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Try to Come Back Somebody

Greatness Is in the Man—Not in Circumstances, Environment, or Anything Outside of Himself

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"TRY to come back somebody!" said the mother of Leon Michel Gambetta, as she bade him farewell and sent him from their humble home in the provinces to study and work for greatness in Paris.

Poverty pinched the young man hard in his poor garret, and his clothes became very shabby. But what of that? He had made up his mind to get on in the world. Having chosen the law for his profession, he put his soul into it, and for years, chained to his desk, worked like a hero.

At length came the opportunity for which he had been preparing. Jules Favre, the famous lawyer and statesman, was to plead a great cause on a certain day. Taken seriously ill, M. Favre appointed the then unknown Gambetta to take his place. The young lawyer measured up to his great opportunity and, on that occasion, made one of the greatest speeches that had ever been heard at the French bar. Before night all the leading papers of Paris were sounding his praises, and within a short time all France recognized him as the Republican leader.

GAMBETTA'S sudden rise was not due to luck or accident, as many of his friends declared, for he had been steadfastly working and fighting his way up against opposition and poverty for just such an occasion. Had he not been equal to it, the occasion would only have made him ridiculous. As it was, he became the idol of the masses, and after the defeat of Louis Napoleon, at Sedan, it was he who arose in the Chamber of Deputies and moved that the Napoleon dynasty be disposed of and the French Republic established.

Well had he obeyed his mother's behest "to come back somebody," for, at the age of thirty-two, Gambetta was virtually dictator of France and the greatest orator and statesman of the new Republic. When he died the *Figaro* said, "The Republic has lost its greatest man."

GREATNESS is in the man, not in circumstances, environment, or anything outside of himself. If you are made of the stuff that wins it does not matter whether you were born in a hovel or in a mansion, you will "come back somebody." It is the determination to win at any costs that brings victory.

When someone asked Admiral Farragut if he was prepared for defeat, he said: "*I certainly am not. Any man who*

Does It Pay?

By Charles Horace Meiers

DOES it pay to pass all pleasures
On our journey through this life?
Does it pay to hoard vast treasures,
Causing others pain and strife?
Does it pay to leave behind us
All the good friends that we meet,
Breaking all the ties that bind us
To the joys that make life sweet?

DOES it pay to grab and plunder,
Seeking only fame and gold,
Rending hearts and homes asunder
To secure what neighbors hold?
Does it pay to climb by walking
Over weak souls on our way?
Does it pay to dash on, mocking
Those who falter?—Does it pay?

prepared for defeat, would be half defeated before he commenced."

It makes a wonderful difference whether you go into a thing to win, with clenched teeth and resolute will; whether you prepare for it and are determined at the very outset to put the thing through; whether you start in with the air of a conqueror, or whether you start in with doubt and uncertainty, with the idea that you will begin and work along gradually, and continue if you do not find too many obstacles in your way.

IF you want to find an easy road to success with no obstacles ahead of you, no stumbling blocks to trip you up and test your mettle, you are doomed to disappointment. There is no easy road to success; and if you do not stiffen your backbone and resolve to win no matter what obstacles stand in the way, you are beaten before you enter the fight.

A well-educated man who started out as a youth with great promise and the expectation of an easy victory, says that he never really buckled down to hard work, that *"Didn't half try" has been ringing in his ears for half a century.* Now he realizes that what pretty nearly wrecked his career, was not half trying to succeed. He had the ability to be a master in his life work, but he was not nerved to struggle with difficulties; he was not prepared to pay in strenuous effort for what his ambition demanded. Now he sees that there is a tremendous difference between wishing for, merely desiring a thing, and having a grim resolve to do that thing, to get what he desired in spite of mountains of obstacles, to pay the full price whatever it might be.

THIS man says if he could have looked forward in his youth with the same clarity of vision with which he now looks backward; if he could only have seen what trying with all his might would have done as compared with the half-trying, the indifferent, take-it-easy policy which he practised, he could have stood high up the ladder to-day instead of being nearly at the bottom.

To the determined soul obstacles are but spurs to ambition. Failure is not final, is not the goal, but only a way-station where one is tripped up by an accident and is obliged to wait for another train to the heights. No matter how black the outlook, or how threatening the future, the fellow who is made of the right stuff always goes on toward his goal. And if he falls, he does so with his face turned to the front, just as the brave soldier falls. He may be shot, he may be wounded, he may be killed—but his face is set toward his goal.

I KNOW a very successful man who has made every setback, every bitter disappointment, every failure, a new starting-point in his upward climb. Whenever he falls down in his attempt to do a thing, instead of being discouraged he redoubles his efforts to accomplish what he has set out to do. Every failure in his active career has only strengthened his determination to win out, so that what seemed to be a misfortune was turned to his advantage. Indeed, one might say that he has risen to his present heights largely upon stumbling-blocks, or what would have been stumbling-blocks to people of weaker will and less vigorous determination.

THAT which counts is the grim determination to win which nothing but realization can satisfy, and the determination to realize it at any cost. This is a force so impelling that it will bore its way through every difficulty. It is this insatiable longing and the determination to realize it, that moves the world.

YOU cannot keep down a man with an unconquerable spirit. It is a waste of time to try to discourage him. In every war Napoleon engaged in, his generals tried to dissuade him from attempting the daring, audacious moves he made. Time and time again Grant's generals, after a conference over a desperate situation, would advise him to retreat; but instead of following their advice he frequently would take from his pockets papers containing plans, and, handing one to each general, would say to them something like this: *"Tomorrow morning at four o'clock you will proceed to carry out these orders."* There is no use trying to discourage a Grant, a Napoleon, a Joffre, a Foch, or a Pershing.

Do you realize, you who complain of your hardships, your trials, the obstacles that bar the way to your goal, that practically every great man in the world's history has fought his way to

victory thru all sorts of difficulties, past obstacles and defeats, thru every kind of drudgery, in spite of many disappointments and failures, never giving up until the goal was reached?

MANY young men try to reach their goal by following the early method of railroad construction, when railroad surveyors, in laying a track thru a hilly or mountainous region, would go around the hills and the curves and follow the valleys in order to avoid the heavy grades. Instead of going thru even comparatively small obstructions, they would go around them, with the result that the road was crooked, very long and roundabout, causing a great loss of valuable time in order to get from one point to another.

Those indifferent, half-hearted seekers after success have no stamina or vigor of determination in them. They want to reach their destination by an easy route. They avoid the hills of difficulties, going around every obstruction, following the line of least resistance, falling back, or changing their route, when they see any obstacle ahead of them.

ON the other hand, those who are marked for success, young men who are made of winning material, in laying the track for their career adopt the methods of the up-to-date engineer, the modern railroad builders, who go as straight to their goal as possible. Instead of going around them, they span huge gorges, bridge deep rivers, tunnel hills and mountains, and cut out of their way all obstacles that bar their progress. They spend a vast amount of money in shortening, even by a few miles, the distance between two points. But the railroad builders know that time is the most valuable commodity in the world, and that the saving of but a few minutes will repay them a thousand-fold for their outlay.

NO matter what opposes his passage, the winner in life's race always takes the most direct route to his goal. Like the railroad builders, of course, it costs him more to tunnel mountains and bridge chasms and rivers of difficulties than it would to avoid them or try to go around them. He must sacrifice his ease; he must work like a Hercules; he must think and plan, make his own program and execute it. But he reaches the heights, while the easy-going trailer, the young man who is frightened at the sight of a hill, remains at the bottom, bemoaning his luck, the hard fate that has kept him from success.

IF you are satisfied to be a nobody, all you have to do is to take the easiest route in sight. But if you want to be somebody, make up your mind at the start that you will have to tunnel your way thru hills and mountains of difficulties. There is no easy route to a worthy ambition. It can't be reached in a rolling chair.

The obstacles that will keep back a positive, determined man who is bent on attaining his ambition have not yet been seen. The man who has not vim and energy enough to wrestle with and overcome obstacles will never amount to much. In fact, it is the struggle to overcome difficulties, the necessity of cutting his way thru obstacles to his goal that makes the strong, forceful character that will stand any test.

THE BELIEVER

By Floyd Meredith

WHAT if there is fog in the valley,
And clouds where the sun should be—
I know that the fog is only a veil,
To hide the sun kissing the sea.

AND if there are crusts for dinner,
Or water where I'd have wine,
I blithely partake of this simple fare,
For I've earned it all, and it's mine.

AND the crust may be hiding a cake, who knows,
As the fog is hiding the sea,
And I like to think that behind each veil,
Is a happy adventure for me.

A Little Story with a Profitable Punch

Signs of the Times

By JOE J. SMITH

Illustrated by John R. Neil

He decided that a world made safe for democracy was a safe place in which to loaf.

SOMEHOW or other, the World War took all the pep out of Jonas Bradley. There had never been an unusual amount of it in him; but, having done his part, he decided that a world made safe for democracy was a safe place in which to loaf. And he proceeded to do so. At about this stage of the proceedings certain creditors in New York decided that Samuel Lomax had owed them a sufficient amount of money for entirely too long. So they summoned him to come to the metropolis and discuss the matter.

Now Lomax's Dry Goods Emporium had long been a fixture in Pleasanton. In fact, it had been there so long that the town had grown away from it. Once a thriving business thorofare, Elm Street had become the back door of creation; and, as purchasers walked in other directions and moved to other sections of the city, old man Lomax found his sales and his profits taking a decided slump.

The time arrived when he hardly made a sale a day. His shelves were filled with merchandise bought so long ago that the public had forgotten such things existed. Lomax clung to the old-fashioned idea that advertised brands were more costly than unbranded goods, because, he claimed, the purchaser must pay the advertising tax. But, somehow, the townspeople did not agree with him and they filled their needs elsewhere.

The effect on Mr. Lomax was naturally discouraging, but he had declined to alter his policies and doggedly opened the store each morning and locked it up each night. But the effect of the stagnation was apparent on both the person of Lomax and the appearance of the store. The whole atmosphere of it was dingy. The windows were dirty and dust covered the motley display of miscellaneous articles which had been on display so long they were an eyesore.

THEN the crash came. Lomax's slender capital had been steadily dwindling. He had been forced to draw upon it for actual living expenses, and, as a result, had been forced to stall off one creditor after another. But now it could no longer be done. There was no one to look after the store in his absence, but he did not want to close it. He wanted to tell the jobbers in New York that he was trying, that the store was still open, and that he was making a real effort to move the goods.

To hire a clerk, however, was not within his means. But the morning of his departure he hit upon a novel scheme. Probably nobody but Samuel Lomax would ever have thought of such a thing, and the thought would have been branded at once as ridiculous just because it was the product of Lomax's brain. He approached the ex-hero of the Argonne and invited him to become manager of the Lomax Dry Goods Emporium during the period of its owner's absence.

"You won't have to do anything but sit there," Lomax told him. "If anyone comes in and asks for something—give it to them. You've loafed about here long enough to know where things are, and, if you don't know, a little looking won't hurt you any. The price is marked on everything. And—if you *do* sell anything, I'll give you half the profit."

"Sounds reasonable," said Jonas Bradley, who was still wearing his uniform because he hadn't any other clothes and because it gave him a distinction he had never enjoyed as a town loafer in prewar days.

SO Lomax went off to the station, not without some misgivings, and Jonas Bradley seated himself in the easy-chair before Lomax's old-fashioned desk. He smoked a cigarette; then, after a little thought, carefully put it out. "Don't look businesslike somehow," he said. "Customers coming in might not like it." Then he laughed to himself. "Customers! Huh! I've been sitting here three hours and nobody's even come in to ask for someone who doesn't live here. I wonder how Lomax has kept this place going. No wonder he looks seedy and ready to shuffle off."

The thing annoyed Bradley. It also intrigued him. If for no other reason than that he was lonely, he wanted people to come in—and he made up his mind that people should come in. Looking about in the back room he found some rags and a water pail. An hour later the show-windows were spick and span and every bit of merchandise had been removed from them.

Then, finding some cardboard and some stencil ink, he proceeded to frame this announcement to the general public:

> THIS STORE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
>
> *Its Manager was Cited by the French Government for exceptional bravery. This Store is going to be cited by the people of Pleasanton for its exceptional bargains.*

He smiled at it with satisfaction and placed it in the window. It needed something more, and he scratched his head to think what that might be. Before he could figure it out, the door opened and an exceptionally pretty girl stepped in. She looked about inquiringly and saw Jonas busy with a broom behind the counter. She smiled at him and pointed to the sign. "Where are all these exceptional bargains?" she asked.

"Everywhere," Jonas announced. "There isn't a thing in this store that isn't worth at least twice as much as we ask for it."

"Young man," she said, "telling untruths isn't a very good start for a new manager."

"But I'm telling you a fact," Jonas insisted. "I didn't think of it myself until

So Lomax went off to the station—not without some misgivings.

you suggested it to me; but, you see, Mr. Lomax bought his stock long before the war, when prices were way down. Say, that suggests another sign to me," he broke in, and, leaving her there at the counter, he hastened into the back room. Amused, the girl waited until he returned bearing this placard:

> THE ONLY ONE IN PLEASONTON WE DON'T WANT IN HERE IS OLD HI COST O'LIVING
>
> *Every article in our stock will positively be sold at Pre-War Prices. Why Pay More for Inferior Goods?*

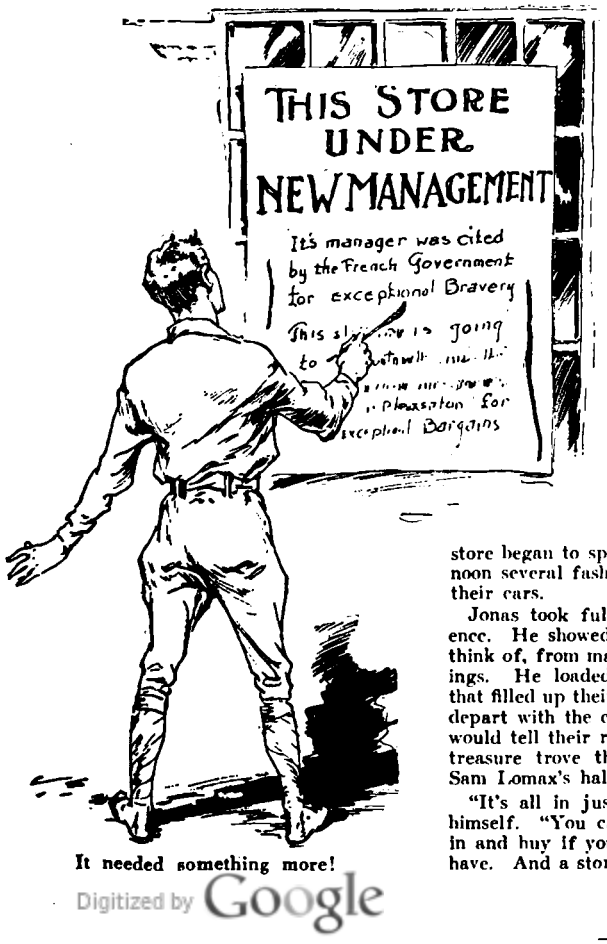
"You're certainly a queer one," said the girl. "Even if this is so, your stock has probably deteriorated with age—and it's out of style, most likely."

"Say," Jonas said. "I'll have to put you on the pay roll if you keep on. If it's out of style I'm going to make it fashionable to wear old-fashioned things. 'Scuse me while I make another sign."

This time he brought back this neatly lettered message:

> DON'T LOSE HABITS OF WAR-TIME THRIFT!
> DON'T BE WASTEFUL! MILLS ARE BEHIND IN THEIR PRODUCTION. HELP BY USING GOOD GOODS THAT ARE NOT NEW. IT'S PATRIOTIC—AND IT SAVES YOU MONEY.

"I hadn't thought of that," the girl said. "Have you any embroidery cotton?"



It needed something more!

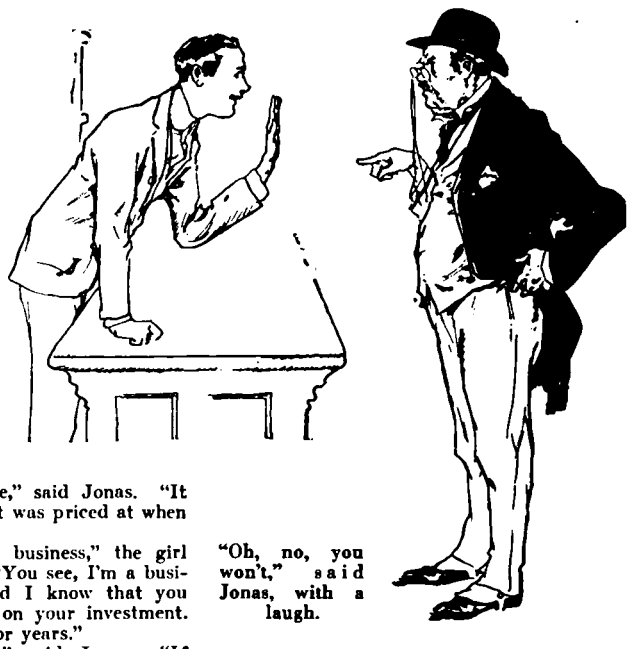
"Sure," said Jonas, going to the old-style chest of drawers in which it was kept. He carefully dusted off the exterior, then opened one drawer after another. It was filled with spools of varied colors, and the girl gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Why, I've been hunting all over town for some of this. I never imagined Lomax's would have it, for I haven't seen any since the war started—made in England, you know—and we simply couldn't get it. Why, it's worth its weight in gold!"

"No it isn't—not here," said Jonas. "It costs you exactly what it was priced at when we bought it."

"But that isn't good business," the girl said in a kindly tone. "You see, I'm a business woman myself and I know that you must realize something on your investment. This has been tied up for years."

"The old price goes," said Jonas. "If you'll go out and tell your friends what that sign says—tell them that we do have bargains here—the extra profit I don't make will be mighty well invested."



"Oh, no, you won't," said Jonas, with a laugh.

WITH a smile and a promise to do as he asked, the girl went out. In the next half-hour Jonas made six sales. A teamster came in to ask for a glass of water, and Jonas sold him three pairs of driver's gloves. The postman brought in a bill and, being interested in Jonas's signs, read them carefully. Before he left he bought a new necktie.

And so thru the day it went on. It seemed that everyone was passing thru Elm Street and that a substantial part of the passers-by came in to buy. Jonas didn't even get a chance to run out to lunch and, for the first time in his life, he enjoyed real work. There was a big sense of satisfaction that it was his idea which brought the customers in. People who had never thought of going into Lomax's came in to see what bargains were being sold at pre-war prices. The story of Jonas's signs and of the values to be had at the dingy old store began to spread, and in the late afternoon several fashionable women drove up in their cars.

Jonas took full advantage of their presence. He showed them everything he could think of, from maids' aprons to ercton hangings. He loaded them up with purchases that filled up their automobiles and saw them depart with the certain knowledge that they would tell their rich friends of the veritable treasure trove they had discovered in old Sam Lomax's half-forgotten store.

"It's all in just *doing* it," Jonas said to himself. "You can't expect people to come in and buy if you don't tell them what you have. And a store's like an individual—if it looks down at the heel—shows every sign of being an out-of-date failure—people are naturally going to take it at its face value."

NIGHT came, and as the throng of workers passed the door on their way to supper, Jonas had still more customers. There was quite a little gathering outside reading his signs, and most of those who read came in. He sold the mill workers all sorts of things, including underwear that had been on Lomax's shelf for years—a better sort of underwear than could be bought anywhere else for the money to-day. Jonas could readily have asked a good deal more for his wares, but he held resolutely to his "pre-war" price idea. Lomax had told him that the prices were marked on the goods, and it was not his part to question the figures. He knew, of course, that higher asking-prices would increase his division of the profits of his sales, but Jonas had a bigger scheme than that in mind. He wasn't looking for profits. He was seeking customers—customers who would stick even after his present stock of bargains should have changed hands. He wondered why Lomax himself had never properly presented his wares—and thus built up a life-long clientele.

"That's just the way with everything," he murmured to himself between sales. "Most any intelligent human being can do successful things. It's just a matter of realizing the fact and of going to it! Certainly there was never a lazier good-for-nothing than myself, but it doesn't seem so remarkable to me that I thought of this."

AND while he was pondering over things, another idea came to him. He had been in the army himself and knew what army men liked. Hundreds of the town boys had learned to wear woolen socks and woolen underwear while in the service—just as Jonas had. Now Lomax had a big stock of both on hand, and but for his sales to the mill workers he had not been able to move it. Jonas remembered his salary was to be half the profits he earned. This half was his. He could do what he pleased with it.

So he called up the local paper and told them to insert this notice in the morning edition:

SERVICE MEN, ATTENTION!

The same satisfactory, comfortable sort of Underwear and Sox you wore while chasing "Jerry"—only better than army issue and cheap enough to leave a tidy sum out of your bonus money!

AT LOMAX'S — TO-MORROW 10% DISCOUNT IF YOU COME IN UNIFORM OR BRING YOUR HONORABLE DISCHARGE.

That ought to do it, he said to himself hen he finally locked up the store for the ight and went out to get the first meal he ad eaten since breakfast.

That night Jonas dreamed wonderful reams. Perhaps it was the roll of bills and he bag of small change that was under his illow. He hadn't had time to put it in the ank and he wasn't taking chances leaving it the store. In his dreams the tiny empoium grew to a great department building, nd he saw himself seated across a great maogany desk consulting with the frock-coated omax as to business policies. Then he woke p just in time to get a cold bath and hasten o the store. It was almost six o'clock, and e resolved to be open in time to catch the ill workers on their way to the factories. onas wasn't taking any chances of losing a ngle sale.

Ten minutes later he had a new sign in he window:

FORGET ANYTHING WHEN YOU CAME TO WORK?

Handkerchiefs — Clean Shirts—Gloves Comfortable Sox. If we haven't got it, leave your order and we'll have it for you in half an hour!

It worked. Jonas took in twelve dollars nd seventy cents for things that were not in he Lomax stock: chewing-gum, phonograph ecords, smoking-tobacco and a number of rticles in which women are interested. When he factory whistle blew and his early trade as at an end, he went out. He ate breakast, visited the stores where the things he eeded were sold, and delivered the purhases, properly labeled with the owners' ames, at the gates of the various mills. Then e went back and opened up the Lomax Emorium, ready for the day's regular trade.

WHILE he was waiting for the first customer, he looked over an illustrated eekly showing a picture of the Belgian King n shipboard. It showed him engaged in eck sports, without his uniform blouse and earing suspenders. "Great!" exclaimed onas. "Lomax has enough suspenders on and to hold up the dignity of every man Pleasonton, and since the vogue for belts ame in he doesn't sell one a month. Here's here they go!"

In ten minutes he had another sign ready. his time it said:

THE BEST SPORT IN THE WORLD WEARS SUSPENDERS

King Albert Held Up His End During the War—Now He Lets a Sensible, Old-Fashioned Pair of Suspenders Hold His Royal Trousers Up.

WHY DON'T YOU DO IT, TOO?

The sign was a success. It sold suspenders nd it added a note of humor to the scene. It was a ripe topic for everyone who came in, and anything that will start a friendly conversation between a customer and a clerk is always worth while. The service men began flocking in. Jonas had a hearty greeting for each of them. Soon they were swapping yarns of the other side, and the men were swapping their pay-checks for the merchandise Jonas had.

He was one of them and he knew what sort of things they liked. And they were tickled at the ten-per-cent discount Jonas gave them. He told them frankly why he was doing it, and they promised faithfully to come to Lomax's for their wants as long as Jonas stayed there. So he began to feel that his plan was bearing fruit and that he was about to become a fixture in the Lomax store. But he had very different ideas about the future of that store.

The change that had come over Jonas was remarkable. His friends marveled at it—and Jonas did himself. He was transformed from a lazy, shiftless youth into a keen,

Shortly after nine o'clock, a very excited man entered.

ambitious, industrious worker; and if Lomax himself could have looked in at the moment he would have been struck dumb with amazement.

IN the afternoon a youth whom Jonas recognized as captain of the high-school baseball team dropped in—to buy a pair of suspenders, by the way.

"Say," said Jonas. "I've an idea. You have a corking team. Why don't you nickname it the 'Red Shirts' and I'll sell you one for every man at a bargain price." He got out one of the old-fashioned red-flannel shirts—long out of demand at the store. He talked, showed the publicity the team would acquire by wearing a distinctive uniform and, before the team captain left, Jonas had promised to put the shirts aside until the young official could talk with the other players.

That night, when the store was closed, Jonas took account of stock. He was actually amazed at the inroads upon the merchandise on the shelves and the amount of cash in hand. "Old Lomax would have a fit if he knew," he said to himself. "I'd wire him the good news, only he wouldn't believe it and would think I'm crazy. Besides, I want to surprise him."

And with this thought in mind, he prepared the advertisement for the morning's paper:

FOUR MORE DAYS OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD PRICES

Until Saturday Night your dollars will go as far as they did in 1915—at Lomax's.

To make room for our new stock, we will sell everything on hand at savings that will come in mighty handy when the grocer's bill comes in.

Then he added a random list of the things he believed would be the hardest to sell—merchandise that was really out of date, but which he felt the comparative figures of present-day prices would help him move. And he was right. By nightfall Wednesday there were great gaps in the shelves, and the storeroom in back of the store was almost as empty. It was a huge lark. He was actually closing out the entire stock of the store, and that was exactly what he resolved to do before closing hour Saturday night.

HE only hoped that old Lomax would not return before he had accomplished this. He wanted the satisfaction of seeing the look of surprise on Lomax's face when he should walk in at the door. How different would be the old man's feelings, especially if it should develop—as Lomax feared it would—that his creditors would be severe and, possibly, even seize the store in lieu of their money.

That night he took a tidy sum out of his share of the profits and, purchasing an outfit of "civies," discarded his uniform permanently. He cut quite a dapper figure of a successful young merchant and was highly pleased with himself.

Once more the sign-making habit came over him. This time he based his talk on the uniform he had doffed. He laid it out in the window—tin hat, shoes and all. And beside it was this legend:

THE MANAGER OF THIS STORE ISN'T WEARING THIS UNIFORM ANY MORE, BUT HE *IS* WEARING A *SMILE* THAT THE PEOPLE OF PLEASANTON GAVE HIM TO REPLACE IT.

And it seemed as if the townsfolk were bent on keeping that smile fresh and bright, for they fairly thronged the little store during the remaining days. That afternoon Ezekiel Martin, proprietor of the Pleasonton Department Store, came in and offered Jonas a position on condition that he quit Lomax and come with him at once.

"Nix!" said Jonas. "I'm going to sell everything on Lomax's shelves by Saturday night, and then I'm going to help him hold the trade I've won."

"I'll buy the remaining stock now at any price you mention," Martin urged.

(Continued on page 78)

Enamored of the Easy Chair

Why Nature Has Made It Impossible for the Idler to Become a High Class Man or Woman

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHAT sacrifices are you willing to make to attain your ambition—that position or thing you desire above all else? Are you willing to cut out luxuries and pleasures, to dismiss the hundred and one little desires that you have been accustomed to gratify? Have you the grit and pluck to stand all manner of discouragement, to struggle on without losing heart; to get up again every time you fall? How much criticism, misunderstanding, abuse, can you stand? Have you the perseverance to go on when others turn back, to continue to fight when everybody around you has given up?

I believe that downright laziness is at the bottom of more failures than anything else. People who do not succeed in this land of chances are not willing, as a rule, to pay the price for success in hard work, in concentration on their ambition. They are enamored of the easy chair, have formed indolent habits and are unwilling to exert themselves to win the prize they long for. It takes pluck, nerve, grit, and a prodigious amount of energy and hard work to realize a lofty ambition. Most people look longingly to the top of the ladder, but have not the energy or the determination to do the climbing. If somebody else would only do it for them! If somebody would only help them up, give them a boost, they would do some of the work; but they would like to have the disagreeable part, the strenuous part, the part that means real hard labor, done by somebody else!

SUCH people will often make more effort to protect their comfort and ease than they will to get ahead. They don't like to get up early in the morning. They have no use for the strenuous life. They cling to their comforts, they settle down in an easy chair, or want to get into a comfortable position on a couch, to read, smoke and take it easy generally. But when the first-rater, the man who sacrifices everything that conflicts with his main life purpose, reaches the winning post, the trailers, the second-raters cry, "Oh, that's his luck! He was always lucky—always had somebody to boost him—some pull or influence back of him. If I had had his chances I could have done as well."

The strongest thing about a weak man is his ability to find excuses for his weakness, for his inefficiency. The more he lacks purpose, energy, the will to succeed, the greater his resourcefulness in inventing excuses and trumping up reasons for his failure. He does not seem to realize the principle underlying all success—that it is founded on drudgery, sacrifice, painstaking labor, the persistent effort to reach the goal of one's ambition. Everything that we prize most, costs us something. We must pay for it in effort, and it is precious in proportion to the struggles and the sacrifices which we have made to obtain it. No matter what it is, whether a personal grace or accomplishment, something that adds to our appearance, our mental equipment, our personal power or influence or a much bigger thing than any of these, the price of its attainment is self-effort and self-sacrifice.

THE man who has not the grit, the will-power, or the courage to strive valiantly for the thing he wants will always find plenty of excuses for his failure or mediocrity. There are always too many things in the way, too many obstacles to overcome. There is always something the matter with the tools, or the location, or the business. The trouble is never with himself.

It is foolish for any American to make silly excuses for his mediocre life and work. Do not try to blame your lack of energy, your indolence and indifference on others; put

the blame on yourself, where it belongs. If you are willing to sacrifice your ease and pay the price for the thing your ambition calls for, no matter how forbidding your environment, how discouraging your outlook, or what obstacles bar the way, you will reach your goal.

The trouble is, very few people take a long-distance view of life. Most of us sacrifice the future to the nearest pleasure, the nearest comfort, the ease that is right at hand. For the sake of a good time, or an evening of ease, thousands of young men have thrown away priceless opportunities for education, for self-improvement which would have given them a big lift in the world. For the sake of present comfort, hundreds of men and women let pass opportunities which might open the way to a great career. They shirk responsibilities which would broaden their character, avoid experiences which would give them stamina and courage, make them wise, efficient, successful. Because of this they will go thru life shallow, superficial, ignorant, and end their days in wretched poverty. There are multitudes in the great failure army to-day, because of what they sacrificed in their younger days, the hours spent in idleness or devoted to a good time—not the good time which recreates and renews, gives wealth and vigor, but the good time which demoralizes, makes people think less of themselves the next day; the good time that kills self-respect, that tends to blight the ideals, to paralyze the ambition and to cheapen life generally.

NOW, the man who dedicates his life to a high purpose, the biggest thing that is possible to him, must ever sacrifice the lesser for the greater. Everyone who has reached distinction, who has lived the life really worth while, who has tried to make the most possible of himself, and has given of his best to the world, has had to sacrifice a great many things which would have been very pleasant and enjoyable, but which, after all, would not have left the larger satisfaction which comes from taking the nobler, the higher course.

> IT is as natural that we should obtain the thing we long for with all our hearts, and persistently work to obtain, as that a stone should come to the earth when hurled into the air. The ambition, the desire, the longing, the hunger, the struggle toward the aim, these are the forces of gravitation which bring us the desired result.

Man is so constructed that he cannot respect himself if he does not do his part, his share of the world's work. There are a thousand reasons in our very make-up to show that we were made to be working machines, that even our health and strength depend upon work.

There is no possible way of cheating God, of going around nature. No one can develop strength of manhood, can build up character, without conforming to the laws of one's being, without working, without doing one's level best to accomplish what he was sent here to do.

No one who dodges or sneaks, no one who shirks can ever quite respect himself, can look himself squarely in the face without wincing. If he has shirked his part of the world's work, he cannot help feeling that he is dishonest, that he is a thief, that he has really stolen that which belonged to others.

Thru certain inevitable processes, more or less slow, toilsome, and painful, must every fine and beautiful thing, whether in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdom, be raised from its humble starting point to its highest value.

Man is no exception to the general law. His great problem, the problem that fills all his years, must ever be how he shall go on, from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, refining and improving the material that has been given him until it has been raised to its highest value, until his life has yielded its greatest possible service to the world.

HOW often have I heard young men say they do not work because they do not have to. These young men seem to think that it is a great blessing that they have been spared a life of drudgery. But they do not realize that they will be nobodies, that they will never stand for anything, that they will never carry weight in the world until they do something.

It is the law of nature that only hard work calls out a man's full strength, his reserves of power; only hard work is accepted as the price of the highest type of manhood.

The time will come when able-bodied men and women will be ashamed to be idle, no matter how much money they may have inherited or made. Idleness will not be respected, and those who indulge in it will be despised and ostracized by all decent people.

IDLENESS is the mother of crime. The finest watch ever made, if idle, would last but a fraction of the time it would if kept constantly running. People who are idle are breaking one of the greatest human laws—the law of action.

Every human being came to this earth with a mission, came here to make good, and the man or woman who doesn't make good should be regarded as a public nuisance.

Are you a helper or a hinderer? If the world is no better for your being here, if you have not helped things along, you are a parasite. Society will measure you by the value of your contribution to it. If you have been an idler, you have been a robber and a thief, because you have taken away from the society in which you are supposed to coöperate all that you have ever eaten or drank, have used or enjoyed. Your contribution to the world has been only a vicious example, you not only have been a drag upon society, but your idle life has prevented you from even developing your mind.

A THOUSAND years of idleness would not improve a man's faculties, brain, or character. In fact, he would deteriorate, for the law of growth, of expansion, of enlargement, is perpetual activity.

Rich fathers little realize what deterioration and demoralization they are inviting for their sons when they encourage idleness by taking away the very motive which is necessary to the normal exercise of all the mental faculties. They little realize that this inertia will blight their growth, strangle their efficiency.

