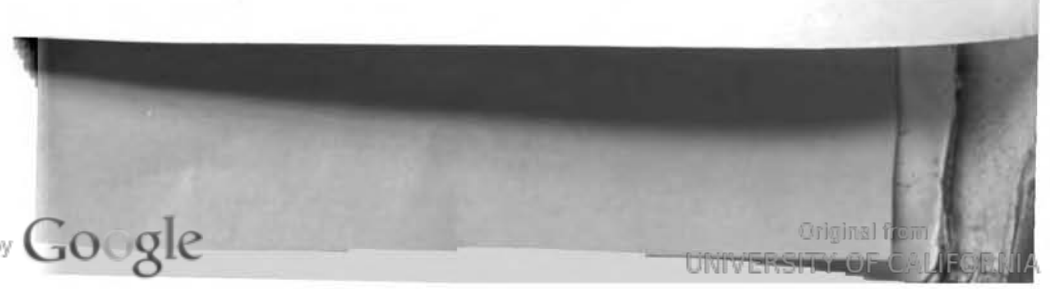
"Dearest Sis," he wrote, "It's too cold to go on with our digging, and Tonetah and I are sitting here in the cabin toasting ourselves by the fire. You'd love the little old hut, and if I had a camera I'd send you a photo of it. I will in the spring. The view would delight you, too. It's positively inspiring—vast stretches of snowy plain, with mountains that look like hazy bluish clouds, forming the background. When the sun shines, it is dazzling; and when it snows it makes me think I'm living at the top of the world. The roof and sides of the hut are covered with snow and ice, and all around us are dense forests of spruces and pines, beaches and tamaracs.

"But—before next Christmas something is going to happen. I'm not going to tell you more now—but just you wait and see. It's a secret—not to be opened until Christmas you know!"

Jim put down his pen and stared at the fire once more. He hated the deception he was being forced to practice; but he knew that every line of that letter would be read to his mother, and he dared not let her know of the doubt that was gnawing at his heart.

Just before the snow blockade had set in, he had written to Ronald McGregor, expressing his doubts and fears, and asking if the map was surely correct. But whether or not, MacGregor had received his missive, Jim did not know. In any event, it was a practical impossibility for him to have a reply from the corporal of police for many weary weeks.

There was nothing to do but wait for the milder weather. Then, if the claim they had staked out proved to be barren and a hollow mockery, after all of their hardships, he must push on into the mountains, and take his chances like any other prospector. Rising, he paced the floor with a restless, nervous manner. He had preferred the solitude of the cabin, to the tawdry, disgusting atmosphere of the village halls; but at times, the very solitude he had courted, almost drove him mad.



CHAPTER XIII

TONETAH arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and stretched himself lazily. Then he lipped into his heavy mackinaw and pulled his ur cap over his ears. Jim saw him take up one f the rifles leaning against the wall, and looked t him in surprise.

"Not going back to the village again so soon?" e asked.

Tonetah shook his head. "Tonetah tired anned meat. Go get bear!" he announced, and ithout another word, stepped out of the cabin, he wind roaring in, and sending a chill through im, before the Indian closed the door.

For a long time after he had gone, Jim Downes at there unable to finish the letter, staring into he fire and pulling absently on a pipe that had ong since gone out.

Ambition, hope, discouragement and disgust, attled through his mind. He began to wish he ad accompanied the silent Indian for the diver- ion of the hunt if for no other reason. At ength, no longer able to endure the solitude, he ut on his own things, and, taking the other ifle, started out into the sharp biting air of the intry afternoon. He went to the little house hey had built for the dogs, and found that To- etah had taken them and the sled. Perhaps he ad gone to the village, after all; and the sugges- ion of shooting a bear had only been a retext.

Jim shrugged his shoulders. He decided not o return to the cabin but to explore a bit and ttempt to throw off the despondent mood that ad wrapped itself about him. So silently he ramped away in the direction of the higher ills.

He had been gone about half an hour when a ong dog team, a vicious whip cracking over their urry bodies, came within sight of the cabin. There were two men in the sled, muffled to their yes. Both jumped out quickly when the sled topped beside the cabin door. One of them—a great hulk of a French Canadian—shouted oudly for Tonetah and Jimmy, but the wind arried his words into the trees, and as no answer ame, he thrust open the cabin door and the new rrivals stepped inside.

The slighter built of the two looked about the abin somewhat suspiciously, and then, crossing o the center table, which Jimmy had vacated so hort a time before, looked down curiously at the alf-finished note to Mary Downes. Eagerly he canned the optimistic lines which Jim had enned and which he had given up finishing in is discouragement and his natural-born disincli- ation to deceive.

It was Caleb Waters who unwound the knitted scarf from his throat and face, and looked at the unended letter with rare interest. A low whistle escaped him and he pointed out to his companion the sentence in which Jim had promised Mary that he would enact the rôle of Santa Claus before another Christmas should roll around.

"He must have struck it rich!" Waters said, a note of envy in his voice.

"Hope he has!" announced the French Canadian heartily, "although he's been making a rather poor mouth about these parts recently. Everyone thought his claim a failure. He hasn't cashed in any ore at the company store and Tonetah, his guide, has been growling like a bear with a sore head."

Waters laughed. "It's probably Jim's Scotch ancestry cropping out in him. He's complaining of failure because he doesn't want the colony to know of his success." As he spoke he looked about the little cabin as if seeking some possible place to conceal the treasure he imagined must exist in the near vicinity. "I wouldn't be surprised if the reason they are staying out here in the wilderness is the fact that they are afraid to let their wealth go unguarded."

The French Canadian shrugged his fur-clad shoulders. "No one is at home," he reminded Waters simply. Then, appraising the man from the States with curious interest, the Canadian seemed to form his own estimate of Waters and his brow clouded. "Jim Downes he is pretty popular with folks hereabouts. I wouldn't try any dirty tricks with him if I were you," he advised.

Waters, instantly on guard, shot a look of well-feigned surprise at the guide. "Any dirty tricks!" he protested virtuously. "I haven't the faintest desire to do anything that would hurt Jim Downes. I came from his home town and I want to talk to him. I hope he makes all the money in the world—for I want to marry his sister."

The Canadian laughed good-naturedly. "Excuse!" he begged. "You did not tell me you're going to be Jim Downes's brother-in-law. I go back now while the dogs are fresh and before they get too cold. You wait here until Jim comes?"

But Waters shook his head. "No, I'll go back with you and leave a note for Jimmy. It's too infernally lonely out here for me." Then, taking a leaf from Jim's writing tablet, he scribbled a hasty message.

"I've news from home. When you get back run into the village. I'll be at Tony Lajoie's place." And he scrawled his name at the end of the note.

CHAPTER XIV

BUNDLED into the toboggan, the two men sped over the frozen crust of the snow in the direction of Paquinaus, just as Tonetah, dragging his prize over the glazed surface of the ground, mounted a neighboring hill. He paused, cocked his rifle, as he slowed up his own dog team, and looked back to see that the bear he had shot was not detached from the sled. Obedient to the Indian's command, his dogs dropped on their bellies and half dug themselves into the snow. Tonetah himself, was hardly visible as he crouched in the sled and peered after the other departing sled skimming with lightning speed over the glassy surface.

"Joe Clamart!" Tonetah said to himself. "What is he doing here—and who is that with him?" But as the other toboggan disappeared amid the trees, in the direction of the village, Tonetah, stabling the dogs and tossing them their food, went into the cabin, dragging his prize behind him.

Instinct seemed to draw him to the center table of the shack, and there, side by side, he saw Jim's half-finished letter and the note Waters had left. The Indian grunted. "Jim Downes lie to sister. Very good," he nodded commendingly. "But if Jim Downes go to Paquinaus to-night, Tonetah go too."

When Jim returned, empty handed and more discouraged than ever, Tonetah was outside the hut, carefully skinning his bear and preparing the carcass for food. Jim hailed him with attempted cheerfulness, but the Indian only grunted, and Jim disappeared inside the hut. As the Indian had been guided toward the table, so was Jim. A moment later he had read Caleb Water's note and realized that Waters must have read his own uncompleted one to Mary.

For a moment he hesitated. He knew of the association of Waters and Humphreys, and he wondered what could have brought Caleb to the far North. His suspicions were aroused, yet the doubt that entered his mind only served to spur on his discouraged soul. If Waters was there to spy on him, he would give him a distorted view of the way things were going. Humphreys should take no comfort out of his lack of success thus far, and since Caleb had obviously read his note to Mary, he would naturally imagine that Jimmy, indeed, had struck luck. "If that causes Humphreys any discomfort, let him make the most of his chagrin!" Jim said to himself with the first chuckle that had escaped him in weeks.

Then, as the two sat over their evening meal, he announced to Tonetah his intention of going into Paquinaus and spending the night there. The Indian received the news in stolid silence, puffing away at his pipe. But when Jim prepared for the journey, Tonetah also arose and arrayed himself in his furs. While Jim was outside hitching up the dogs, Tonetah buckled on his snowshoes, and a moment later was standing on the silvery ground, glistening in the moonlight, all set to make his journey on foot—wherever he was going.

"Why don't you ride in the sled with me?" Jim asked when he saw the guide.

But Tonetah shook his head. "Tonetah walk. You need sled. Tonetah not going much anywhere."

Jim did not believe the man, but he had become sufficiently familiar with his moods not to question nor to remonstrate with him when he was in the present frame of mind. So, with a farewell wave of his fur-mitted hand and a cleck to the waiting dogs, he dashed off toward the village leaving Tonetah to his own devices. Yet hardly had the sled rounded the bend of trees, than Tonetah, with incredible swiftness, began to follow the trail afoot, skimming over the icy surface with remarkable speed.

CHAPTER XV

TONY LAJOIE'S place was the scene of revelry. It lacked but a few days of Christmas and the imprisoned winterers were already celebrating the holy festival, made most unholy by their revelry. In a corner, talking to two lumberjacks from the North, sat Caleb Waters and a newly arrived stranger from the South, who had alighted at the railroad station some fifteen miles from Paquinaus late that afternoon, and had been brought up in a dog sled by Peter Swanson, the giant Swede who carried the mails to the folks of Paquinaus and the rude camps thereabouts.

The stranger was dressed in smart-fitting clothes and his manner made him conspicuous amid the rough throng that patronized Lajoie's. Despite his obviously fuddled condition, he seemed strangely ill at ease. His manner was nervous in the extreme, and he had welcomed the chance companionship of Waters when he learned that the other youth, though wearing the rough camp-garb, had but lately come from New England.

The lumberjacks soon tired in their efforts to induce the newcomer to play poker, and took themselves off abruptly to join another group, leaving Waters and the stranger alone at the table. Waters smiled as he sipped his hot drink, and looked into the eyes of his companion. "I

(*Continued on page* 145)

Little Things That Made JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER a Success in Business

By GEORGE D. ROGERS

HERE is one of the most remarkable articles that has come to the attention of the editors of THE NEW SUCCESS. *It is about John D. Rockefeller and the little things that made him a great success in business. Mr. Rockefeller founded the Standard Oil Company. He put it on a paying basis. He made it a perpetual industrial force—one of the greatest business enterprises the world has ever known, by creating new methods of business that seemed utterly ridiculous to his associates but which ultimately proved that their creator had a long head. But while dealing in the bigger things of business, Mr. Rockefeller never forgot the little things—such things as courtesy, punctiliousness, abstemiousness, cleanliness, keeping appointments, and when it was more important for him to listen than to talk. Mr. Rogers, who was Mr. Rockefeller's financial secretary for many years, and who held the position of first stenographer of the Standard Oil Company, knew the great financier intimately and, therefore, writes authoritatively.—THE EDITORS.*

BACK in the early days of the Standard Oil Company, in the old Standard Block on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, the main office of the company was located. It was a large room with one roll-top desk for John D. Rockefeller, one for Colonel Oliver H. Payne, and one for Colonel William P. Thompson. My own desk, a large flat-top affair, was in the center of the room. Colonel Payne and Colonel Thompson were both inveterate smokers. Strong cigars were in evidence all day long and the air of the room was usually blue with tobacco smoke. Mr. Rockefeller, on the other hand, did not use tobacco in any form. He lived out at Forest Hill, some eight miles distant from the center of the city, and it was his custom to take an early morning drive behind a team of fast horses with the office as his goal.

When he reached the office, after an hour or two hours' drive in the fresh air, and came into this smoke-laden atmosphere, his feelings can be better imagined than described. He never voiced his protest however, but his subtle method of eliminating the obnoxious smoke was something to be admired.

Scarcely was he seated at his desk before he would find himself with an annoying little tickling cough in his throat, and then he would turn to Colonel Payne in his quiet way, and ask, "Colonel, you don't mind, do you, if I smoke a few mullein leaves for my asthma?"

So far as I know, Mr. Rockefeller never had any asthma in his life. Then reaching down and opening a drawer of his desk, he would pull out a long clay pipe with a large bowl, break up a few mullein leaves from a package, fill the bowl, light up and proceed to pull on the pipe, puffing huge mouthfuls of unsavory smoke into the room. Soon the vile odor of the burning leaves made the air unbearable. In about five minutes, Colonel Payne would have to see some one at his club; and, on his heels, Colonel Thompson would find himself with an engagement down the street.

The moment they were out of the room Mr. Rockefeller would turn to me and ask, with a twinkle in his eye, "Don't you think, Mr. Rogers, we could have a little fresh air?"

In the winter time it was customary for some of the rich men in Cleveland to race their fast trotters, attached to light cutters, on Euclid Avenue between Erie Street and Prospect Street, a distance of about a mile. This magnificent avenue, free from all cars and vehicles, and with no cross streets, was an ideal course. Hundreds of people would line the sidewalks to enjoy the contests. The fast horses and smart sleighs made a picture to be remembered.

Between Colonel Payne and Mr. Rockefeller there was a keen sporting rivalry. Both were owners of very fast trotters, with wonderful pedigrees and records. The colonel was deter-

mined to beat Mr. Rockefeller and was willing to pay the price. He sent to Kentucky and bought a very fast team, keenly anticipating the pleasure of surprising Mr. Rockefeller by coming up behind him and passing him on Euclid Avenue in view of the hundreds of spectators. Of course this was all *sub rosa*. One Saturday, about noon, a telegran was handed to me at the office, addressed to Colonel Payne. According to custom, I opened it.

"Have bought team for twenty thousand. Will be in stable Saturday night," it read. When the colonel came in I handed it to him without comment. He glanced at it but vouchsafed no remark. The following Monday afternoon was set for the colonel to spring his surprise; but there was a leak at the stable somewhere, for when Mr. Rockefeller arrived at the office, Monday morning, the first thing he said was, "Colonel, where did you get the new team?"

Colonel Payne turned on me with a face like a thunder cloud. "Rogers," he said, "what did you tell J. D., for?" Mr. Rockefeller instantly spoke up in my defense. "No, colonel; Mr. Rogers is not in this. I got the information another way."

Why Rockefeller Was Abstemious

I REMEMBER that Professor Harper of Yale once asked Mr. Rockefeller why he was so careful and abstemious in his diet, at the same time commenting on the fact that Mr. Rockefeller never used intoxicants or tobacco.

"In my business," replied Mr. Rockefeller, "we have many perplexing problems, and I want to keep my mind so clear that I can not only look *at* a problem but *through* it,—view it from all sides,—and, if possible, even get the other man's point of view of that problem."

One day at Mr. Rockefeller's home he said to me, "Mr. Rogers, you know that I have not been in the Standard Oil Building in six years."

"Yes, Mr. Rockefeller," I said, "this is only the fourth time this year that I have talked with you face to face."

"Do you know," he continued, "I believe that I am of just as much value to the company as if I were down at the office every day bothering with details that others can attend to.

"You know how I conceived the idea of shipping oil in tank steamers to the Far East," he continued, "and you know also that we shipped five million dollars in oils to China and Japan before we got one cent of return; but, Mr. Rogers, the Standard, to-day, is paying forty millions a year in dividends, mostly from the Far East."

On another occasion he made this comment: "Mr. Rogers, you know the faith I had in our ability to pump oils long distances, and how I finally converted all my associates to this view. To-day we are pumping oil from Oklahoma into Bayonne, New Jersey; and there are not enough railroads and tank cars in the United States to handle the oils coming through."

A Deposit of Five Millions

ANOTHER clear-brained financial genius of that time was James Stillman. The National City Bank was not always the towering institution that it is to-day. It received its first impetus of any moment through Mr. Stillman. While I was in Mr. Rockefeller's office, a telephone call came for me from Mr. Stillman asking me to come over to his office. After the usual preliminary greetings, and without any evidence of making an unusual request, he said, "I want Mr. Rockefeller to deposit five million dollars in this bank."

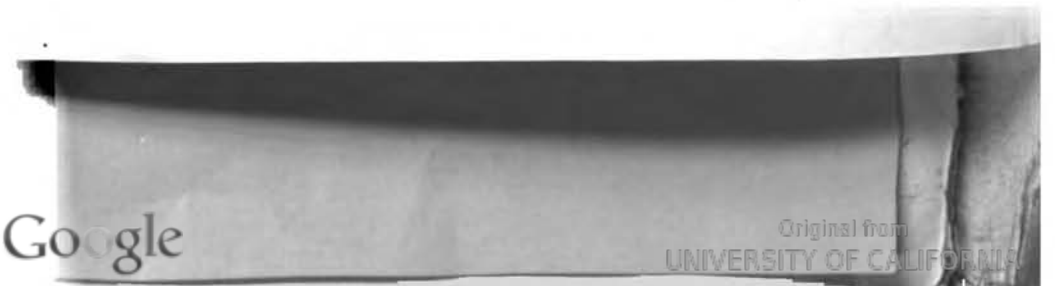
My first question concerned the interest which the National City would pay on the deposit. "I will pay three per cent, four per cent, five per cent, six per cent, seven per cent,—any rate of interest—but tell Mr. Rockefeller to forget about the interest," he returned, and then went on to explain his plan. "I want five millions from Mr. John Rockefeller, and I expect to get five from Mr. William Rockefeller, five from Standard Oil, five from Mr. Morgan, five from Kuhn-Loeb, and from others. There are a number of big undertakings coming along—syndicates and underwritings—that only big capital can handle, and the probabilities are that I will make Mr. Rockefeller ten, twelve, fifteen per cent. The rate of interest makes no difference. I want him to deposit five million."

Of course he got his money.

How Morgan Kept Appointments

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that our office had many and frequent dealings with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., I had very few dealings direct with the late head of the firm, but one incident always stands out clearly in my memory as a worthy example for business men to follow in the making and keeping of their appointments.

I was given an appointment to see Mr. Morgan at 10:15 A. M., and reached his office at 10:10. Apparently some one else had been given an appointment ahead of me for ten o'clock, and it was equally evident that up to the time of my arrival, the ten-o'clock appointee had not put in an appearance. Exactly at 10:15, the time of my appointment, the ten-o'clock man arrived and his name was announced.



The answer came back from Mr. Morgan, "Mr. Blank's appointment was for ten o'clock. Show Mr. Rogers in. Tell Mr. Blank he can have an appointment at the same time day after to-morrow."

As everybody knows, Mr. Morgan was sometimes brusque in his speech and manner, but he was always fair and just. Charles King, his secretary, told me that he once reminded Mr. Morgan of a caller to whom Mr. Morgan had promised certain things, and, at the same time, he told Mr. Morgan of the terms. Mr. Morgan's answer was characteristic. "If I promised to do so and so, go do it—why bother me?"

Mr. Morgan's able leadership and generalship was demonstrated in the 1907 bank panic, when he summoned to his private library the president of every bank in New York City and Brooklyn, and requested an exact statement of their affairs. His request was responded to unanimously, as all realized that he would deal squarely and for the good of every one—that he would place the public welfare above private gain.

Protecting His Interests

AT the time of the so-called "McKinley panic," I was living at Allenhurst on the New Jersey Coast, and Mr. Rockefeller was at Cleveland, Ohio. I had been out driving, and before I had time to get out of my carriage a New York broker, who was stopping at the hotel, met me at the curb with the startling announcement that President McKinley had been shot. Mr. Lovatt, my right-hand man, who had charge of the private wires to the various brokerage offices, was at Asbury Park, not far from Allenhurst. In about five minutes, he drove up, having just heard the news. We conferred together a few minutes and decided on a course of action necessary to protect Mr. Rockefeller's interests.

The Allenhurst drug-store had the only long-distance wire in that town, and we wasted no time in reaching it and taking possession of the telephone. For nearly two hours, by dint of argument and persuasion, we held that wire against the howling mob besieging the booth; but in this time Mr. Lovatt had called up and interviewed and secured pledges from all of Mr. Rockefeller's brokers to give his orders precedence when the market opened in the morning. He then got Cleveland on the wire, told Mr. Rockefeller what had been done and received further instructions. We were in New York City with the milkmen next morning, and over our private wires to Cleveland received fuller details and orders. When the market opened, Mr. Rockefeller's brokers, in coöperation with Mr. Morgan and other financial interests, were prepared to support the market to the extent of several millions of dollars.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Mr. Rockefeller is 81 years old and an enthusiastic golfer. This photograph was taken just after he had finished eighteen holes.

Agreeing to Disagree

HENRY M. FLAGLER'S sense of humor is seen in this little note of "inside" history. When the business of the Standard Oil had grown to where it seemed necessary that its affairs should be handled by the nine principal men as trustees, S. C. T. Dodd, the able attorney for the company at that time, drew the first rough draft of the Standard Oil Trust Agreement. Without comment, each man took his typewritten copy and went his separate way—Mr. Warden to Philadelphia, Mr. Lockhart to Pittsburgh, Mr. Pratt to Brooklyn, H. H. Rogers to Fair Haven, Mr. Archbold to Olean, and Mr. Flagler and Mr. Rockefeller to their homes. A few days later they met to compare notes. Changes were made, new copies typed, and the same process repeated. Interminable discussions continued week after week until it seemed as if they would never get anywhere. Finally, one day, after a particularly heated session, Mr. Flagler said, "Gentlemen: I move that we strike out all after the word 'Whereas'."

A Lesson in Cleanliness

AN interesting side-light on the character of Mr. Flagler was revealed to me in a conversation which took place

in my presence between Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Flagler on the subject of charities. Mr. Rockefeller was urging Mr. Flagler at the time to join him in some of his benevolences. Mr. Flagler demurred on the ground that there were plenty of people who would give to regularly organized societies and charities, but that so far as he was concerned he intended to use his money in doing good another way.

Then it was that he voiced his plans which later resulted in his world-famous Florida hotels. He said that he intended to go to Florida and build a system of hotels and railways, and so make it possible for the southern planters to get their tropical fruits to the northern market. Thus, these farmers and all the hotel and railway employees and other wage earners would be able to make a decent living and support themselves and their families. For his part, he went on, it was his belief that in doing this he would be organizing an industry which would offer steady employment to innumerable deserving, self-respecting people, giving them steady employment, good wages, and decent conditions of living, during years to come. That decision was the beginning of the system of hotels and railways in Florida and the through express trains to and from the northern points.

As showing the utter lack of the sense of the eternal fitness of things, I must tell the story of a young man who, years ago, came to the offices in Standard Block. He was the nephew of a prominent railroad official and was applying for a position. After stating his case he handed me a big envelope that contained his letters of endorsement. The envelope looked as if it had been kicked around in a coal bin. Its appearance was anything but commendatory. Because of his connections, however, I went to Mr. Rockefeller and stated the matter, offering him the package of recommendations. He gave a quick keen glance. Then without accepting the package he said, "Tell that young man he will find soap and water in the lavatory on the floor below."

Rockefeller Keen for Courtesy

HERE is another story that illustrates Mr. Rockefeller's punctiliousness and constant demand for courtesy. We had a green office boy in the old Pearl Street office who had much to learn. He bustled in one day on Mr. Rockefeller with the eager announcement, "Bostwick wants to see you."

Mr. Rockefeller looked up very quietly, and in his slow, deliberate way asked gently, "What did you say?"

The boy repeated his statement and turned to go, but the soft voice brought him back with the question, "*What* did you say?"

This time the boy raised his voice. "Bostwick wants to see you." Mr. Rockefeller again arrested him and still more softly insisted, "*What* did you say?" The boy was nonplussed, and probably thought Mr. Rockefeller was becoming deaf, so this time he fairly shouted, "*Bostwick wants to see you, I tell you!*"

Once again the purring voice said, "*What* did you say? Oh! you mean that *Mr.* Bostwick would like to see me? All right, you may go and tell *Mr.* Bostwick that *Mr.* Rockefeller will be right down to see him." That boy never forgot his lesson in politeness.

There was a poor boy who was recommended to me by his Sunday School superintendent. I was told that the boy was honest and ambitious, and that he could be depended upon, so I agreed to try him. My first impression was disappointment. His hair was uncut and was growing down his neck; his nails were an eighth of an inch long and soiled; his pants were two inches above his shoe tops, and his shoes looked as if they never had been polished.

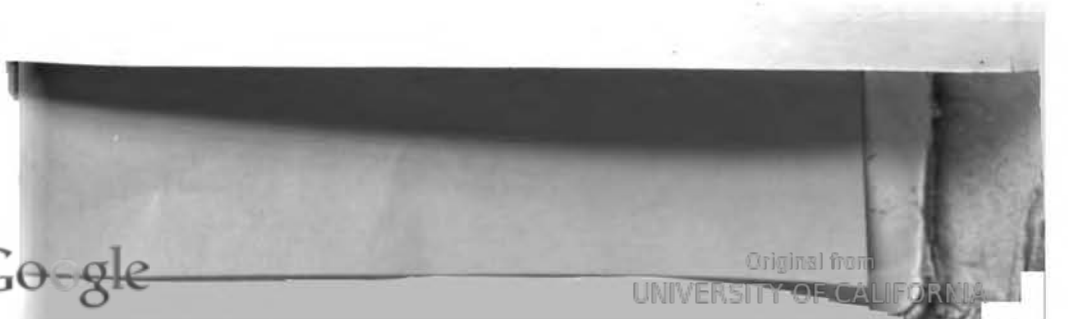
But he had a pleasant smile and manner, looked you straight in the eye, and said he wanted to learn and get ahead. I watched and studied him carefully for two days, and decided that he was worth while. So, in a kindly way, I talked to him about his appearance and gave him a quarter for a haircut. He never neglected his looks after that. Every day his face and hands were clean and his shoes brushed. Soon he was studying shorthand, practicing penmanship, and getting acquainted with the books. When the summer was over he went with us to New York and became a valued clerk. Some years later he returned to Cleveland and married the daughter of a well-to-do clergyman. He eventually became a successful business man. So much for a boy who has it in him *to try*.

Another really enviable personal characteristic of Mr. Rockefeller was that he would never do anything for himself that he could get someone else to do. When he signed a book of certificates he had the colored messenger turn the pages and blot his signatures. One day I was reading to him an important letter which called for an interest calculation. Instinctively I began a rapid calculation, but my reproof came without delay. "Mr. Rogers," he said, "you have clerks to figure interest. Touch your bell."

Knew When to Talk and Listen

AN amusing illustration of this trait as well as of his generalship is well shown by the following happening at an annual Sunday

(*Continued on page* 148)



Why So Few Men Become Famous

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

Illustrations by Alton E. Porter

WHEN you were about three days old, some one looked down at your little bald head and your face that was like a ed, red rose and dreamed dreams of the future which you were the star actor on the stage of fe. At the age of four, you were told that if you ere a good little man and went to Sunday chool you would grow up to be President. At arious times since that reward was promised, ou have experienced the desire to be famous. veryone has the disease sooner or later. It is as ommon as dandelions the spring, as contagious as measles, as evitable as death.

Suppose you still want be famous and are illing to work at the ob. Can you put it ross? Instead of conring up fancies out of he cold thin atmosphere, which Bryant's waterwl used to float around, t us take a walk on ongfellow's sands of me and observe the otprints. Let us base ir conclusions on a oup of our famous aders compiled by a stinguished body of ir present-day citizens. About 1900, a quarter a million dollars was accepted by New York University to provide a Hall of Fame for great Americans. A list of persons, nominated by the general public, is submitted every five years to one hundred well-known Americans who act as electors. No person may be nominated as an "immortal" unless he has been dead for ten years. No name will be approved unless it receives the votes of a majority of the electors.

Fifteen classes are provided and elections have been made as follows:

Some one looked down at your little bald head and dreamed dreams of the future

MEN

Authors: Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Poe, Cooper, Bryant, Bancroft, Motley, Parkman.

Educators: Horace Mann, Mark Hopkins.

Preachers and theologians: Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher, William E. Channing, Phillips Brooks.

Philanthropists and reformers: George Peabody, Peter Cooper.

Scientists: John J. Audubon, Asa Gray, Louis Agassiz, Joseph Henry.

Engineers and architects: None.

Physicians and surgeons: None.

Inventors: Fulton, Morse, Whitney, Howe.

Missionaries and explorers: Daniel Boone.

Soldiers and sailors: Grant, Farragut, Lee, Sherman.

Lawyers and judges: John Marshall, James Kent, Joseph Story, Rufus Choate.

Rulers and statesmen: Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Jefferson, Clay, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Madison, Andrew Jackson, Hamilton.

Business men: None.

Musicians, painters and sculptors: Charles Gilbert Stuart.

Other eminent men: None.

WOMEN

Authors: Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Educators and missionaries: Mary Lyon, Emma Willard.

Home or social workers: Frances E. Willard.

Scientists: Maria Mitchell.

Musicians: Charlotte Cushman.

Thus far, fifty men and six women have been chosen. Can you make for yourself a place among these famous men and women of America? There is at least a possibility of it, if you are willing to work hard and follow the rules of the game.

"Strike three—you're out!" And such is fame.

Perhaps you may become famous, if—

First. You engage in a "famous profession." Such a profession, by the way, is one in which your achievements may be brought to the favorable attention of a multitude of your countrymen. It is not an accident that every person chosen for the Hall of Fame has come from the professional classes. Did you ever hear of a famous farmer, or miner, or manufacturer, or storekeeper, or policeman, or servant girl, or clerk? Permanently famous, that is, long after they were dead? Yet, according to the latest available census figures, ninety-four per cent of those engaged in gainful occupations in the United States belong to the non-professional classes. In 1910, there were only 1,712,489 persons engaged in the occupations from which the famous men of America have been elected.

Fame Depends on This—

EMERSON once remarked that any person might become illustrious by building supermousetraps, but he never attempted to take his own advice literally. Doing *anything* better than anyone else does it may cause you to become so rich that your income tax will equal the salary of a railroad president and make you so agreeably well known that strangers will turn to look as you go by, but that does not insure lasting fame. To become famous depends upon *what you do* as well as *how you do it*.

It is no mere coincidence that of the twenty-seven individuals who have been elected President of the United States, fourteen were lawyers in early life, and nineteen at the time of their election. Of those already selected for the Hall of Fame, thirteen were authors, two were educators, four were preachers, two were philanthropists, four were scientists, four were inventors, one was an explorer, four were soldiers or sailors, four were lawyers, eleven were rulers or statesmen, and one was an artist.

Why should fame come to those in certain occupations and be denied to those in others?

Perhaps the most important reason is that the men in the famous professions have the opportunity for creative work. They are the builders of new things. Their work bears the indelible stamp of their own individuality. They do not merely imitate.

Agassiz discovered facts about fossil fishes that astounded the world. Jefferson formulated a new doctrine of political freedom. Fulton conceived an untried method of transportation. The fossils had been hidden in the rocks long before Adam and Eve quarreled over the apple; the Declaration of Independence was based on the philosophy of many minds; the steam that made Fulton's wonder-boat possible had been blowing the tops from volcanoes before the puny footsteps of man began to tread the earth, but it took the vision of modern leaders to set the truth before the world.

The Right Profession

TO the man in the average trade, marked individuality is impossible. The potatoes raised by Pat O'Brien are very similar to the spuds produced by Mike O'Connell. The coal mined by the sweat and toil of Anton Kushner is of the same carbon deposit as that brought to the surface by John Kolipinski. The world will never know which man's labor gave it to the

he world. Wherefore, neither Anton nor John ill achieve fame. But the village preacher in Monongehela, Pennsylvania, where they work, nay institute a moral crusade that will finally weep the country and leave his name for future enerations to revere. Therefore, it seems ecessary to follow this formula: If you desire ermanent recognition, choose the right pro-ession.

Secondly. You may become famous if you onnect your name with some permanent con-ribution to the life of the people. When the me comes for your achievements to be weighed the balance, the world will ask only one ques-on. It will not matter whether you were eautiful or ugly, the son of royalty or the son of ditch digger, fat or thin, tall or short, married single, red-haired or with no hair at all, a Iason or a Knight of Columbus, rich or poor, Democrat or Republican, a strong man or a onsumptive, a hard-shell Baptist or a Southern resbyterian. The only question will be, "*What id you do for the permanent betterment of the orld?*"

Of the one and a half million individuals in the famous" occupations, only a small percentage ill ever be known beyond the communities in hich they live. Of the 118,018 clergymen on the st, not more than a handful have a national eputation. Of the 107,888 lawyers, the majority re defending the small fry who ppear in the police courts, or, erhaps, are settling the estate Mike Maloney, who left five ndred dollars and seven children. here are 2,347 individuals listed as ventors, and though their ideas ay be worth millions, it takes a perinvention to bring its creator me. Those chosen for the Hall of ame have been individuals famous ot only in their generation but in ose which followed. Some tangible idence of their life work stands efore us to-day so that the mere nage of the work suggests the name its creator.

The ghosts of the *Barefoot Boy* nd *Rip Van Winkle* still pass up nd down the land. The telegraph ill taps off the name of Morse. ur banking system still acknowl-dges its debt to Hamilton. No story of the temperance movement is complete ithout the story of Frances E. Willard. Gilbert uart has perpetuated himself not only by his tistic genius, but because he painted the rtraits of famous men. Our mental image of these men has to a large degree been influenced by his portrayal, and the fame of the artist has been strengthened by the permanence of his art.

You needn't be good-looking to be famous

As an example of fame that may not endure, consider "Babe" Ruth, the best-known individual in the athletic world to-day. Every time he hits a home run, the sterling achievement is recorded in a thousand sporting sheets throughout America. In rival cities, street cars bear the sign, "Babe Ruth Here This Afternoon," instead of the prosaic, "Baseball To-day." But the minute the mighty slugger steps off the diamond for the last time, old Father Fame will begin heaping dust upon his footprints. In the years to come, a new generation of fans will arise to whom the name of George Herbert Ruth will be unknown. Away back in the eighties lived another baseball player who performed for the Minneapolis team. He batted forty-five home runs past the outfield and established a world's record that endured for a quarter of a century. Yet how many of our fans ever heard of Perry Werden? *Tempus fugit* still, likewise the fame of home-run kings.

Meanwhile, in some obscure corner of America, there may be a genius of another trade who is not getting a fraction of the publicity accorded the baseball heroes. Perhaps his work will be comparatively unacknowledged before his death. But, when it comes time for him to go, Father Fame may spread a revealing chemical on his tracks and, like a thumb print slowly appearing in outline before a detector of crime, his record will stand forth, clear and distinct and permanent, and the world will pay honor to his name. It is as true in regard to fame as in a spiritual sense that those who sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but those who sow to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

Thirdly. You may become famous if—say it softly—you are a man. The new era of universal suffrage may give woman the privilege of gaining recognition. The fact remains, however, that, in the past, the ratio of famous men to famous women has been out of all proportion to their number. In the Hall of Fame, fifty men have been named, the majority of whom should be known to every schoolboy. Six women have been selected. Four are unknown, possibly, to the majority of well-educated Americans. Can you, yourself, account

for the fame of Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Maria Mitchell, or Charlotte Cushman? The very manner of their choice is significant. When the Hall of Fame was first conceived, there was no provision made for the inclusion of women. Then some one protested that they should not be forgotten. In the first election, of the ninety-five electors—all individuals of wide education and experience—nine excused themselves from voting on the names of women.

Some of Fame's Oddities

TAKE the first requirement mentioned above: that of being in a famous occupation. Census figures show that only 779,324 of the individuals in the professional classes are women, and of this number 467,864 are teachers in the public schools. Of the 1,579 individuals listed as sculptors, only one hundred were women. There were 558 women lawyers out of a total of 107,888. There were 3,060 men serving as journalists, while 508 women were so occupied. There were 2,303 male and 44 female inventors. Of the 6,816 magistrates and judges, every one was a man.

As another test, which is most likely to become famous, a university instructor or a teacher in the grade schools? Of the former eighty-one per cent were men while of the latter eighty per cent were women.

Many women have been made temporarily famous as "Mr. Famous Man's Wife;" but, to a real man, there is no more terrible fate than to be known as "Mrs. Famous Woman's Husband." In the last analysis it is only the strangeness of the situation that is appalling. Men dislike it because it reverses the usual order of events.

The figures quoted were compiled in 1910. Women are entering more and more into all kinds of occupations, but it will be a long time before they can hope to excel in all of the activites of men. If you take exception to this statement, put down in one column all the famous living American men you can think of in five minutes, and then try, in an equal time, to match each name with that of a woman of equal distinction. It simply can't be done. Throughout history, the work of women, though of supreme importance, has not been of such a character as to bring them fame. Yet how many statesmen have attributed their success to the influence of their mothers! Women, instead of achieving for themselves, have won reflected glory in the achievements of their sons.

Fourthly. You may become famous only if you give your whole life to your chosen work. Young men rarely attain permanent fame. Fifty-six persons have been named for the Hall of Fame. Three of them, Bancroft, John Adams, and Peter Cooper lived more than ninety years; eleven lived more than eighty years; sixteen more than seventy years; ten more than sixty years; seven more than fifty years; and three died between the ages of forty and fifty. Not one died before the age of forty. We sometimes look upon the Vice-Presidency of the United States as a comparatively unimportant office, yet the Constitution wisely provides that no one can be elected Vice-President until he is thirty-five. When Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall was first nominated for this office, he was fifty-eight years old. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee this year, was only thirty-eight years of age. He has served in the New York Assembly and has made an admirable record as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. But his record is yet to be made. If he achieves nothing more his place in history can not be a large one.

A person's real commencement comes, not when he stands before the college authorities to receive his beribboned diploma, nor, indeed, when he has been a few short years in public life, but, rather, when he can say, "I have mastered my life work; my days of greatest achievement are at hand." Not one-fourth of our citizens ever reach the age of seventy, and yet, that is the average age of those chosen for the Hall of Fame. Over one-fourth, in fact, die before they reach the age of five years.

One Achievement Does Not Promise Fame

FAME is not a hundred-yard dash. It is a Marathon. Only those with endurance win. One swallow does not make a summer and one important achievement seldom makes a famous man. One crowded hour of glorious life may be worth an age without a name, but it takes more than a single crowded hour to bring lasting recognition. Years, not hours, are the standards of fame. Men look with awe on the "famous" old redwoods of California. Centuries of growth were required for them to reach their present majestic state. Can you imagine such a thing as a "famous" violet?

Of the great men of America, with the exception of the inventors, few have achieved their distinction from one achievement. Can you account for the fame of Washington in a single phrase? Will Roosevelt be remembered as the "Rough Rider," or as a writer, or as a statesman, or as a leader of progressive thought, or as an advocate of whole-hearted Americanism? It is impossible to take a snapshot of his achievements. A time exposure must be made.

Nor is an individual's record secure until the l curtain is rung down on his career. One retable act may obscure the work of a lifetime l transform honor into disgrace. Benedict old was a brilliant general, but, in history, bears the name of traitor. Aaron Burr was e a statesman, but he is remembered as the assin of Hamilton and the instigator of a wide-ead conspiracy.

The test of permanence operates to devitalize of our time-worn beliefs that military life he surest road to honor. War orators echo call to lasting glory, and poets their songs fame's eternal camping ground. Yet the e that comes from participation in battle is a y impersonal one. Soldiers are, as a rule, young n whose life work is still to be performed. It is one of the saddest tragedies of war. Visit ational cemetery where sleep the brave, and v the thousands of white marble slabs in-bed with many a forgotten name. The very of the soldier is too much like the heroism is comrades.

n the World War, 7,450,000 men were killed battle. Great nations participated in the flict. It is impossible for millions of in-duals to become famous. If any save a few he leaders achieve fame it must be because "carry on" after they return to civil life. eady the names of Sergeant York, America's t decorated hero; Guynemer, the French and the commander of the Lost Battal-have disappeared from print—and to the erations to come their names will hardly be emory.

ifthly. You may become famous if you are ng to pay the price. The lives of genius are n lives of tragedy and disappointment. Our sidents are the most bitterly criticized indi-uals in our national life. John Adams was cked as a lover of monarchy, was condemned his own Cabinet, and was defeated for ection. Andrew Jackson quarreled con-tly with Congress, and the Senate turned n his nominations as fast as they were pre-ed. Emerson lost his mind. Though two ion copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were , the author is said to have failed to average e than $400 a year in royalties from the sale. ry Clay was denied his life's greatest ambi-. Lincoln was repeatedly charged by northern ers with "disregarding and defying the laws" more than once, was threatened with im-chment. Grant was forced into bank-cy by the dishonesty of business associates. Whitney's great invention was stolen by ls. Jonathan Edwards was the only son in a ily of eleven children.

YET there is an extraordinary amount of ordinary "hot air" connected with the sufferings of famous persons. Did Frances E. Willard walk miles through the city streets because she lacked money for car fare? Tens of thousands of Americans in the Year of Our Lord, 1920, are doing the same thing. Yet they have no prospects of fame. Did Henry Ward Beecher suffer persecution and ridicule for his beliefs? So has every radical thinker in history. If you don't believe that mob spirit will still attempt to repress individualism, walk barefooted down the main street of your town. It won't hurt anyone, and is, without doubt, the way nature intended you to travel. But if you should try it and not be arrested for causing a riot, your town is dead.

Did Washington suffer at Valley Forge? What about the hundreds of nameless heroes who suffered with him? What about the thousands of the poor who shiver in the wretched homes of poverty during our winters? Did the author of "Treasure Island" battle with tuberculosis and finally yield to its power? What of the 100,000 Americans who die every year from the same dread disease, not to mention the multitude of his own countrymen. The hardships peculiar to famous folk is largely of a mental nature. They attempt more and, therefore, fail oftener.

Is Fame Worth While?

TWO men live side by side. One is a house painter and the other a painter of portraits. The first does an honest day's work and draws his regular pay in the coin of the realm. No great disappointment there! The second, however, covets recognition for his artistic skill. So he toils through many weary years before he is at last acclaimed as a master artist. But so far as the ordinary human woes are concerned, they are as likely to cross the path of one as the other.

Take up your daily paper; examine the record. Carl Johnson, an American planter, is killed by bandits in Mexico. John Wright, a street-car conductor, is fatally wounded in a family quarrel. Charles Thompson, eighteen years old, the only support of a widowed mother, is drowned in the Potamac River. The record of the burial places of thousands of American, French, and British soldiers is discovered in the German war office in Berlin. Read the human story back of these facts and consider the tragedies written there. Does genius suffer more?

