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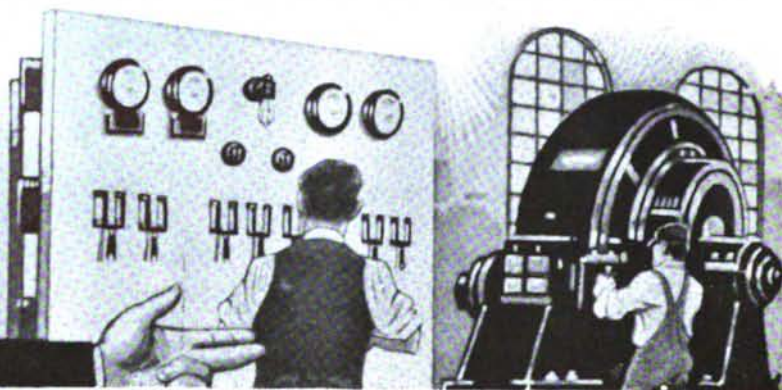
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The New Marden's

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor
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Success Magazine

VOLUME IV. NO. 1
JANUARY, 1920

A Carol for the New Year 1920

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man With the Hoe," and other poems

BLOW, bugles, blow!
The dark days into old oblivion go.
Blow gladness from the summits of the
world;

The battle-flags are furled—
Wild flags that startled up at every breath —
Banners that beat against the winds of death.
They have their rest at last,
Rich with heroic memories of the past.

AND on old fields, tortured with shot and shell—
Where men ran laughing into the battle hell—
There is great silence, and the cannons sleep;
And birds will come when April grasses leap.
Come out of the glowing South
To build their nests in many a cannon's mouth.
And they will shower their notes
Among the poppies and the blowing oats,
And the sad hearts of men
Will leap to life and learn to love again.
And there in the night's deep noon,
When shadow softly falls
Over the shot-torn walls,
Frail wings will come to wander in the moon—
Wander in long delight
Thru Europe's vast, star-filled, delicious night.

II

BLOW, bugles, blow!
The battle years have ended, and we go
Onward to meet the future with a song.
Knowing our might is greater than all wrong
Knowing we have a key for every gate
And that the heart has dare for every fate —
Knowing that God is in the years ahead,
As He was with us when the roads were red.

BLOW, bugles, blow
The shames and tyrannies begin to go.
Sing, bugles, sing into the ear of time
The end of the ancient crime—
Sing with a silver tongue,
Let all old faces gladden and grow young.
And let the hearts of youth
Sing with the glory of the world's New Truth
Crying the brother-hail;
For nevermore must Love's great purpose fail —
Never again the hopes depart
Out of the world's joy-stilled, grief-greatened heart.



American Born Peeress Now an M.P.

Lady Astor Tells of Her Successful Fight to Win a Seat in Parliament

By JOHN WEBSTER

ONE of the oldest traditions of the ancient Parliament of Great Britain was shattered on December 1 last, when Lady Nancy Astor entered its portals, advanced up the floor of the House, and, at the bidding of the Speaker, took her seat as a representative of the people.

"It's your victory, not mine!" she had said to the constituents who elected her from Plymouth. "Plymouth knew what was best for the country and voted that way," she went on. "The government is not perfect—but we do not deserve a perfect government—for we are not perfect ourselves."

It was this post-campaign utterance of the newly elected woman lawmaker which, perhaps, most clearly outlines what may be expected of her in her official position. Lady Astor represents a new phase in womanly accomplishment, a new factor in politics.

Further outlining her beliefs, Lady Astor says, "There is a new spirit both in public and in private life. It is struggling to get thru. It is the spirit of citizenship and service that was developed by the World War. I am confident that the great bulk of the people is willing and want to do what is right. I also believe that the spirit of the war profiteer and the bolshevik—if they were permitted to have their way—would make the country, not the home of heroes, but a den of thieves! Both must be fought and defeated. We must not divide, but unite!"

SUCH are the views of this American-born British peeress and member of Parliament. She won her fight for office by a shrewd personally conducted campaign—one of the most hotly contested in the district she will represent. Lady Astor's victory seemed in direct answer to the hope she expressed during the throes of her campaigning. "The world is watching this election," she told her audience. "I'm going to win, but I don't want to go into Parliament with a skimpy majority. It would be a disgrace to Plymouth. I want a *record* majority!" And she got it—by over 5,000.

LADY ASTOR was born in the State of Virginia, May 19, 1879. By a curious coincidence, the man she was to marry years afterward was born the same day. Lady Astor was one of the famous American beauties—the Langhorne sisters—the daughters of Chiswell D. Langhorne, a wealthy and prominent Virginian of his day. Another sister is the wife of Charles Dana Gibson, the famous artist.

It was in 1906, while living in England, that Lady Nancy met Waldorf Astor, who was then without title. It was said that William Waldorf Astor, his father, had long held the ambition that his son should marry into the British peerage; but he was soon won over by the beauty and charm of the younger man's choice.

Later, by royal patent, the senior Astor was created a viscount and by taking an active interest in politics, no doubt sowed the germ of the ambition which resulted in his daughter-in-law's election. It was in 1911 that his son, the husband of Lady Nancy, was himself elected to the House of Commons, so that the present feminine mem-

ber of the House has been in close touch and in deep sympathy with administrative affairs for eight years.

IN the days before the war clouds gathered over England, Cliveden, the home of the younger Astors, was the scene of many brilliant entertainments. Its new mistress became very popular. The wife of a millionaire, the idol of all who knew her, it might not have been strange if Lady Astor had become a spoiled society matron. But she is an American. Even in the days before it became fashionable for women to take an active interest in civic affairs Mrs. Astor turned to that task.

Since the time that her husband first "stood" for Parliament in the ancient town of Plymouth, her interest in public welfare has been manifest. Mr. Astor was defeated in that election. It was shortly after their marriage. But that did not in the least discourage his wife. Even then she smilingly announced that she intended to go right on residing in Plymouth, and that if her husband could not be elected from that place she would one day succeed in doing it herself. And she set about to make her influence felt in the community even before Parliament had granted British women the vote. Her charitable works are innumerable. She has founded hospitals and infant-welfare stations, and has entered with enthusiasm and ability into every form of municipal benefit. To all of these things she gave personal attention. She did not leave the details to others. In the meanest and dingiest streets, she was a familiar figure, her cheery smile doing as much good as the tremendous sums she donated for the betterment of the poverty-stricken.

SHE knew her proteges by name—knew their troubles and their needs—and she strove to lighten both. The children as well as the grown-ups knew her and loved her—and her sunny personality shed a new light of happiness in the sordid corners of the town.

Then came the war. Her father-in-law was now Viscount Astor, and her husband had the Parliamentary seat from the Sutton Division of Plymouth. Instantly Nancy Astor shut down upon the lavish entertainments that had marked her life at Cliveden. And, without forgetting her former charities, she looked about for something else—something bigger to do. Waldorf Astor forsook his duties at Parliament House and became a major in the Army. Left at home, Lady Astor began the transformation of her magnificent estate. Amid the spacious, lovely grounds she erected a *gigantic* hospital for wounded soldiers. She personally assumed its direction and helped untiringly with the tedious nursing. In her "off" hours she was moving among the rows of cots, distributing fruits and flowers from her own hothouses and adding the brightness of her smile and cheery words to the happiness they brought. Then she conceived the idea of motor rides for convalecents, and those who were able to enjoy these trips were run thru the surrounding country under her own guidance.

But this did not seem sufficient. She had been watching the work of the devoted, tired-eyed nurses, and her kindly heart thought of them as well. So she threw open her

Scotland estate as a resting place for the noble women of the Red Cross, weary from their war labors. Next she became identified with the Salvation Army with the recreation centers for British and American soldiers, and, in fact, with every home activity the war developed.

THEN the war ended. Her husband returned from the front, shortly thereafter to find himself a viscount thru the death of his father. Thus Nancy Langhorne Astor, Virginia beauty and war worker, found herself an English peeress, thereafter to be known as Lady Astor.

This gave rise to another complication. The new Viscount Astor, thru the rule of hereditary succession, became automatically a member of the House of Lords. This left a vacancy from Plymouth in the House of Commons. And Lady Astor remembered her prophecy of years before. She decided to succeed her husband.

British precedent had never heard of such a thing. But Lady Astor has absolutely no respect for precedent. The fact that no woman had ever sat in that solemn body—the lower lawmaking house of the British Empire—did not worry her in the least. Even the new viscount threw up his hands in horror. He tried to persuade his wife not to run for office—but she had her way.

She announced her candidacy and declared that she would win. And she set about winning with characteristic vim. Her enthusiasm, her wit and her kindly personality came to the fore in a flash. But the politicians were determined that this strong-willed woman should not win her fight without a struggle.

The rebuffs she encountered would have staggered most men, but they only seemed to spur her on to greater activities. She never lost her winning smile, and when the voters of Plymouth discovered the heart-and-soul manner in which she went about the thing they began to ask themselves whether it would not be wise to elect her.

"You had better take a fighting woman if you can't get a fighting man!" she shot at one of her audiences.

HER husband disapproved of her campaign, as did the conservative, seasoned politicians who followed her canvas. But—she won. She flew from street corner to street corner in a big automobile, which she laughingly termed her "campaign chariot," and her piquant oratory won her friends everywhere she spoke.

"Poor Lloyd George!" she said before one audience. "With all his faults, he's not such a bad fellow. I'm going to do all I can to help him; but I shall support him only up to the point where I think he is right, for I've told you all the time that I won't be under the leash or the whip of any party!"

"A vote for me is a vote for yourselves!" was her slogan, and then she would go on, clearly and logically, to outline her ideas of better government and what she meant to do to obtain it. And so she continued day by day to scout the opposition, as she said, of "fossils who decline to move with the times!"

THE prohibition question came up, and altho Lady Astor had abolished wines from her own table at the beginning of the war, she knew that her constituents did not favor absolute prohibition. Her opponents charged her to take her stand in the matter, and she rallied instantly. "I don't believe in enforced prohibition any more than I believe in enforced Christianity!" was her rejoinder.

At last election day came. The candidate herself was the first to vote, for her campaign was by no means over. She voted in a little school house, and then drove to various sections of the district. "Hurry up and vote for me!" she would call with a winning laugh, to late stragglers, on their way to the polls. "I'm going to win, you know!" she would remind them.

When her election was announced from the historic Guildhall, Lady Astor drove thru the poorer sections of the town on her way home. The ovation she received smashed completely anything in the history of English elections. Men, women and children cheered her. One woman with an infant in arms held it high above her head. "She held my baby while I voted!" the woman shouted proudly.

IT may seem curious that an American woman should be elected to represent the historic town of Plymouth, England,—the very spot from which the Pilgrims set sail for the shores of North America, to establish a new world based on personal liberty.

Bitterly contested as was the election campaign, England has rallied solidly to the successful candidate. Friends



Lady Astor

and opponents alike have expressed their unbounded admiration of Lady Astor's fighting qualities, and of the fair, square and businesslike manner in which she conducted her campaign. She is an ardent believer in woman's rights. She also believes that sharing privileges equally with men involves an equal bearing of responsibilities.

As her private office in the House of Commons Building, overlooking the River Thames, Lady Astor has been assigned a magnificently oak-paneled room. The members of the House jokingly term it the "boudoir."

Several English newspapers hail the election of Lady Astor as an epoch in English political and social history.

Many of the leading journals forecast that her membership will quicken the pulse and raise the ideals of the nation. The *Daily Mail* said editorially, "Lady Astor is a pioneer. She must act with a woman's full intelligence along new lines. We hope she will not disappoint us in her man's job, by behaving merely like a man."

But, as she said when her victory was announced, "I can't say that the best man won; but I can say that the best policy won."

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Register Your Vow

*Are You Prepared to Stand
Four-Square to the
World this Year?*

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN



WHY not resolve every morning to make the day a red-letter day in your life? Start out with an ideal for the day and live up to it. That is the way to make the most out of the day, and if you make the most out of the day you will make the most out of the year and of the life.

It is a splendid thing to resolve every morning that you are going to do a grand day's work which will give you satisfaction when you look back upon it at night. Most of us leave our day's work with regret, dissatisfied because we have botched the day, have not used it to advantage. This is often because we do not start out right. We do not register our vow every morning to make the day count.

At the beginning of this New Year, why not resolve that every day you will register your vow?

Register your vow to be true to your job, to be loyal to it. Register your vow to be a larger, cleaner, more honest, squarer man, a more glorious woman.

Register your vow, with all the energy you can muster, to grow, to be more efficient, to mean more to the world, to stand for something more than you ever have before, to carry more weight in your community.

Do you know that your greatest happiness is not a thing that you would find, or could manufacture; it is the product of your attitude toward life, your thinking, your endeavor, and the quality of it is exactly like the quality of your effort, your motive, your mental attitude.

WHETHER the day ahead will be a red-letter day or a gray or blue day, whether the year will be one of satisfaction or regret, will depend on your mental attitude and your effort. Start out every morning with the grim determination to win, with the fortitude, the courage, and the air of a conqueror, and put forth your best endeavor. Determine not to expect anything from yourself but your best. Resolve that you are going to do a little better to-day than you did yesterday. Thus you will put yourself in a position to succeed, and will be amazed at the result. There is everything in starting out well equipped for victory.

If you were an athlete training for a prize contest you would be exceedingly careful of what you ate and how you ate it. You would train yourself down to a certain weight which would, in the estimation of your trainer, give you the greatest possible advantage with the fewest disadvantages in loss of strength.

You would not carry a surplus of fat nor would you be so lean and emaciated as to lack vitality. You would be methodical about your hours of training, your recreation and your sleep. You would retire at a certain hour and rise regularly.

Now, no matter what this particular prize might be, it could not compare in importance with the game you are playing every day of your life, and yet you do not think it is necessary to be very particular about your habits,

always retiring at just such a time, rising at just such an hour, being particular about grooming yourself, your bath, your exercise, your recreation. But each day is a part of the great game which is to decide your destiny.

YOU cannot afford to lose a single day, to make a botch of one day, or a failure of another. Every day is a stone which must go into your life-building; whether you spoil it or botch it, it must be used in the structure, and you cannot change it after it is once completed, after that day is done.

The stone which you worked on yesterday you cannot touch to-day or to-morrow. If it is botched and hideous, it will mar your life-building.

If you are wondering why you do not get on faster, wondering what holds you back, would examine yourselves you would probably find that you are the only stumbling-block in your path, the only thing that is holding you back. Ambition always leads in any achievement. If you haven't the ambition to do a thing, no matter how much help you may have, you will not accomplish anything worth while.

Arouse your slumbering ambition and resolve this year, to-day, *now*, to make your life count, that you will not be merely one of the "also-rans," but that you will be a marked man, something different, something individual, a high-class man.

RESOLVE that you will lift your life up to the level of your highest gift, and that whatever you do in life you will try to be a leader, that you will be king in your line, however humble that line may be; that you will not be a trailer, a follower, or an imitator; but original, inventive, resourceful.

Resolve that you will be a man of conviction, not a wishy-washy, wavering, undecided man; that you will be a man of decision, and will make your life a masterpiece instead of a daub.

I HAVE found a tremendous impetus to endeavor, a great bracer-up of my confidence, in registering my vow—making it public, so to speak—of what I started out to do. It is one thing to desire and another thing to vow, to determine. The desire and the resolve must go together. When you have set your heart upon a thing, you must register your vow to do that thing with a vigor and a determination which knows no defeat. You can't down a man when he has registered his vow with all the emphasis of an iron will and a resolute determination to win.

We are likely to depreciate the little opportunities for self-growth, for self-improvement, for absorbing information that are ours each day. We are apt to overemphasise the big things, and think that we must wait until we have an opportunity to do something worth while before we can make any special effort. But, my friend, it is the little growth, the little daily improvements, the little additions to what you have done in the past that count in a lifetime.

I HAVE noticed that the men who make their lives count for most do so by making each day count, making each day a success.

Carve out each day a superb block from the marble of life.

There are many people whose minds are always focused on the future. They never live in the to-days. They are always living to-morrows.

It is pleasant to look ahead, to dream, and anticipate; but our actual work can only be done to-day. The only thing we can do with the past or the future is to use it mentally. The actual work is done in the present living moment.

"NOW! That is the thing that counts. Yesterday has gone—to-morrow has not yet arrived—but NOW is here;

what are you going to do with it?"

If the mind is focused on to-morrow, on the future, it seriously affects our work to-day. Many other minds make as great a mistake in focusing upon the past. They live with the ghosts of their mistakes. They are constantly living over their bereavements, their afflictions, their regrets, their losses, their mistakes; they are picturing these black experiences until they etch them deeper in their consciousness.

People who do the great things in this world live and act and work in the ever-present moment. It is this intentness, the vitalising the passing moment with all the energy we can fling into it that makes our work effective.

IT is very hard for us to realise that the present is not a day, an hour or even a minute. It is only the fraction of a second that is passing. We have nothing to do with the fraction of a second that has just passed nor with the fraction of a second that is just coming. It is only the time that is now—this instant—that belongs to us. We can do something in this fraction of time and not the second which is gone, and the time that is not actually here is not yet ours. All we can use is just that which is actually passing by us. We seize it, grip it, and ring from it its possibilities or it is gone forever. We cannot seize what has not actually arrived or what has passed.

"When you appreciate the full meaning of N-O-W you will soon be able to reverse it to W-O-N," says a wise writer.

I know men who are always dreaming of some far-off success; something big in the future seems to loom up in their imagination, and while they are dreaming of this bigger future the day and the opportunity are slipping away from them. Cervantes tells us that

"By the street of By and By
We arrive at the House of Never."

The ambition which looks too far ahead, which sees something big further on, is no match for the daily ambition, the ambition to make each day a success. This is the one which wins in the end.

OUR object in life should be to raise the level of the ordinary day, and not only that but to make our highest moments, our highest aspirations, permanent. In other words, we should always be trying to lift the life to a higher level, to arrive at a higher plane of consciousness, of motive.

I believe that the habit of starting out every morning with a firm determination to make the most of the hours, to make the day count, to make it one grand success, will be more helpful than any other one thing. It will add to the life's momentum.

TIME is so precious that it is dealt out to us in only the smallest possible fractions, a tiny instant at a time. We can never get back the instant that is just past or can we live in the moment that is not here. It is only while the pendulum is swinging thru these present moments, the perpendicular of the present ticking, this is the only time we are sure of, the only time we ever have, in fact. It is only in the present instant we can do our thinking, that we can do our work, that we can achieve, or enjoy. Why not make it a perfect moment, instead of being indifferent to it? Extract from it all its possibilities. Why should we lose it dreaming of the future or regretting the past?

No matter how long you live you never can get out of the present instant; you cannot get back into the past, not even a little bit, nor can you project yourself into the future. Neither of these exists so far as your existence to-day is concerned. You are confined to the passing instant

There is really no future and no past for you. What can you do with a past, for instance? You can never live a single instant in it, you cannot use it, only as the experience may be of value in the way of cautioning you, as a sort of danger-signal, encouragement or inspiration.

THE intensity with which you register your vow will have everything to do with your achievement. Most people register their life vows so feebly that they never amount to anything. It is the man who is all there, the man who registers his vow with his very life-blood, who flings his whole being into his career with no reservation whatever, he is the man who wins out.

The man who registers his vow weakly is easily influenced from his course to something else. You cannot dissuade the born winner, whose soul is on fire with his purpose. You cannot turn him aside any more than you could have turned aside Martin Luther or Saint Paul.

He is a fortunate man whose whole soul is on fire with his life scheme, who registers his vow with such determination, such intensity, such vigor, that people know that it is no use to try to dissuade him from his course. The world makes way for such a man. It is the determined soul who wins, the weakling who fails.

Don't resolve upon anything which you are not determined to put thru. And when you start a thing see it thru to the finish. Don't form a habit of giving up. It is fatal to all high achievement, it kills your power of decision, and when this is gone you are a weakling, for quick, firm decision characterizes the men who have done great things in the business world.

The weaklings are always waverers, never certain of their decision, never sure of what they want, and they never force themselves to carry out their resolutions, and if the

thing proves so hard they abandon their plan for something easier, go along the line of the least resistance, choosing the easier way, traveling the smoother road, the one that suits them best.

What you will do, what you will be, whether you will stand for something or will be a nobody, you are deciding right this instant by the manner of your thinking, your outlook upon life, your philosophy of life, by the sort of spirit which you are bringing to your work. Whether you will be an artist, original, inventive, unusual, or just a common artisan, you are deciding right this instant.

EVERYTHING, your whole future, depends upon whether you have registered your vow, and if so, how it has been registered, with what determination, the degree of grit and resolution; with how much you are willing to give to back it up, the price you are willing to pay to carry out your ambition, to make it come true.

How much are you willing to give to make your vision a reality? How have you registered your vow? How much of yourself have you flung into it? Have you registered it faintly or vigorously? Do you give up when you strike a snag, grow fainthearted when things go hard with you, when the way is black and dark, do you want to turn back, or do you push to your goal, whether you can see it or not, no matter what obstacles intervene?

How have you registered your vow? That is the eternal question.

Until you have registered your vow in great living letters—until you have registered your vow to do the thing that calls in your blood, you will not be started right.

Register your vow now, to win, to do that which you have set your heart on. Register your vow to achieve your heart's desire.

Look Forward Not Back

By Irene Arnold

LOOK forward not back, for the past is gone,
And the wheels of time are turning.
Oh, study the moments to improve,
For the lesson's worth the learning.
Whatever of failure the past has been,
The present is bending o'er you,
With promises of a golden hue,
For the future that lies before you.

LOOK forward not back. There's new life ahead,
New strength in the path of duty,
New power that will bring you new success,
New love and a world of beauty.

*New peace—a glad peace with the whole wide world,
New feeling that men are brothers,
New stars of hope all aglow for you,
New faith for yourself and others.*

LOOK forward not back. It will do no good
To spend all your life repining,
And sighing over what might have been,
If the sun had been always shining.
Encourage your heart with a cheery song,
For the day is what you make it,
And though you wait when the wild wind blows,
Your waiting will never break it.

When a Man Is a Failure

THE mere fact that a man has failed in business or other undertakings does not mean very much unless we know what he did after his failure. It's the man behind the failure that will tell results—whether it is the end of the man or just the beginning. If he gives up the game, throws up his hands just because he has failed; if he loses heart, if he gives up trying because the first ship he sent out did not return; if he has soured on life because he has not been able to carry his enter-

prises to success; if, after one or two failures, he has become disheartened, pessimistic, gloomy, he probably never will be heard from again. But if he is made of the stuff that wins, he will come back. If, like a rubber ball, there is rebound in him, the harder his fall the higher will be his rise afterward. It all depends upon the stuff the man is made of. No man is a failure until he loses heart and gives up trying. There is no such thing as failure in the man who refuses to quit.

D'Olier, of the Legion

A Close-Range Study of the First President of the National Association of Veterans of the World War

By PETER GRAY

IF it hadn't been for the World War, the country probably would never have heard of Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin D'Olier, born in Philadelphia, April 28, 1877.

Mr. D'Olier had a reputation of doing things, and when the big opportunity came to him at the outbreak of hostilities, he demonstrated his capacity for making good. He was a member of the cotton-yarn firm of William D'Olier & Co., of his native city. Altho he was an active figure in the various movements for civic betterment which have been launched in Philadelphia in the last fifteen years, he never ran for office and usually succeeded in keeping his name out of the newspapers.

But his name did appear in many lists of committees of a charitable and civic nature, and whenever there was a thankless task to be done in the interest of some worthy cause, the motto of its promoters seemed to be, "Let Frank D'Olier do it!"

IN 1917, when the call to arms sounded thruout the country, Mr. D'Olier closed his desk to secure a commission in the United States Army. His expert knowledge of textiles made him especially valuable to the quartermaster's department, but Mr. D'Olier was not the type of man satisfied to serve at an office desk, no matter how useful he might prove in that capacity. The personnel board decided that he would make a good captain, and he proved that they were right. Almost immediately he was sent to France, and the work in which he was engaged there was as important as any the struggle produced.

Much of the splendid work of the salvage corps was due to Mr. D'Olier's ability and breadth of vision. Literally millions of dollars were saved to the government by the work in which this young captain became engaged. Nothing was to be wasted that had any possible reclamation value. For months, Mr. D'Olier observed the wonderful salvaging work of the British Army, and he put its practices into use in the United States service—improved by some clever, sound ideas of his own.

Altho the work in which Mr. D'Olier was engaged received its full share of praise from the press, very little about the man who guided its destinies was given to the public. But the all-seeing eyes of the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. was fully aware of the important service that Captain D'Olier was rendering. And as a result his captain's bars were exchanged first for a major's gold oak-leaf and, later, for the silver one of a lieutenant-colonel.

OCCASIONALLY, Mr. D'Olier's duties brought him into contact with many leading figures of the war. He formed a fast friendship for another young American lieutenant-colonel—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.—who originated the idea of founding the American Legion as the great post-bellum organization of men in khaki-and-blue. And when Colonel Roosevelt's plans were laid tentatively before the military authorities in France, the unanimous choice of the man who should organize the great movement was Franklin D'Olier.

With characteristic promptness, Roosevelt "O. K'd" D'Olier and proceeded to impart to him his ideas and en-

thusiasm concerning the new organization. And when hostilities ceased and D'Olier was finished with his job of cutting army waste to a minimum, he threw himself with equal vigor into the work of forming the greatest civilian-military body that history has ever known.

With over four million prospective members to enlighten—with all sorts of pitfalls and important considerations to be weighed—the work was by no means easy. But

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Lieut.-Col. Franklin D'Olier

Mr. D'Olier never gets excited and goes straight along the shortest path to getting results. Before he sailed for America, he had propounded the underlying principles of the new association and had already secured a substantial number of members. He literally enlisted them in the Legion as soon as they stepped out of the trenches.

Then Mr. D'Olier sailed for home and laid aside his uniform. Hardly had he landed on United States soil than he and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt traveled to St. Louis to arrange the initial convention of the Legion—D'Olier going as the chairman of the delegation from

Pennsylvania. In the western city, he figuratively took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a lot of organizing to be done and D'Olier finds organizing a second nature.

IT was about this time that a great financial organization in New York began to get a clear perspective of Mr D'Olier. They wired him an offer, naming a salary that would have flattered almost any young American of his age and attainments. But D'Olier was too busy to listen. He replied that he was engaged in forming the Legion and that it would probably take him at least a year to get it into running order. He was sorry but he hadn't time to fill two positions at once, and he considered the one in which he was engaged was the most important. There are few men who have the opportunity to turn down a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and still fewer who are patriotic enough to put it aside for a duty which Mr. D'Olier believes almost as important as was the winning of the war.

The convention over, Mr. D'Olier went to New York and in a thoroly business-like manner, proceeded to open offices for the Legion. He instigated a vigorous recruiting campaign and the drive bore fruit. Thousands of men who had just forsaken khaki sought out their ex-service brethren, explained what Mr. D'Olier was doing and secured 750,000 members.

THEN came the second meeting of the Legion at Minneapolis. Somebody nominated Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., for the presidency of the organization, but he declined. He also said, very plainly, that the man for the job was Franklin D'Olier and the delegates agreed with him. So Lieutenant-Colonel D'Olier became the first president of the national organization of America's war veterans.

He accepted it, not as an empty title, but as a position requiring every waking moment of his time. He laid aside his title for he was a staunch advocate of the Legion's principle that official designation be omitted from all names. He became plain Frank D'Olier—a man with a big job to handle, fellow member with the doughboy and with General Pershing.

MR. D'OLIER was educated at the Van Rensselaer Seminary, Burlington, New Jersey. He was graduated in 1904, and took an A.B. degree with honors at Princeton. He entered his father's office and, after four years' apprenticeship, was admitted to the firm. In 1903, Mr. D'Olier was married to Miss Helen Roberts Kitchen, daughter of Theodore Kitchen. There are three children, Franklin Woodman, Anne Conrad, and Helen Kitchen. The D'Oliers are of old Quaker stock, and Frank D'Olier is descended from the famous Quaker reformer and preacher, John Woodman. His great uncle, Robert T. Conrad, was the first Philadelphian to be elected mayor of the city under the consolidation act of 1854.