All history shows that the human giants have been made by the continuous and vigorous exercise of their mental powers under the stimulus of a great overmastering life-purpose. Not one boy in a million will bring out the best in him, will ever grow to the stature of his highest possibilities, if for any reason he lacks the spur of necessity early in his life, if he fails to do a man's work.

It is a sorry day in a youth's life when his father's

(Continued on page 79)

How I Fought a Death Sentence

My Own Story of My Battle Started Sixteen Years Ago, When I Was Told I Had Only Two Years to Live

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

The Eminent American Novelist

HERE is the true story of a man who was completely down and out sixteen years ago—whose back was to the wall; whose spirit was shattered; whose physician told him that tuberculosis had him in its grip and that he would be in his grave in two years. When he received this information, he strolled into Central Park, New York, found a comfortable bench—and——

No, he did not give up. He knew that the way to health and success was still open to him. Read how he found it—THE EDITORS.

"YOUNG man," said the doctor, pityingly, "I hate to say this to you, but your situation is very grave. You have tuberculosis and nephritis, your system is greatly depleted, and your probable expectation of life is about two years." He spoke very frankly.

Thus, sixteen years ago, the good doctor passed judgment on me. It sounded like a sentence of death—tho, in fact, I attended his own funeral a while ago. Dazed, I stumbled out of his office, dragged myself to a bench in Central Park and sat down to meditate. My thoughts that evening hour in the autumn of 1904, will always remain as the bitterest I have ever known.

My situation was desperate—so bad that it was almost amusing, with a kind of grim humor. I had no money to speak of. I would have to give up my excellent job with a large insurance company. My wife had just told me we were to expect an addition to the family. My family could do nothing for me. Human misery could hardly sink to lower, blacker depths. Yes, that was an evil hour.

But all the time, if I had only known it, the way to health and success stood open. That I found the way was due only to my utter need of finding *something*. I did what I did because I *had* to, or die right there. And it all turned out to be the right thing. That's why this story is useful. May it not come to some other being, now meshed in the toils of misery and despair, and give him my message: *"Keep Plugging! Never Say Die!"*?

Photograph by Roger Paul Jordan, Portland

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Author of "The Gift Supreme," "The Golden Blight," "Curse" and other novels.

The Dark Days of Poverty

STUNNED, with what amounted to a death sentence hanging over me, I crawled home and told my wife. That was an hour not easily to be forgotten. The situation summed up more misery than words can tell. But we were not crushed. We decided to fight.

I resigned my job, and with a little money given me by the insurance company, as a sort of bonus, I returned to my wife's home in the Maine woods. Conditions were all extremely primitive; but, at any rate, we had escaped from the city. We could turn around, think, breathe, live a little while until we could find something to lay hold of in this terrible crisis.

The money I had was soon spent, and absolute poverty descended on us. We had no proper clothing for the Maine climate. My wife had to wear one of my old overcoats that winter. I wore anything I could get, to keep out the stiffening cold—apparel that made me a kind of scarecrow in the remote "plantation"—not even a village—where we had to live. I was too weak to do any productive work, and you know how weakness is viewed among the country people.

So, I had no occupation, and all the amusement my wife and I could find to keep us from going plumb crazy up there in the solitude was to slide down hill on a rough toboggan I made, or burn up old pine stumps on the mountain sides, or look for spruce-gum, or go down to the sawmill and get weighed, or walk up and down the little mill railroad and "play to pretend" that it led somewhere far away from there, or crunch along the frozen roads. That was all mighty diverting for people just from Central Park West, New York City!

At any rate, I had food, to fight the "T. B." And I had Maine mountain air. I grew whiskers, took on a little fat and began to gain strength

The hope for life, the desire for life, began after all to be reborn.

There wasn't, however, a red cent of cash to be had. We were expecting the baby, pretty soon—and this, in a drafty old farmhouse in mid-winter, far from a doctor and without even the ordinary amenities of life. We thought and talked and planned, and got nowhere. And daily we learned the truth of Dante's lines that

> There are no harder stairs to climb, nor bitterer bread
> To eat than those of charity.

Two years before, I was graduated an A. M. from Harvard, with a *magna cum laude*, the first Bowdoin Prize, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. Now I had sunk to look like an outrageous tramp; I was living on the bounty of my wife's relatives; and a child was expected. Those days and nights of misery, that long, horrible winter of intense Maine cold, isolation and privation, can never be forgotten. A man can hardly pass through worse, and survive.

Climax of Misery

TOWARD the end of winter, I went into a lumber-camp to live a while in my quest for health. My wife was left at the farm. I had been in camp only a week when news came thru that I must return at once. One unforgettable day, I sledged and tramped thru the snow, twenty-five miles out of the deep woods, in zero weather, to reach the plantation. Thereafter I stood by, with a tired country doctor, to fight for the life of wife and child.

A howling blizzard came on. The cold was so intense that frost furred the windows, and even with the stoves all roaring we could not get the house really warm. There was nothing to do with—hardly even clean bedding. We were surrounded by abysmal primitiveness. Yet after a terrible struggle, the baby arrived.

There followed days of the most intense humiliation for us, as dependents. When inclined to complain about present troubles, a little remembering of the winter of 1905 makes anything now look quite paradisical.

Fate Takes a Hand in the Game

ALL this time, better things were close at hand. For one thing, I was fighting and winning my battle against disease by means of an outdoor life. I was gaining weight; getting back strength. But money was absolutely lacking. At times, I hadn't even the price of a postage stamp to send out a letter. Gibes by the farmers about the futility of "book-larnin' " made things wretched.

If you want to know crucifixion of the soul, here's the recipe: Be a "city man," get down-and-out, and go up into the turkey-neck section of the uncut country. You'll get just the same amount of understanding and sympathy that a canary would at a shrikes' convention, or a mouse would if visiting Feline Union No. 57.

Desperate, I turned to the hope of doing a little reporting for local papers. Yes, they were glad of my work—but all the pay was stamped-envelopes to send in the items. John W. Hope curled up in a corner and called for the undertaker.

I was soon, however, to turn the tables on my sympathizing rural friends, soon to find an occupation till then unsuspected, simply because I *had* to find one. It came about in this way. Lack of any occupation threw me back on reading a stack of old magazines. For weeks I read and read, hundreds of magazines. All at once the idea flashed:

"Why can't I write stories, too?" Well, why not?"

I had had training as a writer. In college I had learned how to express my thoughts. I understood something of dramatic values. All I lacked was experience. Well, wasn't I now getting experience of life; and bitter experience at that?

My work with the insurance company had been the writing of advertising matter. Surely, that was a good training for the imagination—first-class preparation for the writing of fiction. And I had a typewriter that, if coaxed and made love to, would sometimes turn out readable copy. I oiled up the typewriter and decided that the world was my oyster.

Of All Glad Words!

THO I live to be 102½, I shall never forget that first story I wrote in the battle for freedom. My health was still only tentative, but I had enough strength to allow me to work. The story, I remember, was written in pencil on old wrapping-paper, because I had only a few sheets of good white paper and had to save those for the finished copy. Laboriously I wrote that tale—a five thousand word story of adventure. It took me a long time, but I stuck to it. All the time, fate stood behind me with lash in hand—smiling!

I copied the story on my few sheets of good paper, and scraped up a few maravedi to send it to *Collier's*. In a while, an answer came back.

Oh, Lord, that answer! No, I can't forget the tense moment when I hooked it out of the R. F. D. box in the snow, tore it open and gulped it at a glance. Oh, heart, be still! The story had brought me a hundred dollars!

Self-respect came back. I shaved, got wife and self some clothes, paid some board, and walked upright like a man, once more. I understood that the key to life lay in my hand and that I had found the lock. I could write stories!

I wrote lots of stories then, on the old machine that had to be cajoled. All at once my eyes were opened. I found stories everywhere, waiting and ready to be written. The farmers themselves furnished me material; their simple, narrow lives, their joys and sorrows, their absurdities, their dickerings, loves, hates, doings of all kinds. Why, here was Life just waiting to be revealed!

I wrote lots of stories, right off the bat, mostly all dealing with Maine life. They all sold. Every one. And nice blue and pink checks began showing their perforated ends, when I ripped open envelopes from New York.

> Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
> The gladdest: "By gum, a check again!"

My sales-book, for the first month of this beatific resurrection, showed $265 in the receipt column. That, to my startled eyes, made Standard Oil look like the dividend-report of a Parsee pauper. Next month was still better. Friend Farmer's gibes took a hike out back of the woodpile and busted wide open. "Book-larnin', by the gret horn spoon! might hev suthin' inta it, arter all." But then, they all agreed, it wouldn't last. When it did, they collapsed and said they'd allus knowed, all 'long, as how that doggone city feller would git goin', ef he only had a chanst." Springtime brought gladness in several forms, the sweetest of which was to be able to tell the farmers about where they got off.

Then Bob Davis—Robert H. Davis, managing editor of the Munsey publications—took a hand. He took a couple of my stories and asked for more, and I sent more; and when he went fishing in Maine, that summer, he invited me to a pow-wow. I went home with a Munsey contract in my boot-leg and the joy flag spiked to the mizzen.

The Way Out

NOT all my problems were solved or all roads made easy. No. Many tribulations were still in store. The path of the writer is not an attar-dripping wallow of roses. Far from that! But so far as life and health and

(Continued on page 79)

Don't Let Your Past Spoil Your Future

Try Again! Begin Again! But Bury Your Mistakes—and Forget Them!

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

YOU cannot afford to let your past spoil your future. Hasn't it harmed you enough already? If it has been bad, forget it, erase it from your memory. Get the good out of every experience, but let go of the bad, the unfortunate! If you brood over the bad or worry about it, if you spend your time in regrets, in visualizing the troubles, the trials, the afflictions that have been yours, if you repicture your blunders, your sins, or your crimes, you will unfit yourself for future work and will lose all the good which you could get from those experiences if you used them rightly.

They have already been a tremendous loss to you, a loss of precious energy which you might have worked up into things worth while, a loss of peace of mind, comfort and happiness, and a tremendous loss of efficiency, because a discordant mind, a troubled mind, a mind filled with regrets, cannot create, cannot produce; it is negative—and a negative mind destroys, tears down, does not build.

> SHOW me the man who never made a mistake and I will show you the man who never accomplished anything.
>
> —*Theodore Roosevelt*

Don't Let Your Past Become a Quagmire

DON'T allow yourself to be living in the past, delving among your mistakes, blunders, shortcomings and failures. These things are beyond your reach; they are dead to you. Forget them; bury them forever! Profit by them to the fullest extent.

Being too much influenced or depressed by past shortcomings and mistakes or errors is bad business. Of course, you could have done better; but why should you spoil your future, why should you cut down your present efficiency and your ability to do better work in the future by negativing your mind in harboring on and thinking too much about your past mistakes?

Do you realize that you are spoiling your very chances of retrieving your past, by mourning over its slips and blunders? *Let the past go,* my friend. Bury it, so that you can fling a full hundred per cent of your efficiency into the work of this minute, instead of thirty-five or fifty per cent because of your regrets.

You know you cannot help a thing that has passed. It is over with and beyond your reach, so why keep fretting and stewing that you did this or did not do that, or that you did not do better?

Make Your Mistakes Things Worth While

I KNOW a man who is forever castigating himself because he made a bad investment years ago and lost a fortune. He never ceases to think about it, to speak about it, to refer to it.

How we all long to go back and begin over again, to retrace our steps, improve on our mistakes, avoid our past blunders! Oh, what wonderful things we could do if w could only begin over again! But there is no going back wards. Life's engine ever moves forward, never stops eve at stations; it is one steady, persistent forward movemer from birth to death. There are no way-stations. Every thing within us is progressing towards the end. The onl opportunity we have for redeeming life, or any unfortunat past is by making the most of the passing moment.

It is said of Michael Angelo that he had a great passio to turn every experience of life into paint for his grea masterpieces.

Why can't we take a sensible view of life and resolve t be always happy, no matter what comes to us, to grin everything into paint that comes our way? Even our mis takes and blunders, the things that humiliate and mortif us, we can work up into things worth while.

All Achievements Ar Filled with Mistakes

MR. WANAMAKE has said, "If thought only of my mi takes I should be mise able all the time."

Most of us dwell upo our mistakes, our blunder the things that humilia us, which touch our pric and vanity. We are a ways dwelling upon th negative, unfortunat disagreeable things th have happened to us or that may happen to us.

Realize that your whole success, all your achieveme in life is in the passing second. All you can do is rig now in the instant you are living; you cannot do a thi with the past moment or with the second ahead of yo The present world is yours, everything is yours, but in second it is beyond your reach.

There is never a day in the life of the best of us whi could not be bettered, improved upon. We are all co scious of that, and most lives—even if on the whole th have been quite successful—are made up of imperfect ac and deeds, most of them, very imperfect.

All achievements, however great, are filled with mistak and blunders, all sorts of errors and shortcomings; but, the whole, people have made a respectable showing.

Is Your Past the Limit of Your Perseverance?

ARE you going to allow your past to queer you, j because it has been unfortunate, because you have ma mistakes, because you have fallen down, because y haven't done what you expected to do? Are you going quit, turn back and show the white feather just beca you were not able to do what you expected to do, what y started out to do? Is there no more stamina or stayi power, no more courage than that would indicate? Is t the limit of your push, your perseverance?

No matter what your past has been, you cannot afford
o let it spoil your future. If your past has been a mis-
ake, if it has been unfortunate, there is all the more reason
hy you should make a tremendous effort to redeem it.
he blacker your past, the greater your mistakes and fail-
res, the more tremendous your effort to redeem it all, to
ompensate for it all, to make up for it, by making a
tupendous endeavor to redeem yourself from failure, from
ne scorn of the world, to redeem yourself in the estimation
f those who know you, and especially those who believe in
ou, who believe there is something in you that you have
ever yet shown.

Put faith in their belief.

OF course it is humiliating to make mistakes, to have setbacks, disappointments; but we should use them as lessons. They will make us more cautious, more prudent, wiser, more level-headed.

Each morning, my friend, we have a chance to begin again, to try again. Every day is a new chance at life, a new chance at our job, a chance to correct our mistakes and blunders. What a wonderful thing it is that we are able to begin again, to try again three hundred and sixty-five times every year! Think what this means in a lifetime, all these chances to try again, every night to forget the unfortunate past and to begin again in the morning with new prospects and new ideals!

The World's Greatest Statistical Undertaking

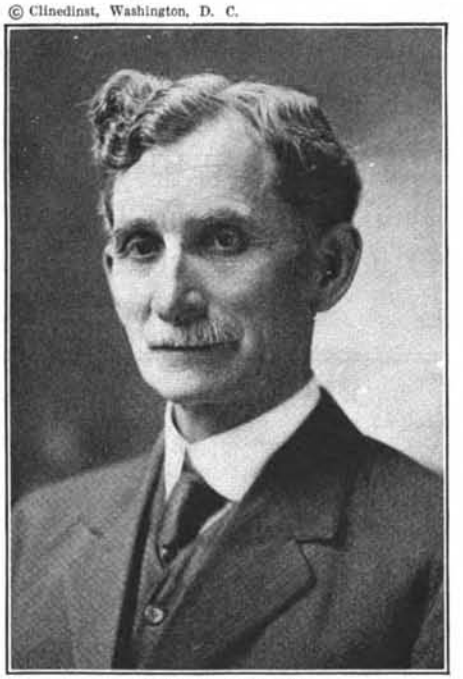
How Uncle Sam is Preparing to Take a Census, this Year, of Everything in the United States

By H. O. BISHOP

THE greatest statistical undertaking in the history of the world is taking the census of the United States. It is being performed, this year, by the largest statistical agency on earth—the Census Bureau, of which Sam L. Rogers, of Franklin, North Carolina, is the director.

To accomplish this colossal task requires the services of an office force, in Washington, of 4,000 men and women and a field force of 35,000 enumerators and supervisors, at an estimated cost of $20,000,000. The census takers are the only people who are admitted anywhere and everywhere. They are admitted to the drawing-room of society and the humble home of the laborer. Their statistical inquiry leads them into hovels, homes, workshops, mines, fields, prisons, hospitals, and all other places where human nature exists. In these explorations, they discover the seeds of national growth and decay, and become prophets of their generation.

It is claimed that the chief instrument of American statistics is the census, which should accomplish a twofold object: it should serve the country, by making a full and accurate record of the elements of national life and strength, and it should serve the science of statistics by so exhibiting general results that they may be compared with similar data obtained by other nations. The census is indispensable to modern statesmanship.



SAM L. ROGERS
Director of the Census of 1920

THE enumerators who have the most difficult jobs are those in Alaska, where they are obliged to travel across country with dog or reindeer teams, and along the coast in "bidarkies," another name for skin-boats. At least one Alaskan enumerator will be obliged to cross and recross the Arctic Circle far above the timber line in a temperature 30 degrees or more below zero.

If long experience in public office spells preparedness, Sam L. Rogers ought to make the best census director the country has ever had. His service in various public positions totals thirty-eight years. He was not quite twenty-one years old when he was nominated for the clerkship of the superior court of North Carolina. He was born January 1, 1860.

The education of the head of the largest statistical organization in the world was limited to a high school. Between high school and the landing of his first political position, he worked on a farm and clerked in a general store.

Prior to his appointment as director of the census, by President Wilson, Mr. Rogers served as collector of internal revenue for Western North Carolina, also as a member of the corporation commission of that State.

"Observation, reading and concentration," are given by him as the principal reasons for his success in life.

WHEN the first census was taken in 1790, Virginia was the most populous State in the Union, with 747,610 inhabitants, of whom 292,627 were slaves. Pennsylvania came second with 434,373, only 3,737 being slaves. North Carolina was third, having 393,751, including 100,572 slaves. Massachusetts came fourth with 378,787, none being slaves. New York, now the most populous State, was fifth with only 340,120 inhabitants, 21,324 being slaves. Delaware was the least populous, the returns

showing that only 59,094 people resided in that State at that time.

The total population of the country in 1790 was 3,893,635. The enumerating was done by seventeen marshals and 650 assistants, at a cost of $44,377.

In 1790, the people were guided by strict religious scruples. In objecting to answer the questions of the enumerators, they cited the disagreeable consequences that resulted from the enumeration of the children of Israel. Others of more practical natures objected fearing it might result in increased taxation.

A comparison of conditions in 1790 with those at the present time is startling. The total area of the United States was 825,000 square miles, or about one-fourth of the present area; but the settled area, in 1790, was only about 240,000 square miles, or less than 30 per cent. of the gross area. The western boundary was the Mississippi River, and a portion of the southern boundary was formed by what is now the northern line of Florida. Western New York was a wilderness, Elmira and Binghamton were only detached hamlets. Most of the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains was unsettled and unexplored. Detroit and Vincennes were so small and isolated in that early day, that it was not considered worth while to go to the trouble and expense of enumerating their inhabitants. New York City—now boasting a population of over 6,000,000—had, in 1790, only 33,000 inhabitants, altho it was then the largest city in the United States.

"HOW much cider did you produce in 1919?" "How much of this cider was made, or will be made, into vinegar?" These are two very leading questions that will be asked every farmer by the present census enumerators. The government evidently is very anxious to know whether the cider industry is going to experience a boom as a result of the banishment of liquor.

Not only will the inhabitants of the United States be counted, but every other living thing—every animal, fowl and bee used in industry, also every bit of produce grown or manufactured.

Farmers must tell how many autos, tractors and trucks they own; whether they have gas, electric lights, and a telephone in their homes, whether they carry water from a well or have it piped to their houses.

An accurate count, even, will be made of the maple trees tapped in 1919 and the amount of maple syrup and sugar made.

For the first time, inquiries will be made as to the quantity of land reclaimed by irrigation and drainage, where it is located, amount of capital invested, and crops produced on such land.

All manufacturers will be interrogated as to capital invested; value of land, buildings, machinery and tools; salaries of officers and employees; amount of federal, State and county tax; cost of fuel and whether it was anthracite, bituminous, coke, oil, gasoline or other volatile oils; value of manufactured products, and amount of power owned or rented and whether steam, internal combustion engines, water or electric.

The human phase of the census will show the age, sex, occupation, color or race, educational status; whether married, single or divorced, and citizenship of every person in this country. It will give the name and address of every person who came from a foreign country; whether or not he can read or write, or is able to speak the English language; whether he has become an American citizen, and if he owns or rents his home. Conditions arising during the war, and through industrial disturbances since the war, make the latter information essentially important.

When Mr. Rogers finishes his big task Uncle Sam will know exactly just what his big country is worth, what it produces, and how many people belong to him.

Who's Afraid

By B. F. Gray

NOW, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you,"
And you will find no trouble, friend, in always pulling thru;
For trouble is a quitter and cannot stand the gaff
And shows his streak of yellow at a good old hearty laugh.

YES, trouble is a duffer and has no pluck at all;
He struts and bluffs and makes a fuss and pulls a mighty stall;
But just sit back and draw your smile and see the piker run,
For you can bet he won't stay long where there is any fun.

SO just buck up, old pal of mine, and chuck this worry stuff,
For why be scared of anything that's made of only bluff?
So, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you,"
And then you'll find your troubles were just a bugaboo.

SHAME on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world! Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is only a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Are You Imprisoned in a Bamboo Stockade?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHEN Sir Charles Napier and his expedition party cornered a large number of elephants in Bengal, they were at a loss to know how they could confine them. Someone suggested that they build a stockade of bamboo poles around the elephants, so large as to appear to be a formidable barrier thru which they could not break. This they did, and it proved so successful that the elephants never made any attempt to break thru the flimsy barrier which kept them in captivity. They were slaves to captivity, simply because they thought they were confined within solid barriers.

How many human beings are just as foolish as were these deluded elephants? We imagine ourselves held back by all kinds of impediments; we are the slaves of all sorts of bamboo barriers.

There are bamboo habits which are sapping our vitality and seriously interfering with our success in life. On every hand we see men who are held in slavery by drugs, immorality, inertia, laziness, selfishness and greed, imprisoned within bamboo stockades, which they could break if they only believed they could and would exert themselves.

I KNEW a man in New England who used to drive a beautiful horse from his country estate every morning, tie the horse with an apparently very flimsy halter-strap, and leave the horse all day while he went to town. When he returned, the horse was not even unchecked. Now, why did that horse, so powerful that he could easily have broken away, stand such treatment? He would stand for hours in the hot sun, without anything to eat or drink, waiting for the man to return. It was simply because he thought he was so fastened that it was impossible for him to gain his liberty.

A horse will obey our slightest suggestion. He will quickly respond to the least pulling of the rein this way or that way. You would think he is subject to his master, until some day something frightens him and he takes the bit in his mouth. Then, for the first time in his life, he finds he is master

> LINCOLN said that this country could not long endure, half-slave and half-free. Neither can individuals. The majority of men are more than half-slaves to vices, to weaknesses, to habits which devitalize, which demoralize them and seriously interfere with their getting on in the world. Multitudes of people are the slaves of sickness and weaknesses which they imagine they have inherited or acquired.

and is pulling at the rein. The man at the reins is but a baby, compared with the horse's power. He runs away, with very little hindrance, in spite of all his master's efforts to stop him. For the first time in his life he tastes power, and realizes that he is not the slave that he thought himself to be.

HOW many men are like the elephants of Sir Charles Napier which walked up and down, to and fro, within the bamboo stockade, never making any real effort to escape and to get their freedom, because they thought they were behind impregnable walls!

The consciousness that you were free-born, as was Paul, the consciousness that you have the power within yourself to break thru the bamboo stockade and get your liberty, will free you from all slavery, my friend. But you must first believe that you have the power to do, or you will never make the necessary effort. You would be free, except that you believe you are tied, are convinced that you are tied, with something that is strong enough to hold you; but which you could break thru without effort.

If the elephants in Sir Charles Napier's bamboo stockade had even leaned against the walls, they would have gone thru it, but they did not even try. They believed that they were strongly imprisoned.

You are not the slave of sickness, of ill health, of disease, of poverty, of failure, of unhappiness, of unfortunate conditions, of an unfriendly environment. There is a power right within you to break away from all of these things which enslave you.

THE truth that will make you free, that will cut the cords which bind you, will be the consciousness of your divinity, the consciousness of your freedom from all slavery, by virtue of your birthright, of your divinity, the omnipotence which you have inherited.

Lincoln said that this country could not long endure half-slave and half-free. Neither can individuals. The majority of men are more than half-slaves to vices, to weaknesses, to habits which devitalize, which demoralize them and seriously interfere with their getting on in the world. Multitudes of people are the slaves of sickness and weaknesses which they imagine they have inherited or acquired.

How many of us have a strong, deep-seated conviction that we are not strong and never will be, that we must go thru life seriously handicapped on account of poor health. We do not realize that we must think health, that we must believe it is possible for us, that it is our birthright. We must think health, talk health, before we can be healthy, just as we must think prosperity and success before we can become prosperous or successful.

Ask Yourself These Questions

"WHAT in the world is the reason I do not get on faster?" Tens of thousands are always asking themselves this question. "What is tying me down hand and foot, binding me to mediocrity, compelling me to do little things when there is something inside of me which tells me I am intended for much better things. What is holding me back? There is some reason why I have not measured up to my earlier dreams, some reason why I am, today, in a rut instead of being infinitely further ahead. What is it that is keeping me back?'

If you are one of this vast number, dissatisfied with your achievements, analyze yourself until you find out what the trouble is. Ask yourself:

What is my weak link? Am I doing my best to strengthen it?

Is it some defect of character, some idiosyncrasy which is holding me down, delaying my advance?

Have I disagreeable qualities?

Have I a fool streak anywhere?

Am I timid?

Am I selfish, grasping, greedy, always thinking of myself and my own advantage?

Do I lack that tremendous faith which men have who do things?

Do I believe that I can make a success of what I have undertaken, or do I suffer from habitual discouragement?

Am I fitted to my job?

Am I making the most of the opportunities I have?

Am I drifting or vigorously plying the oars of my lifeboat?

Am I a loyal employer, a faithful worker, a true friend?

How much sand have I? How much iron in my blood? How much lime in my bones?

Have I that bull-dog grip, that tenacity of purpose which never gives up?

Am I making the most of my spare time evenings, or giving it all to pleasure?

Am I living up to the highest ideals of honesty, purity, truth, honor and clean manhood?

Am I fulfilling my obligations to my employer, my family, my friends, my neighbors, my country?

"WHAT is the matter with me?" Ask yourself these questions frequently. See if you can get a clear picture of yourself and find out where the trouble is and remedy it.

Are you doing the biggest thing possible to you? Are you radiating all the vitality you possibly can? Are you doing everything in your power to keep yourself up to a hundred per cent efficiency? If not, you should find out where the trouble is, what it is. Perhaps you are not taking the proper care of your health, not eating the foods which generate the maximum of physical and mental energy; or are eating too much or too little.

If you lack energy, if you do not feel life pulsating thru every atom of your being all day long, if you tire out very easily, if you have to goad yourself to do your best, if you resort to stimulants, to drugs, or tea—then there is something the matter somewhere. Find it; correct it.

Vitality is the basis of all achievement. Unless alive in every cell don't expect ever to match your achievement with your ideal, your ambition.

"There is always a black spot in our sunshine," says Carlyle; "it is the shadow of ourselves." Get out of your own light.

Conditions To-day Are Similar to Those Which Followed the Napoleonic Wars

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"JUDGE" JOSHUA W. ALEXANDER
United States Secretary of Commerce

"LET us take a lesson from the slump that followed the Napoleonic wars and build permanently for the future now," said Joshua W. Alexander, in the first public statement issued by him after he had been appointed to succeed William C. Redfield as Secretary of Commerce in President Wilson's cabinet.

"We are living in a fool's paradise if we believe our present prosperous conditions can go on indefinitely. Our first duty is to stop the world from drifting as it is now. We must check unrest, for we are living in a fool's paradise. The basis of prosperity is production, and to increase prosperity men must work to increase production."

His Personality Gave Him a Start

THERE is nothing of the dreamer about Joshua W. Alexander, altho his vision of a great American merchant marine is as romantic as it is practical and businesslike. Now in his sixty-seventh year, he has had a long and useful public career; but he is throwing himself into his new task with a will to win and to build up for the United States a commercial preëminence such as it has never known.

Says

JOSHUA W. ALEXANDER

United States Secretary of Commerce

TO

THE "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER

He is a serious, kindly type of man, whose title "Judge" has stuck to him since his departure from the bench, because, as someone in Washington put it, "he looks like a judge!" Alexander's face in repose bears a serious expression of deep pensiveness, yet, at frequent intervals, a slow, friendly smile dawns and his eyes twinkle with the joy of living.

Joshua Willis Alexander was born in Cincinnati, January 22, 1852. When he was but seven years of age his father died and the boy found himself thrown against the struggle for existence. However, under his mother's guidance, he attended the public schools, and entered Christian University, Canton, in 1868. He received his A. B. degree in 1872, and was awarded the honorary degree of A. M. by a proud alma mater in 1907.

Alexander's tastes ran to farming; but as he smilingly puts it, "The lawyer, Alexander, was obliged to support the farmer, Alexander." Moving to Gallatin, Missouri, in 1873, he has since made that place his residence. It was there that he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1875.

As his practice grew and his dominating personality won him a host of friends, he entered public life. In 1876, he was elected public administrator and succeeded himself to that post in 1880. For twenty-one years he was actively interested in educational problems and served as a member of the board of education in his home city. For two terms he was its mayor.

Served Seven Terms in Congress

IN 1882 and again in 1884, Alexander was elected to the general assembly of the State of Missouri, and as chairman of the committee on appropriations applied a fine business and legal knowledge to the administration of State funds. In 1886, he became Speaker of the House.

For a time he put aside the toga of the statesman and donned the robe of the jurist. He became judge of the Seventh Judicial District of Missouri, in January, 1901, and served until February, 1907. In 1904, he was re-elected for a six-year term, but resigned to take his seat as a member of the Sixtieth Congress. When selected for the cabinet by President Wilson, Mr. Alexander was serving his seventh term as a member of the lower house. He was one of the first members of that body to form a strong personal alliance and friendship with the Chief Executive and that sentiment has ripened with time.

It is said, authoritatively, that Alexander enjoys the full confidence of President Wilson and that the two share the same views as to the commercial development of the country. The President named him as chairman of the American Commission to the International Congress on Safety of Life at Sea, in 1913, which was held in London as a result of the Titanic disaster.

In the discussions that ensued and in the results that were achieved, Mr. Alexander was a powerful influence,

and it was at that time that his intense interest in maritime matters became evident.

It was back in 1876 that romance entered Alexander's life and he married the daughter of his legal preceptor, the late Judge Samuel A. Richardson. Mrs. Alexander and seven children are congratulating him upon his newest honor.

Mr. Alexander was so keenly interested in his congressional activities, that he hesitated to accept the cabinet post when it was offered to him, but the strongest of political and personal influences were brought to bear and finally he became convinced that the opportunities for serving his country would be greater if he should accept the portfolio.

In taking up his new work, Secretary Alexander is firmly convinced that sound and permanent development of foreign trade is essential to the welfare of the United States. This can only be accomplished, in his opinion, by the creation and maintenance of a giant American merchant marine. That a privately-owned fleet flying the Stars and Stripes should be able to transport fully sixty per cent of our foreign commerce, is his firm conviction.

"We Must Have Our Share of Foreign Trade"

DURING his term in congress, Mr. Alexander was a leading spirit in the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, of which he was chairman. In this capacity he soon came to realize the weakness of a nation obliged to rely upon foreign shipping for the movement of its exports and imports, and he set himself unflaggingly to the task of encouraging and building a commercial navy for the United States.

"We came out of the world war victorious, but we are just entering upon the greatest commercial war the world has ever known," he says. "England has had the monopoly of the ocean-carrying trade in the past, and her giant marine will still be a great factor in the water-moved commerce of the world. During the war we built up a great merchant marine through force of necessity of transporting goods and men to France. It is vital to obtaining our fair share of foreign trade, that the maintenance of this marine became one of the fundamental policies of our government."

Mr. Alexander does not advocate a government-owned commercial fleet. On the contrary, he seeks to enlist private capital in the project, believing that more far-reaching interest and greater results can be secured in this way.

"We must not look at the situation from an altruistic standpoint," Mr. Alexander points out. "We are aware that other nations are preparing to the full to press whatever advantages they possess. We must face this competition in the spirit of fair, active aggressiveness that is shown by any honorable business rival facing another.

"While the war was on, our productive capacity was stretched marvelously. If we are to continue to be prosperous, this production must be carried on. What is more important, we must find foreign outlets for our production or suffer the consequences. As time goes on, we shall see more and more plainly that national prosperity, busy factories, active commerce, flourishing agriculture and continued employment in every field of endeavor, depend immeasurably upon our development of foreign markets."

The Duty of the Department of Commerce

THIS, he points out, does not mean solely the shipping out of American-made goods. He says that our ships cannot afford to return empty. They would face a loss. Hence we must study what other nations are producing as well as what they will require from us. This will result in a reciprocal exchange of merchandise that will prove mutually beneficial, Mr. Alexander states.

"Before the war, we were so wrapped up in our domestic affairs that we gave less thought than any other nation to the bright markets that lie beyond the seas," Mr. Alexander points out warningly. "We know now that other nations were studying foreign markets to the point where they were able to supply their demands to a fine degree of nicety. Our own manufacturers went ahead, making what they wished, in their own way, and seemed content to let the foreign buyer take it or leave it, as he liked. But the war has expanded the point of view of our commercial and financial factors, and, I believe, it is the first duty of the Department of Commerce to promote this broader outlook by gathering and furnishing the fullest information on subjects that will aid in the development of this new outlook."

Fully aware of the possibility of injuring domestic industries thru injudicious purchases abroad, Mr. Alexander

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THE FAMILY OF SECRETARY OF COMMERCE ALEXANDER
From left to right, Mrs. U. R. Janner, Mrs. Joshua W. Alexander and Miss Alexander

Do It To a Finish!