The reason we magnify a great man's troubles is that they are brought into the spotlight of publicity along with his achievements. We are

(*Continued on page* 150)

Fifty Years in Uncle Sam's Diplomatic Service

Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, and His Half Century of Honest Endeavor

BY ARTHUR W. DUNN

"I CANNOT give another fifty years of service to the government," remarked Alvey A. Adee when I called at his office in the Department of State, to congratulate him on completing a half century in the diplomatic service of the United States. It was his little joke—he has always had his little joke—and, often, with a bit of humor, he has been able to clear an atmosphere which had become somewhat murky with diplomatic problems.

No, Mr. Adee cannot give another fifty years of service to his country. He is eight years beyond the psalmist's threescore and ten, and a man who is almost an octogenarian cannot expect to have many more years of active and useful life. But when the books are balanced it will be shown that this wonderful official of our foreign office has done far more than his share.

Mr. Adee's diplomatic career began in 1870, when he became secretary of the legation, at Madrid. We had no embassies in those days; all our foreign representatives were ministers, and they lived at legations instead of embassies. He continued in the foreign service until 1877, when he came to the Department of State, in Washington. He was made Third Assistant Secretary in 1882, and Second Assistant Secretary in 1886, a position he has held continuously ever since. Often he has been Acting Secretary of State during the absence of the two higher officials of the department, and, several times, he has been designated Secretary of State *ad interim* when there was a vacancy at the head of the department.

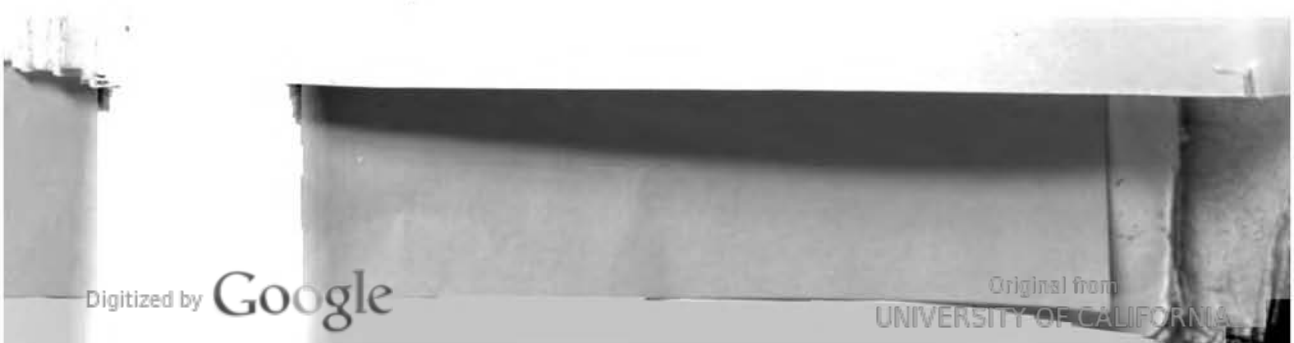
Much of the time, and particularly during recent years, he has suffered, or, rather, has been greatly inconvenienced by deafness. This affliction has caused him to draw more and more within himself and give his time to official duties, having as little personal contact with people as possible. He has found solace in reading and studying, all subjects in various languages occupying his time and attention. He has always been a student, and, as a scholar, has few equals, particularly along the lines of history of peoples and diplomatic negotiations. He has followed every branch of human knowledge, but has specialized particularly on those subjects which have been his life work. He is a linguist of exceptional capacity, having mastered several languages. Mr. Adee is known in the department and among his friends as a purist of English. He is careful to use words that give the exact shade of meaning to the sentences and thought that is to be expressed—a phase of his character that has been extremely valuable in the preparation of diplomatic notes and documents. For years, everything of that character, if of particular importance, was submitted to his scrutiny and judgment before being signed and dispatched.

His long study of diplomacy made him an authority on diplomatic usage and precedence. Many a hostess with a company of foreign guests, has sought his advice and followed it in the matter of precedence at table. Foreigners have ever been jealous of their positions in this regard, and the seating of guests at diplomatic dinners at the White House has often been referred to Mr. Adee, in order to see that rank and precedence should be scrupulously observed at these functions and that no diplomat, even the representative of some small country but with rank of long service, should have cause for offense by being placed below a man of more consequence but of less rank.

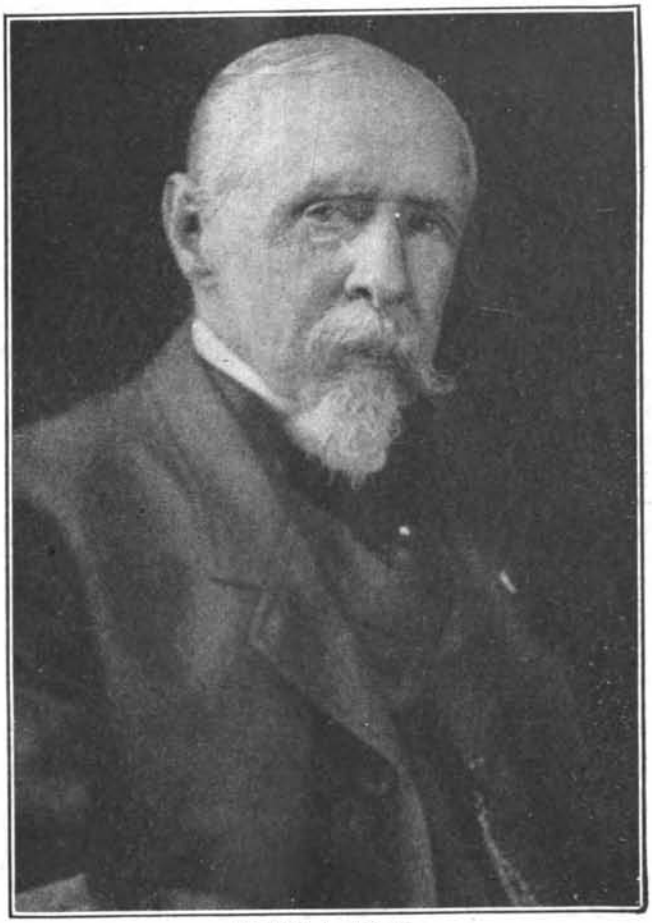
He Knows Both Nations and Men

A MAN of infinite detail is Alvey A. Adee. "Everything worth doing is worth doing well," might be his motto; for he never allows anything to pass over his desk that has not received scrupulous attention—that is not as near perfect as he is able to make it.

With his wonderful fund of information, Mr. Adee has been an invaluable assistant to every Secretary of State during the last forty years. He has been able to furnish the facts in regard to



all that has transpired in diplomacy, and to show what was public and what was personal in influencing the action of foreign statesmen. He has known the nations and also the men who govern nations. But more particularly was he valuable in keeping the course of United States diplomacy in a straight course so far as concerns the notes and papers emanating from the department. He saw to it that they expressed what was intended and that they followed the lines of best diplomatic usage.



ALVEY A. ADEE

For Fifty Years the Second Assistant Secretary of State

In the years before the World War, Mr. Adee took an outing each year in Europe. He selected a time late in the year after the general run of tourists and travelers had returned. He seldom, if ever, followed the beaten paths. These trips were made on bicycle and generally in company with Mr. Alexander M. Thackara and Mrs. Thackara, who was a daughter of General William T. Sherman. Mr. Thackara was United States consul at Havre for many years, then consul-general at Berlin, and, later, at Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Thackara and Mr. Adee rode bicycles into remote parts of European countries and saw much that escaped the tourists on the regular routes of travel. In fact, they saw Europe as it really was, and saw the people instead of the officials and shopkeepers. As showing the devotion of Mr. Adee to detail, it should be stated that these trips were planned months

in advance and worked out minutely—even to the days when the party would arrive at every place along the tour and to the hour when they would be at a certain hotel in a city or at a chalet in the remote mountains of Spain or Switzerland. These rambles were devoted largely to out-of-the-way places, along routes rarely frequented by American travelers.

Believes in Capable Assistants

MR. ADEE is a modest and retiring man. He does not like the limelight. His preference is to remain in his own office and see as few people as possible; and, in later years, his wishes in this respect have been followed. He is consulted by a few officials, but his work consists largely in the consideration of important papers and documents which have been referred to him for comment or correction. He never attends any but necessary official functions now and has no taste for social life. He has a few intimates and only a small number of near friends. The Thackaras, with whom he often toured Europe, were his most intimate friends. He never married, and, to a great extent, has lived the life of a recluse among his books. In his home he has a wonderful library, particularly a classical library, and he makes use of it. He not only reads and re-reads, but he has memorized all the best in classical literature. He can quote from the classics "by the yard." It was a real treat to hear Secretary Hay and Assistant Secretary Adee quote from the classics. One would begin a sentence or part of a quotation, stop, and the other would finish it. They both enjoyed the mental exercise. Mr. Adee is one of the great Shakespearian students of the country.

Long ago, Mr. Adee learned the value of good assistants, and he has always had an efficient and capable force. Many years ago, when he was engaging a stenographer, who afterward became and still is his secretary, he found out that she had about completed a course in Spanish.

"You must learn French, also," he said; "no person can remain in the State Department without a knowledge of at least two languages besides English."

His idea in regard to languages spread over the department, and on his hint and encouragement many of the employees became accomplished linguists.

Mr. Adee is a temperamental man—sometimes quite irascible and impatient when interrupted in his regular work. On that account, many stories have been told and written about him, many of which, he says, were the fancies of newspaper correspondents who desired to fill space. Back in those days, when he was Acting Secretary of State for months at a time, and often when there were serious complications between this country and foreign governments, such as the Boxer trouble in China, he was often irritated by interruptions and questions which he did not consider important. It was natural that a man with his affliction should dislike to engage in conversation, particularly in discussing questions of gravity and delicacy.

And yet, withal, he was often pleasant and agreeable, and always painstaking and careful in his statements.

He Has Filled an Important Niche

MR. ADEE occasionally would write a word or two, in pencil, on the corner of an official paper which would contain a dry comment upon the man who wrote the document, or on some expression in it which struck him as amusing. He also had a way of working off witticisms and little jokes by saying, "So-and-So said—" followed by something he had himself evolved.

Isn't it curious, when you come to think of it, the manner of life of this man, a man of ability and energy and intense application, a man who has lived much within himself and yet has had such a great part in world affairs? He has filled a niche in the scheme of things—an important niche. For years he was the indispensable man in the public service. He has known the inside workings of the diplomatic world; he has been the custodian of important State secrets long since passed into history. He has come in close contact with the foreign representatives at the National Capital for more than forty years. But more than all else, he has been the trusted assistant of fifteen men who have held the office of Secretary of State. In all these years he has been dealing with the nations of the earth. The world has been his field, the wide, wide world of diplomacy and international politics. It has been an honorable career.

WORK is the grandest cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.—*CARLYLE*

LOVE'S INVITATION

"COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Come unto me, ye who are held back by ill health, by bodily weariness, by physical handicaps, from doing what you long to do, and I will show you how to be well, how to be strong.

Come unto me all ye who are unhappy and I will make you glad. No matter what darkens your horizon or troubles your life, come to me, and I will help you solve your problems. I will give you peace and harmony.

Come unto me all ye that are dejected, despondent, wandering in darkness, and I will put a new spirit in you; a new lamp in your path. I will flood your souls with the light that never was on land or sea.

Come unto me all ye that worry and fear and I will give you a prescription which will heal you. I will show you that it is ignorance of your locked-up powers that makes you a worrier, a coward, or a weakling; that all who come to me have nothing to fear or worry about.

Come unto me all ye who are disappointed in life, whose ambitions have been thwarted, whose ideals have become blurred, whose visions have faded out, and I will revive them; bring them back to the brightness and promise of your palmier days. I will show you how to use your divine power so that you may still make good.

Come unto me all ye who have yielded to temptation, who have made grevious mistakes, and been punished by society for your wrong-doing, and I will wipe out your offences and renew your souls. I will put a new heart in you; give you courage and strength to make a new start in the right road.

Come unto me all ye who are homeless, moneyless, friendless, alone in the world, and I will fill your hearts with light and cheer and love; will heal every wound, satisfy every need, for I am the source of all power, of all happiness, of all riches—I am divine Love.

THE PILGRIMS

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," etc

LOOK, suddenly a ship upon the sea,
And a New People had begun to be!
A ship, a tossing speck upon the deep
Swung lightly from long centuries of sleep.
A frail ship fleeing from the tyrant's rod.
Carried thru storms the purposes of God—
Carried the fiery seed
Come down from Marathon and Runnymede—
Carried thru ocean billows, white and whirled,
The Christ new-born—the Freedom of the world!

THEY came, the Pilgrim flock,
To build upon imperishable rock
The vision that Saint John of Patmos saw—
A nation built four-square on love and law.
They scorned the priestly rite, the kingly sign—
Proud to be nobles of a lordlier line,
Proud to be princes of celestial birth,
Patricians of a Kingdom not of earth.

A LIGHT of God upon their spirits hurled
Changed for their eyes the fashion of the world.
All titles and all dignities went down:
The plowman's cap was equal to the crown:
Only one thing in all the world worth while

The favor of God's smile.
They askt no honor—only that they stand
At the Last Judgment on the Lord's right hand.
No pomp of minions served them night and day,
Yet warrior angels watcht above their way.
Ever above this world so wild and dim,
Another world lifted its shining rim.
They oft were outcasts, wandering in strange
lands,
Yet looked for palaces not made with hands.

THEY knew they had a destiny to fill
As conscripts of a high mysterious Will—
Knew they were chosen by divine decree
Before the land was or the hoary sea.
They had been snatcht out of the smoking Pit
By the rich mercy of the Infinite.
They bowed all husht under affliction's weight,
Yet thundered into battle and debate.
Humble as dust they knelt before their God,
Yet stood up tall before the tyrant's rod:
They cried their prayers with groanings and
strong tears,
Yet fearing God they had no other fears.

O PILGRIMS, in your deed
Earth's hope was folded in a little seed.
You carried in your hands
Fire that has lit the torches in all lands.
Take your reward from Him who dwells above,
And from our hearts take reverence and love.

PURPOSE

AN English clergyman arriving late one evening at a railway station in London, jumped into a cab, merely telling the cabman to drive as fast as he could. After some time, impatient at not reaching his destination, he called to the driver and asked what he was doing. "I am obeying orders, sir, driving like fury," was the answer. "But you have not taken me to my home, remonstrated the clergyman. "You didn't tell me where you lived," said the cabman. "You told me to drive you just as fast as I could, and I am doing it!"

Many of us are like this clergyman. We have neglected to mark out our life course; we have no definite object, no particular destination in view. We are "bound nowhere at full speed."

The title of the song so popular a few years back, "I Don't Know Where I'm Going, But I'm on my Way," would very aptly describe the mental attitude of thousands of young men and young women who are just starting out for themselves, but don't know where they're going. They have vim and courage and ability a-plenty, and could make a splendid success of their lives, but they will fail for lack of a definite purpose, one all-absorbing aim into which all the energy of their life should be poured.

A man starting in life without a definite aim is like a ship that should start out on the ocean without chart or compass, or any definite port in view.

The failure army is full of people who drifted through life without any plan, without heading for any goal in particular. Half the human race is adrift, without aim or purpose, living an unplanned, hand-to-mouth existence. There are millions of human barks on the sea of life, sailing aimlessly, without chart or compass, and yet they wonder why they never get anywhere.

With a definite goal in view and an inflexible determination to reach it, you will win out, though the whole world should try to hold you back.

The Majesty of the Law

A Story that Tells How it Was Unintentionally "Offended" by Little Pete

By ROBERT MACKAY

Illustrated by Alton E. Porter

LITTLE PETE sat and wondered with a wonder through which ran threads of fear and doubt. For some time he had been conscious of something that was constraining his young life and was many degrees removed from the delightful surroundings of his earliest recollections. Just what it was he could not say, and just how it had come about he did not know,—being too blessedly young,—but the influence remained. His mental nose scented trouble, so to speak.

There are some scientists of the psychological sort who aver that children and wild animals have an intuitive or sixth sense, that becomes blunted when, so far as quadrupeds are concerned, the security of domesticity renders it needless, and, in the case of bipeds, it is replaced by the powers of adult reason. This same sense is the one that causes coming events to "cast their shadows before," as we who grudgingly recognize the remnants of its existence within us are accustomed to say. "A touch of liver," explains the family practitioner, when you tell him of your forebodings. "Swear off!" suggests your nearest friend, when you relate your belief that "something is going to happen." "Just nerves!" you say to your wife, when she tells you that she has a sense of impending misfortune. In the meantime there comes a Black Friday in the mercantile world, and then, maybe, you vaguely recall the hints given you by your mysterious and prophetic monitor.

Somehow little Pete felt that the big room in which he and his mother sat—a room with a distant ceiling, vast windows dimmed by dusty yellow shades and filled with the faces of strange men, had considerable to do with the uneasy and restless feelings that had been his for months, due wholly to his unknowing and unblunted intuitions. He dumbly understood that the things with which those feelings had to do were about to be brought to an end—or, perchance, a beginning,—in that very room. Feeling, too, that his mother was as much awed and perplexed as he was, he waited until he thought nobody was looking, and cuddled up close to her and kissed her ear tip. Mrs. Brinslay squeezed him very hard indeed, and her eyes brightened with sudden tears which she tried to wink into dryness but couldn't.

LITTLE PETE would probably have been more affected by the sight of the tears if he hadn't poor little chap! become more or less accustomed to them. For six months—æons to him,—he had seen them in her eyes almost daily. One morning his father woke him, kissed him many, many times, told him to always love his mother, cried a little, and then left,—not to return. Peter, thereafter, noticed that his beautiful mother was always sad, and that her eyes were more often wet than dry. Likewise, she didn't play with him nearly so much as usual, but she wrote scores of letters and sometimes took him to a building that seemed to touch the clouds, where, at the end of a dizzy trip in an elevator, they entered a room and his mother talked and talked to a big man with a pointed beard. Although Peter knew, in his unknowing way, that his father was mixed up with these talks, and although he also heard the big man use such words as "action," "separation," "alimony," "neglect," he necessarily did not understand what they meant.

In the meantime he missed his father. He plied his mother with questions as to where his father had gone, and why he didn't return, and she replied mostly with hugs and sobs and tears,—unsatisfactory and disturbing elements to be used in filling a baby's brain.

Little Pete saw that the big room was filling with yet more strange faces. To his right was a row of queer-looking boxed-in seats, in front of which stood a fierce giant, uniformed, glittering with buttons, black-whiskered, and loud-voiced. These seats were presently taken by a lot of men who stared at Pete and his mother in a way which the little fellow thought was rather rude. Next came the big man with the pointed beard, who shook hands with the mother and patted the boy reassuringly on the head. With him came an-

other man whom Peter remembered having also seen in the sky-cleaving building. He also shook hands with the mother, but ignored her son, whereat the latter felt aggrieved.

THE room continued to fill, and little Pete noted that most of the other people in it were outside of a long railing, inside of which he and his mother and the big man were sitting. He saw, also, at a long table, a number of men who were armed with pencils and large pads of white paper. Two or three of them stared hard at Peter and his mother, and then turned to their pencils and paper and made marks, and again looked up and stared. Peter's mother dropped her veil softly, and told him to look at the people in the back of the room.

Then came more uniformed giants, one of whom commanded silence and the removal of hats. Little Pete nudged his mother, who did not seem to have heard the order. There was silence, indeed,—silence that sent a thrill of awe through little Pete, a thrill of awe that turned to genuine fear when a tall, serious man, with a heavy, white mustache, entered from a side door and took his seat under a great red canopy. Before him was a high desk, over which the judge, as the man proved to be, could just be seen by little Pete if he cautiously slid off his chair and tiptoed just a little bit. Pete got one look, and slid back again. He rubbed his little hands together and placed them between his knees. He hunched his back once or twice, and tried to look pleasant, but the foreboding of awful mystery weighed heavily on him. What was this great thundering, all-important man going to do to him,—to his mother? What was this awful silence? Why did those grim, strong-chested giants glare at every one save the thundering man, as if even to smile or to breathe were a crime?

Little Pete squirmed and swallowed an awful lump. Then he turned his face up to his mother's, just in time to see her give vent to a little gasp, while her hand, which had rested on his arm, tightened, so that he nearly cried out with pain. Chancing, at that moment, to look toward the boxed-in seats, to his great joy and amazement he saw, sitting near them and inside the railing, his long lost and much missed father.

The whirl of joy and excitement that surged through him, as he made the discovery, prevented him from taking instant action. By the time that he had recovered himself somewhat, and had softly,—oh, so softly, for fear that he might disturb that mighty legal silence!—whispered the news to his mother, preparatory to making an instant loving dash at his father, something happened that stayed his purpose. There uprose before him one of the giants, who looked directly at him and bellowed out:—

"Silence in court! No talking!"

THE stern-faced judge also joined the interruption by rapping on his desk with a wooden mallet,—rapping directly at Peter, so the boy thought. Under the circumstances, he thought that the best thing to do was to restrain his desire to throw his arms around his father's neck until the giant and the judge should cease their personalities. Evidently his mother thought likewise, for she whispered to him to keep quiet and to remain close to her. Yet, while he obeyed, he was none the less puzzled by the incomprehensible situation. True, his father was smiling at him, and he dared to smile back, but—Peter gulped,—the idea of only giving him smiles when hugs and loving words and scores of questions about being a good boy and what he had been doing were clearly due after such a long separation! Even that smile of his father was somewhat peculiar. It didn't set little Pete to giggling in anticipation of the fun that should have followed, or send his blood spinning gleefully through his young veins, as usual. On the contrary, it made him feel much as he did when "Rags" his Skye terrier, came home dangling a broken and bloody leg, the result of an attempt to nip a passing motor-car.

Little Pete was about to confide his mixed emotions to his mother, when again came the sharp "rap-rap-rap" of the little mallet, and the judge said something about a calendar. Then there came a confused period in which men crowded toward the judge's desk, shutting Peter's father from the son's sight, while somebody somewhere droned out coupled names to which came snapping monosyllabic replies. Suddenly Peter heard the unseen call out his own name.

"Brinslay *versus* Brinslay," chanted the voice.

The big man with the pointed beard jumped to his feet and shouted:—

"Ready!"

From somewhere in the direction of his father, Peter heard, like a muffled echo:—

"Ready!"

Then the men with the pencils, at the long table, glanced curiously at Peter's mother. Two of them rose and approached the man with the pointed beard.

"Will you go on with the case to-day?" one asked.

"Yes."

"Thanks! May we say a few words to Mrs. Brinslay?"

"No," said the big man decidedly; "can't you

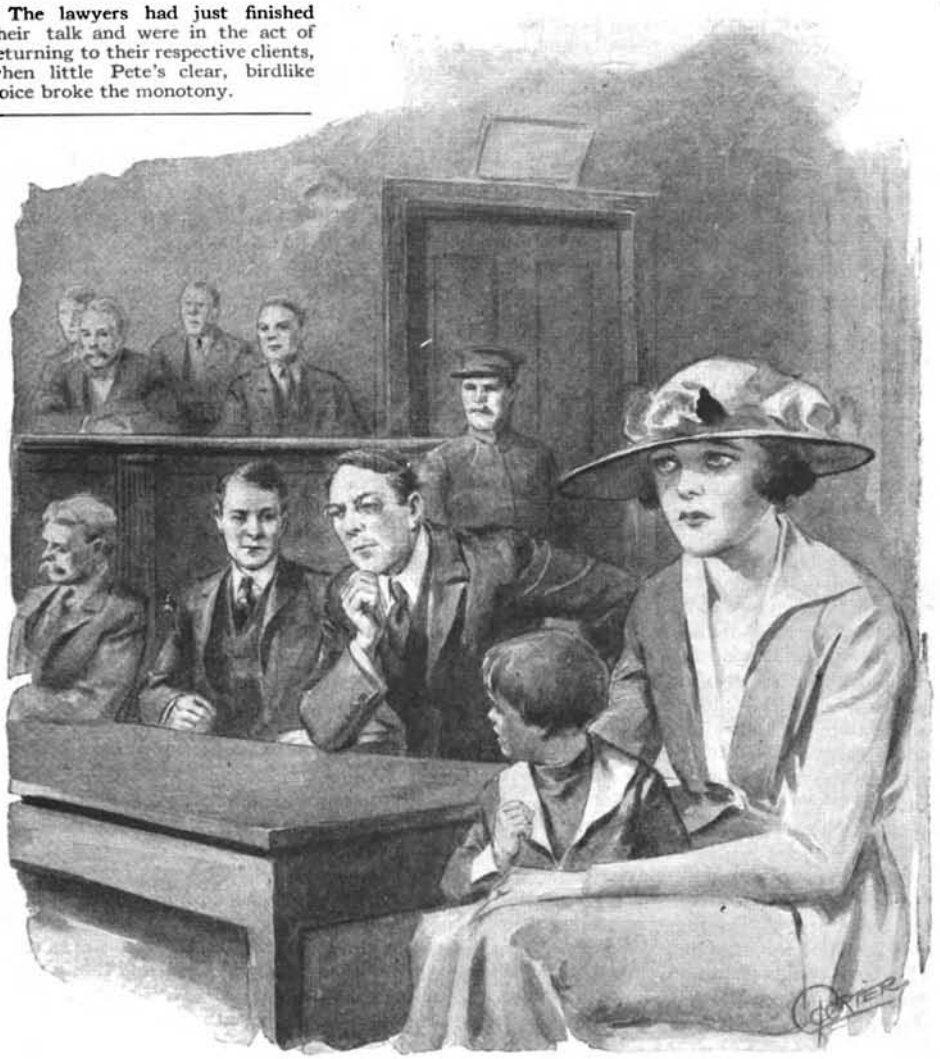
see that I have all that I can do to keep her up to concert pitch? Drop into my office after court. I may have something to say."

LITTLE PETE, with the sharp ears of childhood, had overheard these words, but remained unenlightened. The cloud of uneasy mystery that hung over his world seemed to thicken and choke him. The reporters retired, the crowd in front of the judicial bench gradually thinned, the drone of the clerk grew slower, and at length ceased, and little Pete once more caught sight of his sadly smiling father.

"Silence in the court!"

There was a hushing of the vocal hum, a sound of people settling themselves comfortably and expectantly, a rustling of papers, a subdued slam of distant doors, and then—that awful legal silence.

The lawyers had just finished their talk and were in the act of returning to their respective clients, when little Pete's clear, birdlike voice broke the monotony.



Little Pete's heart began to beat thick and quick, as his sixth sense warned him of the imminency of some great event. There was a pause while the judge looked over and signed some

documents. The big man looked at the man who was sitting beside Peter's father, and motioned him to a corner. There they began to talk earnestly, but in whispers. Peter looked at his father. Mr. Brinslay was staring hard at a spot of spring sunlight that had managed to evade the grime of the windows and the barring of the dusty shades and was dancing joyously over the judge's head.

Little Pete looked at his mother, who was sitting motionless, apparently looking at the floor; and he saw piteous tears rolling slowly and unheeded down her cheeks.

"Brinslay *versus* Brinslay," again intoned the clerk.

"Ready!" returned the big man with the beard and the other man in unison. The judge's gavel gave a pistol-like crack, and Peter heard his mother give a little distressful cry. The two lawyers turned, and, prior to opening the case, began a hasty low-toned conference with the judge.

THEN little Pete glanced at his mother, and, seeing her still crying softly, forgot all,—forgot the big room, the stern white-whiskered man whom everybody seemed to fear, the fierce faces and imposing uniforms of the giants, and the crowd of strange faces,—and knew only that she, his beloved mother, was hurt or frightened, that he, Peter Brinslay, did not seem able to help her, and that evidently his father didn't know anything about the matter, or he would—well, he would do just as he used to do before he went away. He would put one arm around mother's waist and lift up her face and call her "dear" and "sweetheart," and kiss her first on one cheek and then on the other. Obviously it was Peter's duty to acquaint his father with his mother's distress.

The lawyers had just finished their talk with the judge, and were in the act of returning to their respective clients, when little Pete's clear, birdlike voice broke the monotony.

"Papa!"

No power on earth could have made him keep back that word. He just had to say it, and, had he been possessed of a prideful nature, he would have been very much gratified by the sensation that he had created. The judge's gavel went up instinctively, but remained poised in the air. "Silence!" roared the giant, but he failed to complete his warning. The lawyers, lacking precedent, acted not, but stood still, eyeing each other resolutely.

But little Pete had lost all regard for court decorum, and naught did he care because the wheels of a mighty metropolitan mill of justice had been clogged by his tears and sobs. Again and insistent—as it was to be fateful,—came the little fellow's voice:—

"Papa! Mama wants you, papa. She's crying."

He had got quickly down from his seat and was struggling blindly in the direction of his father. A great tremor shook the frame of the man as he rose to help his little boy. Pete stumbled over a chair, and a stalwart officer whose own dear ones were more to him than life or law picked the little fellow up and placed him in his father's arms. Mr. Brinslay kissed the boy warmly, and dried away his tears with consoling whispers. Mrs. Brinslay sank back quietly in her chair and as quietly fainted.

MR. BRINSLAY bade his son return to his mother, who was being attended by her lawyer and a couple of sympathetic but curious women of the audience. As Mr. Brinslay saw this he instinctively rose, but was restrained by his legal adviser.

"She's in good hands," he said, "and will be all right presently; we must not forget the purpose for which we are here."

So little Pete's father, with a sigh of relief, resumed his seat, and the wheels of justice began to revolve again. Then the mother regained consciousness, but it was evident that it would be some time before she could take the witness stand. Her lawyer asked for a brief adjournment, which, the other side consenting, was granted. Mother and son retired to the anteroom.

Mr. Brinslay remained in court, looking white and haggard. His lawyer suggested a walk through the courthouse corridors, but he would have none of it. When, at the end of an hour, the lawyer with the pointed beard reported that his client was still in a state of collapse, and unable to testify, Pete's father looked a little paler, and sent a polite message to the invalid to the effect that Mr. Brinslay regretted to hear of the indisposition of Mrs. Brinslay, and trusted that she would soon recover. And Peter's mother sent a reply to Peter's father,—that she thanked him, and felt better.

THE time for adjournment of the court for luncheon drew near, and still the Brinslay *versus* Brinslay suit for separation had not been opened. There came a lull in the business of the bench, and the court gazed long and thoughtfully at the waiting defendant. The exigencies of his office had molded his features into austere rigidity, yet in his eyes were still the traces of human kindness, and beneath the sterner lines of the mask were others that bespoke a knowledge of and a sympathy for human weaknesses. As he looked at Peter's father, this higher and tenderer side of his nature seemed to be made more manifest.

(*Continued on page* 152)

From Ada Patterson's letter to the editor of THE NEW SUCCESS, accompanying her manuscript, "Giving the Aged a Chance":

"Dear Mr. Marden: Here is my pet story. I put my whole heart into it, and I sincerely hope that it will awaken a response. It should strike a chord in those who are no longer young, and those who are interested in them and their possibilities.

—ADA PATTERSON."

Giving the Aged a Chance

How the Remaining Strength of Those Who Are Full of Years Shall Be Cherished and Utilized

By ADA PATTERSON

"WHEN is a man old?" I asked one of the most eminent physicians in New York City.

"A man is old when his blood pressure reaches one hundred and fifty," he answered. "At what age he reaches that blood pressure depends upon himself. If he is a glutton it may come when he is fifty years old. I have a patient who is old at fifty, and one who is young at seventy-eight.

"The secret of youth is to eat only so much as the mechanics of the body can take care of with ease. Gluttony causes a residue in the system that clogs the entire machinery. This poison generates old age for it raises the blood pressure. The reason that an elder man thinks he can't think as well as he did in his youth is this: he stuffs himself with food, and the blood that should nourish his brain is appropriated by his stomach. Old age, as we usually see it, is the accepted torpor that follows a too heavy meal. Moderation in eating and proper elimination will keep any one young."

This was no dietician who spoke, but one of the most famous of American surgeons. He added: "If a man's attitude toward life is right, he need never grow old. The right attitude is good cheer, the spirit of usefulness, and control of the appetite."

"I am interested in the rays of human energy," I said. "I believe they should be mended and conserved. When may a man expect that his energy will lessen?"

"From fifty to seventy, by physical laws, it decreases a quarter as rapidly as it increased between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five," he answered. "A man may accelerate or retard the rapidity by his outlook, which includes, of course, his manner of living."

Change the Views of the So-called Aged

THUS the science of advancing years. But what of the economics? What shall be done to turn to good use the remnants of human energy? How shall the strength of final years be cherished and utilized? How shall the stream that runs more slowly still turn the wheels of progress and achievement? What shall be done with the remaining strength of those who are full of years?

First change the view of the so-called old person himself and the view of the world about him.

A woman went out to a cemetery on the Jersey Coast and shot herself to death beside her husband's grave. She left a note addressed to her daughter saying: "The world doesn't want old folks." The woman was fifty. The age at which an American beauty announced her engagement to marry! The marriage has endured for nine years and she is happy.

What if the eight United States senators—the subject of Arthur Wallace Dunn's article in the August issue of THE NEW SUCCESS—who are over fifty, more than sixty, past seventy—septuagenarians all of them—had believed

what this woman believed, had done what she did? An orator called the United States Senate a "serene body of old men." The youngest man in the Senate—he was thirty-five—grinned. The rest looked as if they had received a compliment. As they had.

A Relic of Ancient Days

THE idea of that woman of fifty, that she had become old, an idea that grew into a tragedy, is a relic of ancient days. It belongs to the same category as the idea that the world is flat; that leeches saved our lives by relieving us of our blood supply; that certain diseases must be allowed to progress because they were incurable. Public sentiment slumbered on the pillow of that idea. Came war to awaken public sentiment. It was found that when the lusty young, still on the up-grade of their energies, went across seas to make their sacrifice for world liberty, those of salt-and-pepper hair, or those of the silver thatch, who remained behind, took up their work and did it well. In many instances, they did it better. It was a vindication of the Noble Band of Elders. It pointed the way to the solution of the problem of the aged. It did not solve it; for who wants the scourge of war as a solution for any problem? It pointed the way because it proves, beyond question, the value of the remnant of human energy.

> THERE is no justice or fairness in ranking people by their years. People ought to be judged old or young by their mental condition, their attitude towards life, their youthful or aged thought. If they face toward youth and optimism, if they are hopeful, cheerful, enthusiastic, they ought to be classed as young, no matter what their years may say.

We vision every tract of land in our country as cultivated and yielding a rich harvest. We picture buildings rising on vacant lots. We fancy every wheel of every mill turning. We devise plans whereby every head of a family shall own his home or that he will be able to house himself and them at a reasonable rent. We dream of universal peace. We plan for better times and make ready for better deeds. We have imagination enough; but we forget an important problem. It is a modern problem. It concerns salvage of human waste. It is: "What shall be done with the remnant of human energy?"

We drive through a hill country and wonder why the water-power of that country has not been utilized. The streams may not be wide or very deep. There is only one Niagara. But we know there is power there and we ask why it is not turned to profit. That is the problem of the aged.

They Do Not Ask for Help

THE ancients were as thoughtless and mistaken in regard to this as to other problems that have been solved. "They are old; therefore, they are useless. We will maintain them because we must," was their deduction. Yet the modern person who has passed middle age does not want to be maintained. He wants to be allowed to maintain himself. He does not ask help. He asks that he be allowed to help himself.

An intelligent elder woman begged me to present the plea of the old. She says: "I am an old woman. According to the unwritten law of economics, I am past the age of usefulness. By usefulness, I mean that I am no longer considered as rightfully belonging in the rank of wage-earners.

"Consequently, I am doomed to a dependence, which, lovingly and loyally assumed, is far beyond the strength and income of those who care for and shelter me.

"For forty years, I was a breadwinner. In that time I held positions of trust; positions that required brains, probity, respectability, education, tact and refinement.

"I can say, without meaning to boast, that I have never failed to give satisfaction in any position I held until my hair became gray and my face slightly wrinkled.

"Since that epoch in my life, so unavoidable, so sure to come, I have vainly sought work. I have the same acuteness of intellect, the same honesty, the same respectability, the same tact, increased by experience and matured judgment.

"I have sought it in every avenue. I have offered my services where my pride rebelled, because necessity drove—and have failed. I have been told, sometimes kindly, sometimes brutally, that my age made me ineligible."

This woman has written for newspapers, has drafted maps for the Government, has worked in a publishing house on Fifth Avenue, and has washed dishes in a Third Avenue restaurant. She has reared three children. She is an excellent housekeeper. I asked her what she still can do. She answered: "I could still be useful in a publishing house, as I was for three years. I could

edit a household page for a newspaper or such a department for a magazine."

But she is a dependent. She sits in a high, uptown apartment in New York, an economic weight on younger members of her family who can ill afford the burden, because of what she terms "the prejudice against gray hairs."

I believe that she could still secure employment. Perhaps it awaited her just around the corner before she turned back the last time and climbed the steps to the elevated station to take the train home—a home that had been loaned.

She has accepted the Via Dolorosa. That is what Frank Norris, in his "The Octopus," called old age.

Not "The Road to Pain"

OLD age should not be The Road of Pain. It should be for those who have achieved a competence, a long holiday. For those who have not achieved financial independence, it should be the way of self-respecting self-support.

What shall be done for them? First let us drop the word that has been used to label weakness and inefficiency and helplessness. Let us drop the term "aged," as we have dropped the other obnoxious term, "old maid." Let us call them not the aged, but the elders. It is a better word, truer, and it means more. It carries with it the flavor of wisdom as a rose carries fragrance.

> THE very belief that our powers are waning; the consciousness that we are losing strength, that our vitality is lessening; the conviction that old age is settling upon us and that our life forces are gradually ebbing away, has a blighting, shriveling influence upon the mental faculties and functions; the whole character deteriorates under this old-age belief.

The auditor of a great international organization has had a survey of the procession of from eight to ten thousand employees for twenty years. He has known their capabilities. He has known their effectiveness. He said: "A man after past fifty who knows his job is worth four times more than a young fellow in the job. He ought to be paid four times more. He ought to be paid one-fourth for knowing his job, the other three-fourths for his acquaintance with life, his knowledge of human nature, his wisdom in dealing with humanity."

The way of the elders need not be Via Dolorosa. It should be the Way of Hope for Usefulness.

The same physician who defined old age as blood pressure that reaches 150, told me that elders find pleasure and usefulness in light farming or in gardening, and in building. An elder—the physician called him an old man—delights in a saw. An actor whom the critics like to classify as the man who arrived when he was old, Frank Bacon, built a "life-size playhouse" on the lawn of his home at Bayside, Long Island. It was a perfect playhouse. Elders who are handy with saw and hammer are invaluable in the houses of their junior. The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, knowing this, opened the Crawford shops where men of from seventy to ninety years make toys and a living. They carve dogs and cats, giraffes and elephants from wood and paint them in brilliant colors. The toys are sold in a shop at 28 West Fifty-First Street. Parents bring their children to the Old-Men's Toy Shop. Grown-ups buy the brilliant bits of color for their studios. Singers and players go there to buy luck pieces for themselves or other members of their superstitious guild. The stock is always low because the demand far exceeds the supply.

"There seems to be no limit to the number we could sell if we could produce them," says Mrs. Evelyn Sawyer Turner the manager of the workroom at the Crawford Shops, near East River, New York City.

"There is no dearth of eager elders anxious to make them. The cost of materials is the obstacle."

Where Fires of Independence Blaze

INTO the office came an old salt, whose voice used to rise above the elements. He had sailed the seas for sixty years. He might sun himself all the rest of his days at Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, but the fires of independence blaze high in him. He would rather make toys and pay for his little room and frugal food and the few clothes he needs than lead an effortless life. A small growth appeared on his forehead. The manager sent him to Bellevue Hospital to have it removed. "I suppose you won't be back for a couple of weeks, Mr. Burns," she said.

"I'll be back in half an hour," he said. His head swathed in bandages of white linen, he returned within the half hour. He worked the rest of the day, and all of

the next day. "A man gets tough before the mast," he said.

They say little about their lives, these men who carve their economic independence along with the bright colored toys. Their life companions have dropped away, most of them into the grave. Their children are scattered. But they are cheerful at their work because they are self-respecting through self-support. They talk politics. They crack jokes. They are content.

On another floor, in a sunny room overlooking a square of green, the women work at sewing-tables. They make clothes for children and children's children, the dolls. They are less content than the men. They talk of "what they used to have." It was a woman who was turned to salt for looking backward. We women limp behind the men on the road of content, a road made easy by adjustment.

The Loyal Order of Moose, having put Mooseheart, the home school-town, a republic governed by the children of the Order's deceased members, on the way of permanent success, is seeking a site for a home for its elder members. When the site is secured it will afford the retired Moose a chance to employ his strength and ingenuity in toy-making, in light farming and gardening. The Moose elders will seek other outlets for their energies. One of their number is a popular guide about Mooseheart.

They Do Not Give Up

SCIENCE has not decided what proportion of our energy at its highest is left in our last decade, or two, or three. It may be 10 per cent, a good interest rate. It may be 33⅓ per cent, an interest which in the world of finance would be called usury. There are men who, at sixty-five, show little lessening of the strength that was theirs years before. There are men who from seventy to eighty do a prodigious amount of work. They are a bit more careful about their diet. Whether 10 or 33⅓ or 50 per cent of the vigor and efficiency of thirty-five years remain, they should be utilized. They should be harnessed to work for the pleasure and profit of the elders and for the profit of society.

Elders should not "give up because they are old." They should set their faces against a false idea. The calendar has been turned back thirty years. The threescore-and-ten allotment has become a hundred years. Every man should be a young man, though old. Society should contrive means for the employment of the energies of its elder members.

CHRISTMAS is the great occasion when we are all supposed to renew our allegiance to the Christ, to put the Christ teaching of the brotherhood of man in practice. Christmas ought to be a great heart-mellowing, affection-quickening, friendship-renewing occasion. It is the time of all others when we should realize that we are all brothers; that we are all members of the same great human family, children of the same great Father-Mother-God. It is the time, if ever, when we should recognize that though oceans and continents divide us, though we speak different tongues, may differ in race, color and creed, yet we are so closely related in thought and motive that our deepest, most vital interests are identical.

"GOOD salesmanship means getting a good price for good material. It is not always the best salesman who sells the greatest quantity of goods, but it is the best salesman who sells the greatest quantity at the best price."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

INITIATIVE

By J. Ogden Armour
President of Armour & Company

OPPORTUNITY is looking for the man with initiative. She needs him even more than he needs her. And who is the man with initiative?—Simply the man who can do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, without being told. He is the man who does not wait upon his "boss" to tell him *how, when* and *what*—to do. He relies on his "boss" to *aid* his plans, but not to *make* his plans.

If you follow instructions, and follow them well, you are above the average; there will always be a place for you in the world of affairs.