Raising a Girls Idea of Manhood

However a person may try to cover this up, it comes to the surface and seriously influences us and prejudices us, and the person does not get our respect.

I HAVE known of instances where young women have been so disgusted with certain men when they have seen them haggling over a mere trifle, beating down prices, trying to get some little petty advantage in a petty way with a waiter, a conductor, or some employee, that they have instinctively recoiled from such meanness, such narrowness, and have refused to become their wives on account of this.

It should be every man's ambition to raise in the estimation of everybody who comes in contact with him their idea of what a man should be. We all have this chance, all our lives, to raise, not to lower, other people's estimate of what we should be. Don't be careless in your speech, your manners or behavior. Try to fill out as perfect an ideal as possible. In fact, when you meet a young woman, try to fill her ideal, not necessarily with a view to marriage, but so as to give her a higher, a purer picture of manhood than she had before she met you. Don't drag her ideal down into the dust.

Cut Out the Poison Fangs

WE are told that those who perform with poisonous snakes cut out the poison fangs which carry the venom which makes the reptiles extremely dangerous.

Now, this is what we should do for the coming year: cut out the poison fangs, cut out the stinging innuendo, the poisonous retort, the hatred, jealousy, envy fangs, cut the sting out of the grudge, out of that mean tone of voice, the unkind consciousness.

Every innuendo, every evil suspicion poisons your mind and your efficiency. Leave your heart wide open; be genuine, kind, clean, true. That is the secret of right living.

The way to get rid of the poisons of jealousy and hatred, selfishness and greed, when they have once gotten hold of us, is to neutralize them by their opposites, their natural antidotes. Love essences will antidote the venomous poisons of hatred, of jealousy, of envy. It is the great healing balm.

Her Mission Is Home Making

Marcia Mead's Struggles to Become an Architect of Practical Homes for People of Small Means

By ADA PATTERSON

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Miss Marcia Mead (in circle) and Miss Anna Schenck

MARCIA MEAD is devoting her talents to the problem of housing families of limited means in order to render them strong and efficient citizens. She is the official homemaker for many who, but for her, might be homeless.

Every womanly woman gives much thought to her home. It may be the home she has or the home she will have. But Marcia Mead concentrates her efforts on making homes for other women as well as for men and children. She has tackled the problem of how the small home shall be made a place of health, comfort and clean living.

Marcia Mead is the best known woman architect in America. She has built no homes for multimillionaires, nor for those who estimate their lesser fortunes in seven figures. Her greatest interest, personal and professional, is to make the best living conditions available to the man or woman of small means.

Her thesis when she graduated from the School of Architecture of Columbia University—she was the first woman to graduate from that school—was on ideal community-housing. The City Club of Chicago had offered a prize for the best and most practical essay on the subject. She was the only student who entered the competition. The other competitors were professional architects of long experience. Early, then, the lamp of her desire for service was lighted.

MARCIA MEAD is deeply interested in people of small means because she has been one of them. She was the child of a carpenter. And a good carpenter he was! Had his sphere been wider, he might have been a contractor and lifted his daughter out of the stratum of small means. But his activities were limited by the opportunities afforded by a small town.

His daughter watched him at his work—watched him

closely and studiously. Finally she arrived at the conclusion that there is scarcely a higher vocation than housing a modern family cleanly and comfortably.

Her father died too soon to be of any aid to her save to impress upon her the necessity of doing thoroly the work at hand. She attended the Edinboro High School. But her idea grew into a well defined form. To the surprise of her mother and sister, when it was communicated to them in their home, at Pittsfield, Pennsylvania, Marcia's birthplace, the girl had built the house of her future. Rather she had drawn the plans for that house. She would not follow the path that every other livelihood-earning girl in the community had tried. She refused to follow the tradition of the family and become a teacher. She would be an architect. Her mother warned her of the obstacles that lie in the unfrequented path. But she answered: "Mother, homes should be planned by women. I'll find a way."

IT was not an easy way. She persuaded an architect to allow her to work for him as an apprentice. Her pay was one dollar a week. The hundred cents paid each seventh day were contingent. She must do the office typewriting. She agreed. By small remittances from home, her salary was eked out so that she might live. A hall bedroom, meals cooked on a gas jet, handkerchiefs laundered in the washbowl and dried by stretching on the window pane, were daily incidents in her life. But—the eye of her imagination was fixed upon the future.

She was calculating how high laundry tubs should be for the convenience of the woman of average height, and how near the sink should be to the kitchen range, in order to save the housewife needless expenditure of energy. Visions of the comfortable little home came to her. It should be such an abode as was worthy of the tender way in which a woman speaks of her "little home."

It should be a woman-built house that would omit no considerable details, as did the male architect who planned a wonderful cupola-crowned room for a castle in the Thousand Islands, but forgot to put a stairway in it. Health, she reasoned in her hall-bedroom conferences with the future, is a prime consideration with women, the mother of the race. Regard for posterity should cause her to be vigilant that drainage be perfect. Light and air should be abundant. The dark and noisome tenements of the East Side of New York were all planned and built by men. Tenement problems would be fewer when there were more women architects, she said in these silent conversations with her future self.

There would be no wide, unjustifiable cracks in floors, when women, grounded in the principles of single- and double-floor construction, manner of laying, deafening and molding, would provide for the building of those floors. Windows would not be rattling, wind-trapping horrors when girls carried their tastes, talents and training into architects' offices.

IN the woman-planned house the sliding doors would move easily. The closet doors would never open in and the bedroom door would be so hung as not to disclose the bed. The woman-designed house would not be a cold one. Woman is of cautious nature, therefore

would avoid the hollow partitions, the space in side walls from attic to cellar that created draughts and are fatal flame carriers. She would recommend metal lath for the ceiling, and wool or asbestos between floors. She would provide plentifully the ordinary lime mortar that would retard the progress of the creeping spark.

With the star of useful achievement set high in the heaven of her hopes the girl student of architecture removed obstacles that would cause her to stumble. To the Erie architect who was her first employer, she said she was willing to help with the typewriting in the office, but never to the exclusion of, or interference with, drafting. The drafting board was the ladder by which she must rise to her peak of usefulness to humanity.

When a fellow draftsman in the firm insisted upon her typewriting while she should be at the drafting board she protested to the head of the firm. When the requests became numerous, she resigned and went to Akron. In that city her work was uninterrupted. It improved, financially, four dollars a week. At length her employer paid her five dollars a week. The girl, by the fine art of economy, had become self-supporting.

WHEN came her great chance! She was permitted to make the drafts for the Home for the Aged, at Akron, Ohio. She offered plans not for a great and dreary house in which all individuality, and happiness were lost, but as a group of cottages where aged pairs might continue to live under the same roof. The Akron Home for the Aged as she designed it has none of the depressing conditions that usually mark institutional life. It is for each inmate truly a home.

Another chance came. It was to go to Mexico as the representative of her firm, to plan homes for Mexicans who desired to live as Americans do. It was a broadening, enriching experience, but not what Miss Mead—young, determined, of invincible will—had chosen as her life work. She had been delegated to plan homes of opulence. She wished to make homes for those in moderate circumstances. She resigned and went to New York.

BACK in Edinboro, Pennsylvania, was a Sunday-school superintendent who had noted her worthy aim. He said: "If you need help in your career let me know." She wrote him that she was in New York, that she desired to study architecture in Columbia University, that her funds were low. By living with three other girls—a student and two workers—in a Harlem apartment, she could live on five dollars a week. An adequate loan was made.

After the second year she became a lecturer on architecture. This helped to solve the economic problem. But while she went through the grist of all branches of architecture, her mind worked most zealously upon the theme of neighborhood housing centers. She won a prize for plans for a community center offered by the City Club of Chicago.

One vacation she longed to go to Europe; but her bank balance was like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. A philanthropic woman said: "You should go to Italy." Circumstances compelled frankness. The philanthropic woman believed in encouraging talent. She advanced a sufficient sum for the trip.

Having drunk deeply at the well of old-world inspiration, Miss Mead returned to New York. Her lectures to the younger students in the School of Architecture were pervaded by that inspiration. But they were practical. They dealt often with the small home.

The last of the four years at Columbia she formed a partnership with another student—a young woman of some means. They organized the firm of Schenck & Mead. The young firm's first coup was to capture

the contract for the plans for a government community project in Washington. The first check made to the young women bore Uncle Sam's signature. Miss Schenck died. Miss Mead continues the firm both in work and name. Steadily, tirelessly, Marcia Mead pursues her life idea and ideal. The unit of the community center is the perfectly built small house. To that and its artistic and hygienic placement she gives her days.

If You Want to Be Very, Very Popular—

ALWAYS talk about yourself and your own affairs. Never hesitate to contradict people or to tell them they are wrong or have been misinformed.

Never try to find out what other people like, what will interest them. Let what you like, what interests you, be your chief consideration.

When you call on a sick friend don't forget to tell him about cases just like his that have terminated fatally.

Never try to control your moods, your temper, or your words. Everybody would rather see you perfectly natural, no matter how disagreeable.

If you feel sour, morose, gloomy, despondent, don't hesitate to show it. People like to be in the society of anyone who is enjoying a good fit of the "blues." It makes one so vivacious and interesting.

If you have a bad temper, indulge it. Temper in a person is what temper in a fine sword blade is, an indication of spirit, of strength, and everybody admires an exhibition of strength.

If you have the gift of a sarcastic tongue, keep it going. If there is anything in the world people like, it is sarcasm and irony. It indicates keenness, smartness.

Remember that while praise is a good thing for you it is bad for others. Make it a rule to withhold praise, for it tends to give people the big head, encourages vanity and sometimes puffs them up so that there is no living with them.

Tell people about their faults and blemishes. Everybody likes frank, open minds, those who have the courage to remind them of their defects.

Don't forget that your friends and acquaintances get tired of their own affairs, their own problems. They want something new, and they will be delighted to have you take all the time possible talking about your accomplishments, your ambitions, your problems, everything that concerns you.

If you have rheumatism, gout, nervousness, dyspepsia, any old or new ailment, be sure to describe your symptoms very minutely to everyone you meet, especially to those similarly afflicted. Nobody wants to lose anything of that

sort. It is so cheering, such an excellent tonic!

Always be on the watch for slights and insults. Most people consider themselves as your social superiors and are trying to cut you. If a friend or acquaintance passes you on the street and doesn't happen to notice you, remember that it is not accidental, it is intentional.

Make a rush for the best seat wherever you go. Then after you are well seated ask the others who come along with you if they would like your seat, but without the slightest effort or intention of rising and giving place to them.

Never hesitate to tell your friends and acquaintances of their poor taste in the selection of their hats, and other articles of clothing. They will appreciate your tact and delicacy.

Scoff at others' ideas, their political and religious beliefs, if they do not agree with yours. Remember that people are not sensitive in regard to religious or political matters.

If you hurt another's feelings, don't trouble to apologise for it. It shows that they are too sensitive, too thin-skinned; and they must get over that sort of thing.

Cultivate touchiness. We like a person who always goes around with a chip on his shoulder, who is grouchy and revengeful as well as touchy, who is always wanting to get square with somebody.

Never hesitate thru a mistaken sense of delicacy to express your opinion vehemently upon any subject on any occasion. Everybody likes candor and sincerity—even if it hurts.

Whenever anybody has accomplished anything very noted or praiseworthy, don't praise them, you will make them vain; do not hesitate to tell them that someone you know has done similar things much more skilfully.

When people pay you attention, compliment you, or are especially kind, take it as your due; it is only your right, and nothing is expected of you in return.

When you refuse a favor asked of you, do it as bluntly and as brutally as you can. This always leaves a good taste in the mouth, and people remember you pleasantly for it.

WRITE it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

—Emerson

IT IS TO LAUGH



An Emergency Excuse

Farmer—"You young rascal, what are you doing up in my apple tree?"

Boy—"Please, sir, I'm frightening away the birds; they're such awful thieves."—*Boston Transcript*.

New Pet Words

He—"See that man over there? He's a bombastic ass, a nonentity, a conceited humbug, a parasite, and an encumbrance on the earth."

She—"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

He—"Why in the world—"

She—"He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time."—*Tit-Bits*.

When Bills Don't Count

Having made his payments for rent, coal, gas, and groceries, the poor man was broke. But he needed winter clothes, so he compromised by digging thru a closet and unearthing a heavy vest that belonged to a winter suit he worn some years ago. He brushed the vest off and felt in the pockets.

Eureka! A discovery.

In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of bills amounting to \$123.

And not one of them was receipted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Try this Plan

"Miss Willing," began the young man as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "are you fond of stories?"

"If they are new, Mr. Woodhy," replied the fair maid. "I simply dote on them."

"But the one I was going to tell you, Miss Willing, is not new," said the young man. "It is, I might say, Miss Willing—or, Clara—the old, old story, but—"

"Oh, never mind, George," she interrupted. "Even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I never heard of it. Go on, please!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Live vs. Let Live

"Do you think your poems will live after you are dead?"

"Can't say. I wish they'd let me live while I'm alive."

Guilty!

"Have some aigs dis mornin', jedge?" asked the waiter.

"Not this morning, Sam," replied the man of the bench, adjusting his spectacles preparatory to distinguishing the name of some dish on the menu from the fly specks.

"Ever try enny of our fresh boiled aigs, jedge?"

"Yes, indeed, Sam; and found 'em guilty."

Diplomatic

"And you will take me to America with you *après la guerre*?" asked the demoiselle of the private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the soldier, "the customs house officials would never pass such a priceless pearl as you!"—*The Spiker*.

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She Had Pop's Number

"This chap sat in a fashionable coiffeur's shop with his little daughter, while his wife was having a marcel wave put in her hair."

"The little daughter, as she played about, patted her father's bald head and said in a loud voice that all the ladies who were getting waved could hear:

"No waves for you, daddy—you're all beach!"—*Exchange*.

Just Talk

"Your wife is talking about going to Europe next summer."

"Well, it doesn't cost any more to talk about going to Europe than it does to talk about going to Hornet Crossroads. And that's where we're going."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Loaded

"Here's a blank form."

"What for?"

"Sort of business questionnaire. The boss wants you to tell what you do around the office."

"Gimme six blanks."—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

Circumspect

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter a serious consideration?"

"Oh, I have, sir," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and have been to one of those astero-logers, and to a meejun, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless like, sir."

—*Household Words*.

He Knew

A Sunday-school teacher told a boy that she didn't believe he knew much about the Bible or that he could repeat even two texts, and he said he could. "And Judas went and hung himself." "Go thou and do likewise."



Waiting at the Fire

"Number, please?"

"Never mind, Central. I wanted the Fire Department, but the house has burned down now."—*Life*.

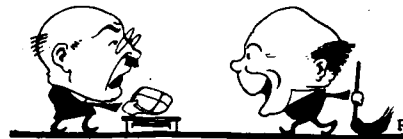


His Greatest Fear

"I bought a new hat for my wife to-day, and ran all the way back with it."

"What did you run for?"

"I was afraid the styles would change before I got home."



Returning Thanks

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present. "I always mane to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and, therefore, I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thanks," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

Practical

A devoted couple married a short time ago and took up their abode in a dainty cottage in a suburban quarter. Everything in the house was of the latest and gave un-mixed satisfaction. But one evening when the husband returned he found, to his disgust, that a water pipe had burst. The rooms were flooded and the carpets, which were the husband's special pride, were in danger of being spoiled.

"Well, well," said he impatiently to his wife, "why on earth didn't you hammer the pipe up? Here, give me a hammer and I'll do it in a twinkling."

He got the hammer and pounded away at a pipe down in the cellar. When he had finished he paused to examine the result of his labor. Then, to his complete chagrin, he heard the sweetly chiding voice of his wife at the top of the stairs.

"Howard," said she, "The gas has gone out and the water is still running."

Then he sent for the plumber.

Satisfied

Counsel—"I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you."

Convicted Client—"Don't mention it, governor; ain't five years enough?"—*Boston Transcript*.

The Fate of Money

"Sad ending for a story?"

"What?"

"To see a novel marked down from \$3 to 28 cents."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Her Sun Spots

A young woman, on being introduced to Sir Robert Bull, expressed her regret that she had missed his lecture the evening before.

"Oh, I don't think it would have interested you," said Sir Robert; "it was all about sun spots."

"Was it, really?" she replied. "Then it would have greatly interested me, for, between you and me, Sir Robert, I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

Rather Deaf

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed her hair back in a quaint manner and said sweetly, "Come in."

The Influence of Appearances

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHAT'S the good of being gold, if you look like dross?

There are thousands of business men who undoubtedly would be very much greater successes than they are to-day if they would keep the psychology of appearances always in view. They do not seem to appreciate the value of always appearing well groomed, of being smartly and becomingly dressed and of keeping everything in their environment up to date.

"I wish you would talk to my partner on the subject of dress and appearances generally," said a man to me recently. "He does not half realize what appearances mean. He is a remarkable man, and does a very large business, but I am really ashamed of our offices, they are so old-fashioned, out of date, and unattractive. My partner seems to think that the great thing is to get business done, but that the appearance of his office has little to do with this. In fact, is an easy-going sort of man and seems to give little consideration to appearances. One would never think, to look at him, that he is a prosperous business man; but he is at the head of several big companies and has a wonderfully keen insight into human nature and business principles. He is very direct, always strikes the bull's eye, goes to the marrow of things; there is no roundaboutness in his makeup. There is but little question that his success would be phenomenal if he would only give more attention to his personal appearance and surroundings."

SOMEHOW, people think there is something the matter with the man who is careless or indifferent about appearances. If we are indifferent about appearances, if our dress is not neat and up-to-date, if our office is shabby and our home run down, people will judge us accordingly. As a result we will have to work all the harder to overcome the unfortunate impression such conditions produce.

Few people realize what a tremendous influence appearances have to help or hinder them in their progress through life.

"THE longer I live, and the more sharply I look about me, the higher do I value appearances," said the famous English essayist, Hugh Bland.

Appearances certainly cut a tremendous figure, not only in the social, but also in the business world. The mind is powerfully influenced through the eye. For this reason every man who depends upon public patronage should try to make his business, whatever he sells, look just as attractive as possible.

Your personal appearance, your dress, your manner, everything about you, the way in which you keep yourself groomed, how you carry yourself, what you say, how you act, all these things are to you what the show windows of a merchant's store are to his business, the way he advertises and displays his goods.

Your appearance will be taken as an advertisement of what you are. It is constantly telling people whether you are a success or a failure; and where people place you in their estimation will have a powerful influence upon your career.

I KNOW a very able man with a trained mind, good business judgment, and good sense, who has been trying for a quarter of a century to climb to a position in keeping with his ability, but has been held back by his careless, untidy appearance which is an absolute denial of his sterling worth.

I do not remember ever meeting him when he wore clean linen or when he did not have grease spots disfiguring his clothing. I have never seen him when his shoes were polished, when his apparel was not only soiled but usually threadbare. He pays no attention to his dress or any of the details that make a well-groomed man. The result is he is such a wretched advertisement of the splendid brain-merchandise and energy he has to sell, that people won't buy.

Fifty dollars judiciously expended in improving his appearance would result in a material advance in this man's position and salary, but he will never spend the fifty dollars, although he can afford to do so. He will plod on in mediocrity at a small salary to the end of his career.

HOW many people go around looking for a job presenting such an unkempt, slipshod, slovenly appearance that they are sure to be turned down by every progressive employer, and yet these people are always whining about the selfishness and hard-heartedness of business men.

No one will ever know, no statistician or sociologist will ever be able to find out how large a percentage of the great army of the unemployed, of the denizens of the slums, of the might-have-beens, the paupers and the criminals who make up the dregs of society, have fallen to their present pitiable condition because of their disregard of appearances when they first started out for themselves.

Thousands of people who have failed in life might have been happy and prosperous to-day had they learned early in life the importance of a good appearance.

There are thousands of good, honest, well-meaning people, willing to work, who are floating about intelligence offices, and business houses, trying to find positions, who are constantly turned down and never know why. This is often because they do not observe the little things which influence business men. They may not dream that they are judged and condemned solely by their appearance. Perhaps no one has ever told them how much depends on their being always neat and well "groomed." Perhaps no one ever told the boy that he would not get a situation in a decent place if he wore soiled linen, or unblackened shoes, or if he held a cigarette stump in his fingers, or kept his cap on when applying for it. Perhaps no one ever told the girl that if she went about heedless of a rip in her waist, buttons missing from her shoes, or with her collar soiled and crumpled, no one would want her in a store or office.

But it makes no difference to the average employer whether applicants for positions have been taught that a good appearance is their best testimonial or not; it does not matter how honest or capable they may be, how good their intentions or how praiseworthy their ambition, he judges them as the world judges them.—largely by their appearance.

He knows that if a man is slipshod in his dress, he is almost sure to lack system and order; that a slovenly dress habit usually means a slovenly thought habit; a neat, orderly dress, an orderly mind.

SAY what we will, we are judged largely by our dress and general appearance. The story is told of a Persian prince who, garbed as a poor man, went to a feast. The people thought the prince had not accepted the invitation and was not present. They paid little attention to the shabbily clothed man and he was pushed here and there. Nobody wanted to sit beside him, or to have anything to say

to him; and he finally withdrew. A little later he returned to the feast, an imposing figure in court attire, with jeweled slippers and cloth-of-gold cloak. At once the guests were all bowing and scraping to the apparent nobleman, not recognizing him as the earlier slighted guest.

"And what will your lordship be pleased to eat?" he was asked.

Taking his golden robe in his hand, and stretching out his jeweled foot so that his slipper showed, the Prince said, with bitter irony, "Welcome, my lord cloak! Welcome, most excellent robe and beautiful slippers! What will you be pleased to eat? For," said he, turning to his surprised host, "I ought to ask my cloak what it will be pleased to eat, since your welcome was solely for it."

IT is the well-groomed, well-dressed person the world over who receives more consideration than the person of the same real worth shabbily dressed. We all know that well-dressed people are treated with more courtesy and consideration at hotels and restaurants, and when traveling. Clerks in stores are a little more attentive to the well-appearing customer than to the one who is carelessly or shabbily dressed.

The story has been often told of a miner who, in working clothes, entered a bank in a western city and asked if he could see the president. The clerk told him he could not; that the president was too busy, and he only had time to see men of importance, anyway, customers who wanted to open large accounts. The man thanked the clerk and told him that he guessed he would go to another bank, for he wanted to make a fifty-thousand-dollar deposit. This man had recently discovered a rich mine. He took his account to another bank — and took other wealthy depositors with him.

SOME one says that our clothes are our quickest asset. How true this is! They are a quick asset in this way: that people estimate us so much by them that they play an important part in the first impression. Just as a pebble at a fountain head may change the course of a river; so a first unfavorable impression, produced, perhaps, by a soiled col-

lar, a torn glove, muddy boots, frowsy hair, or uncared-for finger nails, has turned many a youth downward who would otherwise have gone upward.

It is a difficult thing and a waste of precious energy for one to be constantly obliged to overcome others' unfortunate impressions of him. Many people from a sense of economy wear shiny and often threadbare clothing. They imagine it is necessary for them to do this. It is unwise to try to economize too much on things which influence your everyday life, especially on clothes. Economize on other things, if you must, but resolve that as far as possible you will live in the midst of the beautiful and make yourself attractive. This does not mean one should be extravagant and live beyond his income, but it means care and forethought. We owe it to one another to present as attractive a picture of ourselves to others as possible. Every man with a brain certainly can afford to dress becoming a gentleman.

I have found that the tyranny of habit has a great deal to do with multitudes of people who can well afford to dress well but do not. When they were poor and getting a start in the world they formed certain dress habits, such as wearing a suit just as long as possible and linen a little soiled. They can't seem to break away from those habits, and this has more to do with their unattractive appearance than the matter of expense has.

IT is the slovenly untidy dress that we condemn. Our clothing may be cheap, and may be even badly worn; but if it is clean, and even mended, and we have a tidy appearance, no one would think less of us or blame us for not dressing better. It is slovenliness, slipshodness, untidiness that people condemn.

The condition of your clothing is an indication of the man or woman back of the clothing. It is not the cheap quality of the clothing, which may be unavoidable, that we condemn, but it is the slovenliness and the bad taste that are avoidable that count. These indicate the mental attitude back of it all, the state of mind; the demoralizing taste, the lack of proper standards and high ideals.

(to be continued in Feb'y)

It Pays —

To go straight, to be clean and true.

To hang on when tempted to drop out.

To do right, however unpopular at the time.

To make the most of your talents.

To look out for the man at the other end of the bargain, even tho you could get some temporary advantage thru some selfish deal.

To be thrifty and economical.

To keep fit, to eat wholesome food, even tho it costs very much more, for this generates a higher class of brain energy.

To enlarge one's viewpoint.

To keep growing, to absorb knowledge from every possible source, for all knowledge is power.

To overlook slights.

To help others whenever we have an opportunity.

To have a high ideal.

To be generous, kind and considerate, no matter how

busy you may be, or how hard up for money.

To study hard and acquire a good education.

To make friends and to take the time to keep them. Many a rich man lost his friends on his way to his fortune and has regretted it all his later life. He would give a large part of his fortune to get back his friends, to revive his old friendships.

To befriend the unfortunate.

To do your work just as well as you possibly can do it, even tho you do not get half enough pay for it. It never pays to slight work, to shirk one's job because one is receiving so little pay.

To speak kindly of others.

To be accurate, neat, to do everything to a finish.

To consider one's personal appearance.

To be honest in small things as well as large.

To be loyal to those who are in authority over us

To be truthful when tempted to falsify.

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults.



"Do you mean —" Jane turned pale. Her face told her fear.

The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher

*How a Motor Car Accident Opened the Dollar-Blinded Eyes
of Young Mr. Hunt Van Wagen*

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Illustrated by MARSHALL FRANTZ

PART II

HUNT led the way into the spacious room and signed to Mr. Phil to be seated. The tramp did so — leaning back in the magnificently carved oaken chair with the air of a prince. Perkins watched the strange visitor with a feeling of curiosity which promptly developed into a sense of awe. This man — notwithstanding his appearance — reminded the butler of the aristocrats he had known during his days of service in England. His manner was elegant, his words well chosen, and his whole attitude such as to defy contradiction.

"My word!" Perkins remarked discreetly to himself as he served the grape fruit. "I do 'ope 'e'll have some guiding influence over the young master."

It was then that the newly christened Mr. Phil looked calmly across table at Hunt Van Wagen and inquired. "Did you leave any word to have that phone-call made again?"

"No," said Hunt rather reluctantly. He did not wish to confess that his chief reason for asking for the connection had been his desire to talk with Jane Morrow. His inborn reluctance to undo a thing that would bring him in more money was also forcing its way to the front. "Mr. Phil," Hunt went on, as he topped off the shell of his egg. "I can't quite see why I shouldn't get that extra money out of rentals —"

Mr. Phil sipped his coffee and looked at his host and employer with an expression that was discomfiting. It seemed as if he were back in the days of childhood — when he once had erred in church and the preacher had seemed to be gazing at him, singled out of the whole congregation.

"The trouble with you, Hunt," said Mr. Phil, "the trouble with you is, that you are the victim of indecision. You doubt — you falter — hesitate. You have your mind

made up and then you change your mind. You are vacillating. You make grievous mistakes when you should be striking vigorous blows. You don't care about money — yet you love it. You have no idea what money means — in the sense of a power for good. You merely waste it. Yet, if you will let me help you, I think I can show you how to overcome a weakness which will make you the most miserable creature on earth if you keep at it long enough."

Hunt laughed. His fresh, boyish, careless face was filled with keen enjoyment. "Mr. Phil," he reproved, "I didn't agree to pay you a dollar an hour to call me names and find fault with me!"

"Of course you didn't," Mr. Phil replied. "You pay to be amused. You thought my conversation would be diverting. But I'm not a minstrel of the old school. I am brutally frank, because the world has been brutally frank with me — just as it is with all offenders. Any time you don't relish your arrangement with me, cancel it. I won't give you an atom of service — except that sort of service which I believe you need — whether you want it or not. You should be taken out in the back yard and spanked; but you're a bit too big and a bit too old for that. But remember this, my son, you're no match for me mentally and I'll beat you every time you try to battle with my brain."

HUNT VAN WAGEN was dumbfounded. The half-foolish smile faded from his face and a look of seriousness overspread his handsome features.