Look Out For The Little Obstacle That Is in Your Path,

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN his production of the play, "The Girl of the Golden West," some years ago, David Belasco spent thousands of dollars in his effort to get the best picture of a California sunset. He was not satisfied to present an Eastern sunset, however beautiful, as a substitute; at any cost he must have the real thing, a California sunset, with its peculiar, matchless tints. Nothing else would satisfy the precision, the truth, the exaction of his ideal.

Mr. Belasco accepted the play called "The Boomerang" on condition that the author, who had spent two years in writing it, would spend two more years revising and rewriting it. The play was rewritten three times, and the producer said that its success was largely due to the determination not to accept a good thing when the best was possible.

"The best or nothing" is the supreme demand of Mr. Belasco in everything he produces. This is why he is, perhaps, the most successful producer of plays in the world. He has given the theatrical profession generally an example of painstaking care and thoroness in every detail connected with the stage that has never been surpassed. He is a fine example of a man who is an artist in his work.

ELBERT HUBBARD said, "The man who not only does his work superbly well, but adds to it a touch of personality thru great zeal, patience, and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct, and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to each and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory; writing, speaking, modeling, or painting. It is that last indefinable touch that counts; the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man of genius."

If you have an ambition to do everything you undertake in a better way than it has ever been done before; if you do it in the spirit of an artist, with no other motive than the love of excellence; if you take as much care in doing to the best of your ability every bit of work that is entrusted to you, big or little, you have mastered the secret of success.

CYRUS K. CURTIS, founder of the Curtis Publishing Company, one of the most successful in the world, says that great successes are made up of little ones, and that his success has been largely due to his effort to do little things well.

Some of our great manufacturers are so jealous of their reputation, so careful to guard their trade-mark of excellence stamped upon their work, that they will not allow their names to be put upon anything which is inferior, which is not up to the standard they have set for themselves.

There is no one quality more essential to the making of a strong character, and none which an employer prizes quite so highly in an employee as thoroness. The employee whose thoroness and accuracy can always be relied upon, even to the minutest detail of his work, is an invaluable asset to any business concern.

It doesn't matter how ambitious you are, how well educated, or how honest in your intentions, if you are not painstaking in your efforts, if you are careless and try to rush things thru in a slipshod, helter-skelter way, you will never get ahead. No matter how much work you put thru, your carelessness will neutralize your efforts and constantly trip you up.

THE carelessness of a stenographer in failing to put the street address on a letter caused a factory to close down and threw a great many people out of employment. The letter contained an acceptance of an important offer for the entire output of the factory, but owing to the incomplete address it was delayed so long that the firm to which it was addressed bought the output of a rival factory.

Careless punctuation has often caused great losses. The omission of a comma in copying a bill in Congress cost a million dollars. A little inaccuracy in telegraphing has resulted in tremendous losses. I have known some very unfortunate losses to result from a stenographer's carelessness in writing out the wrong figures, making a wrong quotation.

Somebody says that more big machinery is smashed by loose screws than thru broken fly-wheels, and more business deals are ruined by the carelessness of minor employees than thru any other cause.

A prominent New York business man, whose concern employs thousands of people, asserts that nothing else is the cause of so many failures, costs so many lives and so much loss of property as the lack of thoroness, that carelessness in work which he thinks characteristic of Americans.

It is said that every person, no matter how great or how level-headed, has some vulnerable point, some defect or deficiency, some weak link in his character which is likely to cause him trouble.

Do not estimate your achievement, your career, by the faculties which happen to dominate over all the others. Find your weak link and strengthen it, support it, reinforce it in every possible way, for herein lies the safety and the success of your life-work.

An Interview with
Great Britain's Largest Employer of Labor

Lord Leverhulme Tells Why He Advocates a Six-Hour Day

His Slogan is—
"Save the Man; Sweat the Machine"

BY PETER GRAY

AS an example of self-made success, Lord Leverhulme has few rivals. Those who know him best say that all he has achieved is due to his own dominating will and vitality and capacity for hard work.

His ideas of controlling vast numbers of employees are unique—even radical. Yet, having put them into practice at his own expense, he seems to have proved his case so far as his own great business is concerned.

The keynote of his creed is:

"Wear out the machinery—but spare the man."

Leverhulme explained his idea to THE NEW SUCCESS in this way. "It is easy enough to replace machinery when it is worn out; but not so easy to replace men. Conservation of human life has never been so vitally important as it is to-day. A machinery doctor can easily build up a body of steel that is worn out from overwork; but hardly any physician attending a worn-out worker can bring him back to one-hundred-per-cent efficiency."

Began Life as a Grocery Clerk

LORD LEVERHULME'S personality is quite as interesting as his theories—theories which he accepts and puts into practice as well as preaches. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1851, but he is hale, hearty and lively at seventy. He has never thought of age, and his spirited active condition proves it. Short of stature, stockily built and ruddy faced, he is said to resemble the cartoonist's idea of John Bull more so than any of his countrymen. He has a clean, natural smile, speaks quickly and to the point, and has a broad, charitable mind. In other words—having been a workingman himself—he is human. He claims to have studied the problem of the workingman from every angle.

The youthful days of William Hesketh Lever—his name before his elevation to the British peerage—were not devoid of hardships. At the age of sixteen, he entered his father's store as a grocery clerk. He actually polished the windows and scrubbed the floor. In twenty years, he had saved sufficient to establish a soap factory of his own, which finally attained an output of twenty tons a week. But the venture was unsuccessful and doomed to failure. But young Bill Lever wasn't built to be a failure.

"I didn't believe in failure, and utterly refused to stand for such a fool thing," he told me.

So, having failed the first time, he started all over again. To-day, his principal plant alone, has a weekly output of five thousand tons of soap. His firm, Lever Brothers, Limited, has a capital of $500,000,000, and its stock is owned by approximately 86,000 stockholders. His factories are scattered all over the earth. His firm maintains its own fleet of merchant vessels to transport raw materials and its products to every corner of the globe.

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WILLIAM HESKETH LEVER, LORD LEVERHULME

"In seeking to harmonize capital and labor, we must never lose sight of the fact that what is called the present labor unrest is healthy and encouraging, for it discloses a psychological problem just as large as one of wages and hours of employment. And in this aspect copartnership means much more than sharing profit as an addition to wages. It means the spirit of comradeship—the spirit that recognizes equality and brotherhood; and it is working on these lines that the harmonizing of capital and labor best promises to dispel the present atmosphere of suspicion and distrust."

—Lord Leverhulme.

He Established the "Model Town," Sunlight

LORD LEVERHULME is doubtless best known in the United States as the builder of Port Sunlight, England, the "model town" which contains one of his great factories and the homes of its workers. In point of architecture and in living conveniences, this community has no rival in any country. Its picturesque Elizabethan houses compare favorably in design with those of a fashionable suburb of an American city. Indoors the sanitation and the application of electricity to every possible household use express the last idea in such equipment. The community is made attractive with parks and gardens. The leisure hours of the people may be passed in club-houses, including swimming pools, libraries, gymnasiums, baths and tennis courts. There are several schools for children and technical institutions for adults, as well as several churches, all built in the same style of architecture.

The community covers some 463 acres and was built at a cost of $3,250,000. The most remarkable feature of Port Sunlight is the cheapness of its rents. The homes may be rented for about $6 a month.

Why He Believes in a Six-Hour Day

LORD LEVERHULME believes in the six-hour day for all workers. In this respect, however, he finds but few of his fellow captains of industry who agree with him. The short day is advantageous, according to his reasoning, in any industry in which the cost of production in overhead charges is equal to the cost of wages. In short, any loss due to a six-hour-a-day schedule is made up by utilizing the overhead charges. Instead of the employees working eight hours a day, they will work in two shifts of six hours each, and the working hours will fall at different times on different days. During one week, the workers will be engaged from 8 a. m., to 2.30 p. m. (The extra half hour is for luncheon.) The following week they might work from 1 p. m. to 7 p. m. This schedule is imperative, as the plant must be kept in operation twelve hours daily.

Not Practical in All Industries

"THE six-hour working day does not mean a loafer's paradise," said Lord Leverhulme. "Its effect on the cost of continuous running of machinery is where we gain. Our machinery will run an increasing number of hours, even to the total of twenty-four hours, while the human being attending the machine is not running more than six-hour shifts. We shall largely increase our power of production and of employment.

"The adoption simultaneously in all industries of a six-hour working day is absolutely impossible and impracticable. The six-hour day, for instance, is not immediately applicable to agriculture, because at present there is little labor-saving machinery used in agriculture. But already steam and gasoline-tractors for plowing, cultivating, sowing, harvesting and hauling are being more and more used, and it is quite evident that the time will come when a six-hour day and two shifts of workmen will be the most profitable and most economical employment in agriculture.

"The six-hour day is already applicable without loss to all those industries in which the cost of production in overhead charges is equal in amount to the cost of wages. But in most workshops and factories the cost of production in the form of overhead charges is double or more the cost of wages. In all these, the six-hour day can be applied forthwith with enormous gains, provided the supply of raw material and labor is available and the demand for products exists.

Human Beings Are the Wealth of the World

"THE six-hour day is already a most urgent and much-needed condition of working hours in all industries where women and girls are employed. It must be remembered that a large proportion of women, whether married or single, engaged in industries, have, unlike their fathers and brothers, some housework to do as well as their work in industrial employment. And these hours of housework and the resulting fatigue must be remembered when considering their hours of work in factory, workshop or office."

So radical are his principles in regard to the safeguarding of the human being, however, that he has not yet entirely convinced a world which is crying for more and more production. The British government frowned upon his idea of a six-hour day, fearing that it would reduce the creation of merchandise, and the workers, themselves, looked upon it skeptically for just the opposite reason: they thought the plan would result in increased production with a consequent cheapening of prices and a lowering of wages. But Leverhulme insists that his plan is sound and says that he means to prove it.

"Our men and women are the wealth of the world," he says. "We must save them. We must sweat the machines and save those who operate them. The original factory day was twelve hours. Although we have constantly reduced that day, we have not reduced our overhead. Now my idea is to get the greatest possible production out of my machines by running them twelve hours a day. The men and women who operate them will work in six-hour shifts, to the extent that they do not work more than thirty-six hours a week. If a machine wears out from overwork, it is an economic benefit; but it is a distinct disadvantage if the human workers are worn out by long hours."

How to Broaden Your Life

PEOPLE are like books. Some, whose lives are selfish and whose experience is limited to their own little vocation, their own petty interests, have a very limited appeal. They interest but very few people. Others, less selfish, with a little wider outlook have a little broader appeal. While now and then a human being, like a Beecher or a Lincoln, has a universal appeal. Such men are interesting to all humanity. No matter how limited your vocation, you can so train your mind, so cultivate yourself by reading, by study in your spare moments, that you will be an educated man or woman, with a much broader appeal than you otherwise would have. But the development of the intellect alone never makes one really broad. It is the cultivation of the heart, of the sympathies, of the love that gives itself in service that makes universal appeal. To broaden your appeal is to broaden your life.

I AM---?

I AM that which makes a living man of no more use in the world than a dead man.

I am the most subtle influence that operates upon human weakness, a flabby will or a lukewarm ambition.

I rob my victims of the triumph of personal power, the satisfaction and joy which come to the doer, the achiever.

I take the spring out of a man's ambition, the iron out of his blood, the lime out of his backbone, and make a jellyfish of him quicker than any other influence.

I lure men from God's purpose for them, making them believe they will find happiness where no man ever yet found it.

I have made multitudes who believed in me victims of a diseased mind. Melancholy and disappointment preyed upon them and robbed them of aspiration and happiness.

I injure millions of men and women and impair their health by keeping them indoors on a rainy day, or when it snows, or the wind is too keen. No matter what Duty says, I make them believe they are justified in taking it easy, in not exerting themselves when they don't feel like it.

I make people believe that the strenuous life is a mistake, that the easy chair is the thing for them to cling to, and that there is really no need for them to be up and doing. I persuade them to let others do the hustling—that what they need is a vacation, a little rest now and then to keep them in good condition.

I am so sly, so subtle in my operations that, after the first yielding to me, I can, in a very short time, take the spring out of most people's resolution. And the funny thing about it is that nobody will acknowledge me as the cause of their weakening. They won't even call their sagging ambition, their dulled ideals, their dropping standards by their right name. I make them deceive themselves and substitute excuses for genuine, downright hard work.

I have turned back thousands of college boys whom I first discouraged by persuading them not to work because it would be impossible for them to get thru the course. They got behind, quit and went home and have been sorry for it ever after. I also have made thousands of young men and young women quit their trade or profession because it looked too hard for them, when if they had only kept on they might have made a great success.

I make multitudes of people fatalists by convincing them that the future is fixed beyond their control; that they cannot change the course of their life very much, either for good or ill, because that is already settled by Fate. I make them think that whether they work hard or not—make strenuous efforts to do something big, something grand, or take things easy and do as little as they can—that only which Fate has decreed will come to them whether it be success or failure.

I am the great enemy of Opportunity, and thwart it whenever I can. How many times have I kept you from grasping Opportunity, by persuading you that the price you would have to pay would be too great, that the prize was not worth all the hard work, all the energy and effort it would take out of you!

I scoff at the idea that work is a tonic, not a grind; that it makes life a delight, not a struggle. I am a believer in the theory that work is a curse sent upon man for sin, instead of God's highway to the hills of happiness—as some foolish idealists would have people believe.

I am that which stifles ambition, strangles self-expression, makes dwarfs of men who might be giants, and keeps hosts of young men of great natural ability on the toboggan all the time.

I am the most colossal negative force in the world. I make more hobos, more derelicts, more disappointed, unhappy men and women, more marplots on the Creator's plan, more failures who might be great successes than any other one thing. I am the greatest drag on the wheels of humanity.

I AM LAZINESS.

O. S. M.

THE LONELY RICH MAN

The Story of Job Hodgson who Lost Touch with Humanity

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Author of "The Road to To-Morrow" and "The Dollar an Hour Philosopher"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD ANDERSON

IT had been one of the greatest financial years in his life—the golden milestone in his career—yet Job Hodgson confessed himself the loneliest man in New York—if not in all the world.

Seated in his magnificent library, the fire burning cheerily as he smoked his expensive cigar, Hodgson gave himself over to a sort of disgruntled retrospection. Only three days before he had landed at Hoboken on one of the few passenger steamers allowed to sail from Brest. At the dock he had been greeted by three men. They were polite, respectful, deferential—but all three of them were his employees, and he knew full well that they would not have let a little thing like his return to America bring them to the steamship pier had they not been dependent upon him for the generous incomes he paid them.

That was the fly in the whole ointment. Sixty years old, with a bank account that was staggering, a leader as a lawyer, Hodgson knew there was not one living man that he could really call a pal. In Europe he had learned what the meaning of true friendship meant—to others who possessed it. He had seen all sides of friendship in its most beautiful form. There were men of all classes, all types—all grades of human beings—thrown into the great hopper of military service. The millionaire and the pauper had fought shoulder to shoulder, and had developed in their hearts that wonderfully glorious relationship which the men in khaki affectionately termed "buddies." "No man hath greater love than this—that he lay down his life for his brother." These men had done just that—many of them. Hodgson wondered what man would lay down his life for *him*—much less go to an inconvenience because for him.

It was true beyond doubt that many persons went out of their way to please him—because of their respect for his money—because they knew that he was, or might be, in a position to do them a favor; but for himself, he knew that he did not possess the unselfish love and regard of one human being.

IT was New Year's Eve in New York. The big city was wildly rejoicing. Below his windows were men and women in frolicsome mood.

But there was no one to wish Hodgson a Happy New Year—no one to hope that he might find greater happiness in the months that were about to begin. He knew that in countless homes, in the fashionable clubs, the theaters, the restaurants, and on the very streets, friends were gathering to share the joys of the celebration. He glanced at the mail Judson, his butler, had just brought in—the late evening delivery. It lay there unopened, for Hodgson knew that the communications on the silver salver were all of the most formal nature.

Some would be business letters. Others notices of dividends or queries as to his investments. There would be no invitation to dine or to drop in for a cup of tea on the morrow. And in a way, despite his disappointment, he was rather glad that this was so, for, while he longed for sincere human companionship and his heart ached for true friendship, he was honest with himself and loathed the formal, meaningless courtesies which men feel are only the "proper thing" in what is known as society.

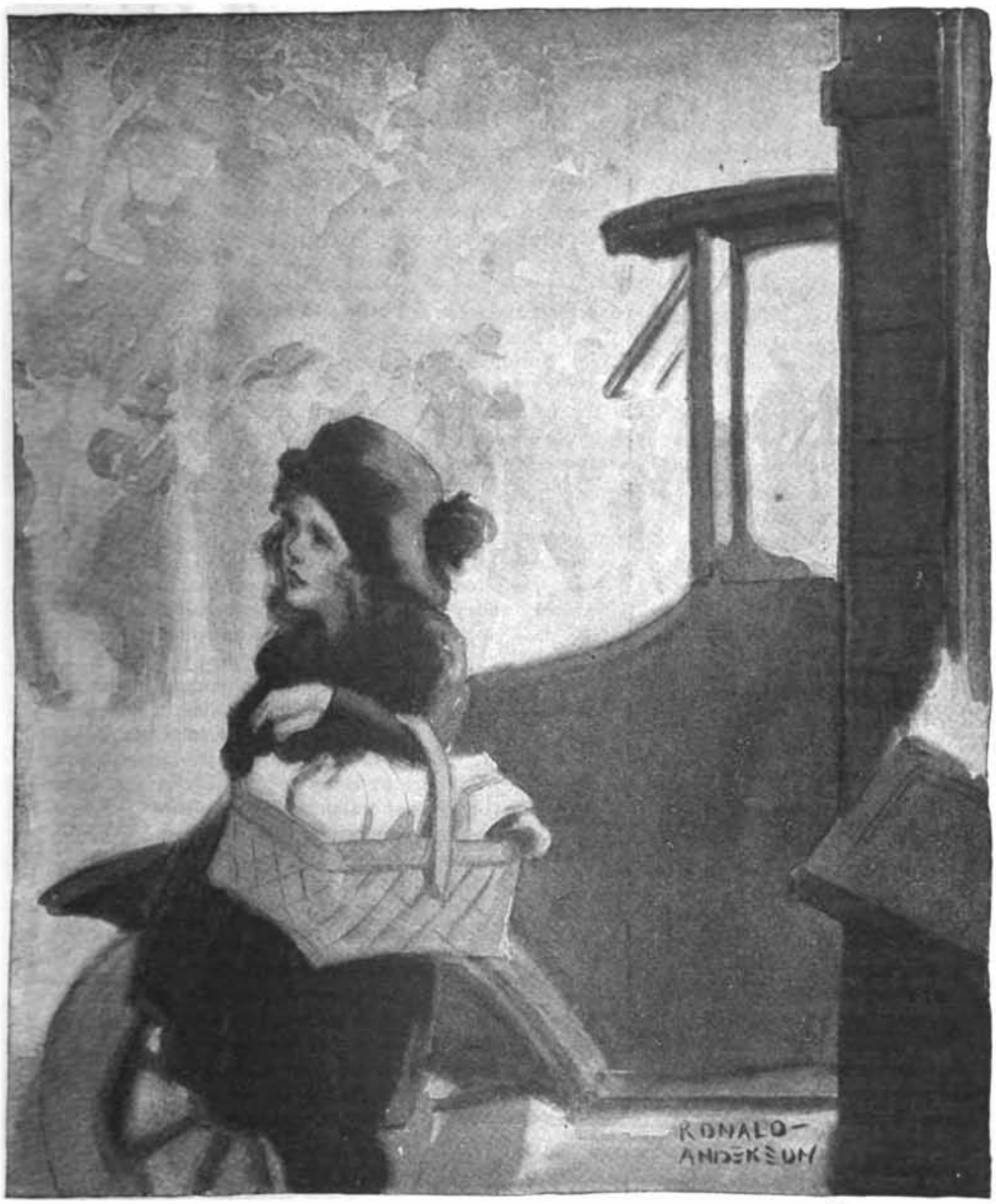
He arose and restlessly began to pace the spacious room lined with books in costly bindings, his feet sinking into the soft silken rugs at every nervous step. Now he crossed to the window and glanced down at the seething crowds that lined the sidewalk.

He saw a magnificent motor-car halted by the traffic policeman at the corner. He watched the occupant—a woman in a beautiful sable coat—beckon to the officer, and saw him touch his cap as she approached. Hodgson observed a white-gloved hand shoot out, a bill pass to the officer's hand, and then a hearty, friendly clasp, as this rich woman hoped the traffic man would prosper. Was it sincere? Hodgson asked himself—and the smile on the face of the bluecoat and the flash he had seen in the woman's eyes told him that it was! Why didn't *someone* want *him* to be happy—why didn't someone care what happened to him? Then he wondered why it was that he really did not have any particularly warm or friendly feeling for anyone he knew.

Hodgson marveled that she could manage the thing, as it would have been a burden for a man.

It had always been so, he told himself. Diffident from the days of his first grade at school, he had been shunned by his boy companions. He had looked upon the football star and the valedictorian as heroes—as youths fortunate above all things in the popularity and adulation they enjoyed. His studies had never been marked with any brilliance. He did not shine in anything he did, and yet Hodgson had been given a brain more keen than that of the average man.

It was not that Hodgson was not successful. He was—to a marked degree. Leading lawyers, judges, shrewd business men all valued his judgment and sought his advice. But he simply could not mix with men. With women he was an outcast. They respected him, but he had never enjoyed the elevating, helpful companionship of a good woman. It was true that there had been women he had thought he might love—whom he would have liked to marry—and he would have given such a woman utter de-



"Oh, that's all right," said the girl, cheerfully, "I can rest every little while on the way home."

votion and every material thing she could have desired—position, money, true affection. But he had never asked one of them.

The result was that, in the heyday of his career, with every mundane wish at his command, he was a bachelor—a glum, soured individual who found none of the true joy of life. He honestly wanted to be what men called a "good fellow." He was intensely proud of his college degree and loyal to the core in his regard for his alma mater. He had given huge sums to the endowment fund and had received an honorary degree of doctor of laws. But even at that impressive ceremony he seemed to sense the hollowness of it all. Even when the university's president was speaking of Hodgson, the honored man felt that there was only praise for the success he had attained in life and for his generosity in giving the money to the institution. And he knew, as did everyone else present, that, great as his gift was measured in money, it was but a trifling thing, coming from him. He longed for a slap on the back such as Bill Heywood gave to "Smoot" Begley. There was a camaraderie in that vigorous blow that would have warmed the cockles of Hodgson's heart. But when Heywood met Hodgson he merely shook his hand, muttered some conventional words of greeting, and passed on.

HODGSON had also sought the presidency of the Patroon's Club. He had been a member since reaching his majority. His fellow members nodded courteously, but never invited him to join them unless the party contained some individual who sought Hodgson's favor. Every invitation he received had a business string to it—and Hodgson knew it. He was never asked because his company was desired.

Gradually the situation had turned his heart to a thing of stone. He wanted to smile, but he became afraid to do so. "Why can't I do things as other men do?" he asked himself, as he turned away from the window. "When I am asked to make a speech I do—and men listen because Job Hodgson is talking. But they don't applaud and smile at me as they do at Sam Felton, and he isn't half as finished an orator as I am. My whole life seems to be a parody on what it should be. Nobody cares a hang about me, and there isn't a soul who means a thing in the world to me. It's unbearable!"

Deep down in his heart he longed for personal popularity. If he only had a dog that really loved him—not for the bones he might toss to it, but for himself alone! But dogs slunk away from Hodgson, and he was suspicious of cats. He had given up riding after the doctor ordered it for his health, because the magnificent horse he had purchased seemed to evince an instinctive dislike for him. The beast's attitude cut him to the quick, and he had never ventured near the stable again.

YET when Hodgson analyzed himself, he failed to see where or why he was unpopular: He was rather distinguished-looking. He wore his clothes well, his brain was keen, his tongue was quick at repartee. He had those qualities which made other men popular, but, somehow, he lacked the ability to make use of them. With all his material and mental gifts, he was making a ghastly failure of life. It was a tragedy!

And then, with sudden resolution, he resolved to take stock of himself—to see if he could not overcome this thing that was wrong with him. If he could root it out, change himself and win the friendship of one human being, he would feel that his life had not been entirely wasted.

Slowly he walked out into the hallway and took his hat and stick from Judson. He felt that even Judson endured him simply because he paid him well and worked him little. The butler was as silent and expressionless as the Sphinx. If he had emotions he never showed them—and now he bowed deeply as Hodgson passed out into the night.

The din of the coming New Year was growing with every moment. At every turn there were sparkling eyes and happy voices. Teasing youths shoved feather ticklers into the faces of pretty girls, confetti was thrown, cowbells were jangled.

But no one called to Hodgson—no one tried good-naturedly to pester him. He looked too forbidding, too utterly out of sympathy with the scheme of things. As he elbowed his way thru the slowly moving throng he felt more lonely than he had in his own home. To be alone in the midst of a great throng bent on merrymaking is probably the saddest of human experiences, and Hodgson was drinking of the bitter cup.

He murmured to himself in his agony: "Where is the road to popularity—to happiness—to friendship?" It was like the wail of a lost spirit. Suddenly he collided with the figure of a burly laborer. The man had blue eyes and a pleasant face.

"Been celebratin'?" he laughed. "Well, Happy New Year to you, and may the road be well paved."

(Continued on page 64)

The Prescription That Cured Him

THE following story, which is a true one, made such an impression upon me that I determined to pass it along to the readers of THE NEW SUCCESS. *It is not necessary for you to use the specialist's profanity; but you can use his philosophy, just the same.*
—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

A BUSINESS man who was nearly broken down from overwork and worry, on the very verge of nervous prostration, went to his physician for advice. The physician, who knew he did not need medicines or drugs, said to him: "I am not the man you want to see at all. You don't want to go to a general practitioner; you want a specialist, and I know just the man who can help you. I think you will find him in his office now. I will call him up to see if he will see you."

He went into another office, telephoned the specialist, and explained how he wanted him to treat the case. The business man went to the specialist, who told him to sit down and tell him all about his troubles. The specialist measured him up and told him that worry, anxiety, and fear had evidently been playing havoc with his constitution and nervous system for a long time and were at the bottom of all his troubles.

"Now, I can cure you, but only on one condition," said the specialist. "You must agree positively to follow my advice to the letter. Unless you do this I cannot take your case. You will receive no benefit from my prescription unless you follow it faithfully."

THE distressed and desperate man said: "Well, doctor, I am down and out; my business is going to the dogs; I am going to pieces and I will follow your advice. I am sport enough to do anything once."

The specialist wrote out his prescription, folded it, put it under a paper-weight, and then he said: "My friend, you have agreed to follow my advice implicitly; my fee will be three hundred dollars."

The man was thunderstruck, but he realized he must get well some way, so he wrote out his check for the amount. The specialist took it and handed him the prescription. After reading it the patient gave the specialist a piece of his mind without mincing matters: "You are making a fool of me!" he said. "That's no prescription! All there is on that slip of paper is, 'I don't care a d——.'"

"Let me explain," said the specialist. "You have agreed to follow my advice, and I can cure you if you will do exactly as I tell you. I want you to use this prescription whenever you are annoyed or vexed; whenever anything troubles you, no matter what it is; when things go wrong with you in your home or in business; when times are bad and you don't know how to meet your bills; when you wake up in the night and find yourself worrying or suffering with insomnia, just repeat this prescription—mentally when with others, verbally when alone, vehemently if necessary. Whenever you find yourself worrying about anything, anxious about anything, having vexations and annoyances of any kind, just repeat your prescription."

The angry man turned on his heel, muttering oaths to himself, and walked out of the office.

IN ten days he returned. The specialist said, "Sit down, my friend."

"No," he replied, "I used to sit down; but now I don't care a d—— whether I sit or stand."

"Do you eat now? You said that everything hurt you, and that you could only eat certain things."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Now I can eat anything because I don't care a d—— about anything. That's my general attitude toward life and business."

"You are a changed man," said the specialist.

"Yes," replied the business man. "To tell you the truth, I don't worry as I used to. I simply don't care now. I am trying to develop the don't-care philosophy so far as trouble is concerned. But I have violated the condition you gave me. You told me not to tell a living soul what I was doing, but I have been telling my friends, and they are using the prescription without paying for it and getting great benefit from it."

"Oh, that's all right," said the specialist.

"Now, look here, doctor," continued the business man, "I was very angry the other day at your exorbitant charge; but the prescription has been worth much more than three hundred dollars to me and I want to pay you more. Do you know, doctor, that I am not the same man I was when I came in here ten days ago. I look at life in an entirely different way. Then everything ahead seemed black, hopeless, forbidding. Now I look forward with splendid promise to the good things to come to me; I can see success ahead of me instead of calamity and failure. When I came to you my back was turned to my goal and I couldn't see it, but now I am facing it. I see life in a very different way."

"Well, my friend," replied the specialist, as he reached for the check he had never cashed and across which he had written "Cancelled," "here's your check; I don't want your money, I only wanted to help you."

"What does this mean?" said the patient.

"You have tried an experiment which will help humanity and which helps my regular patients, and I want nothing for it. But I knew that you would not get help if you did not pay for my advice and positively agree to follow it."

THE trouble is, we Americans care too much about things that are not worth while. Life is more than meat; health is worth infinitely more than all the business or money we worry about, which shortens our lives. Our vaulting ambition, our false pride, our grasping greed to get ahead of others, to pile up wealth, to do a big business cut our lives short. Can we afford to commit suicide on so many precious years which we might enjoy? Life should be one grand, sweet song, a glory and not a grind. It was intended that everybody should be happier than the happiest of us is now.

THE secret of happiness, the art of all arts, is to keep the mind poised, balanced, serene under all circumstances. This is also one of the fundamentals of success, for when you are in a serene, cheerful state of mind you are in a condition to do the best thing possible for you. On the other hand, when you lose control of yourself, when you worry and fret and allow some snarl in your business, some disappointment or setback, perhaps some trifling annoyance or picayune thing to rob you of your serenity, your poise and sanity, you are utterly unable to deal with any problem or difficulty.

Is it sensible; is it sane for a great big man, made in the image of his Creator, made to dominate the earth, to worry about anything, when he can go to work and conquer all his difficulties like a real man?

American-Born Grand-Opera Star Who Studied Only Five Months in America and Has Never Been in Europe

AN INTERVIEW *with* ROSA PONSELLE

By SELMA H. LOWENBERG

Here is the remarkable story of a young girl who became famous over night as a grand-opera soprano. She was born in Meriden, Connecticut. Her parents were poor. Gifted with a fine voice, she began by singing in churches to earn money for clothes. Finally, with her sister, she came to New York to sing in a restaurant. A friend heard her and told her she was destined for grand opera. Thru this friend's aid, she began taking lessons in New York. Up to within six months of her debut she had never heard an opera sung. One day, the great Caruso heard her at her teacher's. She hardly believed him when he said he would mention her to the manager of the greatest grand-opera aggregation in the world—the Metropolitan of New York. But Caruso knows a voice when he hears one—and so do the New York critics, who acclaim Rosa Ponselle one of the wonders of the age. And her entire grand-opera instruction covered a period of five months in New York *only!*
—THE EDITORS.

"MY real name is Ponzillo," said Miss Rosa Ponselle, when I started this interview, which she graciously granted THE NEW SUCCESS, "and I was christened Rosita; but I grew so fast that my parents said it sounded foolish to call me Rosita, so they changed my name to Rosa. Then when I entered opera my last name was changed, as is customary. That's why I'm Rosa Ponselle now.

"I've always worked. I don't remember the time when I wasn't busy. Father kept a grocery and café, and there were only my brother and sister to help mother and father, so when I got old enough I had to do my share, too. I remember when I was very little I used to feed the chickens and ducks in the backyard, and run errands for mother, and help in the kitchen. As I grew older I didn't like this sort of work very well; but Carmela, my sister, was there and we used to always sing together, and, of course, that took all the work out of work. Both of us loved to sing, and we always sang.

"We begged father to get us a piano, but he wouldn't, because he thought then we would want to study music and go on the stage some day. The stage seemed something so very far away then that we dared not think of it. Neither Carmela nor I ever studied singing under a special teacher; we learned at public school. Somehow the teachers always selected us to lead the singing. If we had visitors at school I always had to sing for them. I used to love to do that. Carmela and I would sing all the way to school and back again. We did the same on Sundays when we went to Sunday school. At Sunday school, too, we always led in the singing, and at the Sunday school entertainments we rendered special songs.

ROSA PONSELLE
Photograph © by Lumière, N. Y.

Started Singing for Clothes

"THEN, one day, Carmela went away from home. She wanted to sing on the stage. Perhaps I wouldn't be where I am to-day if Carmela hadn't left home. Oh, you must meet Carmela," interrupted this very young opera star enthusiastically. And her black eyes sparkled, for she is very, very fond of her older sister.

Then Carmela came and reminded Rosa that she was to talk only of herself, but Rosa could not do that, for their lives are so closely linked.

"After Carmela left home," Rosa went on seriously, "she would come home to visit. She wore beautiful clothes. I was only thirteen then; but I wanted beautiful clothes, too. Father could afford to give us only the plainest. I told mother that I wanted clothes like Carmela's. She answered that she could not give them to me; that if I wanted such clothes I would have to work for them as Carmela did.

Knew Only Sunday School Songs

"THAT gave me an idea. Almost everyone in Meriden knew me and everyone liked my voice. No matter what was going on there I was asked to sing. About that time illustrated songs in the moving-picture houses were very popular, and I saw no reason why I couldn't sing the songs that were illus-

trated. I had heard girls with dreadful voices sing these songs.

There was a moving-picture house a short distance from father's store. I stopped in to see the manager one day and asked him to let me sing. I was large for my age. I'm sure I looked more like sixteen than thirteen. But I was dreadfully nervous when the man asked me to sing for him. I couldn't think of anything but Sunday-school songs. I sang 'I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me.' After I started singing I wasn't frightened any more. When I had finished the man asked me to sing another. A few weeks before I had to sing at a funeral and had memorized 'Abide with Me.' So I gave that famous hymn for an encore.