But, if you can *exceed* your instructions in doing the things that ought to be done, then you are among the chosen minority. Destiny has picked you for special preferment—you have initiative.

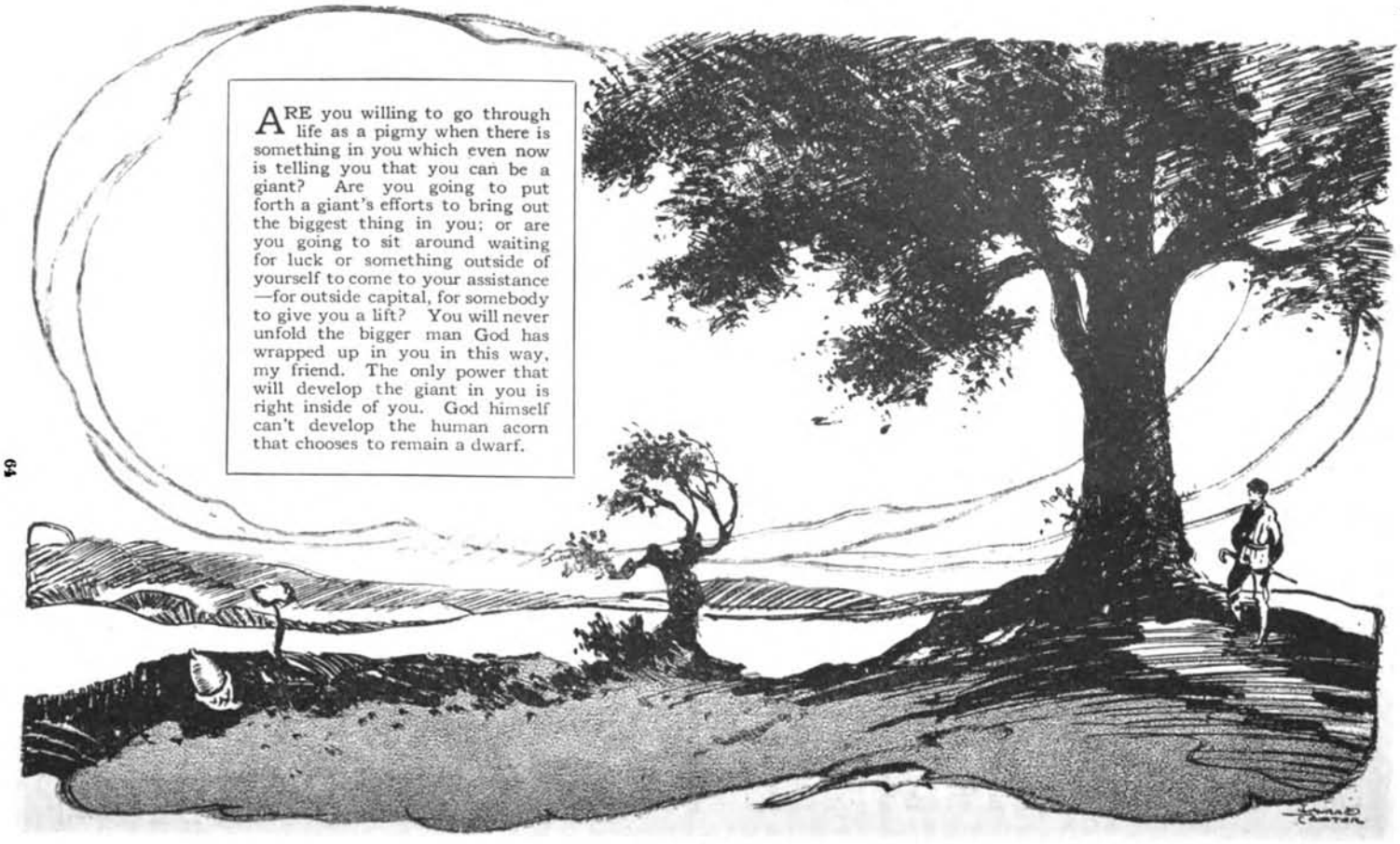
Initiative is the power to *create,* all else is but the ability to imitate. And for every man who can create an idea, there are a thousand who can skillfully imitate it. For each person who can move forward on his own impulse, there are scores who can go ahead only if some one else will supply the impulse. This is the same as saying that real initiative is very rare; therefore it is in great demand.

We need in this world the men who can "carry the message to Garcia," but still more do we need the man who can furnish the message.

Cultivate, therefore, the habit of being a self-starter both in thought and action. I give you a simple test; think of one *new* thing, to-day, which *you* can do for your company's interests. Then *do* it.

That will be initiative; and you will find that it is made up of about one part superior ability and three parts superior determination. Repeat the test to-morrow, the next day, and the day after, until it becomes the habit of your thought and life to explore new fields and break down old ruts. That will make of you a success as your *own taskmaster,* which is the first great stepping-stone to other successes beyond.

ARE you willing to go through life as a pigmy when there is something in you which even now is telling you that you can be a giant? Are you going to put forth a giant's efforts to bring out the biggest thing in you; or are you going to sit around waiting for luck or something outside of yourself to come to your assistance —for outside capital, for somebody to give you a lift? You will never unfold the bigger man God has wrapped up in you in this way, my friend. The only power that will develop the giant in you is right inside of you. God himself can't develop the human acorn that chooses to remain a dwarf.



THE ACORN THE SCRUB OAK THE GIANT OAK

Most human acorns stop at the dwarf tree—the scrub-oak stage—because of unwillingness to pay the price for the development of the grand human oak of the Creator's plan. Indolence, easy-going habits, love of a good time, failure to concentrate, to focus upon one unwavering aim, indifference, taking the line of least resistance in everything—these are a few of the things that make human scrub oaks.

Why Stop at the Dwarf?

II.—The Habit of Not Being Equal to Ourselves

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Cartoon, on opposite page, by Laura E. Foster

SIR OLIVER LODGE says that the hidden energy stored in an ounce of ordinary matter, if released and utilized, would lift the scuttled German navy from the bottom of the sea and pile it on the top of a high mountain; and that the locked-up energy in a single ton of such matter would be enough to furnish motive power for the whole world.

The amount of human energy that lies undiscovered and unutilized in the great within of man, in its relative volume and possibilities, is even greater than the amount in what we mistakenly call "dead matter."

William James, the psychologist, who made as intense a study of the former as Oliver Lodge, the scientist, has made of the latter, says "Each of us has resources of which we never dreamed;" that "the average individual develops less than ten per cent. of his brain cells and less than thirty per cent. of his possible physical efficiency," and that "we all live below our maximum of accomplishment."

SUPPOSE a human being because of lack of nourishment or of some accident in childhood should attain only ten per cent. of his possible physical height and only thirty per cent. of his normal weight, what a pitiable object he would present! What a wretched apology for the well-proportioned, perfectly developed being the Creator had planned the unfortunate dwarf would be!

Yet, so far as the man of the God-plan is concerned, most of us are self-made dwarfs, falling short not ten, twenty or thirty, but a hundred per cent. of our possible development. Even those who climbed to the mountain peaks of human achievement,—the great men and women in every field of creative work,—never reached the maximum of their possible accomplishment.

DURING a recent visit to California, I stood in awe before a giant tree in the hollow of which General John C. Fremont, "Pathfinder of the Rockies," with his staff, lived for months when on a government survey expedition. More than a hundred soldiers had been in the trunk of this tree at one time. Near by was another, over three hundred feet in height, estimated to contain two hundred thousand feet of lumber—sufficient to build all the houses of a small village. As my eye wandered over their huge trunks and limbs, the thought came, that had the same seed which produced these giants of the forest been planted in a cold northern country, in soil which contained but little nourishment, then, even with the greatest care, they would have been dwarfs instead of giants. Instead of being capable of housing a detachment of soldiers or of producing sufficient timber to build a village, they would have been mere scrubs of trees, pigmies instead of the giants they might have been under the right conditions for development.

Just as unfavorable conditions in the vegetable kingdom dwarf a possible giant tree and make it a pigmy, so do unfavorable conditions in the animal kingdom dwarf a possible giant in a man and make him a pigmy. But while the tree has no power of itself to change conditions, to alter or improve its environment, man is made to dominate his environment; to bend conditions to his will; to overcome all obstacles that may hinder or delay his highest possible development. Every acorn, if conditions are just right, may become a grand oak. Every human acorn, *in spite of conditions*, no matter how bad they may be, can become, if he will, a grand man.

THERE is a power of divinity, a God, in every man, and the degree of his development is just a question of the degree in which he finds the God and brings out the divine power latent in him.

We have all inherited Godlike, divine possibilities. But so long as we think that we are merely human, sons of Adam, inheriting only his weak-

A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.

ness, his limitations; so long as we are convinced that we are weak, helpless victims of circumstances and environment, we can never express or demonstrate anything but mediocrity, weakness, inferiority. Before we can rise to our dominion as sons of God, we must realize our sonship. We must see the God in us before we can bring Him out.

"We actually have powers of many kinds which we habitually fail to use," says Dr. James J. Walsh. "We have acquired the habit of not being equal to ourselves." This habit of not being equal to ourselves is what causes a great majority of human beings to underestimate what they are capable of doing. They measure their capacity by what they have done in the past or by what others think they can do, and so they plod along in a narrow groove of inferiority in which their real power is never exercised. Unless some fortunate accident intervenes, the larger man remains undiscovered, and they go to their graves without ever having gone below the surface of their limitless hidden powers.

I RECENTLY met a man who had plodded along in a very ordinary way through what is commonly regarded as the most productive years of life without showing any special ability. In fact he failed in several things he had attempted. But although he was not strong on self-confidence, he kept hammering away and happened to make a business hit. His success aroused a new man in him, gave him a new sense of power. He was never quite the same afterwards. He carried himself more confidently, and with more assurance. The vision of new power he had glimpsed in the great within of himself opened his eyes to his possibilities and he rapidly developed a marvelous business capacity which he never before realized he possessed. His whole outlook on life and his entire methods of business changed. From a timid, hesitating, wobbly policy of life and business he developed boldness, self-confidence, quickness and firmness of decision, and he went up by leaps and bounds until he became a great financial power, and a leader in his community. He had found almost by accident the spring which opened up the gate of his life and gave him a glimpse of his divine resources.

A psychologist says that "the majority of men know as little of themselves as they do of the countries of Central Africa." Owing to this ignorance of ourselves and our vast resources, millions of human beings never unfold their greatest possibility. Instead of becoming the giants they might be they remain dwarfs all their lives.

YOUR BACK AGAINST THE WALL

By Philip O'Bryen Hoare

WHEN you think there's trouble coming
And you think it's going to stay,
You do not make things better
By meeting it half way.
Keep the word "Success" before you,
Other people's deeds recall.
Make the most of what is in you—
Put your back against the wall.

IF you know it's wrong to worry
You must practise what you preach,
Like the man who with his children
Gives a helping hand to each.
And when trouble, when it does come,
Seems to get you in it's thrall,
Get your grip a little tighter—
Put your back against the wall.

WHEN you say that you are sickened
And you're going to "let things drift"
You will find that this is just the time,
You seem to get a lift.
You are bound to get reverses,
For they come to one and all;
But you never feel so flattened,
If your back's against the wall.

SO above all things keep going,
In spite of cold that numbs:
The biggest trouble of all you know,
Is that which never comes.
And when success is with you,
And to others you can call,
Just tell them that you "got there"
With your back against the wall

III.—An Interview with

Frank Irving Cobb

The Farmer's Boy Who Became Editor of "The New York World"

By ADA PATTERSON

THIS is the third of Ada Patterson's interviews—secured exclusively for THE NEW SUCCESS—*with the most famous journalists of the United States. Her first interview, with William C. Reick, editor of "The New York Sun," appeared in our May, 1920, number. The second, with Arthur Brisbane, editorial writer for the Hearst publications, was published in October, 1920. Miss Patterson's subject for the following article—Frank Irving Cobb, who holds the distinguished position of editor of "The New York World,"—is one of the younger journalists of this country whose editorial individuality is counting for something. Henry Watterson says of him: "He is the greatest editorial writer since Horace Greeley."*—THE EDITORS.

JOSEPH PULITZER, peering between the nearly closed lids of his fast-growing sightless eyes, said to the man who read to him the editorials from out-of-town newspapers: "Get the man who writes the leaders for the Detroit *Free Press*."

The reader sent the message to the business manager. The business manager telegraphed—he said "wired"—*The World* correspondent at Detroit: "Send name of leading editorial writer for *Free Press*." The correspondent obeyed. Two days later, a young man whose gray eyes, atoning for their lack of size by a striking acuteness, looked at everyone with a disconcerting directness, out of a smooth-shaven face, and bent his wide shoulders above his packing. Frank Irving Cobb had been summoned to the newspaperman's Mecca—New York.

One day later he heard from a guiding minion in shirt-sleeves: "This is your office, sir."

The young man saw a huge desk placed against the wall in an office compared with which his corner in the Detroit *Free Press* building was atomlike. The sunshine poured in a welcoming stream through twin windows. Beyond the wide acreage of irregular downtown roofs he saw the noble bosom of the blue-gray Hudson River. His Middle West eyes stared with a young man's ecstasy at the sight. The electric throb of New York's million man-power activity reached him, stirred his pulse, caused him to fill his lungs and lift his shoulders. A moment of the intoxication of success. Then his boyish lips straightened in a line of manly firmness. With promotion came increased responsibility. Recognition meant repayment in better work. A greater altitude of position carried with it the need for a growth to a greater mental and character stature.

Why He Remained with "The World"

THESE alterations of mood are characteristic of Frank I. Cobb. Boyish eagerness and sensitiveness and enthusiasm are succeeded and dominated by manly acceptance of things as they are, and a student's seeking for the meaning at the root of appearances—the deep significance of all human events.

Had the first mood prevailed, Frank Cobb's tenure in *The World* would have been brief, as have been the terms of other young men whose promise exceeded their performances. But his brilliance was not mere showiness. Beneath it were simplicity, sincerity, the strength and directness of a well-aimed cannon ball. A wisdom beyond the measure of his years told him that the gift of a glib pen is not enough. An editorial writer's utterances must be bulwarked by an immense hoard of garnered truth. The hoard must never lessen. It must grow with his growth, accumulate with his years. It must contain much gold and as little dross as is compatible with human imperfection and incompleteness.

By these traits, this faith, he has earned a

wider recognition than that of the late Joseph Pulitzer. Henry Watterson, for many years the pulse of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, revered of all newspapermen, delivered the encomium: "Frank Cobb wields the most powerful pen since Horace Greeley." *The Editor and Publisher*, voice of the nervous nightworkers who spread before us in the morning and evening papers what the news nets have gathered in twenty-four hours, said: "Frank Cobb is one of the cleverest thinkers in America." He was the one newspaperman whom President Wilson chose to go to Paris as his representative at Versailles, to perform functions in which diplomacy joined publicity.

Drives the Devil Off the Earth

WHEN he returned to New York it was to resume the direction of the editorial page of *The World*, the page which Norman Hapgood, former Minister to Denmark, and himself a graduate editor, said is "the best editorial page in America."

Undazzled by the tarnished glitter of toppling or tottering European thrones, Mr. Cobb returned to his function of directing thought into wise channels. He assembled the editorial writers of *The World*, held daily conferences, allotted the work of each, and, himself, wrote the leaders. His personal platform has been outlined by an onlooker as "liberalism in the direction of radicalism, but wearing the checkrein of sanity and common sense." A high executive of *The World* summarized him as "a man natively honest, absolutely frank, above and beyond any consideration save the truth. The man without a price."

He came into his office in the World Building, still the sunny one overlooking the blue-gray Hudson, and directly beneath the golden dome of the World Building, where tourists used to ride skyward in a tiny elevator for a breathless view of the largest city in the world—before the Woolworth Building, diagonally across City Hall Park from *The World*, offered them a still more dazzling ascent and yet more condescending view. He entered with the newspaperman's gait, the-devil-is-after-me pace which is misleading. For the truth is that the worthy newspaperman is engaged in driving the devil off the earth. The high gearing of a newspaper was manifest in Mr. Cobb's swift entrance, in his slurring of hurried words: "S-rry t' keep ye wait'ng." But beneath this surface haste is a fine foundation of reserve strength. He gathered it about fifty years ago on the wide sweep of Kansas prairies, he told me, as he sat at the big desk, carpeted with the morning's letters.

He Came From a Farm

"YES, born at Shawnee, Kansas. On a farm. Yes, a farm's a good place to be born on, I suppose," he pleasantly remarked, as I started this interview for THE NEW SUCCESS. "But ours wasn't a normal farm, nor normal times. I remember, although I was only five, when the grasshoppers came down in a cloud and took our crop, devoured it in an hour or so. I've never liked the prairies since. Which reminds me of what John Cassel, one of *The World* cartoonists, said. Somebody invited him to visit him on an island in Long Island Sound. He was told that he would see a marvelous horizon. John, who is from Nebraska, said: 'I've seen all the horizons I want to see in a lifetime.' Father was disheartened by the crop failures. He left Shawnee and moved back to his native State, Michigan. There I went to various public schools, the last being the Ypsilanti Normal School from which I was graduated."

"*Whence came the newspaper bent?*" I asked.

"I don't know. There wasn't a newspaperman in our family. The men were lawyers and doctors. I studied a little law. But all of them were interested in politics, my father's uncle, Washington Hunt, governor of New York before the Civil War, most of all."

"*Didn't the study of the law help? The study of law teaches us how to think.*"

"Yes, I suppose it did. But I was always interested in newspapers. I used to go to the newspaper office in Grand Rapids and stay about and try to help after school, a kind of "devil" and nuisance. But they couldn't keep me away. I kept on at school until I was twenty-one. Then I went to the office of what is now the *Grand Rapids Herald*, and told the editor I wanted a job. He gave me one at six dollars a week. For six months, I did everything. You know how it is on a small newspaper. You do fires, police news, teas, ministers' meetings, whatever happens. When I had been on the paper about six months, the editor pointed to a pile of legal papers on his desk. He said: 'Take those and study them. They are important papers in a mining case. Then go over and see the circuit judge who delivered the decision in the case. You will find him at his hotel at six o'clock.'

"I went over to the hotel and found a large man sipping lemonade and waving a palm-leaf fan. I told him I couldn't make out anything from those papers but that my newspaper wanted to know all about the case. He said: 'Well, let's see what is in them.' The session lasted an hour. We did see what was in them, or, rather, the judge shed the light which permitted

FRANK IRVING COBB
Editor of "The New York World"

me to see what was in them. I came back to the office and wrote the story of the mining case. It was a success. The managing editor said it was the best story he had read for ten years. But it was the judge's story, not mine. He had made it possible. He pervaded it. He was its beginning and middle and end. The judge had come from Ohio to try the case. He was William Howard Taft. He was to become the President of the United States. That story was characteristic of him.

"When I had been with the Grand Rapids paper six months, I was made city editor. I never liked it. I don't know why. I never liked police-court reporting. Most newspaper men believe they laid the foundation for their careers in police-court work. I didn't. I can't say why. A case of Dr. Fell. I went to Detroit and worked for the *News*. After a few months one of the editorial writers dropped out and I was put in his place. After a year or so, the Detroit *Free Press* asked me over."

"*And while you were writing its leaders, Mr. Pulitzer was scanning editorials and liked yours and sent for you?*"

"He was always doing that—reading the papers in search of new men."

An Orator in Pen and Ink

BUT, unlike the many others gathered into the wide-cast Pulitzer net, this Western boy staid on in the service of the paper published beneath the golden dome that brightens the short, potent street, Park Row. For sixteen years he has written its leading editorials. He has written them so well that Dr. Frank Crane referred to them in one of his widely written talks. Said Dr. Crane—who was graduated suddenly from the pulpit into one of the foremost American writers—under the caption "Good Work": "I love it as I love a wall put up by a bricklayer who knows his business, or a biscuit baked by a cook who knows how, or piano music played by Paderewski, or the flute played by George Barrere, or a play staged by Belasco, or an editorial by Frank Cobb, or anything that is good work."

"*What is a good editorial?*" *I asked.*

"One that convinces the reader of what the writer believes is right."

"*Then the writer of editorials is an orator in pen and ink?*"

"Yes."

Mr. Cobb talked of a handful of prominent editorial writers in New York. One, he said, past seventy years, is a supreme master of the art of convincing editorial writing. Another "is always fine because always sincere." Of one of wider fame he said, "At his best he is magnificent. At his worst he is impossible."

"*What is the best preparation for editorial writing?*"

"Nobody is worth a whoop who hasn't been through it all. No man ever amounted to anything on a newspaper who hasn't been a good reporter."

"*What must a man possess to become a successful leader writer?*"

"Sincerity. He must believe what he says."

"*Not what the owner of the newspaper believes?*"

"The owner of a newspaper should not ask an editorial writer to say anything he doesn't believe. Mr. Pulitzer never did. He believed that no man could write convincingly what he himself did not believe. I recall a pet idea of his which he desired to send forth through the editorial page. He discussed it with me. He asked my opinion. I answered that I didn't see anything in it. 'Talk to the other writers and find out what they see in it,' he said. One after another said what I had said. I told Mr. Pulitzer so. He was leaving for a cruise on his yacht. He dictated a message: 'All right. I bow to the superior wisdom of the editorial desk. Nevertheless, I know blanked well I am right.'"

I recalled a story told me by the late Harriet Hubbard Ayer, of *The World* staff, whose daughter subsequently became Mrs. Frank I. Cobb. Mrs. Ayer said that Mr. Pulitzer had asked in a wistful tone: "Mrs. Ayer, can you get things you want to into the paper?"

"No, Mr. Pulitzer," replied Mrs Ayer.

Said the *World's* owner: "Neither can I."

On this tale, Mr. Cobb turned a smile of reminiscence. "He was always complaining that he couldn't get all that he wanted into the newspaper," he commented.

"*Do you believe that there is an independent newspaper?*"

"I do. *The World* is one. I have never been asked to write for it a line I don't believe. It is independent of every consideration: advertising, biasing claims of friendship, fear of 'interests.' It is independent and tells the truth."

"*Do you accept the conclusion that the age of any man as a force in journalism is past; that the newspaper is a great machine?*"

"That trend is manifest. Yet a newspaper is as forceful as the most forceful man on it. The most forceful man dominates. If the owner is the most forceful man, he dominates. If he isn't, some other man who is the greatest force in the aggregation does."

(*Continued on page* 115)

The Man Nobody Believed In

How David Wark Griffith, the Greatest "Movie" Man, Jumped Out of Obscurity

By the "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER

ONCE no one believed in him. Now everybody does. It was a long leap from obscurity to recognition. Usually we refer to the process toward the success goal as "climbing." But David Wark Griffith's progress was a leap—after he had learned how to run.

The greatest "movie" man in the world was once very poor, save for the richness of his vision. Back in La Grange, the Kentucky town where he was born, they thought him a ne'er-do-well. They dropped his name from the church roll because the church believed his membership in it had brought discredit on it. The stage, which he longed to serve, refused to adopt him. He wrote a play which was a failure before a week had passed. He tried to write for the magazines, but they returned his offerings.

The world market refused his brain wares. He had to depend upon the work of his hands for his daily sustenance. He went west and was a "cow puncher" on a Wyoming ranch. He was once a steel-worker in Pittsburgh. He worked in the Tonawanda mines, in New York, for two dollars a day.

Finally he was alone and friendless, the loneliest man in the great American metropolis. He arrived a stranger, knowing so little of New York City that he lived for two days in Brooklyn before he realized he was in the wrong place.

He has known the park bench and the stomach clamoring against a void. But he has never known discouragement. That, he believes, is the most potent reason why he is a genuine success.

—THE EDITORS.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S story is that of a man who followed his star. He followed it through bog and quicksand, among thorns and rocks, amid loneliness and in derision; but he never ceased following it. And neither thorn nor darkness, nor derisive voice, wrung from him a cry of protest and bitterness. He suffered and learned.

He is a son of the South. That, his speech betrays. His father was a brigadier general in the Confederate Army. The boy was poor but aspiring. Only the La Grange folk didn't know that a youth must sit still to dream his best dreams. They called it loafing.

He thought a great deal about his future in those gawky boyhood days in Kentucky. He had a powerful voice, and he loved music. He wanted to do something beautiful. He hoped to become a grand-opera singer. He told his mother of his decision. The town heard of it. Calamity followed. He was "read out of the church." The little Methodist church would have no godless actors or opera singers in its bosom.

The young man went to Louisville and signified his willingness to go on the stage. "Salary is no object," he said. He attained his object. He went out with barnstorming companies, secured the chilling experience of being stranded. He worked his way, by pedestrian means, and by day labor on farms, to San Francisco. He went on tour with Nance O'Neill, as her leading man. He received criticism in plenty—but none of it was good. Neither the gentlemen who represented the critical opinion of the press, nor the stage manager, nor the star, read in him any signs of promise. In this, he might have been encouraged had he known it, by the parallel of Richard Mansfield's experience. A manager once said to that famous leader of the American stage: "You would better give it up. You can never become an actor."

Found Work as a Coal Miner

THE young dreamer from Kentucky finally arrived in New York with the star shine in his eyes and twelve dollars in his pocket.

"I lived in Brooklyn for three days thinking it was New York," he said. "I had taken the wrong ferry from Jersey City."

He tried to write for the newspapers. *The World* returned one offering after another. Because his stomach unreasonably and insistently demanded food, he joined a gang of workmen

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

that were setting out for the coal mines at Tonawanda. He worked there for three months, saving most of his wages, that he might go back to the great city that spurned him, to follow his star.

With a reserve fund of thirty-eight dollars he came back. He wrote a poem which Dr. John A. Sleicher, the veteran editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, accepted. He submitted several oddly imaginative stories which were far from meeting the special needs of the publication Dr. Sleicher edited. But the first step in a young man's upward career had been reached by the Griffith youth. The step was attained when an elder man, who knows his world and can take the measure of human beings, became interested in him. Dr. Sleicher was that man.

"I'm sorry these stories are not what we need, boy," said the man of the crowded desk and the swinging chair. "Why don't you make this third story into a scenario? The moving-picture fellows are looking for odd subjects."

"I would, but I must go to Washington to see the try-out of my play."

"You have written a play?"

"Yes, sir. James K. Hackett will put it on in Washington, next week."

The elder man gripped his hand.

"I sincerely hope it will be a success," he said. But as the happy author was making his exit he thoughtfully added:

"Anyway I'd see the motion-picture fellows."

"A Fool and a Girl," written by David Griffith and produced by James K. Hackett, came into being on a Monday and died on a Saturday of the same week in Washington.

"Too Visionary" He Was Told

THE young author's star was somewhat dimmed but he followed it back to New York. It was necessary to borrow twenty dollars in order to return.

He went to the Kalem Studio to ask for work. Motion pictures were then in their humble beginnings. Players who were forced to seek them to eke out the precarious livelihood of the stage, generally adopted new names. Not so the Griffith youth. But he unburdened himself of some weighty opinions to the director. This was reprehensible coming from a penniless youth seeking a job as an extra man at five dollars a day. But reverence was never a handicap to the boy, Griffith.

"I like motion pictures," he said. "But they should be done much better. They ought to be dignified and put on a plane with the spoken

drama. Just now it's only cheap horseplay. The stories aren't what they should be. The acting is beneath contempt."

"I'm afraid you won't be of any service to me, young man," said George Marion, the director. "You're too visionary. But," he added as David Griffith took up his hat, "you might go to the Bronx. The Biograph up there takes on extra people when it needs them."

Then came minute instructions to the Kentucky star follower as to how to reach the unknown Bronx.

The eager young man had learned a lesson in tact. He asked for work and got it before he aired his views on the present depths and future possibilities of motion pictures. He was told he might hang about and pick up extra work, when it was available, at five dollars a day. He converted one of the strange, declined stories into a scenario, and sold it for fifteen dollars.

Instantly, he became enamored of the work. He haunted the studio whether he was wanted or not. He begged the management to allow him to produce a picture.

"We'll give you one chance," said the Biograph company.

But it wouldn't permit the untried producer to use the members of the stock company it employed. "Go out and pick up your own actors," it said. "You'll have to get 'em as crazy as yourself."

THE first Griffith's photo play, a simple domestic drama, seemed dubious to the Biograph; but it was offered for sale. It sold well.

One day the leading director, who had always regarded young Griffith as a "feather-brained upstart" was called away in the midst of a picture.

"Please let me finish it," begged the dynamic young person.

"All right. Go ahead," said the president.

When that official came into the projecting-room to witness the first test of the picture, he felt suddenly faint.

"Youngster!" he said, "you've cut off their legs. You've got their faces so close up that I can touch 'em. Nobody in the picture moves any faster than you or I do. You've ruined a picture that cost five hundred dollars."

"But nobody cares about feet," replied Griffith. "It's expression that people want. I've simply tried to make the picture human."

His enemy, the head director, seeing the finished product prophesied: "It will be a fizzle!"

Instead, the first of the "close ups" were welcomed as the first actualism in motion pictures.

The young man became one of the Biograph's directors, finally the leading one. He was the father of many innovations. He produced "The Birth of a Nation," which lifted the movie out of the class of cheap entertainment and made it the equal of the stage production.

He was approaching his star. "This is a beginning," he said. "People are paying two dollars to see a motion picture. They will pay as much as they do for the opera—five dollars."

David Wark Griffith gives the world his best. He works fourteen hours a day. But neither of these is the reason he gives for his success. It is hard, he says, to reduce it to formula. But with the dream in his eyes still deeper he says:

"*Let every man follow the vision of beauty that is in his soul. It will lead him into his path of greatest usefulness to the world.*"

Each of us has a star. Let us follow it.

The Most Wonderful Christmas Tree

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN my childhood, amid the hills and mountains of New Hampshire, I have often seen a great rock almost cleft in twain, as it were, by the growing force of a big tree. A tiny seed, blown thither by the wind, had taken root in the meagre soil that had lodged in the fissure of the rock. Nourished by sun and rain and the food it drew from the atmosphere and scant soil, the seed germinated and pushed its way up to the light. Its roots spread and struck deeper into the earth, and, in a few years, the young sapling, battling with the elements for its life, had grown into a sturdy tree.

THE seed that Christ scattered two thousand years ago amid the rocky hills of Judea fell on ground just as unfavorable to growth as the New Hampshire soil was to the seed scattered by the wind. Battling with the tyranny and persecution, the cruelties and oppressions, the evils and injustice of the Roman Empire, it had to struggle for existence against all the hostile forces of the old pagan world.

Yet such is the wonderful, mysterious power of love that, in spite of everything, the seed grew and flourished; its roots struck deep wherever men live, and it became a mighty tree whose branches extend to the farthest corner of earth.

EVERY Christmas tree that ever was—that ever will be—planned for the delight of the little ones whom Christ so loved is a symbol of the tree he planted two thousand years ago. This is the outstanding tree of the ages, the tree that shelters humanity. It is the most wonderful Christmas tree the world has ever seen.

If I were asked to express in a single word that which I believe to be most valuable, most helpful, to human beings I would say, "Love." It is, indeed, "the greatest thing in the world." It is the one thing that lifts man's life to its greatest possible power and beauty. Without love the world is a desert; with love it blossoms like a rose.

The reason why the Christmas season is the most beautiful and joyous of all the year is because the very atmosphere is

a-thrill with love. Celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Christ, men are moved by the spirit he brought into the old pagan world. For a few weeks, while the spirit quickens, the modern Christian world is transformed, and Christians vie with one another in emulating Christ's example.

IF the Christmas spirit could only be nourished and kept alive throughout the whole year, this old earth would be transformed into a new Eden, and men and nations, instead of being ever ready to fly at one another's throats, would all be working together for the common good.

"To love," said Elbert Hubbard, "means allying yourself to the forces of the universe—moving with the eternal tides—'hitching your wagon to a star'." The life of power is the life that flings out love unceasingly, as the sun unceasingly flings out light, warmth and power to the earth.

The Christ life was the life of power, because it was the greatest manifestation of divine love the world had ever seen. He went about doing good, we are told. That simple phrase gives the whole secret of His power. His life was a continual expression of love. His work was to do good; to lift up the fallen, to comfort the broken-hearted, to heal the sick, to give sight to the blind, to bind the nations of the earth together with a bond of love—to establish the brotherhood of man.

SHORTLY before his death, Henry Drummond said; "Jesus had no money, wrote no book, had no army, organized no institution, yet he conquered the world." It is only love that can conquer the evils that are disturbing the world to-day. Nothing else can make men bury their differences, lay aside their hatreds, their prejudices, their misunderstandings and work together for the betterment of all.

The United States has been called the "Melting Pot," because in it the peoples of many nations are fused into one homogeneous whole, with like interests and ideals. Love is the great Melting Pot of mankind which will fuse all the nations of earth in a common brotherhood of interests.

Science and invention have annihilated distance, dissolved the physical barriers that kept peoples apart and prevented them from knowing one another. Love will dissolve the invisible barriers of the spirit—hatred, prejudice, ignorance, ill-will, and make every nation and every man see that they can prosper and be happy only in proportion to their observance of the Golden Rule.

HONESTY

"HEY, Joe! Tell us it ain't true!" The pathetic cry was wrung from the heart of a sorrowing boy as he rushed up to Joe Jackson, the great outfielder of the Chicago Americans, on his way from the grand-jury room, after telling of his part in the most disgraceful transaction that ever blackened the chief American sport—baseball.

That boy's words found an echo in every honest American heart. In the bitterness of their grief and disappointment, Americans everywhere cried in sympathy with him, "Hey, Joe! Tell us it ain't true!"

The smart and the shame of it linger in our souls. Our great national game has been prostituted. It is suspect, under a cloud of disgrace.

"Are they honest?" "Are they playing the game fair?" "Are any of the players crooks?" "Have they sold their honor for a mess of pottage?" These are questions that inevitably will arise in the minds of the eager crowds who will watch future games and scan the scores on the bulletin boards during a great national contest.

What excuse have the young men under a cloud, in Chicago, to offer for "throwing the game to gamblers?" Were they poorly paid; unable to support dear ones dependent on them? Was it the pinch of want, the lash of impotent poverty, that drove them to put their honor on the bargain counter?

No. It was none of these things. They were generously paid for their professional services; they earned more than most young men in business positions. Poverty was not their bedfellow. They betrayed their fellow-players and brought disgrace upon their team; they forfeited their manhood and the respect of all decent men for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

An honest man is the noblest work of God. Those dishonest baseball players have dishonored the work of God. They have shattered an ideal cherished by millions of growing boys. They have sold out to the meanest of human passions—Avarice

How to Sell Goods To-day

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of The Harrington Industrial Corporation, Says Integrity and Service Makes a Salesman Succeed

By FRANK WINSLOW

THIS is the third article in the Jeremiah Harrington series on business efficiency. 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 fourth will appear in an early number. If you want any information about the preceding articles write us.—THE EDITORS.

I CAME accross old Jeremiah Harrington, president of the Harrington Industrial Corporation, in the grillroom of the Shelburne Hotel, Atlantic City, staring out over the board walk at the ocean and leisurely eating his breakfast.

"Well," I said in surprise, "are you down here for a vacation."

"No," he answered with a genial smile. "I'm down here to think. I can handle ordinary problems well enough in my office; but when I have something really big to think out, I come down here and get a little inspiration from the ocean. Great little plugger, the ocean! Ever stop to think that the ocean is one of the world's most striking examples of keeping at a thing? Look at those waves crashing in one over the other, night and day—always. I don't know what I understand just why they keep rolling in, but they keep on the job—and that's a darned sight more than a lot of humans do."

"There's something in that," I agreed as I sat down at his invitation. "I'm glad I ran into you, just now, because we've been having an argument as to the correct definition of a salesman. McNulty, Barton and I were discussing it from several angles, trying to determine exactly what true salesmanship is. Barton says it is something that can't *be* defined—that it's a personal attribute in a man which makes itself felt but which you can't exactly put your hand on."

There was a twinkle in Harrington's keen eyes as he replied. "The dictionary, whether or not you are aware of the fact, does not attempt to tell us what salesmanship is. It does say, however, that a salesman is *one who sells*—and, in the last analysis, I guess that's the whole story in a nutshell." He lifted a bit of bacon with his fork. "In the last analysis, a salesman is a man who brings home this stuff. How he does it is his own affair—to a certain extent—but there are several right tracks to selling success and every man can't use every track, because he isn't of the right gage.

"McNulty took another angle," I went on. "He claims that, so far as he can figure it, salesmanship consists of offering a buyer something at the psychological moment—at the particular time when he happens to want a given article."

"There'd be mighty little business if that were true," Harrington objected stoutly. "I couldn't run my mills on that basis for a single week. I not only make merchandise, but I make people want it and I make them want the particular merchandise I make. Salesmanship

"Take care that the face which looks out from your mirror in the morning is a pleasant face. You may not see it again all day, but others will."

consists not merely in selling goods for which there is a market but in creating a market for your goods. It's the same with advertising, for after all, advertising is a part of selling, and advertising isn't by any means confined to what men say in the printed page."

Does This Make an Order?

AS he finished, McNulty came along and prepared to defend his own assertion. "I've heard a lot of stories, as we all have, about clever salesmen who could make Hottentots buy fur overcoats and sell palm-leaf fans to Esquimaux, but that's all fiction in my estimation. I have purchased millions of dollars worth of goods in the course of my business experience; but I don't believe that any salesman, no matter how clever, ever 'sold' me a penny's worth of anything."

"What makes you think that?" Harrington asked curiously.

"The fact that I don't buy goods unless I want them. No salesman alive can make me give him an order unless I can see a need of what he has to offer, or, unless, he shows me something so attractive that my own judgment prompts me to buy it despite the blandishishments the salesman may add to his offering. Sometimes, price governs me in making a purchase—price and price alone. Other times, orders are gained because of the ability of one firm to make better deliveries than another."

"But you can't make that hold water altogether," I reminded him. "The opportune arrival of a salesman is, of course, a big factor in landing an order, but you've left out another element—luck. The average salesman has no possible means of learning just when you are in the market for goods. He can tell in a general way, of course, if he is familiar with your operations, but he cannot get down to the day and hour of your need unless you help him. Moreover, most salesmen have no control over prices nor possible dates of delivery—over terms and other factors which will or will not appeal to you. Therefore, I maintain that Lady Luck is on the side of the salesman who gets the most business."

Harrington laughed. "Luck may be a factor in gambling, but the salesman who relies upon it will get mighty scant commission at the end of the year; and, instead of getting a bonus, he is more likely to get the bounce. You are all wrong about that phase of the situation. There is a lot more to selling goods than sheer luck. Of course every salesman gets up against the snag of the buyer who simply won't be 'sold.' That is the sort of man who wouldn't buy gold dollars for fifty cents if he knew they were genuine and that you were not playing a crooked game in offering them. Maybe, he won't buy from you because he doesn't like your house, or its methods, or the vice-president's son-in-law, or, perhaps, because he dislikes you. But such men are rare in a successful business concern.

"The fact remains, however, that the skillful salesman can always influence a slight desire in his favor if he goes about it properly. To lay down a given set of rules for doing this is humanly impossible. One salesman will repeat a sales formula with absolute conviction and sincerity. In the mouth of another the same phrased arguments would sound like utter nonsense. Salesmanship is intensely personal. In fact, it can't be divorced from personality and *individuality*. Always bear that in mind.

> 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.

"There are hundreds of instances where the slightest desire for merchandise has been converted into a splendid order by the right sort of tactics on the part of the salesman. And that means a nice balance and sense of judgment and the fitness of things. Some salesmen get their orders by frightening their prospects into buying—by showing what terrible things will happen if they don't cover while the covering is good. I'd fire a man like that, right off the spot, for I don't want my firm to be thought of in that way.

"The salesman who scares a buyer into signing an order-blank will get more cancellation than business in the long run, for when the calamity he has held up fails to take place, Mr. Buyer naturally resents it and feels that he has been ill-used. It's a shame, but it's a fact, that there are a lot of men who solicit business on that basis and they make it just that much harder for the honest, considerate salesman who wants to be square with the customer as well as with his firm and with himself. They stir up suspicion and a lack of confidence which the other fellow has to overcome, and that takes time and earnest effort." There's no doubt that confidence goes a long

ay in getting an order," McNulty agreed.
"Well," said Harrington," the establishment
confidence is salesmanship. The knowledge, on
ie part of the buyer, that he is dealing with a
an of integrity who will give him good service
well as good merchandise is worth all the
earty handshakes, cheery smiles and theater
ckets in the world. The day of the breezy knight
the road, with a stock of more or less funny
ories and a pocketful of worse cigars, is gone.
he good spender isn't popular any more. The
istomer knows the cost of his entertainment
es on the expense account, and that the expense
count goes into the manufacturing estimate,
he is not only paying the bill but he is paying
r the salesman's entertainment as well.

"You can't get business
-day by being a smooth
lker or a good mixer, and
most cases you don't
t an order because your
andmother's second
usin married the buy-
's younger somebody or
her. Questions as to
e buyer's state of health
d the splendid opera-
on of his motor car don't
t a man anywhere—
less it gets him dis-
ed, because the very in-
cerity of his effusions is self-evident, as is
ually the case. The whole answer is personality.
man who cannot make himself liked and trusted
the buyer, can't win him by bluffs and bribes
matter how he disguises them. A man without
rsonality has no business selling goods. He
n't do it."

"I'm quite well aware," I broke in," that it
sn't been so long ago that most people con-
ered a salesman to be a person who had
stered the art of making a man buy some-
ng he didn't want at a time when he didn't
d it. Those were the 'book agent' days of
ing when a man either pestered his prospect
death, or, shamed him into giving an order just
prove that he was a good fellow and not a
er. But what I'm trying to get at is what is
subtle difference that has brought about the
sent state of selling?"

A number of things," Harrington mused.
r one thing, honesty in business has come to
and will not tolerate the old circus claptrap
hods of doing things. To-day, a salesman
t be utterly frank and perfectly fair and
veboard in his solicitation. Under no con-
ons must he consider enriching himself at the
ense of his customer. He must not drive too

> IT is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the thing we like and are enthusiastic about; but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

shrewd a bargain and at the same time he *must* safeguard the interests of his firm and not make costly concessions in order to make a showing and land the business. A salesman who does things like that to-day is an enemy to his own firm, and, to himself, as well. He gets caught in the net, sooner or later, and even the buyer, he has tried to favor, will be as indignant as the one he has tried to cheat.

Business Has Disowned Trickery

BUSINESS hasn't been turned into a Eutopia, but it has turned its back on trickery and now plays the game squarely, right out in the open."

"The successful salesman to-day is the chap who makes a favorable impression upon his clientele personally and because of his evidenced and proven desire and ability give them service as well as merchandise, The salesman who can really make himself helpful to a customer, in any one of many ways, is pretty sure of getting a generous slice of that firm's business."

"Just what sort of service do you mean? Personal favors?" asked McNulty.