"What shall I do?" he inquired — limply.

"Call up that lawyer and tell him not to raise those rents," Mr. Phil directed. "You haven't the slightest need of the money, and the whole principle of it isn't right. Of course, you can go on grinding out every penny you can get; but someone must pay for it with the sweat of his brow and the blood of his heart. Why, the extra income that you would earn that way should start a conflagration in the bank where you'd deposit it. It's more tainted than — well, than any kind of money I can think of!"

Hunt touched the call-bell at his elbow, but Mr. Phil frowned. "Don't tell a servant to make that call," he directed. "Make it yourself. If you delegate someone else to start a good deed, you'll get another case of indecision before the work is started."

Hunt arose slowly. Then, without another word, he went out into the hallway and sat down at the instrument himself. It was not the matter of the money he was about to sacrifice by Mr. Phil's advice, that bothered him. In fact, money meant less than nothing to him because he had never felt the pinch of wanting it. The thing which really haunted him was Mr. Phil's attitude and the strange, compelling power the man seemed to have over him. Imagine paying a man a dollar an hour and then having him dictate the policy of one's life! It would have amused Hunt had it not frightened him.

Then a woman's voice answered the telephone and Hunt's heart gave a rapid little pit-pat. It was Jane Morrow speaking.

"Good morning," he said. "Is Mr. Prall there?"

"No, Mr. Van Wagen," came the reply. "He isn't down yet. Probably he didn't expect you would call so early."

The sarcasm of her tone was not lost on Hunt. But he swallowed it. "It doesn't make any difference," he said. "Tell him I don't want those rents raised."

A little gasp came to him over the wire. "They have been raised," she told him. "But who told you about it?"

"Who told me what?" demanded Hunt, not gathering her meaning.

"Didn't you really know that Mildred and I were dispossessed this morning because Prall raised our landlady's

rent?" she asked innocently, half hoping that he *had* known it.

"What!" Hunt exclaimed. "Of course I didn't. How could I? Are you serious?"

"Of course," Jane went on. "You must excuse my thinking you knew; but I so love to feel that you would try to make things right if you had only known."

"I don't understand," Hunt persisted. "Tell me all about it."

"Ob, there isn't much to tell so far as I'm concerned," Jane went on. "I can find a new boarding-place. But Mildred had an accident getting her baggage out of the house. She fell downstairs and fractured her ankle."

"Honestly?" Hunt said, with a sinking feeling in his heart. He had not the kindest feeling for Mildred after her conduct of the previous night; but this was the first time in his life that any act of his directly or indirectly, had caused injury to another, so far as he knew. But the sight of Mr. Phil standing near him corrected this impression. This, indeed, was the second time that he had brought misery to others by his own carelessness and inattention. He even forgot to speak into the receiver as he saw Mr. Phil whom he had run over. Was this man — as Jane had said — an angel in disguise? Who *could* be anyway — this tramp who seemed to set the world aright just by being in it?

"Are you still there?" It was Jane's voice that inquired. "Of course, I know it wasn't really your fault —"

"Listen, Jane!" Hunt interrupted. "Before Prall comes in, take what steps you can to stop the raising of those rentals. This must not happen. And — tell me where Mildred is. I want to do what I can to help her in her trouble — the trouble that I caused."

MR. PHIL nodded his head approvingly, as he noticed Hunt's attention concentrated on the words that were coming through the phone, and when young Van Wagen finally hung up the receiver, the elder man slipped his arm through that of his boyish employer. "Listen, son," he said. "Let me attend to this. You can't very well act as a knight errant to a young girl who has every reason in the world to be annoyed at you. Tell me where to go to her and I will attend to everything."

"Perhaps it would be better," Hunt admitted. "But you'll need money —"

Mr. Phil stopped him with a gesture and a smile. "Here is where my contingency fund comes into play," he said. "I told you that my excess earnings went into a charity fund. This is one of the times when it is my privilege to use that fund. When I am gone, go down to your lawyer's and see if there are any other evils you can correct. I will come back and meet you here when everything is right with the little girl."

"I'll get the limousine for you," Hunt said eagerly, turning to summon a servant.

"No, you'll not," said Mr. Phil gently. "More true charity is accomplished afoot than in chariots — modern as they may be. I think it would also do *you* good if you went to your lawyer's office by way of the street-car or the subway."

Then, without another word, he put on his disreputable hat and went out of the big front door. Hunt looked after him with a feeling of awe. There was something majestic about the easy, humble walk of that tattered figure — something positively divine in the air of happiness and contentment that emanated from him.

Once out on Fifth Avenue, Mr. Phil, the dollar-an-hour philosopher, hastened about his task. He had shrewdly calculated that young Hunt Van Wagen would take his time in leaving the house. He was too worldly wise to imagine that his simple truths had as yet completely overturned the disposition of the millionaire. So, when he had

rounded the corner, he did an unheard of thing: He called a taxicab, and because of his shabby appearance, was forced to demonstrate to the chauffeur that he had money enough to pay for the journey he ordered.

Seated inside the vehicle, he chuckled to himself. "What a funny commentary upon human nature," he murmured. "A well-dressed man without a cent in his pocket could ride for hours and never be suspected of intending to commit a fraud. But a man like myself — who wouldn't be expected to have a nickel for carfare — is obliged to pay in advance. Well," he went on, thinking over his own bitter experience, "it is far better to pay in advance than to pay afterwards. The ride is more pleasant when one realizes that there is no tax at the journey's end."

What Mr. Phil did for the next hour concerns him alone. Suffice it to say that when he finally got Mr. Prall, of Dawkins, Prall & Dawkins, on the wire, that worthy barrister imagined that he had been connected with the most violent ward in an insane asylum. Mr. Prall had been advised by the butler, Perkins, that young Hunt Van Wagen was on his way to see his attorney. And now, pending his arrival, he was talking with a mild, pleasant-voiced man, who presumed to advise him how to handle his client.

"You are making a mistake with young Van Wagen," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "There is something in human nature which naturally rebels against being forced or driven. You have been trying to *drive* Van Wagen into being a sensible human being — into letting him handle his investments as your more mature wisdom dictates. Of course he won't let you do it. Therefore, you must take the other tack. You must humor him — prove to him that he is wrong by letting him try to prove to you that he is right. You must not let Hunt cancel that increase in rental, which he repudiated this morning. You must urge him to dissipate his fortune; you must —"

But this was too much for the dignified, now terrified lawyer.

"Who are you — an idiot?" he almost shrieked into the telephone.

"No," replied the voice of Mr. Phil. "I am not an idiot. I am the spirit of common sense — the voice of human love — the solution of all evil. I advocate showing the erring why they are wrong — by letting them realize just what penalty they can put upon themselves. And, still more important, what suffering they put on those about them. Most people don't care a hang what they do to themselves. They consider their own lives and their own happiness their own property. But that is what must be corrected far more than individual errors."

"Just a minute — listen—" interrupted Mr. Prall.

"Of course you don't know me," went on Mr. Phil. "By the way, can you trust your stenographer — she may be listening."

"I can trust her!" snapped Mr. Prall. "And besides —"

"Never mind the besides," Mr. Phil broke in. "If you can trust her, tell her that you are called away suddenly, and advise her to hold young Hunt Van Wagen in your office until you return. Meanwhile, slip over to the Criminal Courts Building and meet me there. I look like a tramp."

With a curious smile, Mr. Phil hung up the telephone receiver and left the astonished attorney with the simple alternative of taking his advice or leaving it. Mr. Prall told Jane Morrow to ask Mr. Van Wagen to wait — and went down in the elevator on his way to the Criminal Courts Building.

TEN minutes later the white-haired, frock-coated, immaculate Mr. Prall was on the steps of the building within whose halls he had argued so many cases. They were cases that had involved great sums of money which had enriched the coffers of Dawkins, Prall & Dawkins. Mr. Prall looked about for a man who looked like a tramp.

He found him. Mr. Phil was standing upon the steps of the building, just a little removed from the point where the lawyer made his entrance. He was addressing a throng of more or less serious, and some interested people, who all seemed to be listening to his words. Prall stopped abruptly and gave ear to the wisdom that was flowing from the man's lips:

"You are all slaves to habits which have frustrated your ambitions and your fondest hopes!" the speaker told them. "Each of you has done something that has made him regret his lack of foresight and lack of love for his fellow beings. I can show you how to free yourself from evil — whether it be the sin of drink or drugs, or the everyday habit of lying —"

The speaker paused and gazed about him with a sweeping glance. His eyes fell upon Mr. Prall, who tried, for the first time since he had been admitted to the bar, to fade from the court-house steps.

"Pardon me," Mr. Phil remarked. The crowd's attention was attracted to him, and, in turn, to the lawyer on whom he gazed. "You are the liar who is here to meet me by appointment. Am I right?" he asked politely; but the crowd shrieked with laughter.

Mr. Phil turned to the crowd and held up his hand reprovingly. "Let him who has never told a lie cast the first stone," he warned them. "Nearly every person is a liar — some in the heart and some by word of mouth — with the thought that a so-called 'white lie' may make for happiness. But a lie is a lie — remember that! If the truth embarrasses you, it is an admission of guilt, and, my friends, you can't get away with the lying habit."

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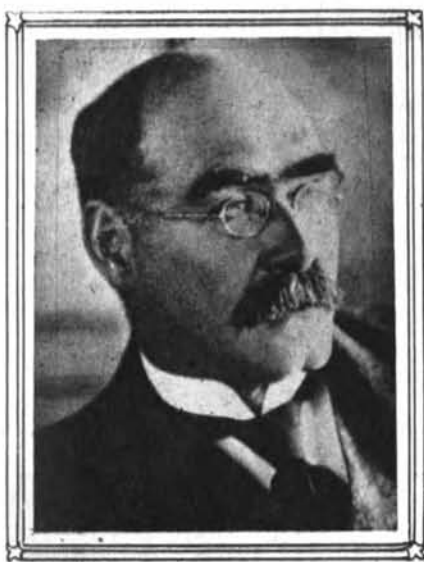
LET nothing tempt you to cross the sacred line of perfect integrity; neither the smallness of the transgression, intention to repay shortly, the example or bidding of others, the temptations of pleasure, or even the pressure of the keenest necessity. One lie in word or act opens the door to a thousand. Truth is the magician's circle, to cross which is to break the spell and turn all to darkness.

My First Literary Effort

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Wherein the Great Author Tells About the First Manuscript He Ever Had Accepted

This is No. 1. of a series of "confessions" by eminent literary men and women, who tell how their first manuscript was accepted. The second in the series, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, will appear in February



MY first book was a collection of poems which had been published in an Indian paper on which I held the position of sub-editor. This book was a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched to imitate a department order envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years service.

Of these books, we made some hundreds, and there was

no necessity for advertising, my public being to hand. I took reply post cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented me from injuring my health by sympathising with publishers who talk of risks and advertisements.

THE down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding cut the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but Heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition traveled as far as Hongkong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and stiff back and was advertised in the publisher's poetry department.

BUT I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string around its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments: and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights, in India, plotting and scheming to write something that would "take" with the English-speaking people.

The Riches of a Rich Personality

IF there is anybody in this world that I pity, it is the rich man with a poor heart, the man who has a lot of money, but very little else, who is despised by his neighbors, by all who know him, because of his selfishness, his greed, his grasping disposition. His is not wealth, but the worst kind of poverty,—soul penury. Better be in the poorhouse with an open, lovable soul, a fine nature, a rich heart, and a helpful, kindly feeling towards everybody than be a millionaire with a poor heart, a shrivelled soul.

"Give and it shall be given unto you" is the law which will make you really rich, which will give you a rich personality. "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you" is the great law of true wealth. People who go through life violating the Golden Rule are miserably poor, no matter how much money they may make.

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"GETTING doesn't make one rich. Habits of selfishness and greed don't make one happy. We get what we give out. The giver sows the seed which brings back an abundant harvest.

The man who does not radiate riches in his personality, who does not fling out his wealth in his very presence, in his benign face, his cheerful bearing, is not rich. He only is rich who makes others feel richer in his presence, who radiates his wealth in his personality, flings out his charm in his manner, his conversation, and his general spirit of helpfulness. Money is a comparatively small part of real wealth. The poorest man I know had plenty of money. No amount of money would make him rich, because he is one of the most poverty-stricken characters, one of the most starved, stunted souls I have ever met. It is only the rich personality that is really rich.

Hire Out to Yourself

By EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

SOME day,
When you feel *guy*,
And think you deserve a *raise*
For your *valuable* services,
I tell you what to *do*,
You put the shoe on the *other* foot
And hire out to *yourself*
Just for a *day* or two.
Put yourself in your *employer's* place
And keep tab on the *work* you do.
Let's *see*.
You were *late* this morning.
Only *ten* minutes?
'That's true, but *whose* time was it?
You took pay for it,
Therefore you *sold* it.
You can't sell eight hours of *time*
And *keep* a part of it--
Not unless you give *short* measure!
Then, again, how about that *customer*



You *rubbed* the wrong way?
Not *your* funeral, you *say*?
Maybe, but you're *paid*
For *building* trade,
Not driving it *away*.
How about that work you had to do *over*?
You're not paid to be *careless*.
You're paid to do work *well*.
Not *twice* over,
But once, that's enough!
Then do it *right*
The *first* time you do it.
That's what you would do
If you worked for *yourself*
Hire out, then, to a man named "You"
Imagine it's up to *you*
To meet the *pay-roll*.
Then see what a difference it makes
In the point of *view*.
Say, try it *once*
For a day or two!

Hire Out to Yourself

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

DO you realize what you do in reality when you get a job? You come very near determining what your salary shall be. You absolutely control your work, what you will do for your salary. Now, if you want a raise why not examine yourself a little bit and see how you are going to get it. It does not all stand with your employer, by any means. There are two sides to every bargain. Now, if you want a raise, suppose you do this: See if you can't do a little better work, see if you can't be a little more prompt, a little more energetic, a little more up-to-date, a little more progressive in your work, a little more inventive, a little more ingenious.

The trouble with us is that we don't half try to do what we can do. We are not all there on the job. We are cursed with wandering minds, a divided aim. It is a one unwavering aim, flinging your life into your work with all your might that wins.

Just hire out to yourself, no matter where you are working. Just say to yourself you are going to be your own employer. You will then be more exacting with yourself, demand more of yourself. You will keep yourself up to standard better, you will keep fitter for work, will take better care of yourself, better care of your energy. You will waste less time because it will seem all the more precious to you.

Just hire out to yourself to-morrow morning and watch the results. Try this for a month and you will attract the attention of your employer. If you don't, you will think more of yourself for your better work,

for trying harder. You will find that hiring out to yourself if you are honest, dead-in-earnest, determined, that you will open the door to the place above you, perhaps before you realize it.

It is the very best thing you can do, to hire out to yourself. Resolve to fling your life into your work physically, and mentally say to those about you, "Keep your eye on me. There is going to be something doing now. This is not the fellow who was here last week; there is a new man on the job, not the little fellow who was back of my job last week. There is a bigger fellow in me than that, the man I can be, the man I am capable of being is coming to the front now. The little fellow who has been back of my job in the past is a mere burlesque of the man I can be, the man I was intended to be, the dwarf of my possible man. The possible man is going to take care of my job now, the man I am capable of being. He is going to be more resourceful, more progressive, more up-to-date, more ingenious, more inventive, more resourceful, and he is going to win."

When you are your own employer you will keep much closer tabs on yourself; you won't waste so much more time, you will make much more of business hours. You will be more alert, take much more advantage of things better. If you are watching yourself, are your own employer, you will find at night that you have put in a much better day than usual, or you will do better still.

Just imagine that you are working for yourself.

Increasing Vitality Increases Achievement

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WE are told that "Health is the vital principle of life." Few people seem to realize that increasing vitality means increasing life, increasing success, increasing courage, increasing creative ability, that it means bracing up the success faculties and qualities.

Increasing vitality means increasing energy. The better food you eat, the more energy you will have. The nearer the sun has completed its miracle of perfection in the development of all the elements which enter into the human construction, the greater the energy will be in your blood. In your brain, will enter into your life work.

Most of us sacrifice a large percentage of our possibilities in being devitalized so much of the time. We are not fit to do the biggest thing possible to us. We go through days and weeks throughout the year in no condition to do fifty per cent of what we ought to do, because we are devitalized. We have eaten the wrong things or we have eaten in the wrong way.

You complain that you haven't your former "pep" or vim, and that your ambition is sagging. Why is this so? Do you know where your "pep" comes from, my friend? It comes largely out of your food, largely out of your regular habits of living, your recreation and exercise, your friends and associates. Ambition and "pep" go together. When you are devitalized your ambition is down, your vim and enthusiasm are down, everything is down. Ambition must be backed by great vitality in order to get a hundred per cent efficiency. As a rule, great successes are vigorous physically; they have a great vitality, great physical staying power. They keep themselves fit.

THE men who complain that they haven't their old ambition do not seem to realize that they are overworked or under-nourished, that they do not eat the right kind of food to promote ambition. Their life habits, in fact, discourage it. Physical vitality and long working hours do not go together. The people who plan all night and work all day are not the men who prosper. Our best business men do not keep continually to the grind. They golf, motor, and are constantly doing things to increase their vitality. Keeping fit is a large part of their vocation. When they do not keep fit, they know that everything suffers. They know that they can accomplish more in three or four hours of vigorous, robust vitality and concentration than they could during hours of enforced application when physically spent. You can't stand the pace unless you are vitally fit, you can't stand the strain with a devitalized body. The man who gets plenty of good, refreshing sleep, who plays a lot, who gets a lot of renewing recreation, is the one who "gets there."

PERHAPS no man in history accomplished, in a way, as many remarkable things as did Napoleon. Much of his achievement was due to his tremendous vitality, his superhuman creativeness, marvelous virility. His brain was a tremendous dynamo, backed up by a vigorous mentality, and when he began to abuse his health by loss of sleep and bolting his food — spending not more than perhaps fifteen minutes at his meals — his vitality began to wane, and his achievements corresponded. If he had always kept up his vitality, kept as fit physically during his later years as in his earlier career, the history of Europe, perhaps, would be very different.

The object of our mission here on earth should be to get the most out of life, and to do that we must put the most into it. We must be in a condition to get the most out of ourselves into life, into achievement.

Increasing vitality means increasing everything that life means to us and ought to mean to us. Most people we see are wandering over the earth dissatisfied, discontented, uneasy, without the approval of their better selves. Many of us could wonderfully multiply our achievement and our happiness by multiplying our vitality, jacking up our physical selves by right thinking, right living, right eating, right recreation, right exercise. This would mean a right life, and a right life means a satisfied ambition, it means wholeness, completeness, happiness.

THE body is merely a piece of machinery, an organism for transforming food into energy. This energy is like stored-up electricity, which can be used for light, for heat, for power, or to do almost any kind of work we desire. It is for us to decide what we shall do with our human energy. We can work it up into anything we please, we can botch our job with it or we can build it into a superb achievement. We can build or we can tear down. What is the use of building a tremendous amount of energy if we are going to waste it after we have stored it up, after we have generated it in vicious living, dissipation, bad habits?

There is nothing that will kill energy faster than fear and anxiety, especially a chronic anxiety which we may be half unconscious of. Before we realize it we are so devitalized by these useless monsters that we cannot rise to meet the difficult situations in life.

Increasing your vitality means that you are increasing your self-respect, your good opinion of yourself, and are coming nearer to the great object of life itself. We think the most of ourselves when we are coming nearest to perfect self-expression of the highest, noblest powers within us.

Try To Radiate Sunshine

HOW often we see one member of a large family radiating sunshine, joy, entertainment, and a delightful atmosphere through an entire home! On the other hand, we also quite as often see a grouchy, crabbed, fault-finding, envious, disagreeable member spreading gloom and dissension and spoiling the enjoyment of everybody in the home. I know a mother whose Southern charm of manner and sunny disposition is the life and joy of her

family. No matter what happens she is always happy, always wears a smile of cheer and comfort. Everybody runs to her for advice in their troubles and trials. The children cuddle about her and look to her for their sunshine, just as flowers turn their face to the sun and follow it all day. Is it not a wonderful thing that all of us have it in our power to radiate sunshine, blessing and comfort all along life's pathway?

An Interview With Miss Helen Taft

*The Youngest College President, Head of Bryn Mawr, Tells
What the World Expects of College-Trained Women*

By PHYLLIS PERLMAN

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THE old adage, "Like father, like son," ignores the possibility of a legacy of genius from father to daughter. Helen Herron Taft, in this at least, sets a precedent, for she shows herself the unusual daughter of an unusual parent by assuming at the age of twenty-eight, the presidency of Bryn Mawr, the largest college for girls in Pennsylvania.

To the daughter of William Howard Taft, former president of the United States, this fact seems not at all to warrant praise for her. She brushes aside the argument that her position is unique because of her extreme youth. She denies that it is unusual for a woman to undertake executive responsibility before she is thirty years old. She is an ardent feminist, and as such considers her endeavor and her attainment merely her contribution to the progress and advancement of women. That she is in the vanguard seems to her to be merely an indication that she belongs to a generation that is moving ahead with seven-league boots and not a reason for personal congratulations. Perhaps this self-submersion and lack of conceit have helped her to reach her heights.

HUNDREDS of college women all over the world are now in executive positions of importance," she asserted modestly, when I interviewed her for the *New Success Magazine*, in her official chambers at the old Quaker college. "The world expects the college-trained woman to give to the younger generation the benefit of her accumulated experience. Frankly speaking, I don't think I deserve praise for being made acting president of Bryn Mawr at so young an age. I have been appointed only because I had the needed experience. I understood a job, and so it was turned over to me. That is the first requisite for any office in any field." And with a flash of the famous Taft smile, she waved aside any possibility of flattery.

This is the second step in her career since, in 1915, she automatically became a Bryn Mawr alumna. In 1917, a vacancy had occurred in the deanship. Disregarding many older graduates, the board of directors chose Miss Taft, announcing that she was "regarded as one of the ablest of the younger graduates of Bryn Mawr, and seems, to those who know her, admirably fitted for executive and scholarly work. She is a clear and well-balanced thinker of first-class intellectual ability."

Two years after this, Dr. M. Carey Thomas, president of the college, took a leave of absence to travel abroad. Into her place stepped Helen Taft, president pro tem. With a quiet dignity and a comprehensive efficiency she took the reins in such a way that no one might know youth was in command.

FOREWARNED of Miss Taft's career, I expected to meet a woman grown old while still in her younger years, staid and restrained, who would conceal her lack of age by a mature demeanor. The disappointment was agreeable. Helen Taft looks younger than she is. In her academic robe, seated in the office overlooking the campus, she appears more like a senior than their chief superior. There is a striking resemblance to her father, although she is of slight, almost delicate build. But the gray, laughing eyes, the broad brow, the dimpled chin and the mouth that



Helen Taft

proclaims a sharp sense of humor, are all typically "Taftian."

The weight of her duties has not discomposed Helen Taft. She considers her rank but a continuation of her college days, which were the happiest of her life, even when compared to those brilliant, festive days of entertaining royalty and officialdom at the presidential mansion. As for the students of the college, not one lacks due respect for their "prexy" even though she is so near their own age.

"When I consider the advance of women in the last generation," explained the head of Bryn Mawr, "I cannot overestimate my own little success. I remember speaking to Dr. Thomas, whose place I am now holding. We discussed the difference in our attitudes towards a college education. To her—a woman of an older generation—the struggle for an education for herself and her sex was the paramount problem of her day. When she went away to study, she was the first woman of Baltimore known to have entered college. Her family and friends looked askance at her daring, as if to study further than a finishing school were immoral.

"For myself, fortunately I belong to a freer generation. A great milestone in the struggle for human liberty has been passed. When I expressed a desire to go to college, there was no surprise. For most of the students at Bryn Mawr, no violent family schism occurred when they announced

their intentions. The attitude of the world has changed and changes constantly. We have fourteen girls whose mothers graduated from Bryn Mawr in the early nineties, when a college degree was a strange ornament marking its owner as distinct from other women.

"The fact that we have a second generation speaks for itself. A college education is now appreciated as a respectable, a useful, and almost a commonplace accomplishment. The freedom to study, to pursue the secrets of science and philosophy are no longer the defended preserves of a single sex."

MISS TAFT is willing to admit the existence of antagonism to college education for women. She attributes it to the fact that the lay person believes such training lures its devotees away from the domestic interests of the home. However, she feels that the idea of choosing between a career on the one hand and marriage on the other, each exclusive of the other, is old-fashioned.

"The time has passed," she said, "when women who hoped for marriage refused to study. They no longer think it will spoil their matrimonial chances to be educated thoroughly. But to-day, when so many women marry late in life, this fear has changed. They no longer choose between two alternatives. They prepare for a career, assume the responsibilities of marriage, and then continue with their careers. Neither completely absorbs the modern girl; she has found the ability to combine both.

"Tables have turned. Whereas formerly the girl, who at twenty-five finding herself unmarried, turned to adopt a profession, she who at that age is without some special training, discovers now that the only thing she *can* do, if she does not wish to be swept away with the current, is to marry.

"I feel strongly that the academic discipline exercised at college gives its girls an outlook on life that is absolutely necessary for fine living. The college graduate brings to her household management, a poise and grace and efficiency that is unusual; she brings to industrial management an adaptability and strength that increasingly gain respect for her from big business men."

SO many persons decried a college training as merely a cultural and refining influence that Miss Taft thinks the doubters should be reminded that, during the war, hundreds of college women gave specialized service to the government, without which it would have been difficult to get along. College women entered the laboratories and hospitals from which the men had been called away. College women assumed the heavy burdens of managing vast industrial departments depleted by the exodus of the soldier recruits.

"The girls at Bryn Mawr," asserted Miss Taft, "and I think the same holds true with those of other colleges, develop a talent for responsibility. More and more the business and professional worlds are opening to the female sex; not because there is an insufficient number of men, but because those in command are becoming aware that the ability of the graduate woman is highly developed.

"We get endless letters from business men asking the college appointment bureau for our alumnae to undertake at excellent salaries, duties that were formerly considered fit to be handled by uneducated men and women. The point of view of the graduate, her association with hundreds of other women from every class and part of the country, are assets in the world of business. After all, when women must earn a livelihood, every bit of specialized training they receive must be valued in the light of its ultimate return to them in dollars and cents.

"I received a letter the other day from a manager of Wanamakers in Philadelphia. He wanted a Bryn Mawr graduate to be head forelady of a department. At first it

sounds ludicrous; but when one thinks of the possibility of raising such a job to the level of a profession, it is not at all funny. A forelady must deal with wealthy and cultured customers and with numerous salesgirls whom she must discipline. Is it not self-evident that the cultured girl who has learned discipline is better fitted for such work than the applicant whose only qualification is that she has been a salesgirl?"

IT is hard to believe that these ideas and opinions on the value of an education for women who go out into the modern business world, are the partial product of an environment such as surrounds Miss Taft at Bryn Mawr. One feels as if transported to an old mediæval settlement. The low buildings, the well-planned college grounds, an occasional gray turret rising above the roofs — all indicate such a scene.

"Only a short time ago," says Miss Taft, in showing how, notwithstanding their picturesque seclusion, the girls are in contact with current problems and with thought and events in the tumultuous world outside, "one of the professors took her class to Washington. They left their books at Bryn Mawr to go to the International conference of working women, to study in books yet unwritten, to hear in words still on the tongues of labor representatives, the problems that face ten million women of their own generation who must find intelligent work to do, who must earn their separate livelihoods while they contribute to the national reconstruction of Europe. Surely such a trip is a refutation to those who mock at the sheltered life of the woman college student.

"Our girls are also interested in practical politics. For that reason the first hundred thousand dollars in the campaign for two million dollars that we are now raising in order to increase faculty salaries, will go to endow our chair of politics as a memorial to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. Suffragists and college women all over the country are contributing. They feel as I do, that the passing of the suffragist amendment put a great responsibility upon women. We must study political history and we must study economic and social conditions. If the ballot, in our hands, is to be an instrument for good."

To the writer's mind, however, one of the best arguments in favor of a college education for women, is Miss Helen Taft herself. Modesty and charm, the so-called requisite qualities for a true womanly woman, are hers; yet she not only is a college graduate but a student type as well.