"When I had finished, it flashed thru my mind how foolish I was to have sung hymns, for I had never heard sacred music in a moving-picture theater. I was ready to give up. Besides, when I looked at the man he was wiping his eyes. I was afraid he was laughing at me. A moment later I could hardly believe my ears when he offered me fifteen dollars a week to sing in his theater. That seemed like a tremendous salary to me. I was very happy.

"I sang there just a week when the manager of a rival theater came to me and offered me eighteen dollars a week to sing for him. I thought the offer over very seriously, and decided that three dollars a week increase was quite a lot, and that I might be able to buy some things for mother with the increase. I accepted the new position and sang there for more than six months.

> THERE are three kinds of people in the world—the wills; the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything.

Father's Failure Sent Her to Wider Fields

"PERHAPS I would be singing there yet," she continued laughing, "but father's business, which had become less and less profitable, failed entirely, and it was up to me to get some work that paid more to help the family.

"The largest town in the vicinity of Meriden is New Haven, so, of course, I journeyed there. A friend of the family told me that he knew the manager of a cabaret in New Haven and that he'd introduce me. Mother consented to my going because this was not an ordinary cabaret. Only a very exclusive class of people patronized it. There wasn't any 'jazz' music, which I disliked, nor anything else to offend the most artistic ear.

"I sang for the proprietor. He seemed to like my voice and asked me to talk over the terms of his contract. I didn't know very much about contracts; but the salary he offered me sounded so big that, before I left for home, I had signed a contract to sing there for three years. Best of all, I could sing anything I liked—and I didn't have to sing ragtime.

"I was quite proud of my jump to a cabaret, for Carmela sang in a cabaret. However, very shortly after Carmela went on the professional stage in vaudeville. Carmela was making a hit alone, but she had planned something she thought would be still better. When she took her idea to an agent, he said that it wouldn't go unless she could get a partner, so they could be billed as 'sisters.' As usual, Carmela thought of me. The next time she came home it happened to be near the time of the expiration of my New Haven contract. Carmela asked me if I would like to go with her. I was wild with joy. I wanted to go at once, but Carmela made me finish my contract. I hesitated—then I realized that she was right.

Watched Great Singers Come and Go

"I CAME to New York with my sister. It was my first trip here. While we were waiting to place our act, Carmela sang in one restaurant and I in another. The restaurant in which I sang is across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, and between songs I used to watch the great singers arrive. It wasn't long before I knew most of them by sight.

"I had never heard an opera, but, of course, I had thought often about the great singers and wondered if ever I would be one. It was all so far away, tho, for I had heard it took years and years of study to prepare for even a hearing before the grand-opera impresarios. Somehow—I don't know how—as I would watch Caruso, Farrar, Amato, Scotti, Homer and the others go into the Metropolitan, I began weaving a funny little dream about myself being there some day. I hadn't any idea how to get there, for I imagined that it took a great deal of money and time—and I had neither.

"One evening while I was sitting by the window dreaming, I guess I must have begun to cry a little, for the head waiter came up to me and asked what was the matter.

"'I was wondering,' I said, 'if I'd ever get any nearer the Metropolitan Opera House than this.'

"'It's a hard, long climb,' he told me. The same thing I had always heard. I almost gave up hope.

The Dream Comes True

"THE more I dreamed my dream the more I wanted to hear a grand opera to make that dream more realistic. I didn't say much about it, at least I didn't think I did; but, somehow, Carmela knew how badly I wanted to hear an opera before I left New York. One Saturday afternoon, a few days before we were to leave for our vaudeville tour, sister and some of her friends took me to the Metropolitan. I shall never forget it. I thought I must be in fairyland. It wove a sort of spell around me—and after the music had ceased I couldn't throw off that spell. It stayed with me and I resolved, deep down in my heart, to sing there some day, altho just how it would be accomplished, I didn't know."

Miss Ponselle stopped. She seemed to be under the spell of the music again. Then she drew her fingers thru her hair in a characteristic gesture and continued:

"Well, a few days later I made my debut in vaudeville. I didn't have much time to even think of grand opera then, for Carmela and I made four appearances daily, and when our day's work was ended we were tired. Of course there were many times when I laid awake and brought out my little dream from its hiding-place, but it had to be put back again, for Carmela and I had to work hard.

"For three years we kept this up. Then we struck for higher wages. It was a real strike, too, and the agent refused to pay us any more. We refused to go back to work.

"We had saved a little money, so we didn't worry. We rested a while; then Carmela said there wasn't any use wasting time—we could spend this time in study.

Didn't Believe Much in Teachers

"I DIDN'T believe much in vocal teachers, for I felt that they made you study and study just to keep you as a pupil and get your money. I wasn't much in favor of the idea, but sister insisted. We began looking around for a teacher.

(Continued on page 75)

Brain Wares That Go Begging

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

REJECTED manuscripts are the stumbling-blocks in the path of the timid and oversensitive writer. They are obstacles which even try the strength and test the courage of the strong and ambitious.

Very few authors have lived to attain any degree of fame without receiving back their cherished yet unwelcome manuscripts from the hands of one or more unappreciative editors before they met the public eye.

Many a successful short story and poem passes thru the "reading" department of a half-dozen magazines and weeklies without having its merit discovered until a seventh editor accepts it.

Poems of my own, which have, later, met much favor from the public, I have seen return with a dejected and dog-eared air from eight or nine offices, whither they had gone forth, like Noah's dove, seeking for a resting-place. A charming bit of verse, written by a friend of mine, took twenty-one journeys from the maternal hand to the editor's table before it found an appreciative purchaser.

IF the young writer will stop and consider that each editor has his own individual ideas of what he wants, both in verse and prose, and that, just as no two faces are alike, no two minds run in the same groove,—he may be hopeful for the ultimate acceptance of the darling of his brain, if he will persevere. Of course, this refers to a writer who possesses actual talent.

There are so many people writing, to-day, that almost every high-school graduate, especially the young woman graduate, believes she possesses genius, and feels she ought to be writing for the magazines, and that all she needs is the influence of some well-known author to give her an *entrée* to the best periodicals. Men and women devoid of even the ordinary knowledge which insures correct spelling and the use of grammatical English frequently imagine themselves to be filled with the divine fires of genius, and importune the successful author to open the doors of success for their triumphal entrance.

NOW, the real genius, or the highly talented man or woman, never needs an introduction to the editor.

His work will be his card of introduction; and, after he has presented it to the right editor, he will find a cordial welcome awaiting him, and will eventually be sought by others who may have been too occupied, or too crowded with accepted manuscripts to give him attention when he first knocked for admittance at their doors.

Doing Your Bit Without a Witness

ONE of the greatest aids to character-building is to form the habit of doing good deeds without witnesses, without thought of show or ostentation. The motive for being charitable when your name is on a public list, when others will know about it, will not count so much as your doing kindly generous deeds performed secretly, without a thought of other people knowing about them.

It is the little nameless, unheralded deeds of helpfulness that build beautiful character. It is so tempting, it appeals so to our vanity, to do things which are to be seen by men, but remember, it is not the giving but the motive that counts. Many people give largely to charity without the slightest idea of helping somebody; they give because they are expected to give, because others in their set give, and because their names will be in the list of givers.

THE motive in a good deed is everything in regard to its effect upon the character of the doer, just as is the fact of our being honest in little things when we could be dishonest and nobody would know it. Many people who consider themselves honest are really dishonest. They think nothing of appropriating a lot of little things in a hotel. They justify themselves in taking a quantity of writing-paper from the reading-room and putting it in their trunk for future use, on the ground that they are advertising the hotel. They will take, perhaps, a spoon for a souvenir, or a towel or a napkin in which to wrap something to put in their bag, and will try to ease their conscience by saying that they deserve to have it as they are paying a big price for what they get.

Such people will waste paper and all sorts of things because nobody happens to know about it. And if they are in an American-plan hotel they will order many things on the menu they don't really want because they think they are paying for them. They will often give an order for something, and then push it aside.

HOW many employees are just a little dishonest? They will do little dishonest things, take things which belong to their employer, because they are not of much value and no one sees them—little articles of merchandise, things they have no right to. All such acts tell upon the character. It is not a question of whether other people see us or not. We condemn ourselves instinctively for doing a detestable, dishonest thing. We are our own judge, our own condemner. No one can expect, while doing all sorts of questionable things, to build up a solid and substantial character.

It is a great thing to bring up children to be honest in little things, to be careful of the property of others and not to waste, no matter how plentiful the supply may be.

The man who is conscientious in little things is the trustworthy man. He believes in himself, thinks well of himself, has a good opinion of himself, has self-respect, because he knows that he has been honest in secret. Our own good opinion is worth infinitely more to us than the opinion of others, no matter who they may be.

You can purchase a man's labor, but you must cultivate his good will.

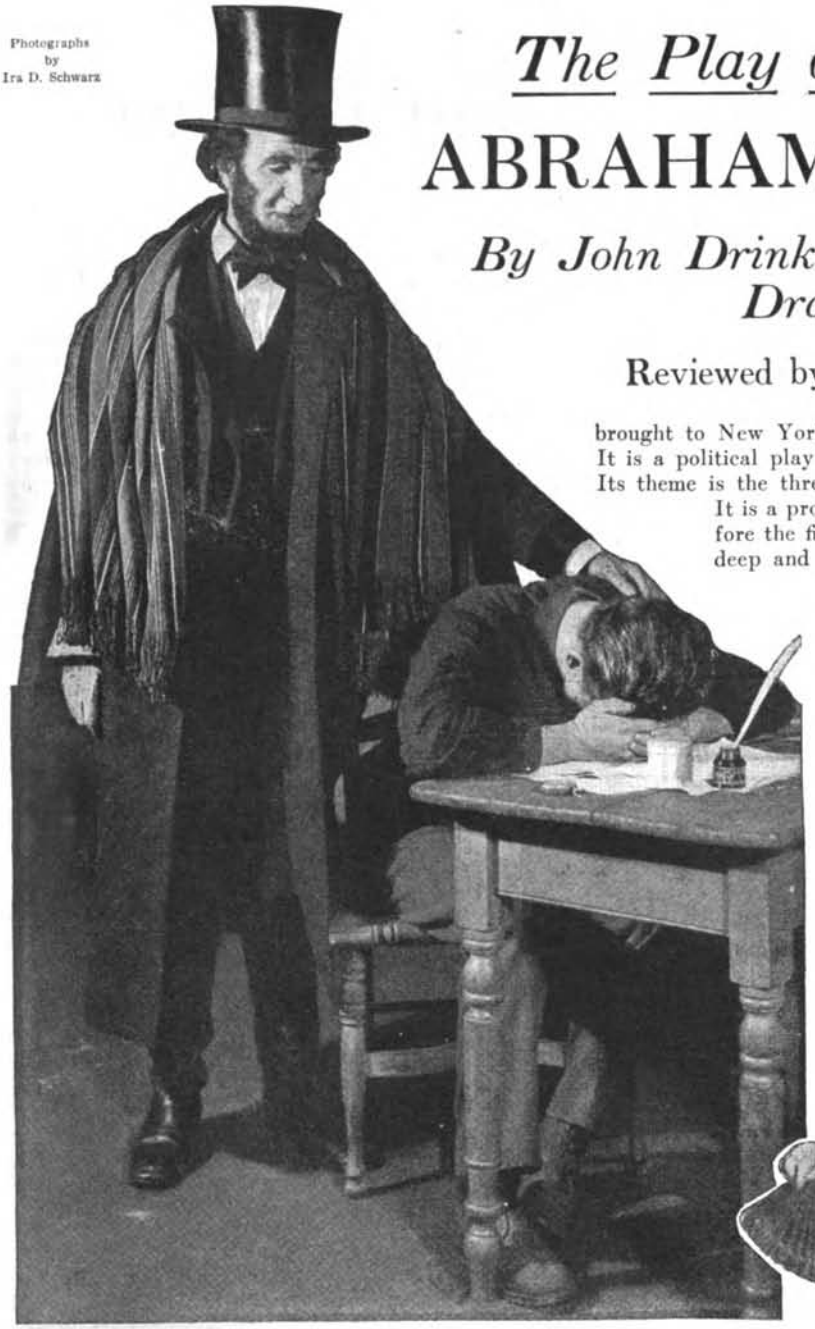
Photographs by Ira D. Schwarz

The Play of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By John Drinkwater, the English Dramatist

Reviewed by ROBERT MACKAY



LINCOLN (*To Private Scott, whom he pardoned after being sentenced to be shot for being asleep on guard*)—"I believe you when you tell me that you couldn't keep awake. I'm going to trust you—and send you back to your regiment."

THE unbelievable thing of the stage has happened. Abraham Lincoln has been put into a play. But the hope of an American dramatist has been shattered by an Englishman. For years Lincoln has been considered seriously by almost every American playwright, but all were discouraged. The Great Emancipator was too sacred a character to be made a subject of stage tricks. To permit him to speak was considered ridiculous. He was too close to the American heart. It was like seeing one's own mother set up for public discussion.

BUT London is a long way from New York, and the Englishman doesn't see things with our eyes. In England, sentiment did not stand in the way, so when this great play by John Drinkwater was produced in a little suburban theater its permanent success was greatly doubted. But monarchs, princes, archbishops, and statesmen have journeyed to the "wilds" to see it. With considerable dubiety it was brought to New York. It is a play that everyone should see. It is a political play purely. It has absolutely no love interest. Its theme is the threatened separation of the North and South. It is a profoundly moving recital of great events. Before the first act is over one feels its vague spell. A deep and practical knowledge of stage craft greatly helped Mr. Drinkwater, who disdained all stage tricks. He has handled a most gigantic theme with a most absolute simplicity. He has made many of the most telling episodes in Lincoln's life sink deep into the heart.

The curtain rises on a commonplace parlor of Lincoln's home in Springfield,

JENNIF A. EUSTACE as *Mrs. Otherly*:—"I didn't want my boy to go because I believe war to be wrong."

Illinois. Mr. Stone and Mr. Cuffney, old friends, are seated before the early spring fire, smoking silently. They are awaiting a delegation which is to tell Lincoln that he is to receive the nomination for President of the United States. After some commonplace chatter about the great event and the foremost question of the day—slavery—Abraham Lincoln enters. He is then about fifty years of age, and his face is still clean-shaven. He is the tall, gaunt, rugged figure so familiar to us all.

The spell that the play casts over one really begins when the citizens' delegation calls to inquire whether Mr. Lincoln will become the candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Lincoln listens to their request without displaying the slightest emotion. The scene is best described in the dialogue as follows:

Lincoln: Gentlemen, I am known to one of you only. Do you know my many disqualifications for this work?

Hind: It's only fair to say that they have been discussed freely.

Lincoln: There are some, shall we say graces, that I lack. Washington does not altogether neglect these.

Tucker: They have been spoken of. But these are days, Mr. Lincoln, if I may say so, too difficult, too dangerous, for these to weigh at the expense of other qualities that you were considered to possess.

Praying for strength in his great task.

Lincoln: If you send me, the South will have little but derision for your choice.

Hind: We believe that you'll last out their laughter.

Lincoln: I can take any man's ridicule—I'm trained to it by a . . . somewhat odd figure that it pleased God to give me, if I may so far be pleasant with you. But this slavery business will be long, and deep, and bitter. I know it. If you do me this honor, gentlemen, you must look to me for no compromise in this matter. If abolition comes in due time by constitutional means, good. I want it. But, while we will not force abolition, we will give slavery no approval, and we will not allow it to extend its boundaries by one yard. The determination is in my blood. When I was a boy I made a trip to New Orleans, and there I saw them, chained, beaten, kicked as a man would be ashamed to kick a thieving dog. And I saw a young girl driven up and down the room that the bidders might satisfy themselves. And I said then, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." *A pause.*

You have no conditions to make?

Tucker: None.

THE second act shows Mr. Lincoln elected to the Presidency; and several commissioners of the Confederate States are urging Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, to disabuse the President's mind and withdraw the Federal troops from Fort Sumpter. Seward is

LINCOLN (*Drinking a toast with Mrs. Lincoln and his friends after being notified that he would receive the nomination for President*) —"I drink to the hope of honest friends—to friendship. I'll need that always for I've a queer, anxious heart. And, God bless America!"

not unsympathetic; his word with the President is not without influence; he says to the commissioners, "In the meantime, you will say nothing of this interview, beyond making your reports, which should be confidential."

But Lincoln arrives on the scene. In a second he divines an undercurrent of disloyalty. He questions the commissioners and learns the object of their visit: that the South wants the stamp of national approval upon slavery and that it will get it by threatening him—and that Seward listened to them willingly. Then follows:

Lincoln: Now, I'll give you my answer. Gentlemen, it's no good hiding this thing in a corner. It's got to be settled. I said the other day that Fort Sumter would be held as long as we could hold it. I said it because I know exactly what it means. Why are you investing it? Say, if you like, it's to establish your right of secession with no purpose of exercising it. Why do you want to establish that right? Because now we will allow no extension of slavery, and because some day we may abolish it. You can't deny it; there's no other answer.

Jennings: I see how it is. You may force freedom as much as you like, but we are to beware how we force slavery.

Lincoln: It couldn't be put better, Mr. Jennings. That's what the Union means.

THE commissioners depart. For a moment Lincoln and Seward, left alone, are silent, Lincoln pacing the room, Seward standing at the table. Then:

Lincoln: Seward, this won't do.

Seward: You don't suspect——

Lincoln: I do not. But let us be plain. No man can say how wisely, but Providence has brought me to the leadership of this country, with a task before me greater than that which rested on Washington himself. When I made my Cabinet, you were the first man I chose. I do not regret it. I think I never shall. But remember, faith earns faith. What is it? Why didn't those men come to see *me?*

Seward: They thought my word might bear more weight with you than theirs.

Lincoln: Your word for what?

Seward: Discretion about Fort Sumter.

Lincoln: Discretion?

Seward: It's devastating, this thought of war.

Lincoln: It is. Do you think I'm less sensible of that than you? War should be impossible. But you can only make it impossible by destroying its causes. Don't you see that to withdraw from Fort Sumter is to do nothing of the kind? If one half of this country claims the right to disown the Union, the claim in the eyes of every true guardian among us must be a cause for war, unless we hold the Union to be a false thing instead of the public consent to decent principles of life that it is. If we withdraw from Fort Sumter, we do nothing to destroy that cause. We can only destroy it by convincing them that secession is a betrayal of their trust. Please God we may do so.

Seward: Has there, perhaps, been some timidity in making all this clear to the country?

Lincoln: Timidity? And you were talking of discretion.

Seward: I mean that perhaps our policy has not been sufficiently defined.

Lincoln: And have you not concurred in all our decisions? Do not deceive yourself. You urge me to discretion in one breath and tax me with timidity in the next. While there was hope that they might call Beauregard back out of their own good sense, I was determined to say nothing to inflame them. Do you call that timidity? Now their intention is clear, and you have heard me speak this morning clearly also. And now you talk about discretion—you, who call what was discretion at the right time, timidity, now counsel timidity at the wrong time, and call it discretion. Seward, you may think I'm simple, but I can see your mind working as plainly as you might see the innards of a clock. You can bring great gifts to this government, with your zeal, and your administrative experience, and your love of men. Don't spoil it by thinking I've got a dull brain.

Seward (slowly): Yes, I see. I've not been thinking quite clearly about it all.

JOHN DRINKWATER
Author of "Abraham Lincoln."

Lincoln (taking a paper from his pocket): Here's the paper you sent me. "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration. Great Britain . . . Russia . . . Mexico . . . policy. Either the President must control this himself, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. It is not in my especial province, but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

There is a pause, the two men looking at each other without speaking. LINCOLN *hands the paper to* SEWARD, *who holds it for a moment, tears it up, and throws it into his basket.*

Seward: I beg your pardon.

Lincoln (taking his hand): That's brave of you.

Was a great man ever taken down more courageously?

TWO years later Mr. Lincoln is seen (Act III) in a small reception room in the White House. Here many touching scenes occur; but, perhaps, none is so effective as that which opens with the exit of Lincoln, when he says to Susan, his servant: "If a gentleman named Mr. William Custis calls, ask him to wait in here."

Lincoln goes out. Susan collects some teacups; and as she is going toward the door a quiet, grave, white-haired negro appears facing her. Susan starts violently:

Susan: And who in the name of night might you be?

The Negro: Mista William Custis. Mista Lincoln tell me to come here. Nobody stop me, so I come to look for him.

Susan: Are you Mr. William Custis?

Custis: Yes.

Susan: Mr. Lincoln will be here directly. He's gone to change his coat. You'd better sit down.

Custis: Yes.

He does so, looking about him with a certain pathetic inquisitiveness. Finally, SUSAN *exits, and* MR. LINCOLN *enters.*

Lincoln: Mr. Custis, I'm very glad to see you.

He offers his hand. CUSTIS *takes it and is about to kiss it, as he kneels before* LINCOLN. LINCOLN *stops him gently.*

(Sitting): Sit down, will you?

Custis (still standing, keeping his hat in his hands): It very kind of Mista Lincoln ask me to come to see him.

Lincoln: I was afraid you might refuse. Please sit down.

Custis: Polite?

Lincoln: Please. I can't sit myself, you see, if you don't.

Custis: Black, black. White, white.

Lincoln: Nonsense. Just two old men, sitting together—and talking.

ONE of the most far-reaching episodes shown is a meeting of the Cabinet. Stanton has been appointed Secretary of War. Mr. Drinkwater, in order to produce an important situation of the period—the feeling of the many people arraigned against Lincoln at that time—created a cabinet member by the name of Hook.

Every President during a great crisis has become unpopular. Lincoln was no exception to the rule—neither was Washington. In a free country like ours people are quick to take exceptions—each one feeling his right to think for himself. But when time has measured the acts, the will, the deeds and the mind of the President, it has always left him a great, a revered hero.

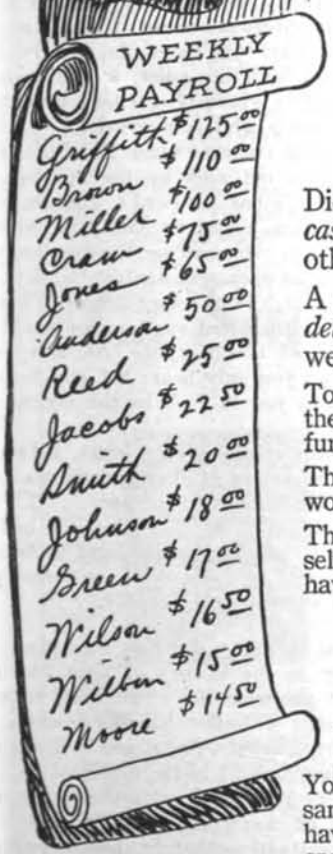
Hook is well introduced by Mr. Drinkwater. Without this character one important phase of the career of Lincoln would have been omitted. While the Cabinet members are waiting for Lincoln, this conversation takes place:

Hook: He will bring up his proclamation again. In my opinion it is inopportune.

Seward: Well, we've learnt by now that the President is the best man among us.

(*Continued on page* 46)

C.O.D.



Did it ever occur to you that all salaries are paid on a C. O. D. basis—*cash on delivery?* It is the only plan on which salaries can be figured, otherwise business would be very uncertain.

A man who is only worth $25 a week cannot expect more until he can *deliver more.* The man who can deliver service worth $75 or $100 a week to the boss expects it—*and gets it.*

To the fellow who has never stopped to think the matter over it must seem that the men who draw big pay are either "lucky" or have a "pull." Nothing is further from the truth, for "luck" and "pull" cut no ice on any payroll.

The amount on your pay check represents in cold figures just how much you are worth on the market—how much you know and *how much you can deliver.*

The men who are at the top of the payroll are there because they fitted themselves to deliver the service they are drawing big pay for. This is all you have to do to increase your pay.

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.....Hydroelectric Engineer	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Architect	.....Master Plumber
.....Building Contractor	.....Heating and Ventilating Engineer
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Hook: There's a good deal of feeling against him everywhere, I find.

Blair: He's the one man with character enough for this business.

Hook: There are other opinions.

Seward: Yes, but not here, surely.

Hook: It's not for me to say. But I ask you, what does he mean about emancipation? I've always understood that it was the Union we were fighting for, and that abolition was to be kept in our minds for legislation at the right moment. And now one day he talks as though emancipation were his only concern, and the next as though he would throw up the whole idea, if by doing it he could secure peace with the establishment of the Union. Where are we?

MR. LINCOLN finally enters. But instead of jumping at once into the main reason for the meeting—the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation—the President sits down and says: "It's an exciting morning. I feel rather excited myself. I find my mind not its best in excitement." Then he opens a small book and starts to read, saying, "It may compose us all. It is Mr. Artemus Ward's latest." The Cabinet, with the exception of Hook, who makes no attempt to hide his irritation, and Stanton, who would do the same but for his disapproval of Hook, listen with good-humored patience while the President reads one of Ward's amusing stories. Finally he finishes:

Stanton: May we now consider affairs of State.

Hook: Yes, we may.

Lincoln: Mr. Hook says, Yes, we may.

Stanton: Thank you.

Lincoln: Oh, no. Thank Mr. Hook.

THE proclamation is read and discussed, Hook objecting openly. Finally the meeting is over and the members depart, all but Hook, who is the last to rise. He moves away without shaking the President's hand. And here is where Mr. Drinkwater shows how many of Lincoln's countrymen regarded him:

Lincoln: Hook.

Hook: Yes, Mr. President.

Lincoln: Hook, one cannot help hearing things.

Hook: I beg your pardon?

Lincoln: Hook, there's a way some people have, when a man says a disagreeable thing, of asking him to repeat it, hoping to embarrass him. It's often effective. But I'm not easily embarrassed. I said one cannot help hearing things.

Hook: And I do not understand what you mean, Mr. President.

Lincoln: Come, Hook, we're alone. Lincoln is a good enough name. And I think you understand.

Hook: How should I?

Lincoln: Then, plainly, there are intrigues going on.

Hook: Against the government?

Lincoln: No. In it. Against me.

Hook: Criticism, perhaps.

Lincoln: To what end? To better my ways?

Hook: I presume that might be the purpose.

Lincoln: Then, why am I not told what it is?

Hook: I imagine it's a natural compunction.

Lincoln: Or ambition.

Hook: What do you mean?

Lincoln: You think you ought to be in my place.

Hook: You are well informed.

Lincoln: You cannot imagine why every one does not see that you ought to be in my place.

Hook: By what right do you say that?

Lincoln: Is it not true?

Hook: You take me unprepared. You have me at a disadvantage.

Lincoln: You speak as a very scrupulous man, Hook.

Hook: Do you question my honor?

Lincoln: As you will.

Hook: Then I resign.

Lincoln: As a protest against—?

Hook: Your suspicion.

Lincoln: It is false?

Hook: Very well, I will be frank. I mistrust your judgment.

Lincoln: In what?

Hook: Generally. You over-emphasize abolition.

Lincoln: You don't mean that. You mean that you fear possible public feeling against abolition.

Hook: It must be persuaded, not forced.

Lincoln: All the most worthy elements in it are persuaded. But the ungenerous elements make the most noise, and you hear them only. You will run from the terrible name of Abolitionist even when it is pronounced by worthless creatures whom you know you have every reason to despise.

Hook: You have, in my opinion, failed in necessary firmness in saying what will be the individual penalties of rebellion.

Lincoln: This is a war. I will not allow it to become a blood-feud.

Hook: We are fighting treason. We must meet it with severity.

Lincoln: We will defeat treason. And I will meet it with conciliation.

Hook: It is a policy of weakness.

Lincoln: It is a policy of faith—it is a policy of compassion. (*Warmly.*) Hook, why do you plague me with these jealousies? Once before I found a member of my Cabinet working behind my back. But he was disinterested, and he made amends nobly. But, Hook, you have allowed the burden of these days to sour you. I know it all. I've watched you plotting and plotting for authority. And I, who am a lonely man, have been sick at heart. So great is the task God has given to my hand, and so few are my days, and my deepest hunger is always for loyalty in my own house. You have withheld it from me. You have done great service in your office, but you have grown envious. Now you resign, as you did once before when I came openly to you in friendship. And you think that again I shall flatter you and coax you to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I must take you at your word.

Hook: I am content.

He turns to go.

Lincoln: Will you shake hands?

Hook: I beg you will excuse me.

He goes. LINCOLN *stands silently for a moment, a travailed, lonely captain.*

THE character of Mr. Lincoln is portrayed by Mr. Frank McGlynn in an exceedingly successful way. The actor makes Mr. Lincoln exactly what history declares he was—a dignified man, with a profound sense of humor and a deep-seated human philosophy. At times Mr. McGlynn moves the audience to tears with his quiet, solemn profundity, especially in the scene where he pardons Private Scott, convicted of being asleep while on guard.

But the most heart-breaking scene is when Mr. Lincoln is shot. The assassination is not seen by the audience. Only the entrance to Lincoln's box in Ford's Theatre is visible; but when Booth enters, pistol in hand and fires the shot it is a realistic moment. One can see the great tree falling to earth and "leaving an open spot against the sky," as Edwin Markham describes it. Then comes the cry, "The President is shot!" And over the babel and buzz of sound, one hears the strident voice of Booth crying *"Sic semper tyrannis!"* You see nothing; you only hear; but you have the feeling very deep within you to rush to the stricken President's side.

And while the pang is still gripping your heart, Edwin M. Stanton, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War, quietly walks out of the box and says: "He belongs to the ages." This was the remark which Mr. Stanton made at Lincoln's bedside when he died, but Mr. Drinkwater was obliged to take some liberties with history, and he could not have found a more appropriate line with which to end his play.

IT was in this mood that Abraham Lincoln was placed upon the stage. Never in the history of time has a man so written himself into the memories of men and in so short a period after his death. It is the elements described in this play which have stirred artists, poets, and sculptors, and set up Lincoln as a popular hero in the minds of common people. First of all, as Mr. Drinkwater shows, there was his unfailing integrity of character; secondly, that he died still adequate to the situation that he had brought about. Public life is strewn with men who were inadequate to the great trust placed upon them. But Lincoln never fell below the standard he set for himself, nor did he ever get out of touch with the common people.

That is the philosophy that Mr. Drinkwater has endeavored to produce in his simple, compelling and tensely interesting drama.

Do you know that you're wealthy?

Has anyone ever told you that, in one respect, you are as rich as Rockefeller—as well off as Schwab and J. P. Morgan? Well—you *are*.

When you were born Nature deposited to your credit in the Bank of Life a great big ample capital of—TIME.

You have all the Time there is—twenty-four hours each day. In that one thing, you're as rich as the wealthiest man in the world.

And mark well, you can exchange Time for Money, but all the wealth in the world won't buy one additional second for a man. If it would, billionaires would be fighting on your doorstep, bidding fabulous sums for a bit of your time added to their span of life.

You can trade your Time for anything the world holds.

If you want Money—Success—just invest a little of your Time *properly* and the reward is yours.

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No sensible man aspires to be enormously wealthy.

But every fellow who has a drop of real, red blood, and is concerned for the comfort and well being of those near and dear to him, does want to progress—make enough money to be independent.

Ex-President Taft said to me one night at dinner, "The men you serve are in earnest."

Certainly they are. They have to be earnest in their desire to progress before they ever get in touch with us. And only the man who is earnestly desirous of exchanging a little of his spare Time for a greater Success ever gets his name on our rolls.

The old business idea was to judge a man's ability by the number of grey hairs in his head. Experience was then gained only through the actual doing of things over a long period of years.

The new way—the modern way—judges a man by what's in his head—not by the color of his hair or the length of his beard.

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Your Time belongs to you and what you do with it is none of my business.

But I do know and say that La Salle can make you what you want to be if you'll give us a little of your Time and follow the hundred and eighty-five thousand leaders who have blazed the way for you.

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The Best Jokes of the Month

His Bad Habits

A HENPECKED little man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician. "Not a fast liver, are you?"

The man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice: "I sometimes chew a little gum."—*Oil Trade Journal.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Her Place

"LILLIAN," said mother severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning, and now there is only one. How does this happen?"

"I don't know," said Lillian, regretfully. "It must have been so dark that I didn't see the other piece."—*Detroit Free Press.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It Pays to Advertise

"JUST look at that rooster," remarked the duck; "since he's begun crowing he's had his statue placed on the top of the barn."

Correct

Teacher—"Now, Robert, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"

Bobby—"Ice plants."—*Boston Transcript.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Plea

Prisoner—It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't sign my own name.

Judge—You are not charged with signing your own name.—*London Opinion.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

An Optimist

"I REALLY believe I'm in luck this time. My new maid is a perfect treasure—clean, energetic, economical, easily managed and capable as can be!"

"Ah! And how long have you had her?"

"She's coming to-morrow."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No Argument

Old Salt—Yes, sir, I fell over the side of the ship, and a shark came along and grabbed me by the leg.

Visitor—Good gracious! And what did you do?

Old Salt—Let 'im 'ave the leg, o' course. I never argue with sharks.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

How Old Was Teacher?

A SCHOOL-TEACHER who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the discovery of America by Columbus, ended it with: "And all this happened more than four hundred years ago."

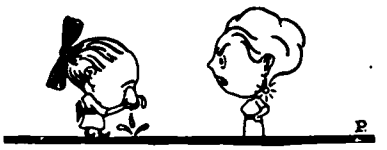
A little boy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said after a moment's thought, "Gee! What a memory you've got!"—*Boston Herald.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Her Own Fault

Lady—The salmon that I bought of you yesterday wasn't fresh!

Fishmonger—Then why didn't you buy it sooner? I offered it to you last week, but you wouldn't have it then.



Happy Occasion

Mother—"What's the matter, darling?"

Child—"P-p-pa hit his finger with the hammer."

Mother—"Don't cry about that; you should laugh."