"By no means!" Harrington answered quickly. "Personal services are as bad as gifts. The buyer feels the obligation and the good effect is lost. To show you my idea, let me tell you about a man I know, who sells stationery for a representative firm. Many of his customers run drug stores and know little or nothing about stationery, its quality, its salability, or the amount of a given paper they would be justified in carrying in stock. This salesman establishes confidence, from the start, by supplying his customers with a quantity of stationery less than that which he believes they might profitably order, and then, on reorders, increases the quantity from time to time. The result is that this man doesn't solicit orders any more, he merely writes them out and takes them in to be signed at the proper time. He practically buys from himself because his trade know that he would kill his own business if he played them false.

The True Salesman Is Never Nervous

"YES, sir, you can rest assured that service is the keynote to modern business success in every line—not lip service, but real service—the kind that puts dollars and cents into the pro-

fit drawer, as well as commissions into the pocket of the salesman.

"The true salesman is not nervous when approaching a new buyer, because he realizes that here is his chance to establish a new confidence and make a new friend. There are many ways in which this can be done. I know of a chap who represented a large sporting-goods house, who learned of the appointment of a new buyer in the sporting-goods department of a large retail store. The new buyer had been chosen largely for his reputation as an athlete and for the clientele he would attract to the store rather than for his knowledge of the inside of the business. On the occasion of their first interview, the salesman astonished the buyer by declining to accept a nice juicy order for golf balls.

How to Get a Good Salesman

"AT first, the buyer was indignant, but the salesman explained why the quantity specified was too great for one purchase. This rather pleased the buyer and now he has the salesman drop in once a month, and advise him as to the proper balancing of his stock and what new goods he needs to meet the fresh season's demands."

"How do you get a good salesman?" McNulty asked.

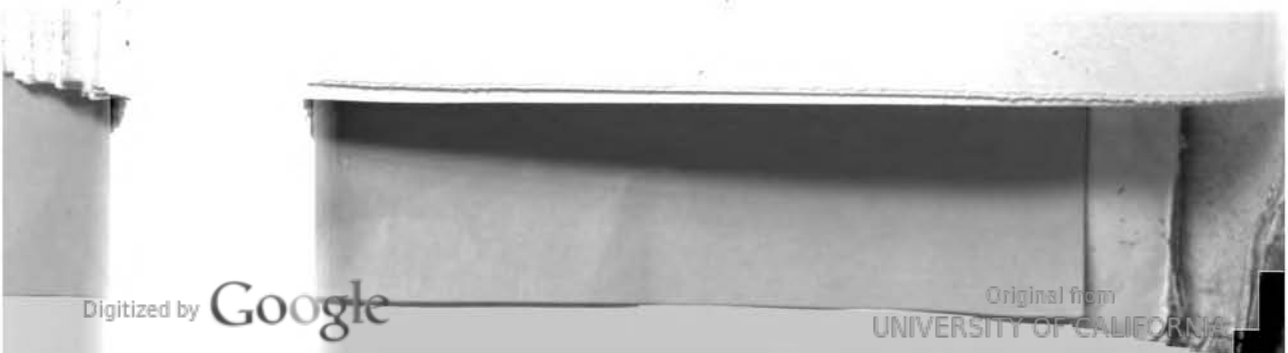
"I don't get him—he comes to me," Harrington answered. "Sometimes, he is raw and green, but he is always ambitious and has confidence in himself. Moreover, he must want to work for me rather than for any other firm. He must be as enthusiastic about Harrington products as I am—otherwise, he can't hope to sell 'em.

"Usually, when I need a new salesman, I go to some of my largest buyers and ask him to recommend a man. If I can get one who is *persona grata* with them from the start, I am that much better off and so is my recruit. I never try to bid for a successful salesman with a competing house. However, if he is dissatisfied and can logically and convincingly tell me why he doesn't like their methods, or why he believes my product is a better one, I'll hire him on the spot. Dazzling a successful man to make a change seldom works and usually ruins a good salesman.

"But the man I really like to get is a clean-cut, ambitious chap who has worked for one of my customers. He knows what they need and when they need it—what will sell and make them a profit and what will not. His former boss knows this and will consequently give greater consideration to what he says when he comes around representing me.

"But, to answer your question, salesmanship is the possession of a likable, trustworthy personality, an inborn sense of integrity, a deep sympathy for the rights of others, blended with a fine sense of judgment—plus the ability and the earnest desire to give service. Different men serve in different ways in business, just as they do in every walk of life—but the man who puts performance back of promises and makes *service* mean more than a high sounding phrase is the chap who'll travel far as a salesman.

"He'll do more than control his trade. He'll control his own job and build up his income as he builds up his firm's profits. He doesn't work like a slave. He has time to play because he works intelligently, but his business is his hobby, and though he doesn't ride it to death, he does ride it hard and with the same care as a jockey gives to a race horse. He knows business must be the subject of infinite care; that abuse will ruin it. He looks on the bright side of life and isn't discouraged when the sun doesn't shine."



This story was awarded the second prize in the short-story contest conducted by THE NEW SUCCESS

Her Christmas Gifts

By EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

Illustrated By Robert A. Graef

LATE afternoon of a crisp winter's day, in a big, bright house in the country. Outside, a hint of skating in the air, of holly and greens, for it lacked but two weeks to Christmas; inside, crackling open fires, voices and lights, and soft young laughter.

Alfred Watson, youngest son of the house, came into the big hall from the kitchen, one hand holding a dog-eared volume of "Jungle Stories," the other filled with an apple, two molasses cookies, and a doughnut. What his mouth held it was impossible to say, but speech was beyond him. For sixteen summers his big, calm brown eyes had looked out upon the world and found it very good. And he would doubtless continue to find it so to the end of the chapter, for it is the outlook which matters more than the world.

He strolled toward an inviting window seat in the living-room only to find his mother and two of her friends about to seat themselves at the tea table. He thought speculatively of three round and animated teakettles, all of the ladies being plump and simmering gently with news. "Me for the quiet life," he murmured and ducked for the sun porch.

But this, too, was occupied. Over the top of the porch swing at the far end, he saw two heads, one golden and one brown, but equally sleek and smooth and very close together. The brown head was shaking vigorously.

"No, Frederic, I simply will not be engaged without a proper ring. If I can't have a sure-enough solitaire like the other girls—"

The voice held laughter and mischief, but there was an undercurrent of discontent in it. It was Alfred's only sister, Louise, and Frederic Tabor, grandma's adopted grandson.

Alfred backed out silently.

"Gee-golly!" calling into play his only "swear word," "this house is getting as congested as the lower East Side."

Passing through the living-room he "aired his manners," as he himself would have termed it, long enough to absorb a sandwich, two lumps of sugar, and three more cookies.

"It's easy enough to select gifts for the younger ones," his mother was saying. "Goodness! What don't they want these days after denying themselves luxuries while the war was on? But for the life of me, I can't think what to give grandma."

"Caps, shawls, slippers, gloves," came the ready suggestions.

"Boxes full and more come every year," responded his mother with a helpless gesture.

A fellow's own gifts weren't discussed while he was around, so Alfred strolled off. He knew what he was going to give grandma, all right. He bet she'd like it, too. She always did like the things he gave her, and, what was more, she used them. A reminiscent grin broke over his face at the thought of the gorgeous mustache cup with which he had presented her on his fifth Christmas. She was keeping matches in it right now.

The oldest and youngest of the Watson clan were great pals. They aided and abetted each other's plans, kept each other's secrets and stood shoulder to shoulder in every family discussion.

Luck was with Alfred in the library, and he left his body stretched out on the high-backed couch before the fire while he roamed away with *Mowgli* and his jungle kin. The sound of voices in this last stronghold did not much disturb him. He only came back long enough to peer around the couch end at his grandmother and old Mrs. Hollinby. They were not disturbing elements, so he rejoined *Mowgli*.

BY and by the story ended and everyday life began to register on his consciousness again. The wind howled outside, but within, the fire crackled merrily and still the talk was of Christmas. He lay quiet and listened lazily.

"I don't know," came grandma's decisive, gentle old voice, "I don't know that I really care very much what I do get, Mrs. Hollinby. 'Tisn't as if I was needing things like I used to. When I was bringin' up my four boys all alone, some of this plenty would have come in mighty handy, I

can tell you. Why, if I've got one knitted shawl put away upstairs, I've got a dozen, and more coming every Christmas—you run up with me before you go and I'll give you your pick. And slippers! Mercy me, I've got enough for a thousand-legger. And I can remember once, when the boys were little, the only pair of shoes I had to my name was a pair Frederica Phillips took off her own feet to give me. My, my! It don't seem as if that could be over fifty years ago. I can see Frederica coming across the fields with them in her hand, like it was yesterday. Frederic's the very image of what his grandmother used to be, same yellow hair and big heart and giving ways."

And if this happiness was as often expressed in tears as in smiles, those who loved her understood quite well that, nevertheless, it was pure happiness.

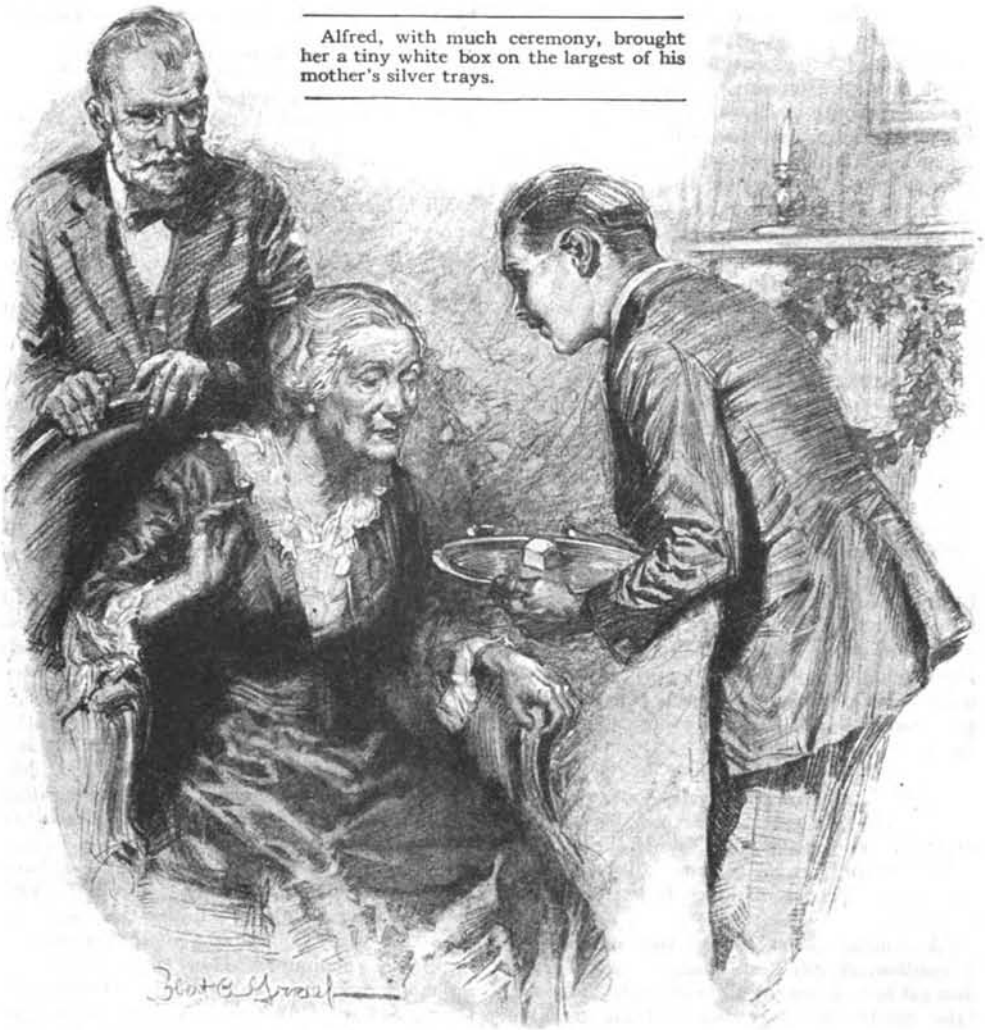
"He and Louise are engaged, aren't they?" queried Mrs. Hollinby.

"Engaged? I wish they were! Girls are too hoity-toity nowadays for me to understand. Louise won't find another like Frederic, I can tell her that. Of course—" lowering her voice, "he's only just starting out as an architect and he don't make very much. But he will. I know I didn't bring up four boys without learning to read the signs. No, she won't be engaged until Frederic can give her a ring such as she wants—and that young Allenby, with his big car, is coming to see her too often to suit me. Girls want a lot nowadays. Well, I don't know as you can blame 'em."

She laughed as one preparing to impart a good joke.

"Do you know, Mrs. Hollinby, the kind of Christmas I'd really like? A kind I never had; a real girl's Christmas such as girls get now—boxes and boxes of candy and flowers; pretty, silky dressing gowns, and handmade underwear, and rings, and wrist watches. I suppose you think I'm an old fool, but we all want the things we've never had. Why, when I was Louise's age, my little Johnny was ten months old and I was hoping the one that was coming would be a little girl. 'Tweren't though—" The light of

an old disappointment misted grandma's eyes for a moment. "The only girl I ever had was poor Frederica's little daughter, and I didn't have her long. After my John died, I thought I was pretty lucky if I could get an orange and a pair of mittens to put in each boy's stocking.



Alfred, with much ceremony, brought her a tiny white box on the largest of his mother's silver trays.

When I see all the pretties girls get now, I declare, I can't help envying them. There's the supper gong, Mrs. Hollinby; come right on out with me."

SUPPER was a time of riotous family reunion at the Watsons'. The threads of mutual interest which were necessarily in abeyance during the day, were gathered together again, at this hour, and woven into the warm fabric of family life.

At the head of the table sat Father Watson, once the ten-months'-old baby of grandma's memories, grizzled and portly now. And there was John, jr., and his brother, Henry, respectively rising young doctor in charge of the local hospital and junior partner in his uncle's law firm. There was Henry's wife, Maude, and there was Louise, and young Frederic Tabor, whom grandma had unofficially adopted even as she had his mother before him. Grandma her-

self, silvery gray of hair and silky gray of dress, sat behind the coffee urn, her deft old fingers, with their faint scent of lavender water, still serving those she loved. Alfred, as always, was close by her. There was one vacant chair: that of Sidney Watson, the child of grandma's youngest son, who had been one of the family since the death of his father. Sidney was in France now, doing relief work, but it was the opinion of his family that lovable, harum-scarum Sid would not have stayed on so long had he not found France greatly to his liking.

Mrs. Hollinby, used to a dinner-table where she and her husband ate alone and speculated upon the two absent young Hollinbys until the cook threatened to give notice and find a place where her dishes were appreciated, found this table enviably delightful.

"Just think; only one of you away!" she exclaimed to Mother Watson.

"And we're hoping he'll be here for Christmas," returned mother happily. "We had a letter last week. He's just a big boy in spite of his twenty-one years—so full of a surprize that he has for us that he forgot to say when he was sailing."

"I hope he does get in for Christmas," broke in Alfred, departing from his usual calm manner. "He promised to bring me some new stamps and a Moroccan knife."

"Never mind," joked Dr. John, soothingly. "I can get you plenty of revenue stamps, and I'll tie a bit of holly to one of my old dissecting knives if he doesn't get here on time. By the way, mother, speaking of Christmas, you and Mrs. Hollinby are both on the orphanage committee, can't you see that, this year, the kids get something a little different from those everlasting sticks of hard candy?"

"Well, dear—of course we'll do the best we can; but the fund doesn't really warrant it, you know. They do get quite a good many things as it is; don't you think so, Mrs. Hollinby?"

Mrs. Hollinby tried to trim sail so that her conversational boat might go in two directions at once.

"As you say, Mrs. Watson, they do get quite a number of gifts—mittens and aprons and dresses; but, of course—" nodding to Dr. John, "the candy is rather hard. Their teeth, I suppose——"

"Gracious, no! That doesn't matter; helps the loose ones to come out without their squealing. It's the deadly sameness of it year after year. Think of getting a stocking that's just like everybody else's anyhow—and getting it Christmas after Christmas."

"We'll try to get something a little different, John," his mother said briskly, "but if the fund won't warrant it, why, it won't. After all, necessities are most important, you know."

"I don't," growled Dr. John. "Necessities are—necessities; they'll get them, anyhow."

They left the table, and Alfred sat on the piano bench in the hall, accompanying himself with one hand while he combined choir practice and English literature to his own great satisfaction.

> "Good King Wenceslas looked out
> On the feast of Stephen,
> His eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even.
> He had three lilies in his hand,
> And the stars in his hair were seven."

When grandma and Mrs. Hollinby had disappeared upstairs he followed his parents, conspiratorlike, into the library.

"I know what grandma wants for Christmas."

"What is it this time, son? A mustache cup or a set of magic-lantern slides?"

IGNORING frivolous innuendos, Alfred went on triumphantly: "She wants a Christmas just like girls get now: candy and flowers and—and—camisoles. All the things she never did have when she was young, because she was so poor then and too busy taking care of her little babies." Alfred knew by heart the details of grandma's early struggles, but his mind found it hard to accept the fact that his father, and stout Uncle Henry, and tall, severe Uncle Rodney had emerged, butterflylike, from the babies in question. "I heard her telling Mrs. Hollinby all about it before supper," he clinched his statement.

Father looked long at mother across the crystal bowl of cut flowers on the table littered with books and magazines and costly trifles. But what he saw was a cold Christmas morning and four little boys jumping around their mother who was trying to light a perilous old wood-stove which seemed to freeze up each night, so hard was it to start again in the morning. "Oh, mammy, mammy! Santy's brought me red mittens this year an' an orange! What did he bring you, mammy?" How tired and young his mother's face appeared to the remembering heart of Father Watson. Nightly vigils and daily toil—a mother's place and a father's to fill. Her uncomplaining—yes, her happy answer sounded in his ears now across all the Christmases that had passed. "Grown-ups don't need Santy to bring them presents—specially when they've got four fine big boys like I have."

He blew his nose vigorously and winked back a normal vision.

"By Jiminy! Lou, mother never did have a real Christmas. When we were little, it was touch and go just to get along. After we boys got on our feet a bit, we gave her things she needed—we all needed so many things those days—and when luxuries began to come, well, we've selected them for her ourselves, I'm afraid."

The silence, after father's speech, continued so long that Alfred, who was able to talk, came up and flung an arm over his shoulder.

"We'll give her just what she wants this Christmas, won't we, dad?"

"We will, my son. What have you thought of? I see there's something simmering behind that calm front of yours."

"I think we ought to start to-night and write Uncle Hen and call up Uncle Roddy and all the other people that give her things, and tell 'em about what she wants. Gee—golly! She'll need a whole tree to herself. Say, dad, I know what you can give her. When Louise was fussing about not being engaged without a Kohinoor, grandma told her she never did have one. Of course, it's kind of late in the day for an engagement ring; but I bet you, she'll like it. You give her that, dad, a dandy solitaire, and mother can give her a set of that underwear that Maude was telling about at breakfast—the kind the nuns make, you know—and—and I'll get her the biggest box of candy I can buy—in a fancy box, and all done up with ribbons and do-funnies, the kind girls like. If my pocket money don't hold out, you'll advance my allowance won't you, dad?"

AS the days drew on toward Christmas, grandma's activities, remarkable even in their normal output, increased until her family vowed that she worked by night, as well as by day, to accomplish all she did. Gifts for her own were ready and waiting in full holiday regalia long before the season, and that left her time to devote to all the rest of the world which she did very thoroughly and with much happiness; for giving, as Alfred said, was grandma's middle name.

So busy was she that the joyous and enthusiastic hidden activities all about her failed to have any personal significance. Christmas was naturally a season of happy secrets. She had many of her own, and was quite ready on Christmas Eve to be happily surprised by those of other people.

Alfred was a most important and mysterious member of his family. His closet, locked with a new, up-to-date and very large police lock, looked like that of a débutante. Silken negligees in pastel shades hung on scented hangers; elaborate boxes of filmy *lingerie;* big square boxes bearing the names of famous confectioners; little ones from celebrated jewelers piled the floor. With Alfred as press agent, the story of grandma's young-girl Christmas was rolling up gifts like a Christmas snowball.

Twilight darkened over a crisply cold, snowy world that twenty-fourth day of December. On her way upstairs to dress, grandma stopped to peer into the big living-room. She was very happy, for it was to be a real family reunion for grandma with her three big sons and their families. The living-room was hung with green and trimmed with holly and mistletoe. In the subdued light, a big tree glittered in many colors, touching the ceiling with friendly branches, its base banked about with packages.

"My, the things girls do get nowadays!" murmured grandma. But if she remembered at all the barer Christmas days of the past, the thoughts did not sadden her. Life was very full and busy for grandma, and neither its adversity nor prosperity had taught her to dwell overlong on herself.

After supper, the family gathered in the living-room to distribute the gifts, for the Watsons had a general aversion to early rising Christmas Day. Grandma was enthroned in her big armchair, and hers was the first name called. Then Alfred, with much ceremony, brought her a tiny white box on the largest of his mother's silver trays.

"A thimble!" guessed grandma, as the family closed about to see her open it. A splendid, blue-white diamond blazed forth.

"John, you couldn't have read that name right. This must be for Louise. My! It's a beauty, dearie; I'm so glad you've got it."

"It's your own, mother," said Father Watson, taking it from the velvet case and slipping it on her soft, blue-veined hand, next the thin circle of worn gold.

"Mine?" faltered grandma, "Why, Johnny; why, my son!"

"Yes, yours. You've never had a handsome diamond, mammy—" Somehow the name slipped easily from his bearded lips. "It's time your son gave you one."

Grandma held up her finger and admired her gift from all sides. "It's far too handsome for my old fingers, dear—but I like to have it. You always were a good boy, Johnny."

And she said the same to her other boys when they fastened the tiny wrist-watch and the pearl brooch in their places, and put the warm heavy furs about her shoulders. Perhaps that was

(*Continued on page* 116)

The Ladder of Ascent

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

BECAUSE she listened to her "Voices" and followed the divine leading, a humble peasant girl, Joan of Arc, became the greatest general, the most loved and admired character in all history. When her tragic end came, and her king, who owed his crown to her, had deserted her, the divine voice within encouraged and consoled her; heartened her to go to the stake with the same heroic spirit with which she had led armies to victory.

"I believe in the still small voice and that voice is the Christ within me," said Emerson.

Whatever we do, there is always something within us which approves or condemns our acts. If we are obeying our better nature, developing our talents, trying to climb higher, trying to reach the maximum of our possibilities, this something approves. It encourages, cheers and enthuses us, so that we are stimulated to go on no matter what obstacles stand in the way of our ascent.

On the other hand, when we are going down the ladder instead of up, when we are indulging the brute in us, obeying our lower impulses, there is something within that condemns us, that protests against what we are doing. No matter how we try to smother the voice that condemns or to evade the eye of that something within which looks accusingly at us when we fail to do our best, we cannot get away from the accusing presence. It haunts us. We can never achieve true happiness or success so long as we act in opposition to it; for it is the divinity within us, the higher self struggling for expression.

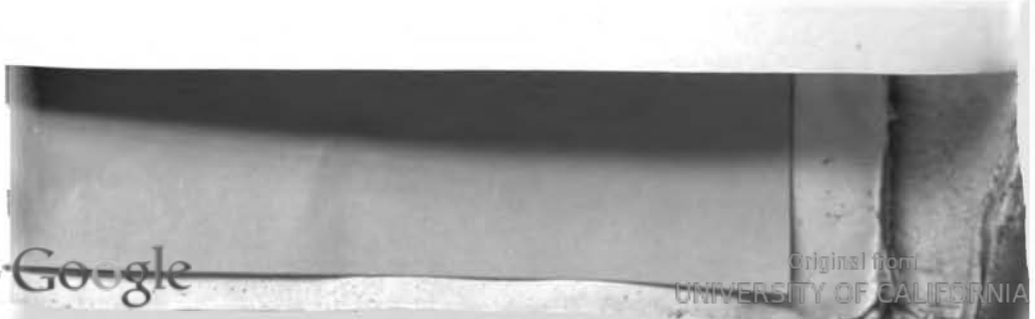
> OUR heart longings, our soul aspirations, are something more than mere vaporings of the imagination or idle dreams. They are prophesies, predictions, couriers, forerunners of things which can become realities. They are indicators of our possibilities. They measure the height of our aim, the range of our efficiency.

EVERY man who has ever risen to greatness, or who has accomplished what others called "impossible" has done so by listening to the voice within, which continually urged him to climb. From Columbus to Peary, from Franklin to Edison, from Morse to Marconi, from Washington to Wilson, in every field of human achievement, it is the man who has obeyed the call to climb up higher who has done great things for the world. It didn't matter to them that others called them "fools!" "madmen!" "dreamers!" or ridiculed, mocked, calumniated and persecuted them, they followed the voice within that said: "You can; you will," and so they each marked another step on the ladder of human progress up which the race is slowly climbing.

All through his life, Lincoln was greatly helped by his faith in the divine power within him. In the darkest hours of the Civil War, when he was harassed by opposition from within and without his cabinet, he was ever conscious of divine leading; he felt that there was something inside of him, something back of him, which was more than human—a power which carried divine authority, which would see him through to the end.

No man can be a real success until he enters into partnership with the Power that accomplishes all things. Though he may by crooked methods amass a fortune, he is a hindrance, not a help to the forward march of mankind. Until his purpose and ambition are squared with the divine plan; until his methods are based on divine justice; until his vocation has the approval of his higher self; until he is working in harmony with God's laws, which are based on the unity of all things, a man is only a bungler at living. He will never develop the best thing in him; will never amount to anything worth while. He will never be at peace with himself. That something inside of him which protests against every selfish, dishonest, or immoral act, against everything which does not square with his God nature, which is not working in response to his highest aspiration, will never cease to reproach him.

On the other hand, no matter how humble your position, though you be but a section hand on a railroad, a street cleaner, a day laborer or a messenger boy,—it doesn't matter what you are,—if you are doing honest, needful work which helps the race along, and you are doing it in the right spirit, you are in partnership with your Creator, you are obeying the divine urge, and soon there will be an opening to something



higher for you. You will be happy, self-confident, satisfied, for you will have the approval of the best thing in you.

WHEN Abe Lincoln was splitting rails in Illinois, when John Wanamaker was driving his first delivery wagon—a wheelbarrow — in the streets of Philadelphia, when Thomas A. Edison was selling newspapers on trains, when Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York, was selling fish and running errands at the Fulton Street market, they were all obeying the voice in the great within that ever urged them on to realize their boyish ideals. Every step they took led them up the ladder of ascent toward the peak of their ambition.

Never since the creation of man were there such marvelous visions of progress urging men upward as to-day. Never before were there such opportunities for the ambitious. Scientists, inventors, discoverers, philosophers, writers, men of vision everywhere, are predicting such accomplishments in this century as will make those of the nineteenth century pale into comparative insignificance.

In his curiously speculative book, "The Discovery of the Future," H. G. Wells says: "All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings (beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins) shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amid the stars."

The ladder of ascent reaches to the stars. Your performance is limited only by your vision. If you are true to your highest inspiration; if you obey the God urge in the great within of you, the way will open to the realization of your vision. Edison thinks that we are only in the chimpanzee stage of our development, and that we have gained but a mere glimpse of our environment. He believes not only in limitless progress on this earth, but that science may ultimately bridge the gulf between the here and the hereafter.

THE developments of tomorrow may exceed our wildest dreams of to-day. There is not a single invention, discovery, or device, no matter how wonderful it may seem, that is not likely at any moment to be supplanted by something better. The finest, the most marvelous piece of machinery that has ever been devised by man may even now be headed for the scrap-heap.

There is no name so secure in the Hall of Fame, there is no leader in any line of endeavor to-day, who is not likely to be superseded by some one who is yet entirely unknown to fame.

There may be at this moment, on this continent, some youth who will break all previous records in art or literature. There may be working to-day, a clerk who will eclipse the records of the greatest merchant princes. A greater than Shakespeare may now be in swaddling clothes.

It is the youth who obeys the call to climb up higher who will do the things of tomorrow.

Multitudes Have Found Their Happiness——

IN a harmless hobby.

In noble friendships.

In regular healthful recreation.

In mental development.

In duty cheerfully performed.

In thoughtful attention to the aged.

In the companionship of the world's best books.

In little unobtrusive acts of kindness.

In the society of men and women of high ideals.

In writing encouraging, cheery letters.

In helping others to find themselves.

In scattering genial smiles and pleasant words.

In working for a great cause without expectation of reward.

In bringing sunshine to shut-ins—to the sick and afflicted.

In keeping an open mind, hospitable to all new progressive ideas and movements.

In a clean conscience and worthy ambitions.

In the practice of the religion of Love.

In the discovery of latent talent.

In noble thoughts and honorable pursuits.

In unselfish service and the relief of distress.

In outdoor life and intimate communion with nature.

In returning good for evil and living in the finer senses.

In good music, good plays, works of art,—fine pictures, beautiful statues, great architecture.

In the daily work and the simple pleasures of the home circle.

In cheerful conversation, rollicking fun and hearty laughter.

In holding steadfastly to a high ideal no matter what the consequences.

In seeing the sunny side of life and making failures stepping stones to success.

—O. S. M.—

What Is an Actor?

First of all, He Is a Man and a Gentleman

By WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
Actor and Producer

Photograph by White, New York

DISRAELI is said to have remarked, "The theater is our greatest source of entertainment and can be made our greatest source of education—but that depends entirely on the actor." Mr. Faversham may have had this interesting commentary in mind when he wrote the following article for THE NEW SUCCESS; *for few men have worked harder to give the stage the high place it deserves in the minds of the people, than Mr. Faversham himself. The stage is necessary to our welfare and happiness, the people who appear upon it no less so. For that reason we are glad to publish an article that presents the real actor as a man and a gentleman.*—THE EDITORS.

THERE are questions that lead to endless opinion. This may be one of them, although I can conceive of no finer career for a man of character and artistic impulse than the career of an actor. Those who disagree with me, have, perhaps, failed to understand the actor's best opportunity. Men differ as to what those opportunities are. They vary in their views of life. Some men have the far vision, they measure themselves well or indifferently. There are two kinds of success: worldly and unworldly. There are men who sacrifice worldliness for the sake of doing the thing in which they find happiness. To some men, making money is a superb goal; to others, the greater conquest of life lies where money does not count—the inventor, the scientist, the literary man, the sculptor, the student. These men are committed to what is generally called unworldly occupation. Their success is a matter of personal pride. They climb their ladders, looking upward, unconscious of the height they reach above the ground. They are the master builders, indifferent to those below them.

Not a "Boiled-Over" Temperament

IN a sense, the actor shares the optimism of such men, because he is essentially inspired by their work. Though I have no sympathy

with the abnormal vision of some in the theater who regard the stage as an art more or less divinely born, I am convinced that the actor should be a man of exceptional perception, a man of imaginative nature. His should not be an imagination that tears the nerves, not a "boiled-over" temperament that scatters emotional force, but, an imagination that stimulates the senses, that makes the blood flow freely in a healthy body. There is much said and written about the artistic temperament in the theater that is false and misleading. Why should an actor be different from other men in his habits or ways of living? Why can't an actor be an outdoor man, as well as an artist in his indoor work?

Most of my life has been spent in the open air, in spite of the fact that my work has been in the theater If it has impaired my professional sympathy with the stage, I have never been conscious of it. I sincerely believe that an actor, above all men, should retain a keen appetite for the real world, for all that it contributes, under the open sky. It is essential to him that his bodily strength be religiously cared for, and that he enjoy to the limit the health of living. Swimming, riding, tennis, sailing, hunting, fishing, these lend vigor and zest to the actor's work. The more vitally a man lives, the deeper he breathes the scent of summer, the snap of autumn, the still, frosty air of winter, the more fit he is to enjoy the sources of his being. Fresh air in the nostrils gives the right color to the mind.

Poise Is All-Important

THE temperament an actor most needs, is the temperament of a clean body and a clean mind. At the risk of being trite, I say this, because so many absurd notions exist about an actor, among those who are not familiar with the nature of his work. Among the impressions that intrude themselves chiefly on an actor's career, is the alleged unhealthy character of the work. Through my own experience, I have tried to convey an exactly different conclusion. To approach the theater as a career, one must take into consideration a sane and sympathetic way of living. I am not an analytical opinionist, and, therefore, I cannot enter into the argument so often discussed as to the emotional strain involved in the actor's work. Emotion on the stage is entirely different from emotion in real life, but it can be adapted to acting with self-control, just as it should be, when it happens off the stage. It will be quite impossible for any man normally healthy, and soundly intelligent, to impair his health by any strenuous stage emotion. I mention this because it is one of the notions that have, somehow or other, attached themselves to the theater, and which have been responsible for much hysterical thought. It may not be generally understood, but it is my impression, that the artistic temperament which thrives on the nourishment of work in any art must be particularly sane, and well poised.

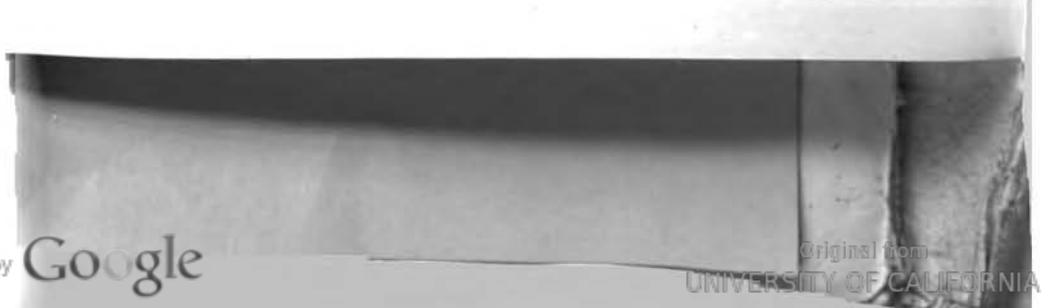
Nothing is more important to the successful career of an actor than poise. It means so many things. It means hygienic balance, it means mental activity, it means a sincere relation to one's fellow man, it means integrity of character and intense faith in the art of the theater. Theatrical art has never quite reached its proper pedestal, because the actor's career has been adopted by many people who were totally unfitted for it. That is not entirely their fault, because the work of an actor has a particularly tempting appeal to those who have a sympathy for artistic work, but neither the strength or the mind to achieve it.

Highest of all the Arts

AN actor's work is peculiarly exposed to personal exploitation. I mean by that, an actor must have certain technical training. It is not a profession for which any single course of education has been universally accepted. I am not quite sure that it requires culture—that is, the culture only supposed to gather at high-class universities. Acting, therefore, to my mind, is the highest of all the arts, because it is an interpretation of the whole of life. It is not merely an academic assembling of the cultured kind—the education of an actor is much broader than that.

Above all things, I should say an actor should be a man of warm, genial, keen sympathies with all classes, with all creeds, with the entire scope of human field. He must have a keen sense of humor, so that he does not overstep the boundary line of popular reason. His relations must never lose a certain dignity in his own profession. To take so serious and so fine an opportunity as the art of acting, lightly, to expose it at any time to a flippant opinion, is to my mind, fatal to his best results in the actor's career.

Doubtless, no actor, no matter how brilliant, has ever given a performance that was to him entirely satisfactory. This is as it should be. To attain the finest quality in any work, is to aspire to something better every day. Then, too, if there is one element in the career of an actor that is absolutely necessary, an element without which he can never feel a success of his art, it is enthusiasm. It is quite impossible to strike fair in any emotional work in the theater, without enthusiastic enjoyment in it. Acting, therefore, is not merely a job, as so many actors have regarded it, it is a life-time ambition.



THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"Talks With T. R.," by John J. Leary, Jr.

A Volume of Human Documents Gathered During Thirty Years of Intimate Friendship

Reviewed by HOWARD P. ROCKEY

IN his book, "Talks with T. R.," John J. Leary, jr. (published by Houghton Mifflin Company) has painted a new and fascinatingly intimate portrait of the former President of the United States. In reading its pages, one almost feels as if he were actually talking face to face with "The Colonel," for there is page after page of quotations culled from the diary Mr. Leary kept in the days when he was constantly interviewing Theodore Roosevelt.

But aside from the biographic phase of the book, this remarkable character study is interesting from this point of view: it shows the great faith Roosevelt had in human nature. Roosevelt did nothing half way. If he trusted a man he trusted him to the utmost and his confidence in him knew no bounds.

Leary was a member of the famous "newspaper cabinet," as the Washington representatives of the various newspapers dubbed themselves. In fact, he may be said to have been the "premier" of that cabinet, for it was given to but few men to be closer to "T. R.," than Mr. Leary was.

THE introduction to his book is a facsimile of Colonel Roosevelt's handwritten letter dated Sagamore Hill, November 10, 1917, to Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Van Deman of the General Staff, Chief Military Intelligence Section of the War Department. In it Colonel Roosevelt says:

> I have long known Mr. John J. Leary, jr. well and intimately. I vouch for him absolutely. He is a man of exceptional intelligence and energy, of entire discretion, of excellent judgment; a dead game man, and absolutely straight, and a through and through American of the best type, in character and in single-minded loyalty. I would put him in any confidential position under me, if I were given command.

That was Roosevelt's endorsement of Leary. And in the last paragraph of the preface to his work, Leary writes: "Hence this little book, offered to the public in the hope that it will help those who were not privileged above their fellows in knowing him in the flesh, to visualize and know the real Roosevelt."

And Mr. Leary has done just what he set out to do. He has written a book every page of which teems with inspiration and stirs the reader to nobler thoughts and a keener appreciation of duty. Each of the sixty-one brief chapters shows Roosevelt's supersense of judging human nature, of sizing up men and determining their trustworthiness, their abilities, disabilities, and their loyalty. Only once in his career was he disappointed in a man he trusted—strange to say, a newspaper correspondent who violated his confidence. That betrayal pained Roosevelt more deeply than it did the man himself, although he was afterwards broken-hearted.

"Talks With T. R.," is based on a series of personal conversations which cover more than thirty year's intimate personal friendship with Colonel Roosevelt. The interviews are set down so graphically that the reader seems almost

A man cannot be honest alone. He must have courage and brains as well. Honesty, Courage, Brains—that is the order.
—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

to have been present and to feel unmistakably the strong magnetic personality of the great American.

The first chapters deal with his earlier history. They do not date back to his entry into politics, but in refreshing, minute peeps into the varied scenes, lead up to the time when Mr. Leary tells the Colonel's own story of how he lost his eye. In it he quotes the Colonel as saying,

"I did not realize it was news until I saw the papers yesterday. I rather supposed that most people knew I had lost the sight of one eye."

Leary says that a casual inquiry as to the state of the Colonel's health was responsible for Mr. Roosevelt revealing this interesting incident in his career.

"What do they say I have?" he inquired.

"Arterio-sclerosis."

"Just what is that?"

"A hardening of the walls of the arteries—a loss of elasticity in the blood vessels."

"Well, on that definition they are right. I have had arterio-sclerosis for a long time. Ever since I was about forty, I have had to cut out violent exercises one after the other until now there is nothing left except what a grandfather might expect.

"When I was Governor, it was delightful to note the refusal of the Comptroller to audit a bill for a wrestling mat for the Executive Mansion. He could understand perfectly why a gentleman should wish a billiard table, but a wrestling mat for a Governor! It was inconceivable.

"I did not wrestle so much after that. My first man, a middle-weight champion, knew enough to take care of himself and me, too. I forget his name. He had to quit and his successor was an oarsman who could neither look out for himself nor for me. The result was that one bout ended with the smashing of one of his knees and I had a loose rib or two.

"I used to like to box, but I had to stop when I hurt my left eye in the White House. You know it is blind; a loss, but not nearly as bad as if it were the right one. It happened this way: I was boxing with a naval officer, a husky chap and a cousin of Mrs. Roosevelt. He countered a hot one on the side of the head—right over the eye. One of the hardening arteries ruptured. Then the eye gradually began to film over. Soon all the sight was gone. That's how I lost it.

"So far as I know the officer never learned the result of his blow. To have told him would have only caused him to feel badly."

ANOTHER chapter points out the valuable moral in connection with the habit of gossip, which was related to the "newspaper cabinet" at the time Mr. Roosevelt was accused of being an excessive drinker. In a joking way someone asked him what were his bad habits. His laughing reply was what started that slanderous story.

"You see, when I would decline a cigar, saying I did not smoke, folks would often ask, in a joking way, 'What are your bad habits.' In the same spirit I would reply, 'Prize fighting and strong drink.'

"Now it so happens that the Lord in His infinite wisdom elected to create some persons with whom it is never safe to joke—solemn asses who lack a sense of humor. I am very fond of that story of Sidney Smith's, who, playing with his children, stopped suddenly, saying, 'Children, we must now be serious—here comes a fool.' You know the kind he meant—those poor unfortunates who must take everything said to them literally.

"One of these to whom I made that remark said, 'Roosevelt, I hear, drinks hard.' The other fool replied, 'Yes, that's true. He told me so himself.'

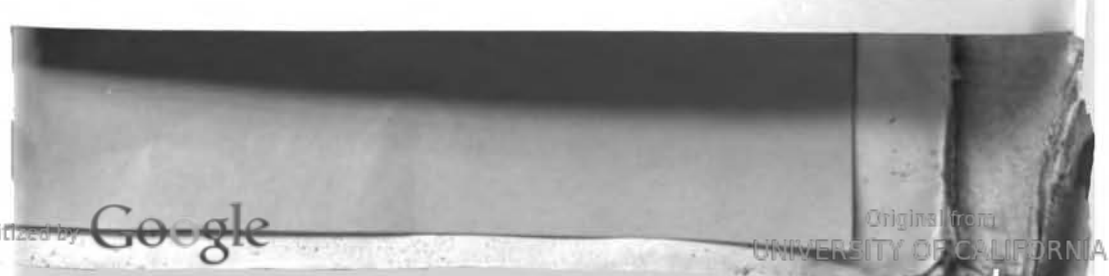
"And so the story went on its travels.

"However, the thing had its value. We're never too old to learn and I learned to be careful with whom I cracked the simplest joke. Thank God, there are many you can joke with in safety. If we couldn't laugh once in a while, what a world this would be! It wouldn't be a world—it would be a madhouse."

MR. LEARY then goes on to tell of Colonel Roosevelt's break with former President Taft, of his adventure with death when an attempt was made to assassinate him during the campaign of the Progressive Party, and a highly inspirational talk with Leary regarding Charles S. Whitman, Governor of New York, and John Purroy Mitchell, the ill-fated aviator and former mayor of New York. Every sentence in this chapter is pregnant with wholesome advice for every American, and its pithy presentation may readily be applied to any reader's personal life. These chapters are so personal in their frank discussion of the two men that they could only have been revealed by a man of Roosevelt's type to a man whom he trusted as he did Leary. True to that trust, Mr. Leary regarded these statements in confidence although his newspaper instinct must have told him what a sensational story they would have made if published. Now, for the first time, he gives the Colonel's words to the world—the hand of death having removed the ban of silence.