AGRADUATE of the Baldwin Preparatory School, she won the first matriculation scholarship of \$300 offered in Pennsylvania and the Southern States for the freshman passing the entrance examinations with the highest grades. Entering college, in 1908, she stayed at Bryn Mawr until her junior year, when her father was elected President of the United States. Mrs. Taft was not always well enough to act as hostess to the brilliant assemblages at the White House, so Miss Helen Taft had to leave college in order to assist at the entertainments in the presidential mansion.

While she was always popular and gained a popular reputation for her charm and her intellect, social activities were not her chief delight. As soon as she could do so, she returned to her alma mater, although it meant that she would be graduated with the girls who had been freshmen when she was a junior. In 1913 she returned after two years' leave and specialized in history, economics, and politics. She surprised even herself by graduating *magna cum laude*.

Having the sheepskin did not mean that lessons were over for Helen Taft. She studied in the graduate department of history at Yale until she was invited to become dean of Bryn Mawr. Even then she continued working on her American History thesis for her doctorate of philosophy.

How to Become a Public Speaker

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THE story is told of a man who, when unexpectedly called on at a public dinner to give a toast, was so confused that he could think of nothing better to say than, "Here's to the moon shining on the calm bosom of the lake!"

It is astonishing how many able and successful men, who have gained control over themselves in many respects, and who, through heroic self-efforts, have become powers in the professional and business world, are simply paralysed when called upon to speak in public without preparation. Even when they are forewarned, they are perfectly miserable for days before they are to speak. I have heard men of very great prominence in business and professional life say they would give almost any amount of money if, on some pretext, they could get out of the banquet room or public place where they were expected to speak. More than once I have known a man under such circumstances, who had a horror of the ordeal before him, pretend that he was taken ill and was obliged to leave the banquet-room or hall before the time came for him to speak.

ON various occasions, I have been present at banquets when some prominent business man was unexpectedly called upon to make a speech, after several really good orators had spoken. The man looked as if he had been struck by a bomb. He rose slowly to his feet, choked, hesitated, and with the greatest effort stammered out a few incoherent, almost inaudible sentences, then sat down, his face scarlet with chagrin. One could see that he was furious with himself because of the poor showing he had made.

Now, a man of importance and good standing in any community certainly should be able to do better than this before an audience of any kind. Even though he is not an orator, he should be able to think on his feet; to say a few intelligent words; to keep his mental balance, and not allow himself to be stampeded in such a foolish way. There is no excuse for any sane American to so completely lose his self-control, that he cannot eat or sleep normally for two or three days because of the thought that he may make a fool of himself at some public function at which he is scheduled to make a speech.

OWING to our popular form of government, public speaking is supposed to be more common and more animated in America than it has been anywhere since the days of the republics of Greece and Rome, when men daily gathered together in forums and public places to discuss their all-important questions. Nevertheless, the number of Americans in prominent positions who are embarrassed when called on in public to say a few impromptu words, is very large. We seem to have fallen off, since the early days of our republic, in the fine art of public speaking.

In 1916, the Ten Eyck prize, at Yale, for public speaking was awarded to a Chinese student, Henry Wang. Think of a foreigner mastering a language so different from his native tongue as English, enunciating it more clearly and correctly, and from every point of view making a better speech, than did any of the other participants in the contest, though the majority were native Americans who had used no other language than English from birth!

IT seems strange that so many Americans neglect what should be a fundamental of our education: complete mastery of the native tongue, the ability to speak clearly, forcibly and fluently on any ordinary topic. There is really no other accomplishment that can profit us more, either in

business or in social life, than the power to talk well. In every rank of society we see people placed at a disadvantage because of the lack of early training in expressing their ideas in the best possible way. They are humiliated and embarrassed, unable to enjoy themselves, or to contribute anything to the general enjoyment, because they never learned the art of putting their thoughts into interesting, telling language. We see brainy men at public gatherings, where momentous questions are being discussed, sitting silently and mortified, because they are unable to put into words the things they know, and who are infinitely better informed than others present, who are making a great display of oratory or of glib talk. In the same way, at social gatherings, intellectual giants often sit as dumb as sphinxes, while some little hair-brained, pin-headed fellow is the center of attraction, because he knows how to wield to advantage his little ability.

THERE are a great number of people who would be able to talk interestingly if they could only get hold of themselves and bring their resources into action. But the great majority of men and women never learn to express the power they have, except to those whom they know intimately. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame, both in social life and in public debate, by people who have never been to a high-school, but who have cultivated the art of self-expression. There are hundreds of these silent people, both men and women, at our national capital, many of them wives of husbands who have suddenly and unexpectedly come into political prominence.

There are successful business and professional men everywhere to-day, who would give a great deal if they could only go back and improve the early opportunities for learning to think and speak on their feet, which they threw away. Now they have money, and position, but they are nobodies when called upon to speak in public. All they can do is to look foolish, blush, stammer out an apology and sit down.

The ability to talk well is becoming an essential of a business training. Anyone who expects to come to the front in a large way must train himself to think on his feet, so that he can, at a moment's notice, rise and express himself intelligently and in a natural manner. The occasions for after-dinner speaking are increasing enormously. A great many important questions, which were once settled in the office, are now discussed and disposed of at big public dinners. All sorts of business deals are put through on such occasions. Never before was there such demand for after-dinner oratory as to-day.

THERE seems to be quite a revival, also, of the desire to speak in public. It is probable that this has been stimulated by the demand for good speakers created everywhere by the World War. Whatever the cause, it is certain that nothing else will pay better in life, both in self-satisfaction and as a weapon for forging the way to success, than the ability to talk well. The reputation of being a good talker has opened to many a man the biggest opportunity of his life. How often, when a man is wanted for an important position, some one will say, "Send Mr. Smith. He will represent us with dignity, because he knows what to say and how to say it. He always makes a good impression with that silver tongue of his."

Self-expression in any legitimate form tends to call out what is best in a man; but no other form of self-expression develops a man so thoroughly, so effectively, and so quickly

unfolds all of his powers, as expression before an audience. It is doubtful whether anyone can reach the highest standard of culture without studying the art of expression, especially public vocal-expression. In all ages, oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. Young people, no matter what they intend to be, whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study.

THE attempt to become a good public speaker is a great awakener of all the mental faculties. The sense of power that comes from holding the attention, stirring the emotions, or convincing the reason of an audience, gives self-confidence, assurance, self-reliance, arouses ambition, and tends to make one more effective in every particular. The effort to express one's ideas in lucid, clean-cut, concise, telling English tends to make one's everyday language choicer and more direct, and improves one's diction generally. In this and in other ways speech-making develops mental power and character. This explains the rapidity with which a young man develops in school or college when he becomes a member of a debating society and begins to take part in public debates.

The effort to marshal all one's mental reserves in a logical and orderly manner, to bring to the front all the power one possesses, leaves these reserves permanently better in hand, more readily within reach on all occasions. The method and system necessarily used in speaking will be carried into other affairs, where they will prove quite as effective. The incentive to do one's level best in a speech will not lose its force when the speech is finished. The aroused energy will go on working. The necessity of thoroughness, made clear to the speaker, will make him more thorough in study and work of every kind.

In fact, it would be difficult to estimate the great part

which practical drill in oratory may play in one's life. And no matter how gifted one may be as a "born orator," nothing but practice will develop the power and make it available. Even Charles James Fox, whom Edmund Burke describes as "the most brilliant and successful debater the world ever saw," owed his success as an orator to diligent practice. He said, himself, it was due to a resolution he made when very young, to speak well or ill at least once every night.

The best way for a young man to get the necessary practice in speaking is to join a debating club. No matter how far you have to go to attend it, or how much trouble it is, or how difficult it is to find the time, the drill you will get there will more than repay you. Lincoln, Wilson, Webster, Choate, Clay, Patrick Henry and a great number of our most eminent public men owed their advance more to the old-fashioned debating societies than to anything else. There they acquired confidence, self-reliance; there they discovered their powers and learned not to be afraid of themselves, not to be frightened at the sound of their own voice, learned to express their opinions with force and independence.

Force yourself to speak whenever possible. If the opportunity does not come to you, make one. Jump to your feet and say something upon every question that is up for discussion. Do not be afraid to rise to put a motion, or to second it, or to give your opinion upon it. Every time you rise to your feet, you will increase your confidence, and after a while you will so have formed the habit of publicly expressing your opinions, that it will be as easy and natural for you to get up and speak before an audience as to do anything else you are accustomed to doing. No matter what art or accomplishment you desire to acquire, practice is the only thing that will perfect you in it.

concluded in February

Looking On the Bright Side

I KNOW people who are so completely obsessed by their troubles, their trials and tribulations, so affected by anything that goes wrong with them that their enjoyment and happiness are ruined half the time. They cannot get anything enjoyable or desirable out of life unless everything is as they wish. Poverty galls a great many people so that they cannot see the bright side of any situation.

On the other hand, I know people who face poverty with a smile. They put their best foot forward, brace up and clean up in the meanest surroundings. The wives, mothers and daughters manage to get a few cheap prints and pictures, and fix up their humble little home to have an atmosphere of cheer about it, whether it is in a dugout or a cabin. In other words, they make the most of their condition instead of continually bemoaning their fate and thus destroying what little pleasure and happiness of mind may be possible for them in their unfortunate situation; they make the best of it. They can even laugh over their misfortunes.

It makes a tremendous difference how you face life, your mental attitude towards your limited conditions. One's attitude towards one's ill health, or invalidism, has a great deal to do with what one gets out of life. Some invalids are cross, crabbed, touchy; others radiate sunshine, even when bedridden, so that everybody about them feels an atmosphere of good cheer. These patients appreciate everything that is done for them.

There is everything in the way we face life. Our optimism or pessimism determines what we will get out of life. The fault-finder, the complainer, the one who has soured on life, the nagger, the selfish, the greedy, dissatisfied, the one with a sour disposition gets but very little out of life, but some natures manage to get joy and pleasure out of life though blind, deaf and dumb. They do not give way to despair.

Think of the remarkably cheerful, happy disposition of Helen Keller, and what it might have been—touchy, irritable, crabbed—but for her determination to make the best of her condition. — O.S.M.

How Human Beings are Salvaged

*Lieutenant Colonel Bernard Lentz and his
Big Plan to make the United States
Army a Useful Training-School as
well as a Military Organization*

By JOHN WEBSTER

TO Lieutenant Colonel Bernard Lentz of the United States General Staff, is due the credit of perfecting a most interesting system of taking "raw-material" human beings, and in record time turning them into remarkably successful American citizens. Colonel Lentz's plan is practically a machine for taking illiterates and making them intelligent, trained citizens equipped to make their way in the world and become useful members of society. His plan is an elaborate human "salvage" idea. Its success is now being demonstrated by living examples in the principal cities of the country.

This novel school might be termed a preparatory school for the College in Khaki, for it takes into its classes men who are not American citizens, men who can neither read nor write the English language. What it does with them will be a lasting monument to the genius of Colonel Lentz and the devoted, enthusiastic officers who are laboring under his direction in this great work.

UNTIL the United States declared war with Germany, no man who could not read and write was eligible for enlistment in the United States Army. The state of war necessitated the changing of this ruling, and subsequent figures show that about one quarter of the enlisted forces of the country were unable to read the magazines and newspapers which came to the cantonments or to write letters to their families and friends at home.

In connection with the reorganization plans of the Army, Colonel Lentz, who took a keen personal interest in these unfortunate men, evolved a totally new idea.

This provided for the enlistment of non-English-speaking aliens. The theory of the plan had been tried out during the intensive training of foreign born soldiers during the war itself. But necessarily the scheme could not be worked out to its most fruitful extent under such circumstances. Now, however, its full efficiency is being demonstrated.

IT was proved during the war that men brought together in instruction camps under the direction of the Recruit Educational Centers, soon forgot that they had not been born under the American flag. They forgot racial differences, racial prejudices, and soon became "buddies" in every sense that term implied among the men of the American Expeditionary Force. The progress of successive battalions of these illiterate, alien recruits, pointed the way to quicken the progress of the "melting pot"—of making substantial, useful, loyal citizens of the hordes of foreigners who had been coming to America for the last generation.

In May, 1919, under the provisions of the reorganization plans of the Peace Time Army of the United States, Colonel Lentz put his after-the-war plan of accepting illiterates and non-English-speaking recruits. These men were at once sent to special training companies at designated camps.

HERE, in addition to the usual routine of breaking the raw recruit into the rudiments of military education, these men are given a thorough course in English. Just as a child may be taught a foreign language while it is picking up its natural tongue—just as the child may be taught advanced lessons while learning those things which come with the course of natural development—so these foreign-born illiterates are taught the English language—and more—while being instructed in military tactics.

In late September of this year, a picked group of these men were started on a tour of the country to demonstrate the success of Colonel Lentz's system. They were also giving exhibition drills with a view of interesting more of their companions and associates in joining this preparatory school for the College in Khaki. And—by the sheer force of living examples of success—they are doing it. They are not being exhibited as interesting, breathing demonstrations of what other young Americans who are struggling along without an education can obtain through the United States Army.

THE enlistment age is eighteen years—an age at which the illiterate is too old to enter the classes of the ordinary public school. He is also at an age when he must provide a livelihood for himself. Colonel Lentz's plan enables him to secure his education, learn a trade, and earn his livelihood at the same time.

The pay of a private is thirty dollars a month, and this increases with length of service and promotion to non-commissioned grades, such as corporal and sergeant. Each man is clothed by the government and his subsistence is also provided. The period of enlistment is three years—long before which each man becomes skilled in his chosen trade, as well as a proficient soldier. He can not only read and write English, but he has a well-rounded manual training and high-school education.

By this plan, the Army not only gains recruits that would otherwise be barred to it, but the country profits by eliminating an undesirable and unfortunate class of inhabitant—the illiterate. The man benefits because his point of view becomes that of a sane, sound, healthy American. He is well treated, given ample opportunity for diversion, and when his term of enlistment expires he can step into a profitable civil pursuit.

Moreover, each man is entitled to Naturalization upon receipt of his discharge. This saves over two years to the applicant, over the civil procedure.

THE plan is not a charitable institution by any kind. It is a thoroughly practical, utilitarian scheme. The soldier is trained in English for a period of three months, and the army has his services for three years. Thruout this period each man is schooled for three hours a day, along lines of his own choosing. He emerges a skilled mechanic or artisan, according to his fancy. He has learned self-respect, obedience, Americanism. He is better physically and better mentally. He has laid the foundation of a successful career in the land of Liberty—and to reap its benefits he came to this country.

The rapidity with which these supposedly hopelessly ignorant men absorb education is amazing. Much of this is of course due to the methods employed and to the skill of the instructors.

The men who are now giving exhibition drills in various cities, were enlisted last May. In three months they have learned sufficient English to enable them to receive, execute and transmit verbal orders and messages intelligently. They can read and write ordinary English as contained in the various drill regulations of the United States Army. And they drill with a snap and precision that is the admiration of army men. This is not merely an advantage from a military standpoint. It teaches the men promptness and alertness in their personal life, and makes them keen, quick, active citizens, respectful to their superiors and considerate of the rights of others. They become law-abiding citizens.

COLONEL LENTZ'S plan of instruction is called "The Cadence System of Close Order Drill." Those who have witnessed its results in New York and other large centers where a picked company of such men are drilling, are most enthusiastic over the work.

The most severe tests have been given to the system. One battalion commander turned over, for experiment, fifty men who were pronounced as "undrillable." They did not know their right from their left. As the officer put it, "They didn't know they were alive!"

They not only lacked a knowledge of English, but were of extremely low mentality. Put under Colonel Lentz's "Cadence System," they were drilled an hour a day for three weeks. At the end of this period, they drilled like veterans. They understood the English of the commands given them—could repeat them intelligently and explain to other men what these commands meant.

There is no magic about this system of remaking human beings. Its foundation is that the men themselves give the actual commands they are called upon to execute. This does not mean that bolshevistic principles have entered the army and that every man has become his officer, or gives himself such commands as he may choose. Not at all. The details are under the command of a skilled captain or lieutenant in some cases of a man who, foreign born, has won his commission from the ranks of the very army in which he is now helping to do a wonderful work.

THE officer in charge explains what the company is to do. For instance, he may say, "The company will do right by squads—and halt!"

Promptly the men in ranks repeat, "Right by squads. March!" Then they execute the movement, each man counting so as to perform each movement in the evolution in unison and in cadence. Having completed it, they give and execute the command, "Company, Halt!" Thus they learn to know what these phrases mean because they *actually do them as they say them*.

It all sounds very simple even to the layman, but veteran army officers say that Colonel Lentz has revolutionized army training methods and has contributed to the country at large a most wonderful method of making better Americans.

Did He Fool His "Boss"—or Himself?

ON a street car not long ago I overheard a fine-looking young man telling two companions how he managed to cheat his employer out of an hour and a half's time every day for over a year without detection. He said he was out a great deal with the boys nights and got, on an average, only five or six hours of sleep, but that he managed to sleep an hour and a half each day during business hours behind a certain door situated back of the private office in the store, which, when open, cut off quite a little corner of space in such a way that he could seclude himself without danger of being seen, as no one would think of looking behind the door. In this secluded corner, in a chair, he took a nap of one and a half hours a day. There were several other clerks in the secret of this retreat, and they took turns to take a nap at different times of the day, so that some one of them was resting or sleeping there much of the time. The door opened into a passageway and was never closed in the daytime; one clerk would not be likely to be missed, and if he were asked for, one of his confederates gave him the signal.

TOGETHER these conspirators managed to cheat the employer out of the equivalent of one man's entire time. The young man whom I overheard probably did not think that stealing an hour and a half's time was equivalent to stealing the value of one and a half hour's work out of his employer's money drawer. He did not realize that every time he was practicing this deception he was taking infinitely more out of himself than out of the man who hired him, that he was blunting his ability to tell the difference between right and wrong.

THERE are tens of thousands of such young men who think they are getting the best of their employers by clipping their hours, shirking and hotching their work, but they are really taking it all out of themselves.

The thief who runs away in the night, hugging the millionaire's silver and jewels under his coat, thinks that by his theft he has enriched himself. But is he not, instead, impoverished an hundredfold?

My Ledger of Life

A Simple, Useful Aid in the Business of Living and in the Attainment of Philosophy

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND, the author of the following practical and very suggestive article, "*My Ledger of Life*," is one of the most successful novelists and short-story writers in the United States. His own life has been a great struggle. He started out, sixteen years ago, without one cent in his pocket, and when nothing else seemed to come his way, he turned to writing. Some of his books are "*Underneath the Bow*," "*Pod Bender & Co.*," "*The Golden Blight*," and "*The Gift Supreme*." He is writing his personal story for *THE NEW SUCCESS*; but in the little paper that follows, he believes that he is giving his fellowmen and women a little guide which will help them to be more successful, happy and contented.—THE EDITORS.

WE are all pretty much alike. Therefore, what has helped me is very apt to help you. I have a simple, efficacious little bit of practical procedure, in the business of living, that I have never seen any one else use. I believe it is my own invention. It has done me so very much good that I want to pass it on to you, neighbor, for all it's worth.

This invention of mine is a simple system of life book-keeping, a weekly — or even more frequent — casting-up of accounts, whereby I can see just how I stand, what my life debits and credits are, and what my prospects look like. Also, whereby I can smile at last week's troubles and positively laugh at those of a year ago.

How It Started

THINGS were piled in on me pretty steep one winter, a few years ago. There was sickness, isolation, financial trouble, plus other difficulties. The situation got so bad that, half-instinctively, I drew up a list of all my woes and griefs. Why? I can hardly say. Somehow or other, getting the miseries down on paper, in a neatly typewritten list, sort of focussed and crystallised them, made them tangible, rendered them a little easier to bear.

I made, then, a list of all the troubles, and after it put a big question mark, with the query: "When will the jam break?" That, too, helped. I figured that when things got better, I'd write the date after the question-mark.

In about a week, one of the worries vanished. I crossed it off. Then, presently, a couple more curled up and died. The list grew shorter. After a while, the list had shrunk a good deal; but some other troubles had come, and they had to be added on. That was bad; but the good part was that some of the worst troubles had departed and that I was really able to view with equanimity and with condescension several misfortunes that at the time had seemed more than a little serious.

The Plan Develops

MY list was now getting a bit messy, with various cross-ings-off and additions, so I made a new, fresh one. I kept the old list, to look at when I felt blue. After a

while, I began making a new list once a month or so. Still, however, the system didn't seem complete. It was all one-sided: all debits, no credits, except negatively, as troubles were crossed off.

The really vital part of the scheme arrived when I hit on the happy idea of putting down my blessings over against my misfortunes. I began, now, to strike a regular balance; and I commenced to make my list each week, regularly. Life began to assume a distinctly more businesslike and happy aspect. The consideration of all the blessings and good things, as written down tangibly against the evils of existence; and the regular compilation of my Debits and Credits, began to form a beneficial habit.

This habit has now firmly established itself in my life. Regularly, each Saturday, I make up my accounts. I often look over those of past weeks, as a business man looks over his bank statements, to see what things have been paid and what are still current, and what are satisfactory and what the reverse. The effect is always salutary. In case certain troubles have vanished, fine and dandy! In case others still remain, I can look at those that have gone and realize that a few weeks more will dispose of the recalcitrant ones. And you never realize how many things you have to be thankful for, till you list them and look them over!

What the System Looks Like

I KEEP my accounts on little pieces of paper about three inches square, typewriting my Debits and Credits in two lists. These papers I pin up over my desk, where I can look at them once in a while. After three or four months, I take each paper down and add it to the bunch I keep in my filing-cabinet. Once in a while I look over last year's accounts, or those of two or three years ago. Not a single one of the vital worries will last more than a few months. They always disappear. That proves to me, to-day, that to-day's worries won't amount to a tinker's dam, six months from now. And happiness peeps through even the blackest cloud.

Let me write out a sample slip.

Dr.	Cr.
Headache	Health
Sis sick	Smoke
Lawsuit	Back from N. Y.
No check	Novel done
Arm	Order
Contract	Club
Cash	Dentist
MS	Invitation
Plot	Esperanza

This may seem a little puzzling, but in reality it's quite easy. On the day in question I had a headache, my sister was sick, and a lawsuit was threatening. An expected check from a publisher hadn't shown up, I had neuritis in my left arm, was having difficulty about a movie-contract, was short of cash, had lost a manuscript and was puzzled for a plot for my new novel. So much for the Gloom side of the ledger.

The Joy side contained good health in general, permission from the doctor to smoke again, and a return home

from New York — which place is a torment to me. It contained the fact that I had just finished a novel, had an order for another one, had been admitted to the Club Español, was through with my dentist, had an invitation to spend a week-end at a camp in the woods, and had lots of Esperanza — i.e., hope. I always put the word Esperanza at the end of every Credit list. That is a splendid make-weight, and some weeks constitutes the main item. Nothing can ever take that away, whatever happens. There is always one sure shot on the Joy side, anyhow.

On the whole, the sample list shows more potent Credit than Debt, and, therefore, life at this point is a success. The thermometer is up, and rising.

A week or two later, nearly all the Dr., items will disappear. Those of a few months back are simply negligible. Since, as some clever Frenchman has said, "*L'avenir est fait du passé*," I realize that nothing is so transitory as trouble. That idea, and my pet motto: "Stick To It

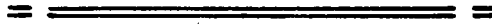
Will Do It," keeps life active, hopeful and good.

Just Give it a Trial

I HAVE told this scheme to a number of personal friends, and some have used it with great success, as a cheer-up device of real value. I wish you, reader, would give it one month's tryout. You'll be surprised what a helpful device it is. It will change your whole tone of thought, stop you from worrying, make you optimistic, grow a full set of new teeth, cover your ivory dome with a luxuriant crop of hair and increase your chest-measurement four inches.

All seriousness aside, I don't claim this idea of mine is a panacea; but it does help a whole lot.

It has been a good thing for me, at no expense. I invented it, tried it, liked it. It is not copyrighted. It's yours. Take it, brother — and smile!



The World Makes Way for the Determined Man

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"I WILL study law," said an ambitious youth, "and those who are already in the profession must take their chances!"

That may sound egotistical to some of us, but it expresses the spirit of determination, the will to succeed, that nothing can defeat. The world itself stands aside for the determined man, who has made his program and resolved to put it through.

He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of fate, waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in these strenuous days. That is the sort of man who always won in the past and who always will win.

OF Julius Cæsar, the greatest Roman general, who won his world renowned battles before the birth of Christ, it was said by a contemporary that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. Just as the famous, decisive battle at Verdun was won by the invincible determination of General Petain, who passed along to his army the watchword, "They shall not pass!" And the Germans did not pass, because every French soldier had registered as his vow, "They shall not pass!" It was this that changed their mental attitude from one of doubt and discouragement to one of grim determination to win at all hazards. It was this grim determination that made them invincible and victorious.

The way you register your vow, your determination to make your dreams come true; the way you register your life resolve, the way you commit yourself to it; whether you fling the whole weight of your being, your very life, into it, or merely take hold of it with the tips of your fingers, will determine your future.

When I see a young man who registers his vow with all the force of an intense nature, with all the certainty

of a deep conviction of his success; when I see him willing to make any sacrifice to make his dream come true, then I know that what he has registered in his heart will be accomplished. When I see a person who can cling to his vision through all sorts of hardships and discouragement, without losing heart, I know that he is made of the material that wins, and that, no matter how many difficulties intervene, it is only a question of time till he reaches the goal he has in view.

Young people often write me that they want to do this, or they long to do that, but that they haven't the chance; they haven't the opportunity; they have no one to help them. Now, I haven't much faith in the ambition that can find no chance, no opportunity, no stepping stone toward its fulfillment. There isn't much hope for the young man or the young woman who depends upon help from the outside to enable him to make good.

If you want to do a thing very much, my friend, you will manage somehow to do it.

THURLOW WEED, defying poverty and wading through the snow two miles, with rags for shoes, to borrow a book to read before the sap-bush fire; Locke, living on bread and water in a Dutch garret; Samuel Drew, tightening his apron strings "in lieu of a dinner," while struggling to realize their ambition, didn't complain of lack of chance or opportunity, or look to others to help them reach their goal. History is full of such examples. Ambitious boys in every part of the world to-day are making similar sacrifices to make their dreams come true.

Your success all depends upon how much you want to do the thing you have set your heart on. Is it a part of your very life? Has it entered into the marrow of your being? Do you think of it by day and dream of it by night? Have you resolved to do the thing no matter how long or how difficult the way to success? If you have; if you approach your life work in this spirit nothing can defeat you.

Who Will Be the Next President of the United States?

How the "Favorite Sons" of the Various States Line Up for the Nominations This Year. Their Qualifications and Their Hopes

By ARTHUR W. DUNN

WHO will be the next President?

Always when an administration nears the last lap of its course men begin to put this query to one another, sometimes casually, often seriously; but at this great turning point in the world's history when the familiar question is asked there is a much deeper significance than heretofore. From the beginning of our government down to the present time, our people have been more interested in electing their President than in wars foreign and domestic, or in any other great issue touching the national welfare. Neither war, famine, pestilence, nor the high cost of living can divert the interest of the people from politics, and more particularly presidential politics. Of course, the high cost of living, the coal famine, the strikes, and various other topics have engaged attention to a great degree—and, to some extent, they enhance interest in the coming contest.

Most Interesting Election in Years

AT this particular time, the Presidency and politics are mingled with problems of such intricate and far-reaching effect upon our national life that the election of 1920 becomes of paramount importance. Our foreign policy to a large extent will be involved in the result. It is quite possible, also, that the League of Nations, which failed of ratification in the Senate, together with the German peace treaty, will become a dominating issue. This alone will make the next Presidential election more interesting than any that has been held in many years. Up to the time of the last election, 1916, the President was elected almost wholly upon domestic issues. The election of 1916 hinged wholly upon the war in Europe. If the result of the World War, the participation of the United States, the negotiation of the German treaty and the League of Nations shall be injected into the next campaign, then it is almost certain that foreign questions will determine our next Presidential election.