Child—"I-I d-did."—*London Blighty.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Answer

A FURRIER was selling a coat to a woman customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain?" asked the woman. "What effect will the water have on it? What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer: Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Anything

"DOCTOR, I've just received your bill for the operation you performed on me. Would you cut anything off for cash?"

"Yes, my dear sir, anything—an arm or a leg, or what else you may wish removed."—*Detroit Free Press.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Where the Credit Belonged

A MAN who had been very ill told a pious friend that Dr. Jones had brought him thru.

"No," said his friend, "Providence brought you thru, not the doctor."

"Well, maybe he did, hut the *doctor* will charge for it."—*Doctor's Leisure Hour.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Couldn't See It

Fortune-Teller (reading cards)—You have money coming to you, but no sickness whatever.

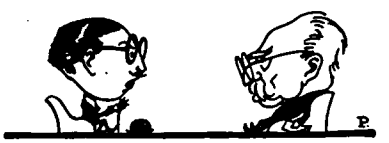
Client—That's singular! I'm the new doctor across the street.—*Boston Transcript.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Politeness

Brown—I saw you raise your hat to that lady who passed. You don't know her, do you?

Jones—No, but my brother does, and this is his hat!



Impossible

Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, but the old man was not easily impressed.

One evening the young man went to his uncle's home for a call, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas," was the reply. "Worse than foolish—impossible!"

She Knew

THEY had just become engaged. "I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Wish

"MY darling," said a fond mother who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mama so that she will get ill and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried and you—"

The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words and, throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mama, and may I sit beside the coachman?"

Father's Age

Old Giles was taking out an insurance policy on his life and he and his wife were puzzling over the forms that had arrived for him to sign.

"Yer see this?" said Giles. "It says: 'Age of father if living.' I suppose I must fill it in."

The form was at last filled and a few days later Giles received a visit from the agent.

"What do you mean by your form?" said the agent. "You state your father's age as 110. That is ridiculous."

"No, it ain't," replied Giles. "Your form says 'if living,' and that's the age he'd be if he was alive now."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Experience

THE fashionable physician had been giving instructions to the young man who was acting for him during a vacation.

"I hope everything will be all right," stammered the nervous understudy; "only I've had so little experience."

"You don't need experience with my patients," said the great man, as he grabbed his hat. "They're as simple as A B C. Ask them what they're eating—and stop it. Ask them where they're going for a vacation—and send them somewhere else."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Easy Way

A LITTLE Scotch lad greatly coveted a fine Jersey cow belonging to the minister of the local church.

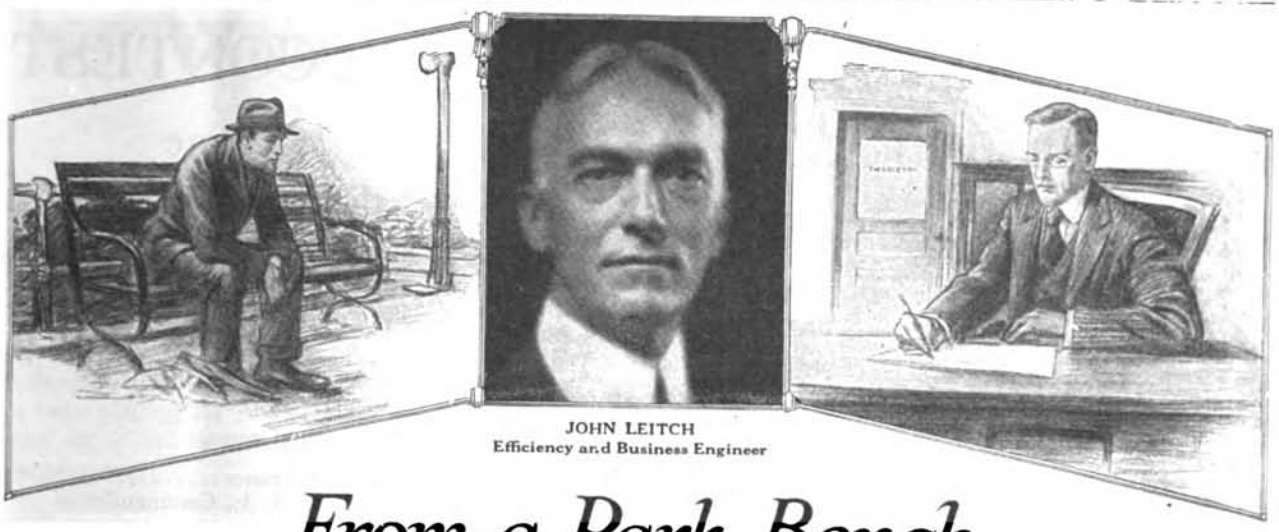
"Do you believe in prayer?" said the good little boy to the minister.

"Most certainly I do," was the reply.

"But," insisted the questioner, "do you believe if I prayed hard enough God would give me a cow like yours?"

"Certainly, if you had equally good reasons for possessing a cow, and your faith was sufficiently strong."

"Then," came the immediate rejoinder, "you give me *your* cow, and *you* pray for another."



JOHN LEITCH
Efficiency and Business Engineer

From a Park Bench To the Head of a Prosperous Business

The Remarkable Life Story of John Leitch, a Self-Confessed Failure, Who Found in the "Magic Story" the Key that Unlocked for Him the Door to Success, Affluence and an Independent Business of His Own

HE was four meals shy and had no roof over his head. His pockets were empty and he had no job. He was sitting on a park bench waiting for the pedestrians of Riverside Drive to go to their homes that he might sneak into a quiet spot under the bushes and go to sleep.

But before he could put his purpose into effect, *something happened*—something so arousing, so inspiring, that the course of his whole life was changed. He discovered a new hope, a new ideal, a new vision. His eyes were opened to his own latent powers, to the wonderful opportunities almost within his grasp. He left that park bench a new man with failure and discouraging thoughts put behind him forever, and in their place implanted self-confidence, courage and faith in his ability to succeed.

That man who sat on a park bench, discouraged, downhearted, almost ready to give up the battle, was John Leitch, who is so well and favorably known that the *American Magazine* devoted a lengthy article to his accomplishments in a recent issue. For he is a real character—a man of national importance—and his splendid work might have been lost to the world had it not been for the incident on the park bench which gave him a new foothold on life and a new viewpoint.

Before relating this incident, read what the *American Magazine* has to say about this man and his work:

"John Leitch is one of the most interesting figures in this country to-day. In his fifty-one years of living he has gone from abject poverty and obscurity to a position of nation-wide prominence. Men who ten years ago did not even know his name are turning to John Leitch now for help in solving their problems.

"He is the new prophet in the world of industry. Not the kind that 'cries aloud in the wilderness,' and quits at that; but the kind that gets down to brass tacks and does things."

* * * * * * * * *

What arrested the attention of John Leitch, as he sat on that park bench years ago, was a discarded copy of a magazine, which he found under a lamp post, the cover torn off, and its appearance disreputable—but it contained the second part of THE MAGIC STORY, the reading of which changed his life from miserable failure to assured success.

As John Leitch himself says, "Such a story has its full effect when it has its proper conditions to work on, and my condition at that time, presented the ideal opportunity for it to operate with its magic.

"The head of a manufacturing concern was recently on the verge of failure, but with a half hour's talk with him and the loan of 'The Magic Story,' he took a new grip on himself and conditions; both himself and conditions have since changed for the better.

"Since the personal experience on Riverside Drive I have had continuous success, and 'The Magic Story' was a very important element at the base of this result."

"The Magic Story" has brought this magical moment to countless men. It marked the great Awakening. It was the light of Realization shining through into the drab and monotony of life. It shone into their brains, and souls, and minds. And instantly the pent-up energy broke loose. You have that reservoir of unconquerable power. We all have it. All we need is some force to smash down the dam that locks it up inside of us. Once we can get it free we are Master Men.

It is this Success-Secret that the men of big achievement prize more highly than their fortunes. It cannot be analyzed. In a certain way, however, it can be communicated.

There is John Leitch, for instance. He had brains. He had ability. But he didn't know there was a Success-Secret. He had lost his place in the world of energy—he was in the dark until he found "The Magic Story."

"The Magic Story" shows you how to be what you want to be. It tells you how to get out of the rut to Efficiency—to Power—to Mastery—to Self-reliance—to Fearlessness—to Happiness—to SUCCESS.

W. P. Werheim, Business Manager, Pratt & Lambert, Inc., Buffalo, ordered a copy for every man in his organization, and said: "'The Magic Story' is worth $25.00 to any man, and to some $2,500; to perhaps a few men somewhere it is worth a fortune."

"The Magic Story" enabled a well-known Cleveland man to rise from a clerkship to a position that pays him more than $10,000 a year. He applied the "secret" told in the story. It will help you to do as well or better if you apply the "secret," too. The "secret" points the way to position, to power, to prosperity, and positively helps you to reach your goal.

* * * * * * * * *

The United Sales Club of America, a nation-wide organization of alert men and women, banded together for worthy personal success and economic justice, is now distributing a limited edition of "The Magic Story" to readers of this magazine. Send for your copy at once. You take no risk. Simply fill out and mail the coupon with $2 as an examination deposit, and "The Magic Story" will be sent to you for seven days' examination. If, at the end of that time you do not want to keep it, simply remail it and your $2 deposit will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Use this coupon today—before the edition is exhausted.

UNITED SALES CLUB OF AMERICA
The Institution of Advancement
1123 Broadway, New York

I enclose $2 as examination deposit. Please send me "The Magic Story," with the understanding that I may return it at any time within 7 days and my $2 deposit will be returned.

Name .....

Address .....

..... N S-2-20

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WINNERS

IN THE NEW SUCCESS PRIZE CONTEST

Who's Who in the World-War Hall of Fame

IN the September, 1919, number of THE NEW SUCCESS we asked our readers to take part in a contest involving the following question:

"What Twenty Men Who Took an Active Part in the World War Are Entitled to Places in the World-War Hall of Fame?"

We asked our readers to name, in the order of their importance, ten civilians and ten members of the Allied armies and navies and tell why each deserved this recognition. In deciding the final result the judges, after counting all the ballots submitted, declared that the men who received the largest number of total votes were entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame.

The result of the balloting was as follows:

CIVILIANS

Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States..1290
Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France.....1280
David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain....1275
Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator.....1260
Cardinal Mercier of Belgium.....1233
Theodore Roosevelt 1140
William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury....1138
Charles M. Schwab, Director of Ship Building in the United States.....1012
Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War..... 990
Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor..... 900

ARMY AND NAVY

Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France.....1360
General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., Commander of the A. E. F.....1290
General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander of the British Forces 1284
General Joffre, Hero of the Marne.....1252
King Albert of the Belgians.....1236
General Petain of the French Army.....1223
General Allenby of the British Army.....1200
Admiral W. S. Sims, U. S. N.....1194
Admiral Beatty, British Navy.....1150
General Diaz, Commander of the Italian Forces....1120

The rewards of $25, $15, $10 and $5, offered for the best replies were decided as follows:

1st.—John E. Allan, New York.
2nd.—Lawrence R. Fulmer, Ohio, and Thomas L. Wales, Massachusetts.
3rd.—John Bowen Lippitt, Massachusetts.
4th.—Gerald A. Lawlor, Pennsylvania, Romaine W. Seaver, New York, and Francis L. Bacon, Connecticut.

Mr. Allan's ballot contained the complete list of the twenty names receiving the largest number of votes. Mr. Fulmer and Mr. Wales tied with nineteen names each. Mr. Lippitt recorded eighteen names. Mr. Lawlor, Mr. Seaver, and Mr. Bacon tied with seventeen names each.

We regret that the announcement of this contest was delayed owing to the printers' and pressmen's strike—from which we are just recovering, as this February number will attest.

The papers of the winning contestants will be published from time to time in THE NEW SUCCESS.

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact

A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy—and how singing or any instrument can be learned in the same easy way.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Thousands Write Like This:

"Have learned more about music and playing in the four lessons received from you than I expected to learn in six months."—U. S. Whitman, Washington, D. C.

"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with me." — Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

"I am delighted to tell you how fine I am getting on with my lessons. Everything is so plain. I had been going to a teacher for about two months and could not seem to learn a thing. But how quick I understand your lessons." — Elija Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have already earned enough with my mandolin to pay for the instrument, and the course of lessons. Have received many compliments upon my playing." — Lester Pletner, Forestville, Wis.

"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epworth League of M. E. Church, South, after taking your lessons—and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well of your school." — J. G. Castle, Fulton, Mo.

Until I learned to play, hearing music — especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret — envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wallflower—a mere looker on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been.

But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part; all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—and I figure it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did amounts to only a few cents a day—and nothing whatever unless you are satisfied; the U. S. School of Music guarantees satisfaction or no charge.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 225,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 to 70—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this young woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

A new method that makes singing or any instument amazingly simple to master. You can try it on approval and see for yourself —no cost whatever unless you are satisfied.

For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

Piano	Harmony and Composition
Organ	Sight Singing
Violin	Guitar
Viola	Ukelele
Banjo	Harp
Mandolin	Cornet
Clarinet	Piccolo
Flute	Trombone
Saxophone	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
'Cello	
Tenor Banjo	

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement over the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers. And our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely *by note*. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear.

But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say or by what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. We guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book that tells you all about our methods? We know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now we are making a short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

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Please send me your free book, **"How to Learn Music at Home"** and particulars of your Special Offer.

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Address .....

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State .....

Ora Robitaille

Mah-en-gance, chief of the Mill Lac band of Chippewas (seated). Grandmother of the Misses Robitaille (in center). Chief Mah-en-gance's wife (at right).

Josephine Robitaille

The New American Indians

They Are Increasing in Population, Being Educated in Public Schools, and Becoming Captains of Industry

WHAT has become of the American Indians? Some people will tell you that they are slowly dying off and that within two or three more generations, as a race, they will be extinct. Others will discourse at length on the rapid decline of our red-skinned brothers as a result of continued dissipation. Still others will brazenly assert that the "original Americans" have practically vanished from the country because of their inability to make a living for themselves. But—they are wrong.

AS a matter of fact, the 350,000 Indians in the United States are rapidly becoming first-class progressive citizens, and many of them are doing big things in a big way.

Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, proudly asserts that, in recent years, the birth rate of the various Indian tribes greatly exceeds the death rate, and that the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face and other famous chieftains, are "taking" to education, agriculture, stock raising and other useful pursuits with remarkable success.

One of the finest examples of the educational and social development of the Indian race is that portrayed by the beautiful Robitaille sisters of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who are in Washington, D. C., with their mother, where they are being educated. These young ladies are direct descendents of noted chiefs of the Chippewa tribe, whose hunting and fishing grounds covered the territory now occupied by the State of Minnesota.

Ora Robitaille, who is now seventeen, will graduate from the high school this year. As a vocalist and pianist she is already a great favorite in Washington social circles. It is her ambition to finish her education at Vassar or Wellesley. Josephine, her sister, is planning to enter a dramatic school. She, too, is an accomplished musician. She plays the violin and sings.

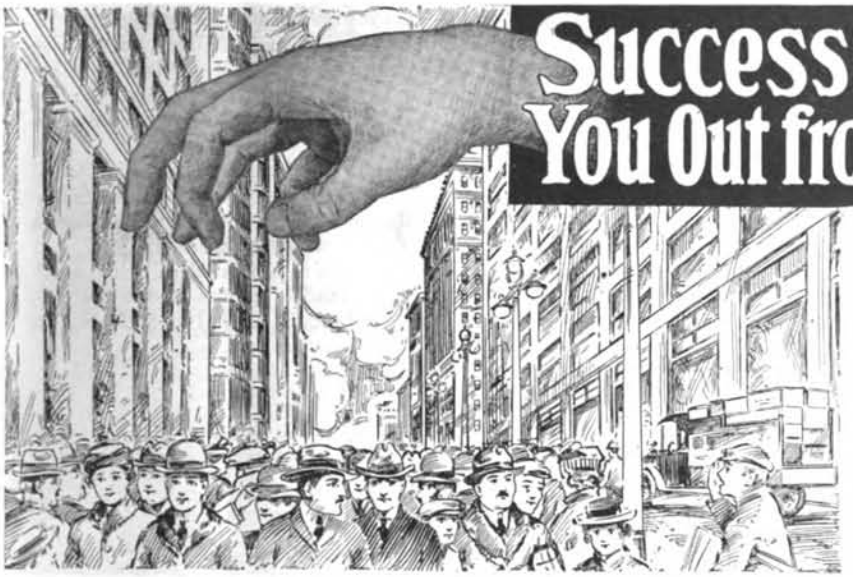
Both girls are proud of the fact that they have mastered the arts of cooking and dressmaking. Mrs. Robitaille is especially proud of the fact that her girls are being educated at her own expense instead of at government expense. She is strongly opposed to Indian children being educated at the expense of the government, if the parents are financially able to defray such expense.

A study of the pictures of Ora and Josephine Robitaille in comparison with their grand-

Do It!

By EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

IF you have something to *do*,
Do it!
Get *thru* it!
There's *more* work ahead.
Since the world *begun*
There's been *work* to be done,
And *you're* here to do it.
Then quit *loafing*
And *waiting*
And wondering *why*
The fellow in *front*
Doesn't get busy and *try*
To do it *all*.
Some poor fellows *do*,
And all because *you*
Don't do *your* share.
Come, *pitch in*
And work like *sin*,
And show us what *you* can do.
Quit watching and go to *working*
And then one less man will be *shirking*
His share of the *world's* work.
It's up to *you!*
Now, what'll you do?



Success Will Grab You Out from the Crowd

When You are Trained in ADVERTISING

Everybody knows that Advertising men make more money.

Every employer pays his Advertising man more money.

You will immediately make more money than you are now making. There will be none of that "working-yourself-up" necessary when you take a Page-Davis course, you step right from your present employment into Advertising at an increased salary of $65.00 or $75.00 a week.

Advertising is the greatest business for you today

Success will never come to you just because you know your business. The money you are now receiving is paid to you because you are able to do the work you are now doing. To make more money you don't have to cram your head full of knowledge and grow gray in experience. Money isn't made that way. Money is made by learning how to get the most out of what you already know.

You must learn how to sell what you know at a higher price. You must learn the Advertising business to do that.

Advertising men earn from $100 to $300 a week. If you have a common School Education, and can read and write that's all you need to become a Successful Advertising man. You can start at a salary of $65.00 to $75.00 a week without any experience.

The Advertising business is the greatest business in the world today; it offers more opportunity to you than any other line of work.

If you take a Page-Davis Course of Advertising you will never say that you are not getting what you are worth, because business men will pay you more salary as an Advertising man than they will pay you in any other department of their business.

Fisher was a Plumber, got $30 weekly—now earns $5000 in Advertising.

Jones was a Bookkeeper, got $24 weekly—now earns $5300 in Advertising.

Mateer was a Druggist, got $28 weekly—now earns $7000 in Advertising, and thousands of others just like them in different lines of business.

The Advertising business is the greatest business in the world because you apply the ability to Advertise directly to yourself. It is only commonsense that tells you that if you are able to Advertise another man's goods, you are also able to advertise your own goods—your services. And now you see why the Advertising men of today make more money. They know how to advertise their own goods which are their services.

The Advertising business is the greatest business because every time you Advertise your firm's goods you are also showing your ability to your firm's competitors and they soon learn who you are, and if your work is good they know it as well as your own firm knows it, and sometime soon you'll get what you are worth. An incident that illustrates this fact occurred recently when a Page-Davis Student, who had been the Advertising man for a clothing store in Chicago, received a letter from a Buffalo firm, which read as follows: "We understand that you are the one who is doing the Advertising. If your contract with the present firm expires the first of the year, we shall be glad to make you an offer for next year." So you see that the firm for whom you Advertise is also Advertising yourself to others in the same line of business.

The Advertising business is a great business because as soon as you know the Advertising business you have the key to success. You will be able to make a success of any business you are in at the present time or ever expect to go into hereafter. Here is a case of a student by the name of Walker, who was with a State Experimental Station. He applied his Advertising knowledge to farm products and in a letter he said: "Commission men inform us that our vegetables are known in this section better than any other. It pays to apply ideas received from your course to the farm."

The Advertising business is the greatest business because it controls the most important part of business,—the output. As an Advertising man you will be able to increase the sales to such an extent that new factories must be built, new machinery bought and more labor required. You, the Advertising man, holds the reins of business in your hands, because the success of all business depends upon the ability to sell what you have to sell—and the Advertising man can and does do that very thing. The report of a Page-Davis student shows, that in a year the factory had been increased three times and one hundred additional hands were employed to meet the demands of increased business through Advertising.

The Advertising business is the greatest because there are no petty jealousies of employees to hamper your progress. You are not employed the same as the rest of the office force. You deal only directly with the head of the firm and nobody in the office can undermine you nor steal your Brains because they don't know anything about Advertising and haven't the nerve to attempt it, for if they did know they wouldn't be where they are. You don't have to "ring-in and ring-out," because your work isn't figured at so much an hour. It's what your Advertising produces that counts. Your freedom is like that of the employer.

The Advertising business is the greatest business because your good work is quickly recognized and you are quickly given credit for doing good work. Here is an illustration of that fact: A large packing concern employed an Advertising man at $5,000 a year. They also had in their employ a construction engineer, whose duties were to build new plants at a minimum cost. The Advertising man increased the business to such an extent that a new building was necessary. The firm congratulated the Advertising man and increased his salary to $8,000 for the next year. The construction engineer, who built the new building, showed the firm that he had saved $50,000 on the erection of the factory, and when he asked for an increase in salary he was told that his present salary was paid to him to keep down cost, otherwise they wouldn't need his services. So you see the Advertising department of any business is considered the developing department, and not an expense department.

The Advertising business is the greatest in the world today, because it all depends upon you—yourself—how much money you make. There is not a thing to hold you back. You can go into any business you choose and make a success of it, and you can learn it so easy right now. It doesn't make any difference how old you are, so long as you are over 18 years of age, because we don't teach children. You don't have to work yourself up in the Advertising business. You don't have to know anything about the business you Advertise, either. In fact, very few Advertising men do, but you must know the fundamentals of Advertising as they are taught by the Page-Davis Correspondence School. It will take you a short time to learn them at home, and then our Vocational Department will do their part in helping you to get a position in the line of business you prefer at the salary that will pay you to make the change.

Now is the time to get into the Advertising business. There are more demands than men to fill the positions at salaries from $65 to $75 a week. You don't have to have a special knowledge of any kind to become an Advertising man. All you have to have is a liking for it, because you wouldn't go into it unless you liked it. That the only reason.

You don't have to be an Advertising man to make money out of the knowledge of Advertising. I mean to say that you may at this very moment decide to be an Advertising man, and then after you have completed a course, conditions may arise that will change your plans. In that case, all the knowledge you acquire will be used to increase your salary, just as it did for Kennedy, who had every intention in the world of being an Advertising man. He finished his course and then informed his employer that he intended to leave and go into the Advertising business. His employer immediately offered him an attractive salary to remain with him in a more responsible position. This was one circumstance that changed a student's intentions of leaving his firm to go elsewhere. Another instance is of a student who took up the course to be an Advertising man—he is now General Manager of a firm, and this is what he says today:

"The lessons I learned have always stood me in good stead and have been the means of assisting me greatly in my business. I trust the Page-Davis School will continue the good work and equip for the business world, those who will thus be enabled to raise themselves out of the common rut."

So here is the way it stands with you today. You can not lose, whatever circumstances may arise. The knowledge of Advertising will increase your earning power in every event. That's why success will grab you out from the crowd if you will take a course with the Page-Davis School now.

Sign the coupon. Send it today and let us send you our book, "Increased Salaries and Promotions." It will open your eyes to your present opportunities through the greatest business in the world.

NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS
Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertising men at a salary of $50 to $150 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is free.

CLIP THIS COUPON ALONG THIS LINE

Page-Davis School—Send me without cost your Book, "Increased Salaries and Promotions," and all other information, setting forth the most profitable proposition for me to enter in the Advertising business.

Name .....

Address .....

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

Page-Davis Correspondence School

Address: Department E 2 City Hall Square Bldg. CHICAGO

mother, who is shown in the center of the group of three Indians, indicates the changes in the appearance of the Indian that has resulted in two generations. The two Indians sitting, are Chief Mah-en-gance and his wife, of the Mill Lac band of Chippewas of Minnesota. The grandmother of the Robitaille girls is the adopted sister of Chief Mah-en-gnace.

INDIAN men are rapidly forging to the front as captains of industry. For instance: In Oklahoma, the oil and gas wells and coal mines owned by them have increased in value, in a few years, to an almost incredible amount.

The 2,186 Osages, whose property aside from the mineral product is valued at $20,000,000, last year received an income of $8,000,000 from oil and gas alone.

The restricted Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes also received $4,000,000 royalty from oil and gas last year.

During the past six years the royalties paid the Indians on oil, gas, coal and other minerals amounted to $27,600,000.

A conservative valuation of the individual and tribal property of the Indians, exclusive of oil and gas, is $667,000,000. Add to this the oil and gas and it will run over a billion.

The live stock of the Indians is estimated as being worth $40,000,000. Their timber land is valued at $84,000,000. Their farm crops last year brought a total of $12,000,000.

My First Literary Effort

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Wherein the Author of "Sherlock Holmes" Tells About the First Manuscript He Ever Had Accepted

This is No. 2 of a series of "confessions" by eminent literary men and women, who tell how their first manuscript was accepted. The third in the series, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, will appear in February.

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I WAS six years old at the time, and have a distinct recollection of the achievement. My first book written, I remember, upon fool's-cap paper, in what might be called a fine, bold hand—four words to the line—and was illustrated by marginal pen-and-ink sketches by the author. There was a man in it, and there was a tiger. I forgot which was the hero, but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man.

I was a realist in the age of Romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of the wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. "It is very easy to get people into scrapes and very hard to get them out again," I remarked, and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book. like the man, was engulfed in tiger.

There is an old family bureau, with secret drawers in which lie little locks of hair tied up in circles, and black silhouettes, and dim daguerreotypes, and letters which seem to have been written in the lightest of straw-colored inks. Somewhere there lies my primitive manuscript, where my tiger, like a many-hooped barrel with a tail to it, still envelops the hapless stranger whom he has taken in.

It may be that my literary experiences would have ended there had not there come a time when that good old harsh-faced schoolmistress, Hard Times, took me by the hand. I wrote, and with amazement I found that my writing was accepted. Fifty little cylinders of manuscript did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back like paper boomerangs, to the place that they had started from. Yet in time they all lodged somewhere or other.

Fear and Health

SURGEON-GENERAL BLUE, who is a professor of psychology in Bellevue Hospital, recently warned the people of the United States that influenza may stay here for years, be a recurring epidemic.

We have no doubt that Dr. Blue believes he is doing the best thing for the country, and there is no doubt that people need to be cautioned to take great care of their health. On the other hand, the fear which comes with this warning makes people all the more susceptible to the disease.

Fear is a great depleter of vitality. It cuts down our disease-resisting power tremendously. People who are at all superstitious are especially susceptible to its influence. The more superstitious and the more ignorant they are the easier it is to kill them by fright, as was illustrated when Halley's comet appeared in the sky. Some people were almost frightened to death at that time, and many were made ill. During the worst of the scare terror-stricken men and women were seen on their knees in the streets praying for mercy and deliverance from the judgment they feared was coming upon them. It was said that one man who traded on the fears of the ignorant did a thriving business in one of the South American republics by selling something which was supposed to make one immune from the coming calamity.

Take care of your health; don't worry; keep cheerful and hopeful, and the chances are ninety-nine to one that you will resist any disease germs that may be floating around.

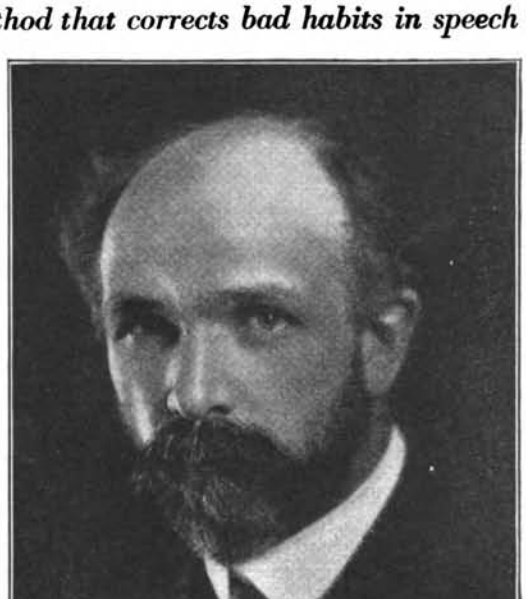
New Patent of Sherwin Cody's Makes Perfect English Easy *In 15 Minutes a Day*

An amazing new method that corrects bad habits in speech and writing at once

THE tremendous value of good English in everyday life cannot be overestimated. To-day the ability to speak and write correctly and forcefully has come to be a commercial necessity. It is the invaluable weapon with which every man who is striving for success must be equipped. Business demands men who can write and talk straight from the shoulder, and straight to the point, without making mistakes in grammar, punctuation, pronunciation, spelling, and without using weak, overused words. ***Business demands such men and is paying for them.***

The difference between weak, incorrect English and crisp, vigorous, correct English is the difference between the high stool and the mahogany desk. When one stops to consider that by actual test the average man in business is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English, the *need* for a method of teaching correct English is apparent.

After twenty years of scientific research and study, Mr. Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best-known teacher of practical English in the Country, has perfected his amazing "100% Self-Correcting System" and places it at your disposal.



Only 15 Minutes A Day

This astonishing invention upsets all the old standards of teaching. By careful analysis Mr. Cody discovered all the faults embodied in the old methods and has remedied them. Useless rules, hard to remember, impractical definitions, lengthy, uninteresting exercises have all been cast aside. The time usually required for a comprehensive study of English has been cut down by several hundred per cent. *15 minutes' spare time each day* gives you a command of language that enables you to compete with men who have spent years in school and college studying for this key to social and business success.

Course a Great Help

"I cannot too highly recommend it, and I would advise any young persons who are compelled to leave school at an early age to take this course. They will be greatly benefited by the lessons in Composition, Spelling and the reading of good literature. I consider the time and money well spent."
Paul R. Snyder,
Saugerties, N. Y.

Most Interesting Device for Self-Education

"Your 100% Self-Correcting Course in English Language is the finest and most interesting device for self-education I have ever tried.
"The System of checking up written work is absolutely infallible for showing up errors, and the student can immediately start in to correct his weak points, for these lessons will show him exactly what they are."
U. G. Fry, Baltimore, Md.

No Method Equal to Yours

"I hope you will be very successful in placing your 100% Self-Correcting Course in English in the hands of a large number of young business people. It would be a splendid thing if it could be studied carefully by an equal number of older people.
"The ability to use the English language correctly is a fine asset for anyone, and especially those who are engaged in business.
"I do not believe there is anything in which the usual business worker is so deficient as in the power of expression. I know of no method at all equal to this by which that power can be enlarged."
C. R. Hebble,
Executive Secretary,
Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio.

You need no longer work under the terrible handicap of poor English—Mr. Cody's great invention places Language Power within your reach.

The 100% Self-Correcting Method

On April 3, 1918, Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device. He went to great corporations and examined the employees and talked with the employers. He examined the methods in use in schools. From the data thus acquired he has built his entire system. He has worked on the basis that good English can be taught only by *making the student form the "Habit" of correctness.* The 100% Self-Correcting system accomplishes this with a most astounding effectiveness. It seems almost like magic. You write your lesson, whatever it may be, spelling, punctuation, grammar, letter-writing, etc., in the space provided, then you see underneath just how Mr. Cody would correct it. You mark your errors, and try the same lesson later to see how many errors you have overcome. You see at a glance where you have improved. *You know at every step just where you stand.* It is as if Mr. Cody stood at your elbow every minute to correct and help you. Progress is unbelievably rapid. *In recent tests students of Mr. Cody's method improved more in 5 weeks than students of other methods did in two years.* And the wonderful part about it all is that only 15 minutes of your spare time each day are necessary.

Good English in Business

A well-known millionaire once said: "I know of no ability more valuable to the business man than the ability to speak and write good English." He knew what he was talking about—Language Power wins every time. All business is a game of buying and selling. Everyone has something to sell, whether it be buttons or brains. What you are selling makes no difference—*you cannot be a good trader unless you tell others what you have in a way that will make them want to buy it.* You must convince the buyer that what you have to sell is worth more to him than the money he is paying for it. Words are the weapons with which you fight your everyday battles. It is the man who can use these weapons that achieves success. The man who by the correctness and energy of his language can sway men's minds at will is the man who gains recognition and position. *He is the man who comes out on top.* Vigorous language, whether written or spoken, is the force that gets things done; it is the force that makes friends and holds them, it is the force that carries men up the road to success.

Good English Is an Investment

The words you use are an advertisement of yourself and your worth. Spoken and written they are the sure index of your character. The use of ordinary words makes people regard you in an ordinary light; to appear at your best, you must use the best language possible. It is by their language that men are judged more than by any other characteristic. The use of precise, epigrammatic, hard-hitting words is the indication of a self-confident, independent, mentally alert man. Remember, people are watching you every minute. The impression you make depends on what you say and how you say it. The impression you make on other people can either be your greatest asset or your gravest liability.

A New Booklet Free

Mr. Cody has written a new book of immense interest. In it he explains his 100% Self-Correcting Method, shows how and why it was evolved and gives the results it has produced. He defines Language Power and shows you how you can acquire it in 15 minutes of fascinating study a day, **and why you should acquire it.** If you want to get ahead, this book will be a revelation to you.

Write today. Every day you put it off means an actual loss to you. Don't needlessly handicap yourself by using poor English. Detach the coupon below and mail it **at once,** or just write a postal card, but do it **now.**

Sherwin Cody School of English

102 NEWS BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH,
102 News Building, Rochester, New York.
Please send me at once your New Free Book explaining about the "100% Self-Correcting" Course in English.