Intensely interesting is Roosevelt's own story of his visit to the kaiser during his world tour after his second term as President. Equally interesting is his expression of the difficulty he faced during the candidacy of Judge Hughes. Roosevelt says it was a trying experience for he had never wanted to help a man so much and found it so hard to do so.

Another chapter relates that when Roosevelt was credited with being able to "get the crowd" no matter what the political caliber of his audience. "It isn't because I'm an orator," Roosevelt replied.



"Isn't it because the crowd always knows I am sincere" asked the Colonel. "I think it is. Otherwise—bah!" (This with a wave of his hand.) "It surely must be that in the years I have been in public life, folks have always found me sincere. Men do not always agree with me; in fact" (this whimsically) "many have been known to differ with me very seriously; but my worst enemies do not, I believe, question my sincerity. Men who do not know me may doubt my sincerity, but no one who knows me does."

Leary says that Roosevelt loved hecklers when making a speech. He relates an incident which occurred, in 1906, in Roosevelt's own words:

A United States Senator asked that he confine his talk to the tariff.

"My dear Senator," said he, "you will pardon me for saying I will do nothing of the kind. I did not come here to talk tariff, the crowd did not come here to hear me talk tariff, and I'll be hanged if I do talk tariff. I'll talk what is in me."

"But, Colonel," persisted the local man, "we know that there is an organized plan to heckle you if you talk war and preparedness."

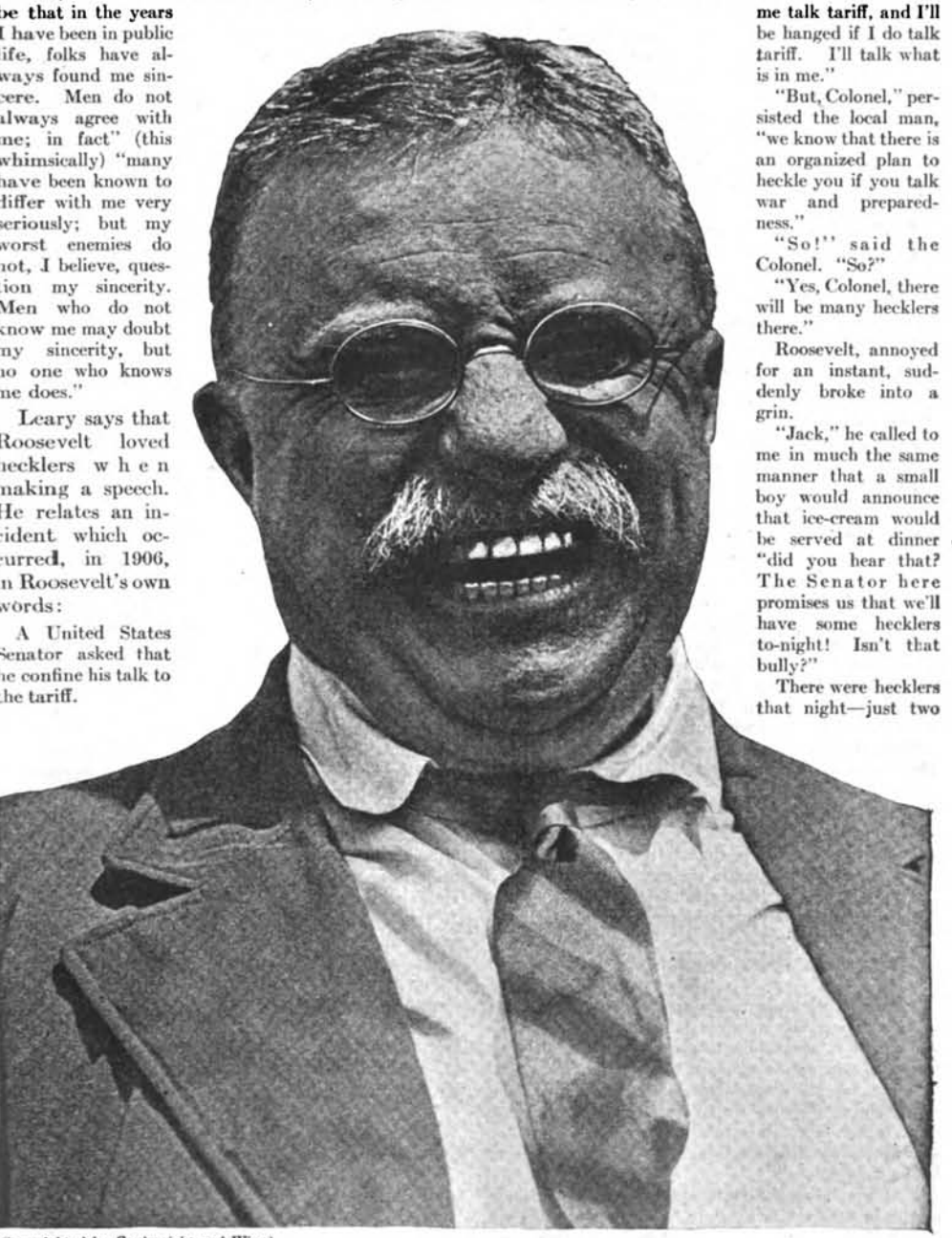
"So!" said the Colonel. "So?"

"Yes, Colonel, there will be many hecklers there."

Roosevelt, annoyed for an instant, suddenly broke into a grin.

"Jack," he called to me in much the same manner that a small boy would announce that ice-cream would be served at dinner "did you hear that? The Senator here promises us that we'll have some hecklers to-night! Isn't that bully?"

There were hecklers that night—just two



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THE SMILING COUNTENANCE OF "T. R."

This is one of the most remarkable photographs of "The Colonel" ever taken.

of them. Their efforts served to emphasize the Colonel's points, both giving him openings he was quick to take advantage of to the delight of his audience. On the way to the train I remarked that the dreaded questioners had not made much progress.

"Of course they didn't, he replied. "They seldom if ever do. A man with an honest question has no terror for a speaker who is honest himself. A dishonest heckler has no chance with an honest speaker.

"But if a man is sincere—he has nothing to fear. If he isn't sincere—he has no business speaking. In the long run, sincerity must be the test of any public man."

THAT Roosevelt was a man of many sides and many varying friendships is shown by Mr. Leary's semi-comic yet rather pathetic relation of interviews between Archbishop Ireland, and Robert Fitszimmons and John L. Sullivan, the fighters. He liked them all for their various good qualities and all of them worshipped him.

A chapter on the famous "Newspaper Cabinet" of which Leary was a trusted member, gives a true insight into the way Roosevelt won men and held their loyalty. Leary's own words tell the story best.

Occasionally a visiting statesman or politician returning from Oyster Bay would have some mention to make of the group to which he had been introduced by the Colonel, or marvel at the freedom with which the Colonel discussed matters of the gravest importance with what one Senator called "news hounds." Sometimes a managing, or city editor, or a magazine editor, would hear something of it and try to get the story, but none ever succeeded. Those within the circle would not write it, and those without could not.

Being refused a story is no novelty to most editors. The "cabinet," however, was a real novelty to many of the Colonel's visitors.

"It's as valuable to me—more so—than I am to it."

As the Colonel said, "the cabinet" was made up of picked men. They were the survivors of the army of reporters who, beginning in the day when Oyster Bay sported one or two rickety horse cabs and only one telephone, had driven up the slope of Sagamore Hill.

Then as Mr. Leary quotes his own experience:

"These gentlemen understand me perfectly," he (Colonel Roosevelt) would say to a stranger, and they know what is permissible to print. Just consult with them and you will be all right."

"Now, we will discuss this matter in cabinet." he would go on. "When we are through we will decide what, if anything, can be printed. I am not sure that we will want to print anything, but you want the facts for your guidance."

This would be the start of a discussion of some matter in the news or likely to be in the news. In the course of this, the Colonel would be most frank, particularly if there were no strangers present whom he had not tested out. On their part, the correspondents would be equally frank in their criticisms and suggestions, and in offering bits of information bearing on the subject in hand.

"All right," the Colonel might say as the discussion ended, perhaps at the stroke of the dinner gong, "take this down and we will see how it sounds," and proceed to dictate a statement.

"This" might sound all right and it might not; changes of a word here and there would, as likely as not, be suggested, and when each had had his say, the Colonel would give his final assent to publication. Or at his suggestion the matter would be held up indefinitely—the entire talk being held as "in cabinet."

So far as I know, but one man, who must be nameless in his shame, ever outraged the hospitality of the Colonel. He did it once. Before he could again visit "the hill" he was notified not to return. The offense was flagrant and indefensible.

TOWARD the close of the work, Mr. Leary gives his own appraisal of Roosevelt, a frank first-hand estimate which shows that the veteran newspaper man was cognizant of Roosevelt's human failings as well as of his virtues. Leary says:

He welcomed criticism even when he did not agree with it, and to make this clear to me when I had one day apologized for having ventured to criticize something he had prepared for publication, he told me why he held Elihu Root to have been the most valuable member of his Cabinet.

"That is exactly what I want," said he. (Meaning criticism.) "It's exactly what I want. That is why you are more valuable to me than I am to you, why I talk so freely to you. I want your opinions and I want you to fight me when you think I am wrong. I am not omniscient, and no one knows it better than I.

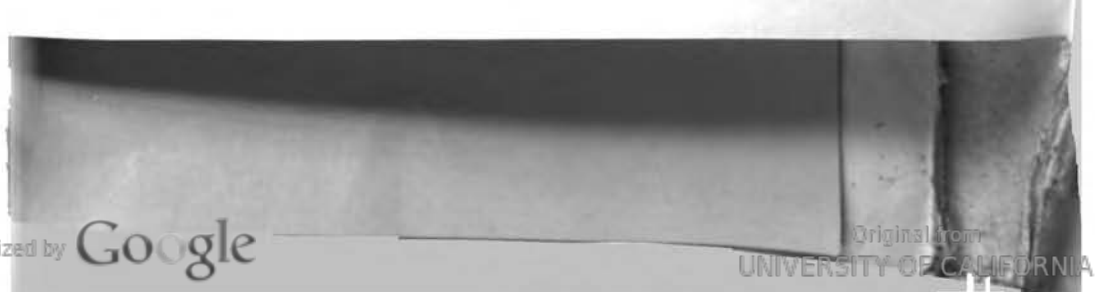
"It is because Root would not hesitate to express an opinion that he was immensely more valuable to me in the Cabinet than John Hay was. Hay was a splendid character, likable and lovable, but he would never criticize. He would not fight for an opinion. Root would, and he'd give persistent battle for his viewpoint. He was a most dogged fighter.

"Sometimes I would accept his views, sometimes I would allow his opinions to modify my own; more often, perhaps, I would ignore him altogether and follow my own ideas. But his frankness, his outspokenness, were of great help in making me see all sides of a question.

Colonel Roosevelt loved boys—and this was his idea of a real boy:

"Better a boy you have to rescue from a police station because he whipped a cab driver or a 'cop' than a 'Miss Nancy'"—that was Colonel Roosevelt's idea of the kind of a boy one should have.

"Some of the most splendid fellows I know have boys that if they were mine I'd choke them—pretty boys who know all of the latest tango steps and the small talk, and the latest things in socks and ties—



tame cats, mollycoddles, and their fathers real men, and their mothers most excellent women! Throwbacks, I suppose. I'd feel disgraced beyond redemption had I such boys.

"Mine, thank God, have been good boys, a bit mischievous at times, all of them, but every boy is. Honestly, if I had to take my choice, I'd rather have a boy that I'd have to go to the police station and bail out for beating a cab driver or a policeman, than one of the mollycoddle type. He might worry me, but he wouldn't disgrace me.

"Every boy thinks his father is a pretty big man. One of mine told his teacher once his father was 'it'." That confidence is something no man can afford to lose, and if he can make his boy see that the thing to do is to go to his father with his troubles, he has a pretty good guarantee that the boy won't get into very serious messes. On the other hand, if the boy knows that he is going to get a dressing-down every time his parent hears of some venial sin of omission or commission, boy-like, he's going to try to conceal as much as he can. He will, however, get advice abroad if he does not get it at home, and he's mighty lucky if the kind he gets abroad is the kind he should have.

"That's why many a boy goes wrong who otherwise would in all probability have gone as straight as H."

Then speaking of the part his son's played n the war, Colonel Roosevelt said to Mr. Leary:

"Three of my boys are in the American army and in American uniform. This one is going to fight in a British uniform. It does not make any difference to me what uniform they fight in. The main point is they are fighting, and I don't care a continental whether they fight in Yankee uniforms or British uniforms or in their nightshirts, so long as they are fighting. That's the main point—they are fighting.

"It isn't pleasant for me, or any other father who knows the fearful things a high-explosive shell will do, to think of his boys being exposed to them—to think that at the moment they may be lying disemboweled in No Man's Land, but that is war. I hope and pray that they'll all come back; but, before God, I'd rather none came back than one, able to go, had stayed at home. I pray God will send them back to me safe and sound, but in my heart I know it is almost too much for me to hope for. I know my boys. I know they will do their part. That means danger.

"Talks with T. R.,"* is, by far, the most interesting of the many books that have been written on the life and acts of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Leary has not aimed at literary style. On the other hand, he has given in a simple, concise way some remarkable incidents and conversations that prove the many-sided qualities of "The Colonel," that the many Americans who admired him may know him more intimately. It is as fascinating as a novel, and every red-blooded American should make it his duty to read Mr. Leary's interesting book from cover to cover.

*"*Talks with T. R.*" *From the diaries of John J. Leary, Jr. With illustrations. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company., Boston and New York. Price, $4.00.*

"It Has Already Done Me Harm Enough"

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHY is it that when there is gravel in your shoe, or something sharp sticking into you somewhere in your clothing, you will remove it as soon as you can, but when something happens which troubles your mind, when you have made some blunder, some bad mistake, which has terribly humiliated you, instead of removing it from your memory, you keep it there?

Haven't you already suffered enough? Hasn't this thing pained you enough? Hasn't it taken enough out of your life? Hasn't it wasted enough of your energy, of your life force, which might have been turned to better account? Do you realize how it is devitalizing and negativing your whole system? You cannot create while your system is negative, and whatever pains you, whatever worries you or makes you anxious, whatever arouses in you fear, jealousy, or envy is injuring you. All these things make your mind negative, and you cannot create when your mind is in that condition. You must get rid of these enemies which are torturing you and prematurely aging you.

MAKE up your mind that the most precious things in the world to you are your energy, your vitality, your brain matter, because out of them come all the worth-while things in life. You cannot afford to squander your most valuable assets in petty worries and anxieties over the little misfortunes of life. Why, your pride ought to keep you from such a fatal exhibition of weakness and inefficiency as you show when you worry, fret, and stew.

If men could only once see the fearful havoc, the wearing, rasping, and grinding out of the delicate life bearings caused by the worrying, fretting habit, they could never again be induced to indulge in it. I have seen a strong man so completely exhausted in a few days by the waste of vitality, the shrinkage of brain power, caused by the poison of fear, worry, and anxiety, that you would think he had actually been suffering from some malignant disease.

What would you think of a man who, because he had lost a cow, should go and kill his horse? It is an absurd suggestion, isn't it? Yet such a proceeding would be more sensible than for you or anyone else, because of some misfortune or loss, to throw away much precious brain capital, vitality capital, in worrying and fretting over it.

I KNOW a business man who wastes enough mental ability in worrying over little losses to enable him to earn twice as much as he has lost, if he would only utilize that which he wasted in doing things that are worth while. If you should lose your pocketbook with a hundred dollars in it, you certainly would not throw away another hundred dollars, and yet you may throw away five hundred dollars' worth of brain energy and vitality, mourning over the loss of the hundred dollars.

I recently saw these words in a New York publication, and they have haunted me: "*Whatever happens to us in life, it doesn't matter much really.*" Go back over your life. The worst thing that has ever happened to you, except downright disgrace, because of a criminal act, doesn't matter much. Your failure in business, perhaps, didn't matter much. Through it have you not gained in wisdom, which infinitely more than compensates for your loss?

You may have made an unfortunate marriage, and your home life be far from happy, your business may have turned out badly, but these things are not really half as bad as they might have been, and you probably have profited by them in many ways.

RESOLVE at the very outset of your career, that no matter what happens to you in the way of failure, disappointment, hardship, bitter experiences, it shall not mar nor spoil your peace of mind or your chance in life. Resolve that there is one thing you will protect, as you protect your honor, and that is your peace of mind, your poise. Resolve that since you are the offspring of Omnipotence you are not going to allow any little thing that may happen to you in your living-getting to dishearten you. Resolve that whatever may come to you in the way of misfortune it shall leave no shadow in your soul. Resolve that no shadow shall shut out faith and hope from your life.

Who's Who in the Affairs of the Nation

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN
Author of "How Presidents Are Made."

"THE articles in THE NEW SUCCESS *which please me most," writes one of our subscribers, "are those which keep me informed regarding the men and women of the country who rise to the top wave of popularity. I know that* SUCCESS *will inform me fully and fairly about the people who come to the front—the people we want to talk about in our daily conversation."*

Our correspondent has said something about us that we have always wanted to say for ourselves. In the matter of life-stories, personal interviews, sketches, or pen pictures of prominent people, THE NEW SUCCESS *takes the lead over all other magazines. The people make the country. You must know about them—not only who they are but how and why they reached their success goal. You will find that* SUCCESS *will furnish you a liberal education in this respect. "Who's Who in the Affairs of the Nation" is to have its place in future numbers.*

There may be other public persons you wish to know about, to read about. Tell us who they are.—THE EDITORS.

JOHN BARTON PAYNE

The "Unknown Quantity" Who Became Secretary of the Interior

HERE is Secretary Payne, the Honorable John Barton Payne. He has in him the same blood as that of John Howard Payne who made the home so famous "y'ars and y'ars ago." Secretary Payne is a cabinet officer. He has charge of the Interior Department. When this department was created, the United States was a fringe along the Atlantic Coast, and the "interior" was pretty much everything from the Alleghanies to the setting sun, which at that time meant lands and Indians. Lands and Indians are still the most important subjects handled by the Interior Department; but as the country grew, such bureaus as patents, pensions, and several others were added.

But this story is about Secretary Payne not of his work and duty. He is not a professional Secretary. He is a lawyer. He first made himself known in Washington in connection with the Shipping Board and was afterwards transferred to the cabinet.

A most likeable man is Secretary Payne. He has a sense of humor. He sees the ridiculous where it exists, and refuses to be a solemn old owl. Isn't it refreshing to come in contact with some one who can be thus described?

He dresses well. He always looks natty and neat, always with the correct thing in clothes, even to the smallest detail; and yet he is never flashy—just a well-dressed man. On the golf links he always appears in the proper sport-clothes, and looking about fifty per cent better than the average golfer.

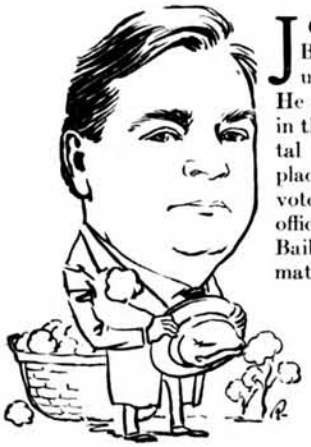
HIS face is ruddy, the very picture of health. He is a handsome man of sixty-five years, with becoming iron-gray hair that is quite appropriate. He looks at you from almost slits under his eyebrows, for his eyelids are so close together that only when he parts them to "speak volumes" can you discover that they are dark eyes and full of mischief—rather, full of the fun of life—of living. They are speaking eyes; they answer questions; they make comments; they express surprise, interest, or contempt, and you know what John Barton Payne thinks about many subjects even if he has not spoken a word; that is, if he wants you to understand. Otherwise, the eyes remain narrowed to slits, and his face is like a sphinx.

Secretary Payne was an unknown quantity in the affairs of the nation until the time of trial came; the time when brains and training were

needed. Then he was brought forth to perform service for his country, and thus Washington has become enriched by his society and personality. He is of the superior type—the kind of a man who always can find himself and make others find him when he is needed for important work.

JOSEPH W. BAILEY

A Forceful Man Who Could Not Keep in Step With His Party



JOSEPH W. BAILEY is a figure in Washington. He spends more time in the National Capital than any other place, although he votes and runs for office in Texas. Joe Bailey—his more intimate friends and politicians call him "Joe"—is a man who looks what he is, earnest, decisive, intense. It has been something like twenty-six years since he first appeared in Washington as a representative of a Texas district. He spent ten years in the House and became the leader of his party. He spent nearly twelve years in the Senate and there became the leader of his party, and yet no man is more out of harmony with his party now than Bailey, of Texas.

Absolutely fearless, and a man of strong convictions, he has expressed himself without reserve and virtually taken himself away from the Democratic party. He is a man of intense likes and dislikes. When he decided to quit public life and was not a candidate for re-election to the Senate, Texas elected as his successor a man that he particularly disliked. A few weeks before the end of his term, Bailey resigned his seat in the Senate after making arrangements to have one of his particular personal friends appointed for the interim. Whenever anybody spoke of the elected senator as Bailey's successor he would always say: "Not my successor; not that man! I took particular pains to interpose, between myself and the man Texas elected, a man who is of sterling worth and character."

When Bailey was at the height of his career as a Democratic leader, and the party was casting about for presidential candidates, someone suggested to him that he might become a candidate for President of the United States if he cared to.

"No," he promptly replied. "There hangs in my law office in Texas a picture of Jefferson Davis. That, alone, would prevent my nomination for the presidency."

In his younger days, and maybe now, Bailey, a native of Mississippi, was a great admirer of the late President of the Confederacy.

ASLE J. GRONNA

A North Dakota Senator Who Fell Between Two Stools

DID you ever hear of the man who "fell between two stools?" I have heard the expression a thousand times, though I don't know who the man was or how it came about; but I want to use it to introduce Asle J. Gronna, who, in a short time, will close his senatorial career as one who represents "in part" the State of North Dakota. I will come to the "two stools" a little later.

Gronna is one of two senators of Scandinavian descent, his father was born in Norway. He has a mop of iron-gray hair, jutting eyebrows under which are a pair of searching blue eyes, giving him an intense, almost fierce look. He is rugged in appearance, and prides himself on being one of the real farmers in public life—a farmer who tills the soil and raises crops.

Asle J. Gronna was a member of the House once upon a time, when Uncle Joe Cannon was a czar. Gronna "insurged" with many other Republican representatives and helped to make the welkin ring like a fire gong. Well, these insurgents tore things up, took the crown off Uncle Joe, reformed the House so that it is worse now than ever before in point of efficiency. Among other things, the insurgents helped turn out the Republican "stand-patters" and make Woodrow Wilson President for eight years. When all's said and done, that was the net result of the Republican insurgent movement. Mind you, I

said "helped." It is more than possible that Taft would have been able to accomplish this "all on his own," but he had help from the insurgents.

The insurgents throve, at least half a dozen of them found themselves advanced to seats in the Senate.

One of these was Gronna. The ink on his signature to the oath of office was not dry, his seat had scarcely felt the pressure of his senatorial trousers, before Gronna allied himself with Robert La Follette, the stormy petrel of Republican politics for a third of a century. It was not long before Gronna found and occupied a seat next to La Follette. They voted the same way and it was Gronna who announced the frequent and often protracted absences of the Wisconsin senator on all roll calls. Parenthetically, it may be stated, that La Follette never seemed to think the sessions of the Senate were worth attending unless he was making a speech. And so Gronna traveled with La Follette. There never seemed even a partial parting of the ways.

Here it becomes necessary to make a digression. The seats on the Republican side of the Senate are allotted to senators by filing a claim; that is, any senator is privileged to file on the seat occupied by another senator, taking a gamble that the occupant may die or be defeated. Thus it was that La Follette secured the seat on the first row of the Republican side next the middle aisle, and in a very short time Gronna was next to him.

MEANWHILE, Boies Penrose was "edging up." He started many years ago on the outer edge of that front row and moved over seat by seat. Finally, the death of a veteran senator gave him the third seat from the center aisle on the front row and Gronna found himself between La Follette and Penrose.

I told you I'd get back to those two stools.

La Follette was absent so much of the time, and Penrose was clever, insinuating and seductive, and, perhaps, with siren voice, charmed the North Dakota senator. At all events, Gronna relaxed somewhat in his insurgency. He was rarely off the regular Republican reservation. He found himself very often in accord with that element in the Senate usually denominated reactionaries.

In the North Dakota primary, Gronna was defeated for the Republican nomination, and has gone down between the two stools occupied by Penrose and La Follette. Non-partisan leaguers asserted that Gronna had lost his insurgent ardor; that he was no longer the independent progressive he had been when promoted from the House to the Senate, and, altogether they were able to make the farmers of North Dakota believe that he was not their real friend.

CHARLES C. GLOVER

The Washington Banker Who Made His City Beautiful

CHARLES C. GLOVER is a city builder. We have heard of empire builders, men of genius and farsightedness who stretched forth hands over the wilderness and created empires. This banker, Charles C. Glover, has devoted the greater portion of his life to making Washington the City Beautiful. No one man has done as much in that direction as Mr. Glover. The magnificent parks, the reclaimed Potomac Flats, as well as many other splendid attractions in Washington have been created by his initiation or active coöperation. One might think that a great banker—he is the president of the largest banking institution in Washington—would not be devoted to things artistic, to beautiful parks and lawns, handsome trees, well-paved streets, and everything that helps to put a city on the map. But this banker is not a "money grubber," although like most men he likes money, but principally for what he can do with it. From the very first, he took an active interest in Washington; as soon as he was old enough to realize what a real city meant, particularly a beautiful city, in the eyes of the world.

IT was Ambassador Bryce, who once delivered a short lecture before a select group of Washingtonians on the various capitals of the world, who remarked that next to Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, Washington had more natural advantages than the capital of any other country. He went on to say that Washington had improved its natural advantages as no other city, and for that reason it was the most beautiful capital in the world. Charles C. Glover can take just pride in the beauty of this capital, for he has done more than any other one man to make it what it is, the pride of the nation.

Mr. Glover's love of the beautiful is not confined to parks, and natural scenery, but extends to the fine arts. He is one of the trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery, which has attained distinction as one of the important art galleries of the world.

It is rather strange, isn't it, that a man whose chief employment in life is to build up, improve, and beautify his home city, and is, at the same time, one of the great bankers of the country, should also be a bookish man? He began his business career in a bookstore, and he acquired a knowledge of and a liking for books in his early youth that has lasted throughout his life. Although not having the educational advantages that come to a great many men he is a scholar in all that pertains to books and reading.

Something more than seventy years ago, Charles C. Glover was born in North Carolina. He has all the impetuousness of the Southern born, but with energy and endurance of a Northerner. Three years he worked in a bookstore in Washington and at nineteen years of age became a clerk in Riggs National Bank. He has long been president of that institution.

IN his work of helping to build up Washington he has encountered many obstacles and oftentimes has been roundly abused, sometimes charged with self-seeking instead of working in the interest of the public. Once, a man made serious charges against him in a speech in the House of Representatives and Glover took the first occasion when he met that congressman to punch his face. And the representative made it a congressional affair, claiming that it was a breach of the rights of the House for a member to be chastised for what he said on the floor of the House. Glover was haled to the bar of the House and standing before the speaker made his apology. He said he had no idea of doing anything to affront the House, but being indignant at the false charges made against him he had taken the only course open to resent them by a physical attack upon the person of the man who had uttered them. The apology was accepted, the member simply had made himself ridiculous and Glover came out of the affair with flying colors.

Mr. Glover likes people. He likes all kinds of people, but particularly intelligent persons, men and women of affairs. The office of the president of Riggs National Bank, is right by the entrance, and through the glass partition the head of the institution can see and be seen. Everybody is welcome in the president's office and often Mr. Glover is out in the main room mingling with the patrons.

"I don't care how small a person's account is," he said one day when there was a movement by big banks to cut off all small accounts. "I want people to come in here, and whether they are large or small depositors I want them to feel that this is their bank. More than that, I like to see them come in. I like to talk with them, get their views and learn about them. People interest me and I like them."

JAMES THOMAS HEFLIN

No Halfway Man—But Always Loyal to the Core.

THE House loses one of its chief attractions by the election, but the Senate is the gainer. James Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, will no longer be the idol of the feminine "rail-birds" of the House. These admirers will henceforth be seen in the Senate galleries, for "Tom" Heflin has been transplanted. He is senator now and will be for years to come, as it is a tradition in Alabama that her senators are never changed save by death. Only once in half a century has there been an exception, and one exception is necessary to prove the rule.

It is not going to be hard to pick out Tom Heflin in the Senate; it wasn't difficult in the House. All you had to do was to find the most distinguished-looking man dressed in the height of fashion—if it was warm weather. For it is when the electric fans are turned on and all the doors and windows are open that Heflin appears in his resplendent uniforms. First a delicate gray—mauve, perhaps, is the word—replaced the Southern "Jimswinger" that had hung about and draped his shapely legs during the winter. Then the mauve suit gave place to a creamy creation. Later, when the dog days approached, Heflin appeared in showy white—immaculate—the very perfection of summer's well-dressed man.

Is it any wonder that new visitors should ask: "Who is that distinguished-looking man, dressed all in white?" The regular rail-birds answered, "Tom Heflin of Alabama."

And he is lost to the House forevermore. But the Senate gains; it always gains at the expense

of the House. From the beginning of the government this has been true. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Sherman, Conkling, Blaine, Logan, Lodge, and about thirty members of the present Senate first came into view as national legislators in the House of Representatives. Heflin will find himself in company with many men who knew him as a cub representative in the House.

HEFLIN will be needed in the Senate, not only to add personal pulchritude to that body, but as a valiant defender of the administration. In the House he was the most earnest, the most vigorous, the most effective defender of President Wilson and his administration, on the floor. He never faltered, nor wavered; he was no halfway man; he was loyal to the core. All he wanted to know was what position the administration had taken and he was there with support in the form of a speech to back it up, defend it, and put to shame those partisans who would, for party advantage, trail the fair name of the country in the dust. And the administration recognized and reciprocated. It helped to make Heflin senator.

ROBERT L. OWEN

An American of Indian Blood Who Keeps His Grip on the People

ROBERT L. OWEN is one of the Indians of the United States Senate. There is another, but Owen was the second man of Indian blood, so far as the writer knows, who has been a United States Senator. The records state that Senator Owen is part Cherokee—one of the famous Five Civilized Tribes. Owen comes from Oklahoma, the most Indian State in the Union; far more than Indiana, which, though named for the Indians, has about as many Indians within her borders as Manhattan Island, which bears an Indian name. But Oklahoma is really Indian. Once it was Indian Territory. That was before its richness in oil, minerals and soil was fully known.

Senator Owen had a narrow escape from being nominated for President at San Francisco. He was Bryan's first choice. So was Champ Clark in 1912.

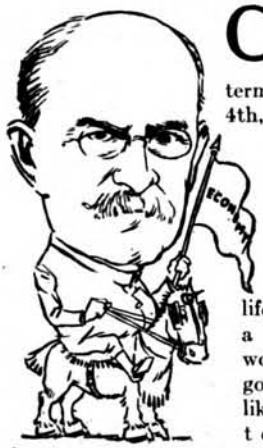
He has been in the Senate since the last part of 1907. He was one of the first senators when Oklahoma was admitted as a State. He has "kept his hold" on his people, and if they could have had their way they would have made him President.

OWEN is "something of Indian." He looks the part to some extent. After he has been out in the sun, when he has become tanned and hard as nails, there is the copper color on his skin that betrays his origin. The Indian comes out in him. He is as devoid of beard as were the statesmen before the Civil War. Eyes of dark but lustrous hue; calm in poise, until excited by debate, then this senator with Indian blood in his veins, shows the predominance of the white race, for he is bold and unsparing in his language. His voice rings out clear, firm, denunciatory, for it has been his habit to criticize and condemn. Most of his constructive theories have gone awry because he is from ten to thirty years in advance of the times.

Senator Owen is a thoughtful man, a serious-minded man, one with whom it is futile to trifle or to attempt frivolity. Life and all it contains is a serious undertaking. You realize when in his presence that flippancy and airy persiflage should be taboo.

CHARLES S. THOMAS

A Fighter for Economy Who Didn't Know How to Lose



CHARLES S. THOMAS, of Colorado, will close his term as senator on March 4th, 1921. It is a pity in some respects—a pity that a man who thinks he is doing right, and who acts close to his emotions, must leave public life. Thomas has been a useful senator and would continue doing good work even if he is, like most reformers, utterly impractical at times. There are ninety-six senators. With ninety-six senators all of one mind and action with Thomas, the Senate would be a wreck in

a few weeks. And yet, Thomas acts conscientiously. He does not speak or vote save with the utmost regard to his best judgment.

Thomas is a man who knows that he is going to be beaten four times out of five when he is right, and goes right ahead just the same. One reason is because he has chosen to be a champion of economy. Such a man has from time immemorial been unpopular in the forum where he speaks, and among the people for whose interest he fights. I could name a long list of fighters for economy who never got anywhere and went out of public life either unsung or unpopular. Charlie Thomas has been the most earnest advocate of economy in the Senate; he wanted to save the taxpayers; he wanted to reduce expenditures; he wanted to save money for the Government—for the people—and yet his people decreed that he should be retired.

A WONDERFUL personality goes into political oblivion when Thomas goes out of public life. He had, with all his earnestness and strong convictions of right and wrong, salvation in a sense of humor. He never for a moment took himself too seriously. He fought hard and earnestly, but he smiled when he lost; smiled when the administration decreed that he was not good enough a Democrat to remain in the Senate. He took his *coup de grace* with a smile and witticism.

Tall and slim, Thomas was a striking figure in the Senate. A lawyer of repute, a fund of valuable information with power to express himself, he could always make a finished address on any subject. He was one of the most vicious critics of long-winded senatorial oratory which delayed or prevented action upon legislation, but he was one of those who spoke often and long without auditors on the floor or interested spectators in the galleries.

Wasn't it Oliver Goldsmith who said that people were amazed "that one small head could contain all he knew?" The quotation may not be exact, but that is the idea. No senator that I ever knew had such a small head as Thomas, and mighty few ever knew more than he knows.

In Which Class Will You Be?

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

"WHAT proportion of Americans succeed in life?" I asked William C. Johnson of the Federal National Bank of Washington, D.C.

"That depends," he answered, "on how you define success. You may be speaking of fame or service to the nation or self-sacrifice. But, as a banker, I can tell you of the statistics in one field of achievement at least, and that is in the ability of men to accumulate property. After all, that is a worth-while ambition, for poverty is always to be avoided. Don't misunderstand me; many of our greatest men have come up out of the ranks of the very poor but they have achieved fame not because of their original position but because they fought their way up to success."

"Here are a few facts gathered by a big life-insurance company, the National Association of Life Underwriters of New York City. They know what they are talking about. They say that these figures will apply to any group of one hundred average Americans."

And here are the figures Mr. Johnson gave me for THE NEW SUCCESS:

Of one hundred men:

At the age of 35—5 have died; 10 are wealthy; 10 are well-to-do; 40 live on their earnings; 35 show no improvement.

At the age of 45—16 have died; 1 is wealthy; 3 are well-to-do; 65 live on their earnings; 15 are no longer self-supporting.

At the age of 55—20 have died; 1 is wealthy; 3 are well-to-do; 46 live on their earnings; 30 are not self-supporting.

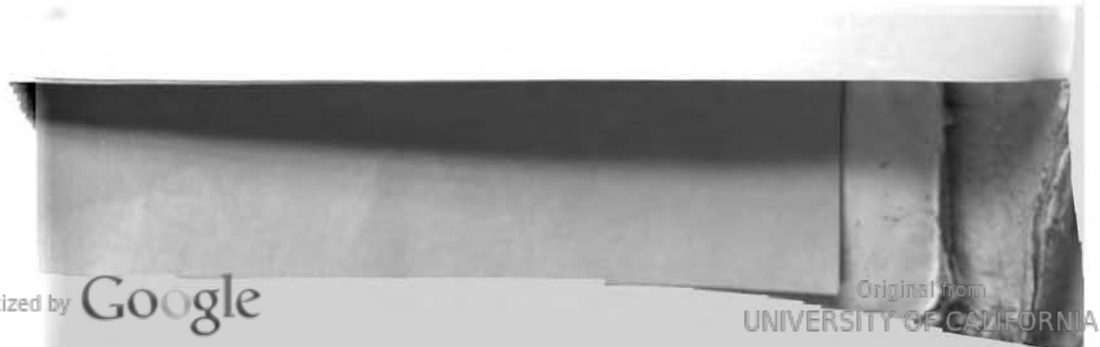
At the age of 65—36 have died; 1 is wealthy; 4 are well-to-do; 5 live on their earnings; 54 are no longer self-supporting.

At the age of 75—63 have died; 1 is wealthy; 2 are well-to-do; 34 are dependent.

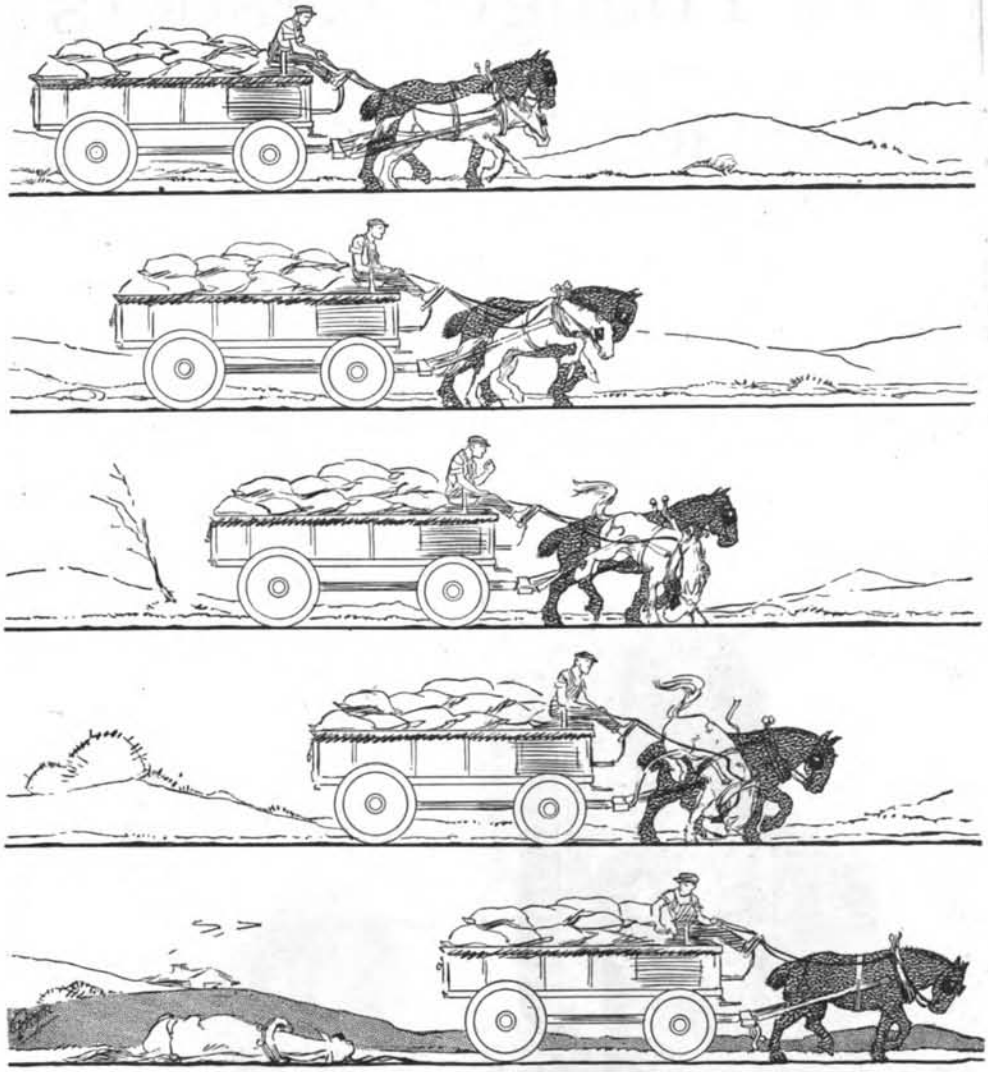
The estates of 100 men at death reveal the following —1 leaves wealth; 2 leave comfort; 15 leave from $2,000 to $10,000; 82 leave nothing.

It would be well worth while if every young man would study these figures and decide in which of these classes he will try to be.

ENTHUSIASM is the greatest business asset in the world. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles.



WASTED ENERGY



THE Farmer feared the load might be too heavy for his steady-going draft horse, so he hitched the young colt alongside to relieve the strain. They started all right, but pretty soon the colt, full of vitality and energy and the irrepressible spirit of youth, began to kick up his heels, to prance, caper, and spend his vitality in every direction, but he didn't pull a bit of the load. But despite the colt's gyrations, the big horse held to his course. He never slackened his steady pull. The more his lively companion pranced and exhausted itself in useless motions, the more steadily the draft horse kept going. When the colt, finally worn out with its antics, dropped exhausted by the roadside and was left behind by the farmer, the draft horse kept on pulling the load alone until the goal was reached.

Enough said.

For Younger Readers

Jean Val Jean Plays Santa Claus

AS for the traveler, he had deposited his cudgel and his bundle in a corner. The landlord once gone, he threw himself into an armchair and remained for some time buried in thought. Then he removed his shoes, took one of the two candles, blew out the other, opened the door, and quitted the room, gazing about him like a person who is in search of something. He traversed a corridor and came upon a staircase. There he heard a very faint and gentle sound like the breathing of a child. He followed this sound and came to a sort of triangular recess built under the staircase, or rather formed by the staircase itself. This recess was nothing else than the space under the steps. There, in the midst of all sorts of old papers and potsherds, among dust and spider's webs,—was a bed if one can call by the name of a bed a straw pallet so full of holes as to display the straw, and a coverlet so tattered as to show the pallet. No sheets. This was placed on the floor.