Of course, we are well aware that nine-tenths of the people who vote in the Presidential elections vote the party ticket regardless of all issues. That has been demonstrated time after time. It is the independent one-tenth, who are not hidebound partisans, that determine the Presidential elections. Taking up the partisan's point of view at the present time, here is what your Republican friend will say: "Let's go back and see: Didn't the Republicans win in 1918? Did you ever know of a party losing the Presidential election that won the previous congressional midterm election? It has been an unbroken precedent for the past thirty years that the party which wins a congressional election also wins the succeeding Presidential election two years later."

Then your Democratic friend will come along with a few "buts," "ifs," and various other suggestions; with a dissertation about abnormal times upsetting all precedents; the desire of the people for permanent peace and the

League of Nations; what will happen if the Administration of President Wilson should reduce the high cost of living; Mr. Wilson's stand against the radical element in the labor organization—these and many other reasons will be given why the Democrats should be continued in power after having had charge of the government for eight years.

First, Issues; Second, Personality

OF course, the issues are going to be important, and with the thinking people who do not vote blindly for the candidate who is nominated by his party and bears the party label, issues will be a determining factor. Next to the issues, the personality of the men who are selected by the two big parties will be the most important factor. Notwithstanding the great importance of the issues and the fact that they are likely to decide the coming election, we must not overlook the fact that even 1920 is not a "yellow dog" year. Neither party can elect its candidate if that candidate should, for one reason or another, be very obnoxious to the voters. In the past, personality of candidates has had an influence on the election, and it is the aim of the political parties to select men who will be personally satisfactory to the voters.

Second only in securing a man who will be personally popular and is prominent enough before the people, and mentally equipped for the great office, is his location. In many instances the section or State from which a Presidential possibility hails is considered more important than any other factor. Supposing the candidate is available in all other particulars—does he come from the right State? Or, does he live in the right section of the country? This will apply to Republicans as well as Democrats.

When the national convention assemble they will take into consideration not only the availability of the candidates as vote-getters thruout the country, but also the advantages that may go with a candidate who is fortunately located. The candidate who lives in one of the States on the Presidential highway has a great advantage. That highway consists of the States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. No man not residing on this highway has been elected President in the last sixty years.

Mr. Wilson and the Third Term

WHILE the issues are going to figure in the campaign after the nominations are made, and will no doubt largely determine the result of the election, the greatest interest that the American people have in the Presidential election is in the personality of the different candidates, particularly until the conventions assemble.

The Democratic party, being in power, naturally comes first in the consideration of candidates. A few months ago it looked as if events were going to shape themselves so as to compel Woodrow Wilson to be the nominee for a third term. The events have so shaped themselves, and if President Wilson regains his health to a degree which will

Who Will Be Elected President



*A.D. Cummins
Senator, Iowa*



*Gov. Calvin Coolidge
Mass.*



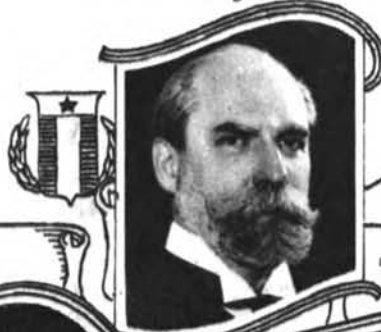
*Kiram Johnson
Senator, California*



*Former President
William H. Taft*



*Gen.
Leonard
Wood
U.S.A.*



*Charles E. Hughes
New York*



*Senator Borah
Idaho*



*Gov. F.O. Lowden
Illinois*



*Senator Poindexter
Washington*



*Simeon D. Fess
Congress, Ohio*



*Senator Arthur Capper
Kansas*



*Senator W.S. Harding
Ohio*



*Senator R.C. Knox
Penna.*



*Gen. John J. Pershing
U.S.A.*

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of the United States This Year ?



President
Woodrow Wilson

Josephus Daniels
Secretary, Navy



G. M. Hitchcock
Senator, Nebraska



Champ Clark
Missouri



Thomas R. Marshall
Vice-President



Senator Swanson
Virginia



William Gibbs
McAdoo
N.Y.



A. Mitchell Palmer
Attorney-General



Senator R. L. Owen
Oklahoma



Newton D. Baker
Secretary, War



Senator Pomerene
Ohio



John W. Davis
Ambassador to Gt. Britain



Senator Underwood
Alabama



Senator Floke Smith
Georgia

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make it possible for him to go thru a Presidential campaign, he might be the nominee in spite of all the objection naturally raised against third-term candidates. The League of Nations injected into the politics of 1920 would naturally make Mr. Wilson the champion of the League and the candidate of the party demanding the League; but there will always be a great hesitancy upon the part of any political party to nominate a man whose precarious health might injure his chances of election.

But the party now in power is not without Presidential timber. In the President's cabinet are: Newton D. Baker, of Ohio; A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania; Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina. There are two possibilities in former members of the cabinet: William G. McAdoo, of New York, and William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. Of course, no Democratic list of Presidential possibilities would be complete without the name of Mr. Bryan. Then there is John W. Davis, of West Virginia, now Ambassador to Great Britain, and Vice-President Thomas Riley Marshall, of Indiana. In the Senate there are Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Nebraska; Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma; Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio; Hoke Smith, of Georgia; Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia, and Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama. And we might add to the list Herbert Hoover, of California. Champ Clark, of Missouri, will no doubt be a candidate, and there has been talk of Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York. There may be others, but this list is long enough and beyond question some one man mentioned will be nominated by the Democrats.

When there is only one place to fill and there are a large number of candidates for that position the result is generally reached by the process of elimination, and that is what we will do with this Democratic list.

New York Seems Out of It

TO begin with it is quite likely that the balance of the country outside the Empire State would hesitate before nominating even as popular a man as Governor Smith simply because he was elected Governor of New York. Tammany is not a vote-winner outside the big city of New York. Ambassador Davis, able tho he is, is lacking in a national reputation. How many people believe that Secretary Baker has made such a reputation as to win a Presidential nomination? More than that, Senator Pomerene comes from Ohio and the probabilities are that the Ohio delegation would be for the senator rather than the Secretary of War. It is doubtful whether Secretary Daniels and Herbert Hoover will get beyond the "mention stage." As to the Democratic senators, it may be said that Senator Owen has been mentioned largely on account of his popularity in his own State, and he may have the support of Oklahoma as a favorite son.

In 1912, Oscar W. Underwood was in the limelight on account of the success he had made as leader of the House. He had a great deal of strength simply because the southern men wanted to eradicate the idea that a southern man could not be a Presidential candidate. But it is not likely that Mr. Underwood would be as strong in another national

convention as he was in 1912. Hoke Smith, of Georgia dates back to the days of Grover Cleveland's administration. While he has been a possibility, it is doubtful whether he would command as much southern support as either Underwood or Swanson. The Virginia Senator had long service in the House of Representatives, was Governor of his State four years, and during the comparatively short time he has been in the Senate he has come to the front as a recognized leader.

If the Democratic convention was likely to go to the South at all, Mr. Swanson would have a better chance than any man from that section. Senator Hitchcock has been the leader of the President's foreign policy. His service, since the country entered the war, might win him a nomination were it not for his pacifist record previous to that time. One handicap to men who become prominent is that their records are always subject to scrutiny if they are brought forward as Presidential possibilities.

The President May Indicate a Candidate

VICE-PRESIDENTS in these days never seem to be popular Presidential possibilities, and it is not likely that Mr. Marshall will get much farther than he did in 1912.

Champ Clark was Speaker eight years. He was the choice of the majority of the delegates at Baltimore, in the convention of 1912. He could not be a candidate in 1916, and neither could any other man for that matter; but in all probability he will be presented at the next national convention. Eight years ago Mr. Clark was particularly strong because of his long service in the House and because he had recently been elected Speaker, but it will take a very active organization to secure for him the strength which he showed at Baltimore. Most of the workers in the Clark organization eight years ago are now part of the Wilson administration and they will be inclined to follow Mr. Wilson's wishes should he exercise the Chief Executive's prerogative and indicate whom he should prefer as his possible successor.

It has already been intimated that Mr. Bryan may come forward as a champion of prohibition enforcement and government ownership of railroads. If he should do so he might upset many calculations even if he could not land the nomination. Mr. Bryan, as a factor in politics, must be reckoned with as long as he lives.

Mr. Palmer and Mr. McAdoo

WHILE we would like to believe that religion cuts little figure in politics, we all know that it is a very important factor and, for that reason, it is doubtful whether a convention would nominate a Quaker for President. Seven years ago A. Mitchell Palmer, now Attorney-General of the United States, declined to be Secretary of War because of his religious scruples, and if a man cannot be a war secretary how could he be consistently a Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy? It is true that Attorney-General Palmer has made a very favorable reputation for himself

(Continued on page 67)

The Word "Gentleman" Is Defined in This Way:

A MAN who is clean both outside and inside; 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 other people have theirs.—ANONYMOUS



Who Wins?

WINNERS WORK TO WIN—whether in athletics or business. A runner never won a race without preparing for the grind. If he didn't he'd drop out in a hurry. He'd have to give way to those who had trained. Isn't that lesson well illustrated in the great game of business? Take the men who are successful—who are holding down good jobs—who win promotion time and again while others stand still. **DID THEY REACH THE TOP WITHOUT TRAINING?** Did they? Promotion isn't a question of "pull" or "luck," but of what a man can do. If he isn't trained for the task—if he isn't mentally fit—he can't qualify for promotion. He can't get the job he wants.

When you apply for a job, why are you asked *what you have done and what you can do?* Your answer determines your fitness. Employers seek the best trained men—just as you pick the best doctor, dentist or tailor. The lesson and reward of training confronts you everywhere.

WHO WINS? The man who can think and act for himself—the man who knows. Just as the trained runner gets off the mark at the crack of the pistol, so the man who is trained to his task gets away to a good start, and, by virtue of his training, has the ability to stick and WIN. It's no harder to earn \$5,000 a year than \$1,000. It's not a question of muscular effort. It's the trained brain that makes the man a winner.

What's Your Handicap?

Let's see if training has ever done anything for you so far. You were born with legs, tongue, hands and brain. **BUT YOU WERE TRAINED TO WALK—AND TALK.** Training taught you to read, write, figure and think. Training enabled you to do things with your hands. Training enabled you to memorize. You've got to acknowledge certain things that training has done for you. Otherwise you couldn't read. But why let it stop at that—why try and worry your way through a lifetime of work only **PARTLY** trained? **WHY?**

Check up—**NOW**—and find out what stops you from progressing—from getting the job you'd like to get—from getting promotion and more pay. If you can't qualify for a better position, isn't it because you lack training? Isn't your greatest handicap the one you have imposed on yourself by ignoring the value of practical training? You were born with brains and natural ability—but a diamond in the rough doesn't glitter.

Let Us Help You Win

The American School has been privileged to help thousands of ambitious men and women into better positions through its courses of practical training. It can do just the same for you providing you will undertake to devote a portion of your spare time to study. Hundreds of experts have put their experience into the lessons you get. Competent instructors guide you along from lesson to lesson until you are master of your particular work. Each lesson will add to your knowledge—and to earn more you must know more. If you have real ambition—**NOW** is the time to prove it. Put it over—don't think it over.

Prepare Now—Profit Later

You'll be no further ahead a year from now unless you begin to train. **BEGIN NOW** and in a few months you will be better fitted for promotion or the job you want; in a year your earning power will be increased—in two years you'll be a master of your task. Your future can be just as **BIG** as you **WANT** it to be. That is entirely up to you. The American School **CAN** help you to succeed—but you must do **YOUR** part. Every month you devote to our practical training you gain knowledge that has a positive dollar value. You know it's training that counts. Why delay promotion? Why dodge a better job?

Want Ad. Evidence

Will it pay you to train? Seek your answer in the want ad columns of any daily paper. Trained men are always in demand—so much so that employers have to advertise for them every day in the year. No matter what line you wish to follow, you will find the gates wide open—anywhere you go—when you can qualify.

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| High School Graduate | Lawyer |
| Western Union Courses | Business Manager |
| Telephone Engineer | Cert. Public Accountant |
| Automobile Engineer | Accountant and Auditor |
| Automobile Repairman | Bookkeeper |
| Airplane Mechanic | Stenographer |
| Fire Insurance Expert | Gen'l Education Course |
| Sanitary Engineer | Com. School Branches |
| Heating and Ventilating Engineer | Electrical Engineer |
| Master Plumber | Electric Light and Power Superintendent |
| Civil Engineer | Hydroelectric Engine |
| Structural Engineer | Wireless Operator |
| Mechanical Engineer | Architect |
| Shop Superintendent | Building Contractor |

Name

Address

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Marguerite L. Smith, Lawmaker

The First Woman to be Elected to the Empire State Legislature

© Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A PERFECT example of feminine paradox is Miss Marguerite L. Smith, recently elected to the State Legislature of New York. She is twenty-five years of age and says so frankly — although she does not look it. She is regarded as one of New York's expert tennis players, she is a skilled motorist, and an exponent of physical culture. In addition to all these things she has an A.M. degree and was on the staff of Barnard College, New York, before her duties called her to Albany. In fact she is serving her State as a legislator under leave of absence from the college.

Brilliant, wide-awake, charming, she has very decided views on every subject of public interest. Yet there is nothing of the militant suffragist about Miss Smith. She is just an intelligent, healthy American girl with a winning personality and an untiring capacity for work. Her dress is invariably feminine — never freakish or masculine — yet thoroughly practical and in perfect taste.

MISS SMITH was born in New York, where she resided with her father, Dr. J. Gardiner Smith, at 21 West 122nd Street. The well-known physician was himself an active prompter of athletic sports and president of the Harlem Chamber of Commerce. After her education was completed, she decided that she would be an interior decorator and make the homes of wealthy persons beautiful. But the call of bigger things made her put this work aside. The spirit of the great outdoors was in her and she soon took up the work of physical training to which her father had devoted so many years of his life.

It seemed to be her forte. But while she was engaging in this new occupation she obtained an A.M. degree from Teachers' College, in 1918. Her familiarity with blood pressure and her reputation as a cardiac expert brought her to the attention of her local draft board during the World War, and it was in this capacity that Miss Smith passed upon the fitness of the youth of her district to wear or escape khaki.

But once the matter of the draft was settled, Miss Smith turned her attention to other war activities. She became a leader in every drive and every war activity inaugurated by the women of New York. As an organizer she was invaluable, and in the Red Cross, Salvation Army and War-Savings campaigns the work she did was prodigious. In the United War Relief Drive alone she personally raised more than \$20,000.



Marguerite L. Smith

Notwithstanding her many activities, Miss Smith was still doing full justice to her work as an instructor in the Horace Mann School. In the Summer of 1919 while attending a Girls' Summer Camp, she received the call to active politics. It came in the form of a telegram which offered her the Republican nomination for the State Assembly from the Nineteenth Legislative District.

At first she demurred, for she had much other work to do and she had long been planning a vacation in the West to rest up from her many activities. But she was persuaded to accept the nomination and she went into the campaign with a fighting spirit that won for her many votes.

Why He Did Not Succeed as a Salesman

He was too anxious.
He lacked resourcefulness.
He did not work by a program.
His tongue outlasted his brain.
He could not read human nature.
He did not know how to approach men.
He could not take a rebuff good-naturedly.
He did not bring the whole man to his task.
He was not a man before he was a salesman.
He did not carry confidence or conviction.

He did not have reserve argument enough to overcome objections.

He spent most of his time trying to overcome a bad first impression.

He was too long-winded. People got tired before he got to the point.

He always thought he could do better if he could only get to some other town.

He lacked cordiality; was a poor mixer; he antagonized and repelled people by his cold manner.

You Can Succeed in the Same Business as Have These Men

\$1,721.00—One Month's Commission

"My largest month's collections were \$4,700.00, with commissions of \$1,721.00. It is not easy to visualize the growth of our business, or its present status, without seeing the organization in action, and learning first-hand, just what your course of instruction can accomplish when intelligently applied. I started with nothing but your lessons, a rented typewriter, a very small office and a great determination to make good—and I have."

C. J. WOODIN, Schenectady, N. Y.



A \$5,000 Business of Your Own

Mr. Woodin's success is told above in his own words. He is a graduate of our course and but one among 4300 men from every walk in life—from every state in the union—who is making big money from the secrets we taught him. A Specialist is always paid well—especially if there is a good demand for his services. We turn out Specialists for an unlimited field—a field in which opportunities have multiplied with the coming of peace. We prepare men to handle collections and credits—practically set you up in business for yourself. Our methods are exclusive, our system identified with our particular course and results are certain.

Surely You Can Do What 4300 Others Have Done

Read the statements at the right hand of this page. These are only Average Cases—not the most remarkable examples by any means—taken from our new Testimony Book. This book contains letters from over a hundred, and there are forty-three times that many more men who have gained independence for themselves through our course of instructions. Can you succeed with over 4300 helpers? We teach you the secrets of getting the money, but we do more—we offer you the aid of our established trained graduates who form a Co-operative Bureau for exchange of business and ideas—over 4300 trained men. They will help you—you will help them.

The collection business is a money-maker for any ambitious man. You do business with the largest and most successful business houses. They are glad to get the kind of service we fit you to give, and all have plenty of business for the man who can deliver the goods. You can start at home with no investment but your brains and a few hours of spare time a week—and build up a profitable business of your own.

Will You Investigate?



Will you let us lay before you the full, comprehensive and convincing evidence—the facts and figures showing what hundreds have done—are doing—what You, too, can do? Will you use this coupon today—now? The results of your investigation will please—will astonish—will certainly convince you.

American Collection Service

775 State Street

Michigan

Over \$8,000 in Com- missions Last Year

"Since 1913, when I completed your course in Collections, my business and profits have steadily climbed forward. My best year was 1918 when I realized in commissions \$8,470.84. My success I attribute to: 1st, your course on Collections which gave me the idea and the incentive; 2nd, just ordinary common sense applied to business problems; 3rd, stick-to-itiveness."

W. P. TAYLOR,
Buffalo, N. Y.



\$581.51 Net Commis- sions this January

"I will give you the figures that I consider the most important, the NET commissions—for after all it was the net commissions which bought my home and farm. July, 1918, \$47.96; Aug., \$47.54; Sept., \$64.81; Oct., \$91.10; Nov., \$60.30; Dec., \$88.10; Jan., 1919, \$60.81."

O. H. OVERHOLSER,
Dayton, Ohio.



Increased Business Each Year

"Our firm is entering upon its 10th year of effort, the basic ideas of the Shriver course have been and still are the foundations of our work. Each year has seen a flattering increase in number of clients on books and largely increased collections."

F. B. ALLEN,
Columbus, Ohio.



Five Months' Commissions, \$6,359.34

"Our commission from one client alone in last ten months was \$1,026.64. Total collections first five months of last year \$20,023.87. Commission \$6,359.34. Business increasing. Your system makes dead-beats pay."

WALTER SANFORD,
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Investigation Coupon

AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE
775 State St., Detroit, Michigan

I want to investigate your proposition. Please send me, without obligation, your pointers on the collection business, telling me how to get a real start in my spare time.

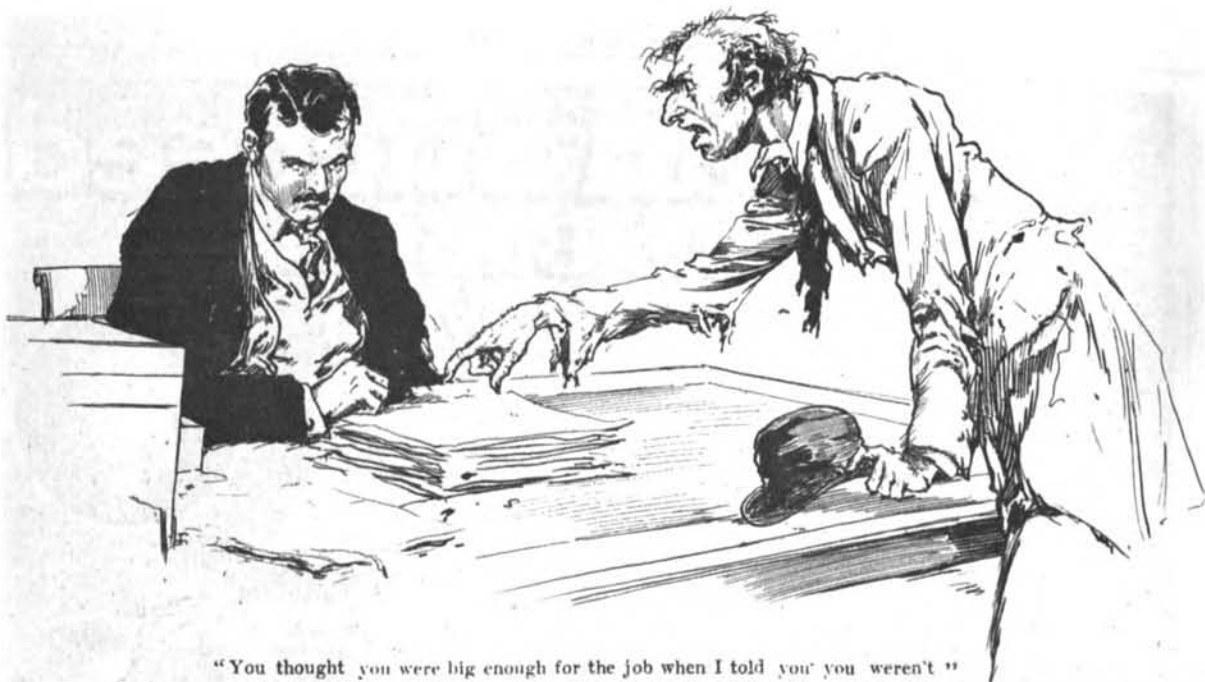
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“You thought you were big enough for the job when I told you you weren’t”

His Boon Companion

The Story of Henry Liverite's Greatest Enemy

By ROBERT MACKAY

THE trouble with Henry Liverite: He didn't do what his name suggested. That doesn't mean that Henry was dishonest, or, in fact, that he broke any of the Commandments. It means, simply, that he didn't know how to live—how to get the most out of life and out of himself. He was always envying the fellow who got a raise in salary—always wishing that he had had the chance Sam Jones enjoyed, or complaining that no matter how hard he worked, things always went wrong.

His friends knew it—and they sympathized with him for a while. Then they set him down for a grouch and let it go at that—leaving Henry to work out his own salvation as best he might. And Mr. Liverite was a confirmed victim of indecision. He wanted to do a thing—and again he didn't—and the result was that he usually did the things he really didn't want to do and left undone the things his heart told him he should have done. He was eternally considering things, thinking them over, weighing matters in the balance, vacillating.

The net result was that, at forty years of age, Henry found himself just about where he had been at twenty-nine, save for the fact that he had invested some eleven years of life-capital without an adequate return. It was discouraging, and the fact was quite as obvious to Helen Liverite as it was to her husband.

Yet, somehow or other, Mrs. Liverite never lost faith in Henry. She was not the type who let her aspirations be blighted. Her ideals had been blurred but they never faded out, and her ambition grew stronger with every dawn. If her husband had possessed her self-confidence he would have been a successful man. As it was, he was

first a conscientious plodder. If he had been able to “make a decent salary” with the same ability that he possessed for making a mountain out of a mole hill, he would have been one of the richest men in the world.

MRS. LIVERITE never criticised Henry for his lack of initiative nor for the lack of money that the two so sadly lacked because of the stationary condition of his pay-envelope. But of recent months she had become a trifle apprehensive. She was afraid that her husband was falling into bad company, and his disposition—usually cheerful in spite of disappointment—began to change.

It began the morning she saw an ill-visaged, ill-dressed stranger lounging about the gateway at the end of the pretty little garden walk. The man was thoroughly disreputable looking. His coat was shabby—its elbows broken out. His trousers were threadbare and ragged at the cuffs. He wore an old, battered derby, and his gloveless hands were far from clean. She had been meaning to speak to Henry about the man at the breakfast table, for she was somewhat afraid of him. But somehow she did not mention the matter and, in fact, gave him no further thought until her husband had kissed her good-by and started for the office.

Then, to her amazement, as she stared out of the window, she saw the man nod familiarly to Henry, and the two walked down the street together. She sat down to think it over. Who could this stranger be? He looked like a criminal—or worse. She would not have imagined that Henry would even be seen on the street with him, much less greet him as he might a friend and an old associate, which he had most evidently done.

Throughout the day the matter preyed upon her mind; but occupied with her tasks, and eager to get her new dress finished for the church fair, she soon forgot the trampish-looking individual and put the memory of him aside, with the mental reservation that she would question Henry upon his return.

IT happened that when evening came she was standing on the verandah when Henry turned the street corner on his way home from the station. There was someone with him—someone she could not quite distinguish in the faint light of the street lamp. Now she saw her husband hesitate. He seemed to be arguing with his companion—rather bitterly and certainly very earnestly, she observed.

At first she could not believe her senses; but now, under the lamp-post she distinctly recognized the features and shabby garb of the stranger who had been waiting for Henry that morning. Could this be a beggar dogging Henry's footsteps in an effort to secure alms? Could it be that her husband had been involved in some disgraceful proceeding? Was this man one of his companions in the affair? Was he trying to blackmail him or lead him into further indiscretions. She refused to believe it. And now, with a sigh of relief, she saw Henry roughly but determinedly push the stranger away from him and come rapidly toward the house.

Mrs. Liverite greeted him with a cheery smile and open arms, and it did her pretty eyes good to see the tired, rather worried look fade from her husband's face. It was always so, she had observed through the years of their married life. No matter how downhearted Henry was—and he was inclined to be morose at times—her evident love for him, her full trust in him, seemed to ease his burdens. And, whispered through the neighbors, Henry Liverite was a lucky man to have a wife who adored him and who eased his struggles with her serene confidence in the fact that nothing evil can survive. She believed in him and he knew it. The fact had always tended to buoy him up and make him battle the harder—until lately.

WHILE she was preparing the dinner, she noticed that Henry was restless.



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Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work. You will find them in city, town and country—in office, factory, shop, store, mine and mill, on farms and on railroads. There are clerks who became Advertising Managers, Salesmen and Executives; carpenters who became Architects and Contractors; mechanics who became Engineers and Electrical Experts; men and boys who rose from nothing at all to splendid responsible positions.

There are such men as Jesse G. Vincent, who advanced from toolmaker's apprentice to Vice President of Engineering of the Packard Motor Car Company. Such men as H. E. Gardner, who won through I. C. S. spare time study the training that equipped him to build the great Equitable Building. These are but examples. They have proved what men with ambition can do.

More than a million men and women in the last 26 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion.

The first step to success in the I. C. S. way is to choose your career from this list and mail this coupon here and now.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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He peered out of the parlor window into the street as if watching for someone. When she questioned him, he answered rather vaguely—almost sharply. She looked out herself—through the kitchen window—and she thought she observed the tramp loitering behind the hedge of the adjoining house. The thing disturbed her. She wanted to ask Henry about the fellow—perhaps she ought to warn him that the hum had not gone as Henry had evidently bidden him to do.

But on second thought she decided that if her husband had wished to mention the man he would have done so. The dinner was served and, as they talked together, Henry's spirits seemed to rise. He talked of the possibility of getting a better position at the office—a position of greater responsibility and larger possibilities—with a higher salary from the start. He seemed to be confident—delighted at the prospect—and as his wife listened to his plans she completely forgot the stranger without their gate.

But while she was washing up the dishes she caught a glimpse of Henry staring out of the window once more. He was restlessly pacing up and down the floor and as the clock struck eight, he announced his intention of going for a little walk. He said he didn't feel like reading and it was too soon to go to bed. Perhaps the air would do him good, he told her.

Sympathetic, she urged him to go by all means, but she looked somewhat anxiously after him as she heard the faint click of the garden gate. As she had surmised—and feared—the tramp was still there, lounging against the lamp-post. She saw him greet Henry as if he had been waiting for him by appointment, and the two walked off, talking earnestly.

A FEELING of unrest came over her, and with the dishes half done she put on her hat and cloak and started out herself. For nearly half an hour she searched the streets for Henry and finally found him in a poorer section of the town down near the river that ran past the mill. The tramp was pointing to the river and speaking eagerly to Henry as she came toward them. Henry was shaking his head, seemingly wishing to leave the man, and yet not quite able to make up his mind to do so. Their argument grew more and more heated, and finally it became evident that the tramp was persuading Henry to take his view of the matter, whatever it might be.