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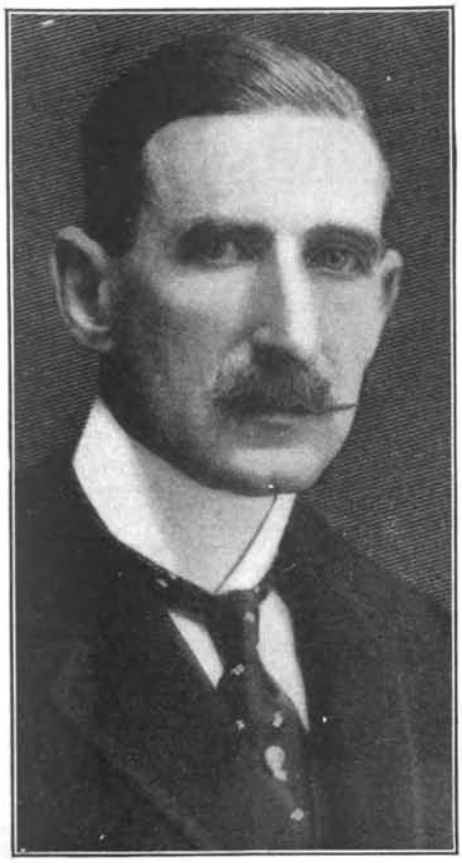

JULIEN STEVENS ULMAN
Who is revolutionizing living conditions for the New York City Police.

Helping the Police to Help Themselves

The Patriotic Undertaking of Julien Stevens Ulman

By THE "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER

Seldom, if ever, has a private citizen so readily given up his time and energy in the interest of civic betterment as Mr. Julien Stevens Ulman, in his effort to help the big police force of New York City improve its lot. As everyone knows, the average policeman is not paid an attractive wage. In these days of the high cost of living his loyalty to his municipality prevents him from taking any action in the matter. In this respect he is like an enlisted soldier. The strike of the Boston police, last year, resulted so disastrously that, Mr. Ulman believes, it is the duty of the citizens, who place so much reliance in their police, to look to their wants. That is just what he is doing in New York City, as he tells in this interview, and, no doubt, his example will be followed in other municipalities.

—THE EDITORS.

GREATER NEW YORK supports a police force of nearly 11,000 men—all carefully selected and well drilled—and they are governed by a commissioner and three deputies. In view of the spirit of unrest that has pervaded most every phase of life, the merchants of the metropolis decided that some steps should be taken to make these guardians of the peace more satisfied with their lot, their incomes, and their working conditions. Julien Stevens Ulman, a prominent business man, who had absolutely no experience in municipal affairs, volunteered for this task and, accordingly, was appointed a deputy commissioner. To use his own words: "I accepted the post with the sole idea of seeing what I could do to make a policeman's lot a happier one."

And in the few weeks that Special Deputy Ulman has been at the helm of his own conception—The Home Service Division—he has revolutionized living conditions for the city's bluecoats. Evidence of this fact is the astonishing announcement that Mr. Ulman's plan is to-day saving policemen's families at least a dollar and a quarter a day on their purchases of necessities, and within a short time he expects to make this saving in excess of two dollars.

Police Worked Under Obsolete System

IT was by a strange coincidence that the SUCCESS representative met Mr. Ulman on his way from New York Police Headquarters to the Metropolitan Opera House on the night that Maeterlinck's opera of happiness, "The Blue Bird," was having its premiere. It was in the library of the Manhattan Club where many successful New York business men gather after their daily labors. But Commissioner Ulman's day never seems to end. For in addition to his work in the Police Department, he is the active head of eight large corporations, including the largest tanning industry in the world.

"But there are nights and Sundays," Mr. Ulman said with a smile, "and I do my inspecting then." This means that the busy man personally supervises every step in the execution of his plan for bringing happiness and contentment into the homes of the "bluecoats."

"I have long been interested in police matters and have studied police systems both here and abroad," Mr. Ulman told the SUCCESS representative. "I realized that New York's splendid body of loyal men were working under a system that is obsolete. When the Boston police strike came, I realized that—horrible as was the idea of such a thing—the police of the country really had a grievance against the public. I knew our New York men would not strike, but I knew that they had good cause to be displeased with their lot.

"So I conceived the idea of helping them to help themselves, since the condition of the city's budget for 1920 did not make it possible for the municipal corporation to greatly lighten its burdens. My idea was the opening of a coöperative store somewhat on the lines of the Army and Navy Stores of London, but without some of the objectionable features of that institution.

"I sought and was granted permission to put my plan into execution. But the officials didn't think it feasible. I knew it was, and within six days from the time I received my appointment I had it going. If you want to know how well it is serving the policemen's needs—ask a New York City policeman."

Must Pay for His Own Equipment

THIS is the situation of the New York police as Mr. Ulman found it! The pay of the patrolmen is graded

How Dr. Frank Crane Inspired My Newly Won Prosperity

By Donald Walker

THE other day was the third time that I have heard myself referred to as a self-made man. I admit it has made me feel a little proud. While in a way I suppose I do merit that reference, still I know that it is not wholly accurate. For the first time I have decided to tell the little secret I have long kept to myself—to give credit in print to the man who inspired me to become what a few of my friends are good enough to call a self-made man. First I will go back five years.

At that time I held a comfortable position in a small but growing business, and managed to support my wife and child on a small salary. I had hopes of becoming the office manager some day, but it was a big stretch for my imagination. And here I am today—but that is getting ahead of my story.

One day I heard that the office manager had resigned. I was not long confirming the rumor, for I felt that at last my opportunity had arrived. I expected any minute to be told to take the place. Several days passed, and the anticipated order did not come. Instead a new man was brought in from the outside a week later, and I confess I felt resentment in being called upon to help install him in the position that I felt should have been mine.

At first I felt like throwing up my job. I was bitter at the injustice of the thing. Why did the firm have to go outside of the organization to get a new man when I could have filled the position? I felt I had a just grievance, so I went straight into the front office and asked frankly why I had been overlooked.

That interview was something of a shock to me because I learned that I had not even been considered for the position. I was told in all friendliness that I was standing still. To use the exact words: "Hitched to a post," and when I countered in self-defense that I knew the business thoroughly, I was told "Yes, you know all the details of the business, and it would be hard on that account to replace you, but you are not growing with the business. It is not because you are lacking ability or willingness to work, but you don't seem to think above your work or outside of your department, and an executive must have a broader viewpoint. He must be able to think clearly and decide constructively." That most uncomfortable five minutes' interview was filled with a lot of helpful suggestions, but the only other important thing which I remember was the parting shot

"Learn the Secret of Right Thinking and Cultivate the Habit."

I needed just that sort of a jolt to set me on the right track. But I was puzzled to know how I could cultivate the habit of right thinking. How could I get the bigger, broader viewpoint? But that came later.

I began to study men who held important positions. I discovered that without exception they were men of broad vision.

I familiarized myself with the opinions of authorities. I listened to speeches of men notable in politics and business. They all seemed to have the thing I wanted, but somehow I could not grasp how they got it.

Then one day I discovered Dr. Frank Crane. I made his acquaintance through one of the leading magazines and later learned that he contributed daily a FOUR-MINUTE ESSAY to some sixty metropolitan newspapers in the United States and Canada. I began reading him religiously, and he soon gave me the key I needed and the rest was easy. Since then there has hardly been a day that I have not read one of Dr. Crane's FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS. And, that is not all, my wife reads and enjoys Dr. Crane just as much as I do.

I read Dr. Crane for a mental tonic. He stimulated and inspired me. His swift, keen penetration; his clear and logical analysis; his understandable conclusions were a revelation to me. I particularly liked the way he tackled every-day problems and questions. His optimism put me in good humor, and his kindliness solaced and soothed me. He saw things in a big, clear, straightforward way and his knowledge opened wide the door to me to the great minds of all ages.

It was Dr. Crane who helped me to become what I am. Without his help I might have climbed a little way up the ladder, but to my present position NEVER. Most all the good things life has given me these last five years I can trace back directly to his inspirational influence.

He taught me how to think RIGHT. He helped me to use more forceful English. He helped me to win poise, self-control, determination, concentration, and will power. He made me more efficient in my business. And so I could go on giving tribute to the great good Dr. Crane has done for me. And, what is still more, I have met a lot of big men in the past five years who feel just as I do about Dr. Crane.

As I look back now to the time when the office managership seemed to me the pinnacle of success, I realize how tremendously Dr. Crane has widened my horizon; how infinitely more difficult success would have been without his help, and I am glad of this opportunity of publicly thanking Dr. Crane for what he has done for me.

Thousands of men and women throughout the country will hail the following announcement with joy—**popular demand has prevailed upon Dr. Frank Crane to put his Four-Minute Essays into book form.**

Every day ten million of the keenest minds in the country read Dr. Crane for a mental tonic. Fifty of the leading newspapers in the United States and Canada carry his daily contributions. He is a great exponent of the REAL AMERICAN philosophy. His is a message for the multitude.

He speaks forcibly yet simply. His thoughts are packed with inspiration and brisk American optimism. Wit and wisdom flow from his pen, and humanism tempers every phrase. His message is like a breath of fresh air that is as good for the brain as a walk in the open is good for the body.

He tackles the everyday problems of everyday people with his constructive and penetrating intellect. He goes straight to the heart of the subject and his conclusions are helpful. He says things swiftly and strongly, and men understand him. He inspires humanity to nobler and better things through his uplifting principles of human philosophy.

From President Wilson to the man in the mill and factory, from the college professor to the cowboy on the Arizona ranch, all Americans look for what Dr. Crane has to say. He talks plain, ordinary United States commonsense, always in good humor and optimism, and often with wit.

Ten handy-size, well bound volumes—400 FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS on vital, human subjects. Four hundred masterpieces by the author who made the essay popular. Sixteen hundred pages printed in clear, bold, easy reading type. **ONLY a limited number of sets to be distributed at this time at this special low price for the purpose of introducing Dr. Crane's new publication**

The Democracy Magazine

a monthly non-partisan magazine of opinion, is in response to a popular demand for his best things in more permanent form than the newspaper affords.

The subscription price of this magazine is $2.00 per year; 20 cents per copy. (See special combination offer in the convenient coupon down in the corner.)

Carry one of these Dr. Crane volumes to work with you. Read it on the train or the car. Keep one on your bedside table and read a FOUR-MINUTE masterpiece the last thing before you switch off the light. You will be inspired to nobler and better things. You will be freshened for the day's work and soothed before you drop off to sleep.

Right thinking is irresistible power. Any man or woman can cultivate the habit. Dr. Crane points the way.

Why Immediate Action Is Necessary. Send Coupon Today

Only a limited number of unbound sets of the first edition remain in the bindery. The second edition of the Crane FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS will probably have to be sold for more than the present low price, so only a limited number of these ten-volume sets of Dr. Crane's FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS are available NOW at this special price.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Make sure of getting this ten-volume set of FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS and a year's subscription for Dr. Crane's Magazine by sending in your order NOW. No money necessary. Read the coupon, and act promptly.

A Few Titles from the Collection of 400 FOUR-MINUTE ESSAYS

Life as a Business Proposition.
The Unconquerable.
Mine Own Will Come to Me.
Self-Starters.
America's Coming of Age.
Fool's Gold.
Around the Corner.
The Fat Man.
For Lovers to Read.
From the Chin Up.
To France.
Friend Bed.
The Prayer of the Outside Sheep.
Idleness the Mother of Progress.
The Great Silences.
Green Fire.
The Healing Power of Housekeeping.
The Art of Making Mistakes.
The Watch, the Clock and the Drum.
If I Were God.
LAW.
The Sunny Side of the Hill.
How to Go to Sleep.
The March of the Shadows.
The Little God of Happy Endings.

according to their length of service. A first-grade man receives the maximum salary of $1,650 a year. Second-grade men are paid $1,500 a year; third-grade, $1,450; fourth-grade, $1,350, and fifth- sixth- and seventh-grade men, $1,200.

"Now it happens," Mr. Ulman pointed out, "that the average policeman is a man of large family. You can readily see the difficulty of supporting even a small family in New York on such salaries, to-day. But that isn't the worst of it. The policeman is as badly off as an army officer, as he is obliged to furnish himself with every part of his equipment with the exception of his shield, which is generously furnished by the department.

"If a policeman is forced to shoot a lawbreaker, the officer must pay for that bullet. His cap, his nightstick—everything he wears, is paid for by him. In the precinct station-house he must provide himself with mattress and bedding, and he must give a woman caretaker a dollar a month for looking after his bed. Two per cent of his salary goes to the Police Pension Fund, and most of the men belong to one or more police associations which require dues.

"Now, in industrial life, there is always opportunity for advancement. Earnest endeavor will enable a man to increase his earning capacity and keep pace with rising costs; but public officials have not the like opportunity. From the patrolman on the beat to the judge on the Supreme Court bench, this condition holds, and it is breeding dissatisfaction. It must be righted—promptly and practically."

His Plan to Be Made Permanent

NEW YORK CITY works on a budget system. In 1920 there is a provision in this estimate for an increase of $250 per year in police salaries, but even this is of little aid to the bluecoat when it is realized that a first-year man must spend $276.12 for equipment alone, and his annual expense thereafter averages about $133.47.

"And all of this does not take into account the money policemen lose lending carfare to belated pedestrians—instances of which are frequent—and the money is never returned.

"All public officials are underpaid," continued Mr. Ulman, "and I can see no relief from high prices in a long time to come. Therefore, my plan must continue and expand to help out in time of stress as well as to make it a permanent institution in the lives of public servants. To-day my coöperative stores are serving more than 60,000 souls—the wives, mothers, children, widows and orphans of the force, including the 10,700 officers now on active duty. If I can save these men $730 or more a year, I think I have done something worth while to help them. That is just what my department is doing to-day.

"The plan is worked on this basis. The money comes from funds made on the Police Games. We buy as far ahead as we may, and because of the large quantities in which we purchase we get low rates. Sales are made at cost plus five per cent and any profits that accrue are put back into capital. Thus the plan is self-supporting, and, to further this, we make use of spare rooms in Police Precinct Stations and our clerks are officers who are on the sick list. Traffic men who have been injured in accidents—men who are convalescing from illnesses yet who are unfit to resume their beats—act as clerks. Some public-spirited wholesalers from whom we buy have also loaned us clerks from time to time. The policemen themselves welcome this service. It gives them something to do at a time when they would otherwise be lying around fretting because of inactivity—and this is also their contribution toward the common cause.

"There were other problems to be considered," Mr. Ulman went on. "There is a rule in the New York Police Department that a patrolman cannot serve on duty in the precinct where he lives. Usually he is assigned to a section far removed from his home—and most of Manhattan's policemen live in Brooklyn, because living is less costly there. I saw that it would mean a hardship for these men, tired out after a tour of duty, to be forced to carry home packages of foodstuffs and other things after their relief for the day or night. So I arranged this plan: Precinct stations will deliver against orders placed in advance by members of that precinct force. There is also a General Police Store at the old Police Headquarters Building. There is another on police property in Brooklyn and still another in the Bronx. These are open three nights a week. By means of an identification card, the wife, mother, sister, child, or widow of a patrolman may make purchases at any of the branch stores.

"This gave rise to a serious problem. We feared that the privilege might be abused by some and that it might be unfair to local storekeepers. Therefore we have made the rule that any patrolman who permits anyone outside his immediate family to use his card will have his co-operative-buying privilege revoked permanently. This was one of the big faults I found with the Army and Navy Stores plan of London. I want only to help the deserving, not to injure anyone. And my men agree with me that this is fair.

"What has been the result?" Mr. Ulman said, his eyes sparkling as he spoke. "In the short time the plan has been in operation, there is a new enthusiasm, a betterment in the morale of the department. The idea has tended to bring the men closer together—to give them a new point of view and a new enthusiasm.

"And it has all resulted from so simple, yet so important a thing as a reduction in the price of butter and eggs. For instance, we sell now about two hundred and fifty dozen eggs a day. They are fresh and—like everything else we sell—every egg is guaranteed. Eggs are selling at 61 cents a dozen; butter—of which we are selling 200 pounds daily—at 73 cents; and the finest coffee that can be had—which we have called "Police Coffee"—costs the men 37 cents a pound. All sales are for cash which is an important phase of the plan."

The Greatest Curse—Official Red Tape

COMMISSIONER Ulman's post in the Police Department is a new office in the history of the organization, or in any similar organization. He modestly gives great credit to his subordinates, whose posts were also created by him. These men are Harry S. K. Williams, honorary deputy chief; Robert C. Barkley, who was a captain in the United States Remount Service during the World War, now an Honorary Police Captain; and Lieutenant F. M. Walsh, who was the guiding genius of the police ten-day "Camp Fires"—the Plattsburgh of the New York force.

In selecting these men, Mr. Ulman has shown another instance of his remarkable success in every line of endeavor—the picking of competent, efficient subordinates.

"The question uppermost in my mind when I accepted this office was 'How can I make the police force more contented?'" said Mr. Ulman. "I went to the Police Camps last summer and I saw that these men were rightly discontented. They work hard and faithfully, and they are badly underpaid. That phase will take time to set right. It cannot be done at once. I saw that it was only a matter of organization and intelligent direction to help them. So I set to work."

"Do you believe that the idea can be expanded—to other departments—other cities—even nationally?" I asked.

Mr. Ulman shook his head regretfully. "Only on one condition," he said. "By the cutting of all red tape. My

(Continued on page 80)

Our Loose Change

WHAT a splendid thing it would be if young people who do not know the value of money, and thru whose fingers small coins slip with such facility and thoughtlessness, could carry a cash register in their pocket, so that every time they take out change it would not only register the amount used at that moment, but would give the sum of what had been spent foolishly. What a splendid object-lesson for an extravagant youth, for a youth who does not feel the backache in his dimes and quarters, if he could open such a cash register at night before he retired and see how much his day's foolishness had amounted to!

The trouble with most people is the facility with which the loose change slips thru the fingers. That is one reason why it is a bad thing for those who are natural spendthrifts, who do not know the value of money and who cannot say "No" to their desires, to carry money loose in their pockets. If those who spend thoughtlessly would make it a rule to carry only a little change, or small bills, in a wallet instead of loose in their pocket they would save many a dollar.

LOOSE change is a temptation to an overgenerous character that cannot say "No" to an impulse to spend. The very act of taking out one's pocketbook and opening it gives time for second thought, and the pocketbook will often be put back unopened.

If our hand is in our pocket when we are confronted by a temptation to spend, it is very easy to take out a trifling sum—or even more—and the trouble with us is that we don't realize how much this means in a year.

I know a charming mother whose husband receives only a small income, with which he finds it extremely difficult to make both ends meet. The wife prides herself on her economy, but she can seldom go by an ice-cream place, a soda fountain, a candy shop or a fruit-stand without stopping to buy something for the children. It is a dime here and a quarter there, for a cake of chocolate, a box of strawberries, or a few bananas or oranges, all of which would be proper, provided she had sufficient income. But, with its limited means, the family is kept in constant hot water by such unnecessary expenditures. This woman does not realize that the little things which she is constantly buying—presents for the children, toys, things to eat and things to drink, many of which they do not need at all—amount to hundreds of dollars in a year. She would be shocked if she saw all these items summed up.

NOW, if older people find it very difficult, and many impossible, to hold on to their slippery dollars and the more slippery loose change, is it strange that young people should find it so tremendously difficult to go right within sight of the delightful things that money suggests and yet deny themselves the pleasure of possessing these for the sake of holding on to the money?

We all know it is not easy to deny ourselves when we have money within reach and see so many delights within our very grasp.

This is especially the case if we were not trained early in life in self-control and taught to say "No" to the things that are not always good for us, or to things we do not need, and to say it with emphasis.

When that wild impulse to spend is upon us, let us spend wisely. There is no better investment for the loose change than thrift stamps, and opportunities to buy them are placed conveniently near all of us these days.—O. S. M.

How I Got the Right Job

The Five Lines of Action Successfully Followed by a Man Who Was Dissatisfied

By NORMAN G. SHIDLE

SCIENTIFIC methods of employment are popular and widely studied, but the art of getting a job is not nearly so efficiently handled. The art of employment, practised at best by the select few, has been reduced to an almost exact science, while the art of securing a position, the really important matter to the majority, is as yet a most haphazard affair.

Especially is this matter important at the present time, when thousands of young men will be engaged in that precarious occupation during some portion of the next year or two. Jobs are plentiful, but are they the jobs a man wants to fill? Obviously, it will depend to a large extent upon the individual as to whether he obtains the position with a future, the position he longs for, or whether he merely gets a job, thus avoiding unemployment.

Tho clearly impossible to reduce to an exact science, in a short article, this difficult problem, I can give some very practical hints to the young business man seeking "the right job." I write from the standpoint of the young man who has just been thru the mill, not, as is usually the case, from the standpoint of the employer. I was released recently from the Navy and have just obtained "the right job" after considerable effort on my own part. The methods I advocate are commonplace in themselves, but it is in the efficient application of them that the power lies. By such an application of these methods, I had a choice of nine different positions, some better than others, within two weeks' time.

But this article will apply to *all* young men who are seeking positions.

Getting a Job Is a Science

GETTING a job is truly a science. It should be studied and analyzed from every angle by the man who is seeking employment. Business men all have well-thought-out methods and principles of employing a man; the man should have well-thought-out methods and principles of obtaining employment.

In the first place, make a business of your search for a position. If you are not pushed for money the chance for a vacation will be enticing to you. You may make unsystematic and sporadic attempts to get located, but for the most part you will emulate Mr. Micawber and "wait for something to turn up." Such a policy is deadening to success. Consider that your temporary business is that of getting a job. Organize your system and carry it out enthusiastically.

Get up in the morning at a reasonable hour—say, about seven o'clock. Dress at once, have breakfast, and be ready for business before nine o'clock. Make up your mind to find work to keep you occupied in that temporary business during six or eight hours of every day, until the acceptance of "the right job" terminates the temporary occupation.

> IF the young man is to be employed by scientific employment-methods, he is not only privileged, but duty bound—in justice to himself—to formulate scientific employment-seeking methods for use in his search for work. Thruout this trying period the paramount necessity for the young man is a vigorous, enthusiastic, efficient, and persevering carrying on of his temporary business, getting "the right job."

The Five Lines of Action

THERE are five lines of action that may be followed out at the same time. I give them in the order of their efficacy as shown by the experience which came to me personally. In another case their relative importance might well be reversed. Every point, however, should be attacked vigorously, simultaneously, and without delay.

First: Get in touch with your former employer; you may be able to have your old position back if you want it. Should that be the case, of course, your search is ended, but it may well happen that your former position was not offering just the opportunities that you wished and you would like to make a change. Try to get the chance to go back to your previous employer whether you are sure you wish to do so or not. It will give you more self-confidence in talking to other prospective employers, and will give them more confidence in you.

Second: Make a thoro study of the "want ads" in all the newspapers you can obtain. Do the same with magazines and trade papers which you think might be patronized by men in your line of work. Do not become obsessed with the antiquated idea that it is undignified to seek employment thru "want ads." Many of these advertisements are placed by high-class firms, and frequently offer excellent positions. Read these columns carefully every day, clipping and filing any "ads" that are of interest to you. Answer at once the advertisements that you clip. Promptness may win the place for you. Keep a complete record of each answer, so that you will have it to refer to later.

Third: Let the fact be known that you are looking for a job. Tell your friends and relatives; let them know what you want, what you can do, and what you would like to do. If you know any successful business men, whether they are in your particular line or not, get in touch with them. Don't be ashamed of the fact that you are looking for work; be proud of it. You ought to hide your face in shame if you were failing to look for it.

Fourth: Make a list of the concerns and establishments for which you would like to work; get a definite idea of the position you would like to fill *(Continued on page 62)*

Are Millionaires Happy?

CAN millionaires be happy? Baron Nathan Rothschild is quoted as an interesting case in point. "You must be a happy man," said Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to him one day; "you have an earthly paradise here."

"Happy!" replied the baron in a bitter tone. "What? Happy, when just as you are going to dinner a letter is placed in your hand notifying, 'If you do not send five hundred pounds I will blow out your brains'? Happy? I happy?"

And, added the chronicler of the incident, who doubtless had the version from Sir Thomas, "a grim, sardonic smile pervaded his countenance as he ruminated on the farcical absurdity of this idea. Ever a prey to empty, vague fears, the control and protection of his millions deprived him of all peace of mind or contentment."

Then there was the case of a millionaire owner of a New York dry-goods store. The rapidity of his rise to wealth was astounding. He died and left his widow—a country-bred girl—so much money that her life became intolerable. Her nearest approach to happiness was after she had surrounded herself with detectives and she could peer through the curtains to assure herself that her guardians were on duty. There was a blight not only on her life, but on her millions, though the latter had been come by honestly. Her husband's grave was desecrated and the body held for heavy ransom; the business deteriorated; the millions melted away, and the woman had no real happiness so long as life lasted.

Sleep, the Miracle Worker

DID you ever realize that the man who gets out of your bed in the morning is not the same man who went to bed the night before? When you retired, perhaps, you were disgusted with yourself and the world. Everything went wrong with you during the day; you were brain-weary, discouraged; your initiative was demoralized, your self-confidence had petered out, and you decided that you couldn't undertake what in the morning you were confident you could do.

Your standards were down, your mental faculties were dull, your brain was stale, your creative power was gone, and you felt generally down and out. But the next morning you were a different man. All you did was to get into bed. Nature did the rest. She put you under her marvelous anesthetic, sleep, and overhauled every part of your body. She freshened every brain-cell, renewed your blood, eliminated the poisons accumulated during the day in your different organs—and you awoke in the morning to a new world, refreshed, encouraged, with a new spirit and strength and confidence, a new outlook upon life, a new determination to do what you wanted to do, ready to begin the things which seemed so impossible to you the night before.

Sleep is a miracle-worker. It makes heroes out of cowards, successes out of failures, strong, vigorous characters out of weaklings. And how little we appreciate this marvelous blessing, this panacea for so many h .man ills!

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"It is the bounden duty of every man to look his affairs in the face and to keep an account of his incomings and outgoings in money matters."—*Samuel Smiles.*

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We spend our days in deliberating, and we end them without coming to any resolve. —*L'Estrange.*

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Nature, when she adds difficulties, adds brains.—*Emerson.*

then go personally and call on all of them. Wherever you can, ask for a particular man by name; in other cases simply get as close to the top as possible. Frequently the top of the stairs is that place, but never be discouraged. You are liable to expend a good deal of energy in this way, but the exercise will do you no harm and the experience gained in approaching and meeting business men in this way is invaluable. Besides, you always stand the chance of getting just the position you want. In fact, in the very nature of the method, you are bound to do so—if you get any at all. I ran into an opening as assistant to the advertising manager of one of the best-known magazines in the country in this way.

Fifth: File your name with several high-class, reputable employment agencies. It will cost you nothing unless you obtain a position thru them; in that case the service is worth what you are charged. Be careful, however, not to get mixed up with any of the numerous employment "sharks" who want some of your money in advance.

Never Lose Sight of This Rule

IN following out every one of these five methods there is one invariable rule to be observed.

Go after every job as if you really felt that it was the one job on earth in which you could work with the most enthusiasm, energy, and efficiency.

Do not, under any circumstances, waste your time trying to bluff your prospective employer with the ancient boast that "Of course, I have several other excellent positions open to me, etc."

His obvious reply is, "Then what are you doing here?"

Then you are checkmated. If you really do, however, have another offer, it may well be used to influence the man to whom you are talking to raise his salary offer. In any case, do not try to bluff either as to your experience, ability, or earning capacity; it is bad business in the long run.

Estimate your real worth as carefully as you can, then ask for a proportionate salary. Unless you are hard-pressed for money, stand out until you get that salary or a place which promises it to you when you have proved your ability.

Never underrate yourself, or your employer is sure to do so.

Your letter and your personal interview constitute the two most important steps in procuring a position; both may be vital to success.

Make your letter stand out favorably among all the rest that come in as an answer to a given advertisement and your battle is already half won.

Brevity, neatness, intelligence and energy are essentials of a letter of application. I almost failed to land the position I now hold because of clogged-up type in my typewriter.

If you are not an expert in forceful letter-writing, it is worth while to get a book on the subject and study it carefully. There are a number of excellent brief works dealing with the matter; the time spent would be short, while the usefulness of the knowledge gained would be very great.

How to Dress and What to Say

WHEN you go into the office of your prospective employer for a personal interview, size up your man. You know that he is going to observe you keenly; that he is going to attempt to guess whether you are worth much or little, and whether you have the qualifications necessary to fill the position he has to offer. Psychology works both ways; the better you can size up the man with whom you are dealing, the better you will be able to make a favorable impression on him and advance your chances of landing "the right job." Every good salesman is a good psychologist, and you are selling a very important commodity —*yourself!* This psychological method has the additional advantage of taking your mind off yourself, which is of importance if you happen to be self-conscious by nature.

Three things must be remembered for the interview: your appearance, your attitude, and your conversation.

Dress in up-to-date clothes, but in a conservative manner. In clothing, err on the side of the country boy, rather than on the side of the city fop.

Cleanliness and neatness are the chief attributes to be desired in personal appearance. Your attitude should be respectful, but not servile; affable, but not familiar; pleasant, but not boisterous.

Do not be afraid to exhibit a sense of humor should the occasion arise; but *never try to make the occasion.*

Do not talk too much. Let your future employer start the conversation if possible; then state briefly the points you think he will want to know, such as your age, education, and experience. Then it is his "lead." If you feel from his questions that he is trying to draw you out, to get you to talk, or to express an opinion on some subject, be sure you do not disappoint him; choose your words carefully and be brief. Otherwise confine your conversation to facts. It is in this part of the interview that your psychological "sizing up" of the man to whom you are talking will count the most. Use it to the best advantage.

Educational Value in These Methods

THIS scientific and analytical approach to the problem of getting a job means an added self-respect and confidence to the young man in search of work, and will undoubtedly enable him to settle himself more advantageously than he could otherwise have done. It is to be observed, moreover, that there is no mean amount of educational value to be derived from following out these methods to the fullest.

"Look Pleasant, Please"

WHAT a wonderful thing it would be if everybody would try to appear, all the time, as he does when the photographer asks him to look pleasant so he can get the best possible picture of him.

It is very important to leave a pleasing picture upon the mind and the consciousness of every person we meet. If we would think to look pleasant all the time, especially when with others, it would be a wonderful thing. The reaction would soon help us to form the habit of looking pleasant, instead of looking grouchy, grumpy, sad and gloomy, disgusted, resentful, instead of appearing with the scowl of envy, jealousy, or hate which we often wear.

If we would always hold in our mind the photographer's injunction, people in time would say, "Why, that fellow is keeping his youth wonderfully, better than any other man I have seen. He is so hopeful, cheerful, optimistic. He looks good to me."

Try to look pleasant to everybody. When you are thrown with strangers, do not bear yourself in an unfriendly superior way, as if you despised them or considered them unworthy of your consideration. Some people do this when others happen to sit down at the table at a restaurant or a hotel. They look as if they considered their rights intruded upon.

Don't Be a Slave to Anything

MOST of us are slaves to something—slaves to our selfish desires or passions, slaves to our ambitions, to our comfort or ease, slaves to our moods or whims.

I know a man of wealth who is such a slave to luxury that it is really painful to see him away from home or where he cannot have the things provided for his comfort in his palatial office and home. There every wish is anticipated and everything is done for him that can possibly be done by anyone else. If he is traveling and gets into any predicament—such as being stalled in a snowstorm or held up by a wreck—or if he has to remain in a town where he cannot get accommodations at a luxurious hotel—he is perfectly miserable and makes everybody about him uncomfortable. In short, this man is a slave of his ease and comfort; he is enamored of the easy-chair, of the soft life, enamored of luxuries and delicacies.

His wealth has made him such a slave to luxury that he doesn't like to go away from home because he may have to do without some of the things he considers necessary to his comfort and happiness.

How much worse is this rich man's condition than that of a poor man who has a sane, wholesome mind, who is master of himself and not enslaved by his desires or his passions?

Chasing Phantoms and the Result

MULTITUDES of people who have acquired sudden wealth, and do not have to work for a living, make phantom chasing a profession. They may not know they are chasing phantoms, but that is what they prove to be. Things which are superficial, silly, inane, and which have no power to make good their promise, make good what they hold out. These people vainly seek happiness and fail to find it because they are on the wrong road to it.

I have never seen a more uneasy, restless, dissatisfied class of people than those who in their hunt for happiness are always seeking new thrills, new experiences. In chasing phantoms many people develop superficial qualities that mar their character. Happiness is found in good deeds, unselfish service.

Didn't Put Vim Enough into It

A FRIEND of mine bought a horse at auction some time since which seemed to be a perfect model. He was as handsome as a picture, beautifully proportioned. He had all the earmarks of the thorobred, yet he was absolutely good for nothing as a draft horse and he could not be used under the saddle. He seemed to be all right and to have plenty of spirit until he was harnessed. Once in a carriage, he fizzled; there was no life or energy in him. My friend was soon glad to get rid of him at any price.

A good many young men are like this horse. They seem to be superbly equipped. They have fine physiques, talk intelligently and impress you as having great possibilities; and yet there is nothing to them; they are nobodies in life. They never get anywhere. They barely get a living; just vegetate, and you can hardly tell why.

"You didn't put vim enough into it," wrote a man to a friend who had failed in business. This tells the story of thousands of unsuccessful lives. There is not enough vim in them.

The Lonely Rich Man

(*Continued from page* 37)

Hodgson was startled, and began to beg the man's pardon, but the fellow was lost in the throng. Evidently he had misinterpreted Hodgson's outspoken plea. He appeared to think the millionaire had been indulging; but the laborer's wishes were evidently sincere and, somehow, his jolly manner impressed Hodgson.

He sauntered on, lonelier than ever, and very soon was out of the beaten track of the merrymakers. The streets were almost deserted, but the sounds of revelry came from many brilliantly lighted houses, and the toot of the horns and the blowing of the sirens rang in his ears.