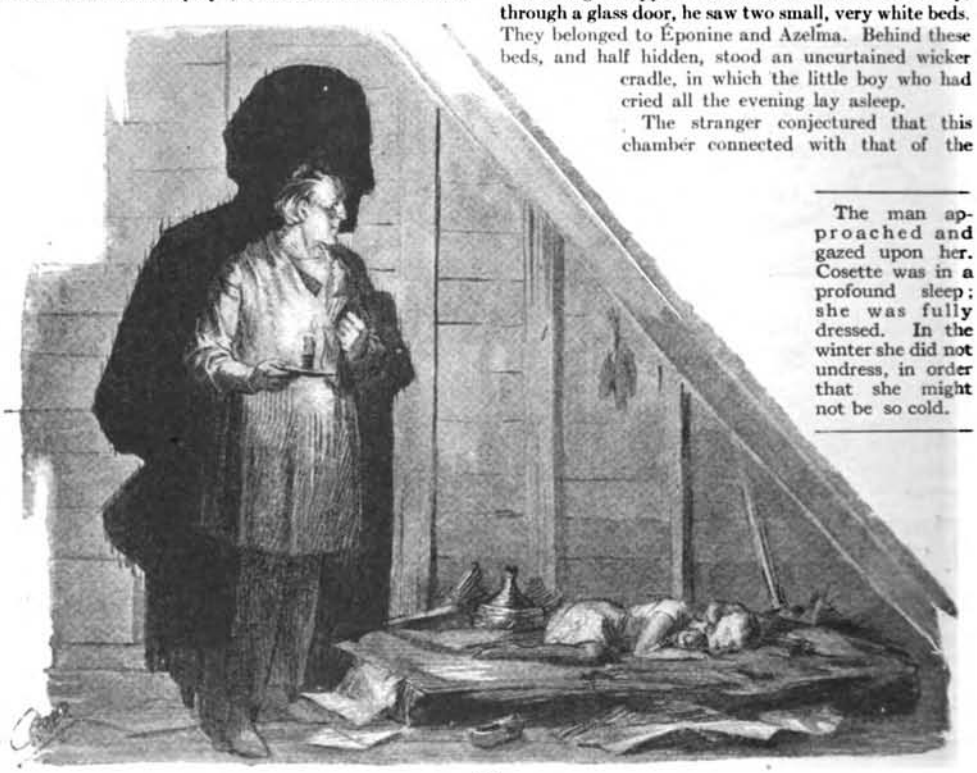
In this bed, Cosette was sleeping.

The man approached and gazed down upon her. Cosette was in a profound sleep; she was fully dressed. In the winter she did not undress, in order that she might not be so cold.

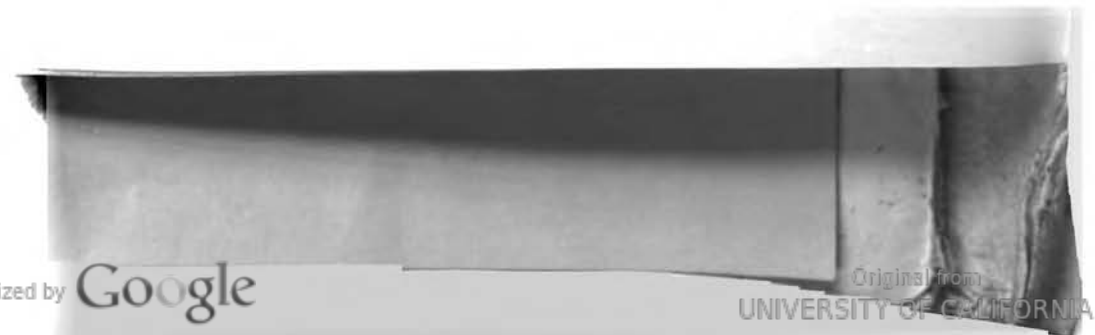
Against her breast was pressed the doll, whose large eyes, wide open, glittered in the dark. From time to time she gave vent to a deep sigh as though she were on the point of waking, and she strained the doll almost convulsively in her arms. Beside her bed there was only one of her wooden shoes.

A DOOR which stood open near Cosette's pallet permitted a view of a rather large, dark room The stranger stepped into it. At the further extremity, through a glass door, he saw two small, very white beds. They belonged to Éponine and Azelma. Behind these beds, and half hidden, stood an uncurtained wicker cradle, in which the little boy who had cried all the evening lay asleep.

The stranger conjectured that this chamber connected with that of the



The man approached and gazed upon her. Cosette was in a profound sleep; she was fully dressed. In the winter she did not undress, in order that she might not be so cold.



Thénardier pair. He was on the point of retreating when his eye fell upon the fireplace—one of those vast tavern chimneys where there is always so little fire when there is any fire at all, and which are so cold to look at. There was no fire in this one, there was not even ashes; but there was something which attracted the stranger's gaze, nevertheless. It was two tiny children's shoes, coquettish in shape and unequal in size. The traveler recalled the graceful and immemorial custom in accordance with which children place their shoes in the chimney on Christmas Eve, there to await in the darkness some sparkling gift from their good fairy. Éponine and Azelma had taken care not to omit this, and each of them had set one of her shoes on the hearth.

The traveler bent over them.

The fairy, that is to say, their mother, had already paid her visit, and in each he saw a brand-new and shining ten-sou piece.

THE man straightened himself up, and was on the point of withdrawing, when far in, in the darkest corner of the hearth, he caught sight of another object. He looked at it, and recognized a wooden shoe, a frightful shoe, of the coarsest description, half dilapidated and all covered with ashes and dried mud. It was Cosette's sabot. Cosette, with that touching trust of childhood, which can always be deceived yet never discouraged, had placed her shoe on the hearth-stone also.

Hope in a child who has never known anything but despair is a sweet and touching thing.

There was nothing in this wooden shoe.

The stranger fumbled in his waistcoat, bent over and placed a louis d'or in Cosette's shoe.

Thén he regained his own chamber with the stealthy tread of a wolf.—*From Les Miserables.*

SMILES

"FATHER, haven't I been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, my son, a very good boy. Why do you ask me?"

"Because you told mother how bad I was the other day, and I thought it only fair that you should tell her how good I have been to-day."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father who played the organ."

◆ ◆ ◆

TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, can you tell me what became of Noah and the ark?"

JOHNNY—"The baby sucked all the paint off'n Noah, and pa stepped on the ark and smashed it."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Jimmy," said the fond mother, "what became of that little pie I made for you yesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No, mama," answered Jimmy, with a grin; "I gave it to my teacher instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?"

"Yes; I think so," answered Jimmy. "She wasn't at school today."

He'll Get His Heart's Desire

ONE of our Presidents, James A. Garfield, said he never saw a poor boy in the street without feeling that he ought to take off his hat to him, because he might one day be President of the United States. Isn't it an inspiring thought, that every boy born under the Stars and Stripes may aspire to that great office? There need be no limit to a boy's aspirations. It doesn't matter how poor he may be, or where he has been born, if he has in him the qualities that have made poor boys famous as great men, there is no ambition too big for a boy to cherish.

First among the qualities he must possess to win him

his heart's desire, whatever it may be, is the *belief* that he can win it. If he wants something very badly, but fears to go after it, or thinks it is no use to try because he's not sure anyway whether he would be able to do all the hard work that he would have to do before he could get the thing he wants, then he'll never be another Abraham Lincoln, or a Ulysses S. Grant, or a Thomas A. Edison, or a Charles M. Schwab, or anything but a poor weak sort of a little chap who will never amount to much anyway.

The boy in the picture isn't that sort of a chap. He's just the opposite—a self-confident, courageous youngster, who has set his heart on a certain thing and has made up his mind that he is going to get it.

He's a grammar-school graduate who wants to go to high school and, after that, to college. But his parents are poor. They can't keep him at school unless he can help out the family income in some way. He'll begin to do something to help pay for his education.

He started out bright and early one morning, after breakfast, to look for a position. Before he had walked far he spied this sign hanging outside a hardware store: "Boy Wanted." Without stopping to make any inquiries, he took down the sign, and walked with it straight into the office of the proprietor of the store. Holding his cap in one hand and the sign in the other, he said to the astonished merchant, "You won't need this any more, sir. I'm the boy you want."

Of course he got the job. And of course he'll go through high school and college. And if he is not President of the United States one day, he'll be a high man in some line. He'll get his heart's desire.

Where Uncle Sam's 110,000,000 Live

THE rivalry between the cities of the United States which always accompanies the taking of the census once every ten years, has brought about some keen disappointments and a number of surprises in connection with the announcement of the figures of the tabulation recently completed by government experts.

Rank has been swept away in many cases, with a surer hand than that which sweeps monarchs from their thrones. On the other hand, younger communities have suddenly grown to startling and almost unbelievable proportions, and, most amazing of all, the tide of population has swung completely across the map.

A tenth of the total population of the country, or approximately 11,000,000 persons, reside in three cities—New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and New York's 5,621,151 inhabitants now make it the largest city in the world. The three municipalities mentioned have gained a total of more than a million and a half people since the census of 1910. This is a gain of about 19.5 per cent in the past decade.

City	1910 Rank	1920 Population.
1. New York	1	5,621,151
2. Chicago	2	2,701,705
3. Philadelphia	3	1,823,158
4. Detroit	9	993,739
5. Cleveland	6	796,836
6. St. Louis	4	772,897
7. Boston	5	748,060
8. Baltimore	7	733,820
9. Pittsburgh	8	588,193
10. Los Angeles	17	576,073
11. San Francisco	11	508,410
12. Buffalo	10	506,775
13. Milwaukee	12	457,147
14. Washington	16	437,571
15. Newark	14	414,216
16. Cincinnati	13	401,247
17. New Orleans	15	387,219
18. Minneapolis	18	380,582
19. Kansas City, Mo.	20	324,410
20. Seattle	21	315,652

A FURTHER indication of the movement of the population from the rural districts to the cities is shown by the fact that more than 25 per cent of the nation now resides in sixty-seven cities of 100,000 or more.

The new report shows that there are now forty-three cities to be ranked in the 100,000 to 250,000 class, seventeen communities having advanced to this point during the last ten years. There are thirteen cities ranking from 250,000 to 500,000, an advance of six over the previous census. They are Portland, Oregon, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Rochester, and Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Buffalo and San Francisco have each moved into place with the five other cities having from half a million to one million inhabitants.

The first twenty cities of the United States are:

THE growth of Detroit is caused, no doubt, by the growth of its industries. In ten years the city has jumped from 9th place to 4th, forging ahead of Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburgh, which latter city barely ranks Los Angeles, which has risen from 17th, to be the 10th city in the United States.

Another remarkable growth is shown by Akron, Ohio. In the 1910 census, Akron ranked 81st. To-day, this Ohio city has advanced to be the 32nd city of the country. On the other hand, Spokane, Washington, has dropped in rank from 48th to 69th city; and Cambridge, Massachusetts, has fallen from 47th to 62nd place. Naturally these reductions in rank do not necessarily mean that these municipalities have not increased in population. It means that other cities have outstripped them in the race.

How Photography Has Made Mary A. Booth World Famous

By CHARLES ALMA BYERS

© Bachrach

MISS MARY A. BOOTH

IT is a strange calling—that to which Miss Mary A. Booth has devoted her life—and especially strange for a woman. That calling, be it known, is photomicrography—the art of producing an enlarged photograph of a microscopic object by attaching a camera to a microscope. To this art she has brought inestimable credit, and from it won renown for herself, and her sex, throughout the intellectual world—a renown, moreover, of official recognition. And, incidentally, in becoming a famous photomicrographer, she also has become a thoroughly versed parasitologist, and several other kinds of "ologist."

It seems strange, too, that such big words are necessary to describe Miss Booth's profession—strange when the things with which her work has to do are so very small. Indeed, they are almost infinitesimally—at least, microscopically small. They include, for instance, such things as the "cootie," or, technically, the *pediculus vestimenti*, the bubonic-plague flea, the malarial bacteria carried by certain kinds of mosquitoes, and, in brief, numerous other micro-organisms, parasites, and so forth—even to the parasites of insects. Furthermore, insect and other low forms of animal-life anatomy constitute a prominent part of her photomicrographic investigations, for she has magnified and photographed, for example, such anatomical parts as the gizzard of a cricket, the tongues of a blowfly and a butterfly, the eye of a mosquito, the tip of the wing of the malarial mosquito, the foot of a caterpillar, the pollen basket of the honeybee, and so on almost indefinitely. She, in fact, can even show clear, understandable photographs of various kinds of plant tissue, the mold that forms on canned fruit, and of many other interesting things that belong, practically, to a world outside the natural vision of the human eye.

MISS BOOTH is now over seventy-five years of age, and yet she is "carrying on"—in truth, is doing better work than ever, and is still thoroughly enjoying it. She acquired her first microscope back in 1877, and for something like forty years she has been making her microscopic photographs—with the result, due to thoroughness and persevering, conscientious labor, that she long since has acquired an international reputation.

Besides being mentioned in "American Men of Science," Miss Booth is a fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Microscopical Society of London, and the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, as well as a member of several other societies in the field of science. It should be added that she is the only American woman who holds fellowship in the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

She has won also a number of medals and other honors for her work in photomicrography. Her first exhibition was made in 1886, at the

New Orleans Exposition, where she received a medal; at the Chicago World's Fair, she was awarded the grand prize in the educational exhibit; the St. Louis Exposition gave her a bronze medal, and a gold medal was awarded her at the San Francisco Exposition. Her photomicrographs have been exhibited in London, Paris, and Moscow, and innumerable uses made of her collections in universities and in research work throughout this country.

WHILE Miss Booth makes photomicrographs for nearly all purposes and of nearly every minute animate thing, as an aid in scientific study, much of her work has to do with getting, by means of photographic magnifications, accurate data about parasites that carry disease. It was Miss Booth who, at the special request of Surgeon-General Blue of the United States Army, photographed the bubonic-plague fleas on rats, in San Francisco, several years ago, and made the lantern slides of the deadly parasite which were used in all lectures given in that city by Mr. Blue.

She has gathered, also, actual photographic data about many other disease carriers, in behalf of the science of bacteriology and the physical welfare of man, as well as similar information about any number of other interesting things that can be gained, for preservation, only through photomicrography.

Her kind of work necessarily calls for a broad, deep knowledge of zoölogy, botany and many other studies, as well as expert photography. Pictures such as Miss Booth takes are often made only after hours of patient adjusting and scrutinizing, until the perfect reproduction is the result. These photographs, even when developed into lantern slides, look as exquisitely done as pen-and-ink sketches, yet are actually much superior to drawings, for absolute truth is essential if these likenesses are to be of benefit to science—and any drawing might show prejudice or inaccuracy.

ONE of the big undertakings which Miss Booth is now working on, and has been for several years, is a great collection of microscopic slides of diatoms for the National Museum in Washington. The institution has set aside a special room for such a collection, and Miss Booth says that her donation to it is to include, eventually, about one thousand slides—a large part of which have already been delivered. Since there are often from fifty to a hundred diatoms on one slide, her collection means an outlay of no small amount of the most painstaking labor. She says it should represent the majority of known specimens, and, when finished, it will be, according to the national curator, the second largest and most valuable collection of diatoms in the world.

This interesting woman, it should be added, was for many years, in her youth, an invalid; was, in fact, long bedridden, and in the beginning of her scientific career she was forced to do much of her work with a board across her chest, serving as a sort of "copy desk." From this early handicap, however, she has emerged in triumph and with excellent health. Her home is in Springfield, Massachusetts, where she has equipped herself with one of the most complete photomicrographic workshops and laboratories to be found anywhere.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

There are three rules for success. The first is: Go on. The second is: Go on. And the third is: Go on.

◇ ◇ ◇

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—*Wendell Phillips.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—*Emerson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Wasted opportunity is the cause of most failures.—*Sales Sense.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Remember when you are right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you are wrong, you can't afford to lose it.

◆ ◆ ◆

Measure your work with a speedometer—not by a clock.

◆ ◆ ◆

All words that picture evil are creative of evil.

"Great opportunities come to those who make use of small ones."

◆ ◆ ◆

It's twice as hard t' do somethin' you ought t' do as it ist' do somethin' you can't do.—*Abe Martin.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A man with push can get there, but it takes the men with character to stay there.—*Shepard.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The man who only half tries doesn't even half make good.—*Farrington.*

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Walt Whitman says: "I am hunting success; I am success."

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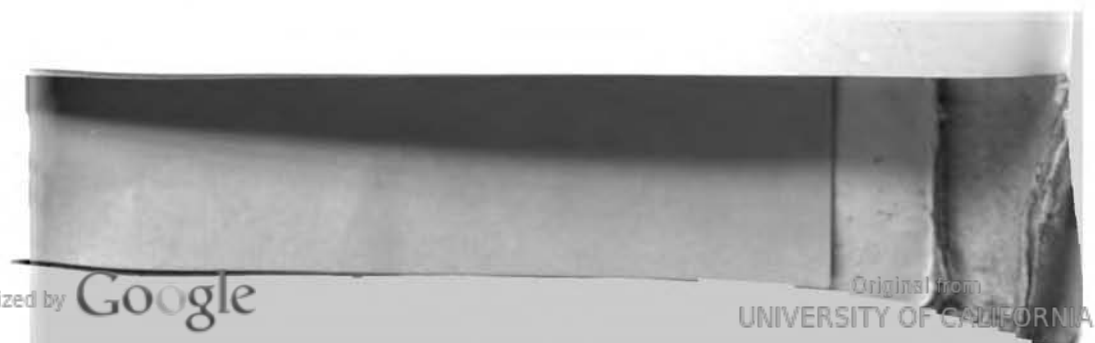
Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*Lowell.*



The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS, *Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

The Exceptional Man

THE man who doesn't dare to step out of the crowd and do something original; the man who doesn't dare to break a precedent, to get out of the beaten path and blaze a new way, will never make his mark in the world. The "also rans" do not go into history; the world doesn't build monuments to them.

It is the exceptional man, the exceptional employee, the man who is not satisfied with the common and the ordinary, who is not satisfied with a half-way of doing things, but who is always trying to better his best, this is the fellow who gets to the front.

The way other people did business along his line never interested Charles Schwab. He was always looking for a better way, for greater efficiency, for more leadership, for partnership material. The ordinary employee didn't interest him; it was the man with a future that he was interested in, the man who was ambitious to stand for superiority and to stamp his individuality upon everything he touched.

This is the sort of man all progressive business men desire to employ. He is in demand in every field. Take him for your model and you will not long seek employment.

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Trust Your Wife With Money

IT is a curious thing that the majority of men do not have much confidence in their wives' financial ability. Even those who frankly admit that their wives are more economical buyers than themselves, are not willing to give them a bank account so they can draw their own checks and pay their household expenses, as well as their personal expenses, themselves. You can't get the idea out of the average man's head, that he is a born financier, and a very much better one than his wife possibly could be; that he is the natural guardian of the family income.

There are thousands of men, to-day, getting along in years, who are homeless, who would have had a good home and money saved in the bank and wisely invested, if the handling of the family income had been turned over to the wives. Women don't take as great chances as men; they are not great gamblers, as a rule, because they think too much of their home and home life; think too much of the future of their children to gamble everything on an investment. Multitudes of men gamble in Wall Street without letting their wives know anything about it. Many of them lose a great deal of money, but they make their wives think that poor business is accountable for their financial distress.

A man who is living from hand to mouth, can't do his best work. His worries, his anxieties, the uncertainties of his future, the fear of sickness, of accident, of emergencies, cut down his efficiency and his earning capacity. On the other hand, the consciousness that a man has something ahead is a constant satisfaction; it gives him a sense of protection, of certainty regarding the future, that—no matter what happens—he can take care of himself and his loved ones. It is to secure this consciousness of security that many men are led into the shoals and shallows of Wall Street. They make a good turn, perhaps, on a small investment. With this encouragement they plunge on a big investment and lose heavily. But they can't bear to quit losers, so they try again and almost invariably they are in the end stripped of every penny with which they gambled. The comfortable sum of savings with which they started is wiped out, and they probably end heavily in debt. How much better to let the wife handle the finances, and husband and wife watch together the growth of the savings or the investment made with them!

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Your Day's Work

WHAT a satisfaction there is when you leave your work at night, in looking back over the day's work as a superb accomplishment. How you enjoy your unquestioned approval at the end of a perfect day. You can go home with a light heart and say to yourself, "Ah, now I can play. I have done my best to-day. I have left nothing undone or half finished. I have made the most of everything. I haven't been mean, I haven't been unkind, I haven't lost my temper, I haven't shirked my job. I have tried to put efficieney into everything I have done to-day."

This is a day's record which it is a delight to look over, of which to be proud. But when you go home at night feeling mean and contemptible because of a poor day's work, and of failures in all directions that you could have prevented, how different your sensations!

Some people drift into the habit of being half satisfied with a poor day's work. But you can't afford to do this, my friend. The habit of leaving your work at night without having done your best, of turning out, day after day, work that does not meet with your approval,

is demoralizing to your character and fatal to your chances of advancement.

Don't be satisfied with anything less than your best. Make it a rule that you will have reason to be proud of your day's work because you have put your best into it, the highest of which you are capable. Don't leave it with flaws; don't compel yourself to go home at night regretting a poor day's work, a botched job. You can't afford it; it will haunt you so that you cannot enjoy your home or your recreation.

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Refuse to Be Conquered

A YOUNG man, having met with business losses and disappointments, writes:

"I have always been optimistic; but I must confess that now, for the first time in my life, I am downright discouraged, and were it not for the fact that I owe my friends and creditors some money, and for the love and ambition I have for my sisters, I would take the shortest course out of it all."

This young man is evidently ambitious, honorable, and unafraid of work, but he says an over-confidence in his ability often leads him to make a too-quick decision in important matters. Without thorough investigation he has plunged into things that have worked out disastrously for him, and he is now disappointed and disheartened. In debt, and hard pressed by his creditors, he does not know what course he should pursue.

WHILE this young man's position is very distressing, the mere fact that he realizes his weak points ought to be of great service to him in overcoming his difficulties. Experience is truly a dear teacher, but the sooner we learn her lessons the better for us. Wendell Phillips once said, "What is defeat? Nothing but the first steps to something higher."

No matter how discouraging things look around you learn to dominate your environment, to rise above the depressing influences. Resolve that whatever comes or does not come to you, whether you succeed in your particular undertaking or fail, whether you make money or lose it, you will keep cheerful, hopeful, optimistic.

It is a very difficult thing to be an optimist and to use good judgment in our decisions when hope is shut out of our vision, when everything looks dark and discouraging, but it is under such circumstances that we show of what stuff we are made.

WHEN you are at your wits' end and do not know which way to turn you are in danger, for you are in no condition to plan anything or to do the best thing. We should do our planning when we are cool and calm.

When we feel discouraged the mental forces are scattered and we are not capable of vigorous concentration. Calmness, poise, balance, mental serenity are absolutely essential to effective thinking.

Perhaps the past has been a bitter disappointment and the outlook is very discouraging to you; yet in spite of any misfortune, if you refuse to be conquered, victory is awaiting you farther on the road. There is no failure for a man whose spirit is unconquerable.

Laziness and Poverty

IF there were a hundred times as much wealth in the world as there is at present, and a hundred times as much foodstuffs, there would be poverty and hunger somewhere. People would still be starving somewhere because of the selfish, hoarding instinct of the so-called successful on the one hand and the thriftless methods of the lazy, indolent, ambitionless people on the other hand. In other words, greater production would not solve the poverty problem.

Someone has estimated that the farmers could raise wheat enough to supply to every family about ten barrels of flour. Each man also would have so many bushels of corn and potatoes, to say nothing of the amount of rice, buckwheat, and other things. There is no need of anybody going hungry. The lack of thrift, the habits of laziness and indolence, the unwillingness to work or to pay the price for attainment, are the causes of most of the poverty of the world.

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Affirmation

JUST say to yourself, "I am prosperity. I am a money magnet. I attract opulence, abundance, because they are my birthright. I was made for all that is best and glorious. These things are my birthright; why should I not attract them? I was made for them and they were made for me. My own must come to me; I shall not drive it away by doubts, or fears, the wrong mental attitude.

"When I am in the current running Godward, I am pulling to the utmost of my mental-magnet's power the things which belong to me, my own. When I run counter to this Godward current, I am going toward poverty, wretchedness, suffering and discord."

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Tolerate No Weakness

WHAT an inspiration to all of us who are easily influenced to give up under discouragement is the indomitable spirit of United States Senator Gore. As a poor blind boy he resolved that he would make himself felt in his country, that he would become a national asset instead of a liability! Think of a poor blind boy, down in Oklahoma, deliberately planning and shaping all his efforts in the direction of a seat in the United States Senate!

"What folly," said friends and neighbors. "What is the matter with this blind boy? With such an insuperable obstacle as blindness, how can he expect to become one of a body of men consisting of less than a hundred picked men from all the States. He must be mad."

Mad? Ah, yes; but it was a divine madness, the sort of madness that inspires every brave soul who has won out in the battle of life. "No retreat. Tolerate no weakness." This slogan urged them on to victory.

Take this for *your* life motto. Tune your life to it, and the world will make way for you. This attitude alone would decide the most of life's battles; for the world makes way for such pluck, such clear grit, such divine courage as this.

The Lesson of the Pilgrims

(*Continued from page 26*)

touched American soil. The chief difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans was their views regarding the Church of England. The Puritans did not agree with all the rituals of the church, yet they would not break from it. The Pilgrims, on the other hand, did not believe the church could be reformed from within, and separated from it completely. They also held that the church and State should be absolutely apart, and in administering their own affairs on this side of the Atlantic ruled that any respectable man in Plymouth might vote, whether or not he belonged to the congregation. Captain John Smith, for instance, was not a church member—far from it.

IN direct opposition to this policy, the Puritans at Salem, denied others the very religious rights which they had emigrated to obtain, and only church members could vote. While the Puritan government was narrow and sternly despotic, that of the Pilgrims was most liberal. The Pilgrims refused to follow the example of their Puritan neighbors and declined to burn and hang witches. In fact, records show that when Dinah Sylvester told the Plymouth court that she had seen Mrs. Holmes, a neighbor, conversing with the devil in the shape of a bear, she was adjudged guilty of slander, and was given the alternative of paying the accused five English pounds or being publicly whipped.

FOR twelve years after leaving England, they had labored together in Holland. Unable to finance their contemplated journey to America, they finally appealed to a Company of London Merchants, offering as collateral a pledge of seven years labor in the forests. Most of them were without arms, scantily clad, and poorly provisioned. On the contrary, most of the Puritans were well-to-do folks. When the latter sailed from Yarmouth, in 1630, there were ten vessels in the fleet, amply stocked with every conceivable sort of supplies, including sheep, cattle, horses and swine—none of which the Pilgrims had. While the Pilgrims were bankrupt, the value of the Puritan vessels' cargo was estimated at one million dollars—a mighty sum in those days.

For eight years after their departure from Holland, the Pilgrims strove desperately to place their church and State on a basis as sound as Plymouth Rock, but it was no light struggle. There had been two factions on the *Mayflower*. One contingent came from London, and were termed by Governor Bradford as "strangers thrust upon us." They had been sent by the financing company, to look after its interests. The other faction was composed of a party of Englishmen from Leyden, Holland, who were the true founders of the colony. Strong, trustworthy folk, they had been living in Leyden under the guidance of Reverend John Robinson, who instilled them with a love of democracy in church government unknown to other Englishmen.

THE Dutch burghers liked their industrious Pilgrim neighbors, but the latter feared that they would eventually become absorbed into the Dutch nation, as their children were already beginning to speak more Dutch than their mother tongue. And the Pilgrims were intensely loyal to their own country.

At length, they were ready to sail in two vessels, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, but the latter met with an accident shortly after sailing and both ships had to put back. Then those few who had grown timid and those who were ill, departed, and, finally, the remainder of the dauntless company, uncomfortably crowded aboard the *Mayflower*, put forth. Despite the gloomy outlook they were not discouraged, and realizing fully the hardships of the coming stormy voyage, the seventy or more who formed the valiant company, insisted on pressing on. No risk, no danger was too great in order to be free of the fetters of persecution they were leaving behind.

Just before sailing from Southampton, Reverend John Robinson read the company a letter, which is the best evidence that government of, by and for the people, originated with this famous group of men and women. The "Compact" signed on shipboard is the real foundation of our democracy, and is attributable to the Pilgrims alone—not to the Puritans.

The final departure of the *Mayflower* was the result of long negotiation and many trials and tribulations. But having made up their minds these sturdy people refused to be turned from their purpose. Amid much prayer and conscientious deliberation, they were faced with the necessity of making the best bargain they might with the Merchant Adventurers of London, who were interested in the project from a financial point of view.

AFTER the most vexatious delays the agreement was signed in May, 1620. It was arranged that after the seven years of labor, which the Pilgrims agreed to give to the financiers all property should be divided into two equal parts, the Adventurers making their allotments to the seventy Pilgrims on a basis of *pro rata* subscriptions, the colonists themselves dividing an agreed basis of shares. Each share was estimated at ten pounds sterling. Each Pilgrim over the age of sixteen was to hold one share and for each share of money or provision another was provided. Two children between the ages of ten and sixteen were reckoned as one in the share allotment; and children under ten were to receive fifty acres of land suitable for cultivation at the end of the period of bondage. The Pilgrims requested that two days each week be set apart in which they might labor for themselves, but this concession was not granted. Still they did not falter but set out for the perilous journey with high hopes and confident hearts.

The story as Governor Bradford himself wrote it is not only authentic but curiously interesting. He says of their departure

"Having ordered and distributed their companies for either ship, as they conceived for the best, they chose a governor and two or three assistants for each ship, to order the people by the way and to see to the disposing of provisions and such like affairs. All of which was not only with the liking of the masters of the ships, but according to their desires."

Until the *Speedwell* was abandoned at Plymouth, Deacon John Carver was in charge of the passengers on that ship and Martin and Cushman divided authority on the *Mayflower*. There is no record of a subsequent election, but judging from the fact that Deacon Carver was "confirmed" as the first governor of the new colony, it may be correct to believe that he was in similar authority during the voyage of the *Mayflower*.

"It was September 6—old style—when the *Mayflower* started the historic voyage to Cape Cod and America. There was one huudred and two passengers on board, with a small crew and as much cargo as could be stowed safely in the hold and every other available inch of space. We have no authentic record of the accommodations which the ship offered; in fact, there exists no exact description of the vessel itself."

PROCEEDING with his graphic, quaintly written story, Governor Bradford says:

"September 6. These troubles [difficulties with the *Speedwell*] being blown over; and now all being compacte togeather in one shipe, they put to sea againe with a prosperous winde, which continued diverce days togeather, which was some incouragemente unto them; yet according to the usuall manner many were afflicted with sea-sicknes."

Only this for the beginning of the voyage, but as evidence of deeply religious reflections one incident is related with painstaking detail.

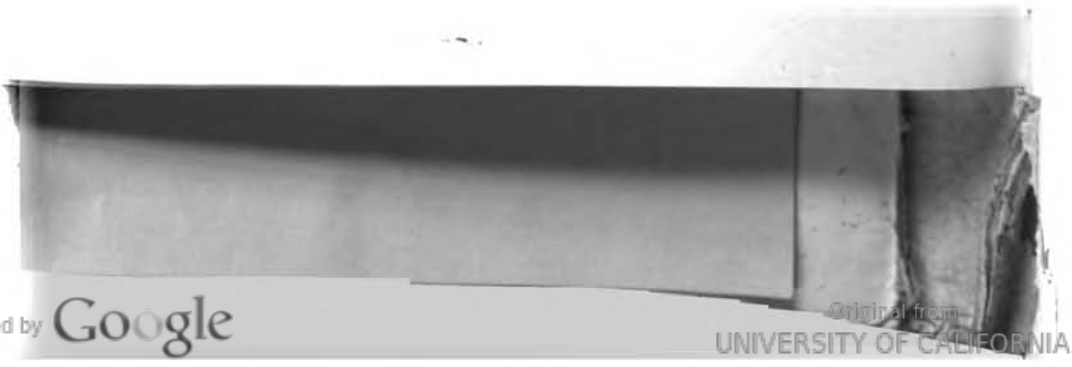
"And I may not omit hear a spetiale worke of God's providence. There was a proud and very profane younge man, one of the sea-men, of a lustie, able body, which made him the more hauty; he would allway be contemning the poore people in their sicknes, and cursing them dayly with greevous execrations, and did not let to tell them that he hoped to help to caste halfe of them overboard before they came to their jurneys end, and to make mery with what they had; and if he were by any gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before they came halfe seas over to smite this yonge man with a greevous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate manner, and so was himselfe the first that was throwne overboard. Thus his curses light on his owne head, and it was an astonishment to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him."

OF the remainder of the voyage Bradford says:

"In sundrie of these stormes the winds were so feirce and the seas so high as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull—strike sails and toss with the waves—for diverce days togeather. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull, in a mighty storme, a lustie younge man (called John Howland) coming upon some occasion above the grattings, was, with a seele—roll—of the shipe thrown into the sea; but it pleased God that he caught hould of the top-saile hailliards, which hunge overboard, and rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hald up by the same rope to the brime of the water, and then with a boathooke and other means got into the shipe againe, and his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and commonwealthe.

"In all this viage ther died but one of the passengers which was William Butten, a youth, servant to Samuel Fuller, when they drew near the coast."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH in his own diary writes: "But, being pestered nine weeks in this leaking, unwholesome ship, lying wet in their cabins, most of them grew very weak and weary



of the sea." And of the conclusion of the voyage, Bradford tells us:

"After longe beating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made and certainly knowne to be it, they were not a little joyfull. After some deliberation had amongst themselves and with the master of the ship they tacked aboute and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being faire) to finde some place about Hudson's River for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course aboute halfe the day, they fell amongst deangerous shouls and roring breakers, and they were so farr intangled ther with as they conceived them selves in great danger; and the wind shrinking upon them withall, they resolved to bear up againe for the Cape, and thought them selves hapy to gett out of those dangers before night overtooke them, as by God's good providence they did. And the next day they gott into the Cape harbor wher they ridd in saftie.

"Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the periles and miseries thereof, againe to set their fete on the firme and stable earth, their proper elemente."

It was the greatest story of heroism, willpower and overcoming obstacles ever written.

Disease, an intense winter, insufficient housing and provisions all contributed to their misery and woe. But never once was a voice raised in complaint. On and on they worked, day by day, striving to fulfill their obligations to the financing company and to each other.

In the main they got on well with the Indians, for the Pilgrims treated them squarely and fairly as they did all mankind. That success finally crowned their efforts, history more than proves. Hence the little drama of determination which had its great climax on the wintry shores of New England still tells Americans to be up and doing. It is an object lesson that each and every citizen can take to heart and apply to his everyday life and the achievement of his individual ambition to succeed whether or no.

W. K. Vanderbilt on His Own Great Wealth

The late William K. Vanderbilt—who died several months ago in Paris—was born to wealth. All of his life he had more money than he could spend. Several years before he passed away, in reviewing his long life, he gave this testimony:

"My life was never destined to be quite happy. It was laid along lines which I could not foresee, almost from earliest childhood. It has left me with nothing to hope for, with nothing definite to seek or strive for. Inherited wealth is a big handicap to happiness. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality.

"If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business he has a constant use for it. But the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction, and the greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is denied him. He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add to an oversufficiency."

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What One Man Did

MORE astounding changes have taken place in human society during the lifetime of men now living than during any five hundred years preceding the nineteenth century.

On July 4, 1894, a man of Kokomo, Indiana, had the first automobile hauled by a horse three miles out into the country, where there was a nearly level turnpike. There he tried it out. It moved off at once at a speed of about seven miles an hour. When he had driven about a mile and a half into the country he turned around and ran all the way into the city without making a stop.

That was Elwood Haynes. He was at the time superintendent of the Indiana Gas and Oil Company, but business being slack he had put in his spare hours in devising a horseless buggy.

In 1910, Mr. Haynes presented this car to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., where it is now on exhibition as the pioneer model of what is now America's fourth greatest industry.

In 1894, there was but one practical automobile in the world. In 1920, a short twenty-six years afterward, horses have almost disappeared from the main streets of America's cities, and automobiles are as thick as Junebugs around a lamp on a Summer night.

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The Success Family

THE Father of Success is—Work.

The Mother of Success is—Ambition.

The oldest son is—Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are—Perseverence, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Coöperation.

The oldest daughter is—Character.

Some of the sisters are—Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity.

The baby is—Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—*The Observer.*

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Every day ahead of you is precious. All the days back of you have no existence at all.

Do You Know How to Use Your Sense of Humor?

(*Continued from page* 31)

Now, humor is something that grows up out of a man's life as a result of his ability to detach himself from his fellow creatures, and his further ability to detach his fellow creatures from themselves, from the world, and from the immediate present. It begins when a man gets up in the morning, looks at himself in the glass, and says:

"Well, old fellow, what do you amount to anyway? You're a homely cuss, aren't you? Who put you together? What are you doing about this yourself? Where will you be in a hundred years from now? Take yourself seriously, eh? Well, forget it."

What the most of us, who haven't cultivated a sense of humor, don't realize is that we are all pipe lines. We clog ourselves up with our own immediate and material concerns, and defeat the very possibilities that ought to run through us. We never see much farther than the ends of our noses. A sense of humor, therefore, is nothing but a sense of detachment. It enables a man, not only to stand off and look at himself in the right perspective, but to see everything else in the same way. How to develop it?

First. Remember that it doesn't consist in the mere saying of clever things. It isn't being merely witty. Pure wit is often caustic—and expensive. A French courtier, seating himself between Madame de Stëal and another woman, remarked, "Now I sit between wit and beauty." To which Madame de Staël replied, "And without possessing either."

A sense of humor does not always—at least at first—consist of the mere ability to seem to be humorous. To develop it requires three things:

First. Cultivate your imagination so that you will be able, not only to visualize an object, but to concentrate your mind upon it, in order to see it as if it actually stood before you; to analyze it in its various parts and come to value its relationship to other objects. This is the art of perspective.

Second. Detach yourself from yourself. Be able to look at yourself as if you were somebody else. Say to yourself, "I am not the only pebble on the beach. I am only one, and a small one at that." When you have held this thought over a certain period, you will be surprised how it will free you from certain things that, at the time, seemed all important and serious, but which in reality are only incidental.

Third. Practice contrast. Learn to hold two objects in your mind simultaneously, and how and why they differ from each other. By and by, when you pass judgment on any man, you will be able to take all of his contrasting qualities at once and estimate them properly.

From this training—which, by the way, is in itself a constant revelation and delight—there will come to you gradually an accurate and powerful sense of humor. It will make you more honest, more direct, give you a proper humility and inspire the confidence of others. It will give you the trick of always putting yourself in the other fellow's place. This in itself is a great asset. Real humor is always founded on truth, which others recognize as soon as uttered.

Some years ago, a young man called at my house in a motor-car that he had been sent to demonstrate—a car noted for its remarkable hill-climbing ability, and which, after looking into its records very thoroughly, I had decided to buy. I asked him if he could go up a certain hill we came to without changing gears.

"Why, naturally," he replied.

But when we got nearly up to the top of the hill, the car began to labor, and suddenly stopped. It was plainly overheated. That boy was completely rattled. After an examination he said with tears in his voice; "I never had one of our cars act that way before. Someone has certainly been monkeying with it."

I laughed, but his melancholy increased. We finally got back. As he landed me, he said; "Well, I guess I've lost my job."

"Nonsense," I replied cheerfully "Things are never so bad as they seem. Let's wait and see."

A little later, the manager telephoned me that some blankety-blank fool had filled up the car, just before it started out, with a fifty-per-cent solution of alcohol.

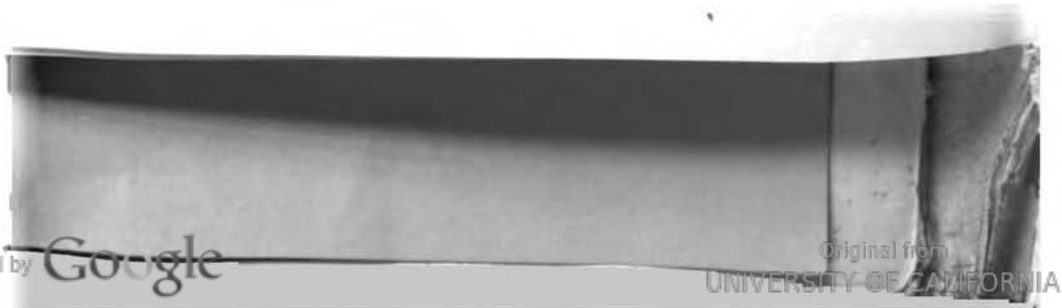
"I suppose we've lost the sale," he said.

"Not at all," I replied. "That was only an incident. "I'll take the car—unless you have a better one."

"Well," he said, gasping, "you are the only man I know who would buy a car under such conditions."

"Funny isn't it?" I said. "Send me the car and the bill, and don't blame the driver: he did his best."

I ran that car two years without a break, and have had three others like it since, without a break; and the manager, who is extremely cordial, smiles to himself every time he sees me. Do you wonder why?



An Interview with Frank I. Cobb

(*Continued from page 70*)

NO hermit newspaper man is Frank Cobb. The "Row" knows him as a "mixer." He is accessible.

"I see a half dozen persons a day on an average," he told me; "people who want to talk things over. I believe in human contact. I am a member of one club, the Manhattan. I dine out now and then, but not habitually; for while human contact is necessary it may become so frequent as to hinder work and handicap it. I am willing to talk a thing out: but I want, also, to think it out. Until my ideas on a subject are clarified, I write nothing about it. Sometimes I live with it for a week until the problem has been solved. Then I write my leader on it."

This studious habit may have led to the ranking of Mr. Cobb by a magazinist as "one who resembles more than does any other American the leader writers of the London dailies, who excel us in editorials as we excel them in the handling of news." According to this writer, "Cobb has the same sanity as the British editorial writers, the same sound methods, the same quiet brilliance." And, so concludes this admirer," he has more real influence than any other American editorial writer."

Sanity he has, but he is not without a flame-like enthusiasm and the courage that may place him on the adjudged "wrong side." In and out of season, in the tempest of the recent presidential campaign, he reiterated: "The League of Nations is right. Without it Europe would be plunged into anarchy."

Unlike many who seek to guide public thought, his ship of opinion neither veers nor lists. He chooses carefully his coat, then continues to wear it, while others shift theirs about, or take them off to carry them, or reverse them to show their pretty lining.

"President Wilson is a master of the use of Anglo-Saxon words," Mr. Cobb said to me. "I met him first while we were going to Detroit. I have a profound admiration for him. He overthrew the German empire. He is the greatest force the world has had for a century."

"Be Good, or I'll Haunt You"—Pulitzer

AS you enter the door of Mr. Cobb's orderly sanctum in "the dome," you see, on the right, a life-size bronze head of a man—a man of strongly marked features, high brow and half closed eyes.

"Joseph Pulitzer," he said. "He gave it to me about a year before his death. He said, 'Keep this about and let it remind you that if you don't do right, I'll haunt you.'"

"*You regard him as a great figure in American journalism?*"

"The greatest. His fearlessness, his constructiveness, his conception of the independence of the newspaper made him so."

The seventh of a series of anxious faces, faces ranging from pink youth to bearded age, appeared at the door. The last face wore the look of a newspaper man in the hour-before-going-to-press anguish. From below came an ominous sound. The pulse of the presses beat a warning. The reign of brains had yielded to the reign of brawn. What Albert Bigelow Paine termed "the rule of the mechanics," had begun. Edicts were being issued by the composing-room czar.

"It is time to put the paper to bed," he said.

The interview was over.