Helen Liverite almost ran to her husband's side. She caught his arm and drew him away from his evil-looking companion. The man seemed to slink away into the shadows as though he feared Helen, and Henry's face brightened as he saw his wife at his side.

"Henry," she said pleadingly, "who is this fellow? What hold has he on you and why do you go walking about town with him in this way day and night?"

He looked at her strangely and shrugged his shoulders. "He's nobody I should ever want you to know," he told her feelingly. "I hope to be rid of him one day but business is in such a state now that I cannot get away from him very well."

"But, Henry," said Helen, "if you would not wish me to meet him, why do you associate with him yourself? Surely being seen with him cannot reflect any credit on you—and he seems to take all the stamina out of you every time you talk with him."

Henry nodded. He could not admit it, but he still seemed to feel the presence and the uncanny influence of the man.

"He knows a great many people and has a vast influence with them," Henry began by way of excusing himself. "He is really very powerful, very convincing in the

things he says. He was just pointing out to me why I cannot afford to take this new job at the office. He says that I can't swing it. He explained that I have been so many years in my present department that I really do not know the higher phases of the business and that I would never make good if I accepted the promotion."

"Why, Henry Liverite!" Helen exclaimed, "do you really mean to say that you let any man tell you such things? I'm surprised at you. A man of your education and ability can handle any position that's entrusted to you—and you know it."

"I thought I knew it," Henry stalled, "until he showed me the pitfalls that would lie ahead of me. He pointed out that I would be the laughing stock of the office if I failed—"

"But you won't fail!" his wife assured him with determination. "And if you weren't so sensitive as to what other people might think, you would be better off, my dear."

"But he is so logical in all that he says. He tells me that I have wasted the best years of my life where I am—that I am too old to make a fresh start."

"Henry," said Mrs. Liverite, slipping her arm through his. "Who is this man—what is his name?"

"Discouragement," said her husband, half reluctantly, half fearfully.

"I thought so," his wife said, smiling wisely. "I knew him years ago. He courted me very industriously, and I must admit that, as you say, his words are very convincing. But I soon learned that he had no happiness in the world to offer me. I knew that a life with him would be one long routine of sorrow and disappointment. So I gave him up—and married you!"

HENRY gave a happy little laugh—the first Helen had heard from his lips in many weeks. "Well, I got the best of him that time didn't I?" he asked.

"I hope you feel that way—about me—"

Helen said quietly.

"I do, my dear," Henry said. "If it were not for you I'm afraid I would go into a permanent partnership with Old Man Discouragement. He may not hold out happy thoughts; but he is very plausible in his statements and then it is so easy to fall in with his views."

"The line of least resistance is always the easiest way for the weak," Helen reminded him. "But you're not weak—you only lack decision—and that you can overcome very readily. Perhaps not so easily, as nothing worth while comes without hard work; but you have in you the stamina to conquer if you will only do it. I know that the struggle against the world is hard and cheerless for the man who feels that nobody cares whether he sinks or swims—who is convinced that no one cares what becomes of him—but you know that I care what becomes of you, Henry."

"I know you do, my dear," Liverite said. They were walking homeward now; but Henry knew that Old Man Discouragement was by no means conquered, and that he was walking along behind them, still hoping for a word with Henry before he went to bed.

"I've tried, Helen," Liverite went on, still under the spell of his recent talk with the man. "I'm sorry I haven't been able to give you more—and, really, if I could sort of pass out now, you'd be much better off. You are young and pretty and I've a fair amount of life insurance—"

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you!" Helen burst out. "We've a comfortable little home. All the Persian rugs and all the costly paintings in the world wouldn't make it any happier than we two can—just by

ourselves. Happiness lives in the house where there is peace and contentment. It isn't as if we were like the Wrangles—always quarreling; or, for instance, the Naggs—always finding fault with each other over the veriest trifles. Not that I condemn, my dear; I rather feel sorry for them because they are so foolish. We've never had any such troubles as they have—and they've really never had any either—for all their woes are imaginary or self-made."

"Troubles are more easily made than—unmade," Henry said, still thinking of Old Man Discouragement and his words a short while before. They had seared deep into Henry's brain and he could not seem to shake off the tramp's influence, despite the fact that this wonderfully desirable, wonderfully helpful woman was walking by his side—leading him back to their home.

"I wonder," Helen said softly. "Henry, I think trouble is largely a habit. You get into it and forget how to get out of it. You know the old saying about the drowner who rejoiced in poor health. A lot of people rejoice in being in difficulties. They seem to lack the sympathy of others—because they shut themselves out from such sympathy—and feeling the need of sympathetic stimulation they try to create a false sympathy themselves. They like to play the martyr and regale the world with the ills of their souls, just as others seem to enjoy relating bodily ailments."

"Possibly you're right," Henry admitted. He no longer heard the soft padding footsteps of Old Man Discouragement on the pavement behind them.

"Of course I'm right," Helen said. "You and I married for better or worse. I want to share your responsibilities and your joys. Together, Henry, we can do anything—we can be happy beyond measure—whether we have much or little worldly wealth. I'm not a frivolous, grasping woman who must have everything she lays her eyes on. I only want the man I married—and the sort of man I believed, and still believe, I was getting."

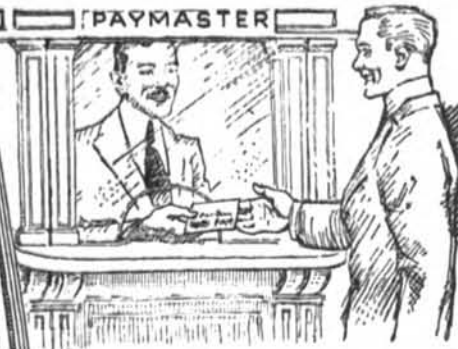
HIS hand closed over hers in a gentle pressure. She had aroused the spirit of pride, the determination of ambition that had lain dormant in his heart. Old Man Discouragement had given up—for the night—and had taken himself off to convene with some of his boon companions in the hovels down near the river front.

"It's strange," Henry said to her, as they turned in at the gate, "but being down in the mouth sort of becomes a habit. It's like the quotation from the old school-book on English Literature—that one about 'Vice is a creature of such frightful mein'—"

"Then don't get too familiar with the face of Old Man Discouragement!" Helen said triumphantly. "If being down in the mouth is a habit—form a new habit to take its place. We're all creatures of habit and if we want to displace one we must form another."

He smiled down upon her and slipped his arm about her as he had done in the days when they first moved into the little house—full of plans for the future—occupied with dreams of the mansion they should build some day and the children that would some later day inherit the fortune they should leave. It seemed as if their hearts, beating in unison, would drown out the words Old Man Discouragement was even then trying in a telepathic manner to convey to Henry.

It was Helen who broke the silence. "Henry," she said, "do you remember how the Bickers went from bad to worse and nearly broke up their little home until little Harmony came?"



Five Days to Prove I Can Raise Your Pay

I've done it for thousands of others. I can doubtless do it for you. If I can't, then it won't cost you a cent

I MEAN just what I say. There's no trick or catch about it. Give me five days and I'll prove that I can get your pay raised for you. I'll do it on a "show you" basis. You get the proof before you pay me a cent.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches. There's no sound reason why I cannot do it for you. So let's try.

Now, follow me carefully. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do it. I'm the possessor of a "secret" for which men have been searching since Time began.

There's no need to discuss the whys and wherefores of this "secret."

A FEW EXAMPLES

Personal Experiences

Among over 350,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britts; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christensen of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. B. Sims, Lewis, & Fretwell; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; and many others of equal prominence.

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"The result from one day's study netted me \$500 cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it for ten times the cost."—A. W. Willis, Faulkton, So. Dakota.

Worth \$15,000 and More
"The book has been worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Shepard, 117 S. Locust St., Des Moines, Ill.

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"If I had only had it when I was 30 years old, I would be worth \$100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—B. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Miami, Tex.

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"One of our boys who read Power of Will before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$3,000 the first month, and won a \$250 prize for the best salesmanship in the State."—Private A. Brill, A. R. F., France.

Suffice it to say that *It Works*. That's all we care about—*It Works*. Over 350,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves.

Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor Ferris of Michigan; and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling; whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich overnight. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

How It Is Done

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the

Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over a quarter of a million others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three and a half dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

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You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$1.50 or refund the book to you in five days.

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Address _____

Original from 1045

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

He nodded.

"Since then their home has been so different. Harmony has made such a change. They bought a car last week. They'd saved for a long while because it cost quite a little money to send Harmony to school. She's a darling child. So sweet mannered—so lovable—so unselfish!"

OLD MAN DISCOURAGEMENT didn't show up for several days. Liverite got his promotion. He entered into his new work with an enthusiasm that put all other thoughts from his mind. Helen too was living in the seventh heaven of delight. She felt that Henry had come into his own—that he was cashing in to the fullest extent on his ability and that he had forever severed his connections with Old Man Discouragement.

But one morning, as Henry sat at his desk in the new glass-walled office that had been assigned to him, his nemesis walked into the room unannounced. "You thought I was wrong, didn't you?" the Old Man asked. Then a long, lean, none too clean finger pointed accusingly at the pile of letters that lay before Henry. "You thought you were big enough for the job when I told you you weren't. You let your brainless, yet well-meaning little wife persuade you against your own better judgment. I hate to say it, Henry; but, *I told you so.*"

"I guess you're right," Henry said, reaching for his hat. "Let's go out and take a walk while we talk it over."

The office force stared strangely at the two as they passed from Henry's private office to the entrance door. The boss stood by the bookkeeper's desk and looked after Henry with a sorrowful look in his eyes. "I thought he had better stuff in him," he said, but very quietly, under his breath. "It's a wonderful thing when a man can find himself, and that's all Liverite needs to do. He's loyal as can be, yet he won't see himself in his true light. And I wish he wouldn't associate with the sort of people he's just gone out with!"

But, of course, Henry did not know his chief's thoughts. Nor did he know that the chief was more than ready to help him solve the problem Old Man Discouragement had mentioned when looking at the morning's mail. Henry felt at first like going to the most expensive of the city's restaurants and endeavoring to forget his troubles amid the brilliance of the scene. Then he looked at Old Man Discouragement, trudging by his side, and he realized that the tramplike creature would be out of place in such surroundings. So he suggested a cheap, around-the-corner lunchroom. There the two ate, and Discouragement let Henry pay the price of the cheap, unsatisfactory meal. That is a favorite trick of Old Man Discouragement. He never splits an obligation—never pays it himself—he always lets you pay. If you've ever met him, you know. But Henry didn't—just then.

"You're sure to get fired," the Old Man said. "The boss will be furious when you go back and he sees what a mistake you've made. You really should have taken my advice and stayed where you were at a job that you could have held for life—just as a pensioner. But you wouldn't have it. You tried to reach out for something you couldn't do—and, as I said, you didn't get away with it."

"Please don't rub it in," Henry pleaded. "I know you're right; but how am I going to face my wife—much less my boss?"

"Why face her?" said Old Man Discouragement with a sneer on his ugly features. "You don't have to live. One of the wisest men who ever lived said that."

"That's rather true," Henry admitted. "I was talking to Helen about my insurance the other night. It would take care

of her—but the idea of suicide seems cowardly to me."

Old Man Discouragement was upon his feet in a moment. "Such an idea is ridiculous!" he said. "By going on you can only make things worse."

HENRY arose, too. "Let's get out of here," he said. "I want to think. I must think clearly and quickly. 'I was just wondering,' he mused aloud, 'whether I ought not to talk this over with someone else. I know the boss will flay me—and he's entitled to do it. But if I had any backbone in me, I believe I'd stand for his criticism—and for his call down—if it would tend to my own benefit.'"

"Of course," Old Man Discouragement said to him subtly, "of course, if you care for the criticism of a heartless, cringing boss—go back and take your medicine. But honestly, I think you'll find mine more pleasant a dose."

"I can't decide just now," Liverite said. And his conscience said, "That's the trouble with you: You never can decide until you decide that it's too late!"

"What was that remark?" Old Man Discouragement inquired, putting his filthy hand to his ear. "I didn't get it."

"Nothing—I didn't say a word," Henry told him. "I'm going to phone the office that I don't feel well and I won't be back this afternoon. After I've slept over the thing I'll determine what to do. If I take your advice—why, of course, I needn't go back. I couldn't go back. But I may—"

"You won't," said Old Man Discouragement with evident glee. "You always find that I'm right in the end. Telephone—and then I'll go home and have dinner with you. We'll discuss it together during the evening."

Liverite wanted to say, "No." He knew that the tramp would not be received by Helen. Yet he did not know how to shake the fellow. At any rate he telephoned the office. The operator said that several messages had come for him and that the boss wished to see him at four o'clock.

Liverite decisive at a time when he should not have been—and when he made the wrong decision as usual, said he could not possibly be there and that he would not be at his desk until morning. He was ill and was going home with a friend, he told the girl.

AND home they went. All the way there—in the taxi-cab which Old Man Discouragement suggested they take because it would give them more privacy and freedom to speak without being overheard—he continued to advise Liverite as to his future course.

"It would be silly to go to the office again," he said. "You don't want to be raked over the coals and insulted by the boss. You can't make good in that job anyway. If you do go and do try, you're going to lose out. Why not be sensible and make a graceful exit. If you kill yourself, everyone will believe that it was ill-health or overwork. The boss will probably do something handsome for your wife—for he's not a bad-hearted old pirate—and she'll have your insurance money besides. That lets you out."

Liverite was silent for the rest of the ride. He was trying to reconcile all that his companion had said, with all that had happened and with the greeting he knew they would get at home.

"Really, old man," he said when they were near his home, "I'd rather you wouldn't come up to-night. I'm afraid my wife wouldn't understand. She doesn't like you, you see, and she may raise a fuss."

"Don't worry," said Old Man Discouragement. "I can handle her well enough. Besides

I wouldn't let you go home alone under the circumstances. You need my advice and I'm going to give it to you."

So it was that when the two alighted, Helen Liverite appeared on the verandah of the pretty little cottage. There was a slight shade of anxiety on her face when she observed her husband alighting from the cab. Her first fear was that he might have been injured or ill. Then, as she saw Henry's companion, she was even more excited.

She ran down the steps and kissed her husband. "Henry," she said, "I've been trying to get you on the telephone all afternoon."

Liverite looked at her strangely puzzled. "What did the office say?" he asked.

"That you were gone for the day, dear—and I was wondering where you had gone—what could be the matter."

Liverite noticed that she was paying not the slightest attention to Old Man Discouragement, who now stood behind him on the flag walk. The Tramp seemed ill at ease, but there was a look of angry annoyance on his wrinkled features. In that moment Liverite seemed to sense something he had not observed before. Old Man Discouragement's face was most unpleasant. His personality was even more so. Yet Henry Liverite knew he could not rid himself of the man as yet. They were still to talk things over—particularly to learn what should be Liverite's course at the office on the morrow.

Helen was speaking again. "I had such glorious news for you—and I'm so glad you're not hurt or anything. I knew you couldn't be—under the circumstances!" She gave a contemptuous glance at the tramp, who actually quivered under her gaze.

"Well," said Liverite, anticipating an unpleasant encounter, yet more or less keyed up by the enthusiastic words of his wife. "What are these supposedly joyous circumstances?"

"My sister, Hope, is coming for dinner. I know you've never met her; but she arrived to-day. I am so glad!"

"Hope!" Liverite exclaimed. "Then there is really such a person in the world?"

"Hope!" said Helen with a smile. "Of course—the most glorious—the most delightful woman who ever lived. And," she said, "Hope's memory will never die. She is so lovely, so uplifting that you will adore her. Oh, I've been wanting her to come here and really get acquainted with you for so long!"

Old Man Discouragement reached out his bony hand and touched Liverite on the arm.

"I don't think I'll stay for dinner," he said. "As your wife knows, I courted her long before she married you. Naturally I had met her sister, Hope. Hope doesn't care for me. We have always been enemies. Don't deceive yourself. Let me give you a piece of advice before I leave you alone with these two scheming women."

WITH Discouragement's hand upon his arm, Liverite entered his own house, leaving his wife upon the verandah. The two went into the library and Liverite threw himself into an easy chair. Old Man Discouragement sat restively upon the edge of the table, swinging his bony legs and resembling nothing so much as he did a skeleton. But now he leaned forward and expressed himself in quick, terse terms.

"Liverite," he said, "You're a fool! You know you can't go back to the office. You don't want this senseless sister-in-law of yours here. It will only make your disgrace the greater. Take this—and do as I suggested."

Old Man Discouragement put his bony

New Stomachs for Old in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods correctly combined!

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomachs today, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental de-

pression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappearing, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste, and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man of 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, everyone of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,
Dept. 1541, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City**

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days or send you \$3.50

Name Address
City State

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society Department 1541, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.50, the small fee asked.

The reasons that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is Life; for if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he would jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated, by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular

heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neuros-theinics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps) Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 199, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

hand into his pocket and drew forth a revolver. He tossed it into the lap of the downcast Liverite. "A simple pull of the trigger and all your troubles will be over!" he said.

Liverite took up the thing and touched it. This, then, was the way out!

Old Man Discouragement nodded. He indicated with his own bony finger—how the weapon might be used.

Liverite picked it up and imitated the gestures of his companion. The pistol was properly placed. He needed only the correct pressure on the trigger. But—once again in his life—he lacked decision.

Then the door of the room opened and Helen entered. Behind her was a glorious girl, smiling radiantly.

She was Hope—whom Henry had never met.

Hope smiled. She stepped forward and Henry hastily put the revolver beneath his chair.

Hope held out her hand to him, beaming with cordiality. "Henry," she said slowly. "I think it's about time I met you. We've been strangers too long."

"I agree with you," Henry said very slowly but decisively.

Old Man Discouragement picked up his battered hat. He reached for the revolver he had handed Liverite, but Hope put her pretty foot upon it.

Then she turned toward the old man. "Go!" she said severely, "and don't come here again."

"Oh! I'll find other victims," said Discouragement. "The world is full of them. I don't have to look far." And he started for the door.

"And wherever you go in the future I shall follow," said Hope.

THE DOLLAR AN HOUR PHILOSOPHER

continued from page 29

I was little short of marvelous how that crowd faded away. Mr. Phil stood on the steps, a sad little expression upon his face, and watched them go. Then he turned once more to Mr. Prall and signed to him to come inside.

Within the portals of the court house, Mr. Phil stopped abruptly and took the dignified lawyer by the arm. "You heard me speak over the telephone," he said. "You heard me speak to that throng outside. You are a man learned in the law. You know how men and women can be swayed by words backed by wisdom. What has been your part in life? You have swayed—you have worked marvels by your oratory plus your knowledge of the technicalities of the law?"

Mr. Prall neither relished the questions nor being where he was in company with this uncanny, unkempt man. "Suppose you come to my office," suggested the lawyer, not sure that he had better call a policeman.

"That's the last place in the world I want to go," Mr. Phil told him. "It's also the last place in the world I want you to go until you have seen what I propose to show you."

Mr. Prall threw up his hands. There seemed no way of silencing this man. He did not know why he fell under the spell of his all-seeing eyes—his all-penetrating gaze and his curious personal magnetism. The lawyer surrendered. Frequently he had out-talked the keenest legal minds of the bar. He had swayed judges and juries.



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Take your place among the successful men in business.

In thousands of those city offices—in factories and mills, with railroads and steamship lines—in every class of business everywhere—there is always a high-salaried job for the trained executive or the man who has made himself a specialist in departmental management or administration. Our big industries are constantly in need of capable men to help carry out plans, to organize, to develop and to extend important operations. They need that help now—they are looking for it, ready and glad to pay its full worth.

Here is your opportunity. Make yourself a specialized business expert and you can pick your own job—step quickly far up the line. Without training you will stay where you are or you will advance only step by step.

Capitalize Your Brains

Making your brains worth money in business is equivalent to having a large cash capital safely invested—capital that nothing can take away from you—capital on which the dividends will grow from year to year.

A \$5000 salary is equivalent to 5% on an investment of \$100,000. Higher salaries represent a corresponding increase in your brain capitalization. LaSalle training has already made brain capitalists of thou-

sands of men who once were holding small pay jobs.

It advanced a freight checker at Seattle to the position of General Freight and Passenger Agent. It lifted one man from a bookkeeper's stool at \$18 a week to a general auditor's desk and \$7500 a year. It made a small town railroad employee a successful lawyer. It raised a clerk to an officership in his company. It has done similar things for thousands of other ambitious men. With the investment of about 300 hours of your spare time and a few dollars monthly as you go along, you can get the same training these men got—you can make your brains the source of a larger income. LaSalle men report salary increases which show profits up to 7200% per annum on the cost of their courses.

Have you any such prospect in your present position? Can you expect or demand promotion on the basis of the expert knowledge required for the place higher up?

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You can get LaSalle training while you hold your present job. A few hours a week of your outside time put in under the direction of our experts will give you the thoro, practical knowledge which wins recognition and commands the higher salaries.

Do what other men of purpose are doing—2102 LaSalle men with the Pennsylvania Railroad, 800 with the Standard Oil Co., 864 with Armour & Co., 809 with the U.S. Steel Corporation, over 900 with the Baltimore & Ohio and hundreds with each of many other great corporations are making themselves capable of handling the most complicated business problems—they are able to originate and carry out broad, successful policies. It is men like these who rise to positions of leadership.

As a LaSalle student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our Consulting Service which gives you the privilege of calling on our staff of experts in all departments at any time when you need help or counsel on special business matters.

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Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal



MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experiment would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of

happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of Internal Bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only did Internal Bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information for the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York, and mention having read this article in The New Success Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

(Advertisement)

But this tramp was frankly a puzzle to him. He felt chagrined.

"Great Scott!" groaned Prall. "Who—what are you?"

"One who believes that he is privileged to be a sort of apostle," replied Mr. Phil very sanely.

"I don't—don't quite get you—" gasped Mr. Prall.

"Very few people do," said Mr. Phil. "I don't usually ride in taxicabs; but I think you'd best call one and come with me."

"But I've a most important client waiting for me in the office," Prall protested. "He'll be furious. All my partners are out of town."

"Not if little Jane Morrow is looking after him," Mr. Phil said, in his soft yet masculine tone.

Prall stopped halfway to call the motor-cab. "Will you tell me what this is all about?" he shot at Mr. Phil.

The philosopher did not budge an inch. He looked commanding, notwithstanding his costume. He pointed his finger strangely toward the direction of the taxi toward which Prall had moved.

"It's all about a number of things that are most important to a number of people—including yourself, Mr. Prall," said the man. "Will you get that taxicab and let me explain while we're going, where I can show you a part of what I wish to convey."

The attorney shrugged his shoulders and hustened to get the cab. Then the two stepped in and were swiftly rolled away toward the address that Mr. Phil had mentioned to the driver.

IT was several hours later that Mr. Prall stepped from the elevator of his office building. He seemed a different man. There were several reasons why he should be. Duane Prall had learned a lesson that day that all his years and all his legal experience had failed to teach him. To have been called a liar on the steps of the criminal courts building—that had been enough! The crowd had heard the accusation. But—far worse than that—he now admitted in his own heart of hearts, that he *was* a liar. And he was about to act the liar again. This time, he hoped, it would make a different man of him—and of Hunt Van Wagen.

"Confound that tramp!" he said to himself. Then, "I must forget such ideas if I am to play my part," he reminded himself. "But—who on earth is he?"

As he entered his office, he saw his young client striding up and down the reception-room, and his stenographer busily typing at her desk in the opposite corner. Notwithstanding his careful control of his facial muscles, there was a twinkle in his eye. The two had quite evidently been quarreling, just as the tramp had predicted. Half an hour of silly bantering, half an hour of vigorous courting, ten minutes of quarrel, and then twenty minutes of aggrieved pacing up and down on the part of Van Wagen and an air of injured innocence on the part of Jane Morrow. So had the tramp forecasted the result of Van Wagen's being kept waiting. And it had come to pass.

"Truly the man is marvelous!" Mr. Prall muttered. Then he began very earnestly to apologize to Van Wagen.

But the young millionaire was in no mood to be soothed. He seemed to want to vent his wrath on everyone—on Prall and Jane Morrow in particular. The girl paid no attention to him, but kept her eyes on her work. Her little fingers rapidly touched the typewriter keys—although a gentle and most becoming flush overspread her pretty face.



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Prall was inclined to be exasperated, but he realized that the little plot in which he and Mr. Phil had indulged, was enough to provoke his client. Besides he now had his own rôle to play—carefully outlined to him by the tramp.

"Mr. Van Wagen," he said calmly, "you should not excite yourself—notwithstanding the millions you possess, you are almost bankrupt in the most important kind of currency in the world. That is cheerfulness and charity. Patience, forbearance, kindly word and a kindly act—consideration for others—these are the things that constitute real riches, that make the world better and happier. It is true that some obligations require money to settle; but the greatest obligation we owe to our fellows is paid in cheerfulness and square dealing."

"Don't you preach to me" snapped Van Wagen. "I'm getting sick of this sort of thing. Ever since I encountered that tramp last night—"

He paused abruptly, at loss for words, and Prall, who fully understood what he had been about to say, merely raised his eyebrows and assumed not to gather his meaning.

"I am told that you mean not to increase those rents," the lawyer began.

"Well you were told wrongly!" snapped Hunt. "Raise 'em all—raise 'em all you can! And what's more, I want you to put all of my investments into stocks that will pay larger dividends. It is ridiculous that I should earn so little on my principal. Besides, I am planning to go away for a long time—to—to—er, China, I think," he added with a sidelong glance at Jane Morrow, who only arched her eyebrows and turned up her saucy nose. The remark had been intended for her, and, spurred to sudden fury, he turned and entered Prall's private room, almost slamming the door in the face of the amused lawyer.

"No one can succeed in life by holding an antagonistic mental attitude, Mr. Van Wagen," the attorney reproved, having carefully memorized the remark made to him a short time previous by Mr. Phil.

VAN WAGEN stared at him in amazement. "Why on earth does everyone pick on me?" he demanded. "What has happened that suddenly I seem to have lost the respect of everyone—that everyone seems bent upon reforming me?"

"Probably because those who surround you have seen a great light. They are tired of your overbearing arrogance—of your folly—of your self-willed intolerance of the rights of others. Probably because after all, there is something human and likable about you—and those who appeal to you wish to help you to make a man of yourself."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Hunt. "First it was Mr. Phil—then your stenographer—and now, of all people, you!"

"Give me strength and wisdom to hold out and play my part!" Prall murmured to himself. It was the first time in many long years that he had breathed a prayer. The result caused a revelation within the man. He was actually feeling as if he himself had been cleansed by some all-cleansing force.

"I'd give a mint to know who that philosopher is!" he said, with a feeling of reverent awe. "Whoever he may be, he is certainly a wonderful personality and force for the uplifting of those about him. Why just my few minutes with him, have made a better man of me!"

Then, remembering where he was, and that his client was facing him, he calmed himself, and proceeded with the task that Phil had outlined for him—the characterizing of Hunt-Van Wagen.



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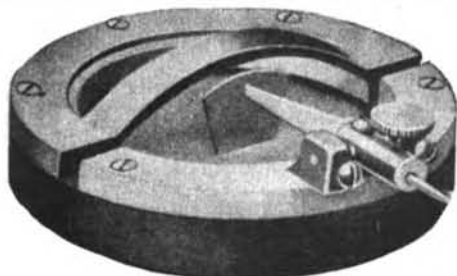
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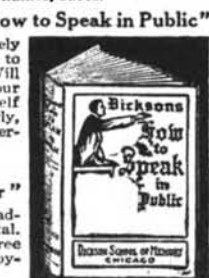
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ON a hospital cot far from the offices of Dawkins, Prall & Dawkins, lay Mildred Thomas, nursing her injury. It was in a cheerful room in the hospital where Mr. Phil, the dollar-an-hour philosopher, had been treated one evening a month before. And the attending physician was the same young interne who had bound up Mr. Phil's wounds. There was a look of tender eagerness in Dr. Jamieson's eyes, and he seemed to glory in the possession of the professional skill that would enable him to heal this lovely girl.

And she was lovely, torn though her disposition had been. And even that was now undergoing a change as she looked into the face of the kindly old tramp who sat at her bedside. Slowly the broken bone was knitting together, sound and firm as before; and, slowly too, the broken disposition of the young woman was being knitted into a fine, holy thing that was to make the world a happier place for her, and better for her being in it.