Hodgson trudged slowly along, trailing his stick as he held his folded hands behind him. His head was down; he was hopelessly dejected. Sincere and hearty as were the greetings he heard on every side, he realized that it was not meant for him directly. There was no one in all New York who cared what became of him; no one at whose feet he could lay his success and his millions— no one to whom he could go for understanding sympathy. He sighed and murmured, "What good is it all! What good is it all?"

Then, as he turned into Union Square, he became conscious of a little girl walking briskly ahead of him. She could not have been more than ten years of age, and her tiny frame was slender and underdeveloped. Yet he noticed that her flowing hair was golden, and now as he came abreast of her he saw rosy cheeks and flashing blue eyes shaded by silken lashes. Her clothing was poor and plain, but there was something neat and attractive about her that made Hodgson observe her closely.

Over her arm was a market basket, a heavy, bulky thing loaded down with provisions. Hodgson marveled that she could manage the thing, as it would have been a burden for a man; but her little feet pattered over the pavement and she was humming a happy song. She stopped to shift the basket to the other arm, when something new came into Hodgson's heart. Some inexplainable instinct made him want to help the child, to lighten her burden and to find out how so poor a little thing could seem so unutterably joyous.

ALMOST embarrassed, he paused by the little girl's side and looked down at her. She returned his stare with frank friendliness and without the least show of fear or resentment.

"Isn't that rather heavy?" he inquired, indicating the basket.

"Yes, indeed," came the surprisng reply in a tone full of enthusiasm. "It's *good* and heavy, sir; but it's dinner for to-morrow!"

Hodgson nodded understandingly. The child was giving no thought to the weight of her load, but to her good fortune in possessing such a quantity of supplies. "But it is too heavy for *you* to carry," he told her, testing it with his own hand.

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl. "I can rest every little while on the way home. Baby isn't very well to-night, so mother had to stay home. But it's ever so much fun to do the marketing, and brother Jim was very fortunate to get a present from his employer. We hadn't thought we could afford a turkey—and we *didn't* have one at Christmas—but when Jim got two weeks' salary extra he said we must have turkey for New Year's, just to celebrate."

Hodgson was puzzled. When *he* wanted turkey he *had* turkey—just as he had terrapin or anything else that met with his fancy. Of course, he knew that there were those who were as poor as he was rich; but this was the first time he had ever come in contact with a poor child, notwithstanding the fact that his gifts to charity were large and frequent. His work of this nature had all been impersonal, and he had never dreamed of looking into the needs of the poor himself.

Now it seemed to him that this child was not so miserable after all, and he failed to understand it. What a simple thing delighted her: a possession that he would have taken as a matter of course! And there came a new, hitherto unknown tugging at his heart-strings. Normally, he would not even have noticed the child. But to-night, hungry as he was for some sort of companionship, and attracted by the girl's happy aspect, despite her poverty, he felt an uncontrollable desire to learn more of her.

"Let me help you with the basket," he said, and took it from her hands. There was no thought of suspicion on the girl's face, but she did look surprised over his offer.

"You are very kind," she said prettily, "but I don't want to trouble you. It is only about ten block more—and I don't mind it at all."

"Ten blocks!" exclaimed Hodgson. He wouldn't care to carry that basket ten blocks himself. Besides, he felt unutterably foolish standing there with this heaping basket of turkey and vegetables hung across his arm. "We'll take a taxi," he said, and looked about to find one.

THE child looked at him in amazement. "A taxi-cab! I've never ridden in one in all my life!"

"Then you shall to-night—as a New Year's treat," said Hodgson, and he almost thrilled at the idea of giving some new pleasure to this tiny slip of a girl. It was a new sensation for his jaded soul, and somehow he already felt better satisfied with himself and the world. He was beginning to learn that a kind act and a kind word cost but little, and that both often are valued far more than rich gifts by those upon whom they are bestowed.

The taxi made its way thru the narrow streets, poorly lighted and frequented by men and women of a type that Hodgson seldom saw. Yet even these people seemed imbued with the spirit of the New Year and were calling out to each other jovially. The thing that impressed the millionaire most was the evident sincerity of their crude greetings. There was no thin social veneer of courtesy on their part. They meant what they said, and hope seemed to run high, regardless of their poverty and the unpleasant surroundings in which they lived. Here was a fellowship such as Hodgson had never known—among people who stood at the bottom of the material and social ladder. These men and women—and even the child beside him—possessed a jewel of happiness that all his money could not buy. They knew *friendship* and the joy that it brings.

"Aren't you afraid to travel about at night alone—In this neighborhood?" he added, hesitating lest he should offend the child.

"Oh, no," she said. "Everyone is kind, and mother says that we must trust our neighbors. Some of the men and boys are rough sometimes, but they are all kind to me, and I never feel afraid. What is there to be afraid of?" she asked, after a little pause, looking up at him with frank, open eyes.

AT length the cab stopped, and the child watched in awe as Hodgson drew a roll of bills from his trousers pocket and tipped the chauffeur liberally. The driver's face brightened, and a hearty "Happy New Year, sir!" rang out on the clear, still air.

"Happy New Year!" called the child, as Hodgson put the basket on the sidewalk. Suddenly he felt a sense of contentment and well-being. Here was *true* feeling—not feeling tempered with the slightest artificiality.

Now he felt conscious of the stares of the little crowd that had gathered about them. It was not often that a taxi-cab appeared before the squalid apartment building in which the child told him she lived. Hodgson flushed as if guilty of some indiscretion, and, taking the basket on his arm, followed the child into the dimly lit hallway.

"Please don't come up," she said very sweetly. "We live on the fourth floor, and it is a steep climb. You have been very kind, and I would like to have my mother thank you, too, but you will be tired before you get upstairs."

"Do I seem so old as that?" Hodgson asked, a little hurt, for he prided himself on his active, physical condition.

"Oh, no," the child answered. "You don't seem old at all—but I suppose you are going to a New Year's party somewhere, and you will be late if you don't hurry."

Hodgson's eyes narrowed. There was no New Year party waiting for him. With all his wide acquaintance, he knew of no place where he would be a welcome addition at a table. Of course, there were countless places he might go—and he would be received as he was always received—as Hodgson, the big lawyer, you know. But the welcome would lack in genuineness and in feeling, and he was only too well aware of the fact.

"If you don't mind," he said slowly, "I think I will go up and speak to your mother. Maybe there is something I can add to the feast you are going to have, and—anyway—well, I'd just like to exchange the greetings of the season with her."

THE girl's eyes brightened.

The basket was like lead on his arm when he reached the last of the steep steps and the child threw open the door of a tiny flat. The furnishings were meager, but he noticed with satisfaction that the place was spotlessly clean. A table was set in the center of the room, and one chair rested beside it as if a solitary diner were expected.

The child noticed his look and quickly exclaimed. "Brother Jim is working nights now, so that I won't have to do anything and can go to school in the daytime—so we always save something for him when he comes home. Of course he's tired, after being at the factory all day, and then going out and working from seven until midnight every evening—but Jim says he doesn't mind it a bit."

Hearing the voices in the room, the child's mother came from the adjoining bedroom. She gave a smile to the girl, and a look of pleasant surprise at Hodgson, who took off his hat and bowed respectfully to her. In a word the child told what had happened, and the woman's face took on a new light. She had been rather pretty once, Hodgson imagined. She was not yet old, but her hands as well as her face showed the signs of toil and suffering.

"You are very kind, sir," the woman said. "Everyone is so good to us! It makes me very happy. Won't you sit down, sir?"

(*Continued on page* 73)

A Millionaire of Cheerfulness

I REMEMBER hearing a friend of mine, former Governor Rollins of New Hampshire, tell of a conductor on a branch line of a railroad on which he often traveled, who was never forgotten because of his happy nature. This little despised branch road ran through a sparsely settled country and never paid. There were old, badly lighted cars, old engines, a poor roadbed—in fact, the road was so rough that the passengers often thought the train was running on the roadbed instead of the tracks. But the conductor would always laugh. He was a good-natured fellow and it was said that his laugh would often set disgruntled passengers laughing, too. People who were always complaining and finding fault with the road, would often ask him why the old cars and old material of the main line were always dumped on this branch line. They would get a reply something like this:

"Yes, I know that, sir, but, you see, we have to do the best we can with what they send us."

He would always make excuses for the line and try to smooth everyone over.

Sometimes an exasperated traveler would say, "Well, of all the one-horse, broken-down apologies for a railroad I ever saw, this is the worst!"

"Yes, sir, that's true," the conductor answered, "but you come down here only once a year to sell your goods, and you get big profits and can go home and live on your money; but I have to stay here all the year round, seven days in the week, and I'm not kicking."

This conductor was poor in this world's goods, but he was rich in good nature. He was a millionaire of cheerfulness. Everybody liked him and everybody appreciated him.—O. S. M.

Not His Job

"I'M not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see.
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."
And the boss that gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place,
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of tasks he was hired to do.
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed,
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;
For he knew too well when his work was thru,
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,
You must do every day all the work you can.
If you find a task, tho it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

—Written by some of the personnel of
Marshall Field & Co.

Nervous Americans

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

For 25 years the leading authority in America on Psycho-physics

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character.

The vast opportunities open to us in every field; our freedom of Government, which prevents no one from reaching the highest goal, economically, politically and socially, is the incentive that has led us to develop our nerves to super-keenness and alertness, for in the present day high tension life a dull and slow nerved person cannot succeed.

Our high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics (Nerve Exhaustion).

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and bodily cell, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

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

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. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

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; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

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

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.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm, and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 190, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

"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."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well, and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of 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."

Why Senator Hitchcock Made His Life a Success

The Fighting Nebraskan Who Insists on Meeting His Adversary Face to Face

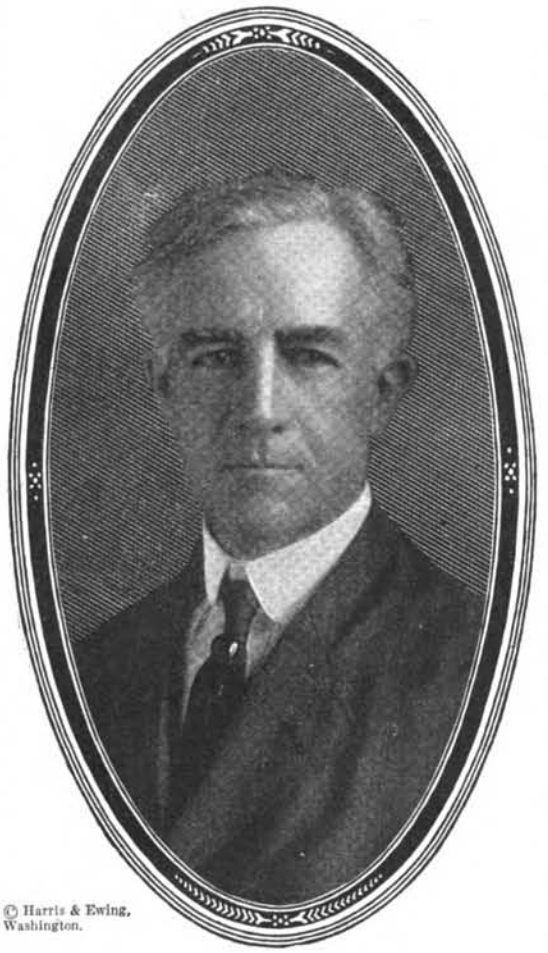
By H. O. BISHOP

"HE never pussyfoots; he travels in the middle of the road. Whispering in a mysterious way is not in his line; he talks right out in meeting, saying exactly what he believes to be the truth and the right thing. Absolute independence and fearlessness are his leading characteristics. He is a great fighter, but always does his fighting face to face. When it comes to general, all-around ability he is easily one of the greatest men in this country. It's my private opinion that he will some day be holding down a bigger job than that of United States Senator."

That is the way an eminent statesman, of opposite political faith, appraises Gilbert Monell Hitchcock, United States Senator from Nebraska.

As the administration leader in direct charge of the fight in the Senate for the adoption of the League of Nations and the ratification of the peace treaty, Senator Hitchcock has for months attracted not only nation-wide, but world-wide attention, second only to that of President Wilson himself.

Senator Hitchcock is one of the few Americans who made good in their home towns. He was born in Omaha sixty years ago and has lived there ever since. He has the unique distinction at the present time of being the only Democratic office-holder in his State, all other State and Federal officials being Republicans. That is a personal tribute from the people of his State that is seldom accorded, and one that he has reason to be proud of.



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U. S. SENATOR GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK

"Those who elect Senators and Representatives have a right to direct how they shall vote—and no one else."

A Man of Purpose

HIS education consists of everything he could get in the public schools, two years in German universities, a law course at the University of Michigan plus a continuous course in the college of experience and observation.

Drawn by an irresistible influence toward journalism, he founded an evening newspaper in 1885 and, at the same time, launched into the troubled and exciting waters of politics. He is editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*.

Nominated in the Omaha district, he was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, defeated for the Fifty-ninth, elected to the Sixtieth and Sixty-first, and, in 1910, elected to the Senate, reaching the place, next to the Presidency, most coveted by his old rival, William J. Bryan. Three years ago Mr. Hitchcock was reëlected to the Senate. In the Senate Mr. Hitchcock has been identified with two of the most important committees—Foreign Affairs, and Banking and Currency. This membership marks a high distinction, as one must possess certain requisite qualities of scholarship, knowledge of history, and actual acquaintance with practical business affairs. To be regarded as a leader in this group marks a high and enviable station.

Ever since entering politics it has been Mr. Hitchcock's custom to pay a delightful compliment to Mrs. Hitchcock by opening his campaigns at the little village of Fort Calhoun, because it was there that he met, wooed and married her. In speaking of that happy occasion, the Senator laughingly says "I guess my wife thinks I married her under false pretenses. During our courting days I was a budding lawyer and of a Republican family, but I turned out to be a newspaperman and a Democrat. Her father was a red-hot Republican, having served as governor of Nebraska, congressman, and judge."

Changed His Politics

IT takes a rare quality of nerve for a man to change his politics or religion—two things usually inherited but rarely acquired. Gilbert Hitchcock possessed such nerve. His father was a Republican United States senator, and during his boyhood he, naturally, had the virtues of the Republican party drilled into him on all occasions. Nevertheless, when he became old enough to think, he asserted his independence by deciding "that the course of the Republican party was not charted with a view of doing the utmost for the country as a whole." He fought all Republicans on measures. Sometimes he agreed with them. Many times he disagreed. But he has frequently had to disagree with Democrats during the course of his career, and he has done so as unhesitatingly as he did when he arrayed himself against the Republicans. His independence has been mixed with a goodly portion of tolerance. He has always allowed the other man to follow the course his judgment dictated and then he has fought out the issue squarely before whatever tribunal a judgment was sought from, be that tribunal a legislative body, a court of justice, or the people. *(Continued on page 68)*

Books and Reading

How to Get the Best Out of Books

THE "Lives" of Washington and Henry Clay, which Lincoln borrowed from neighbors in the wilderness and devoured by the light of the cabin fire, inspired his life. Edison had little schooling outside of what he obtained thru books. While a boy, selling newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railroad, he read Gibbon's "Rome," Hume's "England," Sears's "History of the World" and many other books, including a number on chemistry. Andrew Carnegie's whole life was molded by his boyhood reading. Out of it was blossomed his successful career and his munificent gifts of libraries to his adopted country.

Henry Ward Beecher said that Ruskin's works taught him the secret of seeing, and that no man could ever again be quite the same or could look at the world in the same way after reading him. An English tanner, whose leather gained a great reputation, said he would not have made it so good if he had not read Carlyle.

William Dean Howells says: "The average boy does more for his education by observation and reading than the school-master is able to do for him." There is no more powerful influence for good or ill in human life than books.

"If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the Church and the State," said Bacon.

Yet it is astonishing how little importance many parents attribute to books. In thousands of homes we find pictures and other works of art, but almost an entire absence of books. How unfortunate to grow up in this land of opportunity in homes without books! What an irreparable loss the members of such homes suffer! Children are very impressionable; they absorb knowledge rapidly and their plastic minds are unconsciously molded by the first volumes they peruse.

How much beauty and richness, how much happiness is added to the lives of those who have been taught in childhood to develop a taste for helpful reading! One reason why many rich men go to pieces so quickly after they retire from active business is because they never prepared for the leisure of age by forming in youth a love for books. Compare the later years of a rich ignoramus with those of the retired business man who has developed a taste for the best literature. What inexhaustible resources of enjoyment has the latter! One hardly can imagine a more delightful form of entertainment for his declining days than the companionship to be found in a good library.

A good library in a home is a better investment than any other you can make for yourself or for your children. There is no more helpful gift you can make a boy or girl than a book. If you give money it is soon gone, but a good book is a perpetual feast. No matter how many times it is read, there is just as much left for another who can appreciate it; and every fresh reading will discover something new. In fact, every time you read a work of Emerson's, or of any other great uplifting writer, you seem to get more from him than at the previous reading.

(To be continued in March)

True success in life is to acquire and retain the confidence of your family and friends.—*Fitzhugh Lee.*

Senator Hitchcock is well known to Washington. He has been a leader in several gigantic contests, tho in none of them has he been in the public eye as in the League of Nations and Peace Treaty fights. As a member of the Lower House he brought on the Ballinger investigation that led to the resignation of President Taft's Secretary of the Interior. He allied himself with Republican members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and compelled a Democratic administration to legislate for the benefit of farmers and stockmen, representatives of very extensive industries which seem to have been disregarded by trans-Allegheny proponents of the original Federal Reserve Bank measure. Again it was Mr. Hitchcock who took a position beside Senator Chamberlain, a Republican, during the war, and flatly objected to the operation of some of the branches of the War Department on an inefficient basis. Preferring efficiency to inefficiency, he waged such a struggle that numerous changes were made.

Opposed by Two Presidents

HE had Taft's ferocious opposition in the Ballinger controversy, and the opposition of a Congress working in harmony with the White House. In the other two controversies he had not only the opposition of President Wilson, but such opposition as the President could muster in Congress. However, Senator Hitchcock was able to emerge from all three conflicts in good trim and with the record of having done what his conscience dictated. Nor was it an apathetic conscience. It was thoroly alive to the ins and outs of public questions, which piled upon each other with such rapidity during the war struggles at Washington.

He has never believed in being a blind follower of party leaders. When he believes them to be pursuing the right course of statesmanship, he will stay with them to the limit. But if he thinks they are wrong he never hesitates for a moment to speak his mind in no uncertain terms. "It is difficult to overestimate the importance of thoroly establishing the independence and individual responsibility of Senators and Representatives charged with the duty of legislation. Only in this way can we have representative government," he says.

"If Senators and Representatives coming to Washington allow their hands to be tied by a caucus, or permit the President to instruct them how to vote, representative government fails. Those who elect Senators and Representatives have the right to direct how they shall vote—and no one else.

"President Wilson is a man of great intellectual force and high moral character, but no man under our system is great enough or good enough to become the whole government. Our forefathers were afraid to trust to one-man power. For that reason they provided for a Congress to enact, a President to execute, and a Supreme Court to interpret laws. They made each of these three coördinate branches of government independent of each other. They made one a check on the other.

"This was done for the protection of the people, and was a wise precaution.

Powers of the Chief Executive

"EVERY device to secure coöperation while still maintaining independence was resorted to. The President's power to appoint men to office was subject to the limitation that they must be confirmed by the Senate. His power to make treaties was restrained by the provision that they did not become effective till approved by two-thirds of the Senate. Congress was given power to pass laws, the President was given power to veto them, and, finally, Congress was given the power to override his veto by a two-thirds vote. Thus it is evident that our Congress is coequal to and independent of the President.

"This independence of Congress, however, cannot be maintained if individual Senators and Representatives give way under Presidential influence and surrender their legislative consciences and individual judgments into his keeping.

"When a large number of Senators and Representatives do this and a few stand out in independence, the next step is the secret caucus of party men to be used as a machine to overcome individual independence. In some respects this is even more obnoxious than the other method of destroying the independence of the individual.

"It has the effect of transferring from the public forum of the Senate to the secret chambers of the caucus the settlement of public questions which should be debated and voted on in public. It seeks by the compulsion of the secret caucus to accomplish what could not be accomplished by Presidential persuasion, powerful as that is."

TO THE MAN WHO WATCHES THE CLOCK

By Clarence Elmer

THERE'S a chap who's always growling, continually howling:
"It's the favorite who gets ahead, to-day."
He's the one who's always eyeing the office clock, and sighing
That, "The hands are going 'round the other way."
He's the last one in each morning, but the first to heed the warning
That it's quitting time, and hasten down the block.
From the day he started working, he's been doing "junior clerking,"
For he always has his eye upon the clock.

There's a chap who's always laughing, continually chaffing:
"I should worry, if promotion never comes!
I am satisfied to stay where I am at two a day. Makes no difference to me, who gets the plums."
You never see *him* sitting, wishing it was time for quitting,
When there's work for him, aplenty, on the block.
He's the one who gets the praises, the promotions and the raises,
For he doesn't care a rap about the clock.

So—you have the choice of using the winning way, or losing.
There isn't any middle course, you know.
You can write the "Winner's story," if you march to Fame and Glory,
Never caring if the clock is fast or slow.
But, if you think it fitting, to always think of quitting,
And mingle with the "Bound for 'Nowhere' flock,"
Why—instead of earnest working, just try your hand at shirking,
And always keep your eye upon the clock.

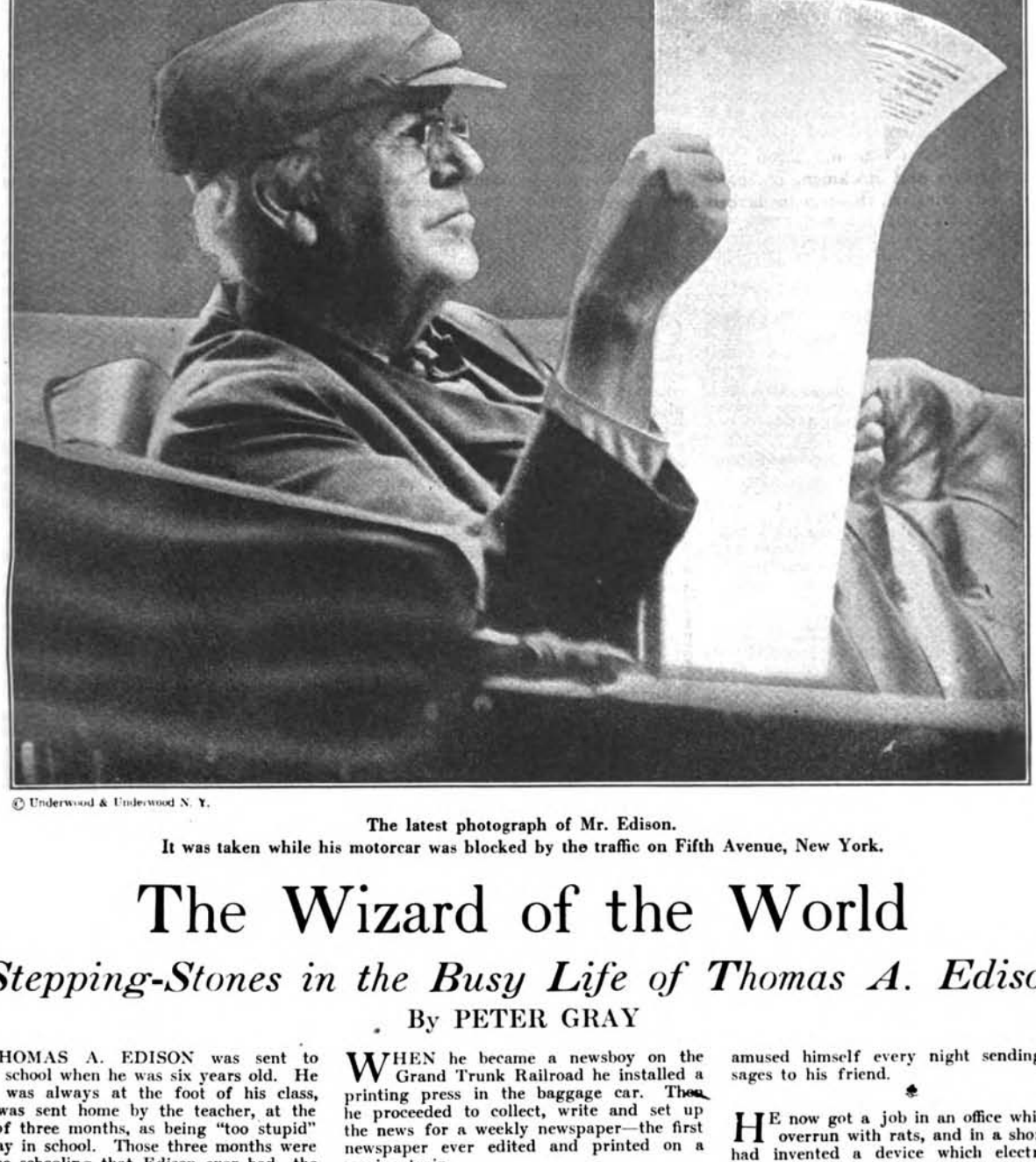
President Wilson's Tribute to Him

IT is doubtful if any Senator ever used plainer language in criticism of a President belonging to his own party. Yet when President Wilson returned to America from the Paris Peace Conference he immediately selected Senator Hitchcock as his personal representative in the Senate, to have charge of the League of Nations and Peace Treaty.

Could any President pay a finer tribute to the personal honesty and independence of character of a legislator?

Here is another illustration of the result of his frankness of character: In 1916, the year his State went dry by 30,000, Senator Hitchcock, who is opposed to prohibition, was elected by 15,000 majority. The effort to get the "drys" to vote against him were many but futile. In one town, an ardent "dry" who wanted to convince others that Hitchcock was afraid to make known his opposition to

(Continued on page 76)



The latest photograph of Mr. Edison.
It was taken while his motorcar was blocked by the traffic on Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Wizard of the World

Stepping-Stones in the Busy Life of Thomas A. Edison

By PETER GRAY

THOMAS A. EDISON was sent to school when he was six years old. He was always at the foot of his class, and was sent home by the teacher, at the end of three months, as being "too stupid" to stay in school. Those three months were all the schooling that Edison ever had—the rest of his early education he got from his mother.

♠

AT ten years of age, he made his first experiment. He got the notion that if a human being got enough gas into him, he would rise and fly. So he bought six Seidlitz powders, made a boy friend take them—and then watched the result!

♠

WHEN he was eleven, he had made a collection of two hundred bottles, and induced his mother to allow him to use some shelves and a bench so he could set up a "laboratory." What he put into those bottles he doesn't remember, but to make sure that no one would meddle with them, he wrote two hundred "Poison" labels and pasted one on each bottle.

WHEN he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad he installed a printing press in the baggage car. Then he proceeded to collect, write and set up the news for a weekly newspaper—the first newspaper ever edited and printed on a moving train.

♠

HIS newspaper not taking up all his time on the train, he started a laboratory in one end of the baggage car and began experimenting. One day a stick of phosphorus fell on the floor and the car caught fire. The angry conductor took Edison and his laboratory and forcibly ejected him at the next stop. That conductor boxed young Edison's ears so soundly that he injured his hearing. From that day Edison has been deaf.

♠

AT sixteen he became a telegraph operator, but he was so much interested in trying to make improvements on the telegraph instrument that he left messages unsent and undelivered, and was discharged. Then he rigged up a line between his house and that of a boy friend, a block away, and amused himself every night sending messages to his friend.

♠

HE now got a job in an office which was overrun with rats, and in a short time had invented a device which electrocuted them by the score; then he turned his attention to cockroaches and, by another device soon had the cockroaches exterminated. But he was discharged again.

♠

HIS grandfather was a banker of high standing in New York city, and when Thomas was but a child of seven, the family fortunes suffered such serious reverses as to make it necessary that he should become a wage-earner at an unusually early age, and that the family should move from his birthplace to Michigan.

"Did you enjoy mathematics as a boy?" I asked.

"Not much," he replied. "I tried to read Newton's 'Principia,' at the age of eleven. That disgusted me with pure mathematics, and I don't wonder now. I should not have been allowed to take up such serious work."

"You were anxious to learn?"

"Yes, indeed. I attempted to read thru the entire Free Library at Detroit, but other things interfered before I could do so."

♣

HIS thinking was remarkably active even in babyhood, and it has gone on working, with marvelous results since, as a little tot of six, he was found sitting one day over a nest of goose eggs, with a store of food beside him, provided for the period of incubation. He expected to bring forth a brood of goslings, in due time, as he had seen the mother goose do, and great was his disappointment when his parents, cruelly as he thought, removed him from his dignified position.

♣

"WHAT was your first work in a practical line?" I went on.

"A telegraph line between my home and another boy's, I made with the help of an old river cable, some stove-pipe wire, and glass-bottle insulators. I had my laboratory in the cellar and studied telegraphy outside."

"What was the first really important thing you did."

"I saved a boy's life."

"How?"

"The boy was playing on the track near the depot. I saw he was in danger and caught him, getting out of the way just in time. His father was station-master, and taught me telegraphy in return."

♣

SELLING papers naturally aroused his interest in printing and editing, and, with Edison, interest always manifested itself in action. In buying papers, he had, as usual, made use of his eyes, and, with this little knowledge of printing he determined to start a printing press and edit a paper of his own. A quantity of old type was purchased from the Detroit *Free Press*, a printing press set up in the baggage car, and the train-boy chemist felt justly proud when the first copy of *The Grand Trunk Herald* was put on sale. Notwithstanding that the youthful editor's "Associated Press" consisted of baggagemen and brakemen, or that the literary matter was chiefly railway gossip, the little three-cent publication became very popular. Even the great London *Times* deigned to notice it as the only journal in the world printed on a railroad train.

♣

"WERE you good at saving your own money?" I asked.

"No," he said, smiling. "I never was much for saving money as money, I devoted every cent, regardless of future needs, to scientific books and materials for experiments."

"You believe that an excellent way to succeed?"

"Well, it helped me greatly to future success."

♣

ON Mr. Edison's first trip East, he came with no ready money and in a rather dilapidated condition. His colleagues were tempted by his "hayseed" appearance to "salt" him, as professional slang terms the process of giving matter to a telegraph operator faster than he can record it. For this purpose the new man was assigned to a wire manipulated by a New York operator famous for his speed. But there was no fun at all. Notwithstanding the fact that the New Yorker was in the game and was going at his most speedy clip, Edison wrote out the long message accurately, and, when he realized the situation, was soon firing taunts over the wire at the sender's slowness.

"I WAS singing into the mouthpiece of a telephone," said Edison, "when the vibration of my voice caused a fine steel point to pierce one of my fingers, which I was holding just behind it. That set me thinking. If I could record the motions of the point and send it over the same surface afterwards, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants the necessary instructions, telling them what I had discovered. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

♣

HE is called the world's greatest success in putting together the shattered dreams of other inventors.

♣

ONE day he patented a device for the Western Union Telegraph and the company gave him a check for $40,000. He eyed it curiously and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts, then president of the Western Union, told him that, if he would go to the Bank of America in Wall Street, he could get the cash on his check.

"So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall Street. So uncertain was I in regard to the way of doing business that I thought, while on the way, that, if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand-dollar bills for that piece of paper, I would give him the check very quickly."

On his arrival at the Bank of America, he half-tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave him a piercing glance, and said something which Edison, being hard of hearing, failed to understand. That was enough. He was fully convinced that his check was not worth $40,000, and again thought, as he rushed out of the bank, that any man who would give him $2,000 for it could have it. He hurried back to the office of the Western Union and said he could not get any money. A clerk was sent to the bank with him to identify him. The next day he began work on his first laboratory in New York.

♣

SOMEONE asked him, "Don't you believe that genius is inspiration?"

"No," he replied: "genius is perspiration."

♣

HIS next invention was the carbon telephone-transmitter. For this the Western Union offered him $100,000. He refused it saying, "I'll only spend it. Instead, give me six thousand dollars a year for seventeen years."

♣

ONE day, the late Grover Cleveland asked him for his motto. Edison promptly replied: *"A man who can do something which no one else can do can get a lot for doing it."*

♣

IN 1885, he had five shops in operation. Soon after, his phonograph was perfected. The skeptical swore that he had turned ventriloquist. The writer was present when the first phonograph was exhibited in Sydney, Australia, on the stage of a theater. The newspapers declared it to be a "Yankee trick," and said that the sounds were produced by people under the stage.

♣

HIS electric light was perfected only after years of close work. Over 6,000 different vegetable growths were tested in order to find an ideal substance for the filament inside the glass tube. He searched the world for the right substance. When Edison finally did finish the electric light, nobody would have it. People were afraid of it. Finally the late J. P. Morgan told Edison that he could put up "one of the things" in the Morgan offices. "If it kills me or burns up my bank, you'll be to blame," said the financier.

♣

BUT for several years after, before Edison could get his marvelous light fully installed in a building, he was obliged to give the landlords full current for ninety days. They would not believe that the new arrangement would hold out. He was handicapped on all sides. Even the insurance companies thwarted him. But he hung on and wouldn't give up.

♣

"NEVER look at the clock—except to be sure you get to work early enough in the morning," he once said to a young clerk.

"What do you consider the greatest safeguard against temptation?" a minister asked him.

"I don't know," replied Edison. "I've never had any experience in such matters. I've never had time to be tempted to violate any law."

♣

HE has taken out more patents than any other five men on the face of the earth. One year he took out exactly one hundred. Over a thousand are now registered in his name.

♣

"DO you believe want urges a man to greater efforts, and so to greater success?" I asked.

"It certainly makes him keep a sharp lookout. I think it does push a man along," he replied.

"Do you believe that invention is a gift, or an acquired ability?"

"I think it's born in a man."

"And don't you believe that familiarity with certain mechanical conditions and defects naturally suggest improvements to any one?"