LEADERS of men, men who have blazed new paths for civilization have always been precedent breakers. It is ever the man who believes in his own idea; who can think and act without a crowd to back him; who is not afraid to stand alone; who is bold, original, resourceful; who has the courage to go where others have never been, to do what others have never done, that accomplishes things, that leaves his mark on his times.

Her Christmas Tree

(*Continued from page* 85)

one of the reasons grandma had been so successful in bringing up those tall sons of hers all alone. To their mother, they had always been "good boys."

A package for someone else—and another package for grandma! That was the way it went all evening. Her chair was surrounded with boxes of candy tied with ribbons of every hue; her gray-silk lap overflowed with purple violets, with great glowing American Beautys and spicy carnations. The chairs beside her were piled and hung with silken, lace-trimmed garments. Interspersed among these were more sedate gifts from those who were unaware of grandma's second girlhood. One's own gifts were looked at hurriedly and laid aside. This Christmas belonged wholly to grandma.

"There never was such a Christmas," she declared, sitting in the middle of her family, a delicate pink in her soft wrinkled cheeks; happiness in her bright old eyes. And if this happiness was as often expressed in tears as in smiles, those who loved her understood quite well that, nevertheless, it was pure happiness.

"Speech, grandma; speech!" they called when the last holly-wreathed, ribbon-decked box had been opened. Grandma rose gallantly, a tall son on either side, but all that came from her lips was: "My dear, dear boys—my blessed children——" And she could say no more.

And just as the cider and apples and doughnuts were being brought in, the door opened and a stalwart boyish figure stood on the threshold. The family gathered him into open arms. "Sidney! Good old Sid! Got here in time for Christmas. 'Atta boy,' Siddie. Now we're all home!"

"Gently, gently," said the newcomer, as he drew a timid, girlish figure forward. "Folks this is my wife."

THE noisy greetings ceased. There was a new dignity, a quiet manliness about harum-scarum Sidney that his relatives had never seen before. And they would as soon have thought of Alfred with a wife as Sidney.

"This is my surprise I wrote about; but go a little slow, will you. Annette's scared to death; she doesn't understand American very well—and she's had a pretty tough time."

The girl's big dark eyes, wide with apprehension as to her welcome, flitted from one to another of the group, searching Mother Watson's astounded countenance, lingering a moment on Louise, stopping short at Alfred. He came forward, shy himself but sensing the girl's greater need, and took her by the hand.

"Come, cousin Annette," he said, in halting, schoolboy French, "come and meet your new grandmamma."

Grandma drew the trembling little figure down beside her. "Why, she's nothing but a child," she exclaimed, "and as cold as can be, too. Sidney, unlace her shoes and put on these warm slippers. Thank goodness, Cousin Hepzibah sent another pair this year and a nice warm shawl. Here, dearie, put it round you. Louise, take her hat."

The thin, white little face looked even more childlike, framed in its short, dark curls. She kept tight hold of grandma's hand even while she drank the chocolate Mother Watson sent for, and her eyes followed Sidney's every move.

"She came from a town in the North of France," he was telling father in a low voice. "All her people were killed, and she's been making her own way ever since. You'll like her—can't help it when you know her better, she's such a plucky one; but she needs a lot of petting and women to fuss over her to make her forget what she's been through. And say, governor, I'll need a man's size job, too. Anything doing in my line over at the plant?"

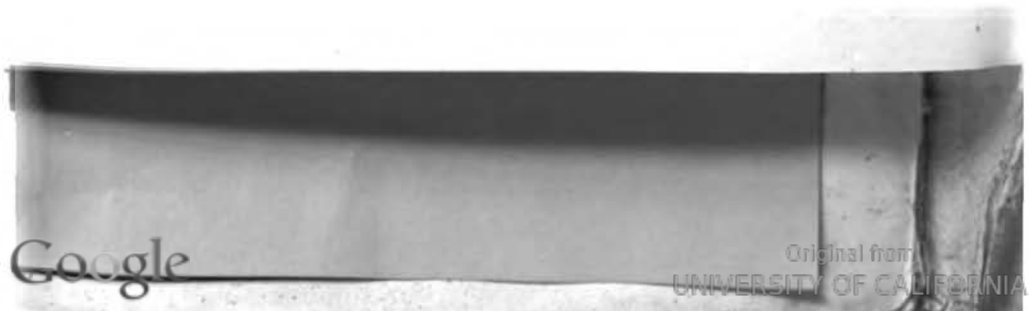
"This child must go to bed!" called Mother Watson imperatively. "She's tired out. Take her up to your old room, Sid. What about your luggage—is it here? Oh, well; we can easily fit you out."

"Just a moment," said grandma's gentle, dominating voice. She picked up a set of filmy, handmade underwear—a delicate, shell-pink boudoir robe and cap and a box of silk stockings, topping the whole with candy and flowers. "Let your new grandma give you your first Christmas gift in your new home. Comprenny, dearie?"

The language of the heart needs no interpreters, and Annette showed that she understood by dropping to her knee and kissing grandma's hands with a pretty, extravagant gesture. And then, before he knew what was happening, she had kissed Alfred lightly on both cheeks to his great consternation and disgust.

"*Merci, mon* cousin, for your beeg kin'ness."

Twilight of Christmas Day, and tired, happy people gathering, one by one, in the warm, firelit room before dinner.



THE NEW SUCCESS
Monthly Prize Contest

December Contest: *"The Kindest Act I Know Of."*

WHAT was the kindest act you ever witnessed? How was it performed? Under what conditions. Who was the person or the persons? Where did the kindness take place? Did it bring happiness to a human being or an animal? Perhaps you can tell us and, perhaps, the experience you relate will be of inestimable value to many readers of this magazine.

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 December 18, 1920. The winning article will appear in the February, 1921, 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 October Contest: "How I Started My Library"

FIRST PRIZE, $25, *F. J. Kitt, Ohio.* SECOND PRIZE, $15, *Michael Nadel, New York.* THIRD PRIZE, $10, *Walter F. Mulhall, Pennsylvania.*

"How I Started My Library"

By F. J. KITT

"On level lines of woodwork stand
My books obedient to my hand."

* * * *

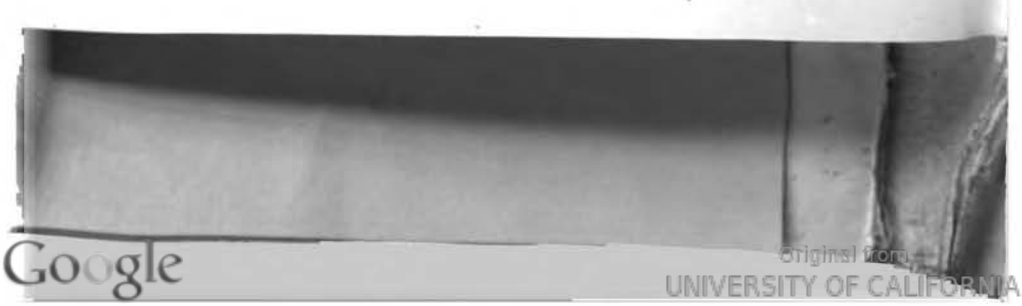
IT is well over forty years ago, when, as a boy, I began to collect a few old books in an old orange box, set up in a dingy garret at the top of an old stone-house, in the old home overseas. Amongst those early books were Peter Parley's "Tales," Tom Moore's "Melodies," Todd's "Students' Manual," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Wept of Wishton Wish," by J. Fenimore Cooper; "The Clock Maker,' by Nathaniel Hawthorne, a weird story called "The Watch Maker," by Alexander Dumas, and a few odd volumes of Addison's *Spectator*.

Whenever I could save a few pennies I would walk some ten miles to the nearest city, and spend an enjoyable time buying old books from the second-hand book-stalls. Amongst some of these old volumes that still grace my library are "The Improvement of the Mind," by Dr. Isaac Watts, published in 1812; Johnson's "Lives of the Poets;" Bell's edition of Dryden's Poems, published in 1777; "The Bachelor's Wife," a book of literary essays, published by John Gault in 1824; Cobbett's Grammar; "The Vicar of Wakefield;" "Sybil," by Benjamin Disraeli; Marlowe's "Faustus," and Goethe's "Faust," Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," several old volumes, including McGuffey's readers; "Black Hawk;" and a history of the Indian Campaigns; "Western Annals;" histories of American Methodism, industries, and inventions.

When quite young I became a member of a classical novel-reading union, and bought books by such authors as Victor Hugo, George Meredith, Charles Reade, Charles Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Kingsley, Hardy, Eliot, and Blackmore.

THROUGH the influence of my library, I developed my literary instincts and gained as prizes Shakespeare's works; Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Breakfast Table Series;" Professor Saintsbury's "Short History of English Literature;" Pope's translation of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and several good works by Emerson, Ruskin, and Carlyle.

When the Ruskin hall movement for the higher education of working men was started in England, about thirty years ago, by two American gentlemen, Messrs. Vrooman and Baird, I still further enlarged my studies, and added to my library works on sociology, modern history, and philosophic teaching. Lately, I have become a student of new thought and added some up-to-date works to my collection. I have now quite a



The Secret of Earning Big Money

How It Brought This Man $1000 in Thirty Days!

"*MY earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1,000*" writes Warren Hartle, of of 4425 N. Robey Street, Chicago, whose picture you see on this page.

Yet previous to this he had worked for ten years in the railway mail service at salaries ranging from $900 to $1,600 a year. What was the secret of his sudden rise from small pay to such magnificent earnings?

It was the same secret that has brought hundreds of others success, independence and money beyond their fondest dreams. The stories of these men's amazing jumps to the big pay class read like fiction; but they are matters of record and can be verified by any one on request. Here are just a few examples, as told in the words of the men themselves:

"I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me." Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"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." C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356." L. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

And there are more—hundreds more. *But now comes the most amazing part of it all!* What these men have done, hundreds of others are doing today, and hundreds will do tomorrow. *You* may be one of them, for now the same opportunity that put these men into the big money class is open to you! *You* are going to read here and now, just as they read at one time, the secret of earning big money. Then *in the next five minutes* you can take the same first step that brought to them such extraordinary success.

The Secret Disclosed

There is really no mystery about it. It is simply a matter of cold business fact. The "secret" is that *the big money is in the Selling end of business. And any man of normal intelligence and ambition can quickly become a Star Salesman.*

If you had told these men that such brilliant success awaited them in the field of Selling, they would have laughed at you—they would have told you that it was absurd to think of their becoming Salesmen, for they had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives.

What was it that suddenly transformed them into Star Salesmen? Ask them, and they will tell you it was "the N. S. T. A." that made them Master Salesmen and placed them in good selling positions through its Free Employment Service.

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers that has fitted hundreds of men for big Selling positions—has taken them from obscure places in the world and made Star Salesmen of them—has made it amazingly easy for them to earn bigger money than they had ever dreamed possible. How?

Listen, you men who Sell and you men who never had a day's Selling experience. There are Secrets of Selling that only Star Salesmen know; there are certain fundamental rules and principles of Selling that every Star Salesman uses. There is a way of doing everything that makes success easy and certain. There is a Science of Salesmanship.

Warren Hartle

You can learn the Secrets of Selling in your spare time at home—in the odd moments that you now pass fruitlessly. If you are earning less than $10,000 a year then read the following carefully.

The First Step to $10,000 a Year

The success of the men quoted above — and the success of hundreds of others like them—dates from the day they mailed a coupon —a coupon just like the one shown at the bottom of this page. This coupon will bring you, as it brought them, an amazing story of the way to quick success in Salesmanship. It will bring complete and irrefutable *proof* that you too, no matter what you are doing now, can quickly become a Star Salesman. It will bring full particulars of the wonderful system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service of the National Salesmen's Training Association.

Surely you owe to yourself to at least examine the evidence. All that is required is to mail the coupon without delay. This matter is so important that you should do it NOW. Address

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 56-W - - - - Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 56-W Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part send me your Free Salesmanship Book and Free Proof that you can make me a Star Salesman. Also tell me how the N. S. T. A. Free Employment Service will help me to a selling position and send list of business lines with openings for Salesmen.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

decent library for a working man. Standing out amongst other volumes, are those of Cassel's "Popular Education and Encyclopedia." These books helped me in my education very much, and I still handle them with love and reverence.

Two interesting works by the late W. M. Thompson have helped me much in my literary attainments—"Sweetness and Light from the World's Bright Spirits," and "Democratic Readings for the People." One book deals with the great writers and thinkers from Homer to Wagner; the other from Zoroaster to Huxley and other modern scientists. I have Mrs. Meynell's selection of verse, "The Flowers of the Mind;" "The Earthly Paradise," by William Morris; "Children of the Poets," a collection of verse from all sources; also English and American poets.

IN fact, through the influence of my small, dollar-a-week library, I have studied philosophy, law, and medicine—and have learned to realize:

"O, what a world of pleasure and delight
Is promised to the studious artisan."

Without the pleasure of writing out my thoughts and studying good books, life would hold nothing for me. In comparison with some libraries, mine would be a very insignificant one—but it is a good workingman's library:

"For he who knows a book to read,
May tread lightly without steed,
And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way—
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath the load."

Read This and Laugh!

WHAT'S the use of stifling all the laughs and smiles and good thoughts that are inside you?

Heaven knows there are in the world tears enough that can't be helped.

Whenever you feel like laughing go ahead and giggle. When you feel like singing, sing out, good and loud. It will break the clouds of worry-disturbed atmospheres.

It will shake away the miserable little troubles that come hanging around bothering one, and interrupting, and making fusses all the time.

When you have to face these phantoms face them like a man—or better still, like a noble, splendid, sincere woman—and get rid of the spooky things that are always threatening but never materializing.

Don't let trouble down you.

Put on your steel armor-plate of good thoughts.

Get out your broomstick of optimism and when trouble comes along, hit him one big, beautiful Swat! Then run away so he can't catch you.

Some people have a fool idea that to keep young and happy is to be regardless of the serious matters of life.

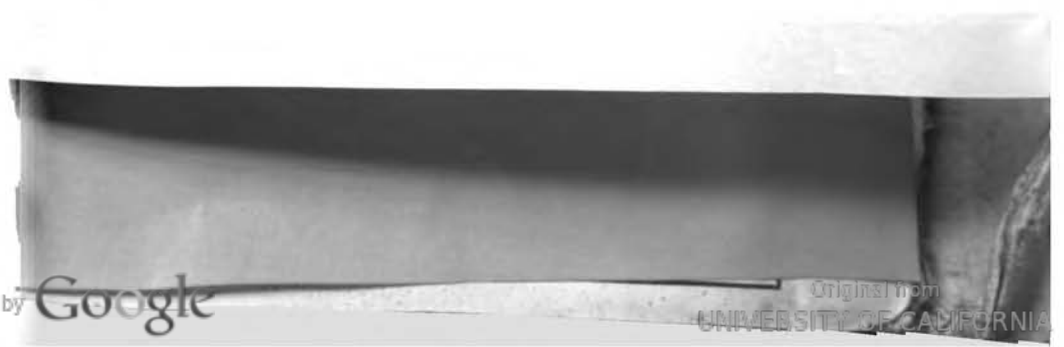
The most serious matter in life is that great big important thing of never letting your heart shrivel up like a red-flannel shirt until it is so small you can't see it, or feel it or find it.

If your heart's all right and your conscience working on time, you're just every bit as good and nice as the next one.

But do take time to laugh.

You'll find the world isn't one great sob after all; it gives back to you just what you send out.

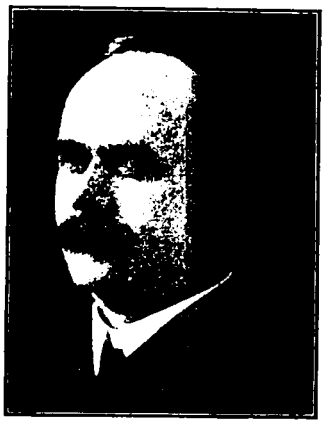
Laugh and don't let trouble down you.



WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM— By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventible* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with "the citizens of tomorrow."

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

Either think back on your own experience or else look into a schoolroom in your own town. Routine the ideal, with pupils drilled to do the same thing at the same time in the same way. There is no room for originality or initiative because these qualities would throw the machinery out of gear. Individuality is discouraged and imagination frowned upon for the same reason. No steadfast attempt to appeal to interest or to arouse and develop latent powers.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accomplished by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts. Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day. (*Signed*) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by 500,000 men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

The course takes no account of class, creed or circumstance. Its values are for all. Business men, from the great captains of commerce to their clerks, are ardent Pelmanists.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism will help them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations. Women—both in the home and in business—find Pelmanism an answer to their problems.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

Your copy is ready for you. Immediately upon receipt of your request it will be mailed to you absolutely free of charge and free of any obligation. Send for "Mind and Memory" now. Don't "put off." Fill in coupon at once and mail, or call personally at our convenient location—2575 Broadway. Pelmanism has no secrets. PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 384, No. 2575 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, "Mind and Memory."

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.....

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N. S. Dec.

Conversation as the Basis of Oratory

By H. BURNHAM RIGBY

THE basis of oratory is conversation. Nearly every orator has had within him powers of conversation, which, more or less, corresponded to his public gifts, and when these were highly cultivated it was difficult to say whether the oratory or the conversation deserved the more honor.

The three men whose oratory has become a permanent part of literature, and who stand high above all others, are Demosthenes, Cicero and Edmund Burke. Of Burke, Doctor Johnson said, in his wholesale way, "He is the only man I know whose conversation equals his general fame." As to Cicero, he was one of the most influential figures in the social and intellectual life of Rome, and famous for his talents in private use. The lines of Demosthenes were differently cast; his life was more lonely and introspective; yet he could hold his own, and, with Cicero and Burke, he represents the logical process of long and severe training as the only real preparation for public work.

CONVENTIONAL speakers often owe all their influence in private life to some public performance; with these three giants it was just the reverse—their fame was reinforced by the knowledge of their private accomplishments; men listened with deference and followed with confidence the leaders whom they knew to be masters of their trade, who were competent in all ways, and did not depend on impulse, or trust to chance or rely on some accidental advantage in their favor which they had not earned. Out of the fulness of their minds they were great conversationalists before they became great orators; perhaps their conversation stimulated them to oratory; it is certain that they were greater orators because they were first great conversers.

In our own time, it is said that no one truly knew Mr. Gladstone who had not heard him in his grand moments of conversation, and Lord Macaulay's sudden success in the House of Commons surprised only those who had never heard his flow of brilliant talk.

The connection between oratory and conversation has always been recognized by good judges. Charles James Fox was so delighted by Sheridan's conversation that he urged him to enter parliament, and he justified Fox to the end of his days. Erskine's conversation at a banquet led to his engagement as extra counsel in the Greenwich Hospital case, and secured for him that first opportunity in court which put him on the road to fame and fortune. If Doctor Johnson's ambition and discipline had been in the line of public life, and he could have entered the House of Commons early, I think he would have become the most majestic orator of his time. It is probable that "chill penury repressed the noble rage," for everything was against him, wealth or patronage being needed to get into parliament,—and Johnson had neither. But his "reconstruction" of Pitt's reply to Walpole and of Thurlow's to the Duke of Grafton, with his off-hand reports — in good Johnsonese —of so many other speeches give some idea of what a powerful orator was lost in this writer, who remains, however, the prince of talkers.

The orators, then, had the gift of talking well in private—excepting, of course, the few who, being abnormally sluggish or emotional, depended on the stimulation of large crowds to rouse them and bring them out.

NOW what one can do privately he may do as well publicly, if he has adaptability and can so conquer that mysterious thing which we call "stage fright" that an audience will inspire instead of confusing him.

This "*if*," of course, suggests a very Andes of difficulty and discipline, and I do not say that even when it is overcome one will be an orator. He will talk intelligently in public, as he does in private, and command respect; if oratory is in him it will come out, but if it is not in him no process can create it.

Oratory is not a single gift, but the sum of many gifts. It needs health, physical symmetry and flexibility, voice, ideality, originality of view, language, a musical ear, stores of nervous energy and magnetism of temperament. I say nothing now of the orator's information or moral purpose; I speak only of natural prerequisites,—and to attain even a moderate success, these must be developed singly and then collectively to a very high degree. For superlative success one must pay a price,—a terrible price, of labor and self-denial—the highest price, perhaps, that is required for any human attainment, whatever.

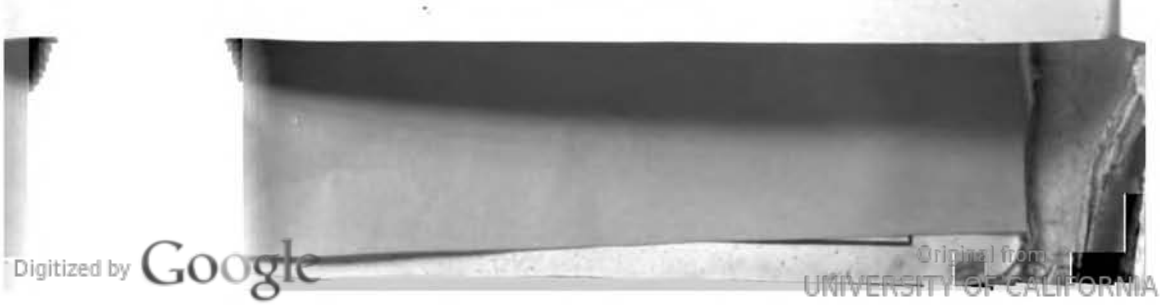
As a matter of history, the greatest genius has been supported by a corresponding gift of work. A lazy genius is possible, but he is so rare as to deserve a place in a museum. Great natures find out for themselves the surest discipline and the best methods of work without advice from others, and their impulse is from within.

AMONG the ideal orators I do not include emotional declaimers, whose success has depended on the magnetic condition into which they could throw their audience or the audience throw them; I refer to speakers who were mentally equipped and able to control opinion by making great thoughts emotional, who did not offer chaff, but solid wheat. These men lived in their work by day and by night, and might have said, as Daniel O'Connell did, when asked: "But, with all your engagements, when do you *prepare* your speeches?"

"My friend," he replied, "tell me when I am *not* preparing them?"

The listeners who hear a great speaker have not the faintest idea of the labor his triumphs have cost.

Now, what is true of the greatest talent is true of all its degrees: if a talent is to have a fair chance, the work and the talent must correspond, and for work there is no known substitute. Strangely enough, the less talent



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people have, the more do they disregard labor and discipline. A speaker who aims only at a conventional success thinks himself quite sufficient as he is. Whether this arises from conceit, idleness or want of comprehension makes no difference in the disappointing result. What we know is that one thinks his roaring voice will carry him through; another relies on temperament, or what he calls his "earnestness," and a third on his ideas. A discerning person, who wants the whole equipment of a speaker and will work for it, is very rare. And yet no success is so logical as that of the platform or the court room. Nothing shows more plainly one's limitations or industry. There, at least, he can have no artistic power for which he has not paid the price in advance

(*To be continued*)

Something the Matter With Me

IT is a terrible thing to go through life with the conviction that something serious is the matter with you, that you are inferior in some way to those about you, that you lack certain ability or certain qualities which are necessary for great success, or to make your life count for very much.

To drag through the years with the belief that there is something wrong with you, that you lack ability to do the thing you long to do, or that you have a serious handicap, physically or mentally, that you are peculiar, queer, or inferior, takes the edge off your endeavor; it mars your peace of mind and happiness; it deprives you of the satisfaction which should come from honest effort to make good.

THERE are multitudes of people who have such convictions about themselves. They often have their beginning in the home or the school, when a child is told he is a dunce, a good-for-nothing, and will never amount to anything—that he can't learn things like others, can't do things like others.

This unfavorable judgment makes an impression on the plastic mind of a child that lasts through life. A boy will grow up convinced that he is below par mentally, that there is something the matter with his mind, that he hasn't the ability of others about him, and that, no matter how hard he may try, he will never get ahead or amount to anything much. In time, this belief so undermines his ambition that he gives up attempting to excel in anything. His whole character becomes affected by his unhappy conviction of inferiority, and as a result his life is a failure.

WE can only do what we believe we can. If we hold in mind a cheap, discreditable picture of ourself; if we doubt our efficiency, we erect a barrier between ourself and the power that achieves.

We may succeed when others do not believe in us, but never when we do not believe in ourselves.

"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—and the fools know it."—*Holmes*.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—*George Eliot*.

If you despise a man's creed you are not far from hating him.

Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly figure.

Money Proverbs

TIME is money and one should be saved as well as the other.

2. The time to save money is in the morning of life.

3. Don't put off until afternoon what you can do in the morning.

4. The way to make money is to take advantage of every opportunity to earn—the way to save money is to put it in a bank on interest.

5. Can you imagine the satisfaction of the man in an armchair in front of a fire in his home who knows he has a savings account in a bank every dollar of which is working for him day and night.

6. The first dollar deposited in a bank may be the first brick in the new home you've dreamed of.

7. Money in one's pocket burns a hole and drops through; money in a bank earns interest every day in the year.

8. There is a Bird on the dollar, but that is no reason why you should let it fly, better deposit it in a bank.

9. The secret of making Money is the SAVING of it.

10. It is not what you EARN, but what you SAVE that makes you rich.

11. Put your savings in a Reliable Bank and let it earn interest for you.

12. By saving something every week, you begin each week richer.

13. Spending all you earn now does not mean future prosperity.

14. Live within your means, and put something away for the future.

Thoreau declined to pay the fee of five dollars for his Harvard diploma, "because it was not worth the price."

In many an establishment there are successes who are infinitely inferior to the failures from whom they snatch the laurels.

I will listen to any man's convictions; you may keep your doubts, your negations to yourself; I have plenty of my own.—*Goethe*.

Doing good is the shortest road to becoming good! Try it!

Find out what your employer least likes to do and do it for him.

ARE you "groping in the dark,"—trying blindly to learn what is holding you back from a greater and truer success and the good things of life?

Two brothers went blindfolded through life for many years. Their story shows that the sure way to success is to awaken and develop your hidden faculties, *which lie unused in most men and women.*

One boy made a splendid record at school, and when he took a position with a large corporation, friends predicted he would make a name for himself. But for eight long years he stuck tight on a detail job, working hard for long hours, yet failing to get ahead. His salary of $125 a month caused great hardships in the rearing of a family.

He applied for other jobs, but somehow he could not *impress* people. Eight years of grind had wrecked his self-confidence and smothered his initiative. He had not realized the folly of leaving undeveloped the most powerful qualities of his nature.

The other boy was a dismal failure at school. Finally he entered an art academy, but did not show any ability. A business college failed to drive into his head the fundamentals of a business education.

Discouraged, he took a place as a packing clerk in a large wholesale shoe firm,—where brawn and not brains counted. But on this twelve dollar a week job he failed to make good, and one day found a notice in his pay envelope, "Services no longer required."

How One Brother Won Out

Finally he drifted into a position as salesman for a large advertising company. He was deeply impressed with the remarkable personality of the head of this firm, and resolved to study him and his methods. It was the turning point in his life, for soon he realized that his idol possessed in an unusual degree such powers as *concentration, memory, constructive imagination, and faith.*

Within a short time this drifter found he was building within himself a most powerful force—a force that would carry him to the highest goal—a force vital to the success of any man or woman,—the force known as Personality.

After thirteen long years he had proven himself, had torn away his blindfold. He is now a director and manager in one of the largest firms in its line in America, and at the age of thirty-three his income *is more than one thousand dollars a month.*

The Power of Great Men

The biggest thing in life is the power to make others like you, believe in you, and place supreme confidence in your ability. Develop this power *and no person, circumstance, or condition can hold you down.*

How often in a social gathering do you see graduates of leading universities who are diffident, self-conscious, and lack that electric spark of life—Personality! Others without even a grammar school education, because of having developed even a few of their hidden talents, are able to hold attention, make friends, and are always welcome in social or business circles. They are building in themselves supreme personality.

The hidden powers you possess are like the gold in the mountain, the seed unplanted, the unborn invention,—wasted and useless until you bring them to light and put them into action. *You cannot afford to let them lie idle a moment longer!*

Get This Free Book, "PERSONALITY SUPREME"

This book has a message for you,—big, broad, inspiring. It brings you the startling news that, no matter where you are, what you are doing, or want to do, *personality can be consciously acquired and developed by anyone.* It sheds the clear light of science on your problems, and strips personality of its mystery. "Personality Supreme" tells you of the wonderful life work of Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, internationally recognized and endorsed by authorities as a leading psychologist, educator, and lecturer. Dr. Krebs has helped thousands of grateful men and women along the pathway of life, giving them the vision and power to think farther, do more, be happier. The Commercial and Financial World, New York, said of him editorially,—"It is no more than the exact truth to say that Dr. Krebs is one of the great master minds of the age." This book tells in a clear, simple way of principles, methods, and plans which you want and can use in developing a successful, winning personality. Tear away your own blindfold! You need this book,—you have always needed it, no matter how successful you may be, or how much of a failure you consider yourself. You can have it for the asking! Fill in the coupon and mail it, —NOW!

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The Man Who Wins

THE man who works is the man who acts,
Who builds on a basis of solid facts;
Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,
Who pumps ahead with the force of steam.
Who hasn't the time to fuss and fret,
But gets there every time—you bet.

A man who wins is the man who wears
A smile to cover his burden of cares;
Who knows that the sun will shine again,
And the clouds will pass and we need the rain;
Who buckles down to a pile of work,
And never gives up and never will shirk
Till the task is done, and the toil is sweet
While the temples throb with red blood's heat.

The man who wins is the man who climbs
The ladder of life to the cheery chimes
Of the bells of labor, the bells of toil,
And isn't afraid that his skin will spoil
If he faces that shine of the glaring sun,
And works in the light till his task is done;
A human engine with triple beam,
And a hundred and fifty pounds of steam.

—*The Messenger.*

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Illness Cured By Merriment

THE power of the mind over contagious disease is well illustrated by Charles L. Leland in his "Have You A Strong Will?" He cites the case of the celebrated physician, Hufeland, who recalls a personal experience, as follows:

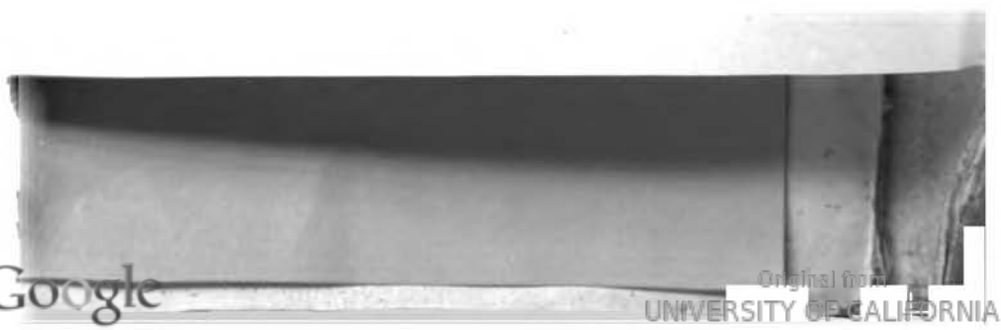
"I, myself, am an example that an established case of contagious illness can be cured by a glad exhilaration of spirits. It happened in the year of the war, 1807, when a pestilential fever broke out, that I had to attend many who were ill with it. And one morning I felt that I had every symptom of the disorder—giddiness, mental dullness, weakness of the limbs—every sign that I must suffer for many days before the malady would break out. But duty commanded, and others suffered more than I. I determined to go through all the morning's work as usual, and to enjoy a midday dinner to which I was invited. At this dinner, I gave myself up as much as I could to merriment, drank intentionally more wine than usual, went with an artificially excited fever to my home, went to bed, had a profuse perspiration, and rose in the morning *cured.*"

◆ ◆ ◆

No man has really found himself until he is on fire with his lifework, until his enthusiasm is great enough to clear all obstacles out of his path.

◆ ◆ ◆

A man, from his shoulders down, is worth $2.50 a day, but from his shoulders up there is no limit to his earning capacity.—*Edward W. Beatty, President of the Canadian-Pacific Railway.*



A Small-Town Clerk at Twenty-One—

At Forty President of a Big Corporation

The True Life Story of a Young Man of Ordinary Talents who Rose from a $12.00-A-Week Clerkship to the Presidency of a $20,000,000 Concern.

A WELL-SET-UP, prosperous-looking man walked into a certain office in New York and asked to see the principal. After satisfying an efficient secretary that his business was really important, he was shown in. Then, without lengthy preamble he plunged into an amazing true-life story that held his auditor spellbound from start to finish.

The story he told is substantially as follows;

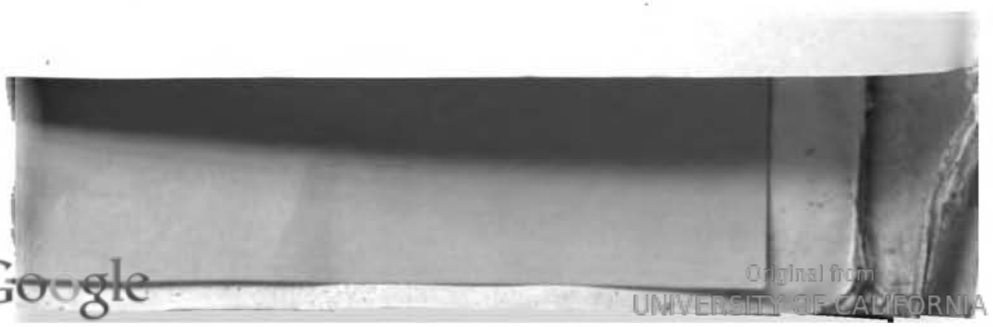
* * * *

At twenty-three years of age I was working in a far western state at the hum-drum life of clerking in a dry-goods store. I had felt the angry sting of poverty since the day I started to work. I knew what it was to skimp on my meals; to walk to and from work to save care-fare; to refuse invitations out because I hadn't the proper clothes to wear; to practice rigid economies which cramped my very soul. My paltry salary of $12.00 a week bought me only the barest necessities of life. Yet from this unpromising start I have become the owner of a $20,000,000 business. No one left me any money, or backed me in any way. I did not amass wealth from speculation. Nor did I change my line of business. I won my success wholly by my efforts in everyday business.

But to get back to my story. One day things didn't go at all well at the store. I was despondent. What use was I anyway? What chance had I of ever becoming anything but a miserable, underpaid wage-slave all my life? Depressing thoughts such as these ran through my mind and plunged me deeper than than ever into the black pit of despair. Truly the world had nothing to offer me.

Then, one evening, heart-sick, I slowly climbed the stairs that led to my tiny bed-room to while away the hours in reading, for I was broke, as usual, and *had* to stay home. The hours slipped by. I read till well past midnight a wonderful inspirational book. Then suddenly a feeling came over me which I cannot well describe. The room seemed to be filled with a bright light. I could not *feel* the chair I was sitting on nor *see* the wall of the room. I felt as though I was suspended in air. Inspiring thoughts flashed through my mind; delightful feelings thrilled my whole being. The air seemed charged with electricity.

The best way I can explain it is to say that I had a "vision." Some power within me seemed to have taken control of my mind. I saw—actually *felt*—myself the proprietor of a chain of thriving money-making retail stores spread all over the country. Something told me they numbered one hundred. There was my name on each store. I saw myself in a beautiful home, surrounded by all the luxuries that money can buy. *I* was a success—a great success. And, strangest of all, *I actually felt and lived the part.*



Then slowly, as though I was awakening from sleep, my eyes began to make out the old familiar pictures on the wall of my room. I heard the wobbly chair squeak, street noises became audible, and . . . my vision was blotted out as quickly as it had come. I was back to earth again—and *broke.*

Of course, the whole thing was ridiculous, the result of indigestion, no doubt. Fancy me, a $12.00-a-week clerk, even to suppose that I could run, much less own, a chain of stores. . . .

Then came the thought, "Why not?" . . . Why not, indeed? Other men had done it, and so could I. Right then and there I determined to make that dream come true.

From the day of that vision I have known nothing but success. Every single thing I saw in my vision has come true. I am proud to say that today I own and operate 197 retail stores scattered throughout 25 states. Last year I did a business of $21,000,000. *And for it all I have to thank you, for your writings inspired my vision—it was one of your books I was reading when I had my inspiration.* It was you who gave me my start toward success. It was you who buoyed me up in my darkest hours. Frankly, I feel that I owe *all* of my success to you.

* * * *

The man who spoke was Mr. J. C. Penney, whose name is today a household word in the middle-western states. He operates the largest chain of retail dry-goods and clothing stores in the world to-day numbering nearly 300.

And the man to whom he attributed his success, who is he? He is Dr. Orison Swett Marden, famed as the greatest writer of inspirational literature in the world to-day.

Mr. Penney says, "From Dr. Marden's books I got not only the idea that I could succeed, but also the great truth that any man—yes, every man, has in himself the capacity for success, *if he will only use it.*

"What I have done, anyone can do. I do not consider myself an unusual man in any way. I am simply an average American citizen, without any exceptional powers at all. There are thousands of men all through the country with much greater talents, more education and a much better equipment for success than I possess. But despite this I am making a success of my chosen line of work."

Mr. Penney continues, "As regards the Marden books, 'Heading for Victory' is the greatest and the best book that Dr. Marden has ever written. I am telling all my friends to read this great book. I myself find continual help in reading and re-reading it. I wish that 'Heading for Victory' could be placed in the hands of every ambitious man in America. I know that it will make any man who will read it a better, a more efficient and a more successful man."

* * * *

What Dr. Marden has done for J. C. Penney he has also done for hundreds of other famous men. Theodore Roosevelt, Charles M. Schwab, Luther Burbank, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker—these men and scores of others have written to Dr. Marden in personal appreciation of his great work. What this wonderful book "Heading for Victory" has done for them it will do for you—if you will let it.

"Heading for Victory"—maker of millionaires and leaders of men—is yours together with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS—Marden's Magazine—for only $5.00. You needn't risk a single penny. Merely fill in and mail the coupon. "Heading for Victory" goes to you immediately with the understanding that you may read it and keep it for five days. Then if for any reason it fails to delight you, send it back and your $5.00 will be refunded instantly without argument.

You take no chances whatever. Without doubt "Heading for Victory" will give you a tremendous impulse towards success, and it may make you a millionaire, just as it did Mr. Penney.

So as you stand to gain all and to lose nothing, mail the coupon now.

THE NEW SUCCESS,
1572 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $5.00 for "Heading for Victory" and a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. It is understood that if I am not satisfied I may return the book within 5 days and my $5.00 will be refunded and order will be cancelled.

Name.....

Street and No.....

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

Going Down

By James J. Montague

DON'T do any work when the boss isn't there,
And loaf when he IS, if he'll let you;
His business will suffer, but why should you care?
His troubles ought never to fret you.
Don't save any money—just blow all your pay,
For if you go broke you can borrow,
And though you may land in the poorhouse some day,
Forget about that till to-morrow.

Sneak out of all tasks that you possibly can,
Or hunt for an easy way through them;
Leave all the hard jobs to some dull-witted man,
Who will always be willing to do them.
Be sure to break out with a harrowing wail
If duties are rough or unpleasant.
And though you are likely to wind up in jail,
Don't think about that—for the present.

Don't stand for rude talk, if the boss calls you down;
There are plenty of men who will hire you;
Look right in his eye, and observe with a frown,
If he don't like your work, he can fire you.
Perhaps you'll get by, if this course you pursue,
Though the chances are very much greater
That before very long you will starve if you do,
But that you can think about later.

This wisdom we never have gathered from books,
Philosophers never supplied it;
We got it from loafers and grafters and crooks,
And all of these worthies have tried it.
They've followed these rules very closely they say,
And if you will look where it got 'em,
Forthwith you'll agree it's the speediest way
To get from the top to the bottom!

—*From The New York World.*

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What 256,000,000 Birds Eat

KANSAS has a bird population of 256,000,000, according to George A. Blair, of Mulvane, in a paper published by the State Horticultural Society. And these 256,000,000 birds every year eat enough insects to fill 480 trains of fifty box cars each—24,000 cars on a minimum weight of 24,000 pounds to the car. These insect trains would be long enough to reach from Oklahoma to Nebraska. Reduced to pounds, Blair figures that the birds of Kansas every year eat 576,000,000 pounds of insects.

"Insect eating birds consume on a conservative estimate 100 insects a day," says Blair. "Kansas birds devour 25,000,000 every day from May to September, inclusive. For the 150 days they consume 32,000,000 bushels of insects, on the basis that it takes about 120,000 average-sized insects to fill a bushel measure."

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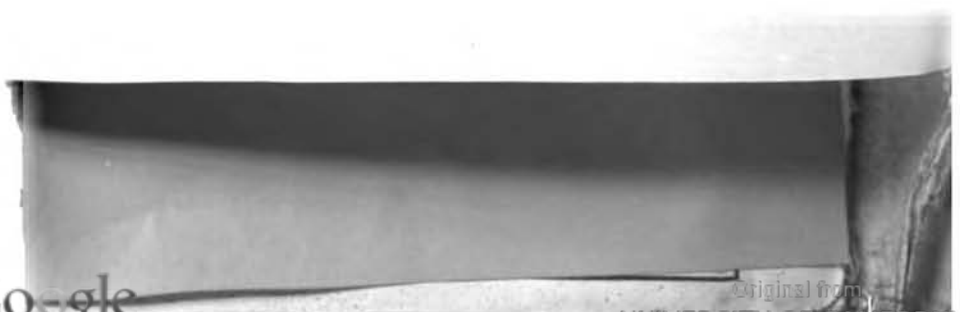
Every man I meet is my master in some point and can instruct me therein.—*Emerson.*



I Believe

"I BELIEVE in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results.

"I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job.

"I believe that a man gets what he honestly goes after, that one deed done to-day is worth two deeds to-morrow, and that no man is 'down and out' until he has lost faith in himself.

"I believe in to-day and the work I am doing; in to-morrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward that the future holds.

"I believe in courtesy, kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and in honest competition.

"I believe there is something doing somewhere, for every man ready to do it.

"I believe I'm ready—right now."

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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Do It!

DO all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Roosevelt Passed Him Up

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once nearly appointed a man to a consulate on a recommendation of mutual friends, and it was only in the eleventh hour that he discovered his true caliber, and then only by chance.

The office-seeker had come to Washington to receive his appointment, and by way of showing his great-heartedness he was telling the President about the meanness of others:

"The other day I went on a fishing trip," he said, "and before starting, one of the party made us all agree that whoever caught the first fish must treat the crowd. Now, do you know that both the other men had bites, and never pulled up their lines?"

"So you lost, then," said Roosevelt, politely.

"Oh, no," said the consular aspirant; "I didn't put any bait on my hook."

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The Most Important!

ANDREW CARNEGIE was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains. The canny Scot replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

—*The Virginia.*

◆ ◆ ◆

One missing rail on a very fine railroad would be more disturbing than Darwin's "missing link."