To-day she seemed a bit downcast, and Mr. Phil was quick to notice it. At first he could not force the truth from her, but gradually, amid tears and trembling lips, she told him. The young doctor had confessed that he loved her, but he also told her he was poor, and that it would be years before his practice—still a future dream—would enable him to support a wife.

"And though I've always been poor, and have worked for a living," she went on, "I've loved expensive things—envied those who had them, and fretted out my heart when I could not have the luxuries I craved. Now, because of that, I am afraid to accept Dr. Jamieson. I am afraid we could never be happy together—that I would only be a drag on him."

Phil smiled. "You are wrong, dear child," he said. "You take a pessimistic view of things, and pessimism is a sin. I once heard a man say that an optimist is a man who looks into the dark and sees a light that isn't there. The pessimist is the man who tries to blow out that light. Now, happiness is dependent upon the light of contentment with one's lot—and you mustn't try to blow out that light. To be content with one's lot, one must make that lot worth while—and that is within the power of all of us. We are truly the architects of our own happiness just as we are the builders of our fortunes. If you really love Jamieson and he really loves you,—well, that is the greatest foundation for happiness the world has ever known."

"But you really think it would be wise to marry when everything is so costly. I know I should not be happy to be denied the things I've always craved?"

"You will cease to crave them if you really care," Mr. Phil told her. "Luxury does not make a happy home. A good woman can shed a light of good cheer, of comfort and contentment in the most modest dwelling. A house that lacks costly furnishings, servants, and the evidences of worldly power and influence, can become a temple if it is transformed by true love. If your heart is right you will glory in the trials that may be ahead of you. You will make light of denial—even glory in it—and the most menial duties you may be called upon to perform, will seem to you a sacred right because you are doing them for love."

There were other tears in her eyes now, and Mr. Phil gently stroked her hand as it lay on the white coverlet. "Don't ever anticipate evil," he warned. "Far more unhappiness is fancied than that which is real. If you persist in fearing you will be unhappy, then unhappiness is bound to result. The habit of saying 'I'm afraid,' is the



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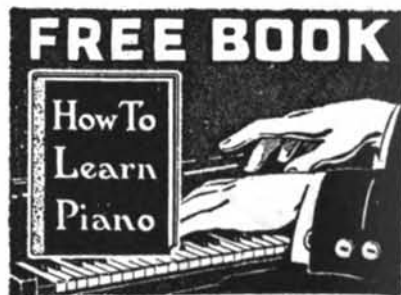


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sometimes I wonder if you are not—not the human embodiment of something far more wonderful."

Mr. Phil shook his head. "I am just a mortal who has seen a great light. I have suffered and I know that true happiness only comes from suffering. I am paying for my sins in the past by helping others to commit less and less sin—in showing them what great fun it really is to be good."

"But do you honestly think you will succeed with Hunt?" she asked. "You know he has been spoiled from childhood. He may be furious when he learns that you have tricked him—for you really have done that, Mr. Phil, by getting Prail to let him have his own way."

"He will be cured," Mr. Phil assured her. "Instead of being angry, he will thank us all. The injustice that exists in the world is all the result of a terrible thirst for wealth and power. It is this that creates clashes between the various elements of society—that makes men miserable and brings unhappiness upon all who come in contact with them. But once Hunt learns that justice must prevail, he will become a useful, contented citizen. Then—and not until then—will your task begin. That task will consist of being a good wife to him—and in giving him the reward he will have earned."

Jane turned her head away. Mr. Phil sighed deeply. He seemed to want to say something; but he merely suggested that she now go in and join Mildred and the doctor.

HUNT VAN WAGEN was seated in the library when Mr. Phil was admitted to the big Fifth Avenue house. Although Mr. Phil's appearance was more presentable than on the night Hunt had brought him there after the automobile accident, he still refused to discard his shabby clothes. Consequently he still made a strange picture in the costly home—a figure strangely out of keeping amid the magnificent surroundings. But he entered with the air of one who belonged there, and calmly sat in an easy chair opposite young Van Wagen.

The millionaire looked up at him with an unpleasant light in his eyes. "Mr. Phil," he said, tossing the evening newspaper away from him. "I'm ruined!"

"That's good," said the tramp.

"Good!" roared Van Wagen. "Don't tease me—you old idiot! Do you understand! The market took another slump this afternoon, and I'm ruined—cleaned out—broke! This house will have to go—and everything I own! I'll have to go to work—and you know there isn't a single useful thing that I know how to do!"

"Yes, there is," Mr. Phil interrupted. "You seem to have just learned to take an accurate measure of yourself."

Hunt's eyes flashed. "Oh, yes; I'm a fool, all right! I admit that now—when it's too late."

"It's never too late when a man will honestly admit that he has been a fool," Mr. Phil told him quietly.

"And who cares?" Hunt went on disconsolately. "No one."

"Are you sure?" Mr. Phil asked. "Undoubtedly the saddest thing in life is to feel that no one cares whether we succeed or not. It is a still sadder thing when a man does not care himself. To feel that one is absolutely alone in the world and that one's triumphs or failures interest no one is a tragedy. But it is within the power of all of us to make people care—to make some one individual care—and to make the whole world our friends. Have you ever tried it?"

"No," Hunt admitted slowly. "I've never cared a hang what anybody thought about me—"

"And the net result was that nobody thought about you at all," Mr. Phil added

dryly. "You must remember that nobody truly cares about a man because of his wealth, his social position or his intellect. They may *admire* his accomplishments, but they must *love* him for himself alone. You have not tried to make people love you, Hunt. And this is the strange part of life: *There are always those who love us no matter what we do.* No matter how we garble our conduct, there are those who care for us. Mothers do not see the criminal instincts in their young; wives are devoted to their husbands despite countless faults that the wife alone condones. You, like other men, are fortunate in the fact that there are those who care for you in spite of all you have done to destroy their regard. I don't say you have done this deliberately. Rather it has been thoughtlessness on your part; but, my boy, it's not too late even now to make people care for you *because of yourself* rather than in spite of yourself."

For some time young Van Wagen, limp in the chair, was thinking. Mr. Phil watched him silently, smoking his pipe and blowing great clouds of smoke into the air. At length Hunt looked up. "Perhaps you're right, philosopher," he said. "Anyway, you've shown me how to face it like a man. Perhaps, too, it's just as well that my money is gone. From now on, I'll be just myself, and people will not bow and scrape to me because my uncle left me a fortune. If there's anything in me, I suppose I can earn a living and, perhaps, some day—"

"Oh, she'll marry you, all right!" said Mr. Phil.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Hunt.

"You mean, who do I mean?" laughed Mr. Phil. "Jane Morrow, of course. If you don't believe me—go ask her."

"But I can't marry on nothing, even if you're right," said Hunt. "She has every reason to be disgusted with me; but even if she were to forgive me, and consent, how can I ask her to marry me until I've made good?"

"You've made good, all right," said Mr. Phil, nodding his head. "You've done it in the last five minutes. You've found yourself, Hunt, and that is the greatest thing in the world that any one could find! Since that is the case, I'll let you in on a little secret."

HE threw his head back and chuckled. Van Wagen stared at him in amazement. What could this strange man mean? He was a living enigma.

"You haven't lost your fortune," Mr. Phil told him. "You can thank Prall for that."

"I don't understand," Hunt said. "Haven't you seen the market reports?"

"Yes," said Mr. Phil, "but Pratt didn't make the investments you ordered him to make. It was a little plot hatched up between Prall and me. We saw that the only way to teach you a lesson was to let you think you had ruined yourself. Prall deliberately suggested investments that he knew were unsound, yet which he realized would appeal to you. Of course, he had to play his little game carefully so that you would not think the suggestions emanated from him. They must seem to be your own. He was very clever—and you swallowed it, bait, line and sinker."

"You mean it?" Hunt demanded breathlessly.

"I do," Mr. Phil told him. "Prall never made one of those crazy purchases. He deceived you with false balance sheets. Today was the climax. We've been waiting for it and your attitude, since I've been talking to you, is our justification for this deception. Your fortune is intact. And your future! Why, boy, it's made! You've proved yourself a man!"

"I suppose I needed this jolt," Hunt said,



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advancing toward Mr. Phil and taking his
hands in his own. "I don't know how I
can ever thank you."

"You don't need to thank me at all," said
Mr. Phil. "The satisfaction of knowing
that our plot culminated as we hoped, is
thanks enough for Prall and me. But
you're right about needing a jolt. Every-
one needs a jolt once in a while. When
things go too easily we are tempted to con-
sider ourselves superior beings, to believe
that we are the favored of the earth, to
override others and defeat the purpose for
which God put us here. But now that
you've learned to judge yourself, the world
is going to take on a different hue."

"You've given me a wonderful thought,
Mr. Phil," Hunt said very earnestly.
"We'll plan it all out together—the two of
us."

"The three of us, you mean," Mr. Phil re-
minded him. "We're going to make this a
trinity of happiness. You—"

"Come on, let's get her!" Hunt sug-
gested. "And I must phone Prall too!
Mr. Phil—do tell me who on earth you
really are! It's positively uncanny how one
man can produce so much good and so much
happiness in the world! Why everything
you touch—everyone whose life you enter—
is better because of you!"

"That's a gift we all possess and which
too few of us exercise, I'm afraid," Mr.
Phil replied. "We all have a direct influ-
ence upon those about us. Our attitude,
our thoughts, are reflected in the conduct
and thoughts of those we work and live
with. It even has its effect upon strangers.
If you meet a man who is smiling, whistling
gaily to himself, you instinctively feel bet-
ter for it. He has cast a cheerful spell over
you. If, on the other hand, you meet a
man who frowns, who is cursing and swear-
ing, naturally fault with this and that, you
are naturally depressed, even though you
may not be directly involved or concerned in
the cause of his temper. That's why we
must all try to spread a little cheerfulness
as we go along. It isn't fair to thrust our
worries and troubles upon others. They
have their full share. And every time we
lift a little of someone else's burden, by a
kind act or a kind word of our own, we have
contributed just that much more to the
erection of the great temple of happiness
that is the ideal dwelling place for men and
women."

"But you still haven't told me who you
are," Hunt insisted.

FOR a moment Mr. Phil was silent.
"Then I suppose it is time to do so," he
said. "No one has known me by my right
name in more than twenty years. I had
smirched it and made it a thing unpleasant
to hear. I wanted to forget it myself.
And still more did I want others to forget
it and its example. I did not want its repe-
tition to hurt those who were near and dear
to me. So I disappeared. But now, per-
haps I have atoned sufficiently to speak my
name again. At least there are two persons
in the world who are entitled to know—
whom I wish to have know—you and Jane."

"Yes," said Hunt, realizing that Mr. Phil
was speaking with deep emotion.

"You're going to be very good and kind
to Jane, aren't you, Hunt?" the tramp went
on.

"Of course," said Van Wagen, not quite
understanding why he asked the question.

"I know you will be," Mr. Phil said with
a nod of his head. "I've watched Jane for
years. She was not aware of it—never
knew the little sums of money that came to
her from time to time were sent by me.
I've scrutinized her friends and her employ-
ers. I've watched her as a dog will guard
his mistress—and never till that night when
you ran me down, did I so much as speak to

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her. She never saw me—never dreamed that I was not far off in some strange land—dead to her for all time to come. Hunt—I am Jane's father."

"You!" Van Wagen exclaimed. "And she does not suspect it."

"No, and I am almost afraid to tell her now," Mr. Phil said sadly.

"That doesn't agree with your philosophy," Hunt reminded him. "You say that we must not be afraid—that we must wipe the word and its meaning from our vocabulary and from our thoughts."

"You're right, my son," Mr. Phil decided after a minute's silence. "Besides, I feel that I would like to tell her now. It would be very sweet to be able to think of her as my daughter once more—to act before the world as her father—and to come out from my hiding place and stand by her side in God's sunlight."

"Of course you're going to tell her," Hunt told him. "It is the only thing to do. She is very fond of you as it is—you know that. And since you are the architect of our good fortunes and the guide to our future happiness, it is only just that she should know the secret."

"Then the end of the story proves my theory," Mr. Phil said meditatively. "By helping to make others happy, we gain happiness ourselves. In fact, life demonstrates that love—be it for husband or wife, for child or for friend, for country, or for our fellows at large—makes us better, finer citizens. And my own life has proved that just as 'the way of the transgressor is hard' so the way of the well-doer is a primrose path!"

(The End.)

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Do not go through life doing little things painfully when you were made to do great things grandly, happily.

Men of mettle turn disappointments into helps as the oyster turns to pearl the sand which annoys it.

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and you cut his earning capacity in two.

To the many, the ocean is but a dreary expanse of water on which ships sail and are sometimes wrecked; to the soul of the musician it is a living thing, and he hears in all its changing moods, divine harmonies.

Do not hang dismal pictures on the walls, and do not deal with gloom and sables in your conversation. Nerve yourself for constant affirmations.

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To do poor, slipshod, botched work.
To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.
To hide a talent because you have only one.
To live half a life when a whole life is possible.
To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.
Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.
To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.
To kick over the ladder upon which you have climbed to your position.
Not to be able to carry on intelligently a conversation upon current topics.
Not to know enough about the laws of health to live healthfully and sanely.
To know practically nothing scientifically of the things we see, handle and enjoy every day of our lives.
Not to have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world, and the inter-relations of nations.

The Greatest of These

THE world has need of greatness; men who rise
Upon the stepping-stones of Yesterday
To the To-morrow of their dreams and ours;
The world has need of power; the power to build,
The strength to break down barriers; to erect
The gleaming edifice of betterment
Upon the new foundation-stone of faith—
Faith in mankind—and staunch and tender trust . . .
The world has need of hope invincible;
Of daily effort crowning daily prayer;
The world has need of vision, ere it sees
The first dawn of that fairer, nobler sphere
Rising from out the soil of sacrifice.
Great is the world's need! All the gifts of might
And power and will to conquer Destiny;
The gifts of service, tolerance, loyalty—
Of strenuous purpose and of honest toil;
Of gladness and good cheer, of merry hearts,
Of knightly zest and gallant bravery;
But most of all, the world has need of love!
H. S., in Impressions.

The Man with Exaggerated Clothes

SOME people always dress loudly, always wear the extremes of fashion, and even exaggerate extremes.

We know young men who make it a point to have every article of clothing they wear, even to their neckties and collars made to order, and everything is carried a little beyond the extreme of the styles which are ordinarily worn, in order, as they claim, to make them distinctive.

If checked cloth, pointed shoes, large trousers, or long coats are in style, they insist on broader checks, more pointed shoes, larger trousers, and longer coats than the mode prescribes. In other words, everything must be exaggerated, so that people will think they are not only right up to date, but also a little ahead.

Young men who dress in this conspicuous manner suffer in their reputations, because such things indicate certain character qualities—inordinate vanity, an overestimate of one's importance, superficiality, foolishness.

We estimate character by little things, and when we see people who spend most of their energies in thinking about themselves, what they shall wear and how they appear, we take it for granted that they are not much good for the more solid and substantial things of life. People who think too much of themselves always think too little of others. They are proverbially selfish, and we instinctively despise selfishness.

Who Will Be Elected President This Year?

continued from Page 44

since he was given a free hand in the management of industrial troubles, and there is such a thing as people waiving technicalities such as a man's religion, and pushing him to the front regardless of what may have been considered disqualifications. And one disqualification mentioned in connection with Mr. Palmer is that he comes from Pennsylvania, a rock-ribbed Republican State. But there is considerable in the firm, square jaw of A. Mitchell Palmer which rather commends him to the people who see him. He has been a prominent figure in several Democratic conventions, and the delegates who nominate candidates for President are well aware of Mr. Palmer's qualifications.

Three men have a good opportunity of becoming the nominees of the Democratic Party, in 1920, but much depends upon which of the three is the choice of President Wilson. A President is generally strong enough with his party to name the candidate to succeed him, if he doesn't take the nomination himself. It may be that the President will not indicate his choice. In that event there will be a free and open fight for the nomination. The three men most prominent and who will be among the last eliminated are William G. McAdoo, of New York; Senator Pomerene, of Ohio; and Attorney-General Palmer, of Pennsylvania.

The Importance of Ohio

WHAT makes Senator Pomerene a possibility is the fact that he hails from Ohio. Some say that is one of the best recommendations a man can have in politics these days if he has Presidential expectations. Ohio was carried for Mr. Wilson in 1916 and it elected him. It was the first time that Ohio went Democratic since the Republican party was organized, save the abnormal year of 1912, when the Republican party was split wide open. Ohio is a Pomerene asset. Senator Pomerene as the Democratic candidate might carry Ohio, and Ohio might give the necessary electoral votes to elect the President. At the same time, Senator Pomerene, like all other Senators, has had to take a stand on very important questions, and he has cast three votes which will be used against him in many States, while they will be used for him in others. He voted against the Prohibition Amendment and against Suffrage, and he was an earnest supporter of the League of Nations without reservations. It is questionable whether the Democratic party will nominate a man having that record, as there will be a general desire not to antagonize elements which might be a factor to success.

The Most Likely Democrat

IN my opinion, William G. McAdoo is the man most likely to be nominated by the Democrats. In the first place he is the son-in-law of President Wilson, and there is every reason to believe that the closest friends of Mr. Wilson are now working earnestly for Mr. McAdoo, and, in that event, it means that the President is favorable to Mr. McAdoo's nomination. Mr. McAdoo made a success of the Treasury Department during the period of the war—a record which will do him lots of good. As Director-General of Railroads he was also a success. He retired just in time, and after he had achieved all the glory there was in the management of these two great war offices. Mr. McAdoo has a very pleasant personality; he charms those with whom he comes in contact, and there is nothing stand-offish about him. Even when he was holding two of the big-

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Ira Shook, (photo shown here) Flint, Mich., found his place. He says; \$375.65 is one days sales—more than \$269.00 profit.

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gest places in the government, in the most trying time, he always saw personally any person who had government business to transact. He has not been in a position where he has had to take a definite stand on the big questions which have been seething in the minds of the people during the past year, and he can abide by the decision of his party and have no record to haunt him or frighten politicians.

The Republican Possibilities

It is quite natural that the Republican nomination should bring out a large number of candidates, as well as the mention of many who do not stand a very good chance of being nominated. Among those who have been mentioned thus far are: General Leonard Wood, of Massachusetts; General John J. Pershing, of Missouri; Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois; Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts; William H. Taft, of Connecticut (or Ohio); and Charles E. Hughes, of New York. Then there is the long senatorial list: William E. Borah, of Idaho; Arthur Capper, of Kansas; Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa; Warren G. Harding, of Ohio; Hiram W. Johnson, of California; Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania; Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin; Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota; and Miles Poindexter, of Washington.

As with the Democrats, we might begin to eliminate. It scarcely requires an explanation to show why Messrs. Taft, Hughes and all of the senatorial names might be removed from the list. So far as the senators are concerned, we can say this much: All of them took an important part in opposing the League of Nations as it was drawn, and some of them were opposed to any kind of a League of Nations. Now that may be a help or a hindrance; but I maintain that there will be talk about the availability of any man who took a prominent part for or against the League of Nations. But there are other reasons why the senators named are likely to be eliminated early in the game. Some of them are from States too far west; some of them are too radical; and one of them is possibly handicapped by being from a big, certain Republican State. And yet there is good Presidential timber in the senatorial forest.

Senator Borah is one of the ablest and most fearless men in the Senate. He has never been a trimmer. Always outspoken, he never stops to consider the effect upon his Presidential prospects in any stand he takes. Mr. Borah never had any Presidential illusions. He has always thought it very doubtful whether a State in the Far West with four electoral votes and eight delegates could secure the Presidency. He is one of the most radical of senators against the League of Nations.

Senator Knox comes from a sure Republican State, and there will be delegates who will say that there is no political advantage in a candidate from Pennsylvania. Senator La Follette probably eliminated himself from all possibility as a Presidential candidate by his war record. Senator Poindexter, like Borah and Johnson, is handicapped by being from a State that is too far west. Senator Kellogg is a favorite son of Minnesota who carried his State by 67,000 when Mr. Hughes barely squeezed through with 392. Mr. Kellogg was not quite strong enough on his League-of-Nations attitude to suit his fellow Republicans in the Senate.

Ohio's Biggest Republican

THERE is one senatorial possibility who must be considered, no matter how he has voted, even if he did stand squarely against the League of Nations without reservations. He must be considered because he is an Ohio man—Senator Harding. When-

High Blood Pressure —Hardened Arteries —How to Remedy

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

(Specialist in Health Conservation.)



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.
Founder and Director
THE ALSAKER WAY

Dear Doctor Alsaker:

Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition; another one dropped dead. Both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious because my blood pressure runs high. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head. Can you tell me why?

A third friend tells me that he followed your directions and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure can not be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. **I want to linger here a while longer.**

F. R. M.

The condition mentioned in this letter is very common among men past middle age. This is a case of hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) with high blood pressure. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, and this is generally caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

The pain in the region of the heart is due to the over-worked condition of the heart, which is often aggravated by gas in the stomach and the bowels. The pain in the head is caused partly by the excessive pressure of the blood, and partly by accumulations of waste in the body.

Many physicians give nitro-glycerin to lower the excessive blood pressure, but this is useless, for though the pressure is temporarily reduced, it returns again.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way with drugs and a superabundance of food. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of nature, at least four out of five

will recover. Their arteries may not become quite as soft as they should be; their blood pressure may not return to the ideal point; but they will recover to such an extent that they have neither aches nor pains, nor are they in any further danger from apoplexy or heart disease. They will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they don't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

So if you would overcome high blood pressure and soften arteries that are too hard you will have to learn how to use your lungs to get plenty of fresh

air; how to drink the right kind of liquids so as to aid in washing the impurities out of the body; how to eat the best of foods in the best way, so that these foods will build health instead of producing disease; and how to give the body good general care in every way.

There are exceptions who can not recover. This is because they have abused themselves so long that either the kidneys have failed beyond recovery, or the heart valves or heart walls have been too much injured, or the walls of the arteries themselves have become as brittle as chalk in spots. But the vast majority—at least four out of five on the average—can get into such good condition that they can truly say that they are enjoying good health.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy; who had surging of the blood to the head; who had daily headaches; who had oppression in the region of the heart (precordial pain); who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

Nature performs wonders if you give her a chance. **If you truly are interested, read the publisher's announcement following this article.**

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ever there is a Presidential election in sight, Ohio goes out to win it. In spite of himself, Senator Harding no doubt will have the Ohio delegation at the next Republican convention. You see, Ohio elected Mr. Wilson four years ago and the Ohio Republicans will be at the convention talking all the time of how Ohio can be redeemed if the nominee comes from that State. This will have an effect, and it may be that Ohio will win. Those delegates who remember Senator Harding as the presiding officer of the convention of 1916 have regretted, no doubt, for the past three years that the convention did not take him in stead of Mr. Hughes for its candidate. He is a big man physically, a good talker, and has a sufficient sense of humor to prevent him from thinking that he is the only possibility. He makes a good speech and has many qualifications that go with Presidential candidates.

1920 Is Not a Military Year

AS to the military men: I will make the prediction that this is not the year for a military president, and although Congress made John J. Pershing a General for life because he commanded the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, that did not make him entirely popular with the soldiers who served in the great war. It isn't so easy to make a military hero a winning candidate. It would not be surprising to me if General Wood should start in the convention with more delegates than any other man. One reason for this is because of the very active campaign that is being made for him; another is that he is believed to be the natural heir of Theodore Roosevelt. General Wood will have the support of those who believe in adequate preparedness. He will also have the support of the people who think he is a man of ability and will make a good President. But, as I have said, I do not believe this is a military year.

All the other candidates have had something of a start on Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts. The Governor sprang into prominence not only by reason of carrying his State by an overwhelming majority, but mainly on the stand he made for law and order. It gave him a great boost on the way to the Presidential nomination; but, after all, it is doubtful whether the Republican party is going to Massachusetts for a candidate.

The Most Likely Republican

THE elimination process as to the Republicans having been well-nigh complete, I can say that, in my opinion Governor Lowden of Illinois has the best opportunity for securing the Republican nomination of any man on the list. Any governor of a big State who makes good, is always a Presidential possibility. Frank Lowden has been taking care of the affairs of his State in a satisfactory manner. He was in Congress long enough to make a great many friends in public life outside of his State. It is true that Governor Lowden comes from a State that is surely Republican, and it might be considered better policy to name a man from a doubtful State, but at the same time, there are other matters to be taken into consideration. Governor Lowden stands in the enviable position of not having had to participate in the big questions that have caused such a wide difference of opinion, without regard to party, in the minds of the people of the United States. He is in a position to accept his party platform and make its declarations his views.

His Financial Degree

Neighbor—"So your son got his B. A. and his M. A.?"

Father—"Yes, and his P—A still supports him."

Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER

Guaranteed

FOR
MEN AND
WOMEN



will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (an electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only ride you of fat but improve appearance and general health, bring a physical and mental vigor and enable you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is \$6.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. 107, 120 W. 79th St., N.Y.
Office Hours, 10-4 Daily. **Columbus 4669**

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Use Arnold Automatic Damper

This simple device placed in your Stove Pipe or Furnace Pipe immediately gives your house 25 to 35% per cent more heat from the same quantity of fuel—no matter what type stove or furnace you use. A proved success! You can easily attach it yourself—simple directions on box.

NO WASTED FUEL
Automatic in operation—requires no attention after fire is started. Keeps your house at even temperature. No overheating, with waste of fuel. No underheating, with dangers to health.

SAVES ITS COST ON FIRST TON OF FUEL
Thousands already in use; every owner a booster. Price \$2.50 by parcel post, prepaid. Order today, stating whether Stove or Furnace, and give "Arnold" pipe. **ROBINSON MFG. COMPANY, 521 Factory Bldg., Toledo, O.**

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal instruction lessons by mail. **PICTURE CHARTS** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



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Send for "Boston Lectures on the New Psychology", cloth, \$1.50; also, 75 cts. for "Telepathy"—how to send thoughts regardless of space. "The Spirit World, Where and What It Is" 50 cts. "Psychometry" or the "Sixth Sense, a wonderful book. 50 cts. Learn the "Inner Teaching of the Bible or Melchizedek" \$1.00 cloth, 50 cts. paper. Send stamped, addressed envelope for free information about mail courses on the "New and Applied Psychology," also the realization of one's Divinity. To Dr. J. C. F. Grumbine, 1916 E. 105th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Please Take Notice

The advertisement on Page 12 is of such transcendental importance that every reader of The New Success Magazine is expected to answer it at once.

CHAS. F. HAANEL

202 Howard Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How to Get the Most out of Reading.

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

GOOD books and the wild woods are two things with which man can never become too familiar," says George W. Cole. "The books that inspire imagination, either in truth or fiction, that elevate the thoughts, are the right kind to read." Who can estimate the value of a book that inspires, arouses, a book that starts a young man on a career of usefulness? It is like a lighthouse at a crossing pointing the right road to the perplexed traveler.

How many poor boys and girls who thought they had "no chance" in life have been started upon grand careers by that inspiring book of Samuel Smiles, "Self-Help," William Mathews' "Getting on in the World," and similar books.

There is something in the mere atmosphere of books which is helpful and inspiring. One seems to absorb culture from their very presence and by contact with them. Books with which one reads and lives, mind to mind, mean never-failing companionship, ever-increasing culture and a fuller and more complete education than any a college course can give. "A collection of books," says Carlyle, "is a real university."

It seems a miracle that the poorest boy can converse freely with the greatest philosophers, scientists, and statesmen the world has seen. Thru books he may revel in the intellect of Plato or of Socrates. The ragged bootblack can act in "Hamlet" with Shakespeare. The day laborer can listen to Homer reciting in the Grecian groves. The ditch-digger may follow Caesar in his campaigns, or Alexander in the conquest of the world. The poorest mechanic may explore the wilds of Africa with Livingstone and Stanley. The clerk may penetrate the expanse of the heavens with Galileo, Herschel or Proctor, or, with Hugh Miller, may read the story of the ages imprinted in the rocks. Milton will cross the humblest threshold to sing to one in rags the story of Paradise. The psalmist will enter the meanest hovel to reproduce his immortal chants.

How easily in this age of low-priced books may the poorest boy and girl become rich in knowledge and wisdom, thru a few well-chosen and well-conned volumes! It is impossible to measure the influence of books when we consider how many great careers have turned on the pivot of a single volume. In innumerable instances the reading of some particular book has aroused a dormant ambition, awakened a love for knowledge, a yearning for growth, and has sent a youth on a life voyage whose discoveries have enriched all mankind.

What took Robert Collyer from a humble blacksmith's forge and made him a great preacher? Books.

"Do you want to know," asked Mr. Collyer in addressing young people, "how I managed to talk to you in this simple Saxon? I read Bunyan, Crusoe and Goldsmith when I was a boy morning, noon and night. All the rest was task work; these were my delight, with the stories in the Bible and with Shakespeare, when at last the mighty master came within our doors. The rest was as senna to me. These were like a well of pure water, and this is the first step I seem to have taken of my own free will toward the pulpit!"

"The Imitation of Christ" determined the character of John Wesley. There is not a great man or woman in our history or that of any other country whose lives have not been influenced by reading.

(To be continued in March)

Insure Direct and Save Money

IT'S a real satisfaction to be able to do things for yourself and not have to depend on someone else—someone whose interest may not be your interest.

Moreover, there is not only satisfaction in doing things for yourself, but there is the element of education in learning how things are done and then doing them.

And there is not only satisfaction and education in it, but you often save time and money too, which is just what happens when you do business with the



Resources
more than
\$9,000,000

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Insurance
in force
\$40,000,000

If you want information about insurance protection, be your own agent. Simply write the POSTAL and you will get particulars by return mail. The facts and figures will be official, and a specimen Policy will be forwarded, so that you can see just what the Company contracts to do. You will find that by dealing direct you practically save the commissions that other companies pay their agents. You will indeed find that the POSTAL LIFE is the Company of

Safety, Saving and Service

It is not only safe and not only saves money for you but its HEALTH BUREAU renders an important service by giving to policyholders the privilege of one free medical examination each year, so as to detect disease in time to check it; and periodical Bulletins on Health-Conservation are also sent free to policyholders.

Strong Postal Points

FIRST: Standard Policy reserves. Resources more than \$9,000,000. Insurance in force, \$40,000,000.
SECOND: Old-line, legal reserve insurance — not fraternal or assessment.
THIRD: 9½% dividends guaranteed in your policy and the usual contingent dividends paid as earned.
FOURTH: Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.
FIFTH: Operates under strict New York State requirements and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.
SIXTH: High medical standards in the selection of risks.
SEVENTH: Policyholders' Health Bureau provides one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Find Out What You Can Save

To take advantage of POSTAL benefits and economies, call at the Company's offices or simply write and say: "Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in New Success for January." In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligation and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to you, because you deal direct.



POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Avenue Corner 43rd Street, New York

Cut Out That Medicine Man and Have a Mind of Your Own.

ALL the medicine in the world is worth nothing in the battle you may be waging for mental and physical serenity and comfort. Medicine only aggravates the trouble and prolongs the misery—cut it out and cultivate the will-power and mind-mastery that lie undisturbed and unused within you. Draw on your own reserve forces and resources—employ and enjoy the wealth of health and well-being that is now dormant within you simply because you have never suspected or realized that it existed.

Let me explain to you how Leavitt-Science will unlock the door to your treasure house of mental and physical composure—how it will awaken you to a sudden realization of just what you do possess in the way of help-yourself-strength of mind and body. Put an end forever to the tumult and turmoil that oppose your progress and interfere with your life-undertakings.

OUR GOVERNMENT USES SIMILAR METHODS

The same re-educational, re-awakening and re-developing methods I employ are used by the governments of the United States, England, and France, in treating the cases of WRECKED NERVES, SHELL-SHOCK, FEAR, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE AND SELF-CONTROL, and GENERAL NERVOUSNESS developed in connection with our present war.

Health and composure for you or any other man or woman doesn't lie in the depths of the medicine chest, nor can the prescription you need be written in the dead language of yesterday.

Today is here, and with it, the help and health that you should have. Send me 24 cents in stamps for my book LEAVITT-SCIENCE, which also entitles you to a free diagnosis of your case. You will then know just what your handicaps have been and I will tell you JUST how to over them. I can be of material help to you. Will you let me be by writing today?

C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M. D., Suite 738, 14 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.



There Never Will Be Any Change For—

THE idler, the indolent, the lazy.
The leaner.
The coward.
The wobbler.
The ignorant.
The weakling.
The smatterer.
The indifferent.
The unprepared.
The clock watcher.
The impractical theorist.
The slipshod and the careless.
The man who has no iron in his blood.
Those who do not think it worth while to improve their minds.
The boy who slips rotten hours into schooling or his task.
The person who tries to save on foundations, who does not think it pays to prepare.

Laughter and Health

LAUGHTER indicates physical and mental harmony. It indicates growth. One's mental makeup must be intact.

Laughter promotes health digestion. It tends to harmonize all of the functions of the body. Laughter promotes efficiency.

Laughter every day will keep the discouragement away. It will keep gloom away; it will keep discouragement away.

Laughter every day will keep dissatisfaction away; will give us better health, make us more successful, more efficient.

Laughter tends to normality of all things. The tendency to laugh is one of the most important characteristics of human beings.

The Tally

It isn't the job we intended to do.
Or the labor we've just begun.
That puts us right on the ledger sheet.
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do.
Our debt on things we shirk.
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It's easy enough to plan.
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.

—Richard Lord, in the *Curtis Flyleaf*

A Salesman's Creed

I BELIEVE in the goods I am selling. I believe the concern I am working for and in the ability to get results. I believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not waiting in laughing, not weeping, in boasting, knocking, and in the pleasure of selling. I believe that a man gets what he goes for—that one order to-day is worth two or three tomorrow, and that no man is down until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in to-day and the work I am doing. In tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and the sure reward the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, good cheer, in friendship and honest competition. I believe there is an order where for every man who is ready to one. I believe I'm ready and ready now. —E. J. McCarthy.

"The wisest man could ask no more fate than to be simple, modest, manly, true."

You May Read the CHRISTIAN HERALD HALF PRICE Eight Weeks at

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is sacrificing all its immediate profits from subscribers in a big drive to extend its present 300,000 circulation (representing 1,500,000 readers) to the million mark (representing 5,000,000 readers) by making an irresistible half price trial offer. New subscribers may have the best

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50 inspirational educational	Feature Articles
70 wonderful interpretative	Editorials
70 helpful daily devotional	Meditations
10 short, pithy, worth while	Sermons
200 or more black and white	Pictures
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The Christian Herald is one of America's really great religious and social institutions. It is the best loved and most widely read interdenominational family magazine in the world. It is dedicated to the service of humanity.

IMPORTANT — During the 8 weeks for 25¢ period, another of these wonderful, Courtesy, Savage Serials, entitled "Morning," will appear exclusively in the Christian Herald in advance of its publication as a \$1.00 book.

(at the Christian Herald risk) is guaranteed to give you more and better literature than you ever could imagine possible. Address The Christian Herald, 504 Bible House, New York.

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Avoid mistakes, troubles and sorrows. Know the trend of your life's opportunities. Know what to do, when to do it, how to do it, concerning your business transactions, and your dealings with family, children, friends or strangers. Send for particulars

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Box 255 Grand Central Station, New York

Vito-Therapy

"VITO-THERAPY" means "healing through the vital centers—via the nerves." It is the oldest, newest mode of healing—Nature's Own Way.

Some of the inharmonies relieved, corrected or overcome, through relieving nerve constriction, by this method, are

Constipation	Rheumatism
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Eye Ills	Appendicitis
Headaches	Auto-toxemia
Arterio Sclerosis	and many others
Kidney Ills	

I will send my booklet and all information to all who are interested in this mode of natural healing, and with it, will include my two fascinating books—"The Life Way" and "The Secret Formula."

All are free, and are sent without obligation, but to help in the mailing, you may enclose 10c—one dime coin or stamps.

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ROYAL BATH BALM CO.

Box C Little Falls, N. Y.

They Had Their Doubts

WHEN gas was suggested as a means of illumination, instead of candles, there were doctors who objected. They claimed that the new light was so bright that the next generation of people would be born blind.

Time was when Ford stocks were not considered worth more than the price of a breakfast. Once Henry Ford needed legal service, offered a law firm in Detroit some of his stock in payment. The senior member refused; two junior members withdrew from the firm and accepted his business and his shares. Their holdings are now worth \$25,000,000.

When Samuel Morse perfected the telegraph, an effort was made in Congress to have it suppressed. The reason given was that if the new method of communication went into effect, everyone would telegraph instead of using the mails; that, thereby, the Government would lose its income from the sale of postage stamps and the letter-carriers and postal clerks would be thrown out of employment.

The Town of Yawn

MY friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn

On the banks of the river Slow?
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorther scents the air?

And the soft Goeyss grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That tired feeling is native there—
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Putitoffs never make up their minds.
Intending to do it to-morrow:

And so they delay from day to day
Till business dwindles and profits decay
And their days are full of sorrow.

"We," Store Magazine of T. C. Bejorne & Co., Brisbane, Australia,

Advertising

P. T. BARNUM bought Jumbo, the great elephant, for fifteen thousand dollars. Jumbo was only two inches taller than other elephants, but Jumbo's advertising was colossal. He brought to Mr. Barnum over \$2,000,000. The big elephant, stuffed in a New York museum, is an illustration of the possibilities of the genius of advertising.

Success Ideals

A MAN may have mastered his business and yet be its slave.

Think well over your important steps in life; and, having made up your minds, never look behind.—*Thomas Hughes.*

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—*Walter Scott.*

To be always thinking about your manners is the way to make them good; the very notion of manners is not to think about self.—*Whately.*

The heaviest words in our language are those two briefest of *yes* and *no*. One stands for denial; one for gratification, the other for character.—*Theodore T. Munger.*

As the needful case demands;
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright
When you enter your claim to the Lord of Light

For the house not made with hands.



10 LESSONS ^{Learn Public Speaking} FREE

Write—quick—for particulars of this extraordinary offer; an opportunity you will never forget if you take advantage of it. Ten lessons in effective public speaking absolutely FREE to those who act promptly, to introduce our course in localities where it is not already known.

WHAT THE COURSE TEACHES YOU

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write better letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will power and ambition.
How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
How to develop your power of concentration.
How to be the master of any situation.

We Teach You By Mail

We teach you by mail to become a powerful and convincing speaker—to influence and dominate the decisions of one man or an audience of a thousand. We have trained hundreds and helped them to increase their earnings and their popularity. Learn in your spare time at home how to overcome "stage fright" and conquer fear of others; how to enlarge your vocabulary; how to develop self-confidence and the qualities of leadership; how to RULE others by the power of your speech alone; how to train your memory. Our

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This Special Offer of TEN LESSONS FREE is made strictly for advertising purposes and will be withdrawn without notice. Write now, before it expires, and receive full particulars with enrollment blank by return mail. No obligations of any kind. Just tear off and mail this free coupon—or a postal will do.

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There is more money in it for YOU. YOU can learn it easily.

We guarantee to teach YOU.

Some learn it quickly, but all learn it thoroughly—this includes YOU.

Some make more money than others, but all make big money—this will include YOU.

There are two reasons why a knowledge of Advertising is the only factor that can help you attain a success quickly. In the first place every business, every trade, and every profession in the whole wide world depends upon Advertising principles for success—Advertising creates and develops business, therefore your value to a firm or to your own business depends upon your training in this vital factor. In the second place more money is spent in Advertising than in any other one industry in the world! Where money is spent freely there is always a chance to make big money.

The Page-Davis School has devoted over twenty years in training men like you so that you will be able to earn \$50 a week instead of \$20 a week, and \$100 a week instead of \$50 a week, \$150 instead of \$75—the more you are making now the more you will be able to make after taking a Page-Davis Course.

The Page-Davis School will teach you things that the business man is willing to pay you bigger salaries for. We don't care how much you are making now it will be increased after you take a course with the Page-Davis School. Your present or past experience doesn't matter. Your future depends only upon the training you get now with the Page-Davis School.

Get into the Advertising business and you will make more money.

Fisher, a Plumber, got \$30 weekly—now earns \$5000 in Advertising.

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Let us tell you the whole collection of facts that is contained in our book; "Increased Salaries and Promotion," which we will send to you FREE if you will write for it now. Use the coupon if you desire for convenience.

We show you how and where to get positions.

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NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS

Concerns desiring of employing competent advertising men at a salary of \$50 to \$150 per week, are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

Send me without cost your Book, "Increased Salaries and Promotion," and all other information setting forth the most profitable profession for me to enter.

Name

Address

City

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How Do You Stand in Your Home?

WHATEVER you do in life, whether you succeed or fail in your calling, resolve that you will be a success in your home, a success in the estimation of those nearest and dearest to you.

No matter how big a figure you may think you are cutting in the world at large, if your homecoming is not greeted with delight, if your wife and children do not look upon your appearance in the home as the coming of sunshine and joy, if they do not listen eagerly for your voice, and regret your departure, you are not a success.

No matter how much of a reputation a woman may make in the outside world, if she is not esteemed, revered and loved at home; if she does not shed her sweetness like a benediction upon those nearest to her; if she is not gracious, gentle and lovable in her home, it will take the edge off any achievement, however great, in the outside world.

IN the long run, it is the estimate of our own people, our own friends and acquaintances, that counts most in life. Where is the satisfaction in gaining the world's applause, if we gain only the contempt of those of our own household?

There can never come to a human being any honor so great as the esteem, gratitude, admiration, confidence and love of those who stand nearest to us in life.

The applause of the world is chilly without the approval and applause of our own home. If those under your own roof do not love you, revere you, and cherish you, all other honors will be comparatively empty.

The home ought to be a school for good manners, for a training in fine courtesy and delicate considerations in deference to others; but how often we find it otherwise.

How many husbands feel the same way toward their wives as boys do toward their sisters? They do not trouble themselves to be polite, to remove their hats in their presence, to salute them properly when they meet them on the street. In other words, they do not seem to feel under any special obligation to be courteous and to pay them the little attentions which were so emphasized during their courting days. How few men realize that the feminine heart does not change after marriage, that the wife longs for the same little attentions, for the little considerations and courtesies and kindnesses, the appreciation and praise that she received before marriage!

NOT long ago I heard a man upbraiding his wife for being so slow in getting ready to go somewhere with him. He said she was always behind time, that he always had to wait for her. Altho this mother had no maid to assist her, and had to dress four small children and see that their clothes were in proper condition, the husband never offered to assist her in any way. He not only scolded her for being late, but reproached her for not being as attractively dressed as other women. The overworked, tired mother patiently bore his upbraiding. There are many such wives who are subjected to similar unjust criticism. What a demoralizing effect this has upon the home atmosphere. Love and consideration are unknown quantities there.

It should be the great aim of people to keep the commonplace out of their lives, and to maintain not only love, but the expression of it, in a hundred delicate, winning ways. In happiness at home lies the strength of both.—O. S. M.

It is a question whether life was meant to be hard; it is certain that we make it so.



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

YOU ARE BADLY if you lack **HANDICAPPED** High School training.

You cannot attain business or social prominence. You are barred from a successful business career, from the leading professions, from well-paid civil service jobs, from teaching and college entrance. In fact, employers of practically all worth-while positions demand High School training. You can't hope to succeed in the face of this handicap. But you can remove it. Let the American School help you.

FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and meets all requirements of a High School training. From the first lesson to the last you are carefully examined and coached.

USE SPARE TIME ONLY

Most people *idle* away fifty hours a week. Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove your present handicap within two years. You will enjoy the lessons and the knowledge you will gain will well repay the time spent in study.

YOU RUN NO RISK So that you may see for yourself how thorough and complete our training is, we invite you to take ten lessons in the High School Course—or any course of specialized training in the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction. On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

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OF CORRESPONDENCE**
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Explain how I can qualify for the position checked.

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| Hydroelectric Engineer | Accountant and Auditor |
| Telephone Engineer | Bookkeeper |
| Telegraph Engineer | Stenographer |
| Wireless Operator | Fire Insurance Expert |
| Architect | Sanitary Engineer |
| Building Contractor | Master Plumber |
| Civil Engineer | Heating & Vent. Engineer |
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**The Ten Commandments of a
Prominent Athlete**

FIRST—Thou shalt keep thy backbone straight.
Second—Thou shalt use all thy lungs all the time.
Third—Thou shalt drink half a gallon of water daily.
Fourth—Thou shalt take sufficient nourishment.
Fifth—Thou shalt masticate thy food properly.
Sixth—Thou shalt sleep eight hours daily.
Seventh—Thou shalt cleanse the body daily.
Eighth—Thou shalt walk three miles daily.
Ninth—Thou shalt think pleasant thoughts and banish unpleasant ones.
Tenth—Thou shalt praise the Creator for the result these laws bring and tell thy neighbor.—*Bedford Life.*

Enthusiasm of Success

NO young man of to-day can succeed to any great extent who is not enthusiastic in his business or occupation. In this day of sharp competition half-hearted, indifferent methods will not suffice. If you have no enthusiasm about your business, if you do not inspire enthusiasm in your clerks or employees, you will not succeed to any great extent. Everybody admires enthusiasm and likes to deal with a man who is enthusiastic in his work or business. No one likes to go into a store where everybody seems indifferent, and where the proprietor goes about his place of business as tho he were out of place.

President Wilson Wanted to Be a Sailor

PRESIDENT WILSON'S boyhood ambition was to be a sailor, according to The Navy Recruiter, of the Recruiting Bureau of the United States Navy. The publication says the President confided his juvenile salt-water hopes to the seamen of the transport *George Washington* on his last trip home from France.

Get the Best Training

GET the best training you can, young men. No university is too good for you, and no detail of knowledge unworthy of your attention, so long as it is in your line. Then, when you are ready, take whatever you can get to do, and work at it with all your might. If it is a humble position, so much the better. Men won't expect so much of you, and your success will be all the greater.

But don't expect success if you have never learned your business, and don't expect promotion if you fail to give the best there is in you. Great things come naturally to him who has done small things well.

"Work or starve," is nature's motto, and it is written on the stars and the sod alike,—starve mentally, starve morally, starve physically.

Half the victories of life come from a confident belief that one is going to win. The world has little use for the man who is continually down at the heels.

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

You can't be mean and happy any more than an apple can be sour and sweet.

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Confucian Maxims

THE "Analects" of Confucius were written by his disciples to chronicle the utterances of their "Most Holy Ancient Teacher." Confucius lived from 551 to 478 B. C., and was therefore contemporary with Daniel and Ezra. Of the many sayings recorded from his lips, none is more widely known than the Golden Rule he impressed upon his followers.

One of them asked him: "Is there a simple word which may serve as a rule for the whole of one's life?"

"Is not *shu* (reciprocity) such a word?" replied the wise man. "Do not to others what you would not wish done to you."

Others of his sayings are these: "Without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud."

"Patience is the most necessary thing in the world."

"When I first began to study men, I heard words and gave credit for conduct. Now I hear words and observe conduct."

"The perfect man loves all men. He is not governed by private affection and interest, but only regards right reason and the public good."

"The perfect man is never satisfied with himself. He that is satisfied with himself is not perfect."

When Lipton Wooded Fate

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, in his younger days, visited America and had some painful experiences for which his later visits have doubtless amply compensated him. During this earlier period, while passing up Broadway one morning, a cabman called to him:

"Keb!"
Sir Thomas smiled because of the deferential tone and passed on, shaking his head in the negative. Further up the block a tattered stranger halted him.

"Can't you please give me a dime, sir?"
Sir Thomas shook his head and passed on, marveling.

A bootblack accosted him:
"Shine!"

A "puller-in" called after him:
"Fine suit cheap!"

Sir Thomas went proudly on his way. He had spent some nights by sleeping on a park bench because he had no money for lodgings, and had passed some days without food. In other words, a brutal world, had it known, might have classed him as a tramp—yet he bore himself under Fortune's malignant scowl as lightly as if it were her most genial smile.

Courage

THE greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as on historic fields of action. The common need is for courage to be honest, courage to resist temptation, courage to speak the truth, courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not, courage to live honestly within our means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

The wise man may be likened to a tree that bends but never changes its base.

◆ ◆ ◆
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Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

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Afraid To Be a Coward!

UNQUESTIONABLY, public opinion—the thought of what other folks will say—is responsible to a great extent for the actions of most men and women. This was borne out on the firing-line during the World War, just as it is every day at home.

Napoleon once said that the man who was really afraid, and who still did his duty, was the only brave man. While no courageous, honest action can ever, or should ever, escape commendation, the bravest acts are performed by those who realize danger, and still carry out their allotted tasks. The man who has no imagination, who is too dull to count fear, or the consequences of what he may be called upon to do—does not suffer, and therefore, cannot give the full measure of personal heroism in the performance of his duty. Psychology has demonstrated this many times, but it remained for the World War to prove to the fullest extent, the influence of public opinion on the human mind.

A YOUNG officer who returned from France with many decorations and a splendid record, told a most striking instance of this interesting fact. When the United States first declared war he closed his office-desk and secured an appointment to an Officers' Training Camp. He was well educated, physically active, and an all-around athlete. His associates liked him, his instructors were delighted with him, and he won his captain's bars.

In the mobilization camp where he was assigned, he worked like a Trojan. His company was developed from a mob of raw recruits into one of the finest drilled organizations in his division. His superiors expected much of the young officer, and his men would have followed him anywhere.

THEY sailed for France. There, in the training billets, this officer continued to work unceasingly, to make his men fit for the day when they should receive their baptism of fire. The time came. They moved up into the front line. It was their first night within the curtain of heavy artillery fire. It was their first experience of an air raid. There was everything to try their nerves—to make strong men break

down—and to make cowards of the men determined. And greatest of all, was the effect of this strain upon the young commander.

He felt that the eyes of his men were upon him. He trembled at the responsibility. He almost wished that an enemy bomb would find him out and relieve him of the task of leading his men in the approaching advance.

He says that he thought of the folks at home. He remembered all the days of strenuous work back at the Officers' School and in the long months that followed. But now, most important of all, were the eyes that beamed at him through the darkness from under a host of steel helmets.

HE knew that as he behaved, so would his command behave. He wanted to break and run—to bury himself in the deepest dugout—to shut his eyes and his ears to be safely out of it all. His knees shook and his head was in a whirl. He decided that he was yellow, clean through, and had no right to the uniform he wore.

"What will my men say?" he suddenly found himself wondering. That question turned the tide for him. He knew that he could not turn and run with those men seeing in him an example of fortitude and prompt obedience.

"I was literally afraid to be a coward," he said with a laugh, afterward, when they were pinning a medal on his breast in the base hospital.

MANY a man who was under fire knows that this is true. And these men have brought back to their daily lives in time of peace, a valuable example. They are afraid to be cowards—afraid to be slackers—because of what will be said and thought by those who look to them for guidance, if they fail in their examples. This may seem like weakness—not like true heroism—but isn't it, after all, a true realization of one's duty to the world?

To be afraid to be a coward, and to do what one knows is right, despite an overwhelming temptation to turn traitor—conscience, is perhaps the highest form of heroism that man can display.

BE YOURSELF

DON'T try to tootle the French horn's note
If you carry a slide trombone.

If yours is the noise from the big, brass throat,
Never tackle the lighter tone.

In life's big orchestra, play the part
The great Bandmaster intended—

We'll all be richer in mind and heart
When the grand concert is ended.

YOU might do well for a few brief strains,
As a wonderful imitator.

But think of the waste of time and brain,
The affront to a wise Creator,

If in all the selections you sought to play
In a borrowed, awkward tone—

Don't try to follow the cornet's way
If you carry a slide trombone!

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

Don't Kick

There ain't no use in kickin', friend,
When things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler round,
And grumble night an' day.
The thing to do is curb your grief,
Cut out yer little whine;
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say "I'm feelin' fine."

There ain't no man alive but what is
Booked to get his slap;
There ain't no man that walks but what
From trouble gets his rap.
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy,
Where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

Your heart may jest be bustin' with some
Real or fancied woe;
But when you smile the other folks
Ain't really apt to know.
The old world laughs at heartaches, friend.
Be they your own or mine;
So when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

—Exchange.

Even the Artist Was Not Sure

MANY of the pictures of Whistler, the
artist, are vague both in treatment and
subject. One night he was dining with
Henry Irving, so the story goes. Two of
Whistler's pictures adorned the walls, and
he wished no further entertainment than the
study of these. At very short intervals dur-
ing the meal he took occasion to rise from
his seat and take a close observation of them.
After studying the paintings in this way
for some time, he exclaimed: "Irving, Irving,
look what you've done!"

"What's the matter?" asked Irving, calmly.
"Matter?" thundered Whistler, "why, the
matter is that these pictures have been hung
upside down and you have never noticed it.
I suppose they have hung that way for
months!"

"Dose they have," replied Irving; "but
I think I might be excused, since it has taken
you—the man who painted them—over an
hour to discover that they are upside down."

How Do You Live?

A MAN may live so far below the stand-
ard to which he ought to attain that
observers will see only his pursuit when
their attention is called to him, and they
will say, "He is a scavenger," or "He is a
drayman," or "He is a porter." On the
other hand he may live so nobly, and illus-
trate the Christian virtues so beautifully,
that beholders will lose sight of his humble
vocation in their admiration of the man.

It is the lofty ideal that redeems the life
from the curse of common, and lifts it above
mere drudgery.

Never envy the man who has lived on
his wife's money. He probably earned it.

Every thought, every emotion, every con-
viction, is a boomerang which flies back to
you, and which will wound or bless you ac-
cording to its nature.

If you live much with people of low-flying
ideals, with no real life purpose, you will
put yourself in the failure thought-current.
Your very being will become saturated with
things that you want to get away from.

How To Attain Your Desires



ELIZABETH TOWNE
Editor of Nautilus

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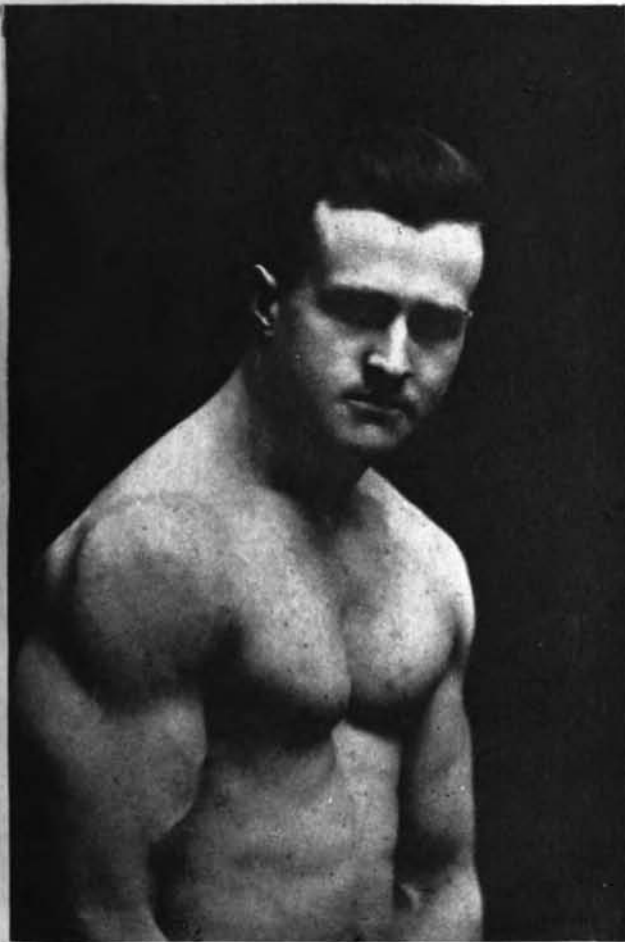
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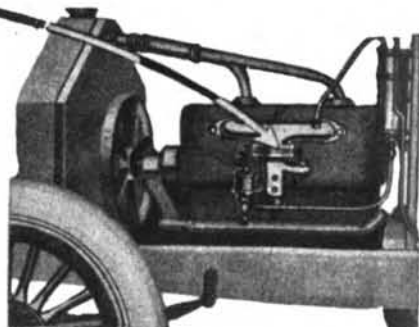
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