"No. Some people may be perfectly familiar with a machine all their days, knowing it inefficient, and never see a way to improve it."

"What do you think is the first requisite for success in your field, or any other?"

"The ability to apply your physical and mental energies to one problem incessantly without growing weary."

♣

"YOU believe, of course," I suggested, "that much remains to be discovered in the realm of electricity?"

"It is the field of fields," he answered. "We can't talk of that, but it holds the secrets which will reorganize the life of the world."

"You have discovered much about it," I said, smiling.

"Yes," he said, "and yet very little in comparison with the possibilities that appear."

♣

HENRY FORD, the motor car manufacturer, and John Burroughs, the naturalist, are his most intimate friends. Every summer they get away together to talk—and fish.

♣

ON the 11th day of this month (February, 1920,) Edison will be 73 years old. His great-grandfather lived according to the rules for eating, drinking and fresh air laid down by Cornaro, an Italian nobleman, whose book on "The Art of Living Long," he once happened to read, and reached the age of 102 years. His grandfather, following the same rules, lived to the age of 103 years; and his father and all his six uncles, rounding out this marvelous record of abstemious living and consequent old age, lived to be more than ninety years old each. Indeed, when his father passed away, at the age of ninety-four, it was without apparent illness.

Health and Success

KEEPING FIT

"I DIDN'T think such a little thing would put a ten-thousand-dollar automobile out of commission," said a lady who stopped at a garage to have her expensive car put in running order again.

It was the simplest thing in the world, a machinist told her, to put the best automobile out of commission. The slightest defect anywhere would either prevent its running or would injure it very greatly if it was continued in use without receiving attention. If the gas did not feed just right, if a nut or screw were loose, if the oil ran out and the bearings heated, or if any little thing were out of place anywhere the machine would be seriously handicapped, if not put completely out of commission.

While we know that all this is true of an inanimate machine, yet we seem to think that the infinitely more complex living human machine can run right along and do a good day's work when all sorts of things are the matter with it.

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NOT one in a thousand has his personal machine in good running order. It is not properly lubricated by refreshing, renewing recreation, play or exercise, liberally mixed with good cheer and lots of fun. It is over-fed or under-fed, perhaps never being supplied with the right kind or quantity of fuel to keep it working smoothly. The digestive organs are abused by being fed all sorts of foods which continually fight one another and get the whole machine out of gear. Then we try to jam it through by pouring into it a little gas or dope in the shape of whiskey, coffee, cocktails, tobacco, or some drug. We do stimulate it in this way, as a tired horse is stimulated by a whip, and for a short time get results, but we little realize that jamming our machine through in this way is a very expensive and often a fatal business.

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TO enter the life contest and expect to succeed without putting one's self in superb physical condition would be like trying to use profitably and with the best possible results a great electric power plant with most of the dynamos out of commission because of short circuits, burn-outs, or some basic defect.

It is a very simple matter to keep fit, yet we find people everywhere who are running down, petering out, because they are burned out. Their brain and nerve tissue lacks resisting power, and pneumonia and other diseases, which are not ordinarily regarded as fatal, take them off because the cell life of their body has been burned out by dissipation.

We hear a great deal about the conservation of our natural resources—water-power, forests, coal and iron mines, and other natural products, but these sink into insignificance in comparison with the conservation of human resources—the conservation of human health, human energy, human possibilities, human life. There is nothing else in which there is such prodigal expenditure, such reckless wastage as in human health.

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THE body was intended to be a superb engine of power, a magnificent dynamo of force which we could fling with tremendous effect into our life work. But how puny, how defective, how weak, how dwarfed our efforts compared with what they might be, if we had that super-abundant, abounding, robust health which would be equal to any undertaking.

Emerson said, "Give me health and the day and I shall make the pomp of emperors look ridiculous."

If you want to be master in your line instead of second or third rate, a mere apprentice, look to your health. The glory of a young man is his strength.

Keeping fit, physically and mentally, to do the greatest thing possible to us is the foundation of all success.

You Are Vibrating to Your Ambition

OUR mental vibrations determine the direction in which we are going. You are not vibrating to your ambition, for the thing you long for most when you are expecting something else. You may be ambitious to become rich, for example, but if you are constantly vibrating to the poverty thought, the want thought, the failure thought by holding a corresponding mental attitude, you are not vibrating to your ambition. Your efforts, your convictions, your mental attitude, must correspond with your ambition, your aim in life.

Remember Job's "the thing I feared came upon me." It wasn't the thing Job wanted at all. But because he feared it he related himself to it and made his mind a magnet to attract its affinity. The thing he feared was just what he didn't want, but he feared it and was vibrating to it.

No matter how poor you are, my friend, remember that the poverty thought, the lack thought, the failure thought are your enemies and are doing for you just the opposite of what you desire. Decide not to have anything to do with your adversaries. Keep your mind positive, vigorous and creative instead of negative, destructive.

It is just as necessary, just as important for you to get into the success current, the prosperity current, if you are ambitious to succeed, as it is for you to have food which will nourish you if you are to live.

You are floating in a current which vibrates to your thought. You are making wireless connection with the current in which you belong, that is, which corresponds to your thought, your mental attitude. Your convictions, what you expect, your dominant thought, these determine your vibrations, your goal.

Charlotte Cushman's Endurance

WITHOUT a charm of face or figure, Charlotte Cushman resolved to place herself in the front rank as an actress, even in such characters as *Rosalind* and *Queen Katherine*. The star actress was unable to perform, and Miss Cushman, then her understudy, took her place. That night she held her audience with such grasp of intellect and iron will that it forgot the absence of mere dimpled feminine grace. Although poor, friendless, and unknown before, when the curtain fell upon her first performance her reputation was made. In after years, when physicians told her that she had a terrible, incurable disease, she flinched not a particle, but quietly said, "I have learned to live with my trouble."

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I believe neither in idols nor demons. I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul.—*Norrons.*

Common-Sense Etiquette

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

THE Duke of Marlborough, who "wrote English badly and spelled it worse," had such irresistible charm of manner that he influenced all Europe and swayed the destinies of nations. Mirabeau, who is said to have had "the face of a tiger pitted by smallpox," so won men's affections by his politeness that, when he was dying, the populace besieged his house in their anxiety to learn his condition, and even his enemies lamented his death as a distinct loss to mankind. Madame de Stael, than whom there shines no star more brilliant in the firmament of womanhood, lacked that surest charm of her sex, beauty, but possessed such tact of speech and rare manners that great men became mere creatures of her will, and even Napoleon feared her so much that he banished her. History overflows with the conquests of courtesy.

THE rules of etiquette must not be looked upon as deceptions. They are far more often vehicles for expressing sincere feeling than masks for concealing a lack of it. And even were they nothing more than the latter, the world would be none the worse for them. Most of them, however, are sensible and very necessary to the proper carrying on of business and pleasure. Because certain classes, which have money in place of brains, have introduced such absurd mockeries as shaking hands on a level with the eyes and assuming airs of arrogance and superiority on all occasions, sound-minded and sturdy men and women should not sneer at etiquette in general, and reject a great deal that is good and useful, on account of a very little that is senselessly superficial and ridiculous.

I WISH I knew some way to impress on young persons—men especially—the inestimable value of gentle manners, courtesy, and a knowledge and practice of etiquette! Men and women are daily losing business positions for no other reason than that they do not know how, or care how, to act. Their places are filled by those who seem to realize the value of politeness. They may not have the ability of those they succeed, but they will draw and hold a larger trade. How often are we half insulted by impudent clerks and shop-girls, and how many of us give them a chance to repeat their rudeness?

IN a long line, waiting to get to the paying teller's window in one of the world's largest savings banks, the other day, stood a man who wished to close his account. Passing on, after drawing his money, he noticed he had received twice as much as his book called for, so he stepped back and asked if there were not a mistake in the amount.

"Who are you, anyhow?" shouted the teller, so loudly that everyone around could hear. The depositor quietly gave his name.

"Well, your book calls for sixty-two dollars and fifty cents," he answered, still talking angrily at the top of his voice.

"All right," replied the depositor, this time lifting his voice until even the passers-by could hear, "you've just given me twice too much."

It so happened that among those within hearing was the president of the institution!

Mr. Dooley's Wisdom

TH' modhren idee iv governmint is "Snub th' people, buy th' people, jaw th' people."

All th' wurruld loves a lover—excipt sometimes th' wan that's all th' wurruld to him.

Th' paramount issue f'r our side is th' wan th' other side doesn't like to have mintioned.

A woman's sinse iv humor is in her husband's name.

A man that'd expict to thrain lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic; but a man that thinks men can be tur-rned into angels be an iliction is called a rayformer an' remains at large.

People that talk loud an' offind ye with their insolence are usu'lly shy men thryin' to get over their shyness. 'Tis th' quite, reserved, ca'm-spoken man that's mashed on himself.

Most vigitaryans I iver see looked enough like their food to be classed as cannybals.

I don't see why anny man who believes in medicine wud shy at th' faith cure.

Whin we think we're makin' a gr-reat hit with th' wurruld, we don't know what our own wives thinks iv us.

A Good Sport

IF the world loves a winner, it keeps its admiration and respect for a game loser, the man who can smile when the clouds hang low and are ready to break. The man who, in spite of defeat and disappointment, set-back and grief, faces the world smilingly, is the man who ultimately will win out.—*Impressions.*

Wanted to Hear the Truth

A WEALTHY Western congressman, some years ago, to please his wife and daughter, erected a magnificent mansion in Washington, much against his will. The congressman is of plain tastes and has no liking for the social functions of the national capital.

One day an old friend visited him. Wearing a face of the deepest gloom, the owner of the stately home escorted his caller thruout the place. The latter was admiring and enthusiastic, but the host said little or nothing. When the inspection was finished and the two had returned to the library on the first floor, the visitor said:

"Well, Jim, you certainly can't say that you haven't everything here that you want."

"Yes, I can," responded the millionaire, somberly, "I want a parrot."

"Why a parrot?"

"I should like to place him over the front door, so that every time I enter this place he can yell out: 'There comes that old fool again!'"

An Expense Account

Tramp—Is it here where you are offering a reward for a lost dog?"

Householder—Yes, I'm offering ten shillings. Have you any news of my terrier?

Tramp—No, not yet. But as I was just going in search of it, I have come to ask if you will give me a little on account.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

The Lonely Rich Man

(*Continued from page 64*)

That "*Everyone* is so good to us" stirred Hodgson. He took a chair and watched the woman as she unpacked the basket her daughter had brought in. "Why, child, you must have spent all of the money," she said rather reprovingly, a look of doubt coming over her face.

"I'm afraid I did, mother," the girl answered, "but Jim wanted me to—and then the grocer insisted on *giving* me the jar of cranberry sauce, just for a little New Year's present."

"He is a very thoughtful man," said the woman. "When everyone is so good-hearted I wonder how people can be unhappy, in spite of all the unpleasant things in the world."

Hodgson marveled at her words. "Your spirit is wonderful," he said to her, really thinking aloud. "I should imagine, from your evident—ah—modest circumstances—that you would be bitter against society and tired of the struggle for livelihood."

The mother gazed at him reproachfully. "Why should we be bitter—and unhappy?" she asked. "I am able to earn money, and my boy brings his wages home regularly. He is a good boy, and is devoted to little Mabel and me. You should see him with the baby, too!"

"But isn't it pretty much of a struggle?" Hodgson asked. "Aren't you wearing yourselves out trying to eke out a living?"

"It is hard work, of course," the woman admitted, "but work keeps people happy. We are always able to pay the rent when it is due, and we have money enough for the grocer, the baker and, occasionally, to buy from the butcher. I think we are very fortunate—all except—"

"There is always an exception," said Hodgson. "What is yours? I would like to help you—if I can. My name is Hodgson. I am a lawyer," he added, handing the woman his card.

"Our name is Higgins," the child told him promptly. "And, mother—I came home in a taxi-cab!"

TO his dying day Hodgson will never forget the look on the child's face and the innocent enthusiasm in her pretty eyes. If the taxi-cab bill had been ten thousand dollars, it would have been worth it.

That ride launched a new era in the life of Job Hodgson.

As he sat there, the mother told him something of their life. It was a story of industry, of patient forbearance—a life full of rugged places, yet one which seemed to make them all as happy as if they had possessed everything in the way of worldly goods. But all of Hodgson's millions did not give him such intense feeling of contentment.

"I am surprised," Hodgson said, when the woman had finished. "I would have expected to see you restless, unhappy, discouraged."

"Why should we be?" she asked him in surprise. "We have food, clothes and a pleasant little home to live in. My son is developing into a fine strong man—without bad habits—yet no mollycoddle. Mabel is receiving a good public-school education, and the baby—aside from this little temporary sickness—is a fine, healthy little thing and as pretty as a picture.

"It is love, sir," she went on; "it is love that makes us happy. We are each of us striving to please the other. At Christmas we did not have much money. The rent was due, and there was medicine to buy for the baby; but we were able to make some little remembrance to each one—even a little rubber doll for baby John. They were not worth much, of course, but we appreciated the spirit that sent them."

HODGSON thought of the Christmas dinner he had attended—of the costly souvenirs with which the host had remembered his guests. It had been a cold, hard, formal sort of dinner, an over-elaborate meal, which nobody cared to eat—and the gifts were lavished upon men and women who were satiated with everything that money could buy. The woman was right: it was not the gifts themselves, but the *spirit* of the thing that counted.

Mrs. Higgins seemed to read his thoughts, and she smiled knowingly. "I can understand how you feel, sir," she said quietly. "Many wealthy people cannot understand how those who are not so fortunate can be happy without money. They are surprised that love will live contentedly in a hovel—or a tiny little home such as this—but will flee from the most magnificent mansion."

Hodgson thought of his own fashionable home—and of its terrible loneliness. There was everything beneath his roof that money and good taste could procure. The decorators who had furnished it under his direction were the highest priced in all New York. On every side there were priceless works of art, rare curios, imported rugs—every luxury man could crave. His books alone represented a small fortune, and were the envy of every collector in the country. Yet this great, silent house seemed more like a colossal museum than a home. With all his possessions he could not give it that spirit of love that seemed to dwell within the humble walls where he now sat.

Hodgson began to take stock of himself as he watched Mabel and her devoted mother. He had set himself apart from other men. He had thanked God that he was not as other men, even while hungrily craving their good opinion and their fellowship. He had looked upon himself as a well of knowledge and intelligence. Now he began to realize that he was but an infinitesimal part of a scheme so gigantic that it is beyond the scope of human understanding. He began to understand why the friendships and the love he had sought were denied him.

"Why *should* men think well of me?" he mused. It was because of his own ignorance of the world in which he lived, he told himself. People did not love *him* because he did not love *them*. He had lived a narrow, self-centered life, never thinking of giving or of doing a personal kindness to anyone—until a short hour before, when some unknown force had made him take up little Mabel's heavy market-basket.

SOMEHOW, something wider, nobler, truer, seemed to blossom within him, as he pressed question after question upon Mrs. Higgins and gradually drew from her the life story of this little family. He had assumed that she was a widow, but in answer to his direct question, the mother lowered her eyes and said that her husband was "away." Here, then, Hodgson told himself, was the shadow that fell across this little hearth—the inevitable shadow that comes into every life! Yet he marveled that in spite of this great sorrow—and he felt that it *must* be a great one—these simple folk were devoted to one another.

He felt, too, that he must know just why the woman's husband was "away," as she expressed it.

The door burst open and in came Jim—the youthful head of the household.

(*To be continued in March*)

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An Interview with Rosa Ponselle

(*Continued from page 40*)

"A friend of ours knew William Thorner, the man who has discovered so many voices for the Metropolitan. He introduced us to Mr. Thorner one day, and we both sang for him. Mr. Thorner liked my voice; but, at first, he thought Carmela's had more possibilities and he wanted to instruct her. Carmela wanted me to study, and she begged him to take me. It didn't seem fair to me and I argued with sister about it. First, I didn't think we ought to spend the money we had worked so hard for; and, second, I thought Carmela should have the advantage—that she deserved it more than I.

"There wasn't any use to argue with Carmela. She wanted me to study with Mr. Thorner, so I finally did.

"It didn't take me long to find out that making four appearances in vaudeville daily was easier than studying with Mr. Thorner. But Carmela encouraged and that helped a lot. Then one day my teacher said to me:

"'Within six months you will either be singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company, or the Chicago Grand Opera Company.'

"I scoffed at the idea and retorted, sarcastically, that he meant six years instead of six months.

"'Keep on studying, and you'll see,' he said wisely.

Then Everything Seemed Hopeless

"WELL, I kept on studying, for there was nothing else to do. Carmela and I continued our strike because we couldn't get the money we wanted. About this time, after studying with Mr. Thorner an hour each day, I went to Mr. Romani's—Mr. Romani is my coach—to be coached in the operatic roles. Up to the time I began studying with Mr. Thorner, I had never even seen an operatic score and I had *very* much to learn.

"There were times when everything seemed hopeless; but my teacher encouraged me and seemed surprised at my rapid progress. And Carmela said she was sure I would soon be singing in grand opera—that, perhaps, I would never have to go back to vaudeville again. I didn't seem able to take her seriously, but something made me work hard every day.

"One day, when I went for my lesson, I met Caruso, the great tenor, at Mr. Thorner's. I was dreadfully thrilled, for he was one of the first of the stars I learned to know by sight and the one who so entranced me that first time at the opera. My teacher asked me to sing for Caruso. He seemed to like my voice, and said he would speak to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan, the first time he got a chance.

"I was a bit skeptical about that. I said to myself, 'Oh, well, he'll forget all about me before he sees Mr. Gatti-Casazza again.'

"I went home and forgot all about what Mr. Caruso had said, and thought only of working harder so I could go to Gatti-Casazza himself some time and ask for a hearing.

Fainted Before the Great Impresario

"Can you imagine my surprise when, one day, I was told that Gatti-Casazza wanted to hear me sing and that I was to be ready on a certain day? I was ready—very nervously ready. I sang three times. I didn't know how he liked my voice. I was afraid I had failed, for he said he would want to hear me again in about two weeks. It was just about two weeks later when I was summoned to sing again. This time I sang four times and was so nervous when I finished the last aria that I fainted. Of course Carmela was there to catch me as I fell and to help me home. She said she was sure I had succeeded; but I said 'No.' As usual, she was right. I had studied with Mr. Thorner just five months.

"After this I studied for the opera 'La Forza del Destino.' It had never been sung in America before. I was to create the rôle when I made by debut. There were long, hard weeks of rehearsal. I had to study Italian, too, so I could sing the rôle. Although my parents are both Italian, we always spoke English at home. I could understand some Italian, but I couldn't speak it fluently, nor did I know enough about the language to sing it.

The First Night

"DURING this time I was so busy studying that I didn't have time to think that my dream was coming true. I seemed to live in another world. I forgot all about having sung in cabarets and in vaudeville. I was too busy to even be nervous. It wasn't until the night of my debut that, I believe, I realized what I was doing. I guess it all came over me as I was entering the stage door that I had watched so often from my restaurant window across the street.

"I don't remember a thing about that first night at the Metropolitan. I don't know how I sang. I got through it somehow. The next morning sister brought all the newspapers to me and I read all the nice things the critics said about me.

"I seem to realize more and more now that I did in a few months what it usually takes years to accomplish. But I realize, too, that my most difficult task is yet to come. Every rôle I have sung so far, I have created. These rôles had never been sung in America before. I am studying *Aida* now, and when I sing that it will be my real test, for many really great artists have sung that rôle, with whom I will be compared.

"My dream has come true," added Miss Ponselle thoughtfully, "that is, it is coming true all the time. Success can't be achieved and then left to take care of itself; but when the start is made the real work of keeping what has been attained is begun, and one must constantly work to grow better and better.

"I believe my happiest time will be next year," said Miss Ponselle just before ending the interview, "for Carmela is to make her operatic debut then. It will be wonderful when we can work together again."

This is the story of the rise to operatic fame of a poor Italian-American girl, who had to help do the housework from the time she could toddle, who never took a lesson in Europe—thereby shattering an age-old idea—and yet has one of the finest soprano voices ever heard, according to the very-hard-to-please New York critics.

Success Ideals

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what is heaven for?—*Robert Browning.*

◈ ◈ ◈

"Success rides upon the hour of decision."

◈ ◈ ◈

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—*Dante.*

Why Senator Hitchcock Made His Life a Success

(Continued from page 68)

prohibition, confronted him at the end of his speech, before he could leave the platform, with this:

"Mr. Hitchcock, you've made a great speech on national subjects and a great speech showing why we should vote for Mr. Wilson; but you dare not tell this crowd where you stand on prohibition."

The Senator glared down at the questioner as if he were the only man in the State who would ask such a question, and then, spreading his arms out to denote all points of the compass, replied: "Why, everybody knows I am *opposed* to prohibition."

HE got his share of the votes in that town, despite the fact that it went "dry" overwhelmingly, and despite the additional fact that his opponent for the Senate was working the prohibition cause with might and main. All of which proves that it pays to play the game square and open.

Two very strange things have happened to men while working on Hitchcock's paper. In 1896, Mr. Hitchcock, as editor of the *World-Herald*, sent William Jennings Bryan to report the Democratic National Convention for his paper. Mr. Bryan not only reported the historical happenings, but, incidentally, secured the Presidential nomination for himself.

In 1892 Mr. Hitchcock sent Thomas Tibbles to St. Louis to report the populist Convention. Mr. Tibbles returned to Omaha with the nomination for Vice-President. Mr. Tibbles—like Mr. Bryan—failed of election.

I suggested to Mr. Hitchcock that it might be a good idea for him to report the next Democratic National Convention himself. He smiled in a satisfied sort of way and said, "That isn't a bad suggestion; I may try it."

Failed Because He Could Not Keep at It

MANY people with great ability and attractive qualities do not get on because they do not keep at it. They haven't that persistency which never gives up, that grit that pulls the harder the more things drag. Many young people are surprised that they do not get along faster; but they never seem to take their great life-work seriously. They are industrious and honest, but they do not set hard enough toward their goal; their purpose is not persistent enough.

It does not matter how well-educated you are, or how many other brilliant qualities you may possess, if you lack that dogged tenacity of purpose which hangs on and sticks to its aim no matter what opposes, you will not accomplish very much.

There is little place or little success possible anywhere for the hop-skip-and-jump man or woman who does one thing to-day and something else to-morrow. Reliability is one of the great foundation stones of all achievement worth while. The reputation of continuing the effort, whether hard or easy, is worth everything. If people know where to find you, if they know that because you were doing a thing yesterday, you will be doing it to-day; if they know there is continuance in your blood, consecutiveness in your work, you will be in demand; they will believe in you, they will want you.

Joshua W. Alexander

(Continued from page 31)

advocates a scientific investigation of the whole subject. He is convinced that we must buy abroad in greater volume than ever before in our history.

A Selfish Tariff Cannot Exist

ANOTHER change brought about by the war, Mr. Alexander reminds the public, is its effect upon the tariff policies of the United States. "This question will demand our best consideration from every angle," he says. "The tariff must be reconstructed in regard to new world-conditions. We can no longer write a tariff from the selfish standpoint of an American manufacturer or any group of manufacturers, yet the needs of our own industries must be carefully weighed and their interests zealously safeguarded.

"Tariff problems must be taken out of the realm of controversy and selfishness, and settled on a thoroly scientific basis. It has always been my belief that the subject of the tariff should be left solely in the hands of a tariff commission so that an impartial investigation and action substantiated upon facts might be attained."

Mr. Alexander does not believe that the building of foreign trade upon credits is a healthy situation either for America or the other countries involved. He trusts that the time is at hand when it will no longer be necessary for us to make loans to foreign governments, but points out that Europe is still far from being in a position to ship us goods in anything like the volume we are sending manufactured and raw products abroad.

"In the present situation," he said, "the extension of credits by private banking interests is, of course, both necessary and desirable, but it is of far greater importance that we lay a solid foundation for the permanent upbuilding of our foreign commerce. The future prosperity of the country depends upon how wisely and carefully we build to-day—with an eye to the years to come as well as to the pressing needs of the moment.

"History is repeating itself to-day," he says. "After the Napoleonic wars, many persons in America who had secured moderate capital from mechanical pursuits became adventurous. Even at that time temporary benefits were mistaken for permanent advantages. Then, as now, the nature of foreign production was but little known and only casually investigated by the United States, especially that of the West Indies and South America. There is little question that most Americans too little appreciate the problems we are facing in this post-war period, and most especially in the matter of foreign commerce. We must proceed with reconstruction at once or suffer for our neglect."

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. Woodby," 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.*

Signs of the Times

(Continued from page 20)

"Oh, no, you won't!" Jonas said with a laugh; "and, by the way, that suggests another sign to me. Thanks."

Martin went out wrathfully, and shortly thereafter this statement appeared facing the street:

> OUR VALUES ARE SO GREAT OUR COMPETITORS ARE GETTING NERVOUS.
>
> ONE OF THEM OFFERED TO BUY US OUT, BUT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WILL BE SOLD TO OTHER MERCHANTS OR THEIR REPRESENTATIVES.

That set the town talking. It was the beginning of the end. Instead of being able to keep open until Saturday night, Jonas was obliged to close the store at eleven o'clock in the morning. He had literally disposed of every single article of merchandise that Lomax had possessed.

And, in celebration of the event, he prepared his last sign:

> SOLD OUT!
> ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LEFT!
> *We're glad we were able to do the people of Pleasanton a good turn.*
> *Now one good turn deserves another.*
> *If you were pleased with your purchases, come here to buy when our new stock comes in.*
> *If you weren't pleased, bring back what you bought and we'll give back your money.*

He used that sign as an advertisement in the Sunday-morning papers—but never a soul came in to complain when he went to the store on Monday.

Shortly after nine o'clock, however, a very excited man entered. It was Lomax, and with him was a man whom Jonas assumed to be the creditors' adjuster.

"Where's my stock?" wailed Lomax. "What on earth have you been up to?"

He glanced in perplexity at the galaxy of signs, and the man with him laughed.

"Is this straight goods?" he asked.

"Sure," said Jonas, handing Lomax his bank-deposit slips. "I've paid myself my commission. There's the rest of it."

Mr. Lomax sat down in his old easy-chair, and there were tears in his eyes. "The entire stock sold! I can pay my bills and be three hundred dollars to the good!"

"Great!" said Jonas. "Now let's get to work and order a new stock. I'm going to stay on any basis you'll keep me."

"You'll stay as a partner, son," Lomax said; "and when I'm gone this store will be yours."

—o—

Lincoln's Message

Extract From Address of Abraham Lincoln to the Workmen's Association, in 1864

Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise.

Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—*Quoted by New York Central Magazine.*

Enamored of the Easy Chair

(Continued from page 22)

wealth and indulgence make him feel that there is no need of exerting himself, for where there is no struggle, no self-help, there is no growth. Exercise is the law of life. "Work or starve is Nature's motto. It is written all over the universe. Inaction means stagnation, and stagnation means arrested development, deterioration. The purest water standing still, doing nothing, will soon be covered with slime, and will breed pestilences and all sorts of foul and disgusting creatures. But the water that keeps moving, that turns the wheels of the mill, or runs on its way to the sea, works itself clear. When inactive or idle the most brilliant intellect will deteriorate toward weakness, inefficiency, toward imbecility.

Nothing develops without exertion or grows without effort, without a struggle to attain. It is this that develops courage, confidence, self-reliance, initiative, efficiency.

I know rich young men, grown to manhood without ever having put forth an effort in real work, whose characters are as soft and flabby and superficial as the character of a young, inexperienced, silly girl. Stamina is a creature of growth. Resolution, determination and the grit for achievement are generated by vigorous endeavor to attain, to achieve one's ambition.

No stalwart character is ever built up in idleness. An idle life is always and everywhere a soft, superficial, inefficient life. People without a great life aim and an honest endeavor to attain it are weaklings, nobodies. There is only one way to build up a strong, vigorous character, and that is by an honest purpose and hard work.

How I Fought a Death Sentence

(Continued from page 24)

a profession were concerned, the tide was doing a Bay of Fundy marathon—up, up, up.

From that day to this, I have never done anything seriously for a living except tell lies in the form of fiction. To blow the little old horn, I have sold about three hundred short stories, twenty-five serials, innumerable newspaper articles and essays, and have had eleven volumes published. Life has smiled on me, in the main. The "T. B." has *never* returned. I don't even feel that I have to knock wood, when I think about it. I face the future with as much confidence as anyone can who isn't absolutely entrenched behind money-bags.

Fate knew best. Fate took me by the neck and flung me into this work—forced me to it with the whips of necessity. Fate had to knock me down, to make me get into the right line of work, but it got me there. If I'd kept my health, or if I'd had any money, I might have kept right on in the insurance business. I shudder when I think of that!

Listen, Friend!

WHEN fate seems to be giving you the jiu-jitsu, try to see if your situation can't be capitalized—try to find the One Way Out. Sixteen years ago, no outlook could have been blacker than mine. But a few months were destined to reverse everything. It was just a case of take a fresh grip, hold on, and *fight!*

I was kicked toward success by the boot of a relentless destiny. But after destiny had kicked me, I had to keep on doing my own running. I had to make my own touchdown.

Friend, never say die! Keep plugging—turn defeat into victory!

It can be done! I know!

Thru the darkest morass there is a way to sunshine.

Find that way!

His Will Had Limitations

TWO men were arguing in their club. One, a fellow of ineffable conceit, was boring everybody with boasting of the power of his will, maintaining, with much violence, that his will was stronger than that of anybody's present.

"You are wrong there," said one of the gentlemen, "and I will prove it. Go and stand in that corner, and I will have you out of it before I have commanded you the second time."

The smart one stood in the corner, and the quiet one said:

"Come out of that corner."

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the smart man said with a sneer:

"Don't you think you'd better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"Oh, as to that," replied the quiet man, "there's no hurry. I am perfectly comfortable. You recollect that there's no time limit; you are simply to come out before I ask you twice. And as I don't intend to ask you again until a week from to-day, in order to give your strong will a fair and vigorous trial, we might as well take it easily."

The man with the iron resolution sneaked out of the corner, and the incident was declared closed.—*Youth's Companion.*

What Have We Done To-day?

By Nixon Waterman

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in after while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task,
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

Christian Endeavor World.

Helping the Police to Help Themselves

(*Continued from page* 58)

experience in Washington during the war told me that the greatest curse of our country is official red tape. I took this post with the distinct understanding that I would have none of it—that I must have a free hand—and run these stores on a business basis, free of official interference and every suspicion of politics. If that same advantage can be obtained, there is no limit to the expansion of my idea.

"But there are so many abuses to-day. There is no excuse for the sugar shortage, so called. I get all I want at a fair price. I am paying nine and a half cents a pound for sugar. At Christmas time I arranged for a stock of sugar large enough to give every patrolman two pounds. I have had the same grade of sugar offered to me at nineteen and a half cents a pound, and I rejected it promptly."

Mr. Ulman and His Activities

JULIEN STEVENS ULMAN was born in New York of old hundred-per-cent American stock. For his war activities in connection with the French High Commission, he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is a member of the Pilgrim Society of New York and is affiliated with many prominent clubs in America and abroad. He is a trustee of the Broad Street Hospital and a member of the chambers of commerce of the United States and New York City, and the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris. Personally he is active and forceful, a bundle of live wires intelligently directed and softly assertive. He is the type of man who does things himself and who inspires others to do things. There isn't a moment of idleness in his day. When he works he works like a Trojan, when he plays he seeks the woods of the Adirondacks and gives himself over to his hunting with the same enthusiasm and thoroness that has enabled him to bring his firm to the forefront of the world's leather industries.

This is his first civic post. He has never been a politician nor an office holder. His ambition is not along these lines. But the United States called Mr. Ulman during the war to lend to it his knowledge of business management. His conscience called him to the police work in which he is now engaged. He is that sort of vigorous American who never leaves a thing undone once he starts it, and obstacles only amuse him.

Where Do You Give Up?

WHERE do you quit? Where is your giving up point? There is a tremendous difference between the giving-up point in individuals. Now, if you can tell me where you give up and turn back, where you throw up your hands, if you will tell me your quitting point I will predict your goal.

The man who has no quitting point, as long as there is life in him, is the man we tie to. The man who never gives up, who does not know when he is beaten, the man with superb courage and a lot of dare in his nature, who will take chances and risks, the man who is willing to gamble with his life, if necessary, in a worthy cause, the man who would rather face death than disgraceful cowardice is the man who achieves worth-while success.

The Books on President Wilson's Desk

THE particular books that men of national or world-wide prominence keep on their desks for constant reference are always of interest to the public. If the reader could walk into the private office of President Woodrow Wilson, at the White House, he would find the following books neatly arranged, between book-ends, on his desk and within easy reach of where he sits:

The Holy Bible.
The *World* Almanac.
The Congressional Directory.
Register of the Department of State.
Constitution of the United States.
Rules and Manual of the United States Senate.
The Wallet of Time, by the late William Winter, for years the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*.

The Leaks Which Cause Regrets

GENERAL JOFFRE says that all people have equal luck, only some let their luck leak, and a leak usually occurs by the way of the mouth.

How true it is that much of our good luck leaks by the way of our mouth in our indiscretions. There is nothing quite so rare as good horse-sense, sound judgment, a level head.

How many employees are constantly placing themselves at a tremendous disadvantage, often a fatal disadvantage, by the carelessness of their speech, by their sarcasm or innuendo. their cutting, sharp, bitter words.

Multitudes of employees have lost an opportunity for promotion because they talked too much, because of their indiscreet speech.

Most of the fatal leaks in our lives occur by our careless, misguided remarks. Our unguarded slips of speech, our cruel remarks, our gossip about others, our indiscreet conversation, our thoughtless cruelty, the fatal stabs of unkind, cruel friends—these are the leaks that make our own as well as others' wrinkles. These are the leaks which often cause life-long regret.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
—*Churchill.*

* * *

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.
—*Longfellow.*