May Irwin as a Business Woman

MAY IRWIN, the actress, the richest self-made woman in the United States, has said: "A woman has as much chance to get rich as a man. The only difference is that she doesn't know how. There is no one to tell her." Miss Irwin was in this respect advantageously circumstanced. There was someone to "tell her how."

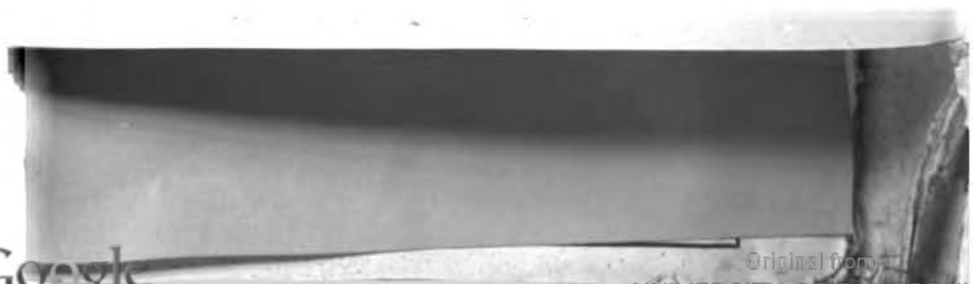
A business acquaintance said to her at the outset of her career, "This is a time when fortunes are being made in real estate. When you have sufficient money saved up, buy a dwelling or a business building, subject to a mortgage or two. When you have another thousand or two saved, don't make another payment on the property, or pay off the mortgage or part of it. Renew the mortgages when they come due, or take out new mortgages and pay the old ones with them. When you have another thousand or two acquire a holding in some other property. No matter how small the holding. Get your equity, your toe in the door. Then purchasers of the property will have to reckon with you. After a while get acreage, if you can. That means get your property together. Have it bunched, on a corner if possible. If you do this any one wanting to buy in that neighborhood will have to buy from you, and you can name your own price. Don't worry about the taxes and the interest on the mortgages. The rentals will take care of them."

MISS IRWIN followed the advice. She bought a piece of property—a rather ramshackle building on the West Side of New York, staggering under its own weight, and that of two mortgages, for $5000. After a year and three months, she sold it for $7000. An opportunity came to "acquire an equity" in two other buildings at $3000 apiece. She ventured. These, too, she sold at an advance. Her next deal made her the owner, in small share, nevertheless the person who "must be seen" if someone wanted to buy the property of three buildings.

None of the buildings were new. All of them were far from unencumbered. Yet they represented the goal of her seeking. They lay side by side. One was on the corner. She had attained "acreage." After a time, a man appeared who desired to erect a hotel on that site. Miss Irwin was coy. Five offers were made her for her acreage, each at a considerable advance on the others.

THE fifth offer she accepted. She bought a home on the fashionable upper West Side, and an apartment house on the upper East Side which she rented. She made more purchases, always in the vanguard of the upward march of New York City. A sixteen-acre island, one of the green gems set in the moving silver bosom of the St. Lawrence River, became hers.

Her neighbors named it Irwin Island and the handsome country mansion that she erected thereon, Irwin Castle. Further possessions include a farm on the mainland. By discreet following of sage advice from one who knew she became one of the most successful business women in the country.



"Pep"

VIGOR, Vitality, Vim, and Punch—
With courage to act on a sudden Hunch—
And nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb, and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep.

Sand and grit in a concrete base—
A friendly smile on an honest face—
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbor, and loves its town—
That's Pep.

To say "I Will"—for you know you can—
To look for the best in every man—
To meet each thundering knock-out blow,
And come back with a laugh, because you know
You'll get the best of the whole blame show—
That's Pep.

—*The Grid.*

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The Poverty of Franz Schubert

LAWRENCE GILMAN, secretary of The National Symphony Orchestra, writes as follows regarding the poverty of Franz Schubert (1797-1828), one of the greatest and most inspired composers the world ever knew:

Schubert, who was almost the age of his contemporary Shelley, composed his B minor Symphony in the year of Shelley's death. Like Shelley, he was too well-beloved of the gods; Shelley died at thirty, Schubert at thirty-one. He was four-fifths peasant, and he sang like a rustic angel. When he died, he left behind him personal effects valued at a little over twelve dollars and some of the loveliest music in existence. A few coats, waistcoats, trousers, shoes, shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, socks, one hat, one towel, one sheet, two "bed-cases," one mattress, one bolster, one quilt, and a quantity of manuscripts appraised by the official inventory at 10 florins (about $4.80), constituted his material possessions. Within a year of his death, he had been unable to afford a seventeen-cent dinner, and he was selling some of the greatest songs ever written for the 1920 price of four subway tickets. As Sir George Grove observes, "besides this, the poverty of Mozart—the first of the two great musicians whom Vienna has allowed to starve—was wealth." Sir George is exercised because he can find in Schubert no trace of "formal or dogmatic religion." No doubt a lifetime of privation and neglect, and a miserable death-bed, should dispose a man toward "formal or dogmatic religion" and develop a spirit humbly grateful for so instructive an experience of the ways of Providence.

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In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: "Don't cry, don't shirk; but hit the line hard."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Drug Trade Statistics

NUMBER of retail drug stores in the United States, 49,000.

There is one retail drug store to every 2,048 of the population.

Forty-four and one-half per cent of these stores are rated at $2,000 or less.

Of these 44½ per cent, 92 per cent are without rating in the commercial agencies. Twenty-three and one-half per cent are rated at $2,000 to $5,000.

Of these 23½ per cent, 67 per cent are without rating in the commercial agencies. Seventeen per cent are rated over $5,000 and less than $10,000. Eight per cent are rated at $20,000 and over.

Thirty years ago the number of drug items on the market was 2,699.

The number of drug items now on the market is 45,900.

The patent medicine business of the average wholesale druggist is 54 per cent of the total sales.

Of this 54 per cent, only 12 per cent are distributed in lots of one dozen or more.—*Drug Topics.*

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All Together—Boost

BY RICHARD H. PUGH.

WE can knock it, we can rap it,
We can kick and we can scrap it,
But let's advertise our house another way;
Let us laud it and applaud it,
Let's command it and defend it
Till the world shall know we mean just what we say.

We can rake it, we can break it,
We can make it or forsake it,
Just by the way we talk about our house;
We can boost it, we can shove it,
We must talk it, we must love it,
If we want it to go up instead of down.

Why not sing and shout its praises—
Mention all its happy phases—
Show the universe the best house on the map?
Boost it at the store or table,
Boost it when and where we're able—
All together now—let's boost and "can" the rap!

—*Selected.*

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Concentrate!

THERE was once a hen who never laid two eggs in the same place. All went well until she tried to sit. She had her eggs scattered all over the farm, and she tried to hatch them all. The third day she went crazy.—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Every clock tick means that there are as many opportunities every twenty-four hours as there are seconds.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

A Liberal Reward--If You Find This Man

HE'S wanted at once to share in a large inheritance.

It will not be hard to locate him if you go at it right.

He's a considerably better man than you are,—quite a bit more capable, more enterprising, more likable.

He wouldn't care for your job—it's too small for him. He "thinks big" and has the nerve to do things in a big way.

It's likely that he has become restless under long idleness and is quite ready and able to jump in and take his share of today's prosperity profits.

You can locate him if you want to. He's perfectly willing to put himself in your hands. As you read this he is right there with you. He is reading these words as you read them. He is reading them through your eyes.

He is the Man-You-Can-Be.

He is the man who can do what you have always wanted to do.

Payable in Cash

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.

Not an Expensive Course—Just a Book

Dr. Marden's teachings are not for failures—although many a failure has become a brilliant success through the application of them. They are for all men and women who have not achieved the very highest place that could be theirs in their chosen field of effort. They are for you if you have ever felt that you could be more than you are—that another and a better man exists within you.

Dr. Marden's teachings are clear, simple, explicit. They "take hold" instantly. A single hour's reading will flash a new light on your possibilities and give you a glimpse of the great field in which you might take leadership.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's precepts. You will recognize their truth and their worth to you—their buoyant, irresistible upward sweep—as soon as you read them. Thousands of ambitious men in all walks of life testify to their value and their impelling power.

Instead of putting his teachings in the form of an expensive course, costing $20 to $50 Dr. Marden has insisted that you be given the benefit of his training for almost nothing. He has put the whole inspiring, mind-developing course into a single book, entitled "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT." A book that, in the first ten minutes of reading, gives you an entirely new viewpoint.

By special arrangement this book, together with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS magazine, can now be secured for only $3.50. If you are already a subscriber you may have your subscription extended for another year, or you may order the magazine sent as a gift to a friend. There can be no more acceptable gift than one of Dr. Marden's books and his magazine, and many of our readers find HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT an excellent gift book for all occasions. Surely you need this book and you owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends, to take advantage of this offer, which may open the door for you to wonderful new success.

As an indication of your determination to develop the success spirit that goes out and gets what it wants, *act at once*. Strike out now for a 60 horse-power brain. Send the coupon below at once to THE NEW SUCCESS, 1571 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y. It may mean the difference between depriving yourself of the things you have always longed for and the happiness you have dreamed of.

Mail Coupon Today

THE NEW SUCCESS
1571 St. James Building **New York, N. Y.**

Enclosed find $3.50 for which please send me "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT" and enter my name for a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. (Foreign price $4.50.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

N. S. 12-20

Hints to Young Authors

JOHN AUGUSTUS SCRIBBLE wearily opened the envelope that brought back from its twentieth journey his "Ode on a Crushed Caterpillar."

There dropped upon the floor this letter from the regretful editor:

"Hint 1—Borrow half a dollar's worth of stamps.

"Hint 2—Don't begin to write till you feel you must. Such an attack is heralded by dizziness, listlessness, and pains in the back.

"Hint 3—Then write down just enough words to relieve your pent-up emotions.

"Hint 4—Erase every second word.

"Hint 5—Carefully erase all the remaining words.

"Hint 6—Sell the stamps."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

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Your World Power

WOULD you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.

Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his desire except all the world share it with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power, working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself—*The Nautilus.*

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The Lesson of the Rabbit

TALK about output! Listen to this little tale of mass production.

Fifty years ago, there were no rabbits in Australia. Then three rabbits were sent out from London.

Forty years later 25,000,000 frozen rabbits and 96,000,000 rabbit skins were shipped to Europe from Australia.

Go to the rabbit, thou sluggard.—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

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Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.—*Addison.*

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Napoleon said, "I have known the limits beyond which I could not use my legs and eyes, but I have never known bounds to my application."

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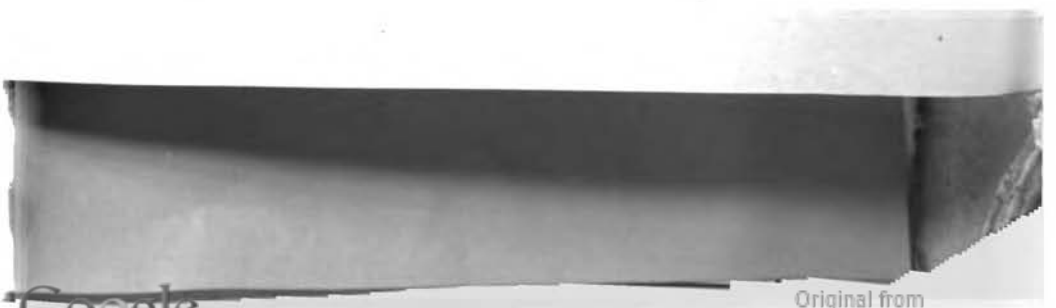
Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—*Phillips Brooks.*



Too Smart

SHE was a shop assistant. She had a slow mind and a quick tongue. She thought herself awfully smart.

A timid looking man came in the shop. "Do you keep hair brushes?" he asked.

"No," she snapped. "We sell them."

"Well," he said quietly as he strolled towards the door, "you'll keep the one you might have sold to me. Good morning."

◆ ◆ ◆

My Creed

TO have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.
—*From "My Creed," in "Life."*

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World Can Use 30,000,000 Autos

SOME people have been predicting for two or three years that the world soon will be "saturated" with automobiles. John W. Prentiss, of the New York banking firm of Hornblower and Weeks, says the saturation point will not be reached until the world has 30,000,000 automobiles. The total number now is about 10,000,000, of which 7,800,000 are in the United States.

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A Good Companion

LESSING says: "The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an aggressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

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The Light in the Window

THE transport had entered New York Harbor. On board was one lone colored soldier among the homeward bound. As the ship passed the Statue of Liberty there was absolute silence, when suddenly the dusky doughboy broke the quiet by remarking: "Put your light down, honey, I'se home."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

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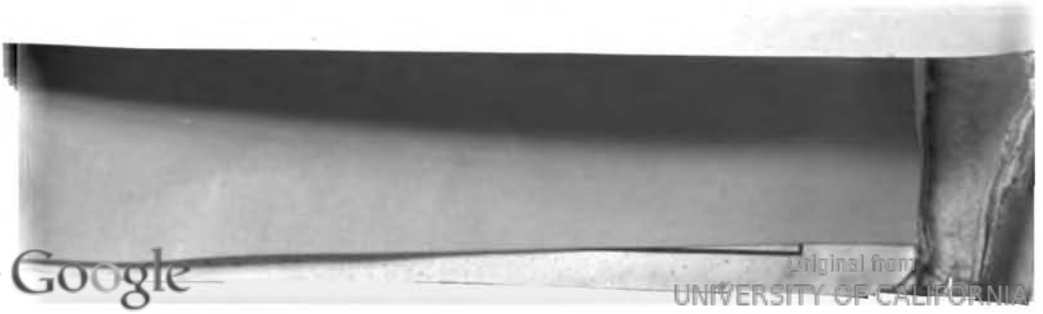
All good work is especially done without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting.—*Ruskin.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Until your mind and your body are on fire with eagerness for the thing you want to do, you will remain a common, ordinary man.



Famous Last Words

Typical Speeches Delivered Just Before the Fool-Killer Wielded His Axe

"I WONDER if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator, and we'll try to get across before it comes."

"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

"It's no fun swimming around in here. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"There's only one way to manage a mule. Walk right up in back of him and surprise him."

"That fire-cracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."

"Watch me skate out past the 'Danger' sign. I bet I can touch it."

"These traffic policemen think they own the city. They can't stop me. I'm going to cross the street now. Let the chauffeurs look out for me."

"What a funny noise that snake makes. I think I'll step on him."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."

"I think I'll mix a little nitric acid with this chloride of potassium and see what happens."—*Life.*

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Time!

ATTORNEYS for the prosecution and defense had been allowed, by mutual consent, fifteen minutes each to argue a certain case.

Counsel for the defense began his argument with an allusion to the old swimming pool of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—and in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

"Come out, sir," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up!"—*The Green Bag.*

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Find Friends, Says Schwab

BE friends with everybody. When you have friends you will know there is somebody who will stand by you. You know the old saying, that if you have a single enemy you will find him everywhere. It doesn't pay to make enemies. Lead the life that will make you kindly and friendly to every one about you, and you will be surprised at what a happy life you will live.—*Charles M. Schwab.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Michael Angelo once went into Raphael's studio while he was out. Finding a picture on the easel which he thought was not quite worthy of Raphael's genius, he wrote under it, "Amplius" meaning "larger."

◆ ◆ ◆

Trying to be somebody with all one's might is about the biggest work a human being can engage in.

How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a **victim to pneumonia or consumption.**

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

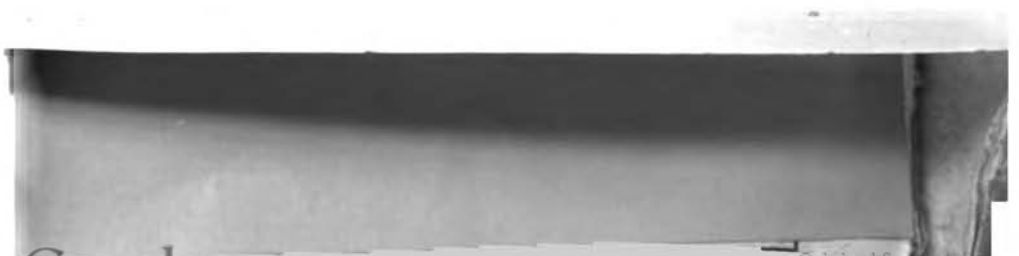
"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the **cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds.** This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well** and how to **keep well.** The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only $3. to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 220, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best $3. investment you ever made—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that do not cure, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.



How Jim Downes Paid Up

(*Continued from page* 38)

know you," he said, "You are Marvey Thurston."

The stranger stared at him with half-frightened eyes. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Not a detective?"

"A sort of one," Waters admitted. "But what brings you up here? Tell me the truth. Your secret's safe with me. And tell me something else," he added after a pause. "Are you going to marry Mary Downes?"

The liquor he had drunk made Harvey Thurston communicative. He seemed glad to find a confidant. "I'd hoped to marry her," he confessed to Waters, "but the folks were dead against it. Then I grew rebellious. I took some of sister's money and speculated with it. I lost, of course. A man always loses when he tries that trick. Then I attempted to cover my tracks—and—well—the police are after me. That's why I'm hiding here."

Waters laughed. "Well, you couldn't hide in a better place," he told him. "If you stay here long enough, you'll meet Jimmy Downes. Don't tell him what you've told me. He has a claim out in the snow somewhere that's a regular bonanza. I saw part of a note he was writing to his sister, Mary, this afternoon. He tells her he'll be a regular Santa Claus before next Christmas."

CHAPTER XVI

THURSTON'S heavy, bloodshot eyes opened wide. "You mean it?" he asked incredulously. "Mary told me some crazy story as to his coming up here to try to earn two thousand dollars to pay off a mortgage on the farm that my sister wanted to purchase. I offered to let her have the money myself, but she was proud as could be, and said Jimmy would attend to the matter——"

"And I guess Jimmy will," Waters interrupted, "that is—unless—"

But as he spoke, the door opened, and, with the entrance of the wintry blast from without, Jimmy Downes strode into the room. He paused as he drew off his gauntlets and surveyed the smoky room, and almost instantly spied Caleb Waters and his companion at their table in the corner. With a smile of genuine pleasure, he crossed the crowded floor, acknowledging nods from rough prospectors and lumberjacks.

"Well, Caleb!" said Jim, extending his hand. "What on earth brings you into this neck of the woods?"

"The gossip of Sally Trueman," lied Caleb instantly. "The whole town's talking of your wonderful luck prospecting, so I thought I'd try my hand at gold seeking, myself."

Jim smiled rather sadly, and, a moment later, found himself being introduced to Harvey Thurston. "Things *have* gone rather well," Jim forced himself to say, not being willing to confess to Caleb and this stranger, the failure that he faced—that was torturing his soul.

"Have a drink?" Caleb invited, but Jim shook his head. "Not that sort of a drink," he said with a smile. "I'll take some hot coffee, but liquor is mighty bad when a man faces a twelve-mile ride on a dog sled through a night like this."

"You don't mean you're going back to your diggings to-night, do you?" Caleb asked in amazement.

"Certainly," Jim answered. "Do you think I'd stay in this atmosphere when I can return to the clean, wholesome surroundings of my own little abode?"

Waters and Thurston exchanged half-amused glances, but Waters rallied quickly and nodded in sympathy. "It's new to us—and, therefore, novel. I suppose you do get tired of it."

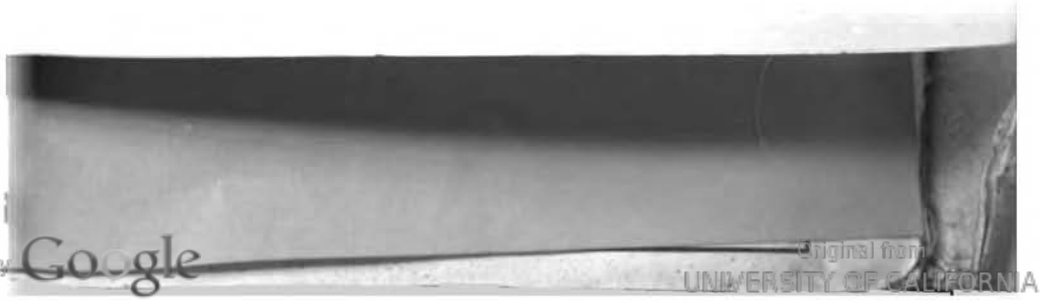
"It's disgusting!" Jim said with a glance about the floor where rough men and women were now dancing to music created by an accordion, a piano and a fiddle.

Jim sipped the coffee that had been brought him; the others drank grog. At that moment, a tall, spare figure edged close to the wall of the place and peered through the frosted window. He spied the trio, and his weather-beaten face broke into a satisfied smile. It was Tonetah. He had found just what he expected. But the Indian knew that Jim could take care of himself in the saloon, so he proceeded to make himself comfortable amid the fur robes of Jimmy's tethered dog sled, and there to await developments.

But hardly had he wrapped himself amid the comfort of the wrappings, while the patient and strangely unexhausted dogs bite off the little balls of ice that congealed between their toes, when, without a word, they arose to their haunches, and Tonetah, having thought himself ready for a snooze, was suddenly alert. The dogs bristled, and the Indian sensed the warning of their uneasiness.

Tonetah peered from his chosen bed and saw—creeping toward him—a figure that looked like a great grizzly, but which he soon recognized to be a man.

The fur-clad creature crept on hands and knees, while the dogs snarled and showed their fangs and long hungry tongues which made them seem more like wolves than useful animals.



Tonetah bade them be silent. With wonderful docility they obeyed him. The approaching figure rose to the semblance of human form and came close to the sled. "Tonetah?" spoke the man in a low tone of voice, and the Indian grunted assent.

"It is I—Corporal MacGregor," he said reassuringly. "Where is Jim Downes?"

"Inside," Tonetah answered briefly.

"Who's with him?"

Tonetah shook his head and pointed toward the window.

The Canadian officer peered in, cautiously shielding himself from the observation of those within. Then he smiled. "I'm afraid," he said, "that my old pal, Jim Downes, is in bad company; and I only hope developments will prove that he is not mixed up with those two new arrivals. I'd hate to have to put the handcuffs on Jimmy Downes."

Tonetah stared at the official in amazement. His expression never changed, but his fingers moved silently and ominously in the direction of his hunting knife.

(To be continued)

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It Is Not Easy

TO apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

—*Doherty News.*

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The Greatest Worry of All

I KNOW of no sort of worry which gets such a terrific grip on people, which eats into the very marrow of one's being, like the money-worry, the worry about the wherewithall to exist.

Many men are so constituted that they can stand almost any other sort of trouble better than to worry about where money is coming from to pay household bills and to keep the family going.

Where there is a very small salary and a large family and the parents are ambitious for their children's education, ambitious to dress them decently, and to rear to be somebody, and after there is sickness and the little earnings have dwindled, the little savings gone, it takes a lot of stamina and character, to keep one's courage and poise.

John D. Rockefeller

(*Continued from page* 42)

School picnic. Mr. Rockefeller was talking to a group consisting of the pastor, Reverend George Thomas Dowling, Deacon Thomas, myself and one or two others, when some of the bustling housewives came up and interrupted.

"Mr. Rockefeller," said one, "we want to serve dinner, and we can't get the people to come and sit down. Won't you come and see if you can help us?"

Mr. Rockefeller answered very quietly, "I will, just as soon as I have finished telling this story."

The story ended, he beckoned to a half dozen boys who were running about. "Do you think you could get together twenty or thirty boys?" he asked. "Do you see that skating rink over there? See all those benches on the second-story porch. Do you think you could very quietly get those benches down and put them over here in nice rows? The ladies want to serve dinner. Just as soon as you get all the benches placed, you just sit down yourselves, and they will very likely give you your dinner."

Inside of fifteen minutes five hundred people were seated in rows and the dinner was proceeding in good order. Mr. Rockefeller had not moved ten feet from where he stood nor made any effort whatever himself.

I recall an interview which took place many years ago between Mr. Rockefeller and a representative of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. The interview lasted, perhaps, half an hour or more, and when the dignified German had made his adieus and the door had closed behind him, Mr. Rockefeller took hold of my arm and gave it a squeeze that I seem to feel even now, and said, "Well, Mr. Rogers, did I talk all right without saying anything?"

It was an indisputable fact that Mr. Rockefeller had gleaned a lot of information but had not given his visitor even a peg to hang his plug hat on.

IT is probably not generally known that Mr. Rockefeller is one of the best story-tellers in the United States. On one occasion business called me to Bon Air, Georgia, to see him. While I was watching his play on the golf links, a young man standing by my side fell into conversation with me. He proved to be a reporter sent down by the New York *Journal* to interview the money king. The day we left for New York, we discovered, after the train started, that this young man had a section in our car. Mr. Rockefeller entertained us with interesting and humor-

ous stories all day long. When he left the train at Philadelphia for Lakewood, and the reporter had gone to the smoking compartment, I said to the latter, "I suppose some of this will be published in a day or two."

"Oh! I guess I'll write it out instead of going to the theater," he answered, and, the next morning, nearly two pages appeared in the *Journal* with big head-lines. Although he had not taken a single note every story was repeated verbatim in the order in which it had been told, together with every remark and expression of opinion. I used to boast that I could go into an hour's interview and come out and dictate it word for word, but William Hoster certainly had me "skinned a mile."

All men in public life must become accustomed to this publicity, much as many of them shrink from it. At Mrs. Rockefeller's invitation Mrs. Rogers and myself once attended the Memorial Church at Palm Beach, built by Mr. Flagler. After service we strolled down to the beach; and as we seated ourselves in the sand in a small group, there must have been at least twenty lenses that suddenly needed cleaning. Cameras were opened too; and every time that Mr. Rockefeller laughed or moved, you would hear the "click, click, click," of the shutters. At one time when the family was going abroad I went to Hoboken to see them off and remarked to John, "How many cameras here today?" "From the crow's nest to the gangway," he answered, "and on the dock, just fifty-four by actual count."

Why So Few Men Become Famous

(*Continued from page 47*)

thrilled by the fate which deals out the same tribulations to the millionaire and to the pauper. We rejoice in the reversal of the situation as well, and never tire of hearing of a Cinderalla in real life. When Prince Fame fits the slipper of success on the dainty foot of the son or daughter of poverty, our hearts beat a little faster and sometimes our eyes fill with tears. It is our own dream that to another has come true.

But, after all, is fame worth while? Has some long-faced moralist warned you against its entanglements? Has he declared that in seeking recognition you are paving the way to your earthly sorrow and to your eternal damnation? Don't believe him. For true fame can be purchased only with a price and that price is service—service to the nation—service to mankind.

Read over the names of those chosen for the Hall of Fame. How different the history of

America would have been without their presence! Are we to bury ambition, stifle individualism and repress freedom of thought in order that we may escape the tragedy of rivaling their achievements? Should a poet refuse to sing his songs because of his dread of becoming another Longfellow, or a young man disdain to enter political life for fear of emulating the deeds of Lincoln and Roosevelt?

Nature, in her own defense, has implanted certain desires in our hearts. For our souls we crave immortality and refrain from wrongdoing that we may be deemed worthy of eternal life. Thus the spirituality of man is preserved, and thus is he raised above the level of the beast. For our physical bodies we desire a long, vigorous healthy existence and we deny ourselves the lusts of the flesh that our bodies may endure. Thus do we prevent disease from exterminating the race. For the mental side of our being, there is only one preservation and that is recognition by our fellow men. Fame is intellectual self-preservation. On its power to kindle human ambition depends civilization itself. Most of those who aspire, fall by the wayside before their goal is reached; but they are glorious even in defeat. The sum total of their achievements constitutes the greatest chapters in human history.

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The Art of Talking

WHAT are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it; but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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If you are a real salesman you will work; if you don't work you will be a "nearly one" all your life.
—*H. R. Wardell.*

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You can sleep better after a day's hard work than after a day's idleness.—*Harry Lauder.*

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"Woman is at once a luxury and a necessity—one of the things we may not be happy in possessing, but are miserable without."

The Majesty of the Law

(*Continued from page* 58)

Finally the judge sent a court officer to the lawyer for the defense, and yet another to the lawyer for the complainant. With them he talked earnestly. When the court, at length, did adjourn, the case was still in abeyance, and the principals to it, including little Pete, accepted an invitation to meet the judge in his chambers. Little Pete, still bewildered, but somewhat pleasantly conscious of a near-at-hand rift in the fog of unhappiness, gravely kissed his father, and as gravely shook the proffered hand of the judge. The great fear-brooding man seemed to have lost his thunder and had turned into something of a child himself. Little Pete took a position between the chairs of his parents, but rather nearer his mother than his father,—and waited.

He did not have to wait long. The judge, in a fatherly sort of fashion, sitting behind his desk, began to talk directly to the principals in the case. He said, among other things, that an officer of the law is bound by his oath to discourage litigation, provided the majesty of the law is not offended by such discouragement. After his conversation with counsel, he felt that the pending case was one on which he could legitimately endeavor to prevent an appeal to the courts. His experience told him that many similar actions arise from mutual misunderstandings rather than from any intent of either of the parties to forswear his or her vows made at the altar. A person charged with wrongdoing would, if innocent and of a proud and sensitive disposition, be very likely to accept the stigma rather than attempt to prove his probity. That is human nature. Such a silence would naturally be construed into an admission of guilt. Without the interposition—wise interposition,—of others, a situation of affairs such as described might and probably would lead to the permanent wreck of otherwise useful and happy lives. It seemed to him that this situation was indicated in the case of Brinslay *versus* Brinslay. The neglect charged, so it would appear, might readily be explained away, or, at all events, the defendant to the suit might be brought to acknowledge that actions not of an intentionally neglectful nature are, nevertheless, unjustifiable and uncalled-for, when viewed from the complainant's standpoint. The cruelty of the court was admittedly of a technical nature, and need not be considered in this connection.

Here the court spoke of the need of young married people learning to bear and forbear, especially in the beginning of those years when life shared with another is commencing in earnest,

when little ones begin to add to the joys and burdens of the household, and when existence in general is undergoing a season of reconstruction. Lastly, he asked them to consider their own future and the future of their child, if the action should be begun and completed.

LITTLE PETE had listened intently to his honor's remarks. True, he understood none of them, for only a faint gleam of the admonition that was being meted out to two intelligent adults found its way to his little brain. The references to the complainant and the defendant had puzzled him sorely. He didn't know any people with those names. Yet he gathered, in a sort of way, that his father and mother were the objects of the talk, and he didn't like the court any better because every now and then his mother put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed quietly. Once or twice he would have liked to cuddle close to her and fall asleep, he was so tired of exerting his mind to grasp even the tiniest thread of the motive of that mystery. He was tired of that long but eminently dignified verbiage of legal majesty. Once or twice he thought of "Rags," and once or twice hunger touched him. Again, in the midst of it all, wearying of the strain, he forgot all but his mother's distress and his father's presence. Once more he slid off his chair, and, walking close to his father, said:—

"Papa, mama's crying and wants you."

Mr. Brinslay rose to his feet and looked at his wife. After an instant's hesitation she extended her hand to him. Little Pete took his father by one hand and then grasped the outstretched hand of his mother.

The big man with the pointed beard arose from the corner where he had been sitting. There was an unmistakable tremor in his voice as he thus addressed the court:—

"Your honor, the complainant moves that the case be dismissed."

The judge simply nodded his head.

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A Gentleman

THE word "gentleman" is defined this way: A man who is clean both inside and outside; who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children, and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets the other people have theirs.

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Nothing would be a lesson to us if it did not come too late.—*George Eliot.*

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What Is Work, Anyway?

THIS is not the heyday of the grasshopper and the sluggard. If either still persists, which is improbable, the grasshopper must be lightly dancing and the sluggard must be heavily sleeping far from earshot and eyesight. For ours is primarily a day of workers. We work uninterruptedly, we work obtrusively, we work vociferously.

Work is in the air, virtually inescapable, though we are not all charged with dynamic force, we are not all possessed with genius which must be provided with a way out, we were not all born on Saturday. What is work, really? Is it doing something hard or doing something distasteful? Is it just anything that brings in money, or must it be earning a living? Is it a vocation or an avocation? Is it necessarily manual labor? What do we mean when we say "Work has killed Mary," and the next minute assert "Work has saved Jane?" And finally why, when both Mary and Jane call their employments "slavery," do we onlookers respectfully refer to those ladies' "careers?" Yet when Mary and Jane pridefully mention their careers, why do we lament their slavery?

Work, one must suppose, is a strictly personal matter, depending for its identification on such psychological peculiarities as interpretation, predisposition and habit. To one young gentleman (employed) comes another young gentleman (unemployed). He speaks:

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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"Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'"

HARD to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

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**"He who builds no castles in the air,
Builds no castles anywhere!"**

◆ ◆ ◆

"If I treat all men as gods," asks Emerson, "how to me can there be any such thing as a slave?"

THOMAS L. MASSON
Managing editor, "Life."

Photo by Aime Dupont
ADA PATTERSON
Interviewer of Famous People

Van Oeyen Studio, Cleveland
ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG
Special writer and interviewer

THE NEW SUCCESS FOR 1921

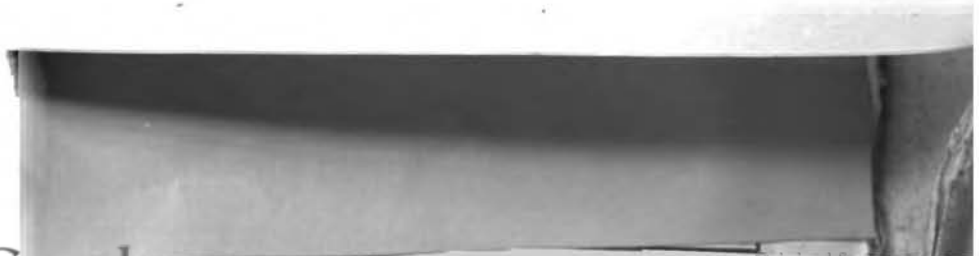
THE Editors of THE NEW SUCCESS have planned a bigger, broader magazine for the coming year—1921. We wish that we had room on these pages to tell you about all the big things we have secured—such stories as "The Voice in the Night," by Ben Ames Williams, and some personal experiences on worrying by that master humorist, Ellis Parker Butler, which will appear in the January number—such stories as "How Do You Get That Way," by Olin L. Lyman and "Why Dewent Fizzled," by Howard P. Rockey—just as we wish that we could publish the photograph of every person who will write and illustrate for this magazine—but space forbids.

Arthur Wallace Dunn will continue as our special representative in Washington. No other man is so well-fitted for the position. Mr. Dunn has been an active Washington correspondent for thirty years. He has known more men in public life than any other journalist of his time. He is a former president of the Gridiron Club, and is the author of three important political works.

OLIN L. LYMAN
Fiction writer

THE NEW SUCCESS will continue to be the most

JOSEPH F. KERNAN
Illustrator



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ARTHUR W. DUNN
Washington Correspondent

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR
Special articles

HOWARD P. ROCKEY
Fiction and Special writer

THE NEW SUCCESS FOR 1921

inspiring magazine in the world. Its position is unique—it has several imitators, but no other publication can enthuse, help, encourage you, can show you how to find your place in the world so forcibly as THE NEW SUCCESS.

In 1921, this magazine will continue to present the life-stories of successful men and women, to publish interviews that will thrill and inspire. No man or woman who swims into the public ken will be overlooked, provided they come within the scope of our editorial policy. And in this particular respect, THE NEW SUCCESS will be a liberal education. By following closely its great life-stories and interviews and its special articles on the uplifting affairs of the world, you will be able to keep abreast of the times, to know and understand the people and the measures that are making the world. Ada Patterson, perhaps the most successful interviewer in the United States, will continue the work she has so successfully carried out during the past two years. Dr. Marden's character-building editorials will be a special feature of each issue. They are to be illustrated in 1921 with cartoons by Gordon Ross, one of the best artists in this country.

ROBERT A. GRAEF
Illustrator

RONALD ANDERSON
Illustrator

They Hated Him Because He Cried "Prove It"

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll

Is there a God? Is there a Hell? Is there a Heaven? Are we better than the Savage who worships an Idol? "Prove it and I'll believe you," cried Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. But they couldn't—or wouldn't. So they cast him out. They hated him. They fought him. But for fifty years he fought back. Never could they batter down his logic. Never could they answer with reason.

We sympathize with the savage whose God is a monstrous Idol. We pity him for the glory he places upon the ring in his nose. But are we better than he?

Is it true that much of our goodness is mothered by cowardly fear? Is it true that our God is created by a mind too lazy to do its own thinking? If you believe in a God, why? Is there a God? Are you afraid to say "No?" Is there a Hell? Why don't you paint your face and your body and wear a nose ring? Why don't you worship a snake?—others do!

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, for fifty years, preached the gospel of truth. He sympathized with people who feared what he believed did not exist—a God. He felt that the world was being swallowed up by a phantom—a shadow—a "bogeyman." He challenged every sect, every creed. He dared them to prove to him that they knew what they were talking about. He defied them to answer him. Instead, they held him up to scorn. They mentally burned him at the stake. But they couldn't find a flaw in his logic. And that's what hurt.

Ingersoll toppled over a brittle Belief and it broke into thousands of pieces. He said, in effect, that the Bible was a fake. Of course that was a bad thing to say, especially if you really believed it and could make thousands of others believe it.

Ingersoll was a power. In olden days he would have been tarred and feathered, imprisoned, "done away with." He could have been governor of Illinois—some say he could have had the presidency. But he wouldn't stop talking against a blind acceptance of a man-made God. No one could find a "motive" for his belief, save the true motive he had—to shake people from the mental prison into which they had been thrown by "blindly following the blind." He wanted to break the shackles of fear. He wanted to bring people into the light. And for fifty years Ingersoll spoke to packed houses up and down and across the continent. Even after his death he was fought—for they tried to prove that he recanted. But under oath his family have sworn that Ingersoll died as he had lived—an agnostic—an unbeliever.

A FEW OF INGERSOLL'S IMPORTANT ADDRESSES

- Jesus Christ
- Life
- Some Mistakes of Moses
- Which Way?
- The Truth
- The Foundations of Faith
- Superstition
- The Devil
- Progress
- What Is Religion?
- About the Holy Bible
- My Reviewers Reviewed
- The Limitations of Toleration
- A Christian Sermon
- Is Suicide a Sin?
- Is Avarice Triumphant?
- Orthodoxy
- Myth and Miracle
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Ingersoll, even the Clergy admit, was a great thinker. Henry Ward Beecher said that no man ever lived who could talk like him. The press quoted him. Tens of thousands of pamphlets containing his orations were sold. He was the subject of attack from nearly every pulpit, in every city, town and hamlet in the country. It is safe to say his words were translated into every foreign language. He couldn't be stopped. He couldn't be bought. He couldn't be shaken one iota from the truth as he believed it.

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Laugh With Us!

"A STANDING account
Is a queer thing," said Duns;
"The longer it stands,
The longer it runs."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

◆ ◆ ◆

WILLIE—"Paw, does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

PAW—"Not necessarily, my son. A man can have one wife too many and not be a biganist."

MAW "Willie, you come upstairs with me and I'll teach you to keep your mouth shut!"

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IN spite of the advanced prices the barber was blue, and the razor he was wielding seemed to share his discouragement. "I've just about decided to open a butcher-shop," he said reaching for the powdered astringent.

"And will you close this one?" his victim gasped feebly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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A SENATOR, deploring the dishonest methods of one type of business man, once said, with a smile:

"It all brings back to me a dialogue I once heard in a Southern school. 'Children,' said the teacher 'be diligent and steadfast and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, whose birthday we are soon to celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said a little boy. 'He couldn't tell a lie.'"

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THE doctor said, as he bent over the patient, "I don't quite like your heart action." Then, as he again applied the stethoscope, he added:

"You have, I take it, had some trouble with angina pectoris?"

"Well, doc," said the young man, rather sheepishly "you're partly right; only that ain't her name."

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A VISITOR in a certain town which had four churches and adequately supported none, asked a pillar of one poor dying church, "How's your church getting on?" "Not very well," was the reply, "but, thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better."—*Christian Register.*

THE gentleman from the city was trying to show the farmer how smart he could be, but the farmer deftly turned the laugh.

"Have you been married?" asked the city man.

"Yes," replied the farmer. "Once."

"Whom did you marry?"

"A woman, of course."

"Of course it was a woman," laughed the city chap as he perched airily on the fence. "Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?

"Yes, sir!" the farmer answered. "My sister did."

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"ANY trouble getting a drink in your town?" asked the farmer.

"Not a bit," replied the city man. "Why, the bootleggers are so thick that they have to wear badges to keep from selling booze to one another."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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THE daily newspaper is a necessity which isn't necessary unless you are intelligent enough to know that it is a necessity.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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EIGHTY members of the Hapsburg family have gone to work, some of them as maids. Autocrats to the last.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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"RASTUS, what's an alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat you wuz at prayer meetin' whar you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game whar you wuz."—*Lehigh Burr.*

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"NOW, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone; then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."—*The Stars and Stripes.*

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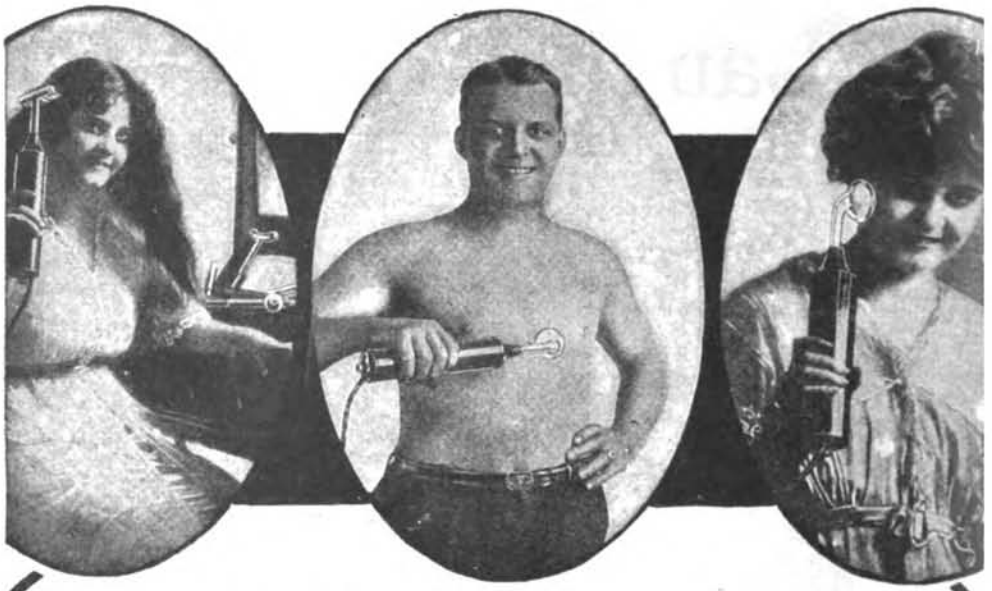
AND another trouble with the country is that too many are trying to satisfy a bricklayer's appetite on a school-teacher's salary.—*Columbus Dispatch.*